

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

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., JULY 1, 1870.

No. 1.

JULY.

JULY is the seventh month of the year.— It used to be called Quintilis and was the fifth; but Antony, in compliment to Caius Cæsar suggested that it be called July, from Julius the surname of Cæsar. Cæsar was born in this month.

Summer has now assumed its regal splendor. The skies are now blue and serene; the earth is all aglow with the radiant hues of full and fresh vegetable life.

The air is balmy and seems to hold plenty of life-giving power in its grasp, for all things grow fast and continually new evidences of plenty for the autumn are developed.

On a table in an arbor is placed some of the summer fruit, cherries I think, and see how pleasantly the family is gathered to eat of the early fruit.

The gardens are giving their produce to the markets, and the shade is eagerly sought to escape the burning heat.

The harvest days are coming soon.

The busy bee, the toiling ant, the birds, the squirrels, in fact all animate nature rejoices in the settled year. Do the "Hopes" rejoice also? Let them rejoice, for now the glad summer is theirs. They must also remember that the time hastens, and the summer days will soon glide by. The pleasures and pastimes of warm weather may now engage their attention.

"A year of pleasure passes like an evening dream, But a day of misfortune seems an age of pain."

Let us all remember the summer-time of life is the time of preparation for the autumn and the winter-time.

In July recurs the anniversary of the Declaration of the Independence of the American Republic. On the 4th day of July 1776, the American colonies openly declared their intention to revolt from the rule of Great Britain, and after a long war succeeded in establishing the republic of states. Since that time the national holiday has

Do the young "Hopes" who read the ZION'S HOPE, remember hearing the elders tell of the prophecy "in those days shall the sun be darkened;" and do they think how much they should be trying to walk uprightly before God, that when the end comes they shall be found to be children of Zion in very deed.



JULY.

been the 4th of July.

It is usually very warm during the month of July in the temperate zones; but this year it is thought that the weather will be cool the entire summer owing to the existence of spots upon the surface of the sun.

EXPERIENCES.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER the family arose from prayers, my father commenced singing. Presently his songs came to my view, and ascended to the azure vault above, when the heavens opened and they entered and went close to the throne of the great Jehovah.— After their arrival, I was informed that the singing of my father was pleasing to the Lord. After watching a while longer I fell asleep.

I soon recovered from my sickness, and continued to investigate the doctrine of the Latter Day Saints. My father went to a Quarterly Conference in the latter part of May, and was baptized.— After his return he testified to the truth of the latter day work, and that the signs did follow those that believed, which testimony agreed with the testimony of the two elders that had led us to investigate the gospel as preached by them.

On the sixth day of May, I was admitted into the Church of Christ, and have remained as such ever since; and whenever doubts come into my mind, I refer to the words uttered by the angel with reference to my father, viz: "He is being led into all truth," and then all

doubts vanish, for I know that my father embraced the same gospel that he was investigating when the angel made the above proclamation.—Therefore I know that the Latter Day Saints are the saints of the Most High, who are to possess the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven.

Now brothers and sisters, old and young, all who have read my experience, I bid you adieu for the present, hoping that you may be benefitted by this additional evidence of the truth of the latter day work.

J. S. WEEKS.

THE TWO GARDENS.

MR. BRISK.—“Good evening, friend Saunter.”

Mr. Saunter.—“Good evening, neighbor Brisk.”

“Mr. B.—You are about to renovate your garden, are you? I have often looked over on to your side and wondered whether you intended fixing it up this season.”

Mr. S.—“Well, yes. I thought I would try and do a little; but I declare, I dread the job.—Besides, it is so awful hot and tiring, that after I get through my day's work, I feel as though I'd rather the old woman and me take our pipes and smoke, and chat, than bother over a flower garden. I don't see the good of it, any way.”

Mr. B.—“The weather is truly

oppressive; and one is naturally disposed for rest rather than work after a day's hard labor. But, somehow, Mr. Saunter, after I reach home at night and enjoy the evening meal, it seems so very refreshing to walk out into my little garden, taking along my book, and drinking in the fresh and invigorating air for the health of the body, while I feast my mind on the rich food prepared in the laboratory of the best minds of this and of other ages. I derive a great deal of pleasure too from my flowers—they charm and instruct me both—and then when the shades of evening bid me enter home, it is so very pleasant to see the tasty and fragrant bouquets arranged by my wife on our sitting-room table.”

Mr. S.—“Well friend Brisk I don't know why it is you seem always to be happy and contented, and have plenty around you. I think affairs in this world are badly managed any way. You go to your office in the morning at the same time I

do; you leave at night the same time I do. I work as long as you do, and a good deal harder, for a mechanic's work is harder work than a book-keeper's, and yet you, I suppose, get two dollars to my one, and its all luck anyhow. After a fellow has worked as hard as I work, and then see his neighbors make twice as much, just because eddication and fortune have favored them more, why I sometimes feel like caring for nothing.”

Mr. B.—“Friend Saunter, will you feel offended with me if I ask how much wages you get?”

Mr. S.—“Why no, in course I won't. I get only three dollars and a half a day; its mighty low too for a mechanic, and, though I do say it myself, as good a mechanic as there is in the shebang, while the book-keeper gets \$150 a month, and I suppose you get the same at your place.”

Mr. B.—“There is quite a difference between

Mr. S.—“Well, go on, we'll see.”

Mr. B.—“Have you constant work, or do you have to lie idle part of your time?”

Mr. S.—“I could work every day if I wanted to; but a fellow wants a little time to himself. I never reckon to work more'n five days a week.—The old woman and I generally go out somewhere on a Monday afternoon, it don't cost over a dollar or so, and I reckon to have Monday morning to myself, to enjoy life a little. I was'n born to be a slave for the nabobs, I can tell you.”

Mr. B.—“You spoke about your pipe. How much tobacco do you use each week?”

Mr. S.—“Well my old woman and me smoke about fifty cents worth a week, and I chaw about a fifteen cent plug a week.”

Mr. B.—“I think now, if you will listen patiently, I can explain some of the differences between our circumstances. In the first place, my

salary is less than your wages would amount to, if you had worked as constantly as I have, for during the past five years, I have averaged a loss of but one week each year. By working only five days per week, you have lost fifty-two working days each year.—My wife does not use any tobacco, and I abandoned the habit some years since, because I deemed it an unclean, useless, and an expensive one. I thus save sixty five cents a week which you acknowledge you spend.—You also state that your Monday trips cost you about, or in your language, 'it don't cost over



THE NEAT GARDEN

THE GARDEN NEGLECTED.

your book-keeper and me, in our wages at least, and not as much difference between you and me as you suppose.”

Mr. S.—“Well but there must be a good deal of difference. I have but one decent suit of clothes to my back, and hardly any furniture.—And then look at what you must a paid for all your fancy flowers and things, your fine furniture and carpets, and that fine organ you've got. And then look at your wife and mine. Why, man, your wife's walking-out suit is worth more 'n all the clothes my old woman's got. Its no use telling me about not much difference in our wages, I know better; all them fine things don't come out a' nothing.”

Mr. B.—“If you will not be angry, Mr. Saunter, I will tell you what the difference in our wages is, and why there seems to be so wide a difference in our circumstances. But, first, I want to ask you a question or two.”

a dollar or so,—this I save. Your wages are \$3,50 per day. Now take out Thanksgiving day, Fourth of July, Christmas day, New Year's day, and the average one week I have lost per year, and this would leave for you three hundred and three working days, which at \$3,50 per day, would make your earnings for the year one thousand and sixty dollars fifty cents; or \$60,50 more than my salary, which is one thousand dollars per year. Permit me now to show you how much you lose by these little habits of yours, more than I should by my present habits, if in your situation. Allowing the four holidays named, and six other days for visiting, you suffer

By loss of time, 42 days at \$3,50\$147 00
By Tobacco, 52 weeks at 65c per week 33 80
By spent on Monday trips, 52 weeks at \$152 00

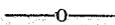
A total, each year, of \$232 80
or a grand total of Eleven hundred and sixty-four dollars during the five years we have been neighbors, a greater sum than we have expended for

clothing, garden decorations, furniture, organ, and all the little delicacies which you thought I must have a large salary to provide."

Mr. S.—"Neighbor Brisk, forgive me. I have begrudged you your comforts when I ought to have blamed myself. Oh how silly, how foolish I have been! How little I must look in your eyes. See my neglected garden—I'm ashamed of it. I'll try and do better anyhow, after this."

Mr. B.—"Noble resolve! May God give you grace to keep that resolve, and yet bless you with such comforts as shall make your home as much a heaven on earth to you, as mine is to me."

H. HOPEFUL.



SAFE IN THE FOLD.

By D. H. SMITH.

Sofily.

The Lord with - in His King - dom placed Each wise - ly fash - ioned Or - di - nance, We would not have one law

e - rased, But ren - der each obe - di - ence; While An - gels wake sweet mel - o - dy, On their beautiful harps

of gold, And saints re - jice one more, to see, Safe, safe in the King - dom. Safe, safe in the fold.

Come forward, ye, who through the wave Have entered as the law commands; The Spirit that your souls will save, Comes through the laying on of hands.	Upon their brows our palms we lay, As John and Peter prayed of old; That gifts may fall around their way To purify their hearts like gold.	Our Father, send us floods of rain, Thy Spirit to thy children here, That they, of Thee, be born again, And for themselves Thy counsel hear.
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TRY TO BE SOMEBODY.

THE merchant prince of New York City, A. T. Stewart, when he first landed, a boy from the old country, had, it is said, but twenty-five cents in his pocket.

John J. Astor, one of the richest men in the city, once sold apples in the streets.

Think of *that*, little boys! Just see what determination and energy can do, when one does not give up trying till they gain what they set out for!

Catharine, Empress of Russia, was once a camp grisette; peddled cakes and pies to the soldiers. From a poor little pie girl, to the throne of a monarch; ruler and dictator of millions of people and their wealth, whose will was supreme, and undisputed; whose word was law! Look at *that*, girls! See what an ambitious, determined girl once did!

Napoleon was a descendant of an obscure family; was only a Major when he married Josephine, who was, herself, daughter of a Creole, and tobaccoist; afterwards, as you all know, they became Emperor and Empress of France.

Many of the most noted men and women, statesmen, artists, poets, &c., were born of poor and humble parents.

Robert Burns, the sweet Scottish poet, was a plowman.

Columbus, who discovered our beautiful America, the land that the holy word calls "precious above all others; the land of promise," was a weaver, and the son of a weaver.

If perseverance, patience and determination

avail so much in worldly affairs, let us try them in spiritual things. Surely they will be as successful; for our spiritual well-being is of far more importance than our temporal or bodily good.

David, the sweet psalmist and musician, the noble boy who by the favor of God slew the boasting Philistine giant that opposed the armies of Israel; David, who was a man after God's own heart, and chosen and anointed king of Israel, was a mere shepherd boy.

Joseph Smith, the martyr, the first chosen prophet of God in these last days, visited by angels, ordained by heavenly messengers to the holy priesthood, or power of God; by him endowed with ability to translate the records of the Book of Mormon, precious records buried hundreds of years in the bosom of the earth; this Joseph Smith was the son of poor parents, and an unlearned boy at the time the Lord called him to his work.

Then let each of us, old and young, determine to be somebody, to do some good, to strive more earnestly, each day and hour, to do right in *every* thing, to keep all God's commandments, that we may obtain joy, and peace, and happiness in eternity. We are happier in this life, too, when we do right, though it is very hard sometimes.

Never give up trying, though you often fail,
God will bless your efforts, *right* will yet prevail.
PERLA WILD.

It used to be said of him, "If you would have Cranmer do you a good turn, do him an ill one," so sure was he to return evil with good.

FRANKIE'S REPLY.

GOOD bye mamma," said little Frankie Ray, as he ran gaily down the steps, leading by the hand his little sister Hattie.

"Be a good boy, and take care of your sister," was her reply.

It was Hattie's first day at school, and so, of course, Frank felt duly important with his trust. They were walking briskly along, when they were startled by hearing Willie Clark say, "If there don't go Frank Ray, leading Hattie. I know of boys with too much spirit for that."

Frank made no reply, but hurried on to school, eager to be the first one there. Arrived there he left Hattie in the charge of some little playmates, who kindly volunteered to take care of her while he ran out to the playground, to play a game of ball, at which some half dozen lads were engaged.

"Oh boys! here comes Frank Ray, and *don't you think*, Willie Clark saw him leading a girl to school."

"Why Frank, I always thought you had more spirit than that," said Tommy Carn. "I wouldn't have come a single step." "*Nor I.*" "*Nor I,*" cried a chorus of voices.

Frank stood there listening to their comments with a flushed face. He was a general favorite, and it seemed rather hard to listen to their scornful words.

"Boys," he calmly said, "I *try* to mind mother, she told me to be a good boy and take care of Hattie, and I have done my best. It is Hattie's first day of school, and she needs a protector; and I'll take care of her, though you refuse to play with me."

"Frank is a good boy, and has spoken truthfully," said their teacher, who chanced to be standing near, "and I should think you might profit by his words and example."

"I believe that," said Lonnie Moore; "boys, three cheers for Frank;" and swinging their caps, the boys gave them lustily; while their teacher retired smilingly, leaving the boys to finish their game.

And do you not suppose, my bright-eyed readers of *Zion's Hope*, that Frank was much happier that night as he received his mother's good-night kiss for speaking so nobly and truly for the right?

May God bless the readers of the *Hope*, and enable them to stand up manfully for the truth.

RUBY RAY.

NEW AND OLD BOTTLES.

NEITHER do men put new wine into old bottles; else the bottles break and the wine runneth out and the bottles perish; but they put new wine into new bottles and both are preserved." Matt. ix. 23.

Bottles used in those days, were made by stripping off the skin of a goat, or kid, from the neck downward, without ripping it; only cutting off the legs and tail. The hole left by one of the fore legs is used for a spout, while the rest are tightly sewed up. It is filled by the neck, which is afterwards tied like the mouth of a sack. Into this is put water, milk, and wine, which are kept fresher and sweeter than they could be in any other way. They were used to carry almost every kind of provision. When they get old, they often break, and are mended in different ways.—Such were the wine bottles, old, and rent, and bound up, of the cunning Gibeonites, (see Josh. ix. 4).

The Arabs still use these bottles, and sometimes form a vessel nearly as large as a hog's head out of an ox skin. Two of these, filled with water, and slung over the back of a camel, are of great value to a company traveling through the desert.

M. P.

Children's Column.

Sister Ellie writes:—*Dear Children*, This cloudy Sabbath morning I went to my room to have a quiet time by myself reading, and on unfolding my paper I found a *Zion's Hope*. You may think this nothing to write in a letter to you, but when I tell you that I do not take it myself, and live in a family where not one believes in our true gospel, you will not wonder so much. My name was written on the paper in the well known hand of a dear relative, and it pleased me to know he thought of me, and it made me rejoice to think I was going to hear from my dear brothers and sisters, through our loved little paper.

I commenced the first piece—"All Hands Ahoy,"—and with the first lines, I felt sure I knew the writer; on closing the piece I was not surprised, but very much pleased to see the name of a loved brother, and a faithful follower of our Lord Jesus. Let us pray that he, with all in like stations, may ever be attended by the Spirit of God, that their efforts may be blessed.

Dear children, I have been a member of this church four years, and am still young in years, and in experience, but I try to live as a professing saint should do. The more I learn of the world and its follies, the more I feel to thank God that I am a Latter Day Saint, and to ask him for strength to live a life worthy of imitation, that those with whom I associate, may think there are worse names than that of Latter Day Saint.

I used to be sneered at when I was first baptized, and told that I had better wait until I was old enough to know right from wrong; but I felt that I did know, and we all know when we are old enough to read, and understand our teachers and parents.

And now let us strive together, and not forget to pray for one another. I shall send this to Br. Joseph, and if he sees fit to give it room in the *Hope*, I shall try to improve, and perhaps write you again; for I feel acquainted with children, having been with them all my life; and perhaps some time I may tell you something about some I have been with.

Amanda R. Taylor writes:—*Dear Uncle Mark*, I love the *Hope* very much. How I do wish it would come every week. We have no branch out here.—The people here are very bitter against us; but I will try to endure it. I have studied a great many puzzles out, but not in time to be printed in the next *Hope*.—I am but twelve years old. I have not been baptized yet; but I would like to be very much. There are no elders here. Where is Sister Lillie gone? We do not hear from her.

PASSMAIRA VALLEY, IOWA, April 12, 1870.

John Parish writes:—*Dear Editors of the Hope*, I do not belong to the church; but I like the *Hope*. I was four years old when I was blessed; I am now ten. I am going to try to be a good boy. I want to try to do something for the *Hope*. I am going to try to do better this year. Our fathers and mothers tell us what we ought to do; we think we know it all, but we afterwards wish we had taken their advice.

Sarah Jones writes:—*Br. Joseph*, I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and a reader of *Zion's Hope*, with which I am much delighted. I was baptized on the 18th day of September, 1868, by Br. W. W. Blair, at which time I was eight years old. My father and mother were baptized at the same time. My desire is to serve God and keep his commands. God has blessed me with his Spirit, and by visions and dreams. I ask an interest in the prayers of all my young sisters in the church, that I may live good, and I will pray for them.

CARSON VALLEY, NEVADA, April 17, 1870.

Wm. H. Thomas writes:—*Dear Editors of the Hope*, I was baptized sixty-six miles north of Salt Lake City, when I was nine years of age, I am now thirteen. I have promised to be better in the future, and I hope it will come true, for the promise of the Father is to the faithful and the true. Pray that I may still be better, for now I feel to pray for you.

Myrtilla Kendall, of Glidden, Iowa, writes:—*Uncle Mark*, We are going to try and organize a Latter Day Saints' Sabbath School. I am trying to get as many of my acquaintances as I can to send for *Zion's Hope*. I like it so well that I know they would like it too, if I could persuade them to read it.

Mary J. Babcock, of Glenwood, Mo., writes:—*Dear Readers of the Hope*; I love to read the *Hope*. I was baptized when ten years old, by Elder James Blakeslee. There are not any saints here, so I do not have the chance to attend Sunday School. Three of our family belong to the church. I have not lived as I ought to have lived, but I hope the Lord will forgive me, and that I may lead a better life in the future.

Nancy M. Sutherland, of Nine Eagles, Iowa, writes:—*Dear Editors of the Hope*; I was baptized last summer, when I was twelve years old. I am now thirteen. I like the *Hope* very well. I think there are a good many pieces in it that are very good. I like to read the letters from my little brothers and sisters.

Adelia Weeks, of Casey, Iowa, writes:—*Dear Uncle Joseph*; I do not belong to the church; but I am not old enough yet. I am going to be baptized when old enough. We have a Sunday School here, and the scholars learn verses to recite in Sunday School—Good bye.

Fanny Weeks, of Casey, Iowa, writes:—*Dear Uncles Joseph and Mark*; I was baptized when I was eight years old. I am nearly ten now. We have a Sunday School here, and I like it very much.

Ruby Ray writes:—*Mr. Joseph Smith*, I wish your paper success. Your *Hope* is well received here in this part of the country. It is a welcome visitor to me. VICTORIA, Ill., May 10, 1870.

ANAGRAM No. 21.

Woh teews ta sloec fo lisen vee,
Eth sebatr lproivnses dnsou;
Who wstee eth swov hatt ere'n eeivode,
Dan seedd byrifvuet droewen.
Who eestw ottst thnebae a reet,
Ni emos figidthuel voreg,
Uth O! reom teswe, rome reda otem,
Het cevio fostheo I vloee.

ENIGMAS.

No.—49.—I am composed of seven letters.
My 2, 6, 5, 1, 7, we all possess.
My 4, 3, 2, has ruined thousands.
My whole should be interesting to the children.
UNCLE THOMAS.

No. 50.—A Geographical Enigma.—I am composed of twenty-one letters.
My 7, 13, 19, 1, 12, 15, 18, 9, is a city in Canada.
My 16, 18, 21, 8, 18, is a city in South America.
My 4, 8, 3, 11, 10, is a city in Belgium.
My 2, 8, 9, 19, 18, is a city in Russia.
My 5, 6, 19, 8, 20, 15, is a city in Italy.
My 14, 8, 3, 19, 19, 18, is a city in Austria.
My 17, 8, 11, 18, is a city in Russia.
My whole is the name of a branch of the Church.
J. P. SPRINGER.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 18.

Little children, never fear,
For the Lord is ever near;
He will guard you day by day,
And he loves to hear you pray.
Strive to help each other ever,
Quarrel with each other never,
Try your parents to obey,
Pray to God to light your way.
Answered by twenty-one correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 42, Pen, Star, Sea, Top, Son, Ton, Shot, Horse, John S. Patterson.
Answered by seven correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 43, Deer, Mary, Rome, Fame, Ford, Mary E. Mefford.
Answered by two correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 44, Mark, Yawn, Whim, Saw, Mary M. Hawkins.
Answered by two correspondents.

ANSWER to Puzzle No. 2, I am above making mischief between man and wife.
Answered by two correspondents.

THE time for which compositions were eligible to the prize for best article on the baptism of children is past, and the article claiming the prize would have appeared in the present number but for the absence of Uncle Mark until the matter for this number had been nearly all set up. There are several articles by the children in, and as one only can obtain the prize, let each competitor prepare to accept the decision of the judges without complaint, and they will award the prize where the merit is found.

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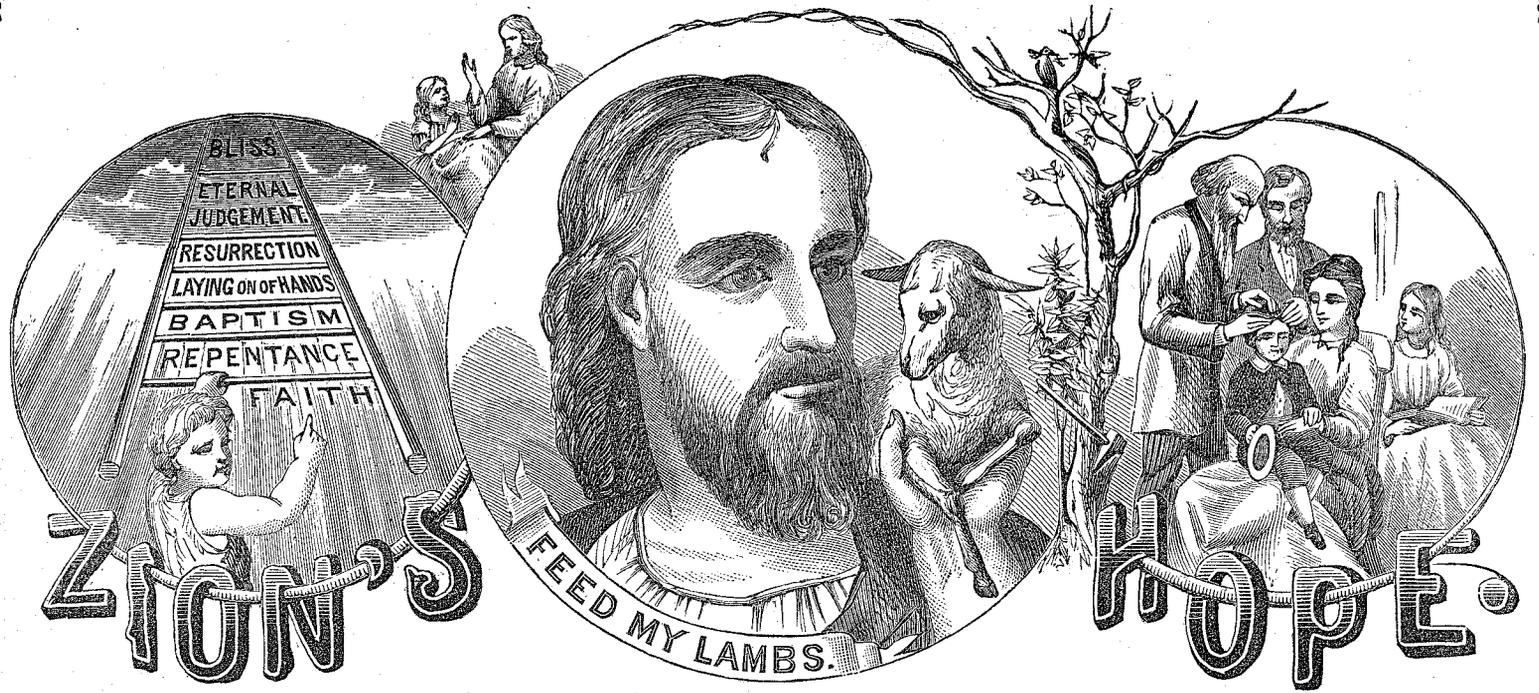
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., JULY 15, 1870.

No. 2.

[Continued from page 94 Vol. I.]

UNCLE ROGER AND RICHARD.

UNCLE Roger meditated very much upon what had passed between Richard and himself, and felt thankful for the opportunity that would soon be afforded him of reaching his employer through their son, and explaining what to them seemed the most strange thing in connection with their faithful old gardener that they knew of.

Uncle Roger had often wished that he could get an opportunity of talking with Mr. and Mrs. Bentley on the subject of his religion, and the change he had made in his faith; but they had always treated him, though by no means unkindly, yet too distantly to admit of his broaching the subject to them. He had often wished too that Richard, "young master Richard," as Uncle Roger liked to speak of him, could be brought under the divine influence of that greater truth that he rejoiced in; but he knew that Richard's parents belonged to a people of strong prejudices, and Uncle Roger was too honorable to attempt any change of religious views in their child, without their knowledge and consent. He was therefore pleased with the prospect.

Richard had gone through his morning's exercises, and the gardener was busy among his flowers, when Richard again walked briskly down the garden path, and found him. The boy's mind had been very much exercised, and he was anxious to hear whatever could have induced honest old Uncle Roger to join so strange a people as the Latter Day Saints.—He lost no time therefore in saying,

"Well, Uncle Roger, I have come to hear you tell why you are a Latter Day Saint. I have been thinking about it over my lessons, and though I have only a few minutes before recitation, I thought I must come and hear."

"That is right, Richard," responded the gardener. "I will try and find time to tell you."

"I was brought up by christian parents, and I learned in early life to love the Lord who had

done so much for me. I felt anxious to serve him; but my service seldom seemed complete. I used to attend church, and pray with all my heart. Sometimes I was so happy that I seemed to realize that heaven had begun below with me, that I was going to heaven in heaven. In this frame of mind, I would take God's book, and read; and strange to say I used to become confounded. I found there many things that were different to the faith of the church I belonged to,



and I often wondered why it was so. I dared not think the church was wrong,—I knew the Bible must be true, or my hope was vain."

"Excuse me, Uncle Roger," interrupted Richard, "but will you tell me what it was in the church that was wrong, or not according to the Bible?"

"I will, dear boy, so far as necessary to explain myself; but I cannot do so fully, as I should perhaps instill into your mind what your parents

would not wish, as you attend the same church I used to attend."

"No, Uncle Roger, my parents will not be offended; for I told them you had promised to tell me why you are a Latter Day Saint, and Pa said he would like to know what there was in our church that displeased you, that you should leave it for another, and I promised him to ask you, and then tell him."

"I am thankful to hear this; but I would rather have told your father myself; however, I am thankful that I can tell his son. To proceed, then,"

"When I was seeking the Lord, they told me to come forward to the mourner's bench, and they would pray for me. I did so, and I prayed too; and I asked several times to be prayed for, and at last, I felt a little better, but still not fully satisfied. After a few months, I applied for admission into the church; but I had to be examined by a committee, and then go before the church and be questioned, and then when all was done, I had to wait till the first Sunday in the next month before being received, as that was communion day. I felt a little strangely about this at the time; but more so afterwards.

The Sunday came, and the minister preached on their being safety in the fold and none outside. He therefore congratulated us upon our acceptance by the church, and he gave us his right hand as a token of the fellowship of the church. I was very much disappointed.

"I thought while he was preaching, 'What if I had died while all this examination, committee and church meetings were in process, or while waiting for communion-day,' and I went home to read my Bible and pray. I happened to read the history of the day of Pentecost, and oh! what a contrast! The same day they heard the truth, they believed, they repented, and they were added to the church. They were added to it by baptism, too.

"I began to compare my church to that, and I was pained at the difference. Not a word about mourner's bench, committee, church meeting,

waiting for communion-day, or being received by right hand of fellowship. I read my Bible and I prayed on still for light; but the more I read, the wider the gulf, the greater the contrast. I read in the good book of a church with Apostles, Prophets, Miracles, Speaking in Tongues, Healing the Sick, Baptizing, Laying on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and the faithful receiving it. I then drew up a form, and here is the result:

<i>Christ's Church.</i>	<i>My Church.</i>
Apostles.	None.
Prophets.	None.
Miracles.	None.
Healing the Sick.	None.
Speaking in Tongues.	None.
Baptizing for remission of sins.	None, unless by request, and then not for remission of sins.
Anointing with oil and praying for the sick.	None.
Blessing little children.	None.
Laying on hands for the Holy Ghost.	None.

Do you not perceive that the difference is wide enough to make it plain to any thinking mind?"

Richard listened in astonishment.—

It was all so new to him; but it found a lodgment in his breast, and he enquired, "But, Uncle Roger, if you left our church because we have none of these things, why did you join the Latter Day Saints—they are said to be a 'bad people.'"

"I joined the Latter Day Saints, Richard, because they believe in all these precious gems of the christian religion, and thank God, they possess them. As to being a bad people, I have not found them so; but they have some

among them who are no better perhaps than some outside the church. This is unavoidable, however, in the church that follows Christ's plan; for many that followed him committed sin, and some abandoned him and became his bitter foes, so much so that one of his own apostles betrayed him.

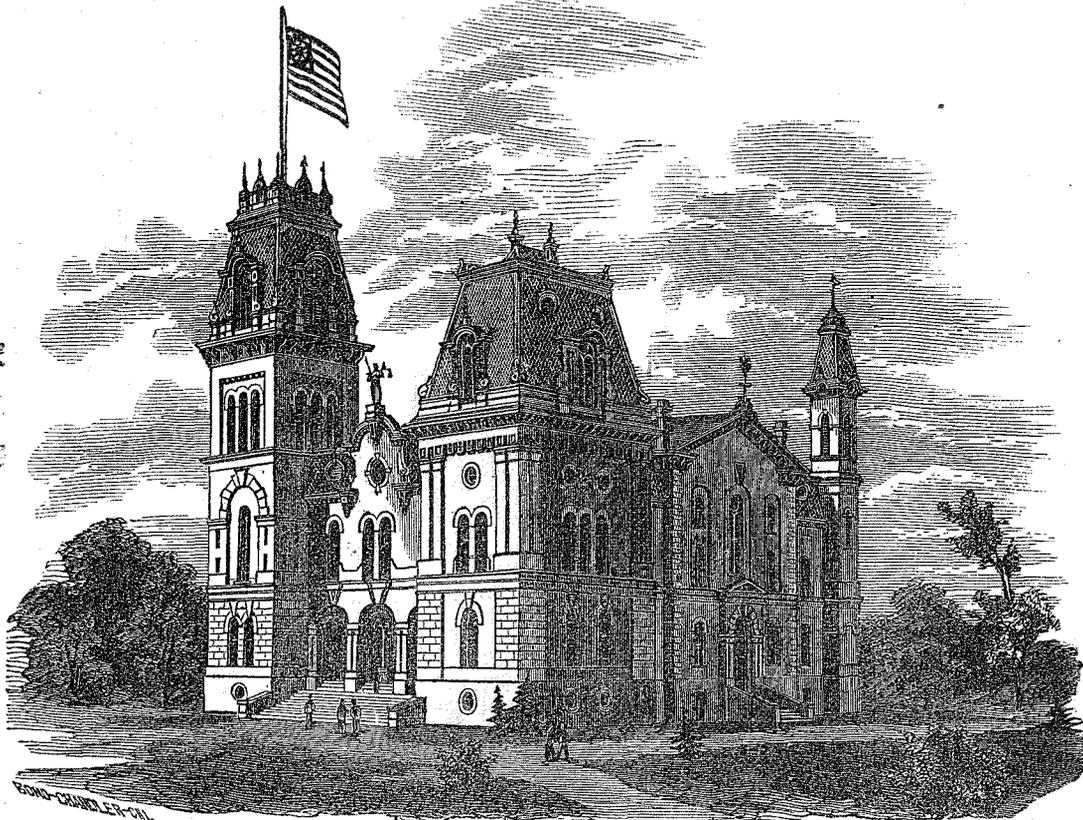
"All kinds of human fish are caught in the gospel net; some are very small in mind, some weak in character, some like the shark in disposition, some sinuous like the eel, some surface and some deep water fish. I expect this; but the net is sound and good, whatever the fish may be that are caught."

"I thank you much, and shall have a report to make to Pa and Ma that will astonish them as much as it has me. Good afternoon, Uncle Roger, and God bless you."

H. HOPEFUL.

MORGAN COUNTY COURT HOUSE, JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

WE read in the good book of a time yet future when all men shall be brought before the Great Judge, and every one be rewarded according to the deeds done. Here there is sometimes error in judgment, falsity in testimony, incompleteness in evidence; there will be none of these things there. We shall all be judged with a righteous judgment, and will be forced to acknowledge our judgment just. We sometimes hide our wicked deeds from man; we cannot hide them from God. We sometimes are accused wrongly here, and the evidence seems to be against us; we are condemned, and carry our condemnation about with us in such a heart-aching manner that people who are friendly to us condemn us too, and for what is more painful to us than to them; it will not be so there. Here the innocent suffer, and the guilty are their accusers; it will not be so there. Yet, so long as



crime remains, it will be necessary to have courts in which civil and criminal cases can be tried, the parties accused be judged according to the evidence in their case, and the acquittal given or punishment assigned.

We present herewith the copy of a court house in this state, designed by G. P. Randall, Esq., which presents a very handsome appearance. Its cost when completed will be about \$160,000.

BREAD UPON THE WATER.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
God himself saith thou shalt gather
It again, some future day."

MOTHER, what does that mean?" said Addie, after singing the above lines. "I am quite sure if I should cast bread into

the little brook that runs through father's meadow, I should not be likely to find it again."

"True, my child, for it would be devoured by some bird, or fish, and if this should not be the case, the water would separate the particles, and it could not be gathered again."

"But, Mother, I have read the same in the Holy Scriptures;—'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.'"

"True, my dear, but in this case pure and unselfish deeds are compared to bread, and as the bread we eat is the staff or sustainer of our bodies, so deeds of righteousness will not only sustain our spiritual and moral strength, and save immortal souls; but when we appear before the throne of God to be judged for our deeds while here, God will say to those that have done good, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, enter into the mansion prepared for you. I was hungry and you gave me food, thirsty and you gave me drink, naked and you clothed me, sick, and in prison, and you visited me, and administered to my necessities; and they will ask, 'Lord, when saw we thee in all

these circumstances?' and he will say, 'Inasmuch as you did it unto these my disciples, you did it unto me.'

"I hope all my little friends of the Hope will have such bread in store, for it is the bread of life."

CAROLINE.

—O—

"As Jonah's gourd having done him no service in the night, when he needed it not,—withered in the morning, when he hoped for most benefit by it against the ensuing heat of the day; so the blessings of this world frequently

wither at such times as we looked to find the most freshness in the refreshment from them."—*Arrowsmith.*

AN ALLEGORY.

MY LITTLE FRIENDS:—I am going to relate to you an allegory, but as some of you may not understand the meaning of that word, I will tell you. An allegory is the narration of fictitious events, whereby it is sought to convey in an interesting, yet clear and forcible manner, an important truth. It is a kind of parable. Our Savior taught many truths in this way. The moral pointed out in this, I trust will ever be remembered by those of my little friends who feel an ardent desire to taste of some of the pleasures which look so inviting and tempting in the gay world around them. Do not wait for experience to teach you the truths conveyed in

this allegory, but let its moral sink deep into your hearts now, while you are growing up to manhood and womanhood.

THE PALACE OF PLEASURE.

CHAPTER I.

We had a desire to visit the far-famed Palace of Pleasure, and a guide being readily found we were soon at its doors.

The entrance was very wide, and beautifully adorned with richly tinted flowers and fine shrubbery, very pleasing to the eye.

In the centre of this palace sat Pleasure, under a richly decorated canopy. She was fair to look upon, to a casual observer, but on a close scrutiny of her features, they were found to be coarse, and traces of cosmetics could be seen. Her eyes were of a dazzling brightness, her form finely proportioned, her manner highly fascinating.—There seemed to be an irresistible charm about her that few could withstand.

She was surrounded by numerous servants, who vied with each other in performing her bidding. She had only to express her wishes, and they were done. All was hilarity and mirth; each one eagerly performing the part Pleasure had assigned him.

Some were gliding through the mazy dance, dressed in gaudy and fashionable costumes; others spending their precious moments in adorning themselves in rich garments and costly jewels, preparatory to a promenade through the crowd before us. Some were feasting upon delicious dishes, others imbibing the sparkling wine, others were taking stronger drink still; while some were staking their hard earnings around a lottery or gambling table. Again we noticed others, who were dreamily puffing away at a long handled pipe, or at stumps of cigars. Numbers were reclining on downy couches of ease; a few of whom had some work of romance in their hands, to which they were devoting the little energy they had remaining. All were performing their parts with an eagerness truly surprising, knowing they were mere vassals performing the bidding of their mistress. What seemed still more wonderful was, they were in bondage with their own consent, when they might have been free.

CHAPTER II.

Pleasure was seen to be constantly among them, taking care that every one was engaged in some of the scenes before them. Some of them, though young in years, were prematurely old in looks.

I now turned towards the entrance; an individual approached whose name was "Seeker-of-Happiness." He gazed with delighted eyes upon the various and tempting scenes before him.

Pleasure seeing him upon the threshold of her dominion, went forward with one of her most bewitching smiles to meet him. She led him from scene to scene, and told him he could have his choice of all he saw before him.

She pointed out one by one the gay assemblages before him—those engaged in dancing, gambling, sporting, smoking, drinking, novel reading, costly and jewel-bedecked dressing, idling of golden moments away, idle and foolish talking; and told him of all these he could have his choice.

She asked him his name; he told her it was Seeker-of-Happiness, but, said he, "My intended place of destination, I was told, is still far in the distance. As the way was rugged and steep, I thought I would come down into this beautiful valley. As I was traveling along, I thought I would stop and look in." Said cunning Pleasure, "You have gone far enough to attain to all you desire. Do they not all seem very happy? I leave them at perfect liberty to choose their avocation, neither are they confined to one thing, for they can change as often as they wish."

Seeker-of-Happiness was soon enlisted as one of the votaries of Pleasure. At first he entered into the gay scenes before him with delighted eyes, and a countenance radiant with happiness. All was new to him. He fancied he had found that which he had been told was far over the mountain, and was only to be obtained by continued toil, and trials, and faithful diligence unto the end of his journey.

Time passed on. Ere long I detected a shade of disappointment, scarcely perceptible, flitting over his countenance as he joined, one after another, the various assemblies before him. Pleasure, with quick intuition perceived this, and led him to fairer scenes, which like a child's new toy would please him for a while, but ere long that disappointed look would return, and he would gaze with wistful eyes toward the mountain. But it could scarcely be seen; for his vision had become clouded, so that the very path which he once had trod seemed to fade from his sight.

CHAPTER III.

The scene changed. Our guide said he would now show us Pleasure and her votaries in their declining years; and oh; what a sad sight met our view! Pleasure no longer wore that enchanting smile, which had acted as a magnet, drawing all toward her who came within her reach. Her cheeks were sunken; her brow wrinkled and faded; her once brilliant costume tattered and torn. Her vassals partook of the same wan look, and were in the same dilapidated condition she was. Their sources of happiness were exhausted; they had drained the cup offered to them to the very dregs, and oh! how bitter was the draught! Happiness was not there!

I looked for Seeker-of-Happiness, and saw him among the rest. He was bitterly bemoaning his fate in this wise: "Oh! that I had not turned aside from the true path! I might now have reached that place where there is real, true happiness. I have wasted my time in foolish wanderings from the right way. I cannot recall the wasted moments; they are gone, forever gone!—I have been lured by the syren voice of Pleasure to seek happiness here, but it is a hollow, empty sound, and a vain delusion.

"I will flee from these fatal surroundings,—if it be possible for me to extricate myself from this whirlpool of vice,—and seek the straight and narrow way I so wantonly forsook. By diligently seeking I may yet be able to find it. But though I may yet gain my first destination, I, by my example, have brought others here, and have wasted many golden years of my life, which bitter thought will fill my bosom with remorse the rest

of my life. This error may be forgiven; but not effaced from the history of my life. Oh! that I could make others shun this path by telling them of the anguish of soul which fills the bosoms of the votaries of Pleasure."

With this, the whole scene vanished from our view. EMMA.

WILD WOOD FLOWERS!

FROM youth to age, amid the clouds that darken the sky of our life, anon comes flitting through the waves of care, some momentary attraction, and we behold, perhaps with awe and surprise, the wonderful works of the living God; or we admiringly gaze upon, and are beguiled into forgetfulness by the simple as well as by the grand and beautiful works of nature.

The simple wild wood flower has its charm; it stands high in power to enchain the attention, and induce the love to wander out. In contemplating its beauty we obtain rest for the mind, and it leads to thoughts of the hereafter.

Its fragrance spreads far and near. It attracts the bee, the butterfly, and the passer by.

Wreath me a garland of bright
And sweet wild wood flowers,
An emblem of the pure light
Of Zion's fair bowers.

How free in the quiet grove,
Where, blithely, birds sing;
I there love freely to rove,
Where th' wild wood flowers spring.

Sweet flowers of the Sabbath school,
Your light ever shine,
And then at the living pool,
Cry, "Father, I'm thine."

FELIX.

CAN CHILDREN PREACH?

THINK they can; yes, in several ways, without being permitted to speak in the pulpit.

One way is by singing hymns; or if they have musical instruments, they can sing and play hymns for their little friends when they come in to hear their music. Children, perhaps there may be some of your little friends that come in to hear your music, who have not the privilege of going to hear the Elders preach. They may take a liking to your hymns, and commence to investigate and believe the doctrine of Christ, and join the Church. Children, I would advise you to do this, for you may do much good thereby, and gain stars for your crown.

We will be required to give an account of all our acts and words, whether they be good or evil. If they are good it will be well for us. It is good to preach by word and precept both. I think it would be well for middle-aged saints, and saints of all ages, when their friends and neighbors come in to hear their music, to preach by their music as well as sing and play. I know of some saints who, when they play for company, play marches, love-songs, hornpipes, &c.; I would fear to do as those saints do, lest like the preacher the *Herald* told about, I have to answer for the blood of souls. SARAH.

TRIFLES.

NEVER trifle with sin. As soon as you are tempted to do wrong, leave it alone, go away from it, don't think I'll do so just this once and no more, for if you give way once, you are more liable to do wrong another time; and remember if you sin against God once in a small thing, you cannot undo that sin again, but it will stand against your name when you are called upon to "give an account of the deeds done in the body," and you would be ashamed to tell Jesus, "Oh; it's only a trifle!"

Never stop on your way when it is time to go on to Sabbath school and say, "I'll just wait one minute to see this fine house," or "that pretty garden," for if you do, may be next Sabbath you will wait five minutes to look at something else, and I am sure that you would be very sorry to find out that by your trifling a few minutes away every Sunday during the quarter, that you had deprived yourself of a "Prompt Attendance" Reward, and I think your papa and mamma would be sorry too.

Our Savior promised those who loved him and kept his commandments, that not one hair from their heads should fall to the ground unnoticed. This may seem but a trifle to us, but we must remember that there is nothing trivial with God; if we expect God to fulfill his words to us, we also must try to do all the good we can, or we are not his children, and he only promises to take care of those who love and serve him. If God does not consider any thing too little for his watchcare, I think we ought not to do.

I remember once reading the following beautiful lines, who wrote them I do not know; but if we take their advice, our life will be free from many follies.

"If e'er you feel inclined to do,
Or say a thing that's wrong,
Oh, ponder well, before you act,—
Oh, ponder well and long;
Appeal unto your better part,
Scan well your conduct o'er,
Remember this—that one false step
Will ever lead to more."

VERBIUS.

"I HAVE ORDERS NOT TO GO."

I HAVE orders, positive orders, not to go there; orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be womanish! come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them to us, if you can. Show us your orders."

John took a neat little book from his pocket, and read aloud:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it! pass not near it! turn from it, and pass away!"

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid my going with you. They are God's orders, and by his help I mean to keep them."



Poetry.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

TUNE.—The Morning Sky is bright and clear.

The Sabbath morn once more we greet,
It's happy hours we love;
We leave our home, our school to meet,
Our hearts with gladness move;
We love our brothers, sisters dear,
We love our teacher's voice to hear,
We love the school, the Sabbath School,
The pleasant Sabbath school.

We love to read God's holy words,
By inspiration given;
That present joy and peace affords,
And point the way to heaven.
'Tis there we learn to tread the way,
That leads to life and endless day;
We love the school, the Sabbath school,
The happy Sabbath school.

And little saints of latter days
Should love the Sabbath school;
And walk in all of wisdom's ways,
And mind the "Golden Rule."
The hope of Zion, children are,
And Zion's joy we hope to share
With all our school, the Sabbath school,
The blessed Sabbath school.

T. W. S.

Children's Column.

From Nevada Howard, of Cloverdale, California, June 23, 1870; *Dear Editors of Zion's Hope*:—I thought I would write a few lines to help fill up the children's column.

On the 4th day of April, we started from Fayette, Iowa, for California. My Pa and Ma, my two brothers, my little sister and myself. We were eight days coming. We found Pa's brother here, living on a large ranch. He has a large orchard, with so many kinds of fruit in it, that it makes me wish that our little brothers and sisters and friends that read *Zion's Hope*, could be here to share with me the luxury and comfort of eating some of the fruit. Ma's health is improving. We like the *Hope* so well that we wish it would come oftener. I am going to try to get all the subscribers I can to send to you. I am twelve years old. I love the saints; but we have not found any here yet. I love to hear the saints preach. I wish we could have a preacher sent to us.

N. B.—I will send you a fig-leaf.

[We thank Nevada for the fig-leaf; it smelled so fragrantly that we were quite pleased with her little present.]—EDITORS.

From H. J. Kinyon, of Tinney's Grove, Mo., June 29, 1870; *Dear Editors of Zion's Hope*:—It makes my heart rejoice to receive my little paper, the *Hope*, and to read what the little brothers and sisters have to say for it. Little brothers and sisters, let us all obey our parents, be kind to each other, and pray one for the other, and let us read our little paper well, and try to learn all we can.

From Rozelle Rinker, of San Joaquin Valley, Cal., June 6, 1870; *Dear Editors*:—I love to read the *Hope*. I have made out several of 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, but have not been baptized, yet I have a great desire to be. Please excuse the mistakes of a little girl.

From Geo. P. Dykes, Jr., of Unionburgh, Harrison Co., Iowa, May 8, 1870; *Br. Joseph and Uncle Mark*:—I am rejoiced more than ever with the *Hope*, and especially with 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 list for the *Hope*.

From Lyman Wight, of Newtonia, Newton Co., Mo., June 5, 1870; *Dear Br. Joseph and Uncle Mark*:—I have not been baptized yet, but I want to be very much. I want to grow up to be a good and useful man. I love *Zion's Hope* very much. I love to read the nice stories which it contains. I wish it would come oftener; two weeks seems a good while to wait.

From Gomer Lewis, of Caseyville, May 17, 1870; *Dear Uncle Mark*:—I was baptized when I was nine years old, Feb. 14, 1869. I have been a pretty bad boy; but I intend to be a better boy from this time out.

From Gomer Rees, of East Gallatin, June 20, 1870; *Editors of the Hope*:—I am very happy when the *Hope* comes to hand. I think that it is about the best visitor that ever was. May God bless Brother Joseph and Uncle Mark, and bless the *Hope* with good pieces.

ANAGRAM No. 22.

Ceslrsepi egm! eht arpel fo utrht,
Gibrethst aonremtn foutoyh,
Esekot rwea tini hty wrnco,
Hetn, filal eth rlowd dshou fnwor,
Otuh thsa onwa sgluoroi zpier;
Atht lwli uedgi ehte ohte eskis.

ENIGMAS.

No.—51.—I am composed of nineteen letters.
My 1, 13, 16, 5, is what we all like to see in dry weather.
My 1, 7, 6, is a small animal.
My 12, 4, 7, 13, is a vegetable.
My 3, 2, 7, 1, is a kind of fruit.
My 10, 18, 9, is found in every house.
My 7, 19, 17, 11, is a carpenter's tool.
My 14, 11, 6, 18, 1, is the name of an apostle.
My whole an injunction of scripture.

OCCASIONAL.

No. 52.—I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 10, 14, 4, is found in great quantities.
My 12, 2, 4, is used by gardeners.
My 13, 8, 14, is a member of our body.
My 14, 8, 11, is a troublesome animal.
My 11, 13, 8, 1, is a wild fowl.
My 6, 4, 11, is used by fishermen.
My 9, 5, 8, 12, was a prophet.
My 11, 5, 9, is a weight.
My 12, 4, 9, is a domestic fowl.
My 11, 8, 14, 7, is a plant.
My 8, 6, 11, is an insect.
My 4, 8, 14, 1, is a title.
My whole is a commandment.

ANSWERS to Anagram and Enigmas are reserved for our next.

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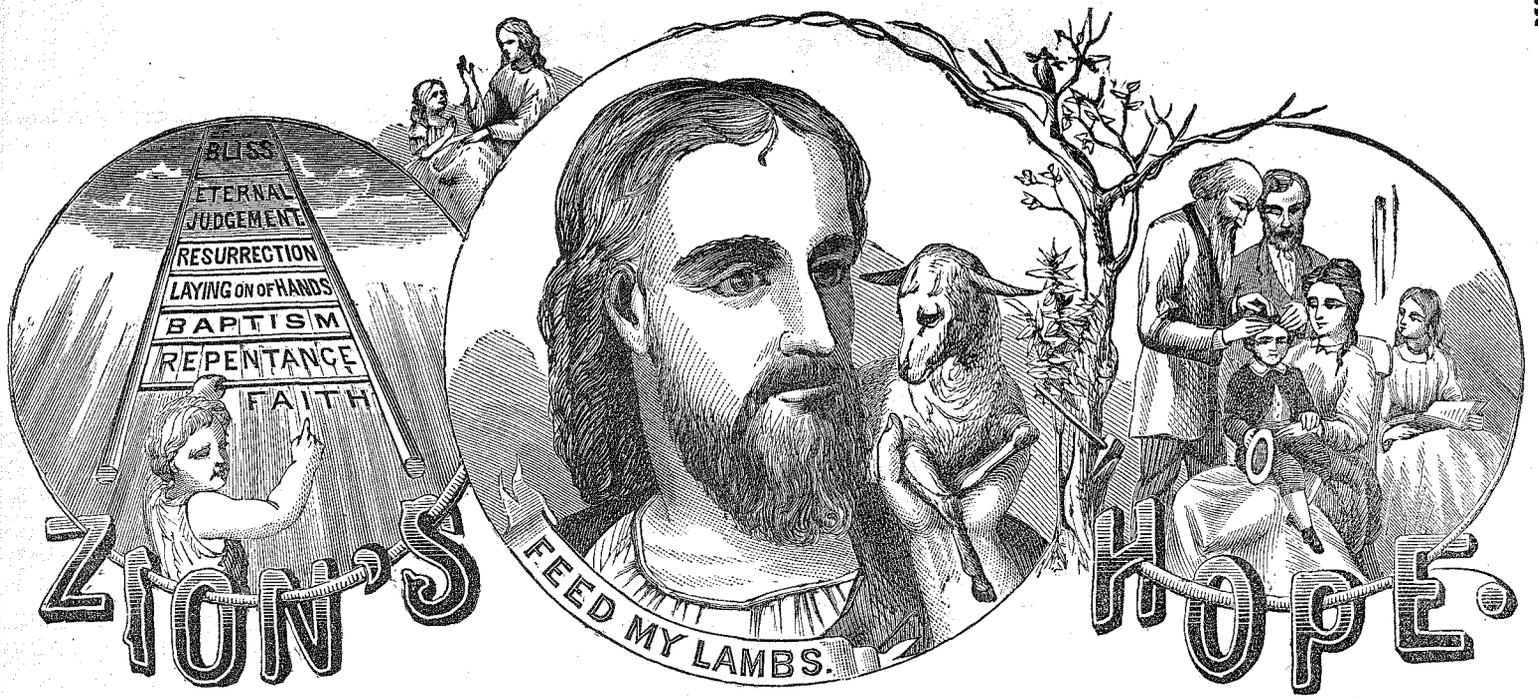
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., AUG. 1, 1870.

No. 3.

AUGUST.

AUGUST is the eighth month. It used to be called the sixth, but somehow, like most other human and earthly things, the name and the number of this month were changed.

From *sextilis*, the sixth from March, it took its place as the eighth from January, the month from the beginning of which the year is now counted, and was given the name of August, in honor of O. Augustus Cæsar, on account of his many victories, and also because that he entered upon his first consulate in this month.

August signifies in religion something grand, sublime and awe-inspiring; to honor by offerings.

It may seem strange to the little readers of the *HOPE*, that the months of the year should, one after another, be named for some one of the ancient gods or goddesses, or after some celebrated person; but when they learn that our present language comes down to us through those people, and the names of these divisions of time were given by them, it will not be so surprising.

It is usually hot, very hot in this month. The brooks are low, and have scarcely vitality enough to gurgle over the stones; but suffer their waters to gather into pools in the broad sunshine and in the deep shade, where the frog and the terrapin love to play hide and bo-peep, amid the long grasses on the shore, and the long water plants growing from the bottom.

The pools are stagnant, the roads dusty and dry; the shocks of grain standing in the field, and the fast growing stacks witness the bounty of God to man in the harvest time; the herds now growing fat and sleek, lie in the shade to

chew the cud in calm repose; the bees fly languidly to and fro laden with the sweets gathered from the hoards which nature supplies; the birds are quiet, and stand with drooping wing and open mouth, 'tis too hard work to fly; all nature seems drooping with the heat.

In the city, business is dull; the pavements

day; the careful husbandman has finished his hurrying work, and now watches the crops lying out of doors in the glare of the sun from his seat in the open door, during the hours of mid-day; but when the sun begins to slide rapidly down the western sky, life begins to awake and the fields are peopled with the gatherers of the har-

vest; the cattle rouse from their lazy siesta and begin to graze for their evening meal; the bees fly with quicker wing, the birds forget their noon-time languor, and the insects swarm out from the shelter of leaf and shrub.—When the evening finally fades into night, what myriads of insects are afloat in the air. Listen to the song of the musquito:

Look out for me, look out for me,
I come with a whetted bill;
Cover your face, and toe, and knee,
I come my stomach to fill.

Look for me when the lights are out,
I come with bloody intent;
To bite and stab, so kick and flout,
You see, I'm on mischief bent.

I sing, I hum, I buzz, I bite;
I escape the trenchant blow;
I'm in your ear, and out of sight,
What a merry life, O, ho!

What a happy, happy scene! The sun shines dimly adown the western sky, the horses are waiting patiently for the loading of the wain; beneath the shock of grain nestle the happy children; while the sickle lies idly in the foreground. The pool in the shade of the wood looks glassy and still; why, even the fish hardly dare to move, lest the rippling water should break the stillness of the scene.

This year the harvest in some places will be bountiful, while others will lack.

Little readers, be patient in the summer of your lives; be contented in the days of your probation, that your harvest time may have a bountiful fruitage.



AUGUST.

lie hot and bare in the fervent heat of the sun, in front of the shops the pavement is plentifully sprinkled, and under the awnings the shopkeepers sit wilted and dull.

In the country, the corn waves rustling in the warm wind; the air is still and quiet rules the

[Continued from page 6.]

UNCLE ROGER AND RICHARD.

THE conversation between good old Uncle Roger and Master Richard was repeated over by the latter in all essential points to his wondering parents, and their curiosity was so sharpened that Mr. Bentley resolved to see the old gardener, and make personal enquiries respecting his faith.

Mrs. Bentley was not less interested than her husband; hearing him state his resolve to see the old gardener, she urged therefore that he and his wife be invited to tea, and Mr. Bentley, pleased with the suggestion, went the following morning into the garden and pleasantly exchanging a morning salutation, presented Mrs. Bentley's request that Uncle Roger and wife should come to tea on the afternoon of that day. The good old man had not before been treated so familiarly, and hesitated in his reply to accept, but was soon assured when Mr. Bentley remarked:

"I am anxious, very anxious you should come, Uncle Roger, as Richard has narrated to me a conversation held between you and himself in relation to your religious faith that has, I confess, awakened quite an interest in Mrs. Bentley and myself. I must urge your acceptance of the invitation, and hope you will bring with you a form that Richard spoke of, in which you have a comparison of doctrines made, and come as early after dinner as possible."

"I will certainly come, Mr. Bentley, if such be your wish, for I am commanded to be ready to give a reason of the hope that is within me at all times, and I hope that Mary will accompany me."

Noon-time came, and Aunt Mary was not only willing, but pleased to hear and accept the invitation brought by her faithful old husband, of whose ability to defend his faith, poor old gardener though he was, she was well satisfied, and perhaps a little proud too.

Early in the afternoon, the good and humble pair were seen at Mr. Bentley's, where the little trepidation occasioned by the difference of circumstances was immediately put at rest by the kind and lady-like welcome extended by Mrs. Bentley to her humble guests. Mrs. Bentley was a lady by nature, and the wealth God had blessed her with served but as a means to perform good and generous deeds. There was no cold "Good afternoon; take a seat," uttered in a tone that freezes up the stream of generous-heartedness; but the open and warm welcome that comes like sunshine on the heart, and makes the senses all aglow with the consciousness of a perfect welcome,—an "all at home" feeling.

Very soon afterwards, Mr. Bentley came in, a noble and manly counterpart of his amiable wife, accompanied by Richard, the only but worthy son of worthy parents, and a pleasanter looking group, composed of those differing so widely in faith and circumstances as these parties did, it would be difficult to find.

Mr. Bentley was the first to open the conversation on the subject of religion, and he did so in a frank and manly manner, by remarking:

"Well, Uncle Roger and Aunt Mary, we are really very thankful for the visit you have come to pay us, and I am sure you will not deem me unkind if I ask of you a personal explanation of the reasons that induced you to change your religious faith."

"No, indeed Sir," replied Uncle Roger, "on the contrary, I am thankful for the privilege of speaking on the subject to you and to Mrs. Bentley. My heart is so happy in the truths of my religion that I have often wished my kind employers could be made like happy in them."

"Mrs. Bentley and I am happy in our religious experience now, Uncle Roger, and feel satisfied that we have found Christ precious to our souls.



We doubt not but you and Aunt Mary have too; we therefore can call you brother and sister in the Lord Jesus; but it is the doctrinal differences between your past and your present faith that we wish to learn from you. We are assured by your daily walk that you have a hope in Jesus."

"I thank you, Mr. Bentley, for your charitable feelings towards us, and am satisfied too that you have faith and therefore hope in the Messiah; for I used to commune with you, and I then believed and hoped in Christ as fervently as I do now; but I think not so securely. I attach more importance to doctrines and ceremonies now than I used to do; but none the less to a heart religion. I am more particular as to the peculiarities of the organization of the church now than I used to be; but none the less to the spiritual life of the church."

"Is there not danger of becoming formal in our religion, by being too precise about doctrines, ceremonies and forms, Uncle Roger?"

"There is, Sir, if the doctrines forms and ceremonies are not enjoined in the word of God. If they simply have their origin in church usages, or are sanctioned only by tradition, we should be careful about receiving them; but the word of

God makes ordinances, laws, doctrines, and the character of the church organization, statues of his appointment; and the word of God is to judge us all."

"Your last remark is very true Uncle Roger, but if you will point out to me where these doctrinal and ceremonial matters are made statutory, I will then listen to what you consider to be correct in respect to them."

Uncle Roger took out his pocket-bible, his form, and an epitome, and referred Mr. Bentley to the following passages on laws and ordinances: "The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant. Therefore hath the curse devoured the earth." On Doctrine:—"Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son." On church organization:—"And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." He then read to Mr. Bentley his form as before read to Master Richard, and remarked:

"You see, Mr. Bentley, that a curse is to come on the earth, and as the prophet Isaiah shows in continuing the subject, the earth is to be burned, and but few men, comparatively, left, because men change the laws and transgress the ordinances, whatever may be the state of their hearts. Again unless our doctrine be the doctrine of Christ, we have not God, and are therefore without a sure hope. Again if Christ appointed apostles, prophets and the various officers of the primitive church for the government of his church, can that church be perfected without them?"

"I declare, Uncle Roger, you astonish me with your arguments and scriptural proofs; but there is one text that seems to do away with ordinances. The apostle Paul tells the Colossians that 'Christ had forgiven them their trespasses, blotting out the handwriting of ordinances.' How will you reconcile this?"

"It needs no reconciling, Sir, Paul himself explains what he means by saying 'Let no man judge you in MEAT, or in DRINK, or in respect of a HOLYDAY, or of the NEW MOON, or of SABBATH DAYS; which are a shadow of things to come.' These were the ordinances blotted out; but the gospel ordinances remained, for the same Paul told the same Colossians, and it is recorded in the same chapter too, that they had been 'Buried with him (Christ) in baptism;' one, and a most important one of the gospel ordinances. I will leave you this Epitome of our faith, sir, and you can examine it, and the references attached to it, at your leisure."

"I thank you Uncle Roger. Where does your church meet?"

"In my house, sir; we are too poor to build a church at present."

"Well, who is your minister?"

"That is quite a home question, Mr. Bentley; I am sure you have no idea or you would not put it to me."

"Why, sir, he's so modest," said Aunt Mary, "it's himself, my own Roger it is, and he need

not be bashful about it, neither."

"Well, well," responded the host and hostess.

"And Uncle Roger, the gardener, is a minister of Christ; worthy man, you are an honor to your people. But what do they pay you?"

"My reward, sir, is above; hid with Christ in God—I seek it not here."

"We shall come and hear the first favorable opportunity we have, and may God guide us all into the light of his truth."

"Amen, Amen," responded all.

H. HOPEFUL.

VALUE OF PRAYER.

WE all realize that water, pure water, is one of God's greatest temporal blessings to fallen man; and however ungrateful others may be for so great a blessing, we ought to be grateful when it pleases him to bless us with a goodly supply.—What, dear Hope, would be the consequence if our heavenly Father should withhold for one short year the rain of heaven from us? Do you not think that all men would be brought to a realizing sense of how merciful God has been to them in the past, and when they saw death staring them in the face by reason of the famine that would prevail, no doubt they would humble themselves, and bow in prayer to God. But we have no assurance that they would be heard; for God has told us through the mouth of Solomon, "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be an abomination." Prov. xxviii. 9. But God has said through his servant James, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—Jas. v. 16.

This generation, with but few exceptions, is turning away from hearing the law as taught by the servants of God; we have nothing to expect from the prayers of such when times of famine shall come, and you know that the hour of God's judgment has come. Do your little hearts tell you where to look for the prayer of faith that shall cause the destroyer to pass by? The judgments are coming not only by famine but by pestilence, and war, by great hail storms, by thunderings, and with the fierce and vivid lightnings also will God plead with this generation, for he has told us so by his prophet Joseph Smith.

Methinks I hear some young reader of the *Hope* saying, 'Yes, I know who will pray the prayer of faith, and save God's people in the hour of his judgment. There will be Br Joseph, and Uncle Mark, Br. Blair, Bishop Rogers, and a host of good elders that will pray, and I know that God will hear them, for he has heard them in the past, when father and mother or baby was sick, he sent us the blessing of health in answer to their prayers.'

Very true, little Hopes; but there are others that must pray with them, and amongst the rest who pray must be found the readers of the *Hope*, and that your prayers may be accepted of God, and answered, you must not turn away your ear from hearing his law to you, part of which is, that you must 'Remember your Creator in the days of your youth,' and again that you must '*Honor thy father and mother that it may be well with thee, and that you may live long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*'

J. S. P.

little readers that it would have done many of them great good, could they have attended the Sunday School Concert given at our request by them on *only one day's preparation*. There were two organs on the platform, presided over by Miss Emma Roberts and Miss Jane Ann Bellamy, two of our very worthy young sisters; but played also by Mr. Henry Bradshaw, pupil of sister Emma, and Miss Eveline Allen, a bright little sister and pupil of sister Jane Ann. Br. Wm. Ashton, is the leading musician, and a credit to the school. We felt almost in heaven as we heard, "The Golden Stair," "Angry Words," "Angels in the Air," "Where do you Journey?" "The old, old story," and other beautifully worded and sweetly attuned Sunday School Harmonies as they came from the lips and slender voices of our darling Hopes. We also noticed mottoes upon the walls that we would like to copy if we had space; but we have not. Zion's Hope is an excellent school, and has our heart's best wishes.

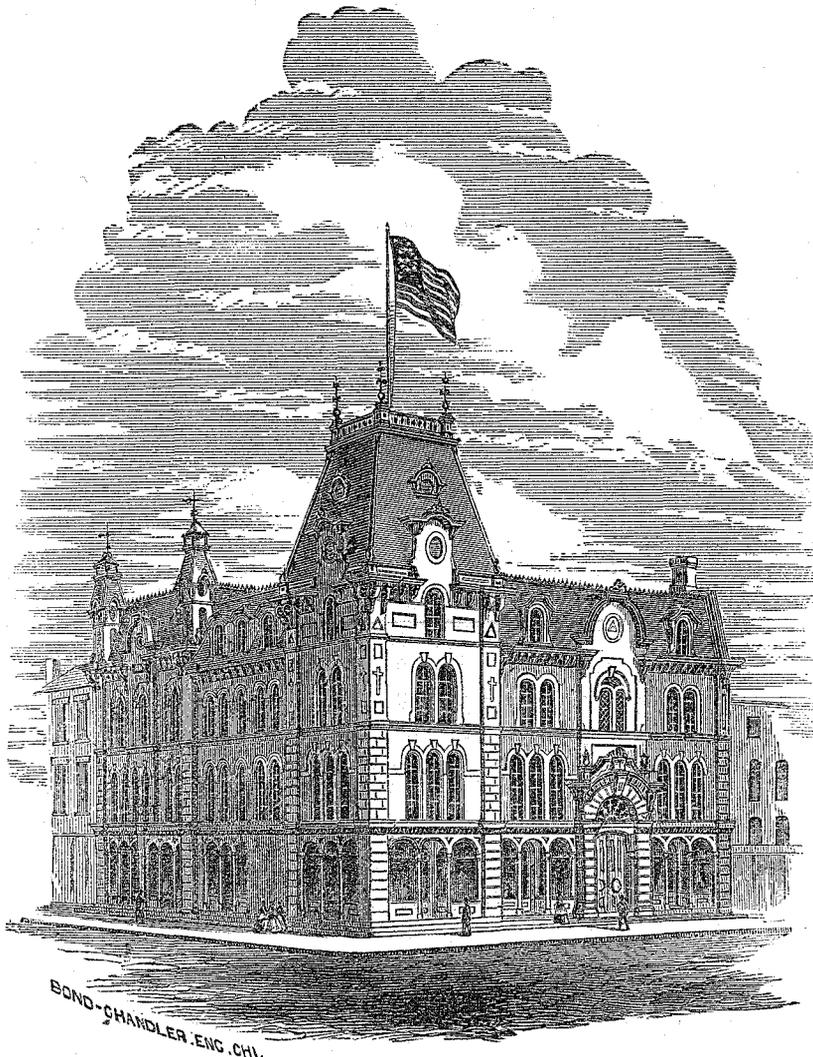
We also visited the Gartsides Sunday school, and attended a concert given by the children there. Br. John Sutton conducted the exercises. This is a small school out in a country place, and one that we should not therefore expect so much progress in, as where schools have greater advantages. The Gartsides school surprised us.—Some of its scholars did splendidly; we did not hear a break-down among them. Miss. Alice Boyle's recitations,—she is a young lady of eleven summers,—would have done credit to older heads. Some others there too are following on, and if they persevere, will do excellently. Prosperity to the Gartsides Sunday School.

We also visited the Kewanee Sunday School, at its Sunday morning session, under the superintendency of Br. Wm. France. We were very much pleased with the extremely good order and discipline of this school. It is in a prospering condition, and its Superintendent is alive in his work. There was nothing but the ordinary lessons of the morning, so that we can not speak of any specialities in this school. We believe, however, from what we saw, that Kewanee school would compare favorably with any other.

Reaching home, we attended the Quarterly Festival of the Rising Star Sunday School of Plano. The children acquitted themselves well, and seemed especially pleased with the delicious ice-cream, cakes, lemonade and candies so liberally served out. The recitations given by four young ladies, and two dialogues by several others, were better than any we heard during our journey; but the music was inferior to that of both Zion's Hope and Kewanee schools.

God bless the honest, faithful Sunday School workers.

UNCLE MARK.



BUSINESS BLOCK IN CHICAGO.

A GREAT many of our little readers reside in the country, and have never seen a large city; nor large business houses.—We therefore give them a picture of one this time, designed to be built in Chicago. The design is by G. P. Randall, Esq, and designed for the West Chicago Masonic Relief Association, to be owned and controlled exclusively by the Masonic Fraternity. The first story is intended for stores, the second story for offices, and the rooms for Masonic purposes above.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

DURING the month of June, we were privileged to attend the Zion's Hope Sunday School of St. Louis, which is making an effort to be and probably is the Banner School of the church. We learned that it numbered some one hundred and fifty, and can assure our

FEED MY LAMBS.

WORDS BY UNCLE MARK.

MUSIC BY D. H. SMITH.

Moderately.

Si - mon, my ser - vant, lov'st thou me? Aye, Lord, thou know'st I do; Be thou a

Ad. lib. Sofily.

Shep - herd to my flock, And oh my lambs feed too. Feed my Lambs.

2 Feed thou my lambs, my little lambs,
I claim them as mine own;
Teach them to honor my commands,
To them my love make known.
Feed my Lambs.

3 When mothers fond their loved ones brought,
That I might them caress,
Too young to trouble me, thou thought,
But no, I each did bless,—
Precious Lambs.

4 Dost thou love me? Feed thou my sheep,
Their ev'ry want attend,
This my commandment ever keep,
My blood-bought sheep befriend,—
Feed my Sheep.

5 But would'st thou still thy love declare?
Feed not my sheep alone,
But make my lambs thy special care,
My precious lambs, mine own,—
Feed my Lambs.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 19.

Gentle, blessed little Lamb,
How it loves to skip and play;
When the summer's wings are shed,
Could its pleasures longer stay,—
Soon o'er the form a mantle spreads,
Silvery locks so pure and white,
Though rugged, the path in which it treads
Is richly infused by the golden light.

Answered by three correspondents.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 20.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

Answered by fifteen correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 45, Cherry, Red, Sled, Ale, Deer, Sherry, Charles Derry.

Answered by seven correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 46, Tulip, Mule, Table, Cat, Oil, No, Multiplication Table.

Answered by four correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 47, Kate, Tear, Rake, Tree, Ram, Eat, Mary E. Kyte.

Answered by five correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 48, Hall, Lord, Hail, Soda, Dora Hills.

Answered by five correspondents.

CHILDREN'S ETIQUETTE.

ALWAYS say, 'Yes, sir;' 'Yes, papa;' 'No, papa;' 'Thank you;' 'No, thank you;' 'Good-night;' 'Good-morning.' Use no slang terms.

Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes and clean finger nails, indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes around the room. Have a place for every thing, and every thing in it's place.

Rap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company. Always offer your seat to a lady or gentleman.

Never put your feet on cushions, chairs, or tables. Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk or read aloud while others are reading.

Never talk or whisper at meetings or other public places, nor in a private room where any one is singing or playing the piano.

Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, call names, make faces, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, nor be cruel to insects, birds or animals.

Practice cheerful, ready obedience to your parents. Be kind and courteous to all. Treat older people with respect, especially the aged.

Seek to acquire the power of continuous application, without which you cannot expect success. If you do this, you will be able to perceive the distance which it creates between you and those who have not such habits. You will not count yourself, nor will they count you, as one of them. Thus you will find yourself emerging into the higher regions of intellectual and earnest men—men who are capable of making a place for themselves, instead of standing idly gaping, desiring a place without the power to command it.

Keep on striving to accomplish more and more every day, and thus enlarge constantly the range of your intellectual ability. If you learn to do as much work in one day as you used to do in two or three days, you are as good as two or three such men as you formerly were, boiled down to one.

WAYLAND.

DEW DROPS.

If you have been tempted to do evil fly from it; it is not falling into the water, but lying in it that drowns.

POWER to conform the understanding, will, and heart to the scripture, is as much a gift from heaven as the scripture itself.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles we must labor.

WE must pass through this world to unlock the mysteries of the next, and it is only in the next that we can find a key to unlock the mysteries of this.

Good breeding is a guard upon the tongue; the misfortune is that we put it off and on with our fine clothes and visiting manners, and do not wear it where it is most wanted,—at home.

ANAGRAM No. 23.

Reath's hsawyod eary leiyl nsoo eb roe,
Ahvnee's sisibul rmon erisa,
Nad roswords ginth liwl neth on remo
Eroodlou rou wepegin esye.
Hte ceprouis wejesl Ejsus nste,
Ot eb rou oscale erhe,
Weer noyl rof asenosa nlet,
Tehy're sninhsi hgribret heret.
Ni htat lesbt lpeac no ovelnd nose rapt,
On roumguin htere, on gishis;
Rof Dgo mihlesf liwl tengyl pwie
Lal roswor mrof ethrie seye.

YONAN E. ONMTGAUE.

ENIGMAS.

No.—53.—I am composed of ten letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is something that everybody ought to do.
My 1, 2, 3, is a verb.
My 8, 9, 10 is a weight.
My 3, 5, 6, 7, is what some birds do.
My 4, 2, 6, 7, is a penalty.
My 3, 2, 1, is a carpenter's tool.
My whole is the name of a great General.
ABNER ASKWITH.

THE following answers from our correspondents for the last six months to Anagrams, Puzzles and Enigmas, shows the number of correct answers given by each:—H. O. Smith, 35; S. N. Brown, 33; Maggie Kay, 23; Julia M. Powers, 21; H. H. Ackerly, 17; Sarah J. Ackerly, 16; Lester L. Odell, 15; Dora R. Shupe, 14; S. J. Ballantyne, 12; R. Wight, Mary E. Kyte, 11; Harriet Smith, Florence M. Johnson, 10; Wm. Stuart, Nevada Howard, 9; Abigail Jones, 8; Alice Moore, Laclede, Mo., Nathan Jones, Mary Jones, 7; Alice M. Boyle, A. Z. Rudd, Willie Howard, Frank Ryan, Nancy E. Montague, Ida Wheaton, Geo. P. Dykes, Jr., 6; E. F. Shupe, Hiram A. Rudd, Otis Russell, Wm. M. Hammond, Nancy Sutherland, Geo. E. Larkey, Sarah A. Trout, 5; A. H. Rudd, Wm. E. Sherer, Daniel D. Sherer, Edith M. Pruden, A. H. Rudd, Eli T. Dobson, Helen Waldo, 4; Harriet Masters, Annie Jones, Maria D. Dykes, C. E. Knowlton, Wm. M. White, Mary A. Boyle, Jane E. France, Mary L. Hunt, Emma Geason, Mary F. Hilliard, M. M. Shupe, Maria Rabby, No name, Ada J. Condit, Jeremiah Babcock, 3; Romala Young, Della Hall, E. Vassar, Julia Powers, Oracy A. Lake, J. L. Tempest, Agnes Hodges, F. J. Sherer, T. Weeks, D. Titus, Geo. Moore, S. A. Stafford, Mary D. Powers, J. L. Avon de Foury, H. A. Thomas, Sienna Wight, Mary E. Gammon, A. N. Munns, Geo. Derry, Wm. W. Thornton, A. E. Leonard, Frances Trout, Ella Blakeslee, Albert Clark, Roselle Rinker, J. C. Leland, G. L. Worstenholm, F. Wilcox, L. Leeka, 2; E. Allen, S. J. P., Freddie Griffith, A. N. Monroe, Willie Howard, S. Duncan, Julia Dobson, Mary Dobson, M. E. Mathews, S. E. Young, R. Jenkins, T. Miller, Mary H. Ballantyne, Sarah Hanson, J. S. Weeks, L. A. Burnham, A. M. Tempest, Ellen Dobson, Addie L. Webster, C. E. Cadamy, Willie H. Dutton, E. Thurston, J. E. Lee, Sarah A. Hunt, C. Atkinson, Jemima Peck, Sarah Maxwell, L. Wight, D. H. Shupe, R. J. Phillips, J. O. Ballantyne, Hattie Wilson, Maria B. Bray, Lucy A. Ruby, H. T. Kinyon, Mary M. Hawkins, 1.

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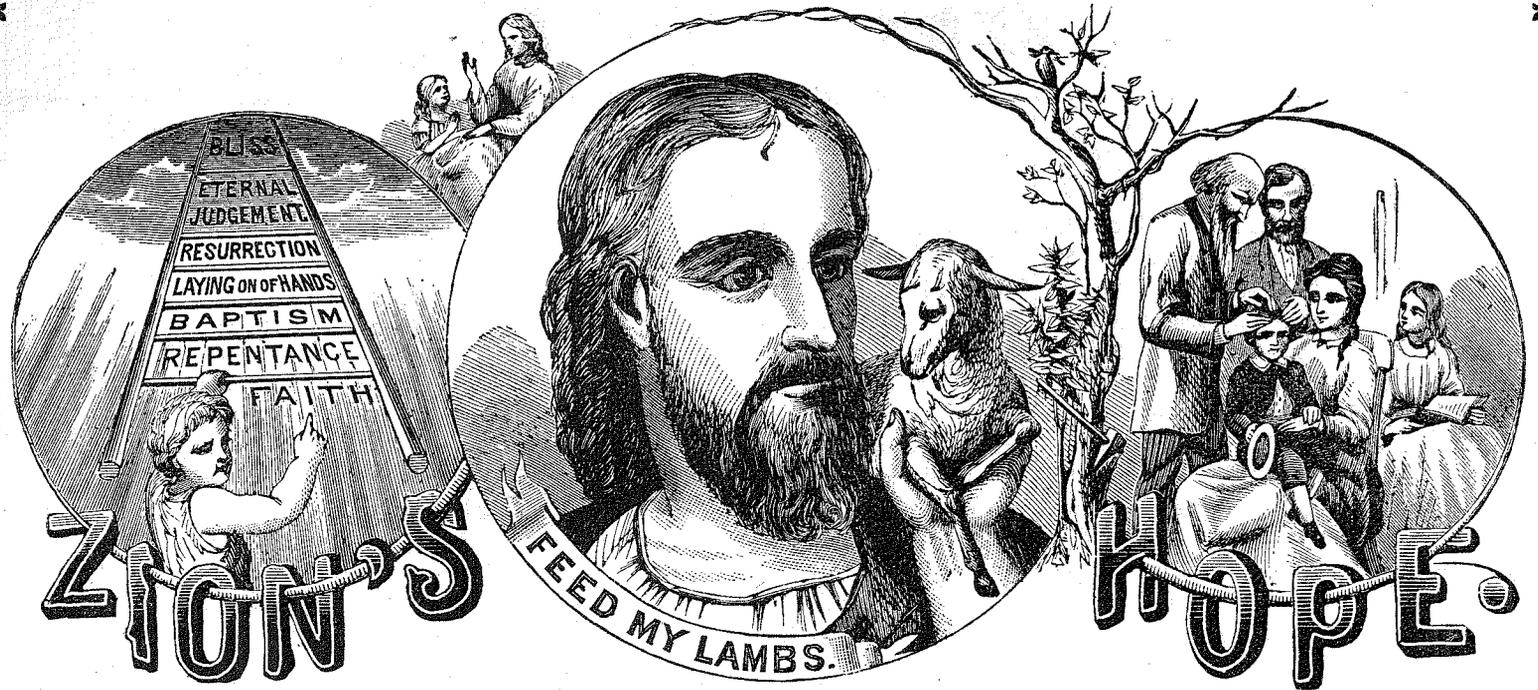
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., AUG. 15, 1870.

No. 4.

THE TWO GARDENS.

WHEN Mr. Brisk entered his house, he carried with him a remembrance of the unfortunate habits of his neighbor, and resolved upon making an effort, now that the way was opened by the conversation he had had with him, to do all that he could do to aid him in effecting a thorough reformation. He did not talk at his office about Mr. Saunter's carelessness; neither did he speak to even a personal earthly friend upon the matter; but knowing the value of the promise, "ask and it shall be granted," he laid the case before his heavenly parent in secret prayer, and waited in faith and in hope for the answer.

Some three months had passed by since the conversation recorded on page two of the *HOPE* had taken place, and during this time, there had been a great change going on in Mr. Saunter's appearance and surroundings. The gnarled old tree by his door had disappeared—broken flower pots and rusty tools no longer cumbered his garden—worthless flower stems had been clipped off—dead roots had been taken up, and Mr. and Mrs. Saunter were seen attending church on a Sunday dressed quite comfortably. It was

Monday evening. Stepping out into his garden soon after arriving from his office, Mr. Brisk saw his neighbor briskly engaged in preparing his garden walk, and thus accosted him:

"Good evening, Mr. Saunter; you are making quite a change here."

"Yes, sir, but not before it was needed. I have quite a task to do before my garden will look like yours, but, however, I'm going to try.

give you 'jessy' for your pride; but before you got through talking, I found you were right, and I was wrong. I told you then I would try and do better, and I have tried, too; but I ain't done yet."

"I presume not, Mr. Saunter, for all will we have to continue to the end to fully conquer; but it is a consolation that you have succeeded in a measure at least, and I am pleased to congratulate you. Give me your hand."

"With all my heart," exclaimed Saunter.

"Well, now, neighbor Saunter, tell me how you have succeeded so well as you have?"

"I will, that. I went in the house that night, and told my old woman that we had misjudged you, and that instead of accusing you of pride and haughtiness as we had done, we ought to pattern after you. At first she ridiculed the idea, and told me not to be fooled by your palaver; but when I explained to her about your wages and mine, and showed her I



By the way, Mr. Brisk, I want to tell you how differently I look at things now to what I used to do."

"In a happier mood, I hope."

"You may well say that, sir, and I have you to thank for it. When you commenced to talk to me down by the old stump, I thought I would

could make more money than you do, she wanted me to try. I asked her if she would stay at home on Mondays and go out on Sundays? She said she would if she had anything decent to go out in. I wanted to know if she would do without tobacco. She would't do that; but she said she was willing to try and break the habit off by

degrees if I would. We then set about it, and we have done first rate. I have earned \$3,50 every week more than I used to by working on Monday's, and I save the dollar I used to spend on Monday's. I have quit chewing, and we only smoke fifty cents worth in two weeks instead of one, so I've saved up over fifty dollars; got the old woman and myself some new toggery to go to church in, and we're getting along fine."

"I am really glad to hear such an encouraging report of your efforts, and I sincerely hope that while you are thus rewarded for your industry and frugality on earth, you may so be moved upon by what you shall hear at the house of God on Sundays, that you shall be prepared for the bliss of that better home in which shall be joys forevermore. I most earnestly and reverently thank God for what you have told me, and hope that hereafter we shall be on more intimate terms than in the past."

H. HOPEFUL.

OUR JOURNEY. No. 1.

HT has been some time since "Frances" had the pleasure of writing an article for your paper, but she would not have you for one moment think that during all this time you have been forgotten. No; no! Do you remember who it was that said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem to my chief joy?"

Frances cannot forget the children of Zion; and during her long journey westward, she thought of you at all times when any thing new or interesting presented itself; and but that her time has been fully employed, you would have heard from her before this. From Sandwich, Ill., to the Blue Spring Rancho in Nevada, where Frances now resides, is a long distance—nearly two thousand miles—and yet there is not much in all that distance to interest the young and active mind, but if you will bear me company in the wearisome journey, we may find something that will prove both interesting and instructive.

On the 20th of April, my last "good bye" was spoken, and seated in one of Pullman's Palace Cars we were borne rapidly from home and friends. The next morning, we found ourselves upon the bank of the Missouri, awaiting the arrival of a ferry boat in which we were to cross the river, for the depot of the Pacific R. R. is in Omaha, Neb. Here, if you had been with me and had been at all anxious to proceed on your journey, you would have looked with dismay at the long train of wagons, omnibusses, carriages, hacks, and all manner of vehicles, filling up the long bridge in front of you, each awaiting the arrival of the boat and the coming of their turn to cross.

How small the boat looks as she buffets the waves towards the Iowa shore. We have only two hours' time in which to cross the river—reach the depot, and get our baggage checked; and a vision of having to remain all night in a strange city, "Waiting for the train" rises before our mind, and causes some feelings of sadness.—But see, the boat has landed, and now a long

stream of wagons are being driven from her deck, and as we look with astonishment at the number she brought over, we begin to hope we may yet reach the other side in time. If only so many teams were not ahead of us—they will fill up the boat and by the time she gets back it will be too late. *Too late*; little friends, have you ever thought how much of pain, how much of hopeless agony can be embodied in those two, little words? If you have never thought before, just pause for a moment now and think. "Too late!" May God grant that in after years it never be written on your heart!

"Let all but the railroad passengers and mails give way," was the glad shout we heard ringing from the deck of the boat, and passed up the line by willing voices. The teams of the place, which had been in advance of us, gave way, although they had already commenced moving towards the boat, and how thankful I felt to the captain for his kind consideration. True, there were many disappointed in consequence of this order, but then getting over by the *first boat* was not of such importance to them as to us. It might delay them an hour in their business, but would not detain them in a strange place all night.—Some there were, who in their disappointment vented their anger in blasphemous words, and I could but mark in all this the broad distinction between the Spirit of Christ and the spirit of the world. The gospel would have said to them,—*"give place"*—"do unto these strangers as you would wish them to do unto you;" but they were of the world and knew only the maxims of the world, consequently preferred themselves to others. Such things are sad to see, and I hope it will never be said of any of my little friends. Dear children of Zion, let your lives be free from this great sin, or you cannot be the children of God.

One man however, more determined and persevering in his selfishness than the others, persisted in driving his team to the very deck. Here however he was met by an officer of the boat and amidst the jeers of other drivers, was compelled to turn back and wait with the rest. He might not have been any worse disposed than the rest were, but by his want of shame in thus openly persisting in his selfishness, he subjected himself to double mortification, and no one pitied him.—This, little friends, is all the reward selfishness will ever bring. Shun, it as your worst enemy, and if you would be happy, always prefer others before yourselves. But we are now safely across the "Muddy Missouri," have reached the depot in time—our baggage is checked—and soon we will be speeding away, away over the boundless plains of the far-west, and until then, Good bye.

FRANCES.

JOHNNY CLINK'S LESSON.

JOHNNY CLINK was the only son of the widow Clink, who lived at Green Spring's, Ohio. Johnny was a very willful boy indeed, and very saucy to his mother sometimes. It was on a bright sunny day in June that he and myself were standing in their door-way, preparing for a game of ball. He was busy mending the ball when his mother came to him and said,

"Johnny, now mind and be a good boy while I am gone." She stooped and tried to kiss him, but he jerked his head away and said, "Pshaw, mother, what is the use of wanting to kiss me all the time? I ain't baby that I should be kissed and fondled around."

"But, Johnny," said his mother, "perhaps this is the last time you ever will kiss me while alive," and a tear glistened in her eye as she said this.

"Is that so," said Johnny, "would it not be too good to be true?" and he rose up and started down towards the green, where the boys were collecting together.

As I passed the window I saw Mrs. Clink sitting in her chair weeping violently.

We arrived at the ball ground in season to be chosen in on the same side. It was Johnny's fifth bat. When his turn came, he took up one bat, then another, but none seemed to suit him; finally he took the willow bat, and struck at the first ball that was pitched to him. He made a foul and was caught out. He dropped the bat and started for home.

Of course the boys did not like this at all, and when I started to follow him, they cried out, "Hold on Hal, don't go yet." But I was going with Johnny.

When we reached the gate, he spoke for the first time. "Hal," said he, "I wish I had not spoken so to mother as I did." Then turning the subject he said to me, "Can't you stay all night with me Hal?" I told him I would go and see what my folks said. I started homeward. I had not reached our gate when Charley Melville came running to me and said, "Hal, have you heard the news?"

"No," said I.

"Why, I thought you would have heard by this time. You know the afternoon express that goes at four o'clock?"

"Yes, said I.

"Well, that train and the down-freight had a collision just below the curve, and Mr. Smith and several others from this place, including Mrs. Clink, were killed."

"Killed," said I, "did I understand you to say 'killed'?"

I was startled at the thought.

"Yes, killed," said he, "and they told me if Johnny did not know to have you break the news to him."

He was off before I could say any thing, and I turned and walked over to the house. I found Johnny sitting on the door step waiting for me.

"Then you can stay," he cried, "I am glad of it, for I am so lonesome."

"Johnny," said I, "what train did your mother take when she went to Clyde?"

"The four o'clock express, you know as well as I do," he said, then looking up and seeing me so pale, he cried, "Has any thing happened?"

"Yes," said I, "there has been a smash up."

"Was *Mother* hurt? O tell me, she was not killed? He looked in my face, and I uttered a faint "Yes."

"O, my God," he cried, "O, give me my mother back, I will obey and love her always."

He mourned and cried in this manner until the body was brought to the house. He fell down in agony beside the corpse, and cried out,

"Only a few hours ago she wanted to kiss me, and I would not let her! Only a few hours ago, I told her death would be too good to be true.—O, my mother, speak to me! Speak to me!" and he kissed her wildly and madly. Oh the grief of that boy was awful to behold; and as I stood by his side then, and afterwards at the grave, the tears trickled fast through his fingers.

His lesson was a hard one. He remembered it in after years. He was always kind and gentle to any thing, beast or child.

I was with him on his death-bed, and the last words he uttered were these: "Mother, I am coming; you can kiss me now."

We laid him in the damp earth, and as I stood beside the grave, my thoughts returned to that day, when I stood by his side at his mother's grave.

JAMES SCOTT.

RUBY AND JESSIE.

RUBY HILL was about to start on a ride; and had already been assisted to mount by her kind father, when the lively tones of her little and loved sister Jessie's voice attracted her, and she stopped to listen as Jessie said, "Oh what a splendid ride I have had, papa; (Jessie had recently come in from a ride, from the effects of which she was still all life and animation), Charlie cantered so prettily, curving his graceful neck so proudly that I patted him, and patted him, and patted him again; and then he pranced, and neighed, and oh! Pa; he is such a good Charlie, and you're such a dear, good, kind sweet Papa for buying sister Ruby and me such a beautiful pony, isn't he, sister?"

"Indeed, papa is the very best of papa's," responded Ruby.

"It is a pleasure, children, to my heart, to see you so happy; but you speak carelessly though fondly of me.

I am to you the best of papas, it is true; for you have no other earthly father; but, darlings, there is a Father above to whom I would have you direct your thoughts, and whom I but very poorly and weakly represent in my care and love for you."

"Oh, pa, you are always kind and good. I do not think any but God can be better than you are. I have't seen God, papa, but you have told me so much about him, that I love him through you," said little Jessie, quite earnestly.

"Ah, my child, you must not love God for my sake only, nor merely because I have taught you to do so. Every good gift you receive comes from him, and you should love him for his goodness."

"Please, dear papa, I can't understand how it can be," replied Jessie, quite thoughtfully.

"What is it my darling cannot understand?"

"Why, papa, you paid the men to build our nice house, and all our nice places. You pay the gardener for making our beautiful garden. You buy us and mamma our clothing. You buy us all our toys, and playthings, and books, and every thing; and this dear pony, our Charlie, too,"

said Jessie, as she held Charlie's bridle with her left hand, while she patted and fondled him with her right.

Her sister Ruby was sitting upon Charlie's back, with her filled portmanteau in her hand, ready to take a ride on a little deed of mercy to a poor widow, and their father by her side, both looking down at little Jessie quite anxiously—the father guessing the child's meaning, the sister wondering what it could be.

"Will my little Jessie please tell pa and sister what she means by recounting all she thinks pa has done for her," said Mr. Hill.

"Certainly, dear pa," replied Jessie. "I don't understand how God gives me every thing, when all I have, pretty nearly, you have bought for me."

"I thought some such idea was troubling my child," replied the father; "but I think she will see why she should love and praise God for all



the blessings she enjoys, although so many of her pleasant surroundings seem to be more directly the result of her earthly father's care and affection. Firstly, my darling, you spoke of my paying the men for building our nice house. Does my little daughter not remember the book her pa was reading last week, in which it was taught how the gold, silver, copper and other metals were taken out of the earth?"

"Yes, pa, I remember it very well, and the story about one man killing another very wickedly because the other man had wickedly taken his claim from him."

"Does not my Jessie see that man did not place those metals in the earth—God created them, and man only delves them out, and makes the coin with which we make purchases, with which pa paid for the material and building of our house. Then again as to the material; man could not make the stone work, nor the wood work, nor anything about the place unless God had furnished the material to make them of. The stone was dug out of the earth,—man could not make it; the lumber was sawed out of the trees, man could not

make it; the nails were made out of iron taken from the ore of the earth, man could not make that ore; the paints were taken out of mineral and vegetable substances, man could not create those substances. Man can do nothing more than form what God has created into such shapes as his uses demand. Our silks were formed from the cocoon, and the cocoon is spun by the silk-worm; our cotton is produced from the earth; our linen is made from the flax that the earth produces; our cloth from the sheep's wool; our furs from the skins of animals that have been killed; the leather for our shoes from the hides or skins of the ox, the calf, the horse, the goat and other animals. God makes mulberry and other kinds of food to grow for the silk-worm, or it could not spin us any cocoons to make silk of. God makes the cotton plant and the flax to grow, or we could not have either cotton or linen to wear. God sends the grass, or the sheep would die and we should have no wool. God sends the rains, and sun, and winds upon the earth he has made for us, and if he were not to do so, animals and vegetables would all die, so that if man could live on a little while, he would soon have nothing to eat, drink, or wear, and would then die too.—My daughter sees therefore that man and all things are depending upon the earth, the sun, the water and the air; God gives us these, hence all we have is the gift of God, and we should love him and serve him with all our heart and strength."

"Isn't God good to us?" exclaimed Ruby, looking at her little sister Jessie, in whose eyes the tear-drop stood ready to come at the first word.

"Oh! sister, I never thought of every thing coming so from God, and often wondered why pa, and teacher, and the preacher, and the hymn said, 'God gives us all things;' for I thought they came from our friends. But I see now that God sends them, and our friends distribute them."

"You are right, my dear child," exclaimed the father, "and I hope that you will remember to love God as well as to love your friends."

HARRY LOVELYN.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

"Cast thy bread upon the water, and it shall be seen after many days."

IN *Zion's Hope* for July 15th, I notice remarks on the above scripture. I would like to add a few words respecting the probable origin of the language used in the scripture.

It may not be known to all the readers of the *Hope*, that this scripture has its literal fulfillment on the banks of the river Nile, in Egypt, yet so it is. This majestic river so often mentioned in history overflows its banks annually; the rise of the water commencing in June, and overflowing all the bottom lands along its source. In thus overflowing, it deposits a rich sediment all over the land, and when the waters recede, which they usually do in November, there may be seen the inhabitants almost literally casting their bread upon the water. They sow their seed while the water is yet on the land, and it becomes buried

in the soft rich soil, and when the waters have receded so that the river is confined within its own banks, the hot sun causes the seed to sprout, and the result is, that a vigorous growth of grain repays the laborer, and their bread, or the grain from which bread is made, cast on the waters is literally seen after many days. We hope it will be thus with your young readers, Messrs. Editors. If they will watch for the opportunity to sow the seeds of truth in the minds of their young relatives, friends and companions, the blessing of God will rest upon it, the seed will grow, and be seen after many days.

JOHN S. PATERSON.

TO OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

During our recent visit to Quincy as Delegate to "The State Sabbath School Convention," we obtained a copy of the Statistical Report for the year ending June 7th, 1870, from which we cull the following items:

There are in the state as reported on returns and estimates, (4,407,) four thousand four hundred and seven schools; (46,450,) forty-six thousand, four hundred and fifty officers and teachers; (325,247,) three hundred and twenty-five thousand, two hundred and forty-seven scholars. These scholars have to instruct and interest them (406,878,) four hundred and six thousand, eight hundred and seventy-eight volumes of books in their libraries, and there has been expended in behalf of the Sunday School cause (127,680,17,) one hundred and twenty-seven thousand, six hundred and eighty dollars, seventeen cents during the year.

During the past year there has been added to the churches to which these schools belong from the schools, (8,290,) eight thousand, two hundred and ninety souls.

What an argument in favor of Sunday Schools!—Teachers. Are we working to train the young for Christ, or is our school attendance formal? What are the results of our schools? May God bless his people with an increasing interest in the Sunday School cause.

The greatest drawback the Sunday School cause has, is the lack of efficient, unselfish teachers. Above all things we need more unity, love, and thorough heart-devotedness to this work. Faultfinding is another terrible evil. May God preserve the teachers from becoming murmurers, complainers, evil-speakers, false-accusers. The scripture reads, "The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy," and "Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." But "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace." If as teachers and friends of the Sunday School cause, we labor, we must labor in love, for "that which is not of love, is not of God, for God is love." The children's cause is that which necessarily demands a labor that shall be a labor of love.

If we find that we are blocks in the paths of others, hindrances to the school we are associated with, whether justly or because of a wide-spread feeling against us; if our policy and plans are opposed to that of the majority of our fellow-teachers, unless we are conscientiously bound to that policy and those plans, we should abandon them; but if we are so bound to them that we must follow them out, if we remain with the school, it were better, far better, to step on one side, and still help the school all we possibly can with our influence, means and prayers, than remain connected with it to engender strife, and thus bring the spirit of evil where the Spirit of the Lord alone should be.

Above all things else, if teachers would have their school prosper; they must be prayerfully, earnestly, affectionately one.

Children are closer observers than we deem them. If teachers neglect to observe the rules of the school, the teachers neglect becomes the children's license. If teachers are captious about their classes, children will be about their teachers. If teachers altercation with the Superintendent and officers of a school, children will dispute with the teachers. If when the Superintendent or an officer calls the attention of the school, the teacher but whispers, laughs, nods to another teacher, or does any thing else than give instant attention, the children will not be prompt to obey the teacher. If teachers speak only one word, give only one reproachful look, perform only one deceitful or unkind deed to each other, the children will be quarrelsome, disorderly, petulant, fault-finding, deceitful and unkind too. If we would have our children and our school improve, let us be to them what Jesus is to us, an exemplar as well as a teacher.

UNCLE MARK.

Poetry.



LINES TO ZION'S HOPE.

Dear little *Hope!* I would tell you,
Of the many good wishes I hear;
When among us you make your appearance,
Bearing words of our friends, kind and dear.
How eyes open wider with pleasure
While viewing your pictures so sweet,
We speak of the column for children,
And your looks that are always so sweet.

I would tell you dear *Hope*, how we love you,
How like sunshine you are to each heart;
That we wish to receive your good counsel,
Nor from your advice to depart.
Little *Hope* wilt, thou now tell the many
Who daily are working for thee;
That we all know and love each dear writer,
Although some we never may see.

"Mormonia," Eliza," and "Emma,"
Teach us in words clear and mild;
And among them are "Cora," and "Nellie,"
And also, our dear "Perla Wild."
May they all see the good you are doing,
And thus be cheered on in the right;
But fearing to weary your patience,
Little *Hope*, I will bid you "good night."
RUBY RAY.

Children's Column.

From Mary Hilliard, of Jeffersonville, Ill., June 27, 1870; *Dear Uncle Mark*:—I thought I would try and write you a few lines, as I cannot get to see you. I have not done my duty as well as I ought to have done; I have not obeyed my pa and ma so well as I ought to have done; but I hope and pray that the Lord will forgive me. Uncle Mark, I want you to pray for me. Pa has been down to Marion county, and stayed two weeks preaching. I do not think that I receive the gifts that I would do if I would do my duty better. I will have to work and get enough money to send for the *Hope*; I think the *Hope* is the best paper I ever had; I just love to read the *Hope*, I can do nothing else hardly till I read it.

From Hattie J. Wilson, *Dear Br. Joseph*:—I have not been baptized yet, but I hope I will be soon. I like the *Hope* very much, and I am very anxious to have them come. We have a nice Sunday School, and I enjoy it very much. I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. I am happy to see all my little friends come to Sunday School. I feel it is my duty to write to the *Hope*. I am glad to see the children's column filled up, and I hope we may enjoy the blessings of the Lord.

Otis Russell writes, June 19, 1870, *Dear Uncles Joseph and Mark*:—I have been trying to get some subscribers for the *Hope*, but the children do not seem to care anything about what is good. I asked one of my brothers in the church to sign for it; but he said he did not know about it. I am afraid some would rather spend their money in buying the poisonous weed.

Nancy E. Montague writes, July 7, 1870, *Dear Uncle Mark*:—I thought I would write again to the *Hope*. I think sometimes I will be a good girl; but it seems so hard to overcome temptation, and govern my temper; but I do have a desire to do right. I hope I may sometime learn to govern myself, though I know that I cannot do it without the help of the Lord, and I pray to him for strength to overcome my faults. With God's help I mean to try and overcome; and hope all my little brothers and sisters will overcome their faults, so that we may all meet in Zion, and live with our Savior a thousand years. Little brothers and sisters, let us try to obey the commandments of the Lord. Let us strive for an inheritance in Zion.

ENIGMAS.

No. 54.—I am composed of forty-eight letters. My 11, 24, 35, 19, 45, 6, 15, 28, 4, 39, was a king mentioned in the scriptures. My 27, 23, 8, 16, 13, 5, 21, 40, 4, the name of a city mentioned in the scriptures. My 4, 7, 18, 31, 12, 46, 44, 38, 43, the name of a land mentioned in the scriptures. My 32, 48, 41, 21, 1, 9, 17, 30, the name of a nation mentioned in the scriptures. My 20, 34, 6, 29, 1, 13, 42, 26, the name of a class mentioned in the scriptures. My 2, 10, 18, 33, 5, 14, 19, 25, 36, the name of a soldier mentioned in the scriptures. My 3, 47, 22, 30, the name of a history mentioned in the scriptures. My whole is the statement of a great judge mentioned in the scriptures. T. W. S.

RIDDLE NO. 6.

I am composed of seven letters, viz:
Three-fourths of a cross and a circle complete,
Two semi-circles and a perpendicular to meet,
A triangle standing on two feet
Two semi-circles and a circle complete.
My whole is a useless article used by many who call themselves Latter Day Saints.

ANAGRAM No. 24.

Elif si elra! Illef si reanets!
Dna eht evrag si ont tsi lago;
"Utud outh rta, ot sudt sternure,"
Swa tno kospen fo eht lous.
UBRY AYR.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 21.

How sweet at close of silent eve,
The heart's responsive sound;
How sweet the vows that near deceive,
And deeds by virtue crowned.
How sweet to sit beneath a tree,
In some delightful grove,
But O! more sweet, more dear to me,
The voice of those I love.
Answered by two correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 49, Names, Gin, Enigmas. Answered by two correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 50, Montreal, Bahia, Liege, Wilna, Venice, Vienna, Riga, Twelve Mile Grove Branch. Answered by J. L. Avondet.

PRIZES AWARDED, for answering Anagrams, Enigmas, and Puzzles.

First Prize.—Best Bound Voice of Warning, to Hyrum O. Smith.

Second Prize.—Best Bound Question Book to Sarah Nevada Brown.

Third Prize.—Second quality Voice of Warning to Maggie Kay.

Fourth Prize.—Third quality Voice of Warning to Julia M. Powers.

Fifth Prize.—Fourth quality Voice of Warning to Harriet H. Ackerley.

The above named prizes are awaiting the addresses of those to whom they are awarded. As soon as they are furnished the office, we will forward prizes.

On July 2nd, we received a donation of \$20 from Uncle Jethro, and on July 12th, of \$1 from Henry Schofield, of New Haven, Mo. These kind hearted brothers have come forward to help our little paper to crease and extend its usefulness. Our list of premiums to be given will be published in next issue.

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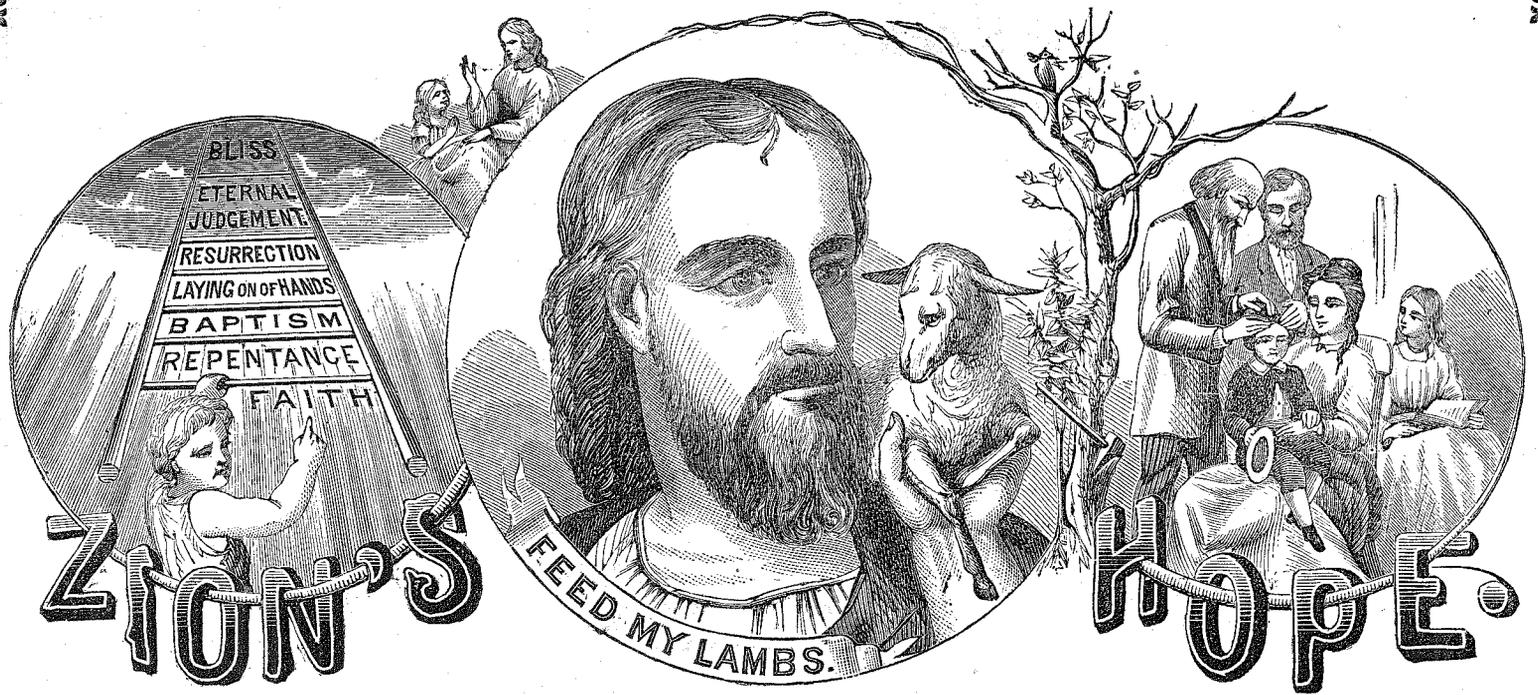
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., SEPTEMBER 1, 1870.

No. 5.

SEPTEMBER.

AT last the pictures at the head of these monthly papers begin to show that the pleasant summer days are passing away.

The lay of the lark is assuming a tone premonitory of loneliness; the cheerful and anxious call of the quail is lost in the plaintive whistle of "Bob White," who is ever being called, but never answers.

The grapes begin to hang in purple clusters; the leaves, now and then, sigh, as if they felt the first faint breath of the wintry winds, which would scatter them over the plain.

Far away over the distant hills, lies the warm haze, ready, when the Indian summer comes, to swoop down and envelope hill and dale.

These are pleasant, breezy, September days. The dull, long, hot August weeks are past; the raging dog-star has left his place of rule, and cooler influences are found in the air.

The picture looks like a hop field, it may be a vineyard—the little "Hopes" can have it either way to suit themselves. The gatherers are busy; and how cheerful the scene.

Now will the heart of man be made glad, for the vintage time is come. With full barns, full vats, full and happy hearts, will the earth be filled with joyous thanksgiving for God's wonderful mercies to man.

September takes its name from the Latin word *Septem*, meaning seven, it being the seventh month of the Roman calendar. It is now the ninth month of the year, and is accounted the first fall month.

The year is now drawing to a close, and the earth is making herself ready to lie down under the fast coming winter's snow.

Are the "Hopes" warned by the fleeting spring, the balmy summer, the beautiful fall

weather, to make ready for the night time of winter!

Another opportunity is offered, another day of grace is given. Use it while you may.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce.—
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

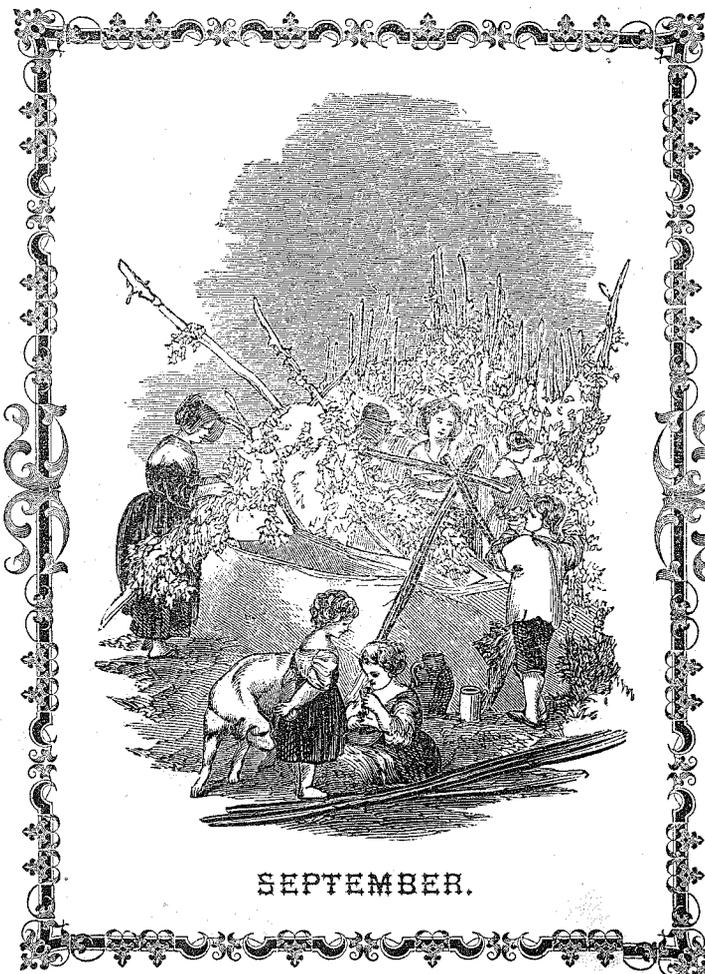
I felt that I was hurrying away from the last known link binding me to those fast receding shores, and the spot was dear to me, because I knew God had a people there, though their names and faces I did not know. I am not going to weary you my little friends with a description of the country—its probable richness of soil, mineral and agricultural resources, etc., for all these things I will leave—although very useful in their place—to older heads than yours, and wiser ones than mine.

Frances was thinking of items for you, and since all that has ever been written of travel over these plains, by our own correspondents, has been for the *Herald*, you, I am sure, will not blame her, if she felt a little jealous for the HOPE.

As we plunged further into the almost barren plains, my mind often and often reverted to the days of the past, and I pictured to myself the weary companies of way-worn travelers who had passed over these very plains, dragging all their earthly possessions in a hand-cart. In fancy I saw young children and delicate women, toiling on from day to day—from week to week—foot-sore and weary, yet singing as they went the songs of Zion, and making melody in their hearts to the God of Israel.

Where were they now—these weary pilgrims from other lands, far, far beyond the seas? Had they reached their "Beautiful Zion," and found peace and rest after all their sacrifice and toil? Alas! No!

As I looked forth upon the plains, and saw at intervals small heaps of earth—some grown with scanty herbage, some barren of vegetation, I almost fancied they might be the unmarked graves of those weary ones who had folded their hands, and turning sadly from earth, had shut their eyes in death, closing forever within their stilled hearts the weight of dis-



SEPTEMBER.

OUR JOURNEY NO. 2.

SHORTLY after midday, our train moved out from the depot at Omaha, and as I looked back to the Iowa shore, towards Council Bluffs, and thought of the saints there,

earth—some grown with scanty herbage, some barren of vegetation, I almost fancied they might be the unmarked graves of those weary ones who had folded their hands, and turning sadly from earth, had shut their eyes in death, closing forever within their stilled hearts the weight of dis-

appointment and care which had crushed and broken them.

I saw a loving wife and tender mother turn wearily to her husband, asking for a cup of coffee, and though that wife and mother was dying, the base and wicked man who had it in his power to grant the wish, refused her husband's plea, and thus she died—died weary and heart-broken. Better thus than to have gone on to the end and known the crushing weight of all the bitter disappointment awaiting her there. Sister, sleep sweetly in thy grass-grown grave. The gentle dews from heaven shall water it; the free breeze from plain and hill shall wave the flowers above it. Thy spirit is at rest, and like the notes of a trumpet the voice of thy husband is now sounding in the land, and his strong arm is leveling giant blows against the base usurpers and oppressors of God's people.

Do not think, my little friends, that my reflections are leading me away from you—I will tell you presently why I have made them known to you. It is no fancy picture I have drawn for you. Many of you both know and love Br. Derry, and it was thus he laid his wife away from his embrace in the solitude of these plains. Is he the only one who has thus suffered and been thus bereaved? Gracious Father! eternity alone shall tell of all—alone shall tell a tithe of the great agony brought on thy people by base, apostate man.

I cannot tell you how or why it was so, but during much of the long journey before we reached the land of the oppressor, my mind was dwelling upon such scenes. How thankful I felt to our Heavenly Father confiding parents had never taken me there; and now my young friends this is why I have told you, that you might thank God for casting your lots in such pleasant places, and for raising up friends for you, who are anxious to lead your young feet in the ways of truth and righteousness. Think of the hundreds of poor children in Utah born to a heritage of ignominy and shame. Pray for them, and pray that God will hasten the day of their deliverance. Many of them are there because their friends loved the truth. They went there in the dark and cloudy day, believing that they would there find a people who loved and worshipped God in His own appointed way. Alas! how their hearts bled with disappointment when they knew the cruel truth; but they were far from home and friends, and the bands of the oppressor tightened round them, until in desperation or despair, many yielded their convictions of truth and right, drank in of the baneful influence of the place, and became what they now are. In that land of bondage, sin, and crimes, God yet has a people whom He will bring back to the paths of truth and peace. May the day hasten on!

I had not thought to have filled this letter with reflections, and in my next will try and make amends by giving more items of passing events; and yet there are many of the young readers of the *Hope* who will feel and know the truth of all I have written—many perchance whose young lives still retain the shadow of that land, like a dark cloud upon them, and to such this letter is sent. Those who stood nearest the

throne came up through great tribulation. Heed not the shadow, but worship God in the beauty of holiness, and the crown shall be yours at last.

FRANCES.

FALLS OF THE MINNEHaha.

THERE is a beautiful little waterfall in Minnesota, called Minnehaha, about five miles south-east of Minneapolis. These falls are the delight of all visitors to that place. Unlike the wonderful cataract at Niagara, which is at once a beauty and a terror, this little fall is delightful—the smallest child might play in the water above and below the fall without danger.

There are two ways of reaching these falls from Minneapolis, one by the cars, and the other by foot or carriage road. The latter is the pleasanter; but is not always so convenient as the other for visitors.

The writer having friends there who had a carriage of their own, enjoyed a delightful ride on as lovely a morning as ever dawned on a visit to the falls. The road crossed the stream a little above the falls, and a short distance from there, we came to a refreshment house, where we left the carriage and walked to the Falls.

Now imagine a beautiful little stream, so tranquil and smooth that its surface, so like a large mirror that it reflects the image of things around it, and so clear that the pebbles might be counted at its bottom. As it lies there sparkling in the sun, (for the trees have all been cleared away above the fall), you might almost imagine it to be a bed of crystal.—Suddenly it plunges headlong into a ravine, the bottom of which you cannot see, and is lost sight of.

No let us go down the stream a little, and descend the ravine. We lose sight of the stream now, and follow a winding path among the trees which line the walls of the ravine on either side. We find the descent very steep, but it does not take us long to accomplish it. Oh! what beauty, it bursts full upon our view, all at once, and we see the clear water which a moment before we had lost sight of so suddenly, laughing and splashing as it comes tumbling over the precipice, reminding one of a happy child at its sports, who not caring for the fall which it gets, jumps up again and goes on its way, making glad the hearts of all around. So it scatters its gems of spray, refreshing the trees around, and the few flowers that dare to make their appearance in that much visited place.

As we stand here, you would not think that we could go behind the Falls; but by following that narrow path on the side of the ravine, we may do so; and it is not nearly so difficult as you think.

We do so and we find ourselves in a large room, in shape like a half circle; one large window in front, formed by the falling water, admits light enough for any amusement we wish. If there were only some seats, it would be delightful to rest here awhile. We may carve our names in the rock as hundreds have done before us. Here are the names of some who were here twenty years ago,—of some that were here ten

years ago,—of some who have just left the place. Every one seems anxious that Minnehaha shall not forget them; and I am sure that none of us would wish to forget it. We try to find some little memento to take away with us, though it is only a few little pebbles.

What a delightful place; and how sorry we are to leave it so soon. The name too is music itself, soft and sweet to the ear, like a rippling laugh. The name, Minnehaha, is Indian, and signifies laughing water. There are many beautiful things on this earth which delight us beyond our expression, they remind us of the beauties of the world to come, which the eye hath not seen, neither can the heart conceive of.

There is a sad story connected with these falls. The Indians made a raid in this section, and murdered the entire family of a settler, who is broken-hearted and bereft of his senses by the terrible calamity that has befallen him. The poet has described his sorrows in the following beautiful song.

MINNEHaha!

Minnehaha, laughing water,
Cease thy laughing now for aye;
Savage hands are red with slaughter
Of the innocent to-day.
Change thy notes, gay Minnehaha!
Let some sadder strain prevail;
Listen! while a maniac wanderer
Sighs to thee his woeful tale!
Chorus.—But the laughing Minnehaha,
Heedeth not my woeful tale;
What cares laughing Minnehaha,
For the corpse's in the vale?

Give me back my Lena's tresses,
Let me kiss them once again;
She who blessed me with caresses,
Lies unburied on the plain.
Soldier, bury here my Lena,
Place me also neath the sod;
Long we lived and wrought together,
Let me die with her, O God!
—Chorus.

Have they killed my Hans and Otto?
Did they find them in the corn?
Go and tell that savage monster,
Not to slay my youngest born.
O my daughter, Jennie, darling,
Worse than death was Jennie's fate,—
Nelson, as our troops were leaving,
Turned and closed the garden gate.
—Chorus.

Faithful Fido! you they left us;
Can you tell me, Fido, why
God at once has thus bereft us?
All I ask is here to die.
See you smoke! There was my dwelling,
All I have that's left of home;
Hark! I hear their fiendish yelling!
As I houseless, childless, roam.
—Chorus.

LIZZIE.

BE TEMPERATE.

METHINKS I hear a very sensitive little boy, while his eyes are resting on the above injunction, exclaim,—“I do wonder if that Aunty thinks there is danger of any of the readers of the *HOPE* getting drunk. I know I don't need to read anything on temperance, for I never touch whisky or rum. Why, papa always told me better.”

That is right my dear. “Touch not, taste not, handle not any unclean thing.” I am glad to learn you are such a teetotaler, and to hear you refer to your papa's counsel; for it is a dear kind papa that will instruct his children to shun such evils, and they are wise children who heed such teachings.

But my little fellow do not surmise what my thoughts are, until you read my defense. It is a very bad habit to surmise what other peoples' thoughts and intentions are. Some people are very intemperate in this particular; they are continually surmising evil of others, and their surmisings often result in unhappiness. Allow me to quote you a true saying, "A wise man first heareth a matter and then judgeth." I do not suppose for a moment that my little readers ever get intoxicated with spiritous liquors, but I do doubt their being always temperate.

Do not get offended "little ones" until you properly understand my meaning; for little boys and girls, and even adults, are not always temperate. If I understand the meaning of the word, it is moderation, nothing in excess either way. Therefore I did not allude to *drunkenness*, for that is not allowed in any degree—not even moderately drunk. I will quote you a few more words. It is written in the scriptures;—"be temperate in all things."

Ah! my little surmiser, does your conscience feel as clear now as it did when you first read the heading of this article? Do not think the last two words of the above quotation, "all things," grants you the privilege of swearing a little, or to be temperate in lying, stealing cheating, or breaking the sabbath day! No, no; it does not give you license to break any of the ten commandments, or to violate any good law.

But to all things that are lawful for us, such as eating, sleeping, laughing, playing, talking, things right for us and some of them even essential to life and true happiness there must be limits. Excess sometimes brings death, and oft-times unhappiness. Do you not sometimes eat too many apples and cherries, when allowed to help yourselves? Or too much of those nice plum puddings, that mother so thoughtfully prepares for a "treat" for the loved ones at home, and in consequence of so doing, are seen next day with your head tied up, and are heard to complain? Do you not often follow the example of the slugard in the morning? A little more sleep. Are you temperate in laughing and playing? Loud Laughter is said to be sin. To be temperate therefore, is to avoid excesses of every kind.

AUNT MARYETTE.

CRITICISM.

IN the HOPE for July 1st, I was pleased to note what I can but consider a very decided improvement in the enigmas. I have long been of the opinion that after having spent much precious time in the effort, many little readers of the HOPE would rise from having solved enigmas found therein, but little wiser, and benefitted by them only as they were learning to apply their minds. This indeed is a desirable object, but may it not be attained at the same time with much useful information? I certainly think it might be.

When the children shall have solved the geographical enigma, by Br. Springer, they will be in possession of seven useful facts, which it may be many of them did not know before. Is not this spending time usefully?

On the contrary, the two who answered No. 43, after much application, learned what?

Deer, Mary, Rome, Fame, Ford! I might refer to numerous others, but deem it unnecessary, and will just add that there seems to be a species of unfairness to the children in selecting names for these enigmas, unless indeed they are names known to all the children, and as familiar as "household words." Mary E. Mefford and Mary M. Hawkins, may be lovely, interesting girls, but there are many of the readers of the HOPE who have never even heard their names, and it does not seem to give them a fair chance with those who have. And a serious question, Br. Joseph, is, "Is not such tending to foster vanity?"

Honor unto whom honor is due; love, respect and esteem, the same; and while I both honor and respect the man we call "Joseph Smith," yet even over his name I would not set the children to studying, unless I could make it spell out to them that which should by the knowing thereof, make them either wiser or better. I am jealous for the HOPE. I would have it *the very best*, and let this be my apology.

CRITIC.

We are pleased with the criticism above given, not less than the spirit with which it is given.—We do not, however, think either geographical, historical, or even scriptural enigmas adapted to all our little Hopes. The class of enigmas that "Critic" desires are such as we would like to see every scholar in our Sunday School able to answer; but whatever our desires may be, our experience with the HOPE, and for many years with Sunday Schools, and for a number of years among children, of whom we have been a very close observer during several years of ministerial labor, is that some thing, some name, some utensil of husbandry, mechanics, or of even domestic use, will reach their understanding and draw out their talent, when that which requires research or much previous instruction, if answered is not *felt*, is unappreciated, and soon laid by as wearying.

To illustrate. The very excellent Scriptural Puzzle, by our children's dear friend, Frances, in this number, requires research and study such as our little ones cannot employ; it will be profitable to those who solve it; but shall we do nothing for the little darlings who can understand only what descends to the plane of their understanding? Certainly we must; hence we publish by the side of the Scriptural Puzzle the easier "anagram," and the still easier "enigma." Milk for the babe; liquified solids for the weaned and toothless child; vegetables, fruits, and light food for the growing child; strong meats and solids for the young man and maiden. The HERALD feeds the latter mainly—we occasionally furnish them a dish, especially when such help as that which Frances, Perla Wild, T. J. Smith, W. Springer, and others render; but our tables are designedly spread with viands such as we think the younger minds can relish and digest, and as these minds are many times as numerous at the counter of ZION'S HOPE as the advanced class, our supplies are made accordingly. We wish to improve all, and to do this must interest all.

UNCLE MARK.

COURAGE.

READERS of the HOPE. Your characters are just forming for life—you are trying, I trust, to fit yourselves for the great life-struggle; so that you may act well your part and come off triumphant in the end.

In order to do this, there are various virtues, or qualifications which you will need to possess, and without which you will make a miserable failure in all the noble objects you may seek to accomplish—one of these virtues is courage.

Courage is that quality of the mind that enables a person to look at difficulties squarely in the face, and strive to overcome them. Sometimes it is mistaken for brute force; that is, that when a person is attacked by another, and is conscious of his own superior physical strength, he will meet his opponent and contend for his right.—That *this* is not courage, is evident from the fact that if he doubted his superiority in strength, he would avoid the combat. The brute beasts will never contend with those whom they know to be equal, much less superior in combat; so it is with the boy or man whose courage is nothing but this brutal exercise of physical force.

There is another faint resemblance to courage in the man or boy *who blindly* rushes on to danger. If he knew what was awaiting him his courage would vanish. It is said that two soldiers were advancing to the attack in the battle of Waterloo, one, observing that the other trembled, but still marched on, remarked that his companion was afraid. "Yes," replied the other, "I am, and if you were half as afraid, you would run away." The fact was, the man who trembled saw his danger, but sense of duty overcame his terror, and he met the foe like a man—the other thought the chances were all on their side, and hence felt no fear for his personal safety. It is easy to be bold in the absence of danger.

It is not, then, that courage which is the result of consciousness of superior physical force that I am speaking of; but it is true *moral* courage—that qualification of mind which enables a man or boy to do his duty under all circumstances, regardless of immediate consequences. It requires far more courage to do this than it does to march to the battle field. Many a man can stand amid the roar of canon and the shower of bullets, that would shrink from his post of duty if he was made the subject of sneers, and the butt of ridicule from his companions. It requires a higher, holier courage to do right than it does to face death. We have seen and heard of many men and women who did not dare to do right, when their consciences loudly called upon them to do so, because they were afraid to meet the ridicule of the world, and when they had sunk so low in crime and folly that they could not meet the gaze of men they could face death, and drink the poisonous cup. They dreaded to think of right—they shrank from duty because of the sneers of their companions; but they welcomed the terrors of death—such men lacked moral courage.

I want the readers of *Zion's Hope* to cultivate this noble virtue, and make it a part of their nature. You will find it all-essential to your

SONG OF A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

Words by T. W. Smith.

Music arranged by N. W. Smith.

I love the pleas-ant val - leys, I love the ver - dant hills; When walk - ing by the sea - side, My soul with pleas-ure thrills;

I love the for - est, still and grand, I love the bloom - ing flow - er, I love the spread - ing prai - ries too, And love to roam them o'er.

I love the merry sunshine,
I love the fresh'ning rain;
That cheers the fainting brooklet,
That cools the parching plain;
I love the happy birds that sing,
In sunshine and in shade;
I love the rivers, lakes, and seas,
I love what God has made.

I love the precious Bible,
And Book of Mormon too;
They show the way to Zion,
The narrow way and true;
I love the precious Son of God,
Who came my soul to save;
I love the Lord who for my sake,
The priceless offering gave.

I love to think of Zion,
The Saint's celestial home;
I love to think that Jesus,
Again to earth will come;
I love to tread the narrow path,
That leads to endless day;
I love to meet with fellow-saints,
Who love to sing and pray.

I love the pleasant school-room,
Where happy children meet;
Where cheerful notes are sounding,
From voices young and sweet;
O yes, I love the Sabbath School,
I love its teachers dear;
And when its happy hours come,
I would be always there.

happiness here, and to your eternal well-being in the world to come.

"My son; my daughter; if sinners entice thee consent thou not." Have the courage to avoid the company of the ungodly though ten thousand fingers of scorn are pointed at thee, though as many brazen throats hurl their sneers and contempt. Remember it is written "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful," etc.

Have the courage to say, no! and keep your word when the seductive smiles of the transgressor would lead you astray.

When you are tempted to disobey or dishonor your parents, say, No!

When you are tempted to steal, or to lie, or in any-wise to deceive, say, No!

When you are tempted to take improper advantage of your fellows, say, No!

When you are tempted to profane the Sabbath, say, No!

When you are tempted to pander to lust and unclean actions, say, No!

When you are tempted to sneer at the unfortunate and the friendless, say, No!

When you are tempted to indulge in the pernicious habits of smoking and chewing tobacco, —of drinking intoxicating drinks, say, No!

When you are enticed to the ball-room, or the card-table, or gambling house, say, No!

When the tongue of flattery is pouring its seductive, honeyed words into your ear, say, No!—

His words are poison and his flattery means death.

When you are tempted to use profane language, or indulge in the filthy conversation that engenders lust, say, No!

When you are tempted to stoop to the silly fashions and customs of the world, say, No!

When you are told that it would be manly to resent an injury, say, No! Remember it is God-like to forgive.

Have the courage to avoid all evil, let it come in what shape it may. Have the courage to obey the commandments of God—to emulate the example of Jesus Christ, and make his life your pattern. Do this and God, angels, and all good men will honor you as one of the bravest among the brave—one of the greatest among the great; and as one of the best among the good. Your life shall be one of peace and blessedness, and your eternal reward shall be an unfading crown of glory and eternal life.

Cultivate this virtue *now* while your minds are tender and susceptible of divine and noble influences—you must not delay until to-morrow, or cowardice will gain the ascendancy in your character, and drag you down to an ignoble existence, and a bitter end.

Courage, like any other excellence of the human mind, improves and grows by cultivation, and the more we cherish and cultivate every virtue and excellence, the less room will be found in our hearts for the pernicious and deadly weeds of sin, and the more capable we shall be to overcome every difficulty, and every foe, that we meet

in the pathway of life. Other virtues may be the subject of my pen at a future day, and be sure that to assist you in your life-duties, and help you to become true men and women, and firm pillars in Zion, is the only aim of

FATHER LOVECHILD.

PREMIUMS OFFERED FOR HOPE.

To any one who will send us the names of Ten new subscribers, with fifty cents for each subscriber enclosed, we will send a new self-binder, of the right size for the HOPE, in which each number can be bound when received, and preserved clean for future use; or the party sending can forward us forty-five cents for each subscriber, and we will forward either one of the following, as may be desired:

Muslin Voice of Warning. Half Muslin Question Book. Brown's Concordance to the Bible. The Bible Text Book.

To any one forwarding the names of six new subscribers and fifty cents for each, we will return either of the following:

Full Morocco Voice of Warning. Brown's Concordance to the Bible.—The Bible Text Book.

To any one sending us the names of four new subscribers and fifty cents for each, we will send a New Testament by the American Bible Union.

In addition to the above, to the one sending us the largest list of new subscribers with money, before the first of October, we will send an Im. Tur. New Translation, and to the one sending the second sized list, we will send a Book of Mormon.

SCRIPTURAL PUZZLE.

What prophet long in prison did remain?
Who of the Lord did special grace obtain?
Who fearlessly rebuked proud Israel's sin?
Who would not yield king David's grace to win?
What son was given in the place of Cain,
With whom the priesthood should remain?
To what did Jacob his own son compare?
Who for her people made availing prayer?
To whom did Paul by Ephroditus write?
And whom exhort to wage a valiant fight?
Define aright, and their initials show
The sympathy of Christ for human woe;
Teach us a lesson pure as morning light,
And gentle as the dews of night.

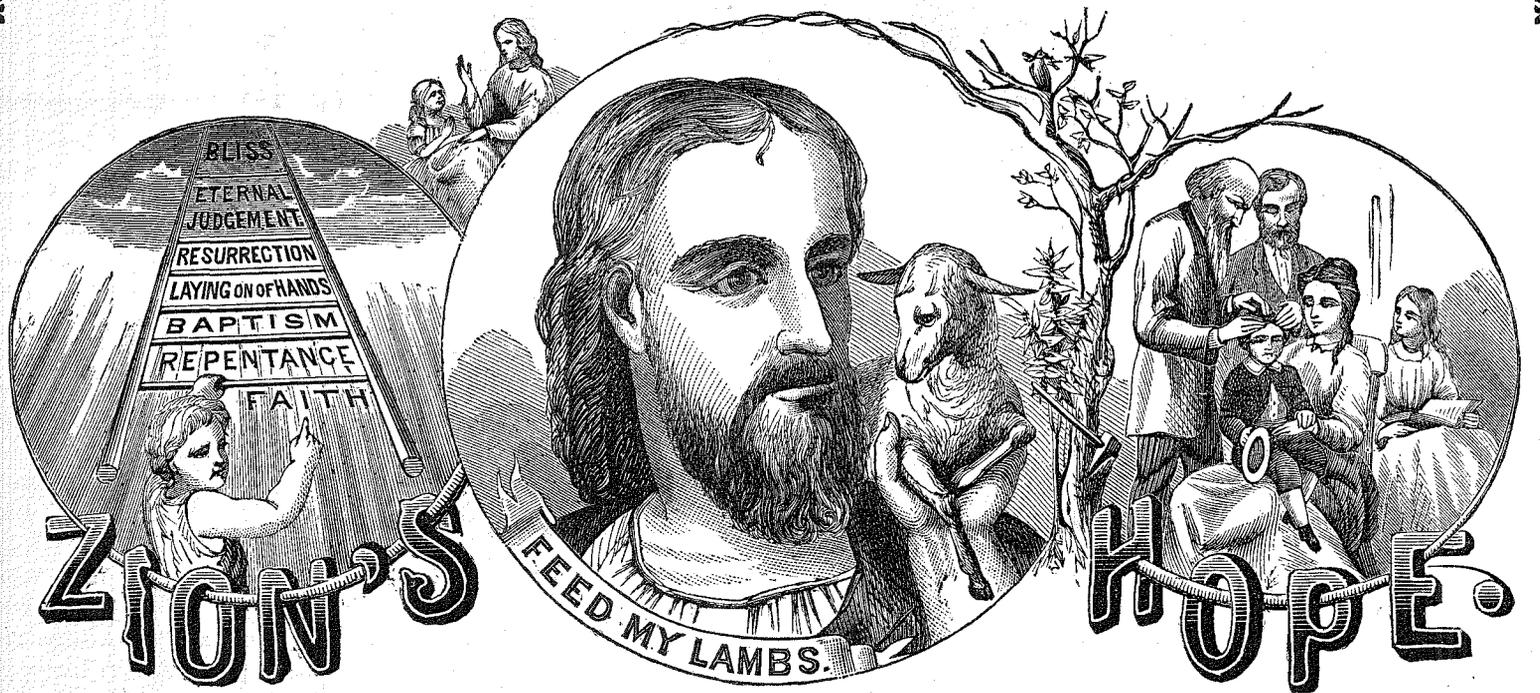
FRANCES.

ENIGMAS.

No. 55.—I am composed of ten letters.
My 1, 3, 5, is the name of a useful animal.
My 2, 9, 5, is something that men and boys wear.
My 4, 3, 5, is a destructive animal.
My 8, 9, 10, is a favored tree.
My 4, 9, 10, 6, is something that gardeners use.
My 1, 2, 9, 4, 5, is useful in dress making.
My 2, 6, 3, 4, 5, is something we could not live without.
My 6, 3, 4, 5, 2, is something brick is made of.
My whole is very useful in housekeeping.

ANAGRAM No. 25.

Dsseble eb Odg!
Het smaceru fosih gmnjdstue si ton xifde
Yb nam's rensonureo dasnatrad.
Mocprade tiwh mih,
Onnma no rahte si ohyl ledacl: ythe sbet
Danst nishi gish pyropade owh tasit fete
Rithe tlitel woern fo rivteu scat, dan lidey
Ot mihfo sihnwo sorkw ethsraipe, shiued.



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

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., SEPTEMBER 15, 1870.

No. 6.



FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

THE summer days will soon be ended. The leaves already begin to draw themselves up as though they dreaded the increasing chilliness of the nights, and the fruits assume those beautiful hues that declare the ripeness of a matured age. What a charming picture of their developed form and ripened beauty Bro.

David has given us in this picture. The bright fine grapes clustered in that large bunch held in the mother's hand, the still larger bunch upon the table, the pears and other fruit almost make one's mouth to water with longing, especially when, as is the case with the writer and many readers of the HOPE, we have little or no fruit to eat.

Fruits and flowers are everywhere admired for

their use and beauty. A love of flowers is associated with refinement—not that none are refined in thought and heart but those who have a fondness for flowers, for some do not, naturally, have this fondness, and have not had such teachings, nor been associated with such circumstances as would engender or foster it—yet a love of the beautiful and pure can but create a desire in its possessor to become beautiful and pure, if not in appearance, at least in heart and heart-affections.

We would like to see every little reader of the HOPE the owner of a flower-bed, or hear of their being such, and learn that they keep them as free from weeds as God requires their hearts shall be kept free from sin.

Have you not noticed with what care your flowers need attending to in order to preserve them from the too great heat of the sun, the fury of storms, the keenness of the frost? Have you not also observed with what anxious solicitude your fathers have watched over their vines and dressed them, in order that they might bear grapes in their season? Have you not noticed also that the weeds grow without

care, and even in spite of effort to keep them down? All these things you have noticed.

Some of you wonder why it is that your fathers have required so much labor from you to care for the flowers and the fruit, and to destroy the weeds. You have wished you could enjoy the sweets without the bitter—behold the flowers and inhale their fragrant odors without cultivating them—eat the ripe and luscious grape without so great and continuous an effort to dress and care for the vine—get rid of the weeds and all that is useless in the garden without the almost unceasing labor they occasion you—but you have wished in vain.

So is it with the human heart. The vices and desires of evil tendency—the moral weeds of the heart—spring up continually within us, and impose upon us a constant labor, if we would be clear of them.

As some soil is cleaner than others, so it seems to be with human hearts. Some produce weeds very numerous and very continuously; some fewer and at longer intervals.

As too some soils grow one kind of weed and some another kind, if left to themselves; so it is with us. In one the weed of pride, in another of envy, in another of hatred, in another of jealousy, in another of falsehood, in another of deception, in another of theft, in another of moral cowardice, in another of backbiting, in another of evil-speaking, in another of inattention and carelessness, in another of quarrelsomeness—there are as many moral weeds that injure the human heart and destroy its purity, as there are natural weeds that deface the beauty of a garden and the purity of its products; and these moral weeds require to be as carefully plucked up, and up, and up again. If they spring forth a thousand times, they must be plucked up a thousand times. We must not grow weary with the labor.

A great many become discouraged—they should not be; for if they persevere, they will at last have a garden the Master will be pleased to look over; fruits and flowers they will become, to feed the children of God and adorn the Master's house.

But, replies a little reader, I have so often thought I would conquer some failing, some sin, and then found myself again overcome by it, that I think I will give up trying. Ah! little one; that is an unwise thought. When the weeds are pulled up from the garden once, or twice, or it matters not how many times, the gardener does not stop weeding; but though the weeds require constant watching, he does not cease to watch them until the fruit of his garden is gathered.—So it must be with us—we must weed our hearts of all those vices that infest, and continue this weeding process to the end, till we have the soil cleansed, and the dear Savior, who passed through all before us will then fulfill his gracious promise to us, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am sat down with my Father in his throne."

UNCLE MARK.

OUR JOURNEY NO. 3.

H! here is something to interest us. Do you see those little mounds—ever so many of them, close to each other? Look

quickly, or the train will rush by before we get sight of them. How singular they look; and what animals are those sitting upon the tops of them? This is a village or town of prairie dogs. See, how cunningly each little fellow is sitting upon his hind legs, on top of his own mound.—These little mounds are formed of the dirt which they have thrown up when digging out the holes which form their houses, and upon the top of these they sit and sun themselves; but if danger is near they disappear as if by magic, and you will see nothing but the little heaps of earth like so many ant hills clustered on the plain. These little animals resemble the grey squirrel much more than a dog, but have been called dogs from the fact of their standing upon their hind legs and barking quite furiously at the approach of visitors, whether these visitors be men or animals.—Travelers say that it is very difficult to shoot one of these little animals, as they all disappear in a moment, at the approach of danger, and one would never suspect he was near so large a colony of live animals, in the silence which succeeds. It is said that barking dogs are never very brave, and the little dogs of the prairie form no exception to the general rule, as retreat is the only kind of warfare which they seem to know the tactics of. The dog villages have been seen to cover acres of ground, and what is very strange as well as interesting, they suffer owls and snakes to live in the same house with them upon the most friendly terms. Strange families, are they not? I think it would be very interesting to look in upon them and see their domestic arrangements, but travelers on the cars, have very little opportunity for observations of any kind, and much as we would like to spend an hour or two in one of these strange settlements, we are whirled rapidly by, and leave the little dogs barking at the snorting engine and swift moving train.

"Lucy, daughter, open your sleepy eyes and look out on the plain. Do you see those pretty little animals bounding off towards the hills in the distance? They are antelopes; how graceful and pretty they are. The name and sight of these pretty creatures brings to my mind the song of Moore:

"Our rocks are bare, but down their slope,
The silvery-footed Antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs,
As o'er the marble courts of kings."

They are beautiful in poetry, and beautiful when seen, and are types of grace and beauty in all their motions. There was a gentleman on the train who told Lucy "they all belonged to her—he had been raising them out there for her," but it was a gift which you will shrewdly surmise did not profit her much.

But what are those distant hills towards which the antelopes are fleeing? The mountains!—Those little elevations surely cannot be the Rocky Mountains! Why, we have from our childhood been told of the height and grandeur of these mountains; but those little hills are not to be compared with the bluffs of the Ohio or Mississippi rivers. You have heard little friends, have you not that "Distance lends enchantment to the view?" In very many cases this is correct, since we often find that on approaching an object which at a distance appeared beautiful, the

charm is all gone and it appears very plain or even common. But this is not the case with mountains. In order to appreciate their beauty and grandeur you must be near to them. The railroad passes through an opening in the mountains called Bridger's Pass, and the highest peaks are all at a distance from the traveler. The ascent by which we reach the high elevation to which the railroad attains is so gradual, that you do not at all realize you are ascending, but seem to be travelling on level ground.

The train has stopped at Pine Bluff Station; and two newly made graves are pointed out to the traveler. 'Whose graves,' you ask? They are the graves of two soldiers killed the day before in a fight with the Indians. We are now in Wyoming Territory, and here the Indians are hostile. Only a day or two since they destroyed a bridge on the road, and a freight train was thrown down a steep embankment. See, there is a train loaded with soldiers and they will follow up our train for protection in case of our being attacked. They make one think of the days of war, when soldiers were no uncommon sight.—We were not molested however, and after leaving Ogden, saw no more of the troops. I must not however pass over in silence the only interesting part of the whole route, and in my next will tell you of Echo and Weber Canyons, through which we pass just before reaching Ogden, and the Great Salt Lake of Utah.

FRANCES.



THE CHINESE MANDARIN.

THE Mandarin is an officer who presides over courts of justice in China, also over villages towns and cities, as Governor.

The Mandarins are divided into three classes or ranks. Each class is distinguished by a crystal button of a certain color, which they wear upon their caps. Red for the first grade, blue for the second, and white for the third.

The Mandarins of the first and second grades have the power of sentencing to death, and when these go abroad in state, they are attended by their chief executioner and his attendants.

There is great bustle in preparing for these state affairs. First, all the men under the Mandarin's command are warned to be ready to attend him. Then his chair-bearers are told to be ready with his chair, for the Chinese never use horses or carriages; they think it incompatible with their dignity to be drawn about behind the animal creation. Therefore, they have chairs with a long pole on each side, just like the Sedan chairs that were used in England in the last

century. These are carried upon the shoulders of two men. When the procession starts, a lot of soldiers go before to clear the way of all obstructions, and make the people *cotow*, that is, kneel and rub their foreheads in the dust, as the Mandarin passes them. After the Mandarin, comes the chief officers, or Mandarins of the lower classes, also in chairs borne upon men's shoulders. To these also the people must bow, or remain on their knees until they are past; but they need not rub their foreheads in the dust.

After these, comes the Executioner and his four assistants. Perhaps there is a criminal in one of the village yamuns, or jails. The village Mandarin reports it to one of the lesser officers of the great Mandarin; he reports to one higher in rank; and so on till the Mandarin's secretary reports to him. The Mandarin then inquires of the nature of the crime, and if he be proven guilty, the Mandarin then sentences him.

Suppose the crime to be house-breaking, the penalty for which is death, the Executioner and his assistants are called, and the criminal is delivered over to them. The assistants seize him, two on each side, tie his arms behind his back; then make him kneel on the ground. The chief assistant holds up the criminal's head by his hair, and the executioner, with one blow of his sword, severs the head from the body.

The head is then stuck upon a pole in the village, with a writing stating the crime of the one executed, and the body is left in the street, either to be buried by its friends, or devoured by dogs and birds of prey.

J. J. STAFFORD.

"COPY WANTED."

BY reading an article in *Zion's Hope*, I find that even the publishers of our good Sunday-school paper are sometimes in want of copy—sometimes in need of material. In this they resemble the different classes of humanity everywhere.

Whether we look at home or search abroad, turn to the wealthy or to the poor, to the righteous or to the unrighteous, the cry, though not the same in substance, still is, "copy wanted."—At home we need copies of industry and love, abroad, copies of perseverance and faith; the wealthy, copies of benevolence, the poor, copies of submission; among the righteous, copies of purity and holiness, among the unrighteous, copies of repentance and prayer; and among them all, copies of true manliness, fearlessness and right.

If copy sufficient does not come in time, or if when it does come, it is found too poor for insertion, the Editor of *Zion's Hope* goes to work and produces copy himself. And from this we may learn a practical lesson. We should not wait too long for others to do or for others to act. But if we see that a copy is wanted in the neighborhood, let us set to work, and by diligence and study fill the vacancy ourselves. On the other hand, we see how generous the Editor is in granting to all a portion of his space. While we are copying, let us learn this lesson of unselfishness. And not only in the composition of *Zion's Hope*, but in every person

and circumstance we come in contact with, we should learn to select every good feature and copy after it, that in proper time we may respond to the cry of "Copy Wanted." S.

MOSES AND MIRIAM!

BRO. E. STAFFORD has written a very able private letter in which he quotes Ex. vii. 7, Inspired Trans., and proves that Aaron was three years older than Moses.—He then argues that as Aaron was three years older than Moses, Miriam might have been three years older than Aaron, and at six years old, would have been competent to take care of or watch over Moses.

UNCLE MARK.



[Continued from page 10.]

UNCLE ROGER AND RICHARD.

THE home of Uncle Roger was a neat little cottage, such as a laboring man without the wealth of worldly riches might be justly pleased with; and its clean, neat appearance, its white paling, its pretty little arbor with its simple morning-glory and wild cucumber coat, its bright flowers and clean grass-plot; all told of the thrift, cleanliness and orderly character of the cottage inmates. Within, the careful housewife had left the evidences of her excellent housekeeping qualifications—a tidier, neater housekeeper than Aunt Mary could not be found in the neighborhood.

In one room of this little cottage a few people were assembled; not more than a dozen, all told, and were singing with a heartiness and spirit that fashionable choirs are strangers to, "We thank the Lord for gifts and grace, Bestowed in latter days, For truth and light, to guide us right, In wisdom's pleasant ways;" as Mr. Mrs. and Richard Bentley came up to the door of the cottage, and reverently walked in, to

be witnesses of what should be said and done by the people assembled there for worship.

It lacked a few minutes of the time of service, during which others came in, so that the room was uncomfortably crowded; but everybody seemed so willing to accommodate their neighbors, that none felt seriously inconvenienced.—Besides this, there had been no one appointed special grumbler for the branch, neither had there yet come into the branch any one ambitious and wicked enough to usurp the grumbler's throne without appointment, so that peace was there, and the spirit of peace so brooded over the congregation that whoever came into the room felt its sacred influence, and at once desired to know more of the people meeting there.

Mr. Bentley and family, the only strangers present, were pleased with the hearty manner in which the singing was conducted, though they were tempted to smile at the character of the tunes sung, and the strange and untrained attempt at the blending of voices which had each been accustomed to sing the tunes sung in their own way. The prayer was offered in a spirit of fervor and child-like confidence that touched the hearts of all present.

And now came the trial. Uncle Roger had managed through the singing and prayer, and he wished to read. He trembled at the thought of doing so for a moment, and then, with a silent prayer for help, arose and read calmly but impressively the closing part of the 6th chapter of Luke's testimony.

Aunt Mary looked up and looked happy; for the sayings of Jesus had never seemed so sweet to her before.

It was well for Uncle Roger that he asked the congregation to sing, for he was anxious to do so much, and do it so well, that he needed something to compose him, or he would have failed to make an effort even ordinarily good;

but a constant secret prayer ascended while the hymn was being sung, and when concluded he arose, and for nearly one hour and a half so completely went beyond anything he had done at any previous time, that his wife and daughters, the saints and visitors, sat perfectly astonished. And who shall tell his feelings? No pride or vanity was manifested; no pulling down every one but the little branch of W——, and its fellow-churches of the same faith; but a humble, loving, kind, whole-souled out-breathing of pure doctrine, clothed so beautifully in the rich garb of charity, that to hear was to love, if hearing with honest intent. Tear drops gathered in the speaker's eyes and hung like gems upon his eye-lids; but not on his alone. Love beget love. The word sown in tears brought forth in joy.

Uncle Roger finally closed with a spirit and pathos that called the tears from many eyes and convinced Mr. Bentley and family that the unlearned gardener had more truth and beauty in his soul than the learned expounder of the word on whose preaching they had been in attendance so long.

H. HOPEFUL.

Original Poetry.

"ZION'S HOPE."

BY ELDER C. G. LANPHEAR.

"Zion's Hope;" the children's friend,
I loved you first, I love you still;
Oh! that I might some service lend,
That would help your columns fill.

Children love to read it well,
Fondly cherished, ever dear,
Always having, good to tell
To the loved ones far and near.

Ever welcomed with delight,
By its many sincere friends;
May your star be ever bright
As your onward course extends.

May heaven's aid be unto those
Who lend an earnest, helping hand,
To spread abroad dear "Zion's Hope,"
Till it shall reach to many a land.

May Zion's children give good heed
Unto its favored lessons taught,
In the straight-forward path proceed
To Zion's city, long time sought.

And may they shun the paths of sin,
Be kept in wisdom's pleasant ways,
Until they reach fair Zion's home,
Prepared for saints in latter days.

Then children let your voices high
Ascend, above, in praise and song
To Him who doth our wants supply,
By giving blessings all day long.

May "Zion's Hope" a blessing prove
To you the loved ones, far and near,
And may your hearts be filled with love,
Until the Savior doth appear.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

DID you ever consider the vast importance attached to being a member of one of our Sabbath Schools? If you have not, I think perhaps I can give you some information.

Sabbath Schools have been established in the church for the purpose of instructing us to walk in the way of righteousness, and to instill into our hearts the principles of life and salvation, while we are in our childhood, that we may be fitted and qualified to become useful to our fellows, and become heirs of the kingdom of God.

The Sabbath School is also beneficial to us in a great many other ways. It keeps us out of bad company, and away from places where wicked men congregate for the purposes of drinking and carousing, and profaning the Sabbath. When we go to the house of God, to be taught the word of our Lord and Master, we can feel the Divine influence of God within our hearts, and we should thank God that we have the privilege of attending a Sabbath School.

EDWARD.

[From the Southern Nebraska Conference Minutes.]

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Camp Creek. Br. James Kemp reported that the school on Camp Creek had suspended its meetings.

Nebraska City. Present membership 57. Verses recited during the quarter 1821, Questions 351, Hymns 2. No. of Books in Library 167. The school is in a good and prosperous condition, and bids fair to continue to be the centre of attraction for the faithful children who seek instruction in the things which lead to peace and salvation.

R. C. ELVIN, Supt.

R. M. ELVIN, Clerk and Librarian.

Children's Column.

From John O. Ballantyne, *Dear Br. Joseph and Uncle Mark*:—As I have been reading the *Hope*, I find it is very interesting to me, and I am in hopes it will be as much so to all of my little brothers and sisters who read it. I know that I have not done as I ought since I was baptized, but I intend to try to do better hereafter.

From Gomer Rees, East Gallatin, Montana, June 29, 1870, *Dear Readers of the Hope*:—I am taking pleasure in *Zion's Hope*. I like the *Hope* very well; and I am very glad when the *Hope* comes to hand; but I am more glad when I see some of my own work in it. I am very happy when I read the pieces which the little readers of *Zion's Hope* have written. May we all try and do what is right, is my prayer.

"Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy."

Nancy M. Sutherland writes from Nine Eagles, Iowa, *Dear Editors*:—I rejoice much when the *Hope* comes to hand, and I read the good stories of Uncle Mark and Perla Wild. We had a very good time on the 4th of July. We had a Sunday School Picnic. We have the best Sunday School that I ever went to; and I hope that it will continue. Almost every scholar learns verses; I got a prize for learning the most.

Wm. Ashton writes from St. Louis, Mo., July 1st, 1870, *Editors of the Hope*:—We have this year established Sunday School Concerts for the entertainment of our friends, and they are working well. The children meet together for practice once and sometimes twice a week, at night, besides our regular half hour on Sundays. On the 6th of March, 1870, we held our first Sunday School concert. Sung about twelve pieces, and gave entire satisfaction. We do not claim to be able to compete with old and experienced vocalists and musicians; neither can it be expected of this young Sunday School, which is but just springing into existence, to compete with old established S. S., but simply to be what its name indicates, *Zion's Hope*.

Our little Organist, Miss Jane Ann Bellamy, as all acquainted with her know, is but a child, and not an experienced musician; but I would to God there were more such children. I can here say to her credit, that at our first concert she had been at school every Sunday with but one exception ever since our organ was purchased, which was about six months previously, and her zeal has not abated since.

Every father and every mother take delight in listening to the sweet melodious voices of their little ones. It has been said that music is that elevated science which affects the passions by sound. There are few who have not felt its charms, and acknowledged its expressions to be intelligible to the heart. It is a language of delightful sensations far more eloquent than words. It breathes into the ear the clearest intimations; it touches and gently agitates the sublime passions; it wraps us in melancholy, and elevates us in joy; it dissolves and inflames; it melts in tenderness and excites to war. This science is truly congenial to the nature of man; for by its powerful charms the most discordant passions may be harmonized and brought into perfect unison; but it never sounds with such seraphic harmony as when employed in singing hymns of gratitude to the great Creator of the universe.

God bless our Sunday Schools.

Josie A. Luse writes from Sonora, Ill., July 10th, 1870, *Br. Joseph*:—I enclose fifty cents for the dear and welcome *Hope*. I should like the one for the 1st of July, if you will please send it. I would have sent before, but I did not have the change. The money was given to me for something else, but I could not think of going without the little paper. It is always welcome to me, and I cherish it as I always do every thing that is either spoken, written, or printed by one that is a true Latter Day Saint. I am young in this great and glorious cause, not being a member two years until the 4th of October next, but every day I live I grow stronger in the faith, and hunger and thirst after more righteousness.

I was at Keokuk a week ago to-day, and attended church there; I enjoyed it a great deal. Four weeks ago I was at Nauvoo, and they had a splendid meeting, although there was but a few there; they are all so dear to me, that is the true saints are, I could scarcely leave to come home. It is so seldom I have a chance to go to church, that I know how to appreciate it; but I hope the time may speedily come when I can go to church three times on Sunday, and once or twice a week. And now may God bless you all, is my nightly prayer.

ANAGRAM No. 26.

"Yrap ot Odg ot selbs"
Ym luso thiw rfpceet "pinpasseh;
Hatt, sa I od dacavne ceha ryea,
I yma eb guatht ym Odg ot rfae;
Ym thlet mfrae ofmr spinosa efer,
Ot asm'n satete omrf fainyca;
Ormf cive, hatt srutn a uytho sadie,
Nad ot veba sdiwmo orf ym udige;
Hatt I aym ihtree iel orn esawr,
Ubt ni teh taph fo trvutie ertes;
My csitnao nosegeur, rimf, nad sjut,
Eb wasyal hutifafl otym surtt;
Dan ehet eht Dlor liwl vere selbs."
Ofmr epmo fo
"Hojn Lmba eht Sels."

ENIGMAS.

No. 56.—I am composed of twenty letters.
My 9, 10, 4, 17, 5, is the name of an animal.
My 6, 13, 10, 2, 14, is the name of a fish.
My 1, 10, 11, 18, 6, 5, 13, is the name of a shell-fish.
My 16, 1, 7, 3, 5, is a girls name.
My 18, 19, 20, 12, 9, is a ladys name.
My whole is the name of a little girl.

PUZZLE NO. 2.

The vowel necessary to make complete sense of the following letters to be supplied by our little Hopes.—They are forwarded by Alta Corless, who states that they were printed underneath the ten commandments in an old church:

P r s v r y p r f c t m n,
v r k p t h s p r e p t s t n.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 22.

Priceless gem! the pearl of truth,
Brightest ornament of youth,
Seek to wear it in thy crown,
Then if all the world should frown,
Thou hast won a glorious prize;
That will guide thee to the skies.

Answered by eight correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 51, Rain, Rat, Bean, Pear, Bed, Adze, Peter, Repent and be baptized.

Answered by six correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 52, Ore, Hoe, Ear, Rat, Teal, Net, Noah, Ton, Hen, Tare, Ant, Earl, Love one another.

Answered by six correspondents.

THERE is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can ever get enough of the glass.

Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.
We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

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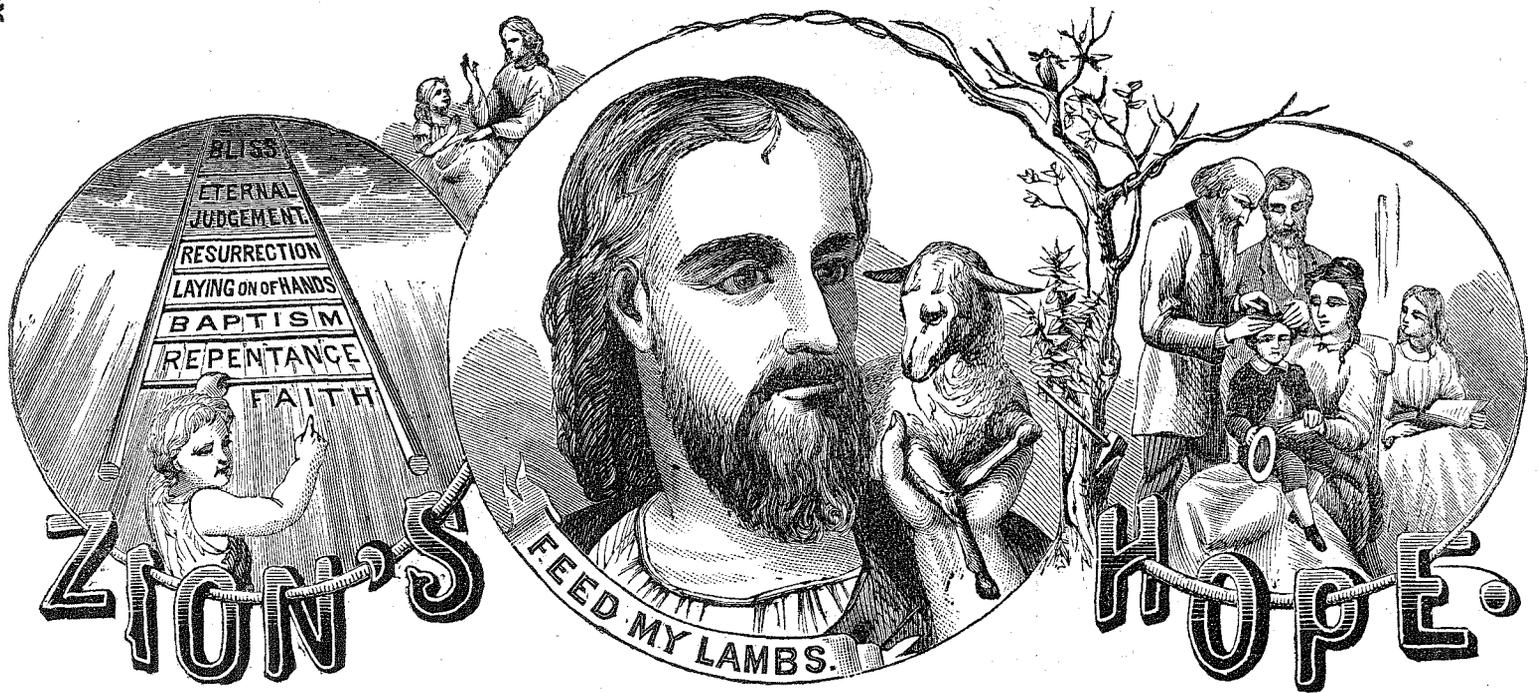
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., OCTOBER 1, 1870.

No. 7.

OCTOBER.

THIS month used to be the eighth month, and was named from the word "octo" in the Roman, but in the Julian calendar it became the tenth, which place it retains to us.

It is also used to signify a kind of ale, and, humorously, cider.

The month of October is to very many the pleasantest one of the year. The skies are usually serene; the air balmy and pleasant. The frost sometimes scatters the leaves plentifully, and sometimes the woods retain their leafy splendor till later; but usually, the earth and its fullness is fast preparing for the snowy dress of winter.

The apples are now in full harvest; the vats begin to overflow with wine and the product of the orchard.

The grain is housed, the hay secured, the cattle sleek and fat.

The warm, hazy sunshine, glows down upon valley and hill, lingering lovingly upon the favorite spots where have gathered the richest hues of color upon seed pod and leaf.

It is said that the dolphin when taken out of the water and left to die, will make itself gloriously beautiful in its death. So the leaves, after having done all they could to perfect the parent stem, will make the time of their falling the most beautiful time of their lives.

How like the leaf in the closing autumn of the year, is the closing life of the righteous man or woman.

Their life made useful and good by the love of good, by and by falls into the "sear and yellow leaf," when the full sunshine of their goodness makes them grandly beautiful to the beholder.

Ah, little "Hopes," so live that you too may, like the October leaf, go to a peaceful rest, when your spring and summer of life is over.

OUR JOURNEY. NO. 4.

A CANYON, as perhaps many of you know, is a narrow opening in the mountains, and both Echo and Weber Canyons are in many places so narrow that you pass very near to the mountains, almost beneath their very shadow.

acknowledge his insignificance, when he finds himself in these wild solitudes, a creature of mortality, subject to every ill of accident and change, contemplating the handy-work of the Great Jehovah, at whose command these heights were reared, leaving abysses deep and grand, which man has found and spanned with bands of iron

for the impatient steed, made to subserve his will. The beauty, grandeur and sublimity of these mountain scenes, is far beyond my powers of description. I looked upon them and could feel their grandeur, but can never describe what I felt. Rushing along, close by the train, the rapid Weber dashed over rocks—through narrow gorges—and anon wound its way more quietly through green fields where the grass and grain were already springing up, and the graceful willow fringed its banks. In some parts of the canyon, it flows very near to the railroad, so near indeed that men were engaged in turning its channel, that it might not wash up the rails from the track.

As we passed through Weber valley, and neared the settlements in it, I heard the passengers remark, "We are now in the Mormon settlements—these are their fields and these are their houses." You may be assured that I looked upon the scene with deep interest, and prayed that through this valley the gospel might echo and re-echo until its sound should reach all the honest in heart. There was a thrift and neatness observable here, which I saw no where else upon the whole route, after leaving

Omaha. Whatever else may be said of this people, the charge of idleness cannot be brought against them.

We are now at Ogden, and here we will stop for some two hours. Here the Union Pacific road terminates, and we change cars for the Cen-



OCTOBER.

I was told by those who have often traveled through this canyon that it received its name, "Echo," from the peculiar reverberation or echo which the sides of the mountains give back to every sound in the canyon. Here nature presents herself in her grandest mood, and man must

tral Pacific. Ogden is one of the earliest of the Utah settlements, and is quite a large place.

"Will you have some fresh milk this evening?" said a boy at our side. "Do you live here?" I asked him. "Yes, ma-am," was his reply.—"Where did you live before you came here?"—"In London." "Do you belong to the Mormons?" "No ma-am." "Are not your parents members of the church?" "No ma-am, none of us are." "That is my uncle who keeps the book stall out there." "Well, I do not wish any milk, and will not keep you any longer." My intention in asking him these questions had been to tell him of his sad mistake, if he did belong to such a church, but as he did not, there was no missionary work for me.

I had been told before reaching Ogden that at the book stall in the depot, I could obtain some very fine stereoscopic views of the scenery in Echo and Weber canyons, and having ample time, left the cars and went to look at them.

"This package you can have Madam for one dollar," said the very polite vender. "You will find here the tabernacle, city hall, temple, etc."

"That is sufficient," I replied. "I wish for nothing pertaining to Utah, except that which God has made."

You should have seen the change in his countenance, and how he altered his urbane manner, and looked at me from beneath lowering brows. Gentiles, as they term all but themselves, do not talk so to them, for the enormous crimes of Brigham Young and his satellites have made them objects of interest to the world at large. I felt no such interest, but simply disgust for them; and pity, yearning pity for the poor deluded ones still under their influence.

"Is this man a Mormon?" I asked of the gentleman who was with me.

"Certainly," he replied, and a very strong one too."

Here then is the fruit of the seed they are sowing, I said to myself as I thought of the little boy who had told me he was not a Mormon, neither were any of his folks, and yet that was his uncle at the stall, selling books.

Dear little friends—do you know that then and there, I prayed to God that never, never might a son or daughter of Zion so far forsake the path of truth and right as to be willing to deny their faith, for the sake of selling a cup of milk, nay, nor for any favor the world has to bestow. Ever, my young friends, ever be

"To truth a friend unterrified,
A sturdy foe to wrong."

FRANCES.

INITIATORY.

To the dear little readers of the *Hope*:

NOW do you suppose you have become dear to a far off stranger, one whose name you do not know, and one who has never seen your faces?

I will tell you how it happened. You all know your dear friend Frances; and you also know that the providence of God has called her to a distant home, where amidst her new duties she may not find so much time to devote to her dear little readers of the *Hope* as she formerly had.—

Well, she it was who told me about you, and asked me to write something for you. I promised to do so, for she is my friend as well as yours, and I love her, oh! so dearly, because she loves Christ, and labors for him, and obeys the command which he gave to his grown up followers to Feed his Lambs.

In your little paper, the *Hope*, I have found some of the best food for Christ's little ones that I ever saw prepared and set before them. Will you not read and remember, and obey the lessons God's people prepare for you, and you will grow up happy and useful in this life, and be prepared for the new life that is to come—when we who have tried to do well will dwell with Jesus in the mansions God has prepared for the good.

There will be no night in God's beautiful city, and no more sickness or suffering of any kind.—Parents and children will dwell together there forever. But in order to secure that heavenly home, we must attend strictly to the duties of our homes here. If we perform all the duties God has given us here, then when our earth-work is ended, he will say to us, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord."

In my letters to you from time to time, I would like to tell you of some of the little ones I have known who have tried to live as Christ has taught us. Some of them have gone to live with Jesus, and others are living useful, happy lives, loved by all good people. For this time I bid you all good bye. Ever, your friend.

AUNT JULIA.

VOICES FROM NATURE.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

ALTHOUGH it may sound strange to many of the little readers of the *Hope*, yet it is a fact that we are all living at the bottom of a deep, fluid sea, just as the fish in your rivers, lakes and oceans live in their liquid homes. Removed from this we could no more live than a fish can out of water, we should soon strangle and die.

Our houses, gardens and work-shops, are all in this vast ocean; and vast indeed it is, covering, as it does, the whole world to a depth of forty-five or fifty miles. In it men have made ships to sail, and one kind of animals swims in it, far over our heads. This fluid, betimes, flows along as a rapid river.

This wonderful sea is known by the names of Air and Atmosphere. The ships are balloons; the swimming animals, are birds, while the rivers are the winds.

It is, like water, a material substance, but possessing far more transparency; that is, it can be seen through easier. It is of a beautiful blue color, as can be seen by looking at what is called, "the clear blue sky;" but which in reality is the sea I write of, a depth of air. If there are any who doubt its existence, it can at any time be felt by its resistance, however slightly felt, as we move an object in it swiftly.

The material of which it is composed, is formed by the union of two elementary substances, known

by the names of Nitrogen and Oxygen, in the proportions of seventy-nine parts of the one to twenty-one of the other in pure air, and, strange to say, if either of these should be taken into the lungs singly, in too great quantities, death would be the certain result; the former by poisoning us outright, the latter by creating too buoyant, exciting feelings, feelings which would cause us to "live too fast," as it might truthfully be called; but taken together, they constitute an essentiality of existence, necessary for the support of both animal and vegetable life. Hence, we find that God in his providence, has placed this fluid substance everywhere; free to all. So extensive is this provision that the air passes through the pores of water, to give breath to the fishes of the great deep.

This vast mass of air presses with a weight of fifteen pounds to every square inch of surface, so that every individual carries about a weight of many tons upon their persons, unconsciously; and were it not for an equal internal pressure balancing it, we would all be crushed to earth, as if a mountain of iron were placed upon us. On the other hand, if the external pressure should be removed, results equally as fatal would be sure to occur, as the parts composing the body would be suddenly separated.

Within it, the clouds float, forming a division known in the scriptures as the firmament, which divides the waters of the sea from the clouds, and this boundary was placed by the Lord on the second day of creation. Gen. i. 6-8.

Above this firmament, the air is not as dense as below; and, as we ascend, it gradually becomes more rarefied, that is, it becomes thinner, so that it is impossible to climb to the tops of the highest mountains without feeling a sense of suffocation, and men who have attempted to climb their dizzy heights, or who have ascended in balloons, have invariably complained of drowsiness from this cause, and soon from their nose, mouth and ears, blood begins to flow, compelling them to descend or sleep in death's embrace.

By remaining long motionless, the atmosphere becomes vitiated, creating destructive pestilence. When it is pent up in deep wells or pits, it forms a deadly poison known as choke-damp and fire-damp, and woe be to the unlucky one who breathes such baneful air. The presence of choke-damp can soon be detected by lowering a candle or lamp, which will either be extinguished or burn dimly, owing to the quantity of the poisoned air there may be therein. The fire-damp frequently explodes when brought into contact with flame or atmospheric air. In badly ventilated school rooms, or meeting houses, the air becomes poisonous. Our lungs, in purifying the blood, consume the Oxygen of the air, and the Nitrogen left, having a strong affinity for a substance known as *Carbon*, mixes readily with it, forming a most deadly compound called *Carbonic acid gas*. The breathing of this gas is the primary cause of many of the ills flesh is heir to; hence the great necessity of seeing that we breathe pure air, and being careful not to close every avenue for its passage in our sleeping rooms, especially during the winter season, when we are most apt to be guilty of this folly.

Ego.

WORDS BY J. SMITH.
NOT TOO SLOW.

HARVEST CHORUS. 10s.

MUSIC BY N. W. SMITH.

Look to the har-vest field, Lord, in thy might, Send thy loved reap-ers forth armed with the sword;

Streng-then them now as they la-bor in light, Strike down the cra-ven that fears for thy word.

Chorus.

Thrust in thy sick-le and reap. Thrust in thy sick-le and reap. Thrust in thy sick-le and reap. Thrust

Thrust in thy sick-le Thrust in thy sick-le Thrust in thy sick-le Thrust, in thy sick-le Thrust in thy sick-le Thrust in thy sick-le Thrust

in thy sick-le and reap.

in thy sick-le and reap.

2 Look to the Harvest-field, Lord, in thy wrath,
Sweep through the world with thy besom of woe;
Ah! guard thou thy Reapers; the grief strewn path
They tread not in vain, thy mercy to show;—
“Thrust in thy sickle and reap.”

3 Look to the Harvest-field, Lord, in thy truth,
Let thou thy Reapers its mystery feel;
Bless thou the labor of age and of youth,
Lab’ring for Zion thy commonwealth’s weal.—
“Thrust in thy sickle and reap.”

4 Look to the Harvest-field, Lord, in thy love,
Look to thy Reapers who tremblingly reap;—
Save or they perish, Lord, reaping they prove
Thou art, thyself Lord, the harvest to keep.—
“Thrust in thy sickle and reap.”

GOOD UNDERSTANDING.

BUT “gaineth favor,” the wise man said.
By it we learn how to walk in the nar-
row path, without it we cannot exercise
that true and living faith which is pleasing to

God, that which brings to us that Spirit of love
and power which enables us to live without sin.

The heathen have not good understanding be-
cause they have no law; but “where there is no
law given, there is no condemnation.”

Idiots have not the faculty to reason, therefore

they cannot possess good understanding. But to
us who are able to reason, is given the law of God,
and in it we can learn of the goodness of God,
for his law is good, and promises much good to
the faithful. We may have understanding and
faith, but if they are not of the good, true, and

living KIND, they will secure us no favor of God.

Young Hopes, strive to be diligent—to study and learn the law of God, that you may have good understanding, firm faith, and holy love, such as will enable you to endure to the end, and gain that priceless favor—even eternal peace and happiness in a world of purity and life without end.

W. C. L.

THE SUMMER TIME.

HOW I love the summer time, with its fresh blooming roses, and its beautiful flowers; its sunny skies; its green hills and valleys. I love to ramble over the hills, and pluck the fragrant flowers. It is so unlike the winter, with its snowy mantle. I do not like the winter near so well as the summer, because there are no flowers, no green hills to ramble over, no birds to sing for us; while in summer the birds sing such sweet songs to me, that they make me rejoice. I love to go to school and learn, and I dearly love to play with my schoolmates. I love to look out upon the wide open prairie. I love the open prairie and the shady grove.

The green and open prairie,
The little babbling brook,
The pretty little flowers,
On which I love to look.
Over the hills and valleys so green,
I love to roam;
And pluck the scented blossoms which all
Are now in bloom.

NANCY E. MONTAGUE.

Original Poetry.

BABY.

Air.—"Sing of a Savior's Love."

In cambrics and flannels all cuddled down,
Like a bird in its cosy nest,
Lies a dear little baby with bright starry eyes,
The darling that we love best.

CHORUS.—Our dear little baby so sweet and so fair,
With pink velvet cheeks and soft silken hair,
Dear little sweet,
Wee hands and feet,
White and dimpled and neat.

A nose just the tiniest, cunningest pug,
A mouth like a rosebud so sweet,
And ears like two shells of a delicate tint,
Altogether so pretty and neat.

CHORUS.—Our dear little baby, &c.

A dear precious treasure, a comfort and joy,
A baby to love and caress,
Its smiles are the brightest, its joy the most pure,
Its lips just the sweetest to kiss.

CHORUS.—Our dear little baby, &c.

PERLA WILD.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 23.

Earth's shadowy years will soon be o'er,
Heaven's blissful morn arise,
And sorrow's night will then no more
O'ercloud our weeping eyes.
The precious jewels Jesus sent
To be our solace here,
Were only for a season lent;
They're shining brightly there.
In that blest place no loved ones part,
No mourning there, no sighs;
For God himself will gently wipe
All sorrow from their eyes.

NANCY E. MONTAGUE.

Answered by twenty-two correspondents.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. 53, WASH, WAS, TON, SING,
HANG, SAW, WASHINGTON.
Answered by seventeen correspondents.

Children's Column.

NAUVOO, Ill., August 12, 1870.

Dear Readers of the Hope:

Seeing so many letters in the *Hope* from my young friends, I am encouraged, and for the first time, will write you a few lines.

I am very much pleased with our paper. I think it will do a great deal of good among the young folks. I want to help in such a good work, for I believe it is of God. I know it is but little that I can do; but by the help of God, I will try and do some good. I have been in the church but a few months. I am trying to be a good girl now. My home now is on the bank of the Mississippi river, the name of the town where I reside is Nauvoo. It is a very pretty little town.—It is very pleasant to wander by the bank of the river, and gather shells and pretty stones. My time is taken up in employments. I am studying music, attending to our pet birds, house plants, &c.

More next time, may be. EMMA J. SMITH.

MANTENO, Shelby Co., Iowa, Aug. 21, 1870.

Br. Joseph; Dear Sir:

We do not have any Sunday School here, we started one twice, but it did not last long, some one would break it up. I would like to go to Sunday School.

Yours, GEORGE DERRY.

[We are sorry to read the above item, and hope that another and a successful effort will yet be made to establish a Sunday School in the branch where George resides, and not there only; but in every place where the people of God dwell, if at all practicable.]—ED.

MANTENO, Shelby Co., Iowa, Aug. 17, 1870.

Dear Editors of the Hope:

I read in the *Hope* of August 15th, that I had gained the first prize for answering Enigmas, Puzzles and Anagrams. I thank you very much for the prize which you awarded me.

HYRUM O. SMITH.

[We have sent the book, Hyrum, and with it, our good wishes.]—EDITORS.

CHICAGO, Ill., August 11, 1870.

Dear Uncle Mark:

I have been a reader of *Zion's Hope* for the last two months, and have become much interested in it. I am glad every time it comes. I have been looking at the Enigmas, Riddles, Anagrams, &c., and have become interested in them.

NORMAN CASEY.

COLDWATER, Mich., Aug., 15, 1870.

Dear Brothers and Sisters of the Hope:

I thought I would write a few lines, as it has been a long time since I wrote to you. Bro. T. W. Smith is with us now, and we are having some good meetings. We do not have the privileges that other children in larger branches have; but I intend to try and live better than I have done, for I want to live and reign with Christ.

ALTA CORLESS.

KROKUK, Iowa, June 20, 1870.

Dear Editors of Zion's Hope:

As I see so many little boys and girls writing to the *Hope*, I thought I would send you a line or two.

I have not been baptized yet, but hope I shall soon be. I see by reading the *Hope*, that Uncle Thomas has decided to give me the first prize for "Original Puzzle," for which I thank him very much. Please give my love to him, and tell him I shall take good care of it, and keep it for his sake, and to remember my first attempt at any thing of that kind.

With love to all, I remain your friend,

M. E. MATTHEWS.

[The above letter got mislaid.]—ED.

CRAWFORD, Iowa, July 23, 1870.

Dear Editors of Zion's Hope:

I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and a reader of *Zion's Hope*, with which I am much delighted. My desire is to serve God and keep his commands. I love to read the letters from my little brothers and sisters. This is my first attempt. I ask an interest in the prayers of my little brothers and sisters, that I may be saved; and I will pray for them.

HARRISON RUDD.

BLACK CREEK, July 19, 1870.

Dear Editors of the Hope:

I feel very much pleased with the beautiful paper my sister takes. I feel very much interested in the pleasing stories, and in the children's column; whenever I obtain it I like to turn to the children's column and read there. I like to see the editors take so much pains with the children's column, and also with all of the *Hope*. I have not been baptized yet. I live in a pretty large branch, where there are meetings and Sunday School every Sunday.

HENRY R. CARREL.

Nancy E. Montague writes, June 6, 1870, *Dear Uncle Mark*:—I thought that I would write a few lines for the *Hope*, if you and Uncle Joseph think it worthy of a place in the paper, if not, lay them aside for something better. I am trying to be a better girl than I have been, and hope all of my little brothers and sisters will be.

[Nancy's essay, "The Summertime," is published in this number.]—ED.

RIDDLE NO. 7.

MY WHOLE NUMBER IS SEVENTY.

My first is in tea, my second in doubt,
My third in pea, my fourth in vouched,
My fifth is in oil, my sixth in tin,
My seventh is found in a dreadful din.
The eighth is in measure, the ninth in plan,
The tenth found in woman, eleventh in yam;
My twelfth may always be found in trust,
My thirteenth in crumble, my fourteenth in lost.
My fifteenth in bubbles, the next one in bell,
The seventeenth in troubles, my eighteenth in dwell,
The nineteenth you surely will find in switch,
The twentieth lurks in the limits of which,
Twenty-one is in hair, twenty-two in surprise,
Twenty-three in old Cain, while the next is in sighs;
Twenty-five is in order, twenty-six is in tool,
Twenty-seven will always be found in the school;
My twenty-eight will be found in the name of the mouse,
Twenty-nine is in prison, while thirty's in house;
Thirty-one in endure, thirty-two is in end,
Thirty-three has a place in that cheerful word, friend;
Thirty-four in demure, thirty-five is in grave,
Thirty-six is in love, and also in brave;
Thirty-seven is in king, a slave to ambition,
Thirty-eight will be found in the word extradition;
Thirty-nine may be seen in heaven so pure,
While forty in peace will forever endure;
Forty-one is in wonder, forty-two is in pains,
Forty-three is in trouble, forty-four is in chains,
Forty-five is in life, forty-six is in sin,
Forty-seven's in church, would you enter in?
Forty-eight is in world, forty-nine in time,
But fifty will always be found in prime;
Fifty-one is in angels, fifty-two is in James,
Fifty-three may always be found in the same;
Fifty-four is in mark, fifty-five is in lane,
Fifty-six in dishonor, you must fly from the same;
Fifty-seven in young, fifty-eight is in youth,
Fifty-nine may be found, if you search well in truth;
Sixty is ever connected with shame,
Sixty-one may be found in "that odious name;"
Sixty-two is in hand, sixty-three is in fall,
Sixty-four may be seen in the simple word wall,
Sixty-five is in brute, O, brutish ne'er be,
For the brutish can seldom true happiness see.
Sixty-six is in flute, the next two in sure,
Sixty-nine in the short, but expressive word, pure;
But where is the one that succeeds sixty-nine?
Why, here it is found in the sweet word, divine.

Whoever will solve the above Riddle, commit it to memory, and live by it all their lives, will be amply rewarded for their labor. L. C.

PUZZLE NO. 3.

Transpose, "The spine," a people civilized are named,
"The man is late," a race dishonored,
shamed,
"O no rim," a prophet's name is shown,
"Seal his time," the seed of one cast out
from home,
"C. E. Peterman," a virtue of great worth,
"Great helps," a messenger on earth,
"On lap," where *Zion's Hope* is born,
"M. Orange," where a branch of saints is
known,
"Tears stain lady T—," whom wicked
people hate,
"Stain on me," a rich, productive State.

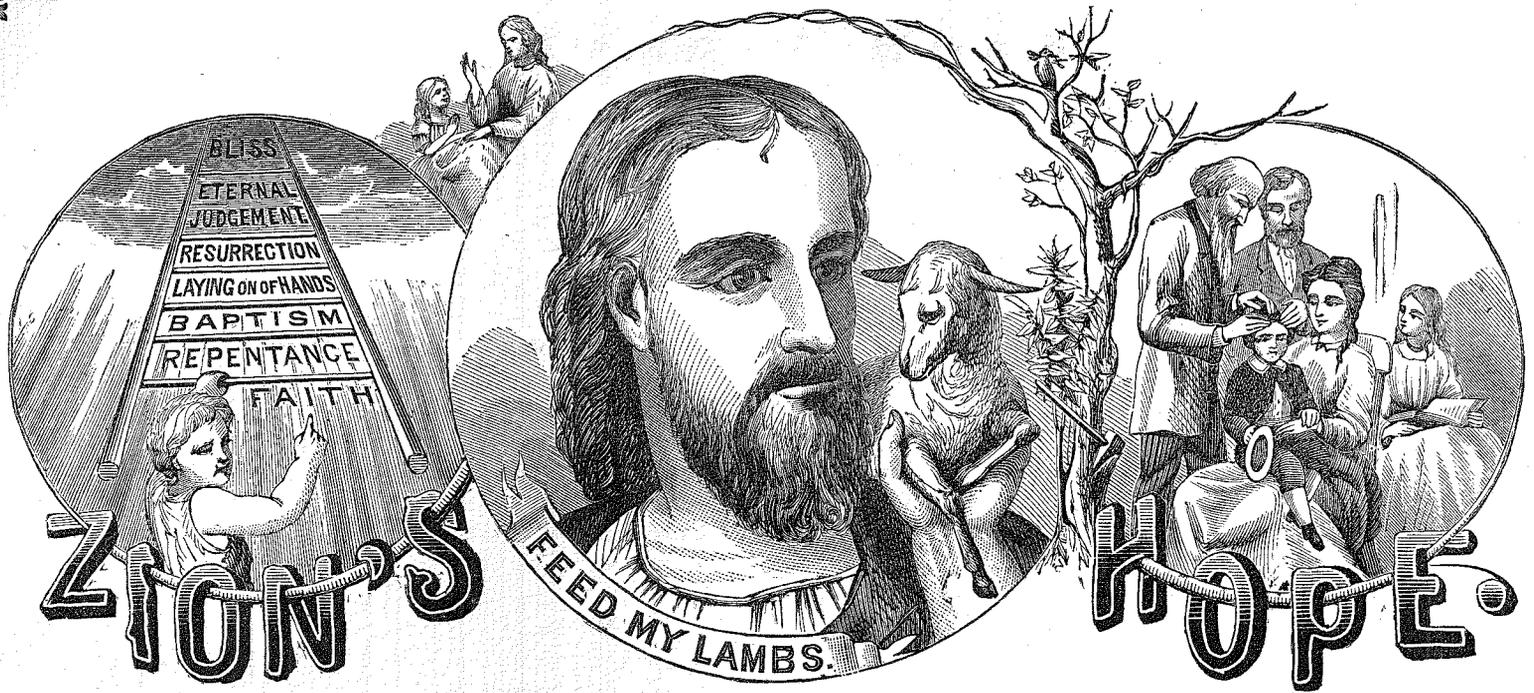
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., OCTOBER 15, 1870.

No. 8.

THE VINTAGE!

THE time of the vintage has come. The grapes now hang in bright clusters on the vines, and the tables are made tempting to the appetite as the gathered bunches lay on the fruit-salvers. The children are in ecstasies over the sweetness of the fruit, and rejoice that they are privileged with such delicious treats as the beautiful grape-harvest affords them.

Parents are delighted to see their children so happy, and good children are very thankful that God has blest them with such good parents as those who spare no pains to provide for them the good things of the present life. The children's happiness is the parents' reward. Notice in the cut how pleased the fond father is, as his little darling of thirteen months' age holds up the bunch of grapes in her tiny hand—how pleased the sister of nine years is to see baby so delighted; while grandpa is all smiles with Freddie's effort to "help himself." Old Carlo too enjoys the fun, and watches the motions of little George as he spreads out and tries to make the broken bunches stand up on his paper-cloth, imagining himself a General arranging his army in order. The loving mother stands back and quietly enjoys the pleasure she has occasioned her loved ones by bringing in the means for the feast. All are happy.

When the Lord Jesus was upon the earth, he taught many beautiful truths in parables, and among others a parable of the vine, translated for us into the following very plain language:

"I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words

in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."—*John xv. 1-8.*

Have our little readers ever thought of this when they have been in the vineyard of their father or friend, or when eating the rich and juicy fruit of the vine? If they have not, we hope that hereafter they may learn a lesson from the vine.

The precious word in the New Testament must



guide us in our enquiries as to what the fruit is we must bear. The Spirit of the Lord is the only means by which we can be made fruitful in Christ Jesus, and that our little Hopes may always have before them the evidence that shall test whether the fruit they bear is genuine or spurious fruit, we will here print from the sacred books the testimony as to what the two kinds of fruit, the good and the evil, are.

THE GOOD FRUIT.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law."—*Galations v. 22, 23.*

THE EVIL FRUIT.

"Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."—*Galations v. 19-21.*

In all your walks in life, remember, dear little ones, that these fruits will appear, either the one kind or the other.

If the fruits of the Spirit are yours, God and Christ, the angels and saints will love you, though wicked boys and wicked girls may mock you and scoff at you, and if you continue to bear these fruits, you will dwell with the saints in glory.

If the fruits of the flesh you shall bear, and do not repent and be forgiven, you cannot inherit the Kingdom of God; and where the good are, though they be father, mother, sister, brother, or friends, you cannot go. Oh! what a horrible thought it is that father should hear the word uttered by the Great Judge to his own son, or that the mother should hear announced to her own daughter, "Depart from me, you never knew me." We who love each other here should so live as to enjoy the fruits of that love together hereafter. That God may bless you to bring forth fruits to his honor and glory, and that I may meet you when all sin and sorrow are done away, and look upon you clothed in the beautiful white robes of those who shall sit down with

Jesus at the marriage supper of the Lamb, is the prayer of
UNCLE MARK.

OUR JOURNEY. NO. 5.

THE baggage has been transferred, checks obtained, and we are only waiting the pleasure of the rail-road officials to be again on our way. At Ogden the first Indians

made their appearance, but farther than observing them as they walked about the platform, or lounged around the car windows, I took no items of interest. I shall have some interesting things to tell you of the Indians in Smoky Valley, but for the present we will turn to other sights and scenes.

The sun was nearing the western horizon as we left Ogden, and soon his slanting beams were thrown back from the waters of the Great Salt Lake. The road passes very near to one corner of the lake, and with the quiet of evening falling around us—the sun sinking to rest—a few small boats moored at anchor upon its waters, the scene was rather picturesque and attractive.

The road does not pass by the Bear Lake of Utah, but leaves it some distance to the north; so we had no hope of seeing even the waters which are said to hold a monster of the serpent kind, of wonderful size and character. This monster it is claimed has been seen in the lake on several occasions. It is covered with fur and hair, and his vast proportions are frightful to behold. I do not give you this "on dit" or on "they say," as true, but it is believed by a great many, and may be a fact.

There was however, some years ago a great excitement of this kind in a small town in Ohio.—The serpent was seen at various times in a mill pond, and hundreds flocked to the pond to catch a glimpse of the monster. At last the curiosity of the people became so great that they drained the pond; when lo! in the bottom they found the terrible monster, but it had been made and stuffed by some mischievous persons, and fastened in the pond for the purpose of exciting public curiosity. How they kept it floating—sometimes so as to be seen, sometimes out of sight, I do not know, but it was done by some means.

Dear little friends, there are many live, moral serpents in the world, far more to be dreaded than the harmless ones infesting the deep. Some of these are loathed and shunned, while others are waited upon as celebrities—they are distinguished individuals upon whom all travelers call. When brothers David and Alexander were in Utah, they called upon such an one, and their reception was not by any means a flattering one. I would not have had it less so, by any means, for light and darkness have no affinity. This moral serpent has no need of honest men.

But how far we have wandered from our route, and strayed among lakes and serpents. Your pardon, little friends, and we come back just in time to find ourselves passing an encampment of Chinamen—not men made of brittle china-ware, but living specimens from the "Celestial Empire," with their strange looking faces and long cues hanging down their backs. There is a large encampment of them here—they are hands employed to work on the rail-road, and are at this time preparing their evening meal. Presently they will be seen eating their rice with sticks, which is the way they eat all their food. They are in many respects an interesting people. They come over to California in large numbers, and I doubt not "Emma" could tell you many things concerning them which would greatly interest you, and afford you much information. They are very cleanly in their habits, and after traveling all day

upon a dusty road not only bathe their persons, but frequently wash all their clothing when they stop at night. Cleanliness is certainly a virtue, but there is a cleanliness of soul more to be preferred than cleanliness of body, which I fear they have not, for they tell me they do not regard the truth, and will take what is not their's without compunction of conscience. They have not the light of the gospel to guide them, and are therefore objects of pity rather than blame. They are frugal and industrious—much attached to their religion, and believe that in order to their future happiness and glory, it is necessary their bodies should be buried in China; consequently when any of them die here,—their friends take the body across the deep waters to their native land. Night has come down upon us; to-morrow we will be in Nevada, and at the end of our tiresome rail-road journey; so little friends, till then, good bye.

FRANCES.

FEED MY LAMBS.

I AM seated by my dining-room window this afternoon. It is shaded by a porch and grape vines, and I came here to find the coolest spot in the house where I might write a letter to my little friends—when, what do you suppose I espied out under the apple trees? Well, sitting upon the grass, round a long table filled with nice things to eat, are nine little Sunday School girls, and their teacher. What a merry time they are having. They all seem to chatter at once, except when their teacher speaks, and then they all love to listen. I have seen these little faces many times before. Once last winter they were here to tea, and they had such merry games in the parlor, and answered so many of their lesson-questions, and sang such sweet little songs, that I fell quite in love with them. And one morning last Spring, they all came with their little baskets of dinner, and their teacher took them to the woods on the hill-side to spend the day. But to-day it is too warm to walk far, and here they have plenty of shade, and are close to the pump, which is certainly very convenient; for they seem to require a great many drinks.

Dear little prattlers, I do not wonder that the Savior, when he was here, took the little children in his arms; or that he said when he was about to leave them, that they must be cared for. It is because he left the command, "Feed my Lambs," that I am writing to you to-day.

He left many commands to you also, and as I look out at these happy children under the trees, I think of the words, "Rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep." When your little brothers, or sisters, or playmates rejoice, you must be glad; when they are sorrowful, you must sympathize with them.

He also said, "Give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow, turn not away."—Now at school, especially, you will have many opportunities of obeying this command.

He said also you must "return good for evil." That would seem very hard if Christ had not said it; but all that he has told us to do, we can do, if we ask him to help us; and if you obey

this command, you will soon get to be strong warriors for the right.

And last of all he said that we must love one another as he had loved us. It was necessary for him to give us his life, and he gave it; it may never be necessary for any of us to give our lives for another; but we may be called upon to give our lives for his cause. Some have been called to give them for Christ; that is, they had to deny him or die, and they chose death—we would also, if we truly loved him. And if we love and obey him, we shall dwell with him in the mansions he has gone to prepare for us—and in that heavenly home, he will again take the little children in his arms and bless them.

AUNT JULIA.

ANCIENT TABLES.

THE most ancient tables probably resembled that which is still common in the east, which consists of a circular piece of leather spread upon the floor, around which, those who ate sat with legs bent and crossed on cushions or small carpets. So the brethren of Joseph sat before him, when they dined with him in Egypt. See Gen. xliii. 33. It seems to have been common in very early times to have separate small tables, placed in a circle at the social meal, one before each person, each having a separate plate. Each one had his portion set on his own table.

After the captivity, the Persian custom of lying at meals, which came into use also among the Greeks and Romans, grew fashionable in Palestine. The arrangements for this custom consisted of three narrow tables, raised like ours from the ground, and placed together so as to form a square, with a clear space in the middle, and one end quite open. Around these three tables, and on the outside, were placed three couches or beds, reaching far enough back to allow a man's body to be stretched nearly straight across. On these the guests lay in a slanting position, one before the other, each leaning upon his left arm, with his face turned toward the table. In this way, the head of one was placed before the bosom of another, so that if he turned to speak with him, he naturally leaned upon it; thus John leaned on the Savior's bosom at supper. See John xiii. 23. The fourth side was left clear, for the servants to pass into the open space in the middle, and bring to any part of the table whatever might be wanted. On one of these table-couches, or beds, Queen Esther was leaning when Haman fell before her to supplicate mercy. See Esther vii. 8.

On such a couch, also, the Redeemer lay at meat in the Pharisee's house, when there came a woman who was a sinner, and stood at his feet behind him, weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with ointment. See Luke vii. 36-38.

In a similar manner, our Lord approached the feet of his disciples when he arose from supper, took a towel, with a basin of water, and began to wash them and wipe them, one after another."—See John xiii. 4-12.

M. P.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

FOR the first time, I thought I would give the little readers of the *Hope* a brief, but true account of a circumstance in life worthy of note; which occurred some few days ago, in the town of Galva, Henry county, Ill.

My partner and I had agreed to sink a well.—After making preparations, we commenced.—Nothing very remarkable or worthy of note occurred until the second day, when, strange as it may seem, we struck a bed or layer of what seemed to be black soil, in which we discovered grassy stubble, branches, roots of trees, and small shells, similar in appearance to what we used to call, when boys, “snails houses,” a sample of which I brought home.

Wondering at the cause of these curiosities deposited so deep in the earth—for they were down some twenty-five feet; I was led to read a few passages or pages in that divine record, the Book of Mormon, given to us in these last days by the kind hand of an angel, sent for a wise and express purpose by the command of the God of Israel, page 450, 4th chapter of Nephi; there we find the cause portrayed in clear and simple language, easily to be understood; that during the crucifixion of our dear Redeemer, the Savior of the world, this land became deformed, by reason of the tempest, thundering, and lightning, and the quaking of the earth; which caused the destruction of the more wicked part of the house of Israel, known in our day by the name “American Indians.” The little readers of the *Hope* would do well to read the words for themselves; which will surely form a deep impression on their minds that these evidences are strong and undeniable proofs in favor of that sacred record.

But let me tell you dear readers, this is not all, for now comes what I call “a narrow escape.”—The third day, which was Saturday, in the evening, having sunk some thirty-one or two feet, when the box and dirt were nearing the top of the well, the iron running in the roller of the windlass snapt off, precipitating to the bottom, roller, rope, box and dirt, striking me on the head, shoulders and leg, (the well being three feet six inches in the clear), by which I became senseless, and remained so for some time.

After coming a little to myself, the first thought was, “where am I.” Seeing the rack, windlass, rope, &c., in the well by my side, I began to realize that the protecting hand of God had been over me, in answer to my family prayer, or I would have passed off this stage of action to try the realities of another world.

Asking myself this question, “Am I prepared for the journey?” Nothing seemed to trouble my mind but one thing, and that seemed to lay heavy upon it, which it may be wisdom to describe. A kind voice whispered to me, “such an one has hard feelings against you, and you have noticed it now for a time; you ought to have tried to become reconciled with your brother.” I tried to study out the cause, when the thought came,—“some unwise movement of mine very likely.”—Sorrow immediately filled my heart.

I heard the voice of my partner, A. Fletchers, “John, are you hurt?”

I do not know what was my reply; but another

rope was let down, and after fastening it to my thigh, siezing the rope with one hand, the other being hurt, I ascended, and home in a buggy, which was soon in readiness for me; thanking the Lord for this “narrow escape,” promising in my mind, to ever hereafter comply with the command of our Savior, Book of Mormon page 460:

“Therefore if ye shall come unto me, or shall desire to come unto me, and rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, go thy way unto thy brother, and first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come unto me in full purpose of heart, and I will receive you.”

Dear little readers, will you copy the example?
JOHN.



[Continued from page 23.]

UNCLE ROGER AND RICHARD.

THE effect of the sermon by good old Uncle Roger was very marked upon his employer's family, especially upon Richard. Before this, Mr. and Mrs. Bentley had treated him kindly, and Richard, familiarly; but now they all treated him with deference.

Several times during the Monday following their attendance on his meeting, his sermon had been the subject of comment, and as the evening drew on, they resolved to send for him into the house to give still further explanations of the peculiar doctrines of the Latter Day Saints' faith. Uncle Roger was glad to obey the summons; and so faithfully, so completely, so wisely did he remove every objection raised against that faith, that Mr. and Mrs. Bentley were ready to exclaim with those of old: “Whence hath this man this wisdom?”

The willingness with which the old gardener answered all questions, and his known honesty, induced Mr. Bentley to say:—“You claim that in the Latter Day Saints' church, you not only have the same order, the same ordinances and authority as in the primitive christian church; but the same ‘gifts’ also. Is it possible that you believe the sick can be healed by anointing with oil and the laying on of the hands of *your* elders, as they were by the apostles of old?”

“Most assuredly,” replied Uncle Roger, “God is unchangeable, and no respecter of persons.—Surely, sir, there is no physician so well able to heal the body as he who created it—none so willing to relieve suffering as the God of mercy.”

“Have you ever seen any proof of this willingness on the part of the Almighty in our day?” enquired Mr. Bentley.

“Many;” was the earnest response. “Not only among the saints; but in my own family. One of my daughters and one of my boys have received the blessing of health at the hands of God, and I once, too, after the administration of this holy ordinance to me by one of our elders.”

“Well, I must confess, Uncle Roger, that I am unable to answer you. I have known you for many long years, and have never known you yet to designedly tell an untruth, or improperly color any thing you have told me. You have the scriptures on your side; you have an argument drawn from promise and analogy; and you sustain this so positively with your own experience that I should do you an injustice to doubt or reject your testimony. I shall think seriously and pray over this matter, and I hope that God will bless me with power to understand the truth.—If I discover that you have made a wrong application of the word, I shall so inform you; and if I discover you are deceived, I shall do my best to undeceive you; but if I find you are right, may God give me grace to accept your faith, though it may cost me all my friends.”

“Depend upon it, Mr. Bentley, I am not deceived, I cannot be in this matter, for God has revealed the truth of these

things to me by his Spirit, and confirmed them by his power. But if you present an argument that *proves* any portion of my faith wrong, you will not find me clinging to what is proved to be an error. I may have some erroneous views; if so I will be thankful to exchange them for correct views; but the gospel is the power of God, and that *I know to be true,*” responded Uncle Roger.

This conversation was listened to with profound interest by Mrs. Bentley and her darling boy Richard, on whom she cast anxious looks when the conversation turned on to the gift of healing; for her previous bereavements made her very sensitive to any weakness or ailment of her remaining—her only son—who had been quite unwell for some days past. Richard seemed perfectly absorbed in the conversation.

Later in the week, Uncle Roger missed the visits of “Young Master Richard” to his garden; but forbore making enquiry, expecting each day to see his little favorite come to him. Saturday arrived, and Richard had not been seen by the old gardener since Monday. He heard a footstep, and looking up, he saw Mr. Bentley, who approached and took his hand in a manner that told him something was wrong.

“Are you unwell, sir?” enquired Uncle Roger.

“Thank you, Uncle Roger, I am quite well, but very anxious about Richard. He is very

sick, and the doctor gives us very little hopes of his recovery. He desired me to see you, saying to me, "Go and ask Uncle Roger if the Elders will pray for me; and tell him to come and see me," was Mr. Bentley's response, uttered with an air and manner that smote the honest old gardener's heart with pain.

"I will go and bring my wife, who is an excellent nurse, to assist Mrs. Bentley, and return with her to see him; tell him I won't be long, sir," was Uncle Roger's thoughtful reply.

Home he went, and there, after he had hurriedly cleaned himself; (for Uncle Roger thought it wrong to approach the Great King less respectful in his person than he would an earthly monarch), knelt with his faithful partner, and prayed for the aid of the Great Physician, the Spirit of the Lord to rest upon and accompany his humble servant in the mission he was about to undertake. Soon upon their way, with his consecrated oil in his pocket, Uncle Roger walked with such energy, that his more feeble partner found it difficult to keep pace with him, though she leaned upon him.

They reached the house, and were ushered into the presence of the suffering boy, whose anxious glance told his thought, which Mr. Bentley put into words for him by enquiring of Uncle Roger, "Are the Elders coming?"

Meekly but confidently then replied the good old man: "There is no Elder in this branch of the church but your humble gardener—I have come, and if desired I will do what the Lord commands, leaving the result with him. The God who heard the fishermen and the tentmaker, will hear the gardener."

The occupants of the room exchanged surprised looks; for they had not thought so humble a person, upright as they knew him to be, would be the administrator in so sacred a rite. Yet their surprise was not unmixed with joy; for their gardener was worthy. The tears filled Mr. Bentley's eyes as he replied, "Forgive me, good Uncle Roger, I am satisfied, but I had not thought you would be the one to administer."

Richard smiled a smile of holy joy, and the mother, remembering her three little ones whose bodies reposed under the sod on the hill-side, and seeing her only—her darling boy apparently about to be snatched from her, her husband's humble gardener come to pray for his recovery, wept tears of mingled hope and despair. She added:—"Oh, Uncle Roger, if the prayer of faith can save my boy, God knows how much confidence I have in your offering that prayer. Pity my bleeding heart, and intercede with the God whom you told us raised you, your daughter and son to health, to give us the life of our son—our only son. Three are already gone—the fourth you see, pallid and suffering—Oh! my God, spare my boy!"

Tears coursed down the faces of the listeners as well as the speaker—and a silence almost like death ensued, broken only by half-suppressed sobs, until Uncle Roger, advancing to the bedside, spoke to Richard, "Can I do any thing for you?"

All listened for the answer, and as they heard immediately the faint whisper, "Yes—pray for me," they wondered what would be the result.

Requesting all to kneel, Uncle Roger then

breathed forth such a prayer as none present had ever heard before—as none have heard save those who have listened to a prayer of faith given in the Spirit. When he arose there was such a calm, confiding look upon his countenance, that Aunt Mary at once concluded God had given to him a testimony; and when he advanced to pour on the holy oil and pray over the boy, her prayer of faith arose with his like commingling incense to the throne. The spectators listened; the hearts of the parents alternated between hope and fear; but the good old man and his wife were firm and confident. He took off his hands—the parents looked upon their boy; he was sound asleep.

Uncle Roger then turned to the parents and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Bentley, your son will live and glorify God. He sleeps soundly now—when he awakes, he will be well. I hope to see you with us to-morrow at meeting to praise the Lord for his abundant mercy to you and yours, and I hope moreover to see Richard there too.

"If your prophecy come to pass, and there is any one to stay with Richard on whom we can depend, Uncle Roger, one or both of us will be there; but it will be impossible for Richard to come."

"Many things are impossible with men, Mr. Bentley, but with God nothing good is impossible." H. HOPEFUL.

Children's Column.

Bro. Joseph:

I hope that you will please let me have a place to improve what little talent I have, in the *Hope*. I cannot preach, but I hope to do some one some good.

I AM A LITTLE MORMON GIRL.

O, yes! I am a Mormon girl,
And glory in the name;
And boast it with a better grace
Than glittering wealth or fame.
I envy not the worldly girl
Her robe of beauty fair;
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck,
And rich pearls deck her hair.

We've sent our brave and faithful men
Armed with the Spirit's sword,
And we will lend a helping hand
To spread the work of God.
No more on worldly pleasures bent,
We ask no miser's hoard;
The Mormon girl will be content
With joy to praise the Lord.

Yours in the Lord, CORA CORNEL.

[From the T. L. D. S. Herald of September 15th.]
SAN BERNARDINO, California.

Bro. Joseph Smith:

After a lapse of years, we have succeeded in organizing a Sunday school. We organized on July 3d, with A. Whitlock, superintendent; Clarissa A. Smith, assistant superintendent; E. Ames, J. Morse and S. Mee, teachers; and H. Goodcell jr., recorder. Opened with forty-six pupils, and now have seventy-one enrolled. We have a good average attendance, and the pupils take a great deal of interest in the school. I think it probable that we will send for cards soon. We have raised \$27,60 towards procuring books for the school, and I think considerable more will yet be raised. We wish to get everything in readiness to open the school next year under favorable auspices. As an instance of the interest felt in the school, I will remark that one of the pupils, a little boy, (brother), named Henry Worley, aged about eleven years, recited on July 17th, thirty-seven verses; on July 24th, 146; and on July 31st, 137, making 320 verses. Many others are doing very well. School is held from 9 to 10 a. m., and church services commence at 10½ a. m.

HENRY GOODCELL, jr.

STEWARTSVILLE, Missouri, Aug., 1870.

Dear Uncles:

I am always glad when the *Hope* comes. I like to read the letters of my young brothers and sisters. I was baptized January 13, 1867. I have not been as good a boy as I ought to have been, but I will try and do better in the future. I hope my young brothers will pray for me. I will try and be a better boy and work for father while he preaches the gospel.

WM. D. SUMMERFIELD.

LEXINGTON, August 24, 1870.

Dear Uncle Mark:

It has been a good while since I have written a letter or answered any anagrams; but my brother Willie and I are going to try this year to get them all. I have not learned how to get the enigmas yet.

Yours with respect, C. A. CADAMY.

Wayne County, Ill., August 18, 1870.

Dear Uncle Mark:

I thought I would try and answer an anagram in *Zion's Hope* and write a little letter to you, and one to help fill out the *Hope*. Oh! how I do love the *Hope*; it is such a good little paper, and Uncle Mark and Br. Joseph are very good for getting up such a nice little paper for us.

I think sometimes I will be a good girl, but it seems so hard to overcome temptation and govern my temper. I have a desire to do right, and try to as near as I can; but Satan will tempt me sometimes, and make me do wrong. I hope I may some time learn to govern myself; but I know I cannot do it without the help of the Lord. I know he will help and bless me, if I do my duty. I hope all my little brothers and sisters will overcome their faults, so that we may all meet in Zion.

MARY F. HILLIARD.

UNIONBURG, Iowa, July 17, 1870.

Bro. Joseph:

I am glad to see and read the *Hope*; it does me good, and I pray God we may all be blest with his Spirit day by day, and finally be saved in his kingdom.

Yours in Christ,

JOHN C. LELAND.

ANAGRAM No. 27.

Hety fawt su ooenrs 'ero
Hist file's pemsteeuous eas,
Oosn ew llhas aechr het bilssulf horse
Fo lebst eerntny.

YCNAN M. THSUBELAND.

ENIGMAS.

No. 57.—I am composed of 17 letters.

My 14, 15, 6, is used by gardeners.

My 9, 3, 10, 12, is a flower.

My 16, 8, 7, 12, 16, 16, is a city in the United States.

My 10, 11, 4, 15, 13, 5, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.

My 14, 3, 4, 10, 2, is a useful animal.

My 17, 8, 8, 13, is the name after which a chain of mountains in Africa are called.

My 1, 4, 8, 8, 17, is a kind of servant.

My whole is the author of this enigma.

No. 58.—I am composed of 14 letters.

My 14, 11, 5, 8, is a small animal.

My 13, 2, 5, 3, is a species of grain.

My 12, 11, 1, 8, is what we all have.

My 10, 2, 1, 8, is an ancient city.

My 11, 3, 4, is an emblem of industry.

My 8, 7, 4, 1, 5, 3, 6, 2, if the letters are put in their proper places, will show a distinguished Scottish nobleman who was beheaded.

My 9, 10, 11, 3, 13, 14, is a small rivulet.

My whole is the name of the branch to which I belong.

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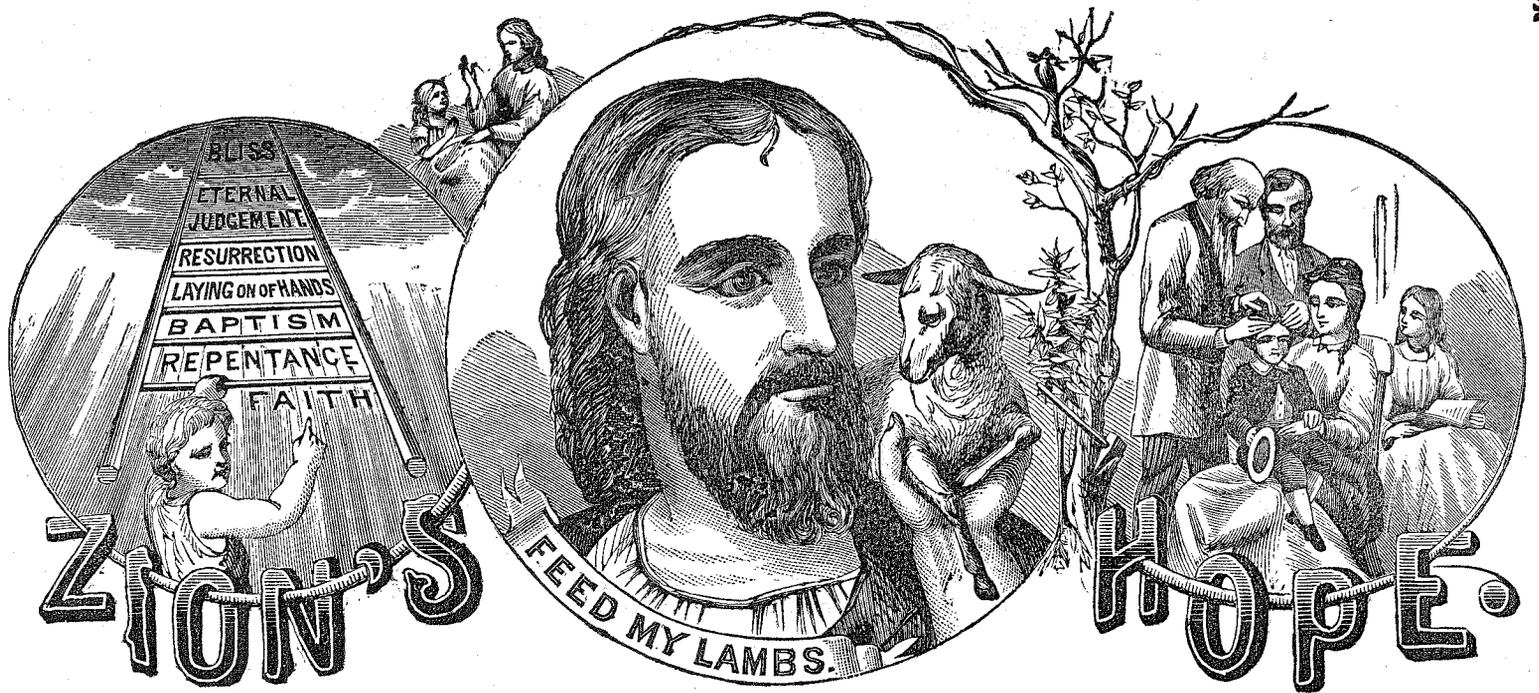
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., NOVEMBER 1, 1870.

No. 9.

NOVEMBER.

THIS is the eleventh month of the year, as we now compute time, after what is called the New Style, or Gregorian mode.

The reason of the present mode being called New Style, is to distinguish it from the Old Style, or Cesarian mode. The latter mode is also called Julian, and was established by Julius Cæsar. By this style the first three of every four years numbered 365 days each, and the fourth year 366 days. In common usage we still follow the old style; hence every fourth year, called Leap Year, we add a day to the year, and make February to consist of 29 days, instead of 28 as in other years. We follow this style because it would be inconvenient to divide our years into their actual length.

By the former, or Roman method of counting time, the month of November was the ninth in the year, as its name indicates—the word November being derived from the Italian and French word *novem*, signifying nine. March was the first month of the Roman year, so that by counting, our little Hopes can easily see that November would be the ninth.

Although winter proper does not commence this month, the weather will be sufficiently cold to convince us that it is approaching rapidly, and our little Hopes will be glad to button their coats and cloaks tightly around them as they go to and from school, and on the errands and about the chores which parents, friends, and employers set them to perform.

The month of November is frequently a very trying one to the constitution. The system has not yet become accustomed to the coldness of the wintry season, and much suffering is consequently experienced.

Readers of the HOPE. Your bright youth is the sunshine period of your lives. Your November will come—I mean by this—you now have the attention of friends, teachers, parents; by and bye, like the flowers that were so beautiful in the summertime, these friends of yours will move to other parts, will die, or will, many of

about you like the spring does. Some of your parents are in their summer, in the very fullness of their strength; some are in their autumn, their strength is already weakening, and they feel that their November is here—summer has passed away from their lives, and their winter is coming; some are already in their winter—their heads are

covered with white or with grey hairs, (some of their heads are perhaps without hair), and they know they will live but a few years at most.

In the spring, nature sends forth the promise of a coming harvest—what are you doing, little ones? Are you so learning and so living, that parents and friends, when they observe your lives, can say, "When their November comes, they will have laid up good deeds and honor and peace for the winter of their lives?" I hope so; if you have not, when you read this, I hope you will commence to do so.

UNCLE MARK.

"THAT'S HOW."

AFTER a great snow-storm a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along.

"By keeping at it," said the boy cheerfully, "that's how!"

This is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or hard it is, but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller until it is done.



NOVEMBER.

them, perhaps, forsake you—are you treasuring up the good of your youth to sustain you when the winter of your experience comes?

Life has its springtime, its summer, its autumn, its winter. You are now in your springtime, and you ought to try and make everything pleasant

OUR JOURNEY. NO. 6.

WITH the light of morning I opened the window and looked out upon the State of Nevada. The descriptions I had previously received of it, had in some measure prepared my mind for the desolation of desolations which met my view. The white alkali covering the ground in cracked and broken flakes—the barren mountains covered only with the sage brush which covers also the plains—a growth which nature must have formed in her most unhappy, uncongenial mood, on purpose to make the eyes which look upon it close in very weariness and loathing.

No barren desolation is for a moment to be compared to it—a desert in such a scene would be an absolute relief to the sight. I turned away from the window, and until we arrived at “Battle Mountain,” confined my attention to that which was passing within the cars.

Here we took the stage for Austin, some ninety miles distant. The wind was blowing quite briskly, and the alkali dust flying to such an extent that we had to be closely shut up, and then, with all the curtains of the stage down, were completely coated with the gray substance.—When the driver came to the door to see how we were getting along, his face was completely hid and his eyes seemed as though he was looking out of a mask. You will think little friends that this is no charming picture of my future home. May-be I thought so too.

After passing the night in the stage, about eight o'clock next morning, we came in sight of Austin, a town of some three or four thousand inhabitants, perched among and upon the rocks of the Toyabe range of mountains.

When Sister Brand first came to Austin she said it was surely one of the places spoken of by the prophet, where the people should be hunted from the dens and caves of the rocks. They have been found there, thanks to our Heavenly Father and the labors of his faithful servants. The Austin branch now numbers some twenty-five members, and they have a Sunday School also.

But what are these dark looking holes in the sides of the mountains? “Silver mines,” the driver answers to Lucy's question; and these dark holes reveal the secret, how such a desolate country ever came to be inhabited. These mountains are filled with the precious, shining metal, and men dig for it as the most precious thing of earthly good. The Bible speaks of “digging for truth as men dig for hidden treasure,” and if you could look into one of these mines you could understand the meaning better than ever before.

Dear little friends, do you think you could give up for the sake of gospel truth, all which the men who come to this country do for the sake of the shining ore hid in the mountains? They leave friends, home, all the comforts of life; undergo all manner of hardships with the hope of gaining it. Some few succeed in getting it, but many fail, and in a strange country drag out their days in poverty and loneliness, having neither treasure in this world, nor in the world to come. Oh! the precious instruction of the word of God to those who have wisdom, “Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth.” But while we have

not these earthly treasures, it is our duty to be diligent and industrious, and if we are, we may have means to spread the gospel and help such as need help. In a future letter I hope to describe to you a silver-mine—the process of getting the silver, &c., but you all know the means of obtaining that treasure which cannot be corrupted, and God grant each one of you may seek and find.

We remained in Austin but two or three hours, and not knowing the name of any of the saints there, could not call on them. I regretted this, but hope the pleasure is only deferred for no distant day. I do hope to visit the Sunday school there, and form the acquaintance of its teachers and scholars.

We are now on the move again, and this time our destination is Blue Spring Rancho. We climb the mountains for about five miles—then descend some seven, and find ourselves in Smoky Valley. My sheet is full, and I will tell you of the valley in my next. FRANCES.

[Continued from page 26.]

VOICES FROM NATURE.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

BEFORE the arrival of this number of the *Hope*, I expect that many of the little folks will have wondered, time and again, how philosophers came to find out that the air pressed upon us with so great a weight, as taught in the last article on this subject, when we feel no personal inconvenience from it.

These, I expect, were the reasonings of the people about two hundred years ago, when a man in Germany, by the name of Otto Guericke, invented the instrument called the air-pump, which he used in drawing the air out of hollow vessels, and informed them of the wonderful discovery he had made, and asserted that the air was a material body possessed of weight.

We can almost imagine the anxiety of those who lived at that time to know how he came to so absurd a conclusion, as they no doubt imagined it to be; but judge of their surprise when he at last concluded to give a public exhibition of its great power in the city of Magdeburg, where he then resided. On the day appointed, a great multitude of people assembled, and among the rest, no less a person than the Emperor of Germany, to see the great scientific wonder. Two hollow, brass hemispheres were produced, which, when placed together, formed a large sphere or ball. On one side of this was a stop-cock, such as you have all seen in barrels to empty them of their contents. Here he placed his air-pump, after putting the two halves together, and pumped the air from between them, the effects of which was soon seen in their becoming as fast and solid as if they had been moulded together when taken from the furnace. This was occasioned by the immense pressure of air on the outside; none being in the inside to act against it. Thirty horses were next fastened to it, fifteen to a side; but they were unable to separate the two halves, though nothing held them together save the external pressure of air. No sooner however was

air admitted into them, than they fell apart by their own weight. Thus the pressure of the atmosphere became a demonstrated fact.

I will now relate a few examples wherein the pressure of air is perceptible, and which, perhaps, some of you have been perplexed to account for, and in which you will see the ingenuity of man in bringing this law of nature to his assistance. I have no doubt but you have all seen a pump, and used it in drawing water out of wells or cisterns; and, perhaps, some of the most studious have wondered how this came about, as they noticed the water rise and pour out of the spout when they raised and lowered the pump-handle, especially so when the rod which went down the pipe, called the piston-rod, was only three or four feet long, while the water was perhaps twenty or thirty feet down from it. This is caused by the pressure of air upon the water, forcing it up as the piston sucks all the air out from above it in the pipe; and forms a vacuum or space, emptied of air. The whole weight of the atmosphere then presses below, and presses the water upwards in the same way as if you should place a large round stone, with a hole in the middle of it, into a barrel of water, having the sides of the stone fit close to the sides of the barrel; as its pressure downward would cause a column of water to rise upward through the hole in the stone, so the atmosphere forces the water upwards through the pipe, in which there is now no air to stop its progress. Hence it passes through the valve, or little gate-like contrivance on the piston, which in its turn forces it through the spout.

Previous to the time of the discovery that air had weight, as demonstrated in the experiment of the Magdeburg hemispheres, philosophers gave as a reason for water rising to fill the pipe when the air was extracted, that nature abhorred or hated a vacuum, and hence filled it with whatever came handy for that purpose. This, however, is not the case; for should the atmospheric pressure be removed from the surface of the water, and a vacuum placed over it, we could not induce the water to rise.

The height at which water ceases to rise is about thirty-three feet, hence when Galileo, the Italian philosopher, was present upon one occasion at the putting in of a town pump in Florence, the pipe of which exceeded this length, when asked the reason why the water would not rise, answered, “Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum ceases at that height.” EGO.

“IF WE ONLY KNEW.”

IF we only knew when round our pathway of life the summer sunshine lingered so lovingly, that somewhere, close beside and almost within our reach, lay a pearl of wondrous whiteness, how often would we pause and look carefully around, lest our next step should trample this beautiful jewel in the ground. Thus it is through life.

Often when hearts have been bleeding from some fancied sleight, or seemingly harsh word from a dear friend whom they have known and loved since childhood, but to whom they are too proud to confess, could one kind word have lifted

the cloud that lay across their hearts, "if they only knew," how quickly would we hasten to bind up the wound caused by our carelessness.

If we could only know what forms around us were fainting for the cooling shade we should bring,—if we could only know what lips were parching for the water we could bring, how quickly we would hasten with eager footsteps; how we would work with willing hearts, and with hands bringing cups of cooling water, to hold to the parched lips; tenderly, softly, bathing the burning brow, imparting new strength and hope to the fainting heart by our cheering words and kindly acts, what a world of suffering we might save, "if we only knew it."

But how are we to know it? Go to work and find it out. Ah! there is the true secret of it.

Little readers of *Zion's Hope!* have you ever thought of this? Have you ever thought that while you were enjoying good health, some other little ones, perhaps near your own door, are lying on beds of pain and anguish, and whom you can greatly comfort and ease for a time of their pain? Do not think, little readers of the *Hope*, that you are too small to do any good. If you could do nothing but offer them a cup of cold water, or speak kindly and cheerfully to them, you cannot tell how much good it would do them.

"If we only knew" when friends were pressing round us to say "good bye," which one of those loved forms and faces would be the first to lie beneath the daisies, which one of those loved voices would first be silenced in death, how we would clasp our arms around them, as though we would shield from every unseen danger.

"If we only knew!" And do we ever care to know whether there are weeds growing in our neighbors gardens or not? Do we ever care to know how much trouble or sorrow rest on the heart of our neighbor? Do we ever try to lighten his burdens?

Ah! my dear little readers, take care lest when we shall stand before the Lord in that great day, he shall say, "Depart from me, thou careless child, I never knew thee."

May the Lord bless you, my dear children, and help you to obey his commands, to "love one another." May he help you to grow up good and wise men and women, ever overcoming evil with good, bearing one another's burdens.

If you do not know, may he help you to find out wherein your duty lies. Take Christ for your pattern, my dear children, and I know God will bless you in all your endeavors to do right.

LIBBIE.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

NO many of the readers of the *Hope*, especially those who live in towns and cities, and particularly the girls, this picture may appear uninteresting, but to the writer it is not so, perhaps from the fact that it brings to his remembrance by-gone days.

Here we have an illustration of a man ploughing. Our conclusion is that it is in the fall of the year. Our reasons for so thinking are these: it must be on a cloudy day because none of the objects in the picture cast any shadow; it must

also be a cold day, for the lad sitting here is provided with warm looking boots, and boys generally prefer going bare-foot in the fields in warm weather. Notice further, the man is clad in a great coat, which is indeed comfortable on cold days but just the opposite to a person engaged as he is, in warm weather.

Now I think I hear some of the Hopes say, "Have we not cloudy, chilly days in the spring, and do not men plough then?" Yes, my dear readers; we do have just such days in spring.—But look again at the cut and you will observe that the lad is sitting on the ground, which proves that the earth is comparatively dry, which is not generally the case on a cold cloudy day in the spring. Notice further the shrub to the left of this man; see the limbs and small twigs at the



top quite stripped of all their foliage, and now tell me if you do not think that it is fall?

Men plough in our country in all seasons except in winter. They plough, expecting to reap in harvest-time.

Only think how much depends upon the industry of the husbandman. Without him we could not have wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, potatoes, nor any other vegetables. And as cattle, horses, sheep and pigs live, to a great extent, on grain and cultivated grasses, we would be compelled to dispense with them too, were it not for the farmers' forethought and care.

And yet we have seen little girls and boys, and even grown people, who live in towns and cities, look scornfully at the honest farmer and his family when they came to market, simply because they were not so well dressed. Did I say so well dressed? I had rather said, so fashionably dressed; for country people generally wear just what they require to make them comfortable, while towns people frequently forego comfort in clothing for the sake of show.

We trust that none of the Hopes will ever be so thoughtless as to injure the feelings of their good country friends; but remember that commonly they are kind people, willing to help all who are in want.

Jesus once said, "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom." He meant the gospel plough—such an one as you all may learn to hold. And remember, dear little readers, you can only be fitted for that glorious kingdom by learning to hold this plough.

I am pleased to learn through the *Hope* that so many of its youthful readers and correspondents have commenced in the service of the Great Husbandman, and I trust that many thousands more will swell your number. Now for the first time, let me exhort you to diligence in your Master's service, in the spring-time of life, which will prepare you for usefulness in after years, and if faithful until death, you shall reap a glorious harvest, even Life Eternal.

W.

TOBACCO.

SAY, Barney, give me a chew. I hain't got more'n half a one. Don't be mean with a fellow, give me a chew that is a chew."

These words of pathetic pleading fell on my ears, one morning, as I walked along the city street. They were spoken in a sharp, querulous, childish voice, and, looking around, I saw two little boys disputing over a discarded cud of chewing tobacco.

Neither of these boys had seen a dozen years; their clothes were ragged and forlorn; their heads were hopelessly snarled, and their little, old faces smeared with dirt. But through all the dirt, I could see a certain smirk of satisfaction on Barney's expressive countenance as he bolted the largest part of the cud into his favorite cheek, and winked with the opposite eye; and the eager, hungry, hopeless look of the other boy, as he saw the sweet morsel disappear, was pitiful to see.

Wretched little slaves! It was bad enough to be poor, and ragged, and dirty, and uncared for,—but to be bound body and soul by an appetite for tobacco, was worse than all. Any one, with energy and health, can overcome the evils of poverty; but an appetite for tobacco, once formed, is almost impossible to master.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Smith; your husband is not at home this afternoon?" asked a polished city clergyman, one Sunday afternoon, as he entered a neighbor's house. "I am sorry for it," he went on, "for I am afraid you will think my errand an absurd one; in fact, no one but an old smoker will understand my dilemma; but the truth is, I am out of tobacco, and I cannot get through the day without it; at least it is pretty hard work to do it, and I have come over here for a cigar."

The clergyman laughed here a good-natured, but half-embarrassed laugh, and merry, little Mrs. Smith joined heartily in it, and hastened to replenish the ministerial tobacco pouch. Then with a few words of thanks, a few kind inquiries, and a Sir-Charles Grandison-bow, the gentleman was gone.

A handsome man was he. Tall, broad of shoulders, strong and graceful of limb; a man of

all social grace and culture. A talented and learned man, people said a christian man too, by the grace of God. But a slave. A handsome, talented, gentlemanly christian, a slave to the tyrant tobacco.

This gentleman had a high regard for appearances. It went against his scruples to borrow tobacco on Sunday; but he was in a desperate state. He could not rest from the fatigue and exhaustion of the morning service, nor get strength and stimulus for the evening exercise, without his charmer.

Perhaps you do not think these two are parallel cases; the "gim me a chaw," of the little ragamuffin, and the pleasant, neighborly request of the gentleman. I think they are. However widely separated these two were by birth and education, they were under the dominion of the same master. I have mentioned the two incidents in connection, because they both fell under my own observation; and because, to me, they were strong illustrations of the slavery of those who are addicted to the use of tobacco.

A man to whom it has become a necessity, is a servant, and tobacco is his master. He sacrifices to this tyrant, money, time, energy, cleanliness, and health. Without its stimulus, he is nervous, cross, hateful, utterly unstrung, and incapable of controlling temper or mind.

I cannot deny that this is a popular servitude; millions are serving in its ranks to-day, from the miserable ragamuffin, who picks up cigar stumps and second-hand chewing cuds, upwards.

I don't deny that a man may be a great man, a good man, and a christian and use tobacco; but I am certain he would be a greater man, a better man, and a more Christ-like christian, without it than with it.

The Bible says that "he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." According to that, I suppose, if a general would conquer his appetite for tobacco, he would have a harder fight, and a greater conquest, than ever he had over the rebel hosts. Boys sometimes get a notion into their heads that it is a manly thing to chew and smoke. You never made a greater mistake in your life. To be under the dominion of any appetite, is a most unmanly and degrading thing.

And, boys, I beseech you, keep out of the ranks of tobacco lovers. No matter if some cadaverous, bear-eyed devotee of the weed, whose hand trembles so he cant lift a tumbler of water, does tell you smoking and chewing never hurt him and won't hurt you. Don't believe him. It is not true. You have strong, healthy, unprisoned blood in your veins. You need no stimulus but healthy food and pure drink, pure air, cold water, and hard work. What you and every human soul needs for the battle of life, is the full control of all the forces of your nature, moral, intellectual and physical. You can never get this if you give yourself up to the use of any narcotic. No man attains the highest manhood he is capable of, until he masters himself, and can say to every appetite or desire of mind or body, "Stand aside, I would not be governed by you. I am master here." A lover of tobacco can never do this.—*Little Corporal.*

He is a learned man who understands one subject, a very learned man who understands two.

Original Poetry.

Children should be kind and meek,
In friendly circles, school, or play,
Humbly bow at Jesus' feet
To keep them in the narrow way.

Scorn th' reproach of worldly pride,
That deadly wounds the soul within,
No fault nor blame by falsehood hide,
But stop and think it is a sin.

Think how Ananias to Peter came,
Garbed in the mantle of deceit,
With heart so full of guilt and shame,
Fell cold and lifeless at his feet.

Not many hours had fled by
When Sapphira too the truth concealed,
But from the wise all-seeing eye,
The Holy Ghost in power revealed.

She quickly lay beneath the sod,
To await the great and judgment day,
When all must answer to their God;
Ah then, be truthful, watch and pray.
C. ACKERLY.

Children's Column.

MANTENO, Shelby Co., Iowa, Sep. 18, 1870.

Dear Uncles Mark and Joseph:

I now write to tell you how much I thank you for giving me that beautiful prize; I have read it through, and I find that it contains a great deal of valuable reading. I like *Zion's Hope* very much. It contains a great deal of good reading for us children, and the letters that my little brothers and sisters write, I like best of all. I have not written any to the *Hope* since the new volume commenced, so I thought I would write again. I like to read about the Sunday Schools, and I wish that we could have a Sunday School here but we cannot. We got one up here twice but they did not last long. I went every Sunday as long as they lasted. H. O. SMITH.

LOWER LAKE, Cal., Aug. 21, 1870.

Dear Uncles Mark and Joseph:

I love *Zion's Hope*. I was baptized and confirmed into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints by Elder E. Banta, when I was ten years old; I am now twelve. I love to read the letters from my dear little brothers and sisters. May the Lord bless us, and let us all meet in one blessed band in Zion. May *Zion's Hope* help to bring the world from darkness to light. HESTER E. COBB.

ISLAND BRANCH, Humboldt Co., Cal.,
Aug. 21, 1870.

Dear Editors of the *Hope*:

Feeling that I have an interest in the great work of the last days, and also in the prosperity of our dear *Hope*; I will try to put in my little mite, that the little readers of the paper may not think that I am altogether idle. Last March I started from String Prairie, Iowa, to come to California, in company with the rest of my father's family, which consisted of eight persons. When we arrived here, on Eel River Island, there were but very few saints, but we had little prayer meetings at first, and as soon as the roads became settled, we started a Sabbath school, and now we have a little branch organized of eight members, and a good prospect of more soon. Our Sabbath school is still in progress, although the people do not seem to take a great deal of interest, yet we hope and pray that good may come of the little effort we are trying to make. I am teaching the district school, and although none of the children are saints, ten have subscribed to take the *Hope*, and I want all the little readers that have an interest at the throne of grace to pray for the cause of Zion in this place; for I believe "the prayer of the righteous availeth much." Your sister in Christ. ELLA ROBINSON.

WEBSTER CITY, Hamilton Co., Iowa,
September 3, 1870.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

I have read some in your excellent paper of late, and am well pleased with it. I like to see the little children take an interest in writing articles for the columns of the *Hope*, and trying to do good.

Dear little children, mind your parents; if they tell you to do anything, do not say "I don't want to," and begin to pout or cry; for the Bible says, "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." I beg you to take heed to the above command, for it was given by the Lord of Hosts, before whom none but the righteous can stand, and who will punish all who dare disobey his holy commands. You do not honor your fathers and mothers when you say, "I shant'" or "I wont." Never use these words to them, but go immediately and do their bidding. Never refuse, or say, "Let some one else do it," or you cannot claim the blessing that the Lord has promised to those who obey their parents. Your friend. A. CALKINS.

CRAWFORD, Iowa, September 28, 1870.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

I am trying to be better than I have been. I love to read the childrens' column. We have a very nice Sunday school here; the scholars recite verses every Sunday. I love to go to Sunday school. HARRISON RUDD.

ANAGRAM No. 28.

Setr siton tigtiqu
Stih syub ecaerr;
Etrs iseth tigtifn
Fo lsef ot snoes respheh.

'Ist eht srobok' itonom,
Erlac hutowit ierfst,
Efelgni ot ceoan
Fatre tis file.

'Sti voigln nda vigresn
Eht ghitesh dan thse;
'Ist downna, sungwreven,—
Dan stih si etur srte.

TEHOEG.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE NO. 6.

The Roman Cross 'tis plain to see,
One-fourth removed will make a T;
A circle full would make an O,
As true as oaks from acorns grow;
Two half circles come in order next,
And to an upright B annexed;
A triangle standing on its feet,
An A will make perfect, complete,
One fourth of two circles taken away,
Would make CC as plain as day,
A circle then as all do know,
Will make a plain and hooplike O;
TOBACCO is the thing I ween,
That oft in mouths of saints is seen.

T. W. S.

Answered by twelve correspondents, one of whom is Br. T. W. Smith, who is a friend to the children, and he has given the answer in verse, as above, for which in behalf of the children we return him thanks.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 24.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Answered by twenty correspondents.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 54.

Coriantumr, Bethlehem, Morianton, Nephites, Gentiles, Cornelius, Acts, "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."

Answered by NONE.

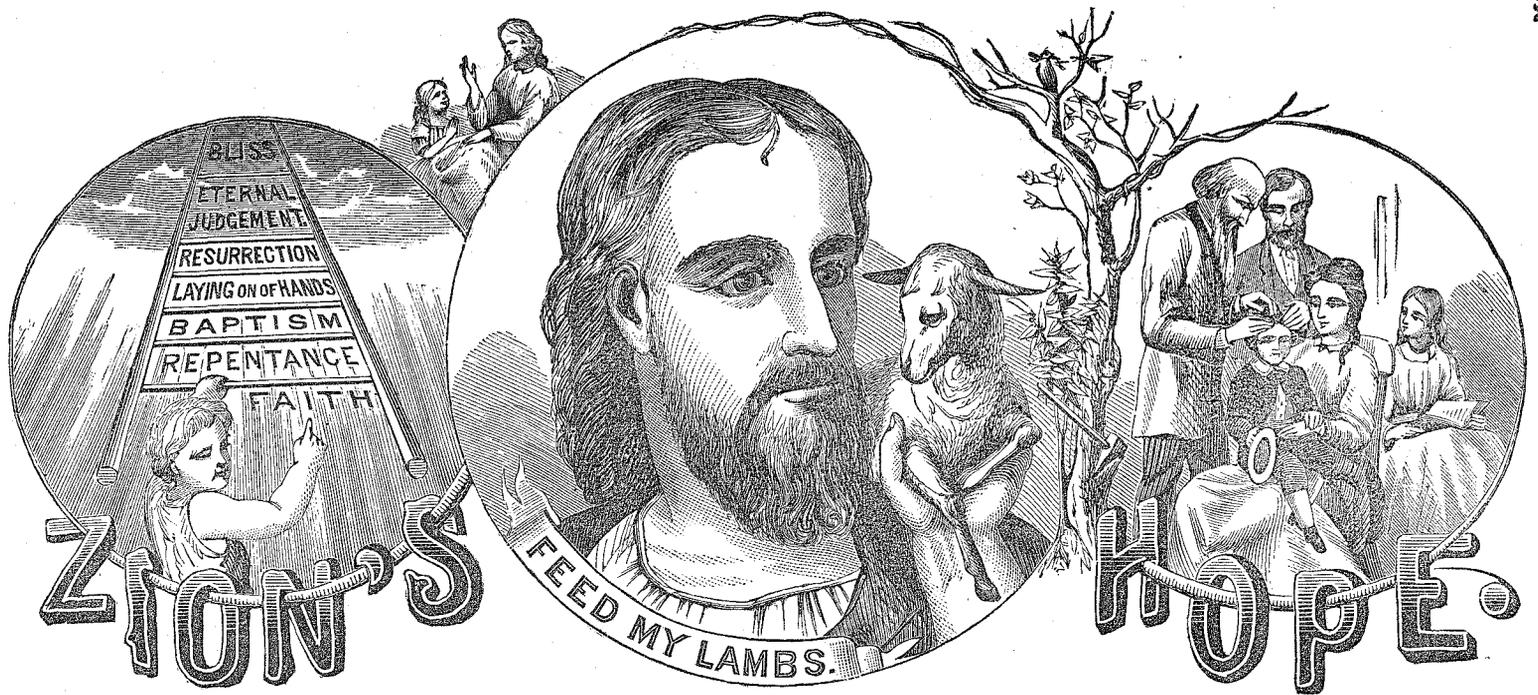
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., NOVEMBER 15, 1870.

No. 10.

DIALOGUE ON NOVEMBER.

May.
 "Oh, my kind mother dear,
 What's the time of the year?
 For the frost lies white o'er the plain:
 There's a sound in the air,
 As if winter were there,
 And the leaves are all fallen again."

Mother.
 "'Tis November, my dear,
 And the close of the year
 Is rapidly nearing us now;
 And the frost that you see
 Is admonishing me
 Of the fast whitening locks on my brow."

May.
 "What I wanted to know,
 By my teasing you so,
 Is the number that this month bears;
 I remember that Jane
 As we went down the lane
 Said the months were all numbered like
 pears."

Mother.
 "The eleventh, my child,
 But your nonsense so wild
 Has bewildered my head just a bit,
 Just a minute ago
 You were pest'ring me so,
 Because your doll's dress would't fit."

May.
 "Mother get by the light,
 For the dark hurts my sight,
 And I'll smooth all the wrinkles away,"
 And the little girl's hand,
 With its touch, soft and bland,
 Tried to lift up the clouds of to-day.

Mother.
 "Little may, list to me,
 If you can quiet be,
 Of this month I'll tell you all I know;
 Cold is the day and dun;
 The storm-clouds o'er the sun,
 Tell the coming of the sleet and snow.
 "The forest trees are bare,
 Excepting here and there
 Where the frost and wind have not come,
 Where golden-rod has blown,
 Where fire-flies light has shone,
 There is not heard e'en a cricket's hum.
 "Down by the little brook
 Where you played with your book,
 The grasses are sedgy and dead;



And the song of the bird
 Now no longer is heard,
 For the birds to the far South have fled.
 "Close the doors, build the fire,
 Let the flames circle higher,
 The dull days of November are here;
 Thresh from the harvest wain,
 The heads of golden grain,
 That good bread may be had for our cheer.
 "From 'novem' the name comes;
 How dreary the wind hums;
 And see the sleet's now falling fast;
 From the ninth it was changed,
 The eleventh now ranged,
 Why! the little girl's sleeping at last."
May.
 "No; kind mother, I hear
 What you say to me here,
 Though I wandered with bees half-asleep,
 In dreams gath'ring flowers,
 In the bright golden hours,
 Where the sunshine lay heavy and deep."
Mother.
 "One thing more, May, I tell,

Please remember it well,
 That if asked you can tell it as true;
 Uncle Joseph was born
 On the sixth, in the morn,
 Of November, the year, thirty-two."

Little May's eyes were closed,
 The fact is she just dozed,
 For the day was chilly and dark;
 And the rays of the fire,
 As the flames flickered higher,
 Warmed the heart of the child with their
 spark.

Hearken how the wind sighs,
 Why it gives me the blues,
 To think how the summer is past;
 Ah! November is here,
 Ah! November is drear,
 And the winter is coming at last!

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

The following article which was awarded the prize of a Hymn Book offered by Br. John Scott for the best article on this subject should have been published in the HOPE for July 15th; but was mislaid and found as we were completing the last number of the HOPE.

Daniel F. Lambert has written the second best article on this subject, and ZION'S HOPE awards him a "Voice of Warning."

Eveline Allen, the little authoress of the following article, is entitled to a Hymn Book, which will be sent her when issued.

CHILDREN'S BAPTISM.

WHY should the children of the saints be baptized at the age of eight years? Their parents being saints, they are most likely to have been brought up in the church; and at the age of eight years will be able to understand the principle of baptism, and the principles of the church. If they are baptized early, as they grow older, religion will seem both a pleasure, and necessary to their existence.

It will be easier for a child to forsake bad company and bad habits, than for older persons who have never known the laws of God's house, and have to begin to do so in their old age; the

former having their parents when they are young to help them to carry out their desires to do right.

There is one difficulty, however, which children will encounter, that is at school; but there is a way to remedy this, and that is by returning good for evil, like the "mormon boy" did as represented in one of our Sunday school papers; he or she may turn out conqueror in the end, by converting some of the children to the word of God; by kind treatment, helping them in trouble; and when they scoff at you and call you a coward because you will not do what you know is wrong, by paying no attention to them; even this therefore is not really a trouble, but will prove a glory in the end. They may also be able to convert older people, as older persons in general would rather listen to a little child than to an older person.

Therefore it is necessary for the children of the saints to be baptized at the age of eight years.

EVELINE ALLEN.

OUR JOURNEY. NO. 7.

SMOKY Valley.—We were just at the entrance to this valley when I closed my last letter, and from the fact that for some years it was to be our home, you may believe that I looked upon it with interest, and was pleased to mark the contrast between the valley and the desolate, barren wilderness through which we had passed. This valley is about one hundred miles in length, and varies in width from seven to twenty miles. It is enclosed by the Toyaba range of mountains upon the west, and the Monitor Valley range upon the east side. As we passed along, we found the road ever and anon crossed by clear mountain streams, whose rippling waters seemed singing hymns of praise to him who made both mountain and valley and gave to the sea its bounds. Springs—clear and pure—abound in the valley, springing up in gushing coolness, and marking the course their waters flow by the verdure along their way. But for these mountain-streams and valley springs, we should have a desert here, cheerless and forbidding to the sight as the one before passed over. May you, my little friends, each one of you, prove in this sin-blighted world, pure and useful as a mountain stream. The farmers in the valley use the water of these streams to irrigate their meadows and gardens, and it would be a curious sight to you, I have no doubt, to go into a garden here and see the water running along between every row of potatoes, or every bed of peas and beans, and yet these little brooks ripple along in the sun-light, things of beauty, and giving fertility to the soil over which they pass.

When we came here first, the meadows which now shimmer in the sun-light, tinged with various hues from soft green to russet brown and shades of red, were bright with emerald tints of early spring. The atmosphere at the mountain's base, and often all over the valley, holds the haze peculiar to our "Indian summer" days, and from this fact, the valley has received its name, "Smoky." There is a peculiar purity and clearness in the atmosphere, notwithstanding

the haze, which proves very deceptive to one not accustomed to it, in estimating distances seen through its light. If you, my little friends, were here, I venture you would think as I did, that it was surely not over two miles across the valley—whereas it is twenty; and you would say it was but a few moments' walk to the foot of the mountains, yet they are some four or five miles from the farm.

As I look out now, while writing this, at their snow-capped summits, if I had not been told that it would take two days' travel, at least, to reach them, I would say they might be gained in as many hours. How many things we find in nature—silent teacher—showing us our unfitness to judge of that with which we are unacquainted. Learn this one lesson in youth, and do not forget it in age. It will save you many mistakes in life and much unavailing regret. It is embodied in the words of St. Paul.

"Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good."

Ah! what is this? A storm upon the mountains. Hear the crash of the thunder, and see the lightnings play. How the clouds envelope the high peaks as with a mantle, and shake their misty folds lower and yet lower down towards the valley. The air comes down cool and damp, but the storm will not reach us. Anon the cloud seems to have discharged all its pearly drops, and now a lighter one hangs above the mountain summit and spreads over its side. This reaches the valley, and in smiling, sunny June, we see the pure flakes of snow falling to the ground. This cloud will leave the mountains in their bridal robes, but they will melt away in to-morrow's sunshine, and their rough sides and rocky summits will look down upon us as calmly as though storms never visited them. How like unto life I have said, time and again, while watching these storms, as they come down enveloping one or two peaks of the mountain, while the rest perhaps are bathed in a full flood of sunlight, and the valley smiles in tranquility beneath the very wing of the tempest. We see it thus in the lives of those by whom we are surrounded—in our own lives time and again, and perhaps we ask the question, "Why is it thus?" Let us learn from nature another lesson, and impress it upon our souls.

The cloud hovers for a time—then removes, and soon upon the mountain sides are seen beautiful tints of green, where before all was dark, brown and sombre. Verdure is springing up, and the herdsman as he sees the storm, smiles at the prospect of abundant herbage for his flocks and herds. He will not look for it, where the storm has not been. There will be but barrenness and withered leaves. Let the storms of life come then, if we accept them as we should, we will be all the richer in the harvest time; and when the Master comes seeking fruit, He will find it.

FRANCES.

THE whole art of conversation is not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong things at the most tempting moment.

INDUSTRY prevents vice.

OBEEDIENCE.

CHILDREN obey your parents is a scriptural command. Do you always obey your parents and guardians promptly and readily? A habit of prompt obedience is the best trait of character a child can possess. An incident recorded in a newspaper, showing the result of ready obedience, and what otherwise might have been the consequence, came under my notice.

A man was working near the railway; his little son was playing on the track. The child was so busily engaged at play that he did not hear the approach of a train of cars that was bearing swiftly down upon him. His father looked up and saw and comprehended the danger; he saw also that his boy had not time to climb down from the track to a place of safety before the ponderous iron wheels would be upon him and crush him beneath their irresistible weight and force.

"Lie down, my boy, lie down!" shouted the father, and the child threw himself instantly down between the rails, and the heavy train of cars passed over him without doing him the slightest harm.

He did not look around and question, "What for, papa?" or reply, "Yes in a minute!" but he obeyed at the word, without question or delay. Had he delayed a minute, he would have paid the penalty with his life. He was accustomed to prompt obedience, and see what it brought him!

Now little ones, try to cultivate a habit of obedience. Obey at the word. Don't wait till you forget all about it, or hear a repetition of the request. Now is the very best time to do as you are bid.

I know parents are partially at fault if their children are not perfectly obedient. *They should require strict, prompt and unquestioning obedience.* They should punish every slight disobedience, and thus, by practice as well as precept, ingraft true obedience into the hearts and minds of their children. If they are indulgent to you, and pass over a slight disobedience, it is through their tender compassionate love for you. Because your friends are over-indulgent, you should not take advantage of their kindness, (if kindness it can be called), and be disobedient or neglectful of your duty toward them.

This is just the way you little folks are spoiled. I know little boys and girls to whom God has given a goodly supply of intellect; that is, they are smart and intelligent, even pretty and lively, and they would be altogether lovely if they did not lack this great qualification, prompt obedience to, and reverence of those older and wiser than themselves. They have received good instruction from their parents; but they do not always profit by it. They are boisterous and noisy in company, go strutting around with an air of importance, and sit down in a door-way, or in the center of a room in the way of those passing in and out, and if one chances to brush them as they pass, cry out in an angry tone of command, "quit that!" "go away from me!"

They are peevish and saucy at table wherever they chance to be. "I don't want that nasty stuff!" "T aint fit to eat!" and such remarks,

when the food is well cooked and of good quality.

If they wish anything, and their parents do not at once gratify their wishes, they will call "you are ugly! you are a mean old mamma!" and even *strike* their kind mothers. Now children, what *ought* mamma to do with such children?

Then again I know others that are quiet and civil in company; ask in a respectful tone for what they wish to eat; eat like children, and not with a smacking noise like pigs; who if their wishes are not granted immediately, wait quietly without teasing till their parents see fit to serve them, who are obedient, and respectful almost always. If they are not prompt to obey, they are made to be so; small though they are, and young in years some of them, they know they must obey. And they love and reverence their parents more, and find more friends among their acquaintances than those spoiled children I just told you about.

I hope none of you will be offended, nor your dear papas and mammas either; it is only through my love for the little ones I have thus written. I love the children, and especially do I love good children. I want you all to be good; for if you are good, you will make your friends happy; and by making others happy, we gain true happiness ourselves. Jesus loves the sweet, obedient little lambs of his flock; but will punish the disobedient.

PERLA WILD.

[Continued from page 32.]

UNCLE ROGER AND RICHARD.

THE morning of the day on which the saints meet to worship God was ushered in under an almost cloudless sky. The bright sun arose in splendor and cast a halo of light, and a glory typical of the glory of God, upon the earth.

Uncle Roger bowed with his family at the sacred altar, and repeated again a prayer for the health of his beloved "young master Richard," and the conversion of his employer and family, with such depth of feeling that the entire household of the good old man could but, at its close, breathe with increased fervor the response of "Amen,"—a response to which they were accustomed.

The duties of the morning and meal past, the thrifty housewife and daughters were soon ready for the public worship of the day.

A few moments before the time for service, Uncle Roger looked in the direction of his employer's villa, and saw the carriage of the Bentley's driving down to his house. He wondered *who* would come. He knew the tenderness of Mr. Bentley towards his son, and hoped that Richard was inside, brought thus through Mr. Bentley's fear of the walk injuring him; nor was his hope vain.

The carriage soon arrived, and Mr. and Mrs. Bentley and Richard alighted—the latter walking up, and grasping the gardener's rough hand with a warmth that told better than language alone could have done, how much he felt the "God bless you, Uncle Roger," that the boy expressed. Mr. and Mrs. Bentley said little; but the little they said was watered with tears of love. They

thanked Uncle Roger for his attendance on their son, and had come to pay a tribute of thanks to God for His mercy to him, who awoke from the sleep in which Uncle Roger left him, as was promised when the good old man said to them, "He sleeps soundly now—when he awakes, he will be well."

The meeting commenced, and was conducted throughout in a spirit of such true devotion that all felt it was indeed good to be there. Before closing, opportunity was given to any who desired to speak, and Mr. Bentley arose. All eyes were turned towards him, and the most complete silence reigned. His remarks were few, and his testimony powerful; and when he spoke of the mercy of God to his son, every heart beat with



holy joy.

But few were prepared, however, for the offer of himself and family for the service of God which was made, and the announcement was received with solemn surprise.

The time for baptism was appointed, and Uncle Roger had the pleasure of taking his employer, wife and son, into the water, and burying them in the likeness of Christ's death. What a happy day was that for the good old man, and with what feelings of intense satisfaction did the happy little branch over which he presided witness the display of God's power, and the bestowal of his precious gifts, at the sacred confirmation meeting.

Here I leave them; and I am sure that many of our bright-eyed Hopes of Zion will join with me in a prayer for their eternal welfare.

H. HOPEFUL.

LITTLE CLAUDE.

BBELIEVE I promised to tell you, dear little Hopes, about some of the dear little children who have clustered around my pathway in life.

Well, of the few who have been lent to cheer and bless my own home, a little boy named Claude

was the best. He did not stay with us long; he soon left us to dwell with the angels. But I wish to tell you how he lived and how he died, so that you may follow his example.

He was a very handsome boy with light golden hair, and large blue eyes with long lashes. Some would have loved him for his beauty alone; but we loved him most for the beauty of his heart and mind.

Whatever he knew to be right that he could do, he would do fearlessly, and whatever he knew to be wrong he would shun.

But he did not do this in his own strength. Every morning he knelt and asked his Heavenly Father to keep him through the day, and help him to do right, and every evening he knelt and thanked Him for His loving care.

His dear earthly father had been taken from him by death two years before, and his mother had died just before he came to us. But he knew who had promised to be the orphan's friend, and he told all his sorrows in prayer to Jesus.

He was always busy with books, or work, or play; but the thing he loved best to do, was to amuse his little cousin Anna, who was younger than himself, and an invalid. For her he invented a new toy or some amusement each day. Wherever it was pleasantest, there he would place her easy-chair, and then carry her and place her gently in it, and amuse her until she was weary.

I saw them thus one day in the garden; it was the last day they were ever out together. He was making a little boat for her with tiny white sails, and at the same time telling her nice little stories. His cheeks were pink as

roses; here white as the paper of which her little boat sails were made. No one who saw them then thought that the rosy boy would droop and die, and the pale little lily-bud live and bloom; but so it was to be. The little boat was his last work.

In three weeks from that time those busy hands were folded on his lifeless breast, and his short life-work was ended.

But, no; it is not yet ended; for his sweet influence lives to day in this home from which he has been gone so long.

If you would like to know how such a good boy died, Aunt Julia, your friend ever, will tell you in her next.

AUNT JULIA.

DESCRIPTION OF JESUS.

IN a letter to the Senate of Rome, Publius Lentulus, Governor of Judea, gives a description of our Savior which was published by Dr. Wright in his "Life of Christ," which he says was translated from the original manuscript.

He says, "There appeared in these our days, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us; and of the Gentiles is ac-

cepted as a Prophet of truth; but by his own disciples called the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and curath all manner of disease. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely; with a very reverend countenance; such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair is of the color of a filbert, fully ripe and plain almost down to his ears; but from his ears downward, somewhat curled, more orient of color and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head goeth a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is very plain and smooth; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with comely red. His nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended. His beard somewhat thick, agreeing in color to the hair of his head, not of any great length, but forked in the midst, and of an innocent, mature look. His eyes gray, clear, and quick. In reproving he is terrible; and in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken; pleasant in speech, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh; but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, well-shaped and straight. His hands and arms, right delectable to behold. In speaking, very temperate, modest and wise. A man for singular beauty, surpassing the children of men."

P o e t r y .



THE GOLDEN RULE.

"There is many a rose in the road of life,
If we would but stop and take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green, and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though clouds hang low,
And keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky still peeps through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.

There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, so the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.

It may be the love of a little child
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life,
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's work with a ready heart,
And hands that are prompt and willing,

Than to snap the delicate minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder."

—From the *Evergreen* of August, 1870.

Children's Column.

OSBORN, DeKalb County, Mo.,
October 9, 1870.

Br. Joseph; Dear Sir:

I thought I would write a few lines as it has been a long time since I saw you. I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and a reader of *Zion's Hope*, with which I am much delighted. My desire is to serve God and keep his commands. I love to read the letters from my little brothers and sisters. This is my first attempt, I ask an interest in their prayers that I may be saved.
MARY E. BLODGETT.

WHAT I HOPE.

When returns the Shepherd
To gather in his flock.
I hope to be among them
As they stand upon the rock.

To be called pure and holy
And with the angels dwell,
With the saints of God around me,
For I love them, oh! so well.

To see my angel sister
And brother who died here,
I know they went to heaven,
For them I have no fear. U.

DeSoto, Washington Co., Neb., Oct. 5, 1870.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

We have just closed our Sabbath school of four months. We have had a pleasant and interesting school. Miss Ella Tucker, aged ten years, recited in the course of eight Sabbaths, 656 verses; and Miss Lorinda Martin, aged eleven years, in the course of three Sabbaths, recited 269 verses.

We would like to ask through the columns of the *Hope* if any of our little friends of the Sabbath school according to their age and the time given have beat these children. I should like to relate to you all of our last day's proceedings; but permit me to say that all who merited a prize, obtained one. This teaches us, one and all, the lesson if we obtain the great prize, eternal life, and a part in the resurrection of the just, we must truly merit it.

STEPHEN BUTLER, Superintendent.

PRAYER BY F. A. E. REESE.

I do pray thee, O my Father,
And before thee bend my knee,
In the name of loving Jesus,
Him that died on Calvary,

Give thy Spirit to direct me,
Never let me go astray,
Guide my feet in paths of virtue,
In the true and narrow way.

Fill my heart with love and wisdom,
And with knowledge from above;
Make of me a useful servant,
Make me harmless as a dove.

BOYER BRANCH, Iowa, October 10, 1870.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

I have not been baptized yet, but I hope I will be soon. I love the *Hope* and I am delighted when it comes. I believe in the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and I hope to be saved in his kingdom.

MARY S. RUDD.

STOCKTON, September, 1870.

Dear Br. Joseph:

I was baptized when I was ten years old, and I am now thirteen. We have no Sunday school here. I like the *Hope* very much, and I am very anxious to have them come. When I get them I read them through. I have not done my duty as I ought to do, but I pray that my Heavenly Father will forgive me.
REBECCA J. PHILLIPS.

NINE EAGLES, IOWA.

Dear Editors:

I rejoice much when the *Hope* comes to hand, and I read the good stories of Uncle Mark and Perla Wild. We had a very good time the Fourth of July. We had a Sunday school picnic. We have the best Sunday school that I ever went to; and I hope that it will continue. Almost every scholar learns verses. I got a prize for getting the most verses.

Yours truly,

NANCY M. SUTHERLAND.

Gomer Rees, of East Gallatin, writes that he is intending to try and get all the subscribers he can. That is right, Gomer, we need a great many more. We cannot give you as nice pictures as we could if we had more subscribers. A great many have the means, who do not take the *Hope*; if the *Hope* was to be stopped, they would be sorry—we must have more subscribers, or we cannot make it as good as we wish to.

ENIGMAS.

No. 59.—I am composed of eleven letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, is the name of an ancient prophet.
My 5, 9, 10, is a small insect.
My 10, 11, 7, 2, 1, is an article used in the dining room.
My 9, 8, 3, 2, is an article used in building.
My 2, 5, 10, 1, is what school children should never be.
My 2, 5, 9, 1, is something used by the public.
My 6, 8, 10, is worn by gentlemen.
My whole is the name of the elder who baptized me.

No. 60.—I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 9, 1, 11, 3, is the name of a friend.
My 3, 5, 2, 6, was fatal to our Savior.
My 10, 11, 15, 14, 2, was a plague of Egypt.
My 14, 8, 15, 7, is what all Zion's children should be.
My 4, 5, 6, 16, 14, 13, is what we should all seek.
My whole is a determination of Joseph the prophet.

Answer to Scripture Puzzle.—Jeremiah, Enoch, Samuel, Uriah, Seth, Water, Esther, Philippians, Timothy, Jesus Wept.

Answered by one only—Julia M. Powers. The initials of Julia are right, making the final answer to the puzzle, "Jesus Wept," correctly; but she has Joseph instead of Jeremiah, Wolf instead of Water, Elijah instead of Esther.

Answer to Enigma No. 55.—Cat, Hat, Rat, Oak, Rake, Chart, Heart, Earth.

Answered by Julia M. Powers.

Answer to Anagram No. 25.—

Blessed be God!

The measure of His judgments is not fixed
By man's erroneous standard.
Compared with Him,
No man on earth is holy called; they best
Stand in His sight approved who at His feet
Their little crowns of virtue cast, and yield
To Him of His own works the praise, His due.
Answered by Julia M. Powers.

ENIGMAS, ANAGRAMS AND PUZZLES.

Children: Do you wish them continued? Julia M. Powers is the only one who has answered any of these puzzles in the present number. If the children wish these continued, we hope they will be prompt in sending answers; for if they are not, more so than for the present number, we shall certainly stop publishing them.

In our visits around the branches, we find a great number of our readers who solve these enigmas; but do not send the answers. Children, we want your answers; will you send them, or do you wish us to close the puzzle department of the *HOPE*?

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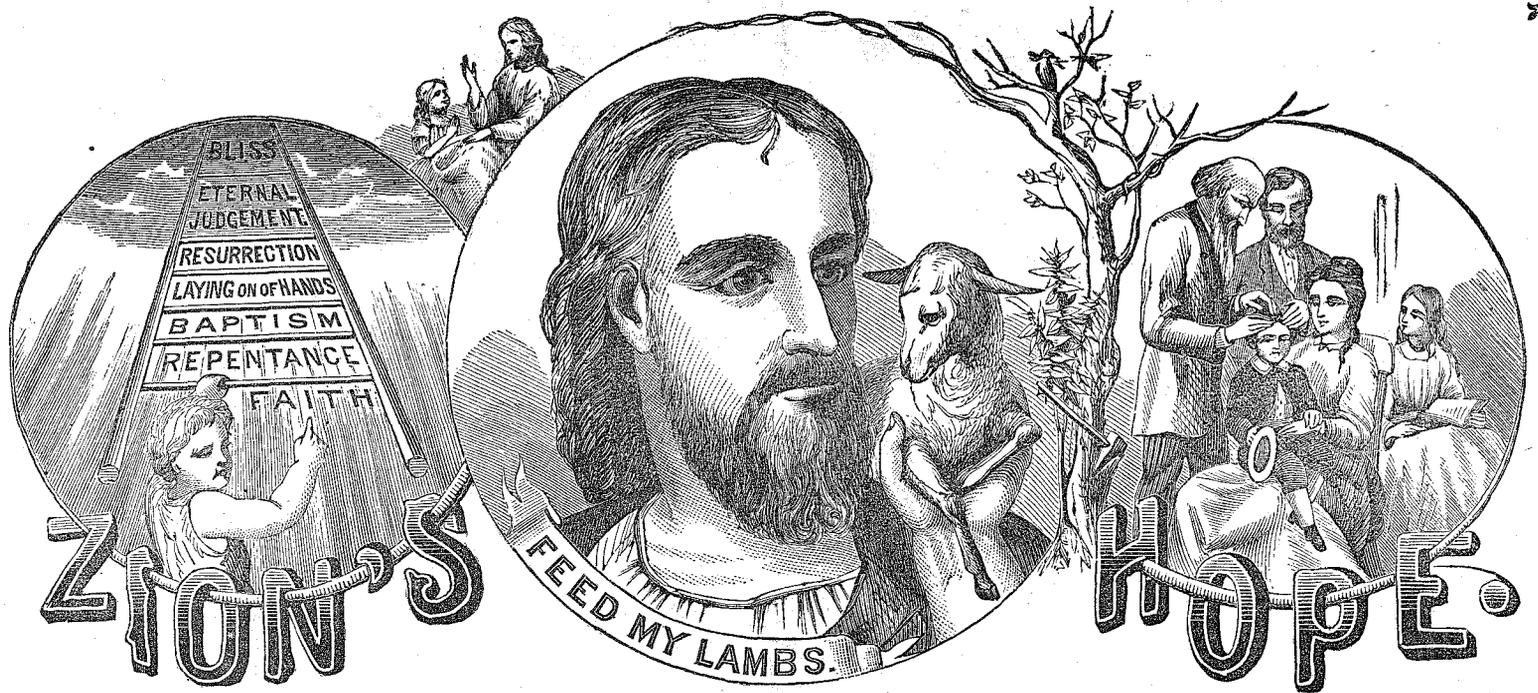
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., DECEMBER 1, 1870.

No. 11.

DECEMBER.

HIS article closes the series of monthly contributions to the HOPE, upon the names and character of the several months of the year. That they have given some pleasure to the writer, is admitted; and if they have afforded either pleasure or instruction to the readers of the HOPE, the pleasure is greatly enhanced. May the succeeding months be as pleasant to all as the past have been is the prayer of Uncle Joseph.

The month of December receives its name from the word *decem*, meaning ten. It was so called by the Romans, because their year began in March, and this month was the tenth, leaving the year to close in February.

It is now reckoned as the twelfth month, but retains its name. It is also counted as the first winter month in our latitude.

The days of sleet, ice, snow and cold have come again. Now is the time for strong shoes, warm clothes, mittens and mufflers, closed doors and warm fires.

School boys love the winter days when they are strong and healthy, but the feeble and weakly shiver with dread as they think of the long dreary winter days. What a blessing then is health, and how carefully should it be guarded these early winter days. The feet should be warmly clothed and kept dry.

If any of the little Hopes are now in the habit of wearing light shoes which will easily wet through, they must now be on their guard or sore throat, chills and fever will be sure to ensue. Who is to blame if the health suffers from needless exposure?—Who is the physician that does not feel assured that the sufferer, who has by carelessness brought on his or her own suffering, is not properly pun-

ished for that carelessness? How can the little Hopes ask God to help them when they get sick, if they fail to take proper care of themselves when they can? Let them all be careful then that they be not careless this cold weather.

The year eighteen hundred and seventy is now waning very fast. A few more days and we must

Have you been good to your playmates? Have you been honest in your thoughts and your acts? In short have you been all that a Hope of Zion should be?

In taking leave of the readers of the HOPE in this article, let me cherish the hope that the little paper may grow better and flourish more widely in the year 1871 than in 1870.

THE VOICE!

YOU are not quite forgotten, dear children, although I have been so long silent.

Oft, while busied with the cares of life, have my thoughts wandered off towards our little lambs, wondering if they remember aught of what Sister June told them about their little busy, beating hearts; because if you read that attentively, it will be a pleasure to me to give you a little more instruction.

Respecting the lungs, those wonderful and minute cells so nearly connected with the heart, and into which we breathe the vital air, and without which the machinery of these frail bodies would have to cease its motion, we will try to learn a little more, so that we may be able to still further understand the wisdom of God in creating a temple, or body, for our spirits to dwell in.

I think I told you that the blood passed into the lungs and then out again, in order to purify it before it flows back through the veins. The air reaches the lungs through the



DECEMBER.

again change the figure.

Let the Hopes carefully consider the following questions, as the year draws to a close.

Have you done any evil this year?

Have you done any good this year?

Have you been a good child to father, mother, teachers and friends?

wind-pipe.

The organ of the voice is fixed right at the top of the wind-pipe—sometimes it is called the Adam's apple, or larynx. It is composed of a number of rings bound together with muscles and nerves. Inside of this organ are four strings,

called vocal chords. The action of the air upon these chords, causes the sound to come at your bidding, whenever you open your mouth to speak or sing. How like a delicate musical instrument it is, and how careful we should be to make no sound that will be displeasing in the ears of him who created us.

Let me advise you what position to take when you sing. Stand perfectly erect, or straight; for if you sing with your head leaning forward, the wind-pipe will be bent, and the air passing through so rapidly will cause the wind-pipe to become chafed and sore. But if you stand erect, "heads up," the air will pass through the wind-pipe full and free, and you will be far better singers, without injuring your voices in the least. Surely Zion's young choristers should learn how to make the best use of their voices, as well as of every other organ of the body; but especially let us use our voices unto the honor and glory of God.

JUNE.

OUR JOURNEY. NO. 8.

WE were talking of storms when I closed my last, and we learned from nature their object and effect.

Little friends, your boats are just being launched upon the sea of life, and while they sail there, be sure that many a storm will overtake them.—Will you think then, when the clouds lower around you and the thunders roll, that if only true to yourself and your God, your life shall be all the brighter, purer and better; all the richer for every storm which assails you? And not your life only, but the lives of others shall be blest and brightened by the experience sorrow may bring to you. By frequent storms, the snow is piled high upon the mountain side, fills up the deep gorges, and passes between their summits. This forms the reservoir from whence the valley is watered during the heat of summer. I have written in verse this beautiful lesson for you, and I hope when the storms of life assail you, you will recall it that it may comfort you:

I saw the fierce-winged storm come down
Upon the mountains, bare and brown;
The sunshine on the valley lay
Smiling and sweet in pleasant May.
Anon, the summer's heat came on,—
The valley's verdure all was gone,
Save where the mountain streamlets flowed,
For by their pathway beauty glowed.
Whence came these streams? amid the flash
Of lightning and the thunder's crash;
They fell upon the mountain wild
When all within the valley smiled,
And now impart their grateful store
To give the valley life once more.

A gentleman, whose acquaintance I formed since coming here, told me he once stood upon the mountains above a storm-cloud, and could look down upon the reservoir of water held by the cloud, which was being distilled in a rain storm far beneath him. I thought it must have been a grand sight, and I wondered if he did not think while standing there of that holy faith which can elevate us above the storm-clouds of life, even as he was above the storm; but being a comparative stranger, I did not ask him.

But how far I have left my almost completed

journey out of sight, while we have been wandering in cloud-land. Well little friends just suppose we were caught in a shower, and I wrote all this while waiting, you can thus the easier pardon my wanderings.

To resume, just as the sun was sitting, we reached Blue Spring Ranch, the terminus of our long and tedious, but safe and expeditious journey, where friends were waiting to welcome us, and together we thanked God for his protecting care and deliverance from all the perils of the way, both seen and unseen.

And now that you have journeyed with us so long, shall we here part company? I trust not; for while I may write to you, I do not feel so keenly the great distance which divides us, nor my separation from the people of God. I am very weary to-night, but in the morning I shall form some new acquaintances, and I know it will interest you to hear of them. Do you ask me how I know it? I will tell you. I have a little girl, and from the first mention of "Indians" until she had seen hundreds of them, her curiosity was intense, and even now she will watch them for hours at a time, curious to learn all their habits and ways. All children are more or less alike, and therefore I say "I know" you will be interested. As children of Zion, you should be doubly so, learning as you do that, fallen as they are, they yet were once the people of God, and the time is not far distant when the gospel shall be restored to them, and the curse removed.

Who knows or who can say, that many a little boy who reads this, shall not one day bear to them the glad tidings of salvation—break off the fetters of ignorance and barbarism in which sin has bound them, and tell them of "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." God grant it may be so, for truly the curse has lain upon them long and heavy, and they are objects of pity. I often desire to talk with them, and if I could, would learn their language, that I might know something of their inner life—the thoughts they think—the emotions which move them; but together we will learn what of them we may.

FRANCES.

SCENES IN THE EAST.—CALCUTTA.

THIS is a large city, situated upon the banks of the river Hoogly, which is a branch of what is called the sacred river Ganges, esteemed as sacred by the Hindoos, the natives.

The city of Calcutta is the chief one of the three Presidencies of India, and the seat of government. These Presidencies are named Madras, Bombay and Calcutta. Each is governed by a Governor appointed by the British government, and the one that resides in Calcutta is the Governor-General, and he has vested in him all the powers of sovereignty.

The scene on the river as you journey towards the city is a strange one to Europeans or Americans. A few miles distant from the river, the pilot comes on board. The boat that brings him is the first strange sight. It is rowed by ten or twelve men who keep time to the stroke of their paddles in a monotonous chant, partly English, and partly Hindostanee. Here is a sample of their songs:

"Sahib man give a backseesh plenty,
Sahib man drink brandy pawnee;
Sahib man make boberry plenty,
Sahib man he make die in Calcutta."

A "backseesh" means presents of money; "pawnee" signifies water; "boberry" means noise, riot, quarrel; "sahib" means a rich man, used sometimes in the same sense in which we use squire. This song would therefore be in English:

"Rich man gives money-presents plenty,
Rich man drinks brandy-water;
Rich man makes noise plenty,
Rich man dies in Calcutta."

The last line is a prophecy which is oftener fulfilled than the stranger would think.

These men are always in the full dress of their class, which consists of a skull-cap made of grass, and a piece of rag scarcely half as large as the *Hope* tied around the middle of their waist with a piece of string.

As we proceed up the river, we observe on both sides, the luxuriant vegetation of tropical climes. The tall, stately shaft of the cocoanut-tree—the large palm-tree—the rice fields, with the crops growing in the midst of water—the native towns, consisting of small huts made of the bamboo, with the naked children playing around them, their little bodies shining in the sun with the cocoanut oil with which they are plentifully anointed.

These are the scenes on land; but in the river, the scene is different. As we proceed, the dingys, or native boats, become more plentiful; some are transporting passengers across the river, others are fishing; some are going up to Calcutta with garden produce, others are coming down after having sold theirs.

But what horrible sight is this which we see! Look! oh horror; it is the dead body of a native floating down the river, no one caring for it; and there, perched upon it, is a huge adjutant, slowly flapping his wings in order to support himself while he tears out great lumps of flesh and eats them. Besides the adjutant, there was a number of vultures and kites quarreling over the dead body.

We are now landed upon the Kidderapoor Ghaut; and refusing a palanquine, we walk up to the city along the magnificent Kidderapoor road.

It is early morn, five or six o'clock; we notice sitting on the road-side which forms the river bank, some natives clad in white, they are Brahmin Priests. Each of them has three or four small jars by his side, each jar containing a colored pigment. We wonder what they will do with it. By and by, a native workman comes along and sits down by the priest, who takes a small stick like a match with one end marked, and dipping it into the yellow coloring, proceeds to draw a straight line across the man's forehead, then another up and down both his cheeks. We think he is finished, and certainly the man does not look any better for his painting; but no, again he takes a stick from the blue coloring and draws another line across the forehead, and one on each cheek. We think he is about decorated enough; but no, another stick is taken from a pot of red, and a red line drawn down the bridge of the nose. This completes the job, and the man, giving a fee to the priest, goes on his way to his daily labors. We wonder what it means, and are told that it is a mark of the man's par-

ticular caste, or social grade and calling.

As we proceed, we see that all the natives are painted, though not all alike, for the colors and stripes are disposed differently in each caste.

But what large fortress is this? It is Fort William, a very large fortress half a mile from Calcutta, and capable of holding many thousands of men. In it are streets, a church and grave yard, also the famous "Black Hole of Calcutta," where Tippoo sahibs confined their poor English prisoners.

Look at that great ugly bird; that is an adjutant, he stands five or six feet high from the ground to the top of his head.

These birds are the scavengers of the city, together with the vultures and kites, and a heavy fine is imposed for killing them. These birds during the day, eat up all the garbage which is thrown out into the street, and thus keep sickness away; for in that climate, things putrify in two or three hours, and would, if left, soon become a plague.

The adjutant has a large pouch hanging from its lower bill, capable of holding five or six pounds of flesh; in this it puts all the food it cannot dispose of by eating, and when hungry, feeds off it.

This bird is very voracious, and will eat up anything. The soldiers in Fort William had a very cruel way of amusing themselves with its rapacity. They would fill a bottle with two or three charges of powder and cork it up; then through a groove in the cork they would introduce a slow-match, tie all up in a piece of raw beef, light the match and throw the whole out of the window. Instantly, an adjutant would pounce upon it, and finding it too hard would put it into his pouch, when after a moment or two, it would explode and blow his head off. Of course the soldiers were liable to punishment if discovered, but cruel men will run any risk for mischief's sake.

JAS. J. STAFFORD.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEWARE OF PRIDE!

PRIDE is an evil of great magnitude.

It has caused the human family much suffering, and produced the destruction of nations. It was pride that brought on the many calamities that befel the Jews, and at last caused their dispersion from their native land. They rejected Christ—pride was the cause.

In reading the Book of Mormon we discover that pride caused the Nephites many wars and contentions. When they obeyed the prophets of God, they were blessed with peace and plenty; but when they were lifted up in pride they refused to hear the admonitions of the holy prophets, and at last were all destroyed off the face of the land. Pride and self-aggrandizement caused the rejection of the church that was organized in 1830; looking then at the past, it behooves us as saints, and children of the saints, to beware of pride.

EDWARD.

THE chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small graces.

[Continued from page 39.]

LITTLE CLAUDE.

FOR several days prior to the scene in the garden, we had noticed that little Claude took less food at his meals than usual, and we grew alarmed and tried by every means to ward off any disease that might be lurking in his system. Each day little Anna's papa would bring him something nice to tempt his appetite; but each day his step grew more languid, until finally, the next day after the day he sat in the garden with his little cousin, and made the boat for her, he was taken very ill. The physician was sent for and he pronounced it brain fever.

For two weeks afterwards, we sat beside his bed, while he tossed upon his pillows. His blue eyes were bright with the fever; but they failed to recognize the hands that applied the cooling portions to his head and lips—and, finally, one Sabbath day, he grew quiet. A dimness came over his eyes, and the physician said he was dying. Grandpa held one little hand, and the physician sat with his fingers upon the pulse of the other wrist, and after a long time he said there was no more pulse, and that the little boy was dead.

After our bitterest tears were shed, I went again to look upon my noble boy, and putting my hand upon his heart, I found that it was faintly beating; and it faintly, gently, oh! so softly moved for a week longer. But not the slightest outward movement was seen. Not a breath was known to be taken. The half-closed eyes retained their dimness, and the limbs were cold and still. But upon the next Saturday morning, while I was detained from his bed-side for a little time, those who were watching sent hastily for me.

In a moment I was beside him; and, oh! what a joyous sight met my eyes. The dear boy seemed to have been restored to perfect health. The blue eyes were wide open, and brilliant with happiness. The sweetest smile was on his parted lips, as he gazed in rapture upward.

I said, "What is it, my darling?"

He smiled still more sweetly, and lifting his right hand, with his fore finger pointed to where his vision was fixed. We could see nothing, but we knew the angels were hovering there, and in silent awe we waited while they took him.

Would you love to die thus? Then love and obey Jesus; and he will send his angels to bear you to the home he has prepared for you, which is grander than any earthly home ever was. For he has said by one of his apostles that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard; neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive of the things in reserve for those who love him."

If you wish to be loved while you live, ask the Lord to help you to live aright. You must ask him every day. Never forget it for one day; for during that one day when you were not in his care, you might do some sin that would give you sorrow all the days of your life.

Keep faithfully the commandments of Jesus, and he will guard you in life, and save you in death, as he did the little orphan boy who trusted in him.

AUNT JULIA.

NEVER lose your self-respect, when that is lost all is lost.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

Another effort for T. Thoughtful's prize.

WE should trust in God like Shadrach Meshach and Abednego did; they trusted in the Lord and were saved. The king said, "What God will deliver them out of my hands?" But they had faith, and trusted in God. Let us strive to be like the three worthies who had such faith that the fire had no power on them; like Daniel who was cast into the lion's den, when the mouths of the lions were shut so that they had not power to destroy him.

We could have faith like the ancients did, if we would only ask and live so as to obtain it; for I do not doubt that God would give it to us, if we would pray for it. We could be delivered from fire, if we would trust in God for deliverance.

Some may ask, "What is faith?" It is "the assurance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." That is, it is the assurance we have of unseen things.

Little children, let no man deceive you. We must have faith to enable us to act aright in the presence of the Lord, otherwise we cannot be saved. We will have to take our parents' places, to roll on this great and mighty work. What would we do if we had not faith? We could not accomplish much if we did not have any faith.—Every one should have faith, for it is a blessing. I know that I have but little faith, but I intend to pray for its power that I may take my father's place. We will all have to take our parents' places, and we should prepare now while young. We will have to go into the world, to learn to overcome temptation. That all my little brothers and sisters may love God and keep his commandments, is the prayer of

HYRUM O. SMITH.

FAITH!

JOHAN, the beloved disciple, writes in the fifth chapter of his first epistle, that "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God: and every one that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him. By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments. For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous. For whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, *even our faith.*" When we "Search the scriptures," in obedience to our Savior's commandments, and not trust in man's explanation of them; but ask God for wisdom and understanding, we then learn that true belief, or living and acceptable faith in our Lord is to believe and obey all things whatsoever he has commanded. We then obey his gospel by truly repenting of our sins, and by following our Lord and Savior down into the waters of baptism, and by having hands laid upon us by his servants whom he has called. Aaron was called by revelation—we receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and are then born of God, having received a por-

tion of God, or his Spirit, which enables us from that time to keep his law, and live without sin, inasmuch as we do whatsoever his Spirit teaches, and prompts us to do. But if we fail through our negligence to "watch and pray" to do this, the Lord is displeased with us and withdraws his Spirit, it then remains for us to begin anew, and repent again as oft as we fail, till we can *retain* the Spirit, and live and not sin, that we may be enabled to endure to the end and be saved.

"Our fears are like the clouds that shed
Their gloom across a summer sky;
When life is fairest, some wild dread
Of grief is ever hovering nigh.
The gloom may pass, the shadows fade,
And the sunlight only seem to reign,
But still there is a lingering shade—
A fear that clouds will come again.

"Where the bright wells of gladness spring,
Hope will the youthful heart decoy,
But fear is hovering there, to fling
A shadow o'er the path of joy.
A canker-worm within the fruit,
A serpent in the linnets' nest,
A sentry ever grim and mute
Is fear within the human breast.

"A rainbow never spans the sky,
But some dark spirit of the storm,
With sable plume, is hovering nigh,
To watch its soft and fairy form.
Hope never chants her angel song,
Or bids us rest beneath the wing,
But Fear with all his phantom throng,
Is in the distance hovering.

"We seek the laurel wreath of Fame,
And all her fickle favors trust,
To live, perchance without a name,
And find the chaplet turned to dust.
Life wears away, 'mid smiles and tears—
The wedding peal, the funeral toll;
But though o'ershadowed still by fears,
Home is the sunlight of the soul."

IF I COULD ONLY SEE MY MOTHER.

"If I could only see my mother!"
Again and again was that yearning cry
repeated—

"If I could only see my mother!"

The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eye glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind his bodily comfort; his eyes looked far away, and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry—

"If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, the Bible in his hand, from which he had been reading. He bent above the young man, and asked him why he was so anxious to see the mother he had wilfully left.

"O! that's the reason," he cried, in anguish; "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—O! so good a mother; she bore everything from her wild boy, and once she said, 'My son, when you come to die you will remember all this.' O! if I could only see my mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning cry upon his lips, as many a one has

died who slighted the mother who loved him.—The waves roll over him, and his bones whiten at the bottom of the sea; and that dread cry has gone before God, there to be registered for ever.—*Heavenly Tidings.*

THE WISH OF THE HEART.—A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate: "What is prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply:—"Prayer is the wish of the heart."

So it is. Fine words and beautiful verses said to God do not make real prayer without the sincere "wish of the heart."—*Evergreen, Aug. 1870.*

Children's Column.

VIOLA, Mercer Co., Ill., Oct. 15, 1870.

Dear Brothers and Sisters of the Hope:

I thought I would write a few lines to let you all know how good my Heavenly Father is to me, although I have not been baptized yet; but I try to live a Latter Day Saint—as near as I can. I am nine years old.

One day I lost my knife. I looked in every place for it, as I thought, but could not find it. I thought I would ask the Lord where it was. I did so, and then I went straight to it. A few weeks ago, mamma sent me to Viola for the mail. I only had got out of sight of home, when there came up a very heavy rain. I saw it coming. I thought I would run into a shanty by the road-side; but something said to me, "Ask the Lord to keep it off you, and do not go in there." I did so, and went along. It rained very hard. I heard it and saw it; but did not get any on me.—When I came home, mamma asked me where I had been that I had kept dry? I told her that I was on the road, and what I had done. She was very much pleased, and thanked God for his goodness. Now, dear little readers of the *Hope*, if any of you should be in a storm, or in any danger, ask your Heavenly Father to take care of you, and believe he will do it and he will.

WILLIE R. CADMAN.

NEWTON, October 18, 1870.

Dear Uncles Joseph and Mark:

I have been reading many good pieces in that paper, called *Zion's Hope*.

My little brothers and little sisters in the covenant, send letters to you, and we get to read them, which does us much good. I was baptized on the 26th of September, 1869, and I have to acknowledge that I have not lived as I have a desire to live, but I have a great desire to do better.

I want to tell you what a dream I had last Sabbath night, the 16th.

I dreamed that I saw a very large building, very beautiful indeed, and in the second story of that building, was a very large room full of people, who had nice white clothes on, and in the midst of this large room, there stood a beautiful, large man, with a crown upon his head, the nicest thing I ever saw. I also saw you, brother Joseph, and you looked exactly as your picture does that we have of you, and you was sitting up higher than the rest of the people. You and the people were singing the hymn, In memory of Joseph, and while you were singing, my father went and sat beside you, and helped you to sing, and so ended my dream.

I have a desire to be a good girl, that I may be one of that number that I saw. Pray for me.

SARAH E. NIBK.

October 20, 1870.

Dear Editors of the *Hope*:

I received the Voice of Warning you sent me, for which I thank you very much. I did not expect any prize; for after school commenced in the spring, I had but little time to study out anagrams and enigmas. I like the *Hope* very much, and can hardly stop till I read it through. We ought to be very thankful that the Editors are so kind as to print a paper for us; I wish it would come every week. We do not have any Sunday School, as there is no branch of the church here; I hope we will some time be where we can attend Sunday School among the saints.

JULIA M. POWERS.

GALESBURG, Jasper Co., Mo.,
September 24, 1870.

Dear Uncle Mark:

I like the *Hope*. I have received good instruction from it, which I hope to profit by. Dear young friends, let us try and be faithful that we may obtain the hope of Zion's children. I desire to keep the commandments of God, and the greatest one to us, as children, is to obey our parents, and seek wisdom in the days of our youth, that the evil day come not and find us unprepared.

ELLEN J. MALONEY.

TO THE CHILDREN!

Stop a moment, little children,
As you journey on your way,
Think not too much of the future,
Use the moments of to-day.

Try some little good to do,
Selfish thoughts put far away;
As each moment comes to you;
Use the moments of to-day.

Wait a moment longer children,
A few more words I have to say;
As you grow to men and women,
Still pursue the narrow way.

JUNE.

BIBLE ENIGMA.

My first, a musician, a prophet and king,
My second, the dove unto Noah did bring,
My third, is where Jacob first greeted his wife,
My fourth, to the wilderness fled for her life.
My fifth, is the name of the Ancient of Days,
My sixth, is devoted to God and his praise.
My seventh, a prophet and teacher of old,
My eighth, chose much wisdom in preference to gold.
My ninth, as a woman of beauty appears,
My tenth, it is said, signifies "The Lord hears."
My eleventh, belongs to the Father of light,
My twelfth, unto Him, and all power and might.
My thirteenth, most noble, majestic and grand,
Through time and eternity ever will stand.
My whole is a motto that all should observe,
If from the true pathway they never would swerve.

The initial letters in each solution, taken in their respective order, will give the required answer.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 26.

"Pray to God to bless
My soul with perfect happiness;
That, as I do advance each year,
I may be taught my God to fear;
My little frame from passion free,
To man's estate from infancy;
From vice, that turns a youth aside,
And to have wisdom for my guide;
That I may neither lie nor swear,
But in the path of virtue steer;
My actions generous, firm, and just,
Be always faithful to my trust;
And thee the Lord will ever bless."
From poem of
"John Lamb the Less."

Answered by two correspondents.

THE first step to greatness is to be honest.

DEEDS are prints; words are but leaves.

Do good whenever you can, and then forget it.

INDOLENCE and ease are the rust of the mind.

ZION'S HOPE

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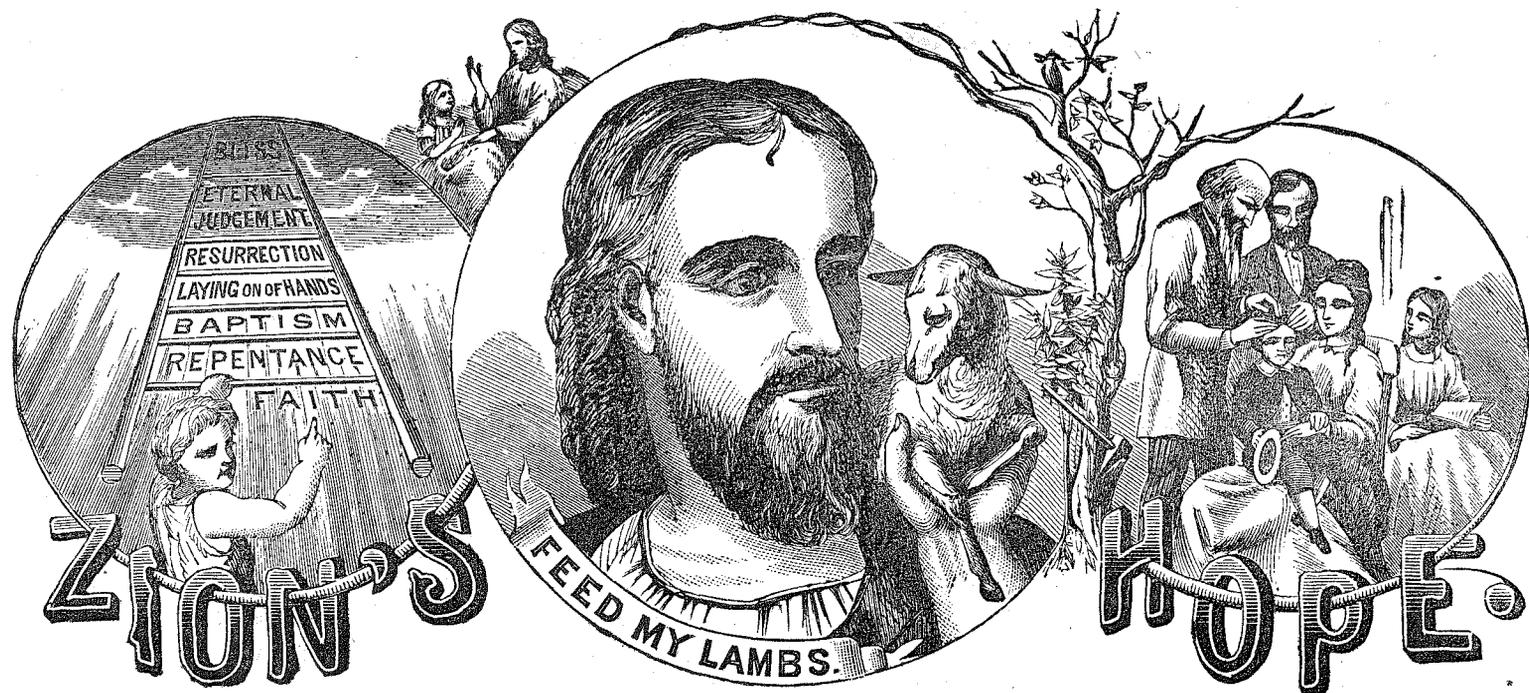
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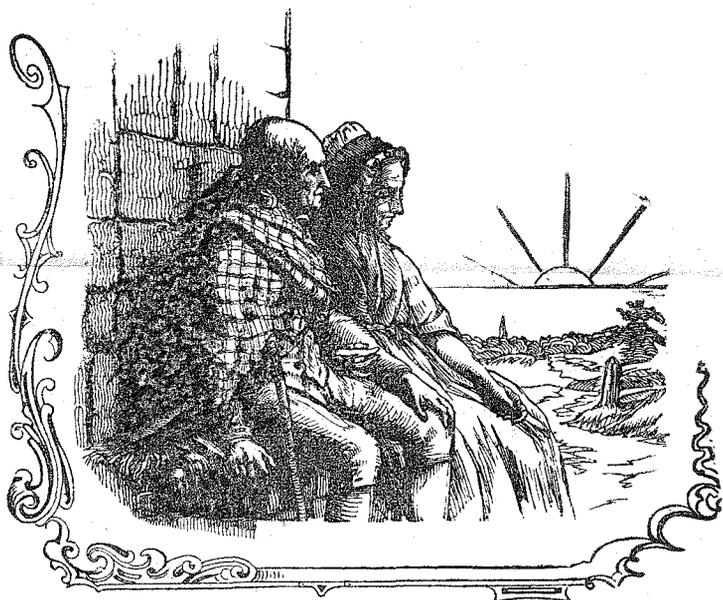


"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., DECEMBER 15, 1870.

No. 12.



CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

WITH this number will close the issue of our little juvenile for 1870. With what feelings of tenderness do our little Hopes regard the time-honored grandparents, whose lives, like the year are about to expire.

The aged couple in our cut, the sun just sinking behind the hill, the barrenness of the ground around in the scenery, the old stump with its branches decayed, broken, or cut down, all indicate the decline of life to which this season of the year answers.

And how is it with our little hopes? Are they peaceful and happy? Have they lived this year in so upright a manner that they can look upon the close of the year with satisfaction, and thank the Giver of the seasons that the year 1870 has not been spent in vain. Some of them have gained prizes from this office—they feel happy. Some have been idle and have not earned a prize, and they feel sorry. Some have not let the fruits of their labors be seen—they have solved enigmas and problems, but they have not forwarded the results of their labors to the

office, and though their light has shone, they have hid it under a bushel, and they feel sorry—we hope so at least.

Some have obeyed father, mother, teachers, and the close of the year comes to them with blessings, and the prospects of a happy new year are brilliant.

Some have been disobedient, and they part with the year as a year mis-spent, whose seasons cannot be recalled to be improved now—it is too late. To such permit us to say—let the sorrow you feel for a year spent amiss, be a warning for the year to come, and

when the new year comes in, resolve that its record for you shall be a new and a bright one.

Quite a number of our darling Hopes have passed away from mortal life this year—they have left fond parents and teachers, and tears moisten the cheek as we think of their loved memory. Oh! how sweetly some of them died, rejoicing in the hope they had in Christ Jesus. They have gone to dwell with the angels. Dear little ones, we hope to meet you again when the scenes of our mortal life shall have passed away from our gaze.

Little Hopes, could you read the love for you that warms our heart as we write this, you would know how fondly, how earnestly we wish you happiness here and hereafter. Many, very many of you are known to us personally, and we know you but to love you—many of you we have never seen, but we love you too. We hope to see many more of you yet, and witness the glowing look of satisfaction you feel at our efforts to provide for you this semi-monthly visitor, ZION'S HOPE.

And now, in conclusion, what say you about the HOPE? Shall it be continued? The General Conference and several of the District Con-

ferences say "Yes." Do you say 'yes' too? We think we hear you say, "Yes, by all means, Uncle Mark."

Shall we still have cuts in the paper?

"O, yes! Uncle Mark."

Ah! so say we. But the question is, how shall we provide cuts? You have no idea, little ones, how much they cost us.

Now for a secret. Are you ready to hear it? It may not please you; but we must tell it. It is this. *Unless we have more subscribers we can not purchase cuts, and will have to give you a paper without illustrations.*

"Oh! no, Uncle Mark, can we do nothing to prevent this?" you enquire.

Yes, and some of you can do it easily. We know little ones who spend many times the price of the HOPE in candy and other useless articles. Subscribe for the HOPE and give it to the children of the poor. Induce others to take the HOPE. Let every subscriber get one new one, if possible, and as many more as you can. We wish to make the paper beautiful as well as interesting; but it requires a great deal of money—will you help?

And now as the year goes out, we bid all repent of every wrong you have done in the old year, and prepare for a brighter new year in which greater good may be wrought.

UNCLE MARK.

OUR JOURNEY. NO. 9.

THE morning sun had scarcely crimsoned the sky above the mountain tops, when our visitors began to arrive.

What a motly looking company. Here is a young squaw with her cheeks painted in stripes of red, black and blue, carrying her pappoose upon her back. What a strange way to take care of the little fellow! His plump, rounded limbs are fastened with pieces of rope and leather straps to an upright frame-work of wood, made very much like the back of a common chair. To the top of this is fastened a leather band which the Indian

mother places over her head, and thus carries her child from day to day. As this peculiar position exposes the face of the child to the direct rays of the sun, they construct a neat little covering of willows, woven much as baskets are, which protects its head and for its amusement they fasten to this, many bright objects—such as shells—the feathers of birds—beads, buttons, and sometimes flowers. At times they unprison the little fellows—lay them down in the dust in some shady spot, and allow them to use their limbs to their hearts content.

Here is an old man with a pleasant looking countenance, and just now his face is like water rippling in the sunshine, for to see a 'white squaw' at Blue Spring Rancho is a novelty, and to this old man, at least, seemingly a pleasing one. But now a question arises in his mind, and by motions and broken English he makes his trouble known. There are two or three white men and the old man wants to know to *which one white squaw belongs*. His curiosity satisfied, he gives vent to his feelings in many short laughs, interspersed with exclamations in his native tongue, and soon leaves to hunt a retreat in the shade of the house. There are young men, and half grown boys and girls, but few have the pleasing face of this old man. They call him "Patchy" at the ranche, because his garments are literally covered with patches, as much so as his face is smiles; he seems gentle and kind hearted.

The tribe of Indians inhabiting the valley are called Shoshonees, and are peaceful, friendly and honest, as a rule. There are of course exceptions, as it would be strange if there were not dishonest Indians as well as white men, but I have thought that from many enlightened and christian communities, they might come to these poor untutored savages and learn lessons in this respect. They are fond of everything the white man raises in his garden; but I have never heard of their taking a single article from one, though our gardens are some distance from the house. Ours is a mile and a half, and they could visit it without fear of detection, if so disposed. Upon our store room there is never a key turned, and the house has been left alone from day to day without any fear of molestation. Can this much be truthfully said of white men in the midst of civilization? I fear not.

The life they lead is calculated to foster indolence, and yet some of them make good hands to work about the ranch, and the squaws are always ready to help when their services are needed. Indeed the people of the valley are quite dependent upon them for labor, as white help is scarce and wages high.

But now that we have received our callers and satisfied, to the best of our ability, their curiosity, it is but due them in common courtesy to return the call. Their houses or wickiups are but a short distance from the ranche, so let us go together.

Here is primitive simplicity for you truly. Two posts are driven in the ground in an upright position. Across these a third one is laid horizontally, against which a few others lean, slanting towards the ground. These are covered with the sage and rabbit brush so abundant in Nevada,

and the house is completed. In the shade thus afforded they sit or lie upon the ground, passing the hours of the day, except when they wander around among the ranches or are at work for the whites. They do not remain long in any one place—they frequently visit the mountains, and quite often congregate for holding what they call "fandangoes," where for days together they spend the time in singing and dancing.

Here a squaw is roasting some potatoes in a fire made of sage brush, while her pappoose is sleeping, in the shade. There are a number gathered together, and going nearer we find the men are playing cards, while the women stand by looking on, and apparently regarding the game with interest. Here is an unfinished basket, and the squaw is sleeping beside her work. Is this all? Nothing more to be seen? Nothing more, except a few large baskets scattered about, in which they gather their pine nuts and grass seed for their winter's food. We will return home now, and in my next, I will tell you something more concerning these Indians.

FRANCES.

SCENES IN THE EAST.—CACUTTA.

[Continued from page 43.]

ALL this time, we have been walking on, and now we are in the city of Calcutta. See what a number of natives are in the streets; some selling fruits, others carrying burdens; for there are no teams here to convey merchandize—all is carried on men's shoulders.

See, yonder is a white bull walking quietly up and down the street; now he stops and putting his muzzle in the basket of fruit a native is offering for sale, he takes one out and eats it. Why don't the native drive him away? Oh! he would not do that for any price; for the white bull is sacred to his God Brahma, and he is glad that he has condescended to eat out of his basket.

Here we are in the native Bazaar, or market. See what beautiful birds are here for sale. See also the monkeys, all jabbering and making faces at the people.

There are numbers of the Hindoo women. See, they have got large silver rings through their noses, in their ears, on their wrists and elbows, and on their ancles and toes.

They are wrapped up in a long piece of white cotton, pinned over the left shoulder and under the right arm, then turned three or four times around the body, leaving the arms free and bare, also the lower part of the legs. Some of them have their babies with them; the poor little thing carried on the mother's hip, one leg in front, the other behind the mother.

What bright eyes the little things have got, and already some have rings on their arms, ancles and toes, also in their noses. How old do you think their mothers are? Some of them are not more than fourteen years of age.

What is this crowd? Let us go and see. It is a company of native jugglers. Now we will see whether they are as clever as they are reported to be. One of them is balancing clay pipes on his nose; he has four of them, one is upright, another is stuck in the bowl of it, then another in the bowl of that one, and finally a

fourth in the bowl of the third—all together making a curious figure of which it is hard to find the centre of gravity; yet he is spinning them around with great quickness. What is he going to do next? Look, he looks as though he is swallowing some sewing needles, one at a time; he seems to have swallowed fifteen of them, and now he takes a piece of thread, and holding it by the two ends, he seems to swallow that too, beginning at the middle of it—he does not let the ends go—see, he pulls the thread up again, and, I declare, there are fifteen needles threaded upon it.

They are going to perform some more tricks; but we are tired, and will call a couple of palanquins to take us to our hotel. "He, paloankee, wallah, hithugow acha sahib." These palanquins are a light frame work, about six feet long, and two and a half feet high, enclosed on the four sides, having a pole about five feet long at each end, and are borne upon the shoulders of four men. They have a door on each side, by which we enter; when we are in, we lie down at full length, place our head on a broad strap which extends from side to side of the palanquin and then we are borne along to where we want to go. We can sleep if we like while we are being carried along.

But to the new-comer, the song of the bearers is so monotonous, that he cannot sleep.

Their song is much like that of the boatmen. This is one:

"Uh, uh! Englis Sahib,
Sahib give a backsesh;
Sahib got rupee,
Uh, uh! Sahib he likee
Brandy pawnee."

A rupee is a piece of silver coin valued at about forty-five cents.

Their song would therefore be in English:

Oh, oh! English rich man;
Rich man give a present of money;
Rich man got a silver coin,
Oh, oh! Sahib; he likes brandy-water."

Now we have arrived at our hotel; we will go and have a bath and a shampoo, and then look around.

What long and high rooms! There are no windows, only the blinds. It is too warm for windows in this country. See those long frames hanging from the ceiling in the centre of the room. They are called "punkahs." They are about six feet long and two wide, made of light frames, and covered with white cotton, and are kept in motion day and night by two natives, stationed one at each end of the room, outside of the doors, so that they cannot see or hear what is going on in the room.

And now there is the dinner-gong sounding; we will go to dinner.

JAMES J. STAFFORD.

BETTER be alone than in bad company.

UNDERTAKE nothing without thoroughly considering it.

*TRUTH fears nothing but concealment.

THE gates of heaven are low arched; we must enter on our knees.

SEARCH others for their virtues; yourself for your vices.

UNCLE FRANK'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

IT was Christmas morning, and the sun, although he was shedding upon the earth his brightest beams, failed to warm up the frozen earth, or thaw out of the air its biting, stinging cold. Men and women hurried along the village streets, and even the little boys suffered their new skates and sleds to remain unused, while they lingered by the fireside eating the nuts and fruits which Santa Claus had brought them the night before.

Within a brown little cottage, standing back from the street, and which in summer time was almost hid by climbing roses and honey-suckles, sat little Freddie and Jessie Brown. Freddie was seven years of age, and his sister Jessie two years older. Their mother was a widow, and since their father's death they had lived in the little cottage which belonged to their uncle Frank, and their mother had supported them by taking in sewing and occasionally by going out to help her neighbors a few days at a time, when they were unusually busy.

Mrs Brown was very fond of her children, and spared no pains to make them happy; and it was not often the children were seen when their faces were not bright and cheerful. They were kind and loving to their mother, obedient to their teachers, and there were no better or more faithful scholars in the village school than Jessie and her little brother.

Upon this bright but cold Christmas morning however, the usual gladness was not seen upon their faces, and they lingered by the window in a far corner of the room, looking out upon the almost deserted streets, and wishing it were not so very cold as to compel them to stay in the house.

"Jessie," said Freddie, "I dont want Christmas to come any more. What nice toys all the little boys and girls will get to-day, and we have only some cakes and candy. I'm sure Christmas is not a nice time at all, and we cant even go out to play on the ice."

"Hush Freddie," said Jessie, "or mamma will hear you. You know she made the cakes on purpose for us, and she has not as much money as many others have. It would make her feel badly to know we were not happy."

Freddie said no more, but kept looking out of the window with a cloud upon his little face, and Jessie herself only half felt the truth of what she had said to her little brother.

Like many other children they were looking upon the wrong side of the picture, and thereby making themselves unhappy, when they should have been bright and cheerful. They had a feeling that such was the case, and for this reason they did not wish their mother to notice them; and Mrs. Brown was too busy preparing her dinner for Uncle Frank to notice that the children were not as cheerful as usual, and so they nourished their feelings of discontent, not knowing what an enemy to their happiness they were taking into their little hearts as a Christmas guest.

Presently a knock was heard at the door and both of the children hastened into the little hall

to open it. Freddie did not go to the door, however, but stood back until his sister opened it, when seeing uncle Frank, he sprang to his side and was soon up in his arms. Jessie clung to his arm, and the three went into the sitting room together.

"O uncle Frank, I am so glad you have come," said Freddie! and he busied himself unpinning his uncle's shawl, and taking off his fur cap, half dragging them across the carpet to the lounge; then hurried back, and climbing upon his uncle's knee, seemed to have forgotten all his unhappy feelings.

Jessie drew a low stool up close to her uncle, and when Mrs. Brown came in from the kitchen to welcome her brother, the three were chatting merrily together, and no happier faces could be wished for than those of Freddie and Jessie. They had been begging uncle Frank for a Christmas story, and after he had talked a few moments with their mother, she went back to the kitchen and he prepared to gratify them.

Uncle Frank had been watching the children at the window, for some little time before he knocked at the door, and he had shrewdly guessed what they were thinking about, and now when they asked him for a Christmas story, he cast about in his mind for one which would cause them to look upon the other side of the picture, and with but little variation told them one he had read in his morning's paper.

"In Prussia," said uncle Frank, "near to the city of Dusseldorf, on the banks of the beautiful Rhine, lived a happy German family. Their little cottage contained only two rooms, and was almost covered with grape vines, and in the late summer and early autumn the rich purple clusters hung ripening in the warm sun-shine. The family consisted of four members, the father, mother and two children. The father was a sturdy vine dresser, and spent most of his time working in a neighboring vineyard belonging to a rich man who lived in the city of Dusseldorf. In the time of vintage, or when the grapes were being gathered for wine, his wife, the gentle Fraulein, would often go with him to the vineyard, assisting in the grape gathering, and the small amount she would receive for her labor was added to the common fund. Sometimes the children would go with them, but they oftener remained at the little cottage, playing among the flowers, or busy with some light task, until their parents came home. You should have seen then how their little feet pattered down to the gate in front of the cottage; and little Hans in his father's arms, and the gentle blue eyed Lena, holding fast to her mother's hand, were two as sweet, happy children as ever lived on the banks of that beautiful stream. When their simple evening meal was spread, it was a picture of humble peace and content. The father and mother so serenely happy, and the children so full of life and joy; yet so gentle, loving and obedient. Alas! how soon this happy scene was changed to one of desolation and woe. The Emperor Napoleon, without sufficient cause or provocation proclaimed war against Prussia; and in a brief space of time, the whole country resounded to the tread of armed soldiers, hastening to the frontier, in defense of their country.

Among those soldiers, was the father of Hans and Lena. Fraulein, his gentle wife, almost heart-broken, had clung to his neck until they bore her fainting into the little cottage; while the children still stood by the gate, holding out their little arms and crying to their father to come back to them. "O father! come back! come back!" were the last words the poor man heard as they hurried him away.

Days passed on, and yet no news came to the little cottage on the Rhine of the absent husband and father. Battle followed battle in swift succession, and day after day found the agonized wife with her two little children at the railroad depot in Dusseldorf, seeking information of her husband.

At last, there came a list of the killed and wounded at the terrible battle near Sedan, and among the names of the killed, Fraulein saw that of her husband.

She did not shriek nor faint, but pale as death she gathered little Hans in her arms, as his father had so often done, and taking Lena by the hand hurried away to her desolated home, there to tell her little ones of their great loss, and sit down in desolation of spirit, such as words cannot describe.

In their lonely little cottage they are sitting to-day, sad and pale with hunger, while their gentle mother begs in the streets of the great city for work to keep her children from starving. May God help them and watch over them, for the arm which was so strong in their defense, is food for the worms in an unmarked and unknown grave.

Hans and Lena are not alone in their desolation. Thousands of little children will weep this Christmas day for fathers who will never come back to them; and if any of the dear little readers of the HOPE are to-day looking upon the *wrong side of the picture*, we hope the true story of uncle Frank will teach them as it did Freddie and Jessie, how many blessings they have for which to thank God, and that if they would always be happy and thankful, they must remember the thousands whose lot in life is so much harder than theirs, and thank God to-day that they live in a land of freedom, where their fathers and brothers cannot be taken from them at the beck and call of tyrant rulers.

Freddie and Jessie wiped the tears from their eyes, as uncle Frank ended his story, and with repentant and thankful hearts they ate their Christmas dinner, and we hope every little boy and girl who feels to complain at their lot, may to-day learn a lesson as useful to them as this one proved to Mrs. Brown's little boy and girl.

CORA.

[Continued from page 34.]

VOICES FROM NATURE.

WINDS.

WHOMAN has not been glad, in the sultry days of July to feel the sweet breath of the gentle wind, as it floats past us laden with ambrosial sweets of a thousand flowers! How freely we breathe the pure and balmy

zephyr! How we watch it play amidst the leaves of the forest shade; or climb some neighboring hill, that we may enjoy its reviving breezes and permit it more freely to fan us, as it floats along whistling among the boughs of the sturdy hillside oak.

How happy such moments are, when its cool breath relieves us of the oppressive heat that the hot sun pours down upon us. And really how delightful such a time is to those boys and girls who can launch their little pleasure boats on the rivers and lakes, and as the gently blowing gale fills their snow-white sails, causing them to glide along the mirrored surface of the water, in calm and sweet repose, can watch the gentle ripple left behind their tiny craft, or admire the freaks of their variegated pennant, as it is wafted hither and thither in the breeze. Such are happy times to sportive childhood.

Again they join in many a gambol, roam the prairies and woodlands in quest of the choicest flowers for the construction of wreaths, garlands and bouquets, follow the gaudy butterfly as it floats past on our aerial river, or watch the graceful kite make its admirable curves and plunges in the deep, transparent, atmospheric sea, seemingly endeavoring to sever every tie of earth, and float away to other lands and climes. Such is the poetry of the winds, those gentle zephyrs of the summertime.

But when dreary winter comes, then the winds have no such charms. Cold and piercing, they hurry past, bearing before them the silvery snow-flakes, and the lonely traveler left to their mercy buttons his great coat around him, and hurries onward with extra speed, to keep those frigid blasts from freezing the currents of his blood, as they cut more keenly than a knife through his shivering frame. Then our little Hopes are snugly ensconced in a warm corner before a blazing fire, or around a hot and comfortable stove.

I wonder how many of them, at such times, think of our elders who are out in those chilly blasts, traveling uninhabited prairies, to meet their appointments for preaching, and probably on foot, with no living soul to comfort them, save their God; and none to welcome them when at their journey's end. How many of the children, during such times, let their hearts ascend to God in behalf of those messengers of mercy, that he will bless and comfort them? Possibly while you read this, such may be the lot of the writer of "Voices from Nature." Little children, remember the elders in your prayers; the fragrant offering of a flower-bud is always acceptable to God.

No doubt many of my little readers have wondered what the wind can be, how it is formed, and where it comes from; which enquiries I will endeavor to answer to your understanding. The reply to the first is that the wind is air put in motion, and flowing along as water flows in a brook or river; the wind is not as some of the children may have imagined, something entirely distinct from air. To instruct you how the wind is formed, or rather how the air is put in motion, it will be necessary for me to impress upon your minds two properties of atmospheric air. By properties I mean certain qualities it is in possession of, as, for instance, we say of an apple, it is hard, soft, sweet or sour; these we call properties or qualities of the apple. The two properties of

air mentioned are known by the names of *Compressibility* and *Elasticity*. They are hard words; but try and remember them while I proceed to explain each.

You have all seen and handled a sponge, and noticed that by squeezing you can make it occupy, seemingly, about one-fourth of the space it first filled; this quality of the sponge is called *Compressibility*, and this quality is possessed by air to a very great extent, as can be proven by our juveniles at any time, if they will fill a bladder with air and then force it, by pressure, to occupy less space.

Elasticity is the very opposite to this, forcing it to spread itself, and increase in bulk. This property is possessed by most articles to a greater or lesser degree, and its effects can be seen when we strike a marble or ball on the ground; the particles are first compressed, in striking, and then expand to their natural position so quickly that it is forced back in the air, or as we would say "bounces it."

With these, however, when the particles occupy their original position again, they spread no farther; but with air, and in fact all gaseous bodies, it is different. There is no discoverable bounds to the action of the elastic force; hence we cannot say that gaseous bodies have a definite size, since they are always striving to become larger. Should we extract all the air we possibly could from any vessel, as in the case of the Magdelburg Hemispheres, what little remained would still fill the vessel, and press upon its sides, but with less force than before. Again, were it possible, by an improved suction pump, to take out nine-tenths of what remained, the result would be the same, and so on to infinity, as the particles of which it is composed are so arranged that they force each other apart continually.

Ego.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Their Organization and Management.

THE proper organization and effective workings of our Sunday Schools have been the occasion of much anxiety to our own mind, and the minds of our Sunday School co-workers throughout the church. We have been requested by several parties to give our views on these subjects; we have space to but merely introduce the matter in the present issue, but will enter upon an exposition of what seems to us to be the best method in our next number, and continue the subject in serial form.

For the present, we will content ourself with merely stating

Firstly.—A church Sunday School should be authorized by a vote of the Branch with which it is to be identified, and a committee of organization appointed.

Secondly.—The committee should appoint a time to organize, and give a general invitation to members of the church to attend. At this meeting the President of the Committee should preside.

Thirdly.—After opening services, and such instructions as the committee may be led to impart, the first duty should be the election of a

school committee for the drafting of rules, and the appointing a time and place for their meeting, and the reassembling of the organization committee meeting to consider what they may present.

Fourthly.—The school committee at their meeting should appoint a President and Secretary, suggest the name by which the school shall be known, draw up rules regulating the number and character and duties and terms of officers to be appointed, the classes and times of meeting, the character of the exercises, the manner in which officers and teachers shall be elected or appointed, the means of raising funds by which the school shall be sustained, the nature and number of rewards, the penalties for refractory members, the causes for which trial of members or officers may be had and the nature of such trials, the evidence on which an officer may be deposed or an officer or member expelled, the disposal of school property in case of disorganization, and all other matters than can possibly affect the school favorably or unfavorably. The several divisions of these matters should be numbered for reference, and each item be kept separately if possible, so that if one item be rejected or changed it may be easily referred to without destroying the entire work of the committee.

Fifthly.—At the time appointed by the meeting of the committee of organization, the committee still presiding, the school committee should present their report, and after it has been received, with or without amendment, they should be discharged. The meeting then should receive the names of all who are willing to act, under the rules adopted, as teachers and officers, and when this is done, those whose names are given in should vote for a Superintendent and the officers of the school according to the rules accepted. The organization of the school and the appointment of its first teachers' meeting then rests with the officers of the school, and the work of the branch committee is ended so far as the school is concerned—their report to the branch in accordance with the facts in the case completes their duty, and the branch discharges them.

The best manner of doing these things according to our view, will be subjects for consideration in future articles.

UNCLE MARK.

PREMIUMS OFFERED FOR HOPE.

To any one who will send us the names of Ten subscribers, with fifty cents for each subscriber enclosed, we will send one of either of the following, as may be desired:

Muslin Voice of Warning. Half Muslin Question Book. Brown's Concordance to the Bible.—The Bible Text Book.

For six new subscribers and fifty cents for each, the following:

A New Testament by the American Bible Union.

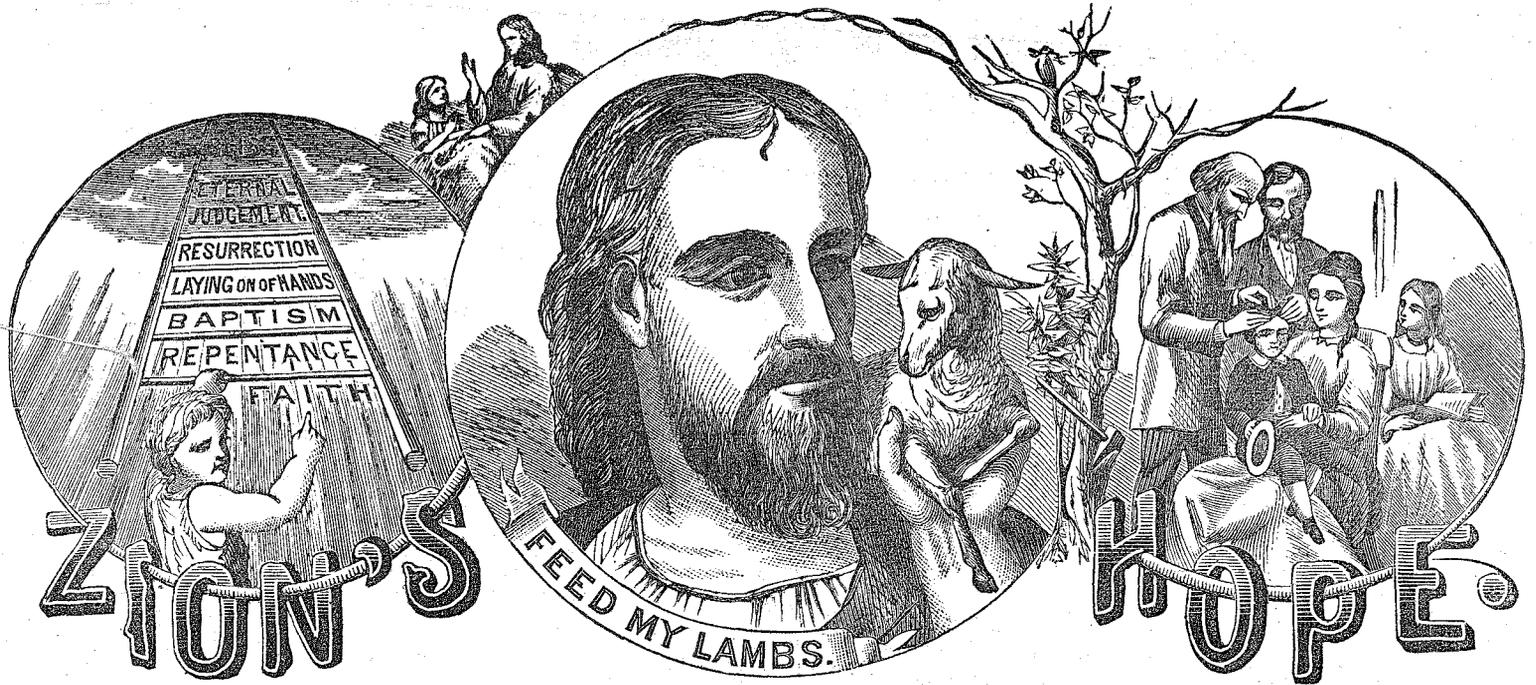
ZION'S HOPE

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JOSEPH SMITH EDITOR.
MARK H. FORSCUTT ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., JANUARY 1, 1871.

No. 13.

THE NEW YEAR.

HAPPY new year to all the "Hopes" of Zion, is the cordial and earnest wish of the Editors of ZION'S HOPE. A kindly new year's greeting to all our patrons, middle-aged, old and young.

Another year has passed into the great cycle of the earth's temporal life—the much dreaded and important year, one thousand eight hundred and seventy, has passed away, and with it the downfall of that great empire in the earth that when the year commenced was first in fashion, first in artistic excellence, first in the splendor of that grandeur for which the French nation has for so long a period been famous.—France as an empire, is unknown; but France still lives.

The year 1871 opens in upon us with indications of struggles that, if engaged in, will convulse Europe, and do much towards opening the way for Asia to accept and employ the motto of the agile and fine limbed youth in our cut, the motto "Excelsior."



In the early history of the world, Asia was the quarter of the world in which the great events recorded in holy writ took place, and in which the once favored people of God dwelt. Their history, so long as they kept the law of God, is expressed in the motto carried by the brave boy

in the cut. They fell because they failed; let us not grow weary in well-doing.

The meaning of the word Excelsior is "ever upward; still higher; more lofty." It is a Latin word.

Do not our little Hopes think that the artist has conceived the idea very properly. Notice the cut. The ground on which the brave boy is carrying this beautiful motto treads is of a gently rising character, and as he ascends, he still points upward with the index finger of his left hand. The index finger is the first finger of the hand next to the thumb.

The new year comes to-day. This is the time to form good resolutions and to commence to carry out those already formed. Let us each inscribe the motto of our noble boy in the cut upon our banner, and adopt its meaning as the motive that shall govern us this year. If we are tempted to do evil, let us think that evil will not lead us upward, and cry "Excelsior," ever upward. If we are tempted with the thought that we have advanced sufficiently in learning or in goodness, let us say "Excelsior," still higher. If we are tempted to do a mean or ignoble act, let us not descend to do it, and not still continue to be noble and generous, but looking at our motto, shout Excelsior, more noble. May God bless you, precious Hopes of Zion, and make the year 1871 the best year of your lives to you.

UNCLE MARK.

THE TWO SOLDIERS.

A SOLDIER lay upon the blood-stained field of Shiloh; his once strong right arm lay maimed and powerless by his side, while a ball from the relentless foe had entered his breast, and the life-current was slowly tinkling down over the blue uniform in which he had fallen, fighting for the home of freedom and the flag of our fathers.

His lips were parched with thirst; and as he moaned wearily, and stretched his unhurt arm upon the ground, he touched another hand, and

an answering groan came from another prostrate figure by his side.

"Water, for the love of heaven," said a voice, "water, for I am dying."

"Alas," replied the first, "I am also dying, and my lips are also parched with thirst; but I have no water for myself."

"Well," said the other, and the words came slowly and painfully from his lips, "we are both soon to stand before the bar of God; let us talk to each other of the past and the future. We are strangers now; pray tell what is the history of your past life."

The soldier answered: "I live on the beautiful prairies of the west, where the Mississippi's broad waters sweep on their way to the great gulf. In childhood, my handsome, dark-eyed brother shared my sports; but he was a tyrant, and left his home for strangers—twice ten years have passed by, and we have mourned him as dead. My poor mother died with a prayer on her lips for her erring wanderer. Five years ago, I married pretty Maggie Blake, and God blessed us with a little one, whom we called Willie for the brother that is gone. When traitorous hearts sought the downfall of our beloved country, and traitorous hands fired upon our dear old flag, I could not remain at home, and see my old playmates rally to the standard of freedom without me, and I took my musket and marched with the soldiers of the Union. Well do I remember the words of brave, loving-hearted Maggie, as I held her in my arms for the last, last time. How hard she strove to choke back the rebellious tears, as she held baby Willie to my lips, and told him to kiss his papa; and he laughed and crowed in childish glee, and stroked my face with his tiny hands, nor little knew that his father marched to death!"

The other soldier said: "I have fallen fighting in the ranks of the Confederates. On the vine clad hills of Georgia, I left a handsome, dark-haired wife who was all the world to me. There is a golden-haired Nellie that used to come bounding to the gate to meet me, when my day's labor was done—the golden curls flying around her

pure white brow, and her blue eyes so full of mirth, just like my own dear mother whom I left years ago in my Northern home. I too was born where the flowers nod and bend in the breeze that sweeps over the prairies, watered by the Mississippi.

"Tis my brother—my long-lost, my own loved brother."

"Yes, yes; I am your brother—heaven forgive me all the sorrow I have caused you all and especially our dear mother whom we are going to meet.

"Now we are both dying, and we two brothers meet at last, but meet in death!" And the hand of the soldier of the Union, and the hand of the confederate clasped in a brotherly clasp, and the morning sun poured his beams down upon Shiloh, and shone upon the uniform of the union blue and the confederate gray, both forms stiff and cold in death.

Pretty Maggie will now stand long at the cottage door, and the soft brown eyes will grow humid with tears; and little Willie will call for papa, and never know a father's love. The dark-haired wife, too, will grow sick at heart from long waiting, and golden-haired Nellie will look long for her father and playmate, and the laughing blue eyes will gain a look of sorrow.

Bue dark-eyed Willie, and golden-haired, bright-faced, loving Robert, will sleep their long sleep far away, and moulder into dust far from the beautiful prairies of Iowa and the vine-clad hills of sunny Georgia, and their spirits in a land where hunger and thirst, war and strife, pain and sorrow are unknown.

JOSEPHINE MORLEY.

A SWARM OF BEES WORTH HAVING.

B Patient. B Prayerful. B Humble. B Mild.
 B Wise as a Solomon. B Meek as a Child.
 B Studious. B Thoughtful. B Loving. B Kind.
 B sure you make matter Subservient to Mind.
 B Cautious. B Thoughtful. B Trustful. B True.
 B Courteous with all men. B Friendly with Few.
 B Temperate in Argument, Pleasure and Wine.
 B Careful of Conduct, of Money, of Time.
 B Cheerful. B Grateful. B Hopeful. B Firm.
 B Peaceful, Benevolent, willing to Learn.
 B Patient. B Circumspect, Sound in the Faith.
 B Active, Devoted. B Faithful till Death.
 B Honest. B Holy, Transparent, and Pure.
 B Dependent. B Christ-like. And you will be Sure.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

BUT few of our little readers have ever seen an old farm house like that represented in our cut of the present issue; but their forefathers from older countries than this have seen many. "Does it not look very clumsy and heavy?" exclaims Gerty. "How unlike our very pretty farm houses of the present day!" cried Winnie. "Why, it looks as though part of it projected outwards without having anything to lean upon; says Henry. "What a curious roof it has!" chimes in George.

I remember well a journey of four miles that I undertook from Stamford, to a friend who lived in a farm house of this class, when I was about

ten years old. My way lay across a heath, and as I traveled on, alone and meditative, being accustomed only to scenes of town-life, I was very much charmed with the pleasant though wild-looking prospect on either side my narrow path, and the strange cry of the green plover or lapwing, which the children call a Pewit, on account of this word, Pewit, being its continual cry.

But when I reached near enough the farm house, I was really amused at its grotesque appearance, and I wondered who ever built such a strange looking house, and for what purpose it was built. But when the kind face of cheerful Mrs. Kirby met me at the door; the hearty English welcome fell on my ears, and the warm kiss upon my cheek. I felt that that curious old house was one of the nicest places in the world. I roamed its old large rooms over; played and walked around the farm and heath by day and got at night inside its large chimney corner, where I watched the fire flickering upon the hearth and listened to the pleasant chat of Mr. and Mrs. Kirby until I learned to almost love the strange and weird-like spot.



The scene in the picture is an English one. It is a rural spot in one of the most remote and unmodernized spots of England. The roofing of the house is made of straw, varying from two or three inches to three feet in thickness. The straw is laid very neatly and evenly, and then carefully and securely bound; and to prepare it for the thatchers in this form, boys are employed. This they do very quickly when used to it. Some men make thatching their business in old countries, and boys who are skilfull in preparing straw for the thatcher are very often proud of their skill. Most of the grain is stacked in England, and the stacks of grain, also of hay, are carefully thatched until the time of thrashing.

A newly thatched house is very warm. It is much warmer than either tiles, slate or shingles; but less secure, owing to its liability to take fire. The rich farmers who build in England now, and those who have built for the last quarter of a

century, seldom use thatching for a roof—shingle, too are almost unknown there—tiles and slate are the common covering for new buildings; though thatching is still used for barns and out-buildings that are away from the houses, on account of the material being on hand, and costing the farmer but little beside the hire of labor.

UNCLE MARK.

OUR JOURNEY. NO. 10.

SQUAW STEALING.

AH! what is this? Whence came those cries and sobs? See; there are two brawny, dark-browed Indians dragging a young squaw between them. She is struggling, but in vain, to escape from their grasp, and crying most piteously. An old Indian woman is walking along with them, but she looks upon the poor young thing with perfect indifference, and with an unmoved countenance seems to approve the harsh treatment. What is their object, and

where are they taking her thus sorely against her will? One of the men wishes her for his squaw—to go to his "wickiup" and take care of him. She was not willing to go, and so he has obtained help and is forcing her to go with him. But the cries of the young girl have reached the ears of a white man. He sees them dragging her along, and compels them to let her go. She is an orphan, and has often been about the white man's house. It does not always happen, however, that they are thus rescued, but the old hag and the men frequently steal the young squaws, and force them away from their friends.

Do not imagine my little friends that these poor savages are worse in this respect than many white men, who are, or should be, civilized. How many wives, suppose you, have been furnished to the harems of Utah, in much the same way? They may be a little more polished in the manner of proceeding, but what makes it a thousand times worse in the sight of God and

his angels, they mark their gross baseness under the garb of religion. But little friends, these untutored savages would tell you, "two, three squaws, heap good for Indian!" and they would speak just what was in their heart.

Down, down to the lowest, deepest degradation in which human beings can be sunk, is where we find polygamy. But even here God has set upon it the seal of his direct disapproval, for there are as many males as females, hence the necessity of the "stealing operation." One Indian steals the squaw of another, or a young girl not yet old enough to be his wife. Very much like their white brethren of Utah; for the works of Satan bear a strong family likeness to each other, find them where you may. Beware of them dear children.

THE INDIAN BOY'S STRIKE.

Most of my little friends know the meaning of the word "strike." When persons employed are

not satisfied with their wages, they quit work until they are paid more, or are forced from want of food and clothes to resume it. The strike of the Indian boy, however was not for higher wages, but "heap ticcup," and pray what is that? I think I hear you say. To the Indians all manner of food is either "biscuit" or "ticcup," and it would astonish you to see how much they can dispose of. I had fed "George," many of their names are the same as white boys, all that I supposed he could possibly dispose of, in a legitimate manner, and you may judge that when I called upon him for some slight services, I was surprised to see him straighten himself up and say, "Big heap ticcup, and work all day, 'tittle ticcup, me no work." This was after dinner, and he folded his hands until supper-time. His supper doubtless satisfied him; for he resumed his work and I heard no more of his troubles.

The Indian will share his ticcup, whether little or much, with his friends, and then work cheerfully to earn more. I have often watched them thus dividing their scanty store, and thought what a lesson might be learned even from a savage. They not only give it away when they have a surplus, but if you give them a slice of bread for any small service rendered, they will divide with their companions as readily as when they have a full meal. Little readers, when you grow to be men and women, saints of God too I trust, let your hearts open and expand toward your fellow creatures, and remember if you store away your substance and see want all around you, you resemble our great exemplar, Christ, less than the untutored savage does, who knows nothing of God and his Son Jesus Christ, whose blood cleanses from all sin.

The Indian is very independent in his disposition, and always reserves to himself the right of leaving your employ at his pleasure. They seldom manifest any wonder, or give vent to any feelings of surprise, but look upon all which occurs around them with the most stolid indifference. Upon one occasion, as one of the men was driving a team, the provision box fell out, and the wheel of the wagon passing over it made a promiscuous mashing of bread, pies, cakes, etc. The Indian who was accompanying the team looked at the wreck without relaxing a feature, until his eye lit on a box of eggs which had shared the general fate, when giving vent to his peculiar, "Ugh! chicken heap broke!" his face relaxed into a smile at the mishap.

The principal food of the Indian in this valley is pine nut. They gather them on the pine trees of the mountains. I do not know whether the pines of other countries bear these nuts or not. They resemble in shape and color the pecan, but have a sweetish taste, with a slight flavor of the pine.

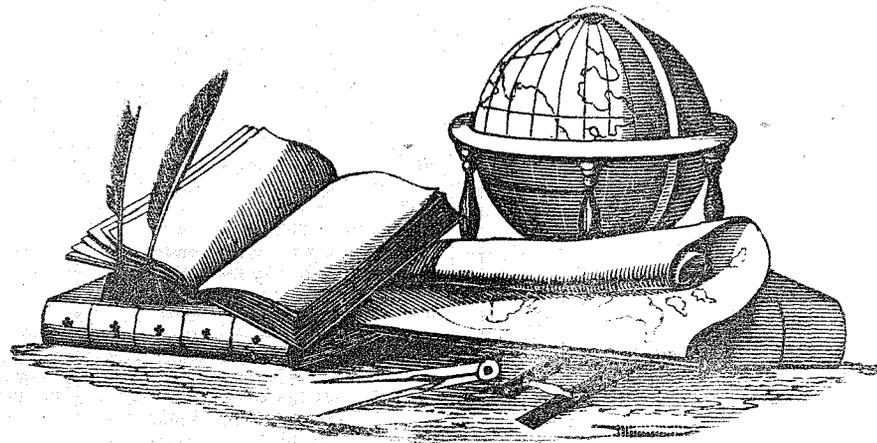
FRANCES.

THE PROFIT OF ENDURING TEMPTATION.—A little boy as he walked home from school, saw a ripe pear lying on the ground in the front yard of a large, fine house. It was a nice yellow pear. The little boy was hungry. How I should like that pear," thought he. "I might reach it through the slats of the fence. No one sees me." Then these words came to his mind, "Thou God seest me."

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

LESSON I.

THE word Geography signifies a description of the earth. It is derived from two Greek words, which, as employed by us, may be rendered as follows—Geo, *the earth*; graphy, *to write or describe*; hence we have geography; a *description of the earth*. The surface of the earth, its divisions into land and water, the various mountains, valleys, oceans, lakes, rivers, countries and people upon its surface may properly therefore be described in lessons on Geography. The science of Geology is frequently coupled with Geography. As Geography describes the surface, land and water of the earth, with their several divisions into mountains, valleys, oceans, lakes, rivers, countries, &c., so Geology describes the physical features and formation of the earth, its rocks, strata, and internal character.



The word History we obtain from the Latin word *Historia*, and from a Greek word, which signifies *to learn or know by inquiry*. History is also an account of events which have transpired, their causes, and the effects which have resulted from them. The *times or dates* when the great events of the world have taken place come under the province of the science of Chronology, a word derived from two Greek words signifying *time and discourse*. Hence Chronology is the science that measures time, and gives to events their proper dates. The description of a place or tract of land in minute detail belongs to the science of Topography, a word derived from two Greek words, rendered in English, *Topo, a place*, graphy, *to describe*—topography; to describe a place.

In writing this series, we shall not enter into any particular details concerning times or dates, nor into the minute particulars of special localities; but content ourself with such outlines or remarks as may seem necessary to give an outline, or general view of the subjects indicated by the title we have chosen for our series—Geography and History.

Questions on Lesson I.

1. What does Geography signify?
2. What language is the word derived from?
3. What words is it derived from and what are their meaning?
4. What may properly be described by Geography?
5. What science is frequently coupled with Geography?
6. What does Geology describe?
7. What word do we obtain the name History from?
8. What do the words mean from which we obtain the word History?

9. What is history an account of?
10. What is the name of the science that treats of times and dates?
11. What language is the term Chronology derived from?
12. What is Chronology?
13. What science treats of places in minute detail?
14. What language is the word Topography derived from?
15. What words is Topography derived from, and what are their meanings?

INSTRUCTION OF THE YOUNG.

ENCOURAGEMENT has a great deal to do towards building up the moral and religious feelings of mankind, especially the "boys and girls" as we are pleased to call them; and not only is the better part of nature improved by encouragement, but the power of darkness is kept back, which is ever ready to take the opportunity to show to the young something

enticing that in the end would destroy every thought tending to virtue and truth.

To so lead astray is quite an easy task, when the subject acted upon is in earnest seeking for new and interesting channels to be benefitted from unless well guarded. If virtuous thoughts and actions in the young be not encouraged, they will be apt to go into darkness, for the nature of mankind is such that his actions are prone to evil rather than good, if left entirely alone.

Parents do not always see the consequences of allowing their offspring to follow the bent of their own inclinations, especially if such inclinations be forced upon them by their surroundings. "A wise son maketh a glad father," we are told; but if a son be not taught to act wisely, he is not wise, and the hearts of the father and mother are not gladdened.

To encourage the young in good and noble aspirations, was a prominent feature of the early S. School propagandists. This ought to be so, and more especially of the L. D. Saints. It was for this that S. Schools were established in connection with the church, but when the subjects to be directly benefitted are held back by parents, it is an uphill business to train them.

It can scarcely be credited by any servants of God, that such a case could happen, after accepting the revealed exhortation to "read all good books," and to receive "truth wherever it is found, whether on heathen or on christian ground;" yet we fear it is so with some.

Fathers and mothers, when Sabbath mornings roll around, remember you owe *one* duty at least

to your offspring especially at that time, viz: their early training to good works, and if you neglect to use the opportunities presented, you are not only robbing yourself of gladness, society of intelligence which might otherwise be developed; but you are hiding heaven-given talents, and putting a barrier between your children and those good and early impressions which children can receive, and of which you may at some future time bitterly repent.

Roll on the S. School cause then, and in after years your posterity will call you blessed; and if it should be, in isolated cases, that no good was accomplished, surely you can never say that "evil was done."

Read the "children's column," and there be satisfied that *good is already springing up*, which will grow brighter and brighter.

P. TEMPEST.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Their Organization and Management.

No. 2.

WE suggest the following rules as suitable for the organization and government of a Sunday School—the blanks to be filled according to the necessity, size and circumstances of the school to be organized.

First.—This school shall be known as the _____ Sunday School.

Second.—Its General Officers shall consist of one Superintendent, one Assistant Superintendent, one Secretary, one Treasurer, one Librarian, and one Janitor; their authority and right of presidency to be acknowledged according to the order in which they are here named.

Third.—The scholars of this school shall be divided into three Departments; 1st, the Male Senior; 2nd, the Female Senior; 3rd, the Junior. The Male Senior shall comprise all boys, and the Female Senior all girls of eight years of age and upwards; the Junior all scholars under eight—each department to be divided into classes according to age and proficiency.

Fourth.—To each class there shall be one teacher and one auxiliary teacher; the auxiliary teacher to be a member of a higher class, and take charge of the class in the absence of the regular teacher.

Fifth.—The General Officers of the School shall be elected; the teachers and auxiliary teachers appointed by the General Officers, and the scholars arranged in classes, or promoted by the Superintendent.

Sixth.—The Officers, Teachers and Auxiliary teachers of the school, shall meet in a teacher's meeting as often, at least, as _____ a month, to counsel together on school matters and make reports.

Seventh.—If at any time there shall be a trial of the highest officer present, or a question before the meeting in which he is personally involved, the officer next to him shall preside during such trial, or while such question is pending.

Eighth.—No one shall be engaged as officer or teacher in this school whose religious views are antagonistic to the gospel of Christ, or whose occupation or moral character is reproachable.

Ninth.—No officer, teacher or scholar shall be expelled from this school who has not been found deserving of expulsion by a proper trial before the officers of the school; neither shall any charge be entertained by a meeting of the officers and teachers of the school, unless it has been presented to them in writing, and a copy of it been furnished to the person accused, certified to by the officer to whom the charge was made; nor shall any charge be canvassed until it comes properly before the meeting; nor shall anything more than a simple announcement of the result of the trial be made before the scholars, and never made public except on the order of the meeting before which the trial is had.

Tenth.—Tickets, as rewards for promptness and efficiency, shall be issued as follows: For early attendance, one ticket; for each lesson learned, one ticket; for correct deportment during each session, one ticket—these tickets to be exchanged, twelve for one reward card, each card to be in value _____ cents, returnable on the first Sundays in June and December, and redeemed by reward books on the first Sundays in July and January following, the books to be of the

retail value of the reward cards returned, at _____ cents each card, the books to be selected by a committee appointed by the school.

Eleventh.—That to meet the expenses of the school, voluntary contributions shall be received; there shall also be a festival or exhibition by the school, semi-annually, at some convenient time between the times of returning tickets and issuing rewards.

Twelfth.—The selection of books to be used by the classes shall be made by the officers and teachers of the school.

Thirteenth.—All meetings of the officers and teachers shall be opened with prayer, and the doors be always closed at all meetings during prayer. The order of conducting the school exercises shall be as follows:

1st. Calling school to order and opening exercises. Ten minutes.

2nd. Registering of attendance of scholars, in classes. Five minutes.

3rd. Receiving from scholars and returning Library Books to Librarian. Five minutes.

4th. Reciting of lessons learned since last session. Fifteen minutes.

5th. Reading by scholars and instruction by teachers, in classes. Fifteen minutes.

6th. Address to school by person in charge or some one of his appointment. Ten minutes.

7th. Distribution of Tickets, Sunday School Papers, and Library Books. Five minutes.

8th. General announcements and closing exercises. Ten minutes.

(This arrangement will extend through a period of one hour and a quarter; if it be thought advisable to hold the session an hour and a half, 25 minutes might be given to No. 5 instead of 15 minutes, and 15 minutes to No. 6 instead of ten minutes.)

Fourteenth.—Officers or teachers wishing to resign their connection with this school, are requested to notify the school by writing through one of its officers.

Fifteenth.—In the absence of teacher and auxiliary of any class at the close of opening exercises, the one in charge of school shall appoint a substitute for that session—the teacher is superseded for that session.

Sixteenth.—The absence of a teacher from a class for three consecutive Sundays without justifiable reasons shall justify the Superintendent in appointing another teacher permanently to the class—and the absent teacher superseded shall, on return to duty, be appointed to any vacancy that may occur.

Seventeenth.—When a scholar removes from this school, a certificate suitable for presentation shall be given the retiring scholar, signed by the superintendent and secretary of the school.

Eighteenth.—Semi-annual certificates of attendance, deportment and proficiency, shall be given to each scholar on the days of presentation of prizes—the first Sundays of January and July.

Nineteenth.—The SUPERINTENDENT shall preside at all regular meetings, and call special meetings when he deems it necessary, or at the request of any two of the officers of the school—if he be absent or a charge pending be against him, the Assistant Superintendent or the one next in authority to him who is present, and against whom there is no charge pending, shall perform the duties of the Superintendent. The ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT shall perform any or all of the duties of the superintendent in the absence of the latter, and assist him whenever requested to do so. The SECRETARY shall keep a record of the names, residences, ages, and classes of all members of the school, and transact all business in behalf of the school, unless otherwise provided for, and sign all official documents relating to the school. The TREASURER shall receive all moneys, paying out only as authorized by a vote of the teacher's meeting, except for lights and firing, which he shall furnish the money for to the Janitor, taking his receipt for the same. The LIBRARIAN shall have charge of all books, and shall give a receipt, in the name of the school, for all books turned over to him by committees of purchase, and if any book be destroyed or lost, report the same to the teacher's meeting. The JANITOR shall have charge of the furniture of the school, and see that lights and firing for Teacher's meetings and the school are furnished, and attend to the lighting and warming the room, and keeping the door during prayer, or when directed by the one in charge of the school or meeting.

Twentieth.—No property or books belonging to this school shall be disposed of without the unanimous consent of the officers and teachers of the school, and in case of the disorganization of the school, the Treasurer, Librarian and Janitor shall confer with the council of the branch that authorized the establishment of the school, to which they shall turn over the several properties in their hands belonging to the school, receiving each a receipt signed by the President and Clerk of the council.

Twenty-first.—No resolution or rule adopted shall become a part of these by-laws; nor any by-law adopted be repealed on less than a two-third's vote of the officers and teachers of the school.

UNCLE MARK.

QUESTIONS FOR THE LITTLE HOPES

Dear children we call you our Hopes, and the Hope of Zion because Hope is the expectation of good, and we expect that great good will come to you, and because of you. So, dear little Hopes, in what town do you live?

In what county is that town?

In what state that county?

In what kingdom or republic that state?

On what continent is it situated?

What hemisphere is North America in?

Upon what is that hemisphere?

If I would describe the earth to you, in what study would that description be?

What Cape should each hope strive to be like, and where is it?

Please answer before the number February 15th, and please me and instruct yourselves.

TRAVELER.

WE are pleased to be able to announce that there has been quite a revival among our contributors in solving enigmas, anagrams, and puzzles, and shall furnish some new ones in our next number, as well as answers to those already published. We have a stock of interesting letters too, and shall give the children quite a list of letters from their little friends in our next. You have commenced the year well, little ones—now try and keep your interest up.

RECEIVED AND ACCEPTED.

POETRY.—"Now I lay me down to sleep," by Felix.—"The Little Truant," by Perla Wild.—"Song for all day," by Aoriul.—"Christ Blessing Children," by T. W. Smith.—"Winter's Pleasures," by Estella Seaman.

PROSE.—"St. Louis concert," by X. A.—"The Mill," by M. P.—"Goodness of God," by W. C. L.—"Similitude," by W. C. L.—"Yes, you can," by X. A.

EVIL THOUGHTS.—Beware of evil thoughts; they have done great mischief in the world. Bad thoughts come first, bad words follow, and bad deeds finish the progress. Watch against them. Strive against them. Pray against them; they prepare the way for the enemy of souls.

Bad thoughts 's a thief; he acts his part;
Creeps through the window of the heart;
And if he once his way can win,
He lets a hundred robbers in.

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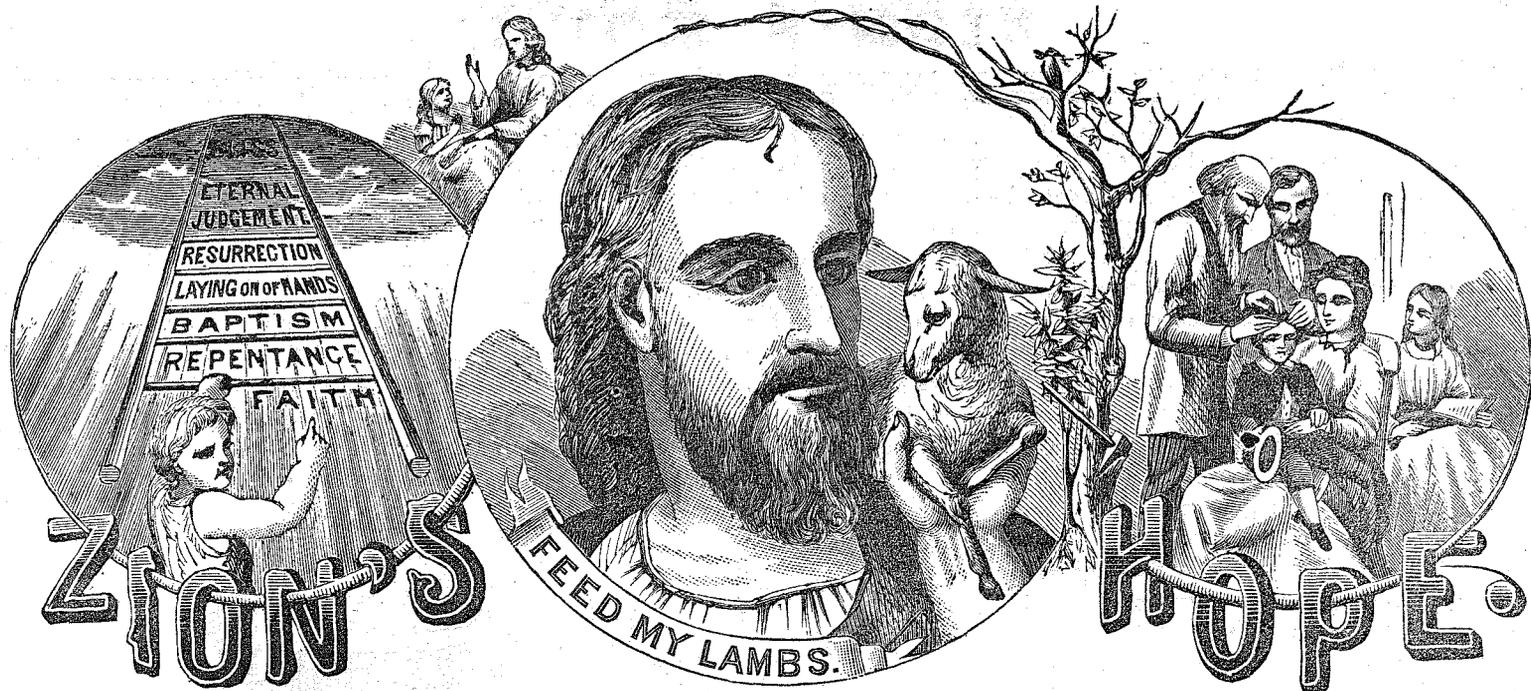
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., JANUARY 15, 1871.

No. 14.

THE ITALIAN PEASANT BOY.

MY dear boys and girls, I am sitting in the British Museum, and I have before me some letters written nearly three hundred years ago. The paper on which they are written, is yellow with age, and the ink has a brown and dirty look. I need not tell you that the hand that wrote them has mingled with the dust from which it was formed; but I may tell you that the name of the writer, Galilei, will be remembered for ages to come.

Galileo Galilei was born at Pisa in Northern Italy, on the 15th of February, 1564. Of his father we know little, except that he belonged to a noble family, and was a skillful musician. Galileo spent his early years in the construction of scientific toys, and pieces of machinery, which were constructed chiefly for the amusement of himself and his school-fellows. He took delight in music and painting, but what he loved best was to wander among the woods in the neighborhood of Pisa, and gather the wild flowers which there bloom in such profuse abundance. He gathered these flowers, not so much on account of their beauty, but in order to study their medicinal use. Had the choice of a profession been left to himself, he would have become a painter, but his father had observed decided inclinations of early genius, had seen him poring over the flowers which he had

culled on the banks of the Arno, and though not possessed of much money, resolved to send his clever boy to the university or college of Pisa, one of the most celebrated in Italy, to which was attached a garden containing a collection of rare and valuable plants.

But Galileo was not to become famous, either as a painter, musician, or a physician. One day, when about nineteen years of age, he was passing through the cathedral of Pisa, and his attention was arrested by the vibrations of a lamp which swung suspended by a long cord from the roof. He noticed how regularly the lamp swung to and fro. He went home to his lodgings in the Campo Santo, and for hours and days and weeks thought over the swinging of the lamp.

Boys and girls, I need not ask if you have been present at the winding-up of a clock, you will then have seen the pendulum wagging backwards and forwards, and have heard the clock giving a tick, tick, every time the pendulum went from one side of the clock-case to the oth-

er. There were no pendulums before Galileo entered the cathedral of Pisa, and we have to thank him for having assisted us in marking correctly the swiftness of time, that will not tarry even at the bidding of a king.

In the summer of 1868, the days were warmer than remembered for many years. If you had looked during the hot weather into the news-

papers, you might have read that in London the thermometer on one day stood at 80°, at another at 90° in the shade. A thermometer is an instrument for measuring heat. For its invention we are indebted to Galileo. In 1603, a friend called upon him, and during the visit Galileo took a small glass bottle about the size of a hen's egg, the neck of which was twenty-two inches long, and as narrow as a straw. Having well-heated the body of the bottle in his hands he plunged the neck into a vessel containing water, and the water rushed up the narrow tube, and this was the first thermometer ever exhibited to the world.

In the year 1609, Galileo being on a visit to Venice, heard that a Dutch spectacle-maker had invented an instrument which was said to represent distant objects nearer than they usually appeared. On returning to Pisa, he, after long and patient thought and labor, invented the telescope. As soon as his first telescope was constructed, he returned with it to Venice, where it was regarded with astonishment by the inhabitants. For more than a month his whole time was employed in permitting these astonished citizens to take a peep through, what to them, seemed a magical tube. As they looked up to the sky of night, they saw thousands of stars that had been invisible to them before, and in the daytime, by the aid of the same wonderful instrument, they could descry the windows and porches of villas far away on the shores of the Adriatic.

About this same time Galileo, constructed the first microscope. The difference between a microscope and telescope, is this; the first is for looking at minute objects, and the other at distant ones. Through the use of these instruments we are enabled to see more of the wonders of creation, and these discoveries tend to fill our minds with deeper awe and reverence of the Almighty, whose word brought them all into being.

A Bavarian philosopher was traveling through Switzerland with one of Galileo's newly-invented microscopes in his possession. On the journey he fell ill and died. The authorities of the district took possession of his baggage, and were



about to bury him in the churchyard of the village, when on examining a certain little glass instrument in his pocket, which chanced to contain a living fly, and was magnified apparently to the size of an elephant, they were struck with the greatest terror, and the poor stranger was declared to have been a wicked sorcerer, and his body on that account was deemed unworthy of Christian burial. Fortunately, some one was bold enough to open the instrument, and away flew the fly, and the terrors of the villagers along with it.

Galileo, like many other good and clever men, in those times of ignorance and superstition, was persecuted for his opinions; that is, for thinking differently from other people who were not possessed of his knowledge. He was bold enough to declare that the earth revolved round the sun, and simply for saying so, he was twice severely punished by the Inquisition—a court over which the priests and monks presided, and which often punished with death, or life-long imprisonment, those to whose opinions it objected. On both occasions Galileo was forced to deny the truth of his own statement, but, in the last instance, after having done so, he stamped his foot on the ground, indignantly muttering, "It moves, however, for all that!"

At the age of seventy-two he became totally blind. A friend of his, writing of this affliction, says, "I must not regret that this has happened, it has pleased God to do so, therefore must I also be pleased."

Galileo spent the latter days of his life at his country house near Florence, where he was visited by John Milton, one of England's greatest poets. He died in the seventy-eighth year of his age, honored and regretted by all good and true men.—*Band of Hope Review.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

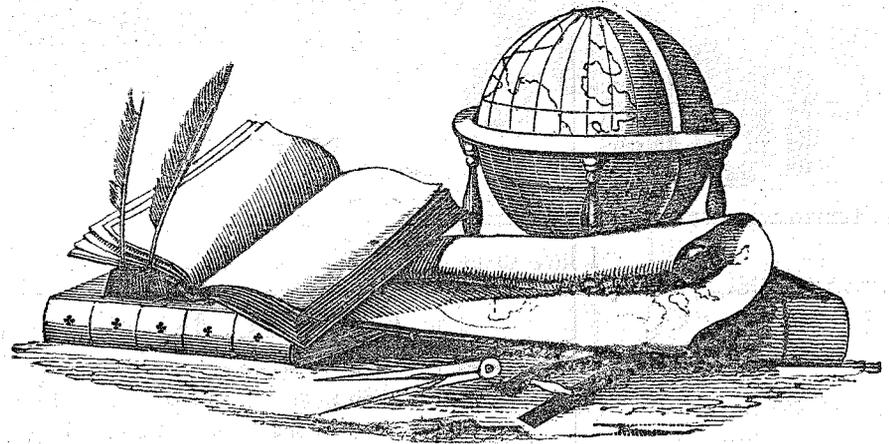
LESSON II. THE EARTH.

THE earth is called a sphere, ball, globe, or orb, on account of it being supposed to be nearly round. The term "Sphere" originated with and is the term chiefly used by astronomers; the term "Ball" is applied to the earth on account of the view held of the heavenly bodies being thrown through space, (boys accustomed to throwing a ball can understand this); the term "Globe" denotes a round body, and is used commonly in reference to a solid body; the term "Orb" is applied to the *pathway* of a heavenly body, and is used respecting the earth chiefly in poetry.

The earth is not supposed to be entirely round, but about twenty-six miles less in diameter at the poles than at the equator. It was thought formerly that the earth was a plane, surrounded on all sides by a vast sea. Many things, however, puzzled the wise men who held to this theory, the philosophers of earlier times than ours, and some of them seemed to imagine that there was yet something unknown in respect to its shape. It is only about four hundred years since it was satisfactorily shown that the earth was a sphere, and for some time it was supposed

to be perfectly round by those who accepted the new theory. It has been decided otherwise, however, and is now said to be an "oblate spheroid;" in simpler terms, a body nearly round depressed at the poles.

The opinion respecting the earth being a plane has been revived in England by a clergyman who signs his name Parallax. He visited where we were traveling fourteen or fifteen years ago, and challenged the learned men to discussion upon this subject.



The arguments used to prove the earth to be a globe, or sphere, are these:—1. Persons have been known to sail around the earth. 2. In looking at the surrounding earth or sea from the top of a very high mountain, the objects seem to lie in a sloping direction on all sides. 3. In looking out upon the ocean, the tops or masts of a ship are first seen, and as the ship approaches nearer, more and still more of her becomes visible until the entire vessel is seen. 4. An eclipse of the moon is supposed to be caused by the earth coming between the sun and the moon. 5. The shadow of the earth is observed to be circular in form.

The earth is surrounded by an element very thin and transparent, called *air* or atmosphere, which we breathe, and from the upper regions of which rain and snow and hail come, and in which the clouds also form.

The body of the earth is composed of water, rocks, soil, minerals, vegetables, fire, vapor, coal and many other things valuable to man.

THE CHILDREN AND "ZION'S HOPE."

A LITTLE boy a short time since, commenced selling city papers, and the first afternoon earned fourteen cents. He went home at night very much pleased, and told his mamma, who did not know that he had been earning money instead of playing, what he had done. She then called him to her side and said, "Alfred, the *Hope* is come." "Is there anything from Uncle Mark?" he enquired. The mother told him there was. "Oh, ma, read it to me, won't you?" "Yes, my boy," replied the mother.

He then took his seat by her side, and she read him the article on the close of the year in the number for December 15th. When she was through reading, little Alfred's eyes sparkled as he said that he would send that fourteen cents, the first money he ever earned, to Uncle Mark

for the *Hope*. We heard of this soon after from a very dear friend; and last week, little Alfred came to our house with a big lot of pennies. We asked him what they were for. He answered, "For the *Hope*." There was fifty cents in pennies.

God bless this noble, little boy.

Last week, another, a dear little girl of thirteen, came to the office and handed us a dollar for the *Hope*. We asked her from whom it came, and to whom the *Hope* was to be sent, when she

warmed our heart by saying, "From me for the poor who cannot afford to take the *Hope*."

This little girl has just commenced to work for wages, and she too brought the first fruits of her earnings as an offering to the poor. God bless rosy-cheeked Emma.

Since that we have received a dollar from little Siena Wight, as will be seen by her letter in this number. God bless Siena too.

Surely when the children work like these three for *Zion's Hope*, the paper will be sustained by the older ones.

UNCLE MARK.

YES, YOU CAN.

COME here Willie, and take a seat with me on this nice seat in the garden, and I will tell you a little story about the subject you spoke of in the house."

"What, about our organ, and Jane Ann?"

"Yes; and it is true. Well; there were several girls talking together, and one was telling another that she should learn to play the organ, and the other said 'I cant,' and then the first said;"

"Yes you can, just as well as anybody, if you try. Don't talk to me about 'cant'. What is the reason you cant?"

"I am too old."

"You too old! You are no more too old to learn to play the organ in S. S., than you are too old to have Willie Swift help you over the fence."

"But if you won't learn, Miss Daisie will, won't you?" said she, turning to another girl.

"I have n't time," said Miss Daisie.

"You have n't time! Ha, ha, ha, eh—, well that beats me."

"What are you laughing at?"

"What am I laughing at?" Why it seems so funny to hear you say, 'Have n't time.' After spending a whole week on a big doll; to say

nothing of the time you spent in painting a valentine to send to—well, you know whom.”

“But may be, Miss Jane Ann will learn; what say you, little one?” said the first speaker to another little girl.

“I will see what papa and mamma will say.”

“Spoken like a little woman; and may some good angel help you.”

“Well, I'll tell you how it was. There was an organ in our meeting house, but none of the members, except Uncle Mark,—there, now I've done it; some folks say it is not right to mention names; but there is no use in calling it back, so I'll let it go. Well, there was no one to play but Uncle Mark; and he would play the organ for the choir, and then go into the stand and preach, and then come down and play again. Well, this was all well enough while it lasted; but as Br. Joseph wanted Uncle Mark to help with your little Sunday School paper; he went, and then we were left in a rather bad fix,—an organ and no one to play it in either church or school.”



“What did you do then?”

“What did we do? We let the organ be taken from the church, because, you see, it seemed to say:—Now, aint you ashamed of yourselves to lock me up with a big cloth over me? You might just as well not have me here at all,—you might. You know that you need me to help you with the bass. And your alto is not near as punctual as she might be. I could put in alto, I could, if you would use me. You sometimes pitch the tune too low and make folks wish they had not come in until the singing was over; sometimes you pitch it too high so that nobody can sing with you, and you get short of puff before you are through. Sometimes some of you catch cold too, and then,—O, dear me! some look out of the windows, and others look as though they had forgotten something and were in more than half a mind to start back home after it. Why don't you let me help? I would give you the proper pitch every time, and I would n't catch cold and frighten folks either, I would n't.”

Well, you see, we could n't stand this upbraiding; so we got rid of it.

“Well, what did Jane Ann's parents say?”

“Why they said just what *live* Latter D. Saints always say, “GO AHEAD,” and the little heroine did go ahead; and for more than a year, she has been the organist in what the dear *Zion's Hope* calls the banner S. S. of the church. And what is better, we have not only a good organ but a

good organist, but we have several little Hopes who play for us occasionally. So much for example.”

“Well, was n't Jane Ann a good girl.”

“Indeed she was.”

And now dear Hopes of Zion, won't you subscribe for, and learn to play an organ in your S. S.? Don't say you can't, or I shall answer you with the heading of this article, “Yes, you can.”

X. A.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Their Organization and Management.

No. 3.

THE appointing of teachers to classes is a matter of no little delicacy. Some desire charge of a class for which they are totally unqualified; and to make them properly understand this is a duty the General Officers of a school require great tact to properly perform.

Some teachers work admirably with an infant class, others with a more advanced class.

Some possess that power and faculty of imparting information which qualifies them peculiarly for a class desirous of knowing the reasons for things; others the peculiar and hard-to-be-acquired faculty of interesting the minds of children of fewer years.

Some draw by the very force of their manner towards children; others find it very difficult to engage the attention of children at all.

Some are too prolix in explanation and weary the children; others do not explain sufficiently to interest a class.

Some are given to let their minds and eyes wander to other parts of the school, to talk with fellow teachers or visitors, and thus instill a carelessness, an inattentiveness into the manners of their scholars; others are so completely absorbed with the lesson they are teaching, that they are irritable and petulant with their scholars if any of them show signs of inattention.

The election of General Officers is a matter of great importance, and especially so as regards the Superintendent. He should be prompt, orderly, careful, firm, kind, conciliatory, persevering in his conduct, and attractive in his manners. If he fail in any of these particulars, the school will give evidence of mismanagement; if he excel, the prosperity of the school will be very marked, and the interest certain to increase.

The Auxillary Teachers should be chosen from the best-informed and most exemplary senior scholars of the school, and should be released from the class of which they are scholars, occasionally, when the Teacher of the class for which they are auxillary is present; as by being an occasional aid to the teacher, they learn that teacher's method, and can the more successfully conduct the class in the teacher's absence.

No person should accept a position as Officer, Teacher or Auxillary Teacher in a Sunday School, who cannot enter into the work heartily and prayerfully.

If there be disputes among scholars, teachers should interest themselves with the disputants, and effect a reconciliation.

Firmness should be shown in reprovng error;

anger, never. Corporeal punishment is entirely out of place in a Sunday School. If a scholar is so refractory as to be unmanageable, the case should be reported to the Superintendent. When the Superintendent takes charge of such scholar, he too must guard against anger; and if Teacher and Superintendent both show sorrow for the scholar, in nine cases out of ten it will result in the reformation of the unruly one; but if anger be shown, the schoolmates of the refractory one will feel sympathy with the scholar instead of with the teacher.

Officers and teachers of a school should also visit the homes of their scholars occasionally, not to gossip, but to consult with the parents on the welfare of their children. They should also request the parents to ascertain after each session of the school, what tickets were brought home, and thus keep themselves advised as to the attendance, conduct and proficiency of their children.

UNCLE MARK.

Original Poetry.



The following arrived too late for our New Year's issue, but is too good to be lost.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY BR. SAMUEL BURGESS.

Calmly and silently, slowly and sure,
The death of the Old Year comes;
With tone much enfeebled and voice husky grown,
He calls in his daughters and sons.

“My children,” he cries, “now must I depart,”
“To guide you in wisdom I've tried;”
Then taking farewell, the old man lay,
Back on his pillow and died.

But a step is heard and a form is seen,
That shows neither sorrow nor fear;
And with a resonant laugh, the cheer goes up,
“'Tis the good, the Happy New Year.

Now the Old Year's gone, 'tis well thou'st come,
So graceful, so tall and so strong;
Though we mourn the loss of our dear old friend,
We'll journey with thee along.

“I'm devoted to all,” says the glad New Year,
“For the young and the old I'll be spent;
“To the idle and wicked I'll bring sad remorse;
“To the true and the good, sweet content.”

Then welcome, thrice welcome, thou glad New Year
With thy promise of justice and right;
We follow thee, trusting thou'lt lead us at last,
Another step onward in light.

“Mast ahead, ahoy!”
“Ay, ay, sir,” was the answer.
“Do you see a light?”
“Yes, sir!”
“What light?”
“Daylight, sir!”

WORDS BY UNCLE MARK.

NEARER HOME!

With Energy.

C. M.

Cres.

MUSIC BY N. W. SMITH.

The old Old Year has passed a - way, The glad New Year has come;

Let ev - ry heart re - joice to - day; We're one year

near - er home! near - er home!

We're one year near - er home!

2 The loved of but one year ago,
Have from our presence gone;
We'll dry our tears and sing, "we too
Are one year nearer home!"

3 Thy Wheels, old Time, with rapid flight,
Have borne them to the tomb;
We soon shall from thy car alight,
We're one year nearer home!

4 We may not stay another year
Mid earth's enshrouding gloom;
Still shall this hope our spirits cheer,—
We're one year nearer home!

5 Time bids us each prepare to meet
The summons soon to come;
That loved ones gone before may greet
Us each with Welcome home!

Children's Column.

BLUE SPRING RANCHO, Nevada,
December 18, 1870.

Dear Uncle Mark:

Thinking some of my little friends who read the *Hope* would like to hear from me, I am going to try and write you a letter.

I have not been to Sunday School or church since I left Sandwich; but I learn verses every day, and say them to mamma on Sunday, with a lesson in my Question Book. I would be so glad to go to Sunday School again. I have but one playmate in the valley, little Alice Carsley. She was born in the valley, and never had any little girl to play with until I came here. She is so glad when they bring her to see me, and cries when they come for her. I expect my little friends will think we have a lonesome time; but we have very nice times playing in the hay, and in the summer time gathering wild flowers.

Mamma read me a piece in the paper about a whole ship load of orphan girls who are coming to New York. Their fathers were killed in battles in France. If my little friends think I am lonely, what do they think of those little girls taken away from their mothers and homes to a land of strangers. Uncle Mark, ought we not to thank God for giving us good kind parents and homes?

I send you a piece of poetry that I think is so pretty; won't you put it in the *Hope* for the little girls? I thank you for my music, and now good-by.

LUCY M. FAULCONER.

Thank you for your letter, dear Lucy; read "Yes, you can" in this number, by X. A., and continue practicing on your organ. Uncle Mark wishes he

could see your bright eyes, and those of all the dear Hopes of Zion together just once; but if he cannot now, he hopes we shall all so live as to meet in the kingdom of bright glory.

December 18, 1870.

Dear Uncle Mark and Uncle Joseph:

I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. I love the *Hope*, and I am always glad when it comes to hand. I do want to be a good girl, and live up to my religion. I know I do not do my duty as I should; but it is my determination to live as a saint of God should live. I know I have many faults to overcome; but if God will aid me, I will try to do what is right. I thank you for the pretty stories you put in the paper. I cannot renew my subscription at present; but will do so as soon as possible, and get some more subscribers if I can; but nearly all the families that live around here take the *Hope*, and what do not, will not take it. I tried to get new subscribers; but could not. Our Sunday School was organized the first of June, and since then I have recited thirty-eight chapters in the Question Book, and seven chapters in the Testament. There has been eight added to this branch this fall.

Yours truly,

NANCY E. MONTAGUE.

[Your *Hope* is still sent, dear Nancy; we like your spirit, and will not stop your paper.]—Ed.

NEWTONIA, Newton Co., Mo.,
January 1, 1871.

Dear Editors of the *Hope*:

Seeing so many letters from my little brothers and sisters, I thought I would write one too. I think the *Hope* is a good little paper, and am very glad when it arrives, although I have not answered many of the puzzles which it contains; but I am going to try to do better in answering them. As to-day is the

first day of the new year, I intend to begin and try to be better and kinder, and more obedient to my parents; for I know I have not lived right in the past year. I intend to grow up to be a good and useful woman. I have tried to get subscribers for the *Hope*; but have failed because there are none here that believe in the Latter Day Saints. I hope we will soon be with the church. As I cannot get any subscribers for the *Hope* I will send one dollar as a New Year's offering for the *Hope*.

Yours truly,
SIENA WIGHT.

NEBRASKA CITY,
January 4, 1871

Rev. Joseph Smith:

Sir, I am a little girl, and have had the pleasure of seeing the *Hope*. At the first sight I loved it. It seems that I cannot wait until I can get it. I love the stories it contains. My parents are not members of your church; yet I think if they can read the *Hope*, they will become members; for I think that it will lead them to Christ. There are so many little girls in this city that have not any acquaintance with your paper, who if they could have it, I believe they would be christians. You will please find fifty cents enclosed for which you will please send the paper. My mamma gave me the money to keep; yet I love the *Hope* more than money; yea its value is above rubies to me. Please send it as soon as you can. I intend to be a scholar in the Sabbath School.

Yours with respect,
S. J. FULLER.

ENIGMAS.

No. 61.—I am composed of eighteen letters.
My 7, 12, 01, 18, helps plants to grow.
My 7, 2, 3, 4, is a small streamlet.
My 13, 14, 17, is a body of water.
My 13, 14, 17, 4, is an animal in a cold climate that can live on land or water.
My 7, 8, 9, 6, is the name of a flower.
My 16, 15, 5, 1, brings the news.
My 12, 11, 18, is a girl's name.
My whole is the name of the author of this enigma.

No. 62.—I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 3, 6, 4, 10, 5, is an animal.
My 3, 2, 12, 5, is a useful article.
My 6, 12, 9, 10, is a fish.
My 1, 8, 3, 2, 13, is a man's name.
My 9, 10, 4, 7, is a part of a vessel.
My whole is the name of an elder in the church of Latter Day Saints.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 27.

They waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea,
Soon we shall reach the blissful shore
Of blest eternity.

Answered by three correspondents.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 28.

Rest is not quitting This busy career;
Rest is the fitting Of self to one's sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion, Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean After its life.
'Tis loving and serving, The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving, And this is true rest.

Answered by two correspondents.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 57.

Hoe, Rose, Lowell, Strong, Horse, Moon, Groom,
George Westenholm.

Answered by two correspondents.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 58.

Hare, Corn, Name, Rome, Ant, Montrose, Branch,
Montrose Branch.

Answered by one correspondent.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 59.

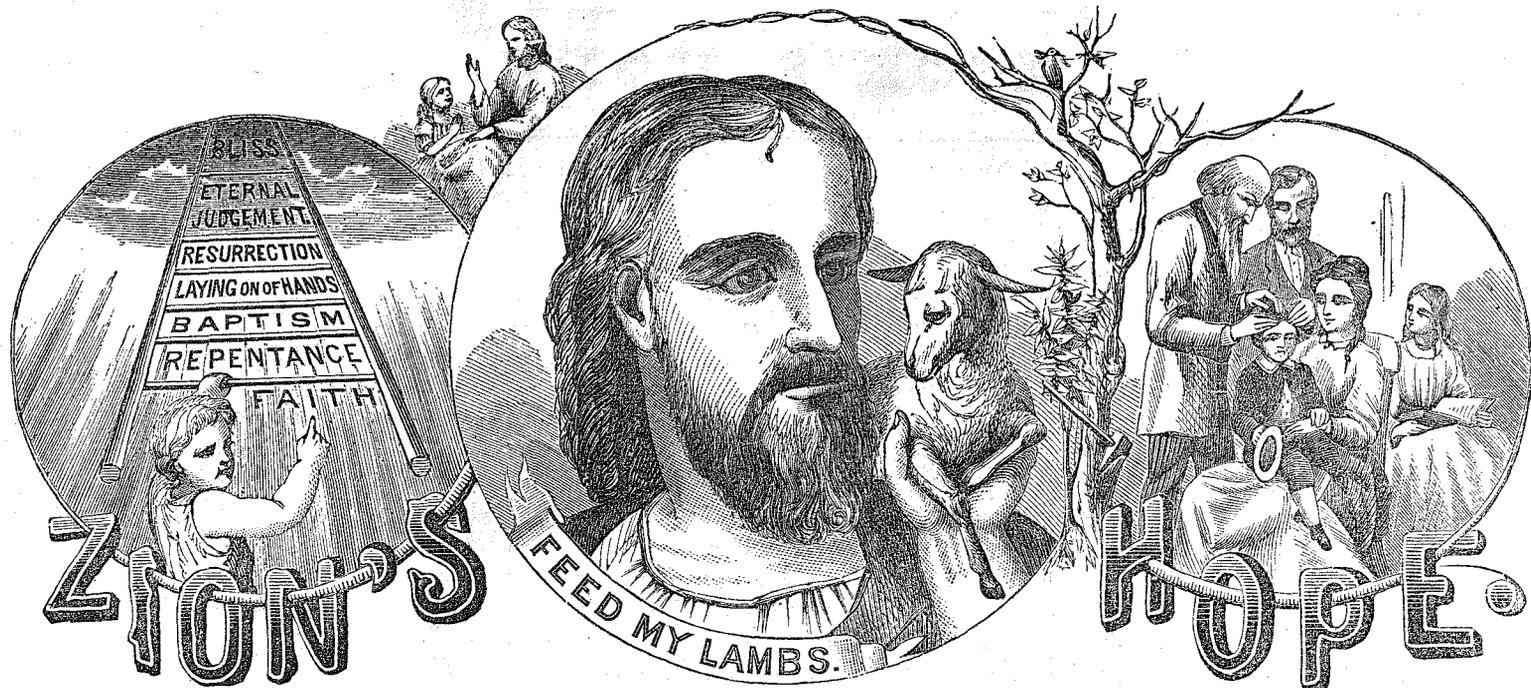
Elijah, Ant, Table, Nail, Late, Lane, Hat, Elijah
Banta.

Answered by thirteen correspondents.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 60.

Mark, Kiss, Frogs, Good, Wisdom, "Ask wisdom
from God."

Answered by six correspondents.



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

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., FEBRUARY 1, 1871.

No. 15.

OUR JOURNEY. NO. 11.

TREATMENT OF SUPPOSED WITCHES.

OH! what is this? Why are so many Indians congregated about the house—on horseback—on foot—with guns—bows and arrows—clubs, etc. This looks rather suspicious and seems to bode no good. Upon going out and ascertaining the cause, it appears they are in search of a squaw supposed to be a witch. Some one of the tribe is sick, and sickness with them being such a rare event, in their ignorance they suppose that a spell has been laid upon the sick one by some squaw of the tribe, and when their suspicions have attached to the supposed guilty one, they do not hesitate to inflict summary punishment.

The squaw they are in search of is hid on the ranch, but it does not accord with the views of christians to see such acts of barbarity committed, therefore they prevail upon the Indians to look elsewhere for their victim, and in the meantime the squaw makes her escape to the mountains. She will conceal herself there until it is safe to return. But, as in the case of the stolen squaw, they are not always so fortunate as to make their escape; but they are captured and put to death, either by shooting or stoning them. A few years ago there was one so murdered about five miles from the ranch.

This, I know, my little friends, will seem terrible to you, and may cause you to dislike the poor savages; but you must not condemn them too hastily.

You love to talk of the "Pilgrim Fathers," and truly they were brave and good men, but don't you remember how in Massachusetts, despite all their knowledge of God and his word, they condemned and burned at the stake both men and women for the same crime, witchcraft?

If superstition and bigotry could gain such an influence over christian men—men of education

and large experience, what right have we to condemn the ignorant, untutored savage for yielding to such a belief? Let it rather be ours to pity them, and labor to enlighten their benighted minds. Sin—disobedience to the command of God—has brought them to their present wretched state. Sin will degrade any nation or people, and will bring men and women below the level of the brute creation. Beware then, dear children, of all evil ways and practices. The adversary of all good, will promise you happiness in his service; but remember the words of the blessed Savior who said, "He is a liar from the beginning." Truly he was and is not one whit less so to-day. He will never pay you the happiness he promises for your service of him, but will reward you with pain and anguish of soul.

MODE OF BURYING.

When an Indian dies, they gather together all his effects, such as blankets, clothes, guns, etc., and piling them by the dead body, they burn all together. If he has a horse or pony, they shoot it and then burn it, as they believe the dead cannot be happy in another world, unless he has all his property with him. Sometimes, I am told, they burn his squaw also, but this, I think, is not common, though they have been known to sacrifice the mother upon the death of her child.

The Shoshonees have sometimes been cruelly treated by white men, and if they had been at all warlike, would have retaliated, and made the whites much trouble.

Upon one occasion, a party of these Indians stopped at a camp of white men. One of these Indians had on a pair of pantaloons which the men recognized as belonging to one of their comrades who had left camp a few days before. Suspicious of the Indian, they arrested all three, and set a guard over them while they sent one of their number to look for the man to whom the pantaloons belonged, and whom they suspected the Indian of having killed. Not understanding the reason or object of their capture, the Indians being much terrified, embraced the first opportunity of making their escape. They were detected, however, and two of them



A LITTLE HOPE'S THOUGHTS ON WINTER.

THE winter of the year has come again. The leaves are again blown to the earth.

Who has not picked the leaves from the ground, and carried them as a last token of friendship in their hand. Though it is a sorry time to see the leaves fall, yet it is a pleasing sight. O who does not like to see them fall. They sail so gracefully in the air. They fall and are gone; they decay and nature buries them in her own good time; they have filled their place. May we, dear readers, fall in the same way, when we have finished our work. May we be a blessing to all around us while we live, as refreshing as the leaves in summer to those we are with. May we do all the good we can while on the earth, for the winter time of our lives will soon be here. We have but a short time, so let us improve it, while we can.

CORA CORNEL.

shot dead, and the other captured. Upon the return of the man sent out, it was ascertained that the Indian had bought the pantaloons, and paid the man ten dollars in gold for them. For this simple act of lawful trade he had now given his life.

Such acts of injustice, I have no doubt, have gone far to make hostile Indians of peaceful ones. After this occurrence, they gathered here at the ranch and related the circumstances as well as they could. They were angry and talked of revenge on the whites, but the man that was here at the time, possessed great influence with them, and prevailed upon them to go to their homes in peace.

The Indian, I know, is often very cruel, and pity seems foreign to his nature; but it is equally true that he has often been very cruelly dealt with by white men, upon whose charity his very ignorance is a strong claim. Pray that the day may soon come, when the Lord shall restore to them his favor, and the curse now resting upon them be removed.

FRANCES.

the climate is mild, two in which it is cold, and one in which it is hot. Looking at the hemisphere in your maps, you will consider that the center, or that portion which lies between the Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, is the hot, or torrid zone; those portions which lie between the Tropic of Cancer and Arctic circle, and between the Tropic of Capricorn and Antarctic circle, are the mild or Temperate Zones; those which lie between the Arctic circle and the North Pole, and the Antarctic circle and the South Pole are the cold, or frigid zones.

The Torrid Zone is upward of three thousand two hundred and forty miles wide; and in it there is never frost or snow. There are but two seasons in this zone, the winter and the summer. The winter is not like our winter—it is simply a warm, rainy season. The better names, perhaps, for the seasons of the torrid zone, would be the wet season, and the dry season; the wet season is their winter, and the dry season their summer.

The climate of the Temperate Zone is mild. We live in the Temperate Zone. Here we have

dangers clustering thickly around the wine-cup. Nor were the spectators more pleased with the pictures drawn, than with the promising young artist, whose masterly strokes would have done credit to a more experienced hand.

“Were there no girls that spoke?”

Yes, little Lilly Howell recited the “Wounded Soldier,” feelingly; and told the story of “The Child’s Prayer for Bread,” with such child-like simplicity, that we felt like praying too. But what to say of our little speaker, Sarah Bradshaw, we know not; for with her sweet soul looking out of her eyes, she breathed through cherry lips such words of wisdom, that we were inclined to pick her up in our arms and kiss both eyes and lips.

You want to hear what was sung.

Well we would like to tell you all about it, but we fear Uncle Mark would think us greedy of room. However, they sung the “Golden Rule.” You know what that is? “Do to others as you would like to be done by.”

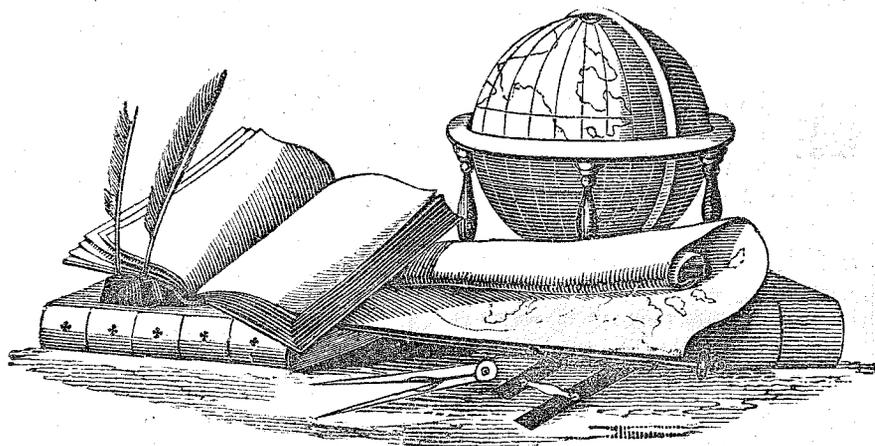
If papa and mamma would treat the little ones not as they were used to be treated; but as they wanted in justice to be treated; and if each child would act by the others, not as they act by you, but as you would like them to, how happy we should all be! Won’t you try to do so? If you do I am sure God will bless you, Jesus will love you, and angels will watch over you. Won’t you try it?

We know what the children in that corner are thinking. We will be at school in time every time; nor we won’t talk, nor tease the teacher either, we won’t; but we’ll be good, we will; and keep the golden rule all the time.”

Yes, dears, we hope you will, and you must pray to “Our Father,” and he will help you to be good; and then you will be more than “Zion’s Hope,” you will be Zion’s glory! You will be sure to reach that “Heavenly Home,” which was sung about with such heavenly effect at the concert. There Jesus will clothe you in robes of white, because you will be pure. He will give you palms of victory, because you will have triumphed over sin.

For the present, farewell. God bless you and your friend.

X. A.



GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

LESSON 3. CLIMATE.

THE climate of the earth is very varied. In some parts it is intensely hot; in others, intensely cold, and it varies in every degree between these two extremes.

The earth is divided into five zones, or divisions, the limits of which are given on the maps, or hemispheres, by lines drawn from left to right. These lines represent imaginary limits however, though they are very useful in aiding us to determine what peculiarities of climate the several countries and peoples of the earth are subject to.

The line drawn through the center of the hemisphere is called the Equator. This line is about ninety degrees distant from the poles. A degree is $69\frac{1}{4}$ common, or 60 geographical miles.

Twenty-three and a half degrees *above* the Equator, is the Tropic of Cancer, and twenty-three and a half degrees *below* the Equator is the Tropic of Capricorn. The Arctic circle is twenty-three and a half degrees south of the North Pole, and the Antarctic circle twenty-three and a half degrees north of the South Pole.

These five zones are divided thus, one torrid, two temperate, and two frigid. Torrid signifies *hot*, and frigid signifies *cold*. There are therefore two zones or divisions of the earth in which

Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. The climate of the Frigid Zones is extremely cold; and the cold does not last merely a few months, as in the Temperate Zone where we live, but it continues nearly all the year.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT!

WE were at a concert last Sunday evening. Don’t start; for we are sure you would have enjoyed it as much as we did, had you been there.

“Was it not wicked to have concert on Sunday?”

No, it was not wicked at all. It was the sweetest music, made by the prettiest and sweetest Hopes, producing the happiest effect of anything it has been our good fortune ever to witness.

“Who were they that so much enchanted you?”

They were the far-famed “Zion’s Hope S. S. Birdies,” led by their talented musical conductor, Mr. Wm. Ashton, with the little musical heroine, Miss J. A. Bellamy, presiding at the organ; assisted by Misses Roberts and E. Allen; the whole presided over by the experienced superintendent, Uncle George Bellamy.

“Was there no speaking?”

Of course there was. The “Niagara Rapids,” recited by Mr. S. Burgess, made us shudder at the hideousness of intemperance, and the blood became tardy in our veins, while he exhibited the

THE LUNGS.

NOW shall I tell you, dear children, in words plain and easy to be understood by you, of the next wonder created in our body by our kind Father above.

Six million very, very small air-bags, or bladders we may call them, are contained in the lungs of every human being. Every time we breathe, which is twenty times every minute, these little cells are filled with air. In a healthy condition, they look something like the empty cells of a honey-comb; but when some diseases are prevailing, such as consumption, they are filled up with a kind of matter, causing the breath to come short and quick.

Some little Hope may be asking ‘how does the air get out of the little bags in our lungs?’ I will tell you. For every breath of air we breathe into our lungs, we breathe one out. When we

breathe out the air, it is impure, we having absorbed all its purity. We breathe it out again in exchange for a breath of pure air. We breathe out very much moisture and vapor, which clings to the walls and window-panes of our rooms. A low open fire-place is the best way to ventilate and cleanse a room from these poisonous vapors. It is this impure moisture on the window-panes, out of which Jack Frost makes such fantastic and pretty pictures upon our windows, when wintry winds are blowing, and the earth is resting from the labors of the past year, after she has yielded of her fruits for the good and the comfort of man.

Let us, dear children, never forget to thank God for placing us upon this beautiful earth, which in its purified state, he says, is to be our eternal home, if we are obedient in all things.

JUNE.

THE ITALIAN PEASANT BOY.

[Continued from page 54.]

FOUR years previous to the death of Galileo, a peasant boy of Tuscany stood among the woods above Florence, and looked down upon the city. He was hungry and weary. His parents were poor, and he was determined



that he would no longer be a burden to them. He was willing to do anything whereby to earn an honest living. His childhood had been passed among the grassy slopes of the country, and while he herded his father's little flock, instead of lazily sleeping away his time in the shade of rock or tree, he studied a volume of the mathematics of Euclid, which his father chanced to possess. When a mere child he could repeat the multiplication table without making a single error.

The boy descended the hill and entered the city. He paused often to gaze into the windows of the shops. In one of these he saw a tin-case, to which was affixed a card inscribed with the

words, "A Magic Lantern." The boy did not understand what these words meant, but being eager to know everything, he stepped into the shop, and politely asked the shop-keeper to explain their meaning. The man did so, and the peasant boy, hungry as he was, and possessed of but a small sum of money, made an offer to purchase the wonderful toy. "What would you do with it?" asked the shop-keeper "supposing you have sufficient money to become its possessor, which I think you have not."

"I would exhibit it through the towns and villages of Tuscany, and I would make money by doing so."

The boy had not one-twentieth part of the money required for the purchase, but the kind-hearted shop-keeper, pleased with the intelligence of his would-be-customer, agreed to lend it to him for so much a month, on condition that, at the end of each month, he should pay a certain sum, according to his profits, for the loan.

The bargain was made, and off went the boy with his priceless treasure. A few pence purchased sufficient wick and oil. The villagers gladly opened their doors to the new and pleasing exhibition, and the exhibitor's pockets soon became full of money.

One evening, when about to exhibit at a house at Arcetri, within about a mile of Florence, he observed an aged man, with staff in hand, passing along the road. He at once accosted him, and civilly requested his attendance at the exhibition. "I thank you, my boy, for such I know you are by your voice," said the old man, "but your exhibition would bring no delight to me, for I am blind."

"Ah! sir, if I had known that, I would not have stopped you on your way—I fear I have offended you by my request."

"Nay, nay, my boy! If you can spare a few minutes, stay by my side, and tell me about this magic-lantern of yours."

So the boy stayed, and described all about the lantern, its magnifying glasses and its reflector, in such an intelligent manner that the old man said:

"Come and be my pupil, and I will tell you much more about magnifying glasses and reflectors, and, if I can judge aright, Florence and Tuscany will one day be proud of your name."

The old man was Galileo Galilei, the boy was Vincentio Viviani!

Viviani accepted the offer. As the years rolled on, he was made first mathematician and chief engineer to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. His friendship was courted by the nobles and princes of Europe.

In his boyhood he had honored his father and mother, and the promised reward of filial affection fell to his lot. His days were long in the land. He died, when 82 years of age, leaving behind him a large number of valuable works, and, what is still better, a memory endeared by deeds of charity and benevolence.

I have only one thing, dear boys and girls to tell you further. The letters I have before me, were written by Galileo to the mother of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who was so kind to Viviani.—*Band of Hope Review.*

Poetry.

A BIT OF A SERMON.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a *little* true,
Or a *little* in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says *any* lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But believe me
To *himself* he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut;
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!
'T is the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun,
Our hearts without it,
(never doubt it.)
Are as worlds without a sun!

If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain!

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it then with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And forever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.
—*Good Words for the Young.*

JOHN SMART'S FAITH.

JOHN.—"Good afternoon to you, Willie."
Willie.—"O John, how glad I am to see you; for I do want some one to talk to, or some one to talk to me, one of the two."

"Why, Willie, you do seem lonesome sitting here all by yourself. I am pleased that I was led to call on you this afternoon."

"O dear me; but you are such a queer boy, John, always talking of being led into what you do, as you say, by the Holy Spirit—but don't be offended, for I am real glad you have come, even if you are one of those queer people they call Latter Day Saints."

"I am not offended in the least; but I was just thinking that you ought to be proud to entertain a true saint—which, if I am not, I ought to be, and humbly trust to be a true saint

of God—even though I am young.”

“Well, John, you talk very earnestly, and I think you are sincere as far as that goes; but do let us change the subject. I like a variety, and I have thought of something; that pretty song you used to sing, wont you sing it for me, John? I often think of the nice songs you used to sing.”

“I can't sing that song for you now.”

“Why, John? O, you must. Now do, just to please me. Of all the songs you used to sing, that was my favorite—I would love so much to hear you sing it.”



“Willie, I think it is your turn to be in earnest. Talk of sweet songs, Willie; since I have been baptized, and received the laying on of hands, I have learned a sweeter song by far than all these—I have learned to sing to the praise of my blessed Redeemer. I can sing you a song out of our Sunday School paper, if you like, I have it here.”

“Let me tell you, John, I am young and do not understand much, but I can't be persuaded that there is any harm in singing a nice song.”

“That may depend on circumstances. You know if we take upon us the holy name of Christ, we must take up our cross, or else, he says, we are none of his. How much of a cross would I bear, if I kept on with all my light trifling songs, and still loved to be in the company of the giddy and the foolish. No, Willie, I have made a promise to my Heavenly Father to try and do better, forsaking my sins; and I mean to try real hard to be a good boy.”

“Excuse me, John, but I feel so miserable when you talk this way—I seem to be so far, far below the path that you are walking in—I wish I could feel as you do.”

“O that you would come to meeting and hear our elders preach. You know what we are taught at Sunday School, and in our Sunday School paper, *Zion's Hope*, and I am sure you would like the elders' preaching. Here, take this tract, and read it, and your *Hope* carefully, and by the time you have read them through, you will feel like coming. I will look for you next Sunday morning.”

“Well, John, I will try and come, either in the morning or evening, if Pa and Ma are willing, and I think they will be, as they have let me go to the Saints' Sunday School, since you called and asked them to, and they say they like your people, only you have so many doctrines that seem strange. Perhaps Pa will come, too; I will ask him.”

“Do so; Willie, I will look for you next Sunday, shall I, if your parents are willing?”

“Yes, you may.”

“Good by, then, and may you be made happy, dear Willie, in the truth I love. You are young; but you have a good understanding; and our elders preach so plain that a child can easily learn the truth from them.”

JUNE.

Children's Column.

St. JOSEPH, Mo., Dec., 7, 1870.

Dear Br. Joseph:

I take the pen in my hand to write a few lines to the children's column. I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and a reader of *Zion's Hope*, with which I am well pleased. I rejoice in the gospel, and try to serve God and keep his commandments. I love to read the letters from my little brothers and sisters. The church here was organized into a branch two weeks ago to-day. I feel to rejoice in the work which I have embraced, and I would like very much to have a Sunday School here. I hope the Lord will bless me and all the Latter Day Saints.

CHARLES BISHOP.

EAST GALLATIN, December 16, 1870.

Br. Joseph and Uncle Mark:

The children's column is interesting. It is quite a long time since I wrote anything; but I will try sometime. May we all try and do what is right, is my prayer.

GOMER I. REES.

DRUMMOND'S ISLAND, Chippeway Co., Mich.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

I am always glad when the little *Hope* comes, with its pretty stories and poetry; and I purpose to try and do something to help to fill its columns. I have composed a few verses and an anagram, and my sister Lillie an enigma, which we will send; if they will not do, lay them aside, and we will try and do better. I have studied out a good many of the puzzles, &c; but I was afraid I could not send the answer in time to get it printed. We live on an island, and have to cross eight miles by water to get to the postoffice; and sometimes we do not get our papers for three weeks after they are printed. There is no Sunday School here, now; but I hope there will be sometime.

ESTELLA SEAMAN.

[In the letter of which the following is a copy, there was twenty-five cents enclosed, which we have put to the account of the poor for *Zion's Hope*. May the blessing of God rest on the dear little donor, and she not only enter the church, but be crowned with Jesus, its Lord, when he comes.]—EDS.

LAWRENCE, Van Buren Co., Mich.,
January 14, 1871.

Dear Uncle Mark:

I am a little girl, but I want to try and do something to roll on this good work. I take the *Hope*, and love its happy face. I love to read the letters from other little Hopes. I have not been baptized yet; but am going to be soon.

Oh! Uncle Mark I love the *Hope*,
Tis ever dear to me;
Its teachings are so good and pure,
Its precepts are so free.

Take the small sum enclosed, Uncle Mark, and do all the good you can with it.

JULIA FOREMAN.

UNION TOWNSHIP, Crawford Co., Iowa,
November 21, 1870.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

I rejoice when the *Hope* comes to hand. I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and have been for seven years. I was baptized when I was in my ninth year. We have a very nice Sunday School here, and I hope it may prosper. There are twenty-four scholars. During the first quarter they recited 2916 questions and 445 verses in the Testament. This is the first time I have attempted to write to the *Hope*. Yours truly,

HYRUM A. RUDD.

CRAWFORD, Iowa, Nov., 21, 1870.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

I think we have as nice a Sunday School paper as any other school has. Almost every scholar in our Sunday School learns verses. Yours truly,

ALVIN C. RUDD.

A SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC OF PROVERBS.

MY son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.
ALL the words of my mouth are in righteousness, there is nothing froward or perverse in them.
Riches and honor are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness.

KEEP thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

HEAR instruction; and be wise, and refuse it not.

FOR wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired, are not to be compared with it.
OPEN thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.

RIGHTEOUSNESS exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproof to any people.

SEE that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom; and apply thine heart to understanding.

COMMIT thy works unto the Lord; and thy thoughts shall be established.

UNDERSTANDING, is a well spring of life, unto him that hath it; but the instruction of fools is folly.

THE fear of the Lord, tendeth to life; and he that hath it shall abide satisfied.

THE fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom; and before honor is humility.

COUSIN SUB.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ENIGMA.

1st David, 2nd Olive-branch, 3rd Well, 4th Hagar, 5th Adam, 6th Temple, 7th Isaiah, 8th, Solomon, 9th Rachel, 10th Ishmael, 11th Glory, 12th Honor, 13th Truth, the whole is “Do what is right.”

Answered by one correspondent.

The following is an ingenious answer; but though correct in the general principles of its answers, does not furnish the required answer to No's 6, 9 and 10, as will be seen by comparing the supplied with the proper answer. We commend our correspondent's effort, and hope that he or she, whichever it is, will try again.

David was truly musician and king,
The dove an Olive to Noah did bring;
Jacob first greeted his wife at the Well,
Hagar did flee, the Bible doth tell;
Adam is called the Ancient of Days.
Truth is devoted to God and his praise.
Isaiah was a prophet and teacher of old,
Solomon chose wisdom in preference to gold;
Ruth was beautiful, as to Boaz she appears,
Inspiration teaches us “The Lord hears.”
Glory belongs to the Father of light,
Honor and glory to God and the right;
Truth is surely majestic and grand,
And a witness for God it ever will stand.
Do what is right.

L. F. C.

Enigma No. 63.—I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 8, 5, 9, is a domestic animal.

My 6, 5, 12, 3, is a flower.

My 7, 7, 15, 5, 2, is the name of a prophet.

My 9, 10, 11, is made by an insect.

My 8, 5, 7, 1, 12, is what picture frames are sometimes made of.

My 15, 5, 11, 11, 14, 6, 12, is what we guard against.

My 9, 5, 15, 8, 3, 12, 13, 1, 6, is the name of a city in Massachusetts.

My whole is the name of a reader of *Zion's Hope*.

ANAGRAM No. 30.

“Ivle meth hath evol em dan sothe taht kees me yearl lash difn em.”

EGR0GZ.

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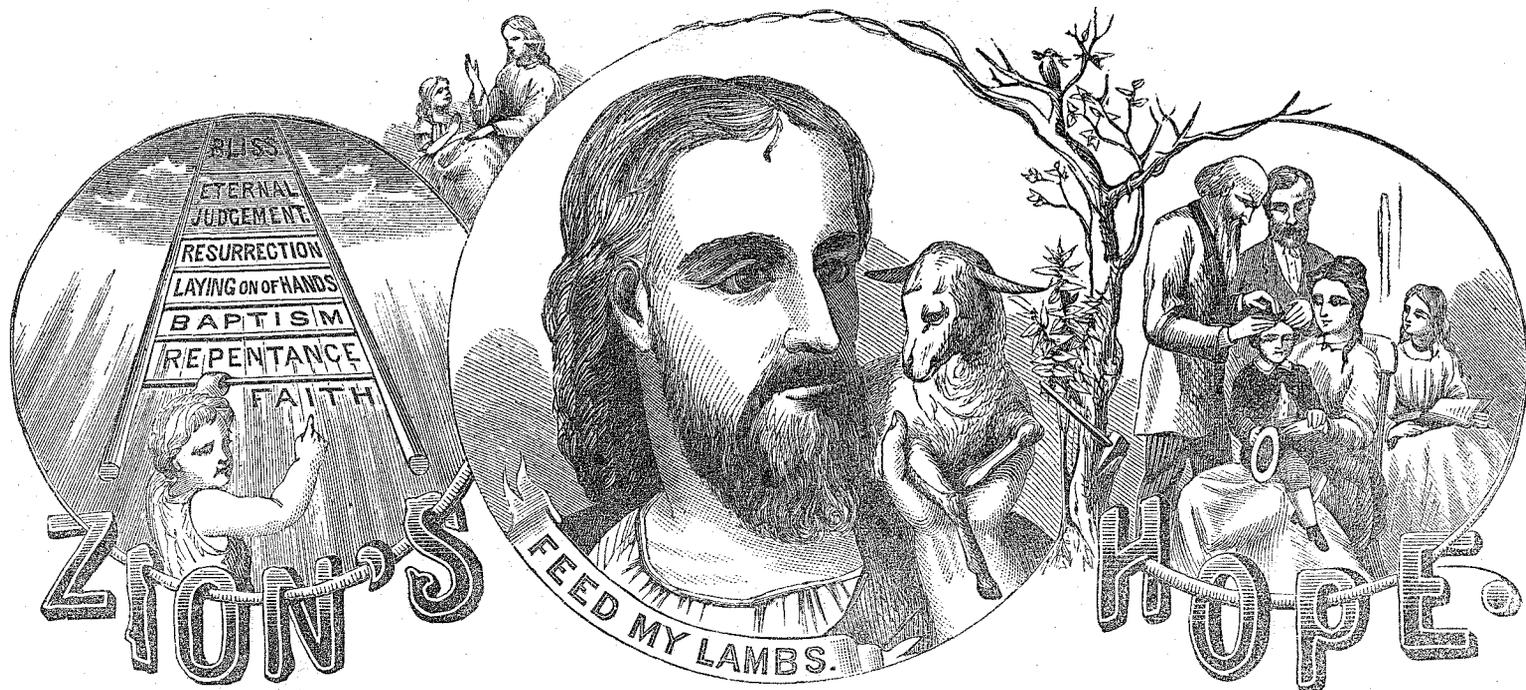
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., FEBRUARY 15, 1871.

No. 16.



THE PATH OF HONOR.—Chapter 1.

IN the county of Lincolnshire, England, one pleasant summer's evening early in the nineteenth century, one of the most earnest and best of husbands sat in earnest and thoughtful mood, listening to the appeal of a loving and devoted wife, who with one hand leaning upon his shoulder, and the other holding a promising boy of two summers, was urging him to try and prevent their eldest son, a youth of eighteen, from carrying out his purpose of accompanying an expedition about to fit out for India, under one of England's noblest noblemen.

Her entreaties were, however, unavailing against the better arguments of her husband, who, though he fondly loved his boy, and would rather share his company than part with him, was yet reluctant to forbid or in any way hinder him from attaining that distinctive honor that he fondly hoped awaited him.

His son was a bright, intelligent youth of whom any father might be justly proud; and besides being a rapid and skillful penman, and excellent in composition, was gifted with wisdom that would grace older and more experienced minds.

He was also related to a family, by his mother's side, that deserve the thanks of Britons everywhere, and one whose name is known throughout the civilized world as one of the foremost of England's many public benefactors,—the family to which the great and good Rowland Hill belonged. The Bensteads too, of whom the father was a worthy descendant, were not unknown among the ranks of the talented and the good of Northamptonshire's proud sons.

So far as family influences were able to affect his entree into public life, young Benstead was as favorably circumstanced as a young man of the middle degree of the English castes could desire. Besides this, the nobleman with whom he designed to travel had won his affections, and indeed that of thousands beside.

And better than all, Carley had no fears in trusting himself to the care of that Providence, to whom from his youth up, he had ever been taught to look as to an unfailing source of good, a continual and safe Protector in every hour of danger.

When the matter had been fairly discussed at home, and the consent of the loving mother obtained, all was excitement and anxious endeavor to procure the necessary outfit for Carley's journey. A numerous host of friends sent in their congratulations and presents, and many were the kindly-breathed expressions of good will for the boy who had long been deemed a representative of all that was thought to be noble and praise-worthy in youth, and of whom even his less-favored companions were not envious, for they joined in the general acclamations in praise of Carley Benstead.

Honesty and integrity of purpose he had been accustomed to see illustrated in the lives of his honored parents. Nowhere from Sutton Wash to Spalding in Lincolnshire, nor from Oundle to Wellingborough in Northamptonshire, where the branches of the Hills and Bensteads of which his parents were members resided, could there be found a single voice to rise in condemnation of them; save that of the here and there envious one, who, failing to attain to the same degree of eminence, because possessing less goodness and true nobility of character, "could not see what there was in the Bensteads more than in other people that they should be so much thought of."

Carley combined in himself all the elegance of a refined and cultivated heart, a loving and generous disposition, a good and solid education, a pleasing appearance, an affable and courteous address, and all was underlaid with a religious confidence in and love for God that qualified him, in

an eminent degree, for any position of trust that might be assigned him in life. Yet none of his warmest friends; no, not even his fond parents, anticipated for him that honor and distinction which awaited him in a foreign land.

UNCLE MARK.

THE MILL.

THE most indispensable article in every house, anciently, was the mill. We read of fine meal in the time of Abraham. So that before his age, the mill, or some means of grinding grain, must have been in use.

The old household mill was made of two circular stones, about the size of our common grindstones, placed one above the other. The lower one was fixed so as not to move, and had a little rise toward the center, on its upper part.

The Upper one was hollowed out on its lower side, to fit this rise,—and had a handle fixed above to turn it around, with a hole through the middle to receive the grain. This mill was used day after day, as regularly as our coffee mills. Bread in warm countries will not keep good only a short time; so that it was the custom in Palestine to grind fresh flour, and bake every day, except on the Sabbath.

It was the business of maid-servants to grind, and so considered a degrading employment for a man, or for a lady of rank.

We read of Samson, that after he was taken by the Philistines, they put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison-house.

Sometimes one turned the mill alone; but frequently two were employed, to make the work lighter. In this case they sat one on each side, thrusting the handle round continually from one to the other. Our Savior speaks of two women grinding at the mill. As the mill was so essential to every family, it was forbidden to take the nether or upper stone for a pledge.

If, in the days of her glory, we had walked along the streets of Jerusalem about the twilight of evening, or the dawn of morning, when the

noise of grinding came upon the ear from every quarter, we should better understand the image of desolation which the prophet presented, when he foretold that God would take away from the city voice of the bridegroom and the bride, the sound of the mill-stones, and the light of the candle. These hand-mills are still used all over the east.

M. P.



THE DEPARTED!

WE are called upon to mourn the loss of two of our little friends, whom the kind Master has called to their spirit-home.

FIRST.

That of Matilda, daughter of Br. Glaud and Sr. Matilda Rodger, of Washington Corners, California, who died December 31st, 1870, aged eleven years and ten months. The fond mother of this dear girl sends us the following original and touching poem, as expressive of the yearnings of her heart, and the response of the Friend of man and Lover of children; a response severe to them, but merciful to the child who bore her mother's name, and inherited her virtues.

"O God! preserve my child!" I cried,
"From evils yet to come;"—
With my request the Lord complied,
And called the loved one home.

We miss her loving smile, and kind,
'Twas hard to see her go;—
But shall we murmur or repine
At heaven's decree? Ah! no.

If we but live as lived our child,
While in this life we stay,
Welcome the message then and mild
That calls from earth away.

M. R.

SECOND.

That of Sarah Ella, daughter of Br. and Sr. Boot, of St. Louis, who died on January 4th, 1871, aged four years, three months, and thirteen days. The following very interesting account of her last hours is forwarded to us by Brs. Wm. Ashton and Samuel Burgess; for which we tender our thanks.

A short time before her death she cast her eyes up to heaven and said to her mother, "Mother I am going up there to live with my little sister; I want to be an angel. Mother does Mr. Bellamy, (her Sunday School Superintendent), take care of the angels?"

"No," replied the mother, "Jesus takes care of the angels. But we could not spare you to go up there now."

"But," said the little Hope, "You can go too, and live with Jesus and the angels."

Blessed must be the parents who have thus instilled such principles into their little ones, as to give them the assurance, that when they lay down this mortal body, the Spirit will wing its flight to that heavenly home of which the poetess has said:

"Heavenly home, heavenly home, there no clouds arise;
No tear drops fall, no dark nights dim the ever smiling skies.

This earthly home is fair and bright, yet clouds will often come,

And O! I long to see the light that gilds my heavenly home.

Heavenly home, heavenly home! Precious name to me.

Home, sweet home."

MARY'S LESSONS ON FAITH,

LITTLE Mary had just returned with her Ma from the baptism of Uncle John, and taking up his little dog Fido, as she cast an enquiring look at her Ma, she said:

"Mamma, what did Brother Jones mean, when he said to Uncle John, that we should have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ? I know what he meant by baptism, because I saw him put Uncle John into the water; but I do not know what he meant by having faith in the Lord.—But Ma, why do you tell Aunty that that was an emblem of the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ?"

"My dear, you should ask but one question at a time; but as you understand what baptism is, I will answer your last question first. Paul wrote to the Romans, 'Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk



in newness of life.' The remembering these words of Paul called forth the remark I made to Aunty that baptism was an emblem of the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus Christ."

"But Ma, how did Uncle John get faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"By viewing his own unworthiness and the love of Christ for fallen man."

"But Ma; what is faith?"

"Faith is an assurance in the word of the Lord,—but that faith which the Lord requires men to have in order to a remission of sins, consists in having a firm and unshaken confidence in the truth, that truth which emanates from God alone."

"Then Ma, what is truth?"

"Why Molly, you are becoming quite a little philosopher,—but you do not know the meaning of that word."

"Oh! ma, what is that?"

"Nothing bad, my dear. The word Philoso-

pher is derived from the Greek word, Philos, a lover, and sopher wisdom,—that is a lover of wisdom, hence those that seek after wisdom are termed Philosophers, and my reason for calling you a little Philosopher was because you asked the meaning of different words, and sought to know the reason for the use of those words. But you inquire, 'what is truth?' It is the opposite of falsehood. What is not strictly true, is false, and not acceptable to God. Jesus defines that truth which emanates from God to consist in a knowledge of things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to be; and those who receive this knowledge, are God's Philosophers, therefore the wisest men upon earth; for it is written, 'man by (his own) wisdom cannot find out God.' Knowledge of him is imparted unto man only through the gift of the Holy Ghost—the Spirit of truth. Brother Jones laid his hands, after baptism, on Uncle John's head, to pray the Father to give to Uncle John this gift; the gift of the Holy Ghost, that he might thereby become one of God's Philosophers."

"But Ma, did the Holy Ghost give Uncle John faith?"

"It was because Uncle John exercised faith in the Lord that he received the Holy Ghost. The office work of the Holy Ghost is not to impart faith, except as a special gift, but to bestow knowledge. But as you do not seem to fully comprehend the meaning of faith, we will leave the subject until another time, as I have something to show you that will make it plainer.

HISTORY OF THE FATHERLESS.

I WILL write a few lines to you, and tell you a little of my own life's story. I was born in Denmark, on the 1st day of January, 1844. My father I never saw; my mother not very often in my life. She was a poor woman, and had to work for her living, and thus she left me, while an infant of fourteen days old, to the care of strangers. In my second year, I was brought to some very kind-hearted and good people. They were old; but as they were tender and kind to me, I learned to love them dearly; and in all my childhood and girlhood, I loved them better than any others on earth, and I will, in time and eternity, love and respect them, and remember their kindness to me. I was in their house till I was nine years old; and then I came to live with my aunt, to help to take care of her little children. She loved her children highly; but she seemed to love nothing but them. She had scarcely a kind word to spare for me. She was always hard and cold towards me. I feared her; but I tried to be as good and kind to the children as possible. But I longed so for my parents, as I called the dear old couple I loved, and when I was allowed to go and see them, my heart would overflow with joy. Once they lived in a place so that I had to pass my own mother's door, when going to them. This was when I was about fourteen years old. But as in all my childhood I had but seen my mother a few times, and she came to see me only once a year while I was a child, and not so often afterwards, she always appeared as a stranger to me. Hence the short time I was allowed to stay

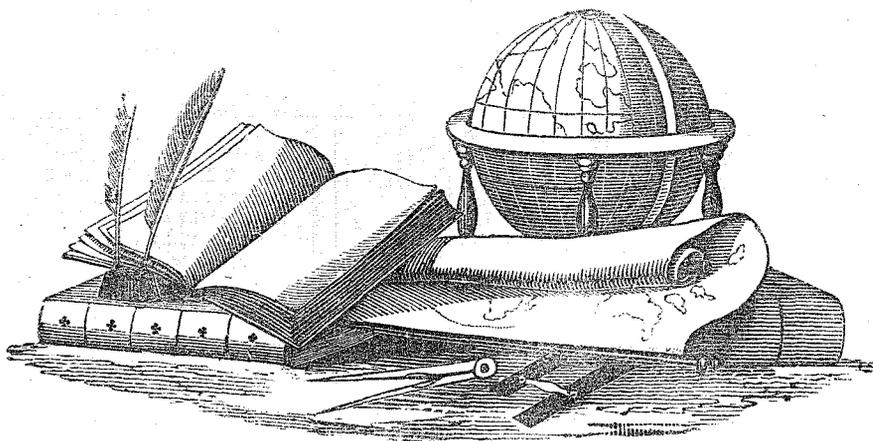
with my adopted parents was too precious to spare any of for my own mother. I was four years old when I remember seeing her the first time, and was told she was my mother. I was glad to see her; but I never longed to see her again, as I did my other mother. I could not help but love those who had cared so tenderly for me in my infancy and childhood, and I feel that I always will.

Dear children, you who are blessed with a father and mother, do you realize it is a blessing when you have a privilege to stay with them, and when they faithfully take care of you, love you so tenderly and do you all the good in their power. Do you listen when they tell you about God and Christ, about the gospel, or plan of salvation, or way of life, that you may walk therein, and at last be saved and receive the glory of God with them and all the saints? Do you in return for all the pains, fears, cares, and trouble of your parents, love, obey and honor them? The promise of the Lord is to you that you shall live long upon the earth if you honor your fathers and your mothers. I shall tell you more of my history in my next, which will be more interesting I hope than what I have written here.

NICOLINE.

The surface of the earth is generally represented by artificial globes and maps. The globe is supposed to represent the actual positions of the surface of the earth,—its divisions into land and water, its continents, islands, nations, mountains, vallies, rivers, cities and towns. Also the equator, poles, lines of measurement, and boundaries of the zones. These same things are represented on the flat surfaces of maps; but with less accuracy. The curvd lines on maps represent the spherical form of the earth. The maps which we call hemispheres, are those in which the whole is supposed to be represented—they are designed to each represent one half of the globe. Maps of a country, or state, represent its form and divisions. The top of a map represents the extreme northern part of the hemisphere, country, or state, whose name it bears, the bottom, the south, the right hand side, the east, the left hand side, the west. The map of a city, or town, or village, is called a plan.

The distances of one place from another on the earth's surface are represented by lines that determine their latitude or longitude. The distance of any place from the equator, north or south, is its latitude. The lines of latitude run east and west. All places north of the equator are in *north latitude*; those south of the equator



GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.
LESSON 4.

MOTIONS, MAGNITUDE AND DISTANCES OF THE EARTH.

AS the real bar or shaft which connects the two fore or two hinder wheels of a carriage or wagon, and on which they turn, is called the axle; so the imaginary point on which the earth is supposed to daily revolve is called its *axis*. The end of this imaginary pivot is called the Poles which we spoke of in our last. The earth is supposed to have two motions—one its diurnal, or daily motion, on its own axis, from which the seasons of day and night proceed, and by which they are regulated; the other its annual, or yearly motion, round the sun, from which the seasons of spring, summer, autumn, and winter proceed, and by which they are regulated.

The *path* the earth is supposed to travel is called its *orbit*, and its rate of travel is supposed to be about one thousand miles an hour.

The earth is computed to be about twenty-five thousand miles in *circumference*, or around its outer circle, and eigh thousand miles in *diameter*, or through its center.

are in *south latitude*. If you examine the map, of the hemispheres, you will see upon the end of the curved lines, on the sides of them, numbers 0, 20, 40, 60, 80. These numbers indicate the number of degrees north or south of the equator in which the places located on the lines running from these numbers east and west, are situated. To illustrate; by looking at the map, you will see that the Sandwich Islands are situated in twenty degrees North Latitude, and the society Islands in twenty degrees South Latitude. A small figure ° is used to represent the word degrees. The distance from the equator of the Sandwich Islands would therefore be represented thus "20° N. Lat.," and of the Society Islands thus "20° S. Lat."

Lines of *longitude* run north and south, and determine the distance of a place from any given place of reckoning. The most common place from which longitude is reckoned, is Greenwich, near London, England.—Washington, D. C., is also used in this country as a point to reckon longitude from. East from the point of reckoning is east longitude, west is west longitude.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever.

FROM THE PACIFIC.

HLIVE about fifteen miles from Cape Mendocino, in Humboldt county, California. It is the most western point of land, but one, on the Pacific coast.

How many little bright-eyed Hopes can tell me the name of the most western point on the Pacific coast, south of British America? My house is on the bank, and in plain sight of Eel River. It is called Eel River, because there are so many eels in it. They are a kind of lamper-eel; from two to three feet long, and very fat. Most of the old settlers here eat them. The Indians catch them in a basket made of young willow boughs, tight and strong, that will hold about two bushels. These baskets have a funnel mouth, they are set with the mouth down stream, in swift water. The eels going up stream, find the eddy of the basket, and following up, get caught in the basket.

This description of the method of catching eels should answer a double purpose, for the young Hopesfuls.

Firstly, they may learn that all who are living where like fish run in muddy swift water, may catch them by a like process.

Secondly.—They may learn to take heed to themselves, for their journey through life they will find to be much like that of the eels. They will have current to contend with that will require a constant exertion to make any headway against. The same exertion that it will require to carry them along in swift water, will naturally carry them along faster in a less swift current.

Now, here is when the young Hopes should be most careful. When they know the current to be swift, and there appears to be an eddy in their favor, they must be watchful, lest there be some trap like the eel-trap there. When you see or hear of distress of nations, of wars and rumors of wars; when you see ancient and modern prophecies being fulfilled,—Zion and Jerusalem preparing to be rebuilt,—you may know that the coming of the Lord is near at hand. And if in these perilous times, you are tempted with offers of ease and comfort, think of the eel-trap, and keep your lamps trimmed and burning to light you safely through the stream of time, so as to ensure you an inheritance in the kingdom of God. If you suffer Satan to make you believe that you are too circumspect, or that a less orderly walk would do just as well; do not loiter in his eddy of idleness, he will have a trap ready for you there, and if you tarry there he will catch you like the eels are caught in the basket. The safe way is to go straight forward, even though it be up-stream, and hard work.

UNCLE ROBERT.

NOTICE.—Mary. E. Matthews, Dora R. Shupe, Samantha Duncan and Theresa Miller are requested to forward their addresses to Elder Thomas J. Smith, De Soto, Nebraska. Br. Smith will wish to send these young Hopes of Zion a prize Hymn Book each, when they are published.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—Cultivate Good Books, and Good Humor. Contend for Honor, Country, and Friends. Govern Tempter, Impulse, and the Tongue. Avoid Anger, Envy, and jealousy.

Original Poetry.



WINTER'S PLEASURES.

In looking o'er the *Hope*, I find
A sketch on summer days;
And now I think that I will send
Some lines in Winter's praise.

The winters in my Northern home,
Have many charms for me;
The falling snowflakes, soft and white;
I dearly love to see.

I love to see the feathery snow
Upon the tree tops fall;
I love to see the bending heads
Of balsams, most of all.

I love the joys which Christmas brings,
When Santa Claus will come;
And bring so many pretty things,
To light the children's home.

Next come the looked-for Christmas gifts,
O then, 'tis joy to see
The little children flocking round
The loaded Christmas tree.

We pass the happy New-Year's day,
When merry sleigh-bells ring;
And many sports upon the ice,
Before the opening Spring.

Then in the blustering month of March,
The maple-sap will run;
A splendid sight the camp-fires make—
Then soon the sugar 's done.

The Winter's o'er, the Spring is come,
And I will cease to rhyme;
And, mentally, I hear you say
"We surely think 'tis time."
FSTELLA SEAMAN.

Children's Column.

ATCHISON, KANSAS,
November 4, 1870.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

I rejoice every time the *Hope* comes. It seems so long to wait two weeks for our good little paper; I love to read it, especially the children's column, and I thought I would write once more and help to fill it. I tried to get a few subscribers, but I could not; I will keep on trying, and I hope I will succeed. I am trying to live my religion, and I hope the Lord will bless me, and all my little brothers and sisters. May the Lord bless us, and help us to keep his commandments.
ADELIZA A. MUNNS.

November 22, 1870.

Dear Br. Joseph and Uncle Mark:

As I have been reading the *Hope*, I find it very interesting to me. We have a Sunday School here. We all learn verses, and I have received a prize for learning the most in the second class.

MARY A. RUDD.

CRAWFORD, Iowa, Nov. 21, 1870.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

I thought I would write again to the *Hope*. I like the *Hope* very much. I love to read the *Hope*. We have the best Sunday School that I ever went to, and I am in hopes that it will continue. Yours truly,
HARRISON RUDD.

EAST GALLATIN, Montana,
November 21, 1870.

Brother Joseph and Uncle Mark:

I got ten subscribers, with fifty cents to each subscriber. I sent them about two weeks ago. It is a pleasure to write to our little paper called *Zion's Hope*. I feel happy when I read the letters of my little friends. My desire is to try and do what is right.
GOMER REES.

PROVO CITY, Utah.

Dear *Hope*:

I have not quite forgotten to write to you. I like the *Hope* very much, and can hardly stop till I read it through. We ought to be very thankful that the editors are so kind as to print a paper for us. We do not have any Sunday School, as there is no branch of the church here. I hope we will sometime be where we can attend Sunday School among the saints. Brother E. C. Brand is here visiting us on his way south; he intends to go as far as Beaver or Parowan. Yours truly,
MARY E. GAMMON.

EAST GALLATIN, Montana,
October 18, 1870.

Brother Joseph, Uncle Mark and readers of the *Hope*:

I am again enjoying the opportunity of trying to write a few lines to the *Hope*. I can not say that I have lived as I ought to have done, but I pray to God our Creator, that I may do better in future time. May we all try and forward the work of God. May God bless Brother Joseph and Uncle Mark is my prayer.

Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which send ten *Hopes* to the names sent. I send you these names because I read a piece in the *Hope* that there was a prize to the one who would send some new subscribers, you see I have got ten new subscribers. I thought I would try and win a prize some way. Yours in truth.

GOMER I. REES.

HILLIARDS, Mich.,
December 3, 1870.

Dear Editors of the *Hope*:

I was baptized in the year 1868, by Brother David Smith, and am now ten years old. I have not lived as I ought to do; but I mean to try to do better from this time on to the end. I ask your prayers that I may be saved with the rest of my brothers and sisters. I go to school and the scholars call me a Mormon; but I do not care for that, for I know I am in the right way. I have been sick three times and healed immediately.

CHARLIE CHURCH.

Dear Uncle Mark:

Though I am but a little girl, I thought I would write a little. I am only eight years old; I have not joined the church yet. I like to read the other children's pieces. The first I want to see is the children's column. There are no little children that live around here that belong to the church, except Br. Otis and Cousin Ida. Yours truly,
FLORENCE RUSSELL.

December 10, 1870.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

I like to read the children's column; and I like to read the pieces composed by Perla Wild, and by Uncle Mark, and June, and Aunt Julia and others. I would pay almost anything, if I had it, if it could be weekly, and larger too. There is a two days' meeting here now.

H. O. SMITH.

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Uncle Mark:

I want to tell you that I have been very sick but am now better, and will be able to go to Sunday School next Sunday. I want to see you. I love my mamma to read to me about you and the little girls in our Sunday School paper. Your little girl.

JENNIE ARMSTRONG.

CRAWFORD, Iowa, Nov. 21, 1870.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

I think the *Hope* is a very nice paper; I love to read it when it comes to hand. We have a very nice Sunday School here; may it ever prosper. I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; but this is my first attempt at writing for a paper. Yours truly,

R. WIGHT.

November 27, 1870.

Dear Br. Joseph and Uncle Mark:

I am one of the little readers of the *Hope*. I am only eleven years old. I was baptized this sum-

mer. I hope I shall be a better girl. I shall strive to obey my parents, which is the first commandment with promise. We have had a nice Sunday School; it has stopped for a little while, but our teacher said it would commence again. I hope it will, for I like to go to Sunday School. I hope I shall ever remain your friend in the gospel.

EMMALINE T. CONYERS.

UNION FORT, Utah,
November 23, 1870.

Dear Brother Joseph:

I am a member of this church, and a reader of *Zion's Hope*, and am much delighted with it. I feel happy that I have heard the gospel, and have obeyed it. My desire is to do right; and I hope and pray that the Lord will give me wisdom to do so. I rejoice in the Lord exceedingly, and feel thankful to him that we have a little branch organized here with seven members, and have meetings every other Sunday. I hope we soon will have a larger branch, and that the day will come when we will all meet in Zion, and rejoice together. Yours in the Lord Jesus Christ.

LUCY ANN GRIFFITHS.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa,
November 14, 1870.

Dear Editors of the *Hope*:

I like the *Hope* very much, and I think the anagrams and enigmas make it more interesting than it would be without them. I always read it, and almost always solve the puzzles; but I have neglected to send my answers; but if you will continue them, I will try and be more prompt in sending my answers, and hope the rest of the readers will do the same. Yours in Christ.

DELLA HALL.

BOOK OF MORMON.—AN ACROSTIC.

Though ages had passed, and earth seemed repining,
Ruined and lost in the pit of despair,
Unfurled by the light of High Heaven's revealing,
Thou Precious; thy treasures and joys do we share.
Hark! 'tis the voice of the Fathers who're sleeping,
Israel dispersed in a far distant land;
Summons earth's children from sorrow and weeping,
Majestic rolls forth at Israel's command.
Its rays will enlighten the wand'rer benighted;
Go, search the vast depths of its wisdom untold,
Heaven grant thee a boon, by its spirit be lighted,
That's brighter than rubies, far richer than gold.
Yea, seraphs enthroned in fair mansions on high,
Aroused from the dust of Columbia's shore,
Nations of earth must soon hear the cry,
"Doleful destruction is nigh at the door!"
Wake up, is the voice of the Spirit resounding,
Inspiring the prophets so noble and brave,
Like the planets above us in midnight are shining.
Live to give comfort, live only to save.
Peace is extended to all who receive it.
Rulers and Emp'rors must bow to thy shrine;
Endless the crown and glory inherit,
Veiled with the light and knowledge divine,
All hail to thy beauties! thou Star of the West!
Invaluable treasure, by Israel penned.
Light and salvation thy precepts attend.

C. ACKERLY.

ANAGRAM No. 29.

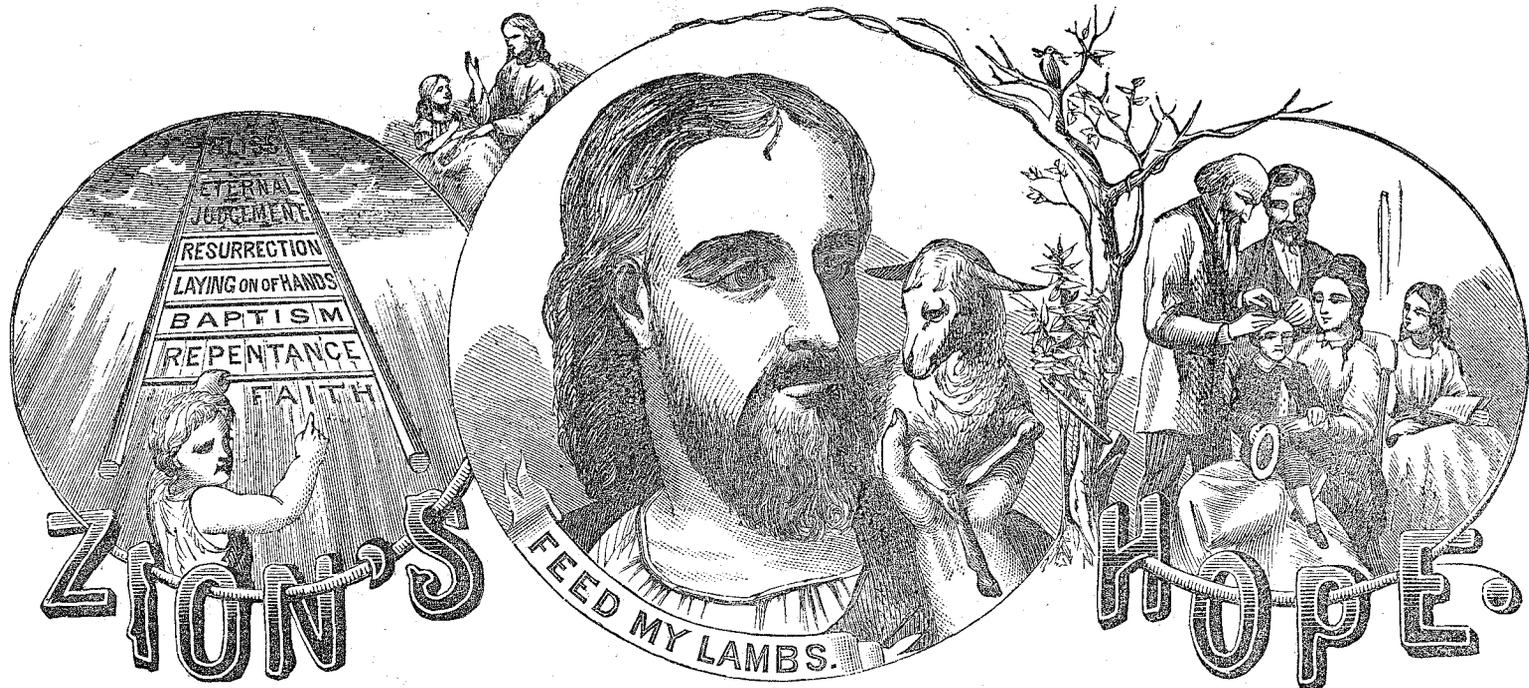
Read ndlhierc, idd ouy vere ese
Owh ronadegsu si eth elrett "T?"
"T" sadtns rof cotuh: Uthoc deals of Seatt,
Nad nteh ot Ekot ouy liqeyuk sheat;
Os yapr ebrawe fo retlet "T,"
Tlse uoy a ytigul noe duoshl eb;
Cuoth, Kate, ron Setat thaw yuo ear dolt
Nto ni rouy liltet nashd ot dhlo;
Tub ths oury seey nad urn yawa,
Ot dmf yrou eyj ni rowk ro ypal.

ETHELAS MASEAN.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

No. 64.—I am composed of eighteen letters.
My 5, 11, 5, 4, is a county in Minnesota.
My 15, 4, 3, 11, 9, 10, 12, is a city in New Mexico.
My 13, 16, 14, 3, 3, 3, 14, 11, 5, 3, 16, is a river.
My 3, 13, 8, 17, 6, 3, is the name of a sound.
My 3, 17, 1, 2, 14, 4, 5, 18, is a city in Missouri.
My whole is the name of the one who composed this enigma.

"Traveler's" questions have been answered by seven correspondents.

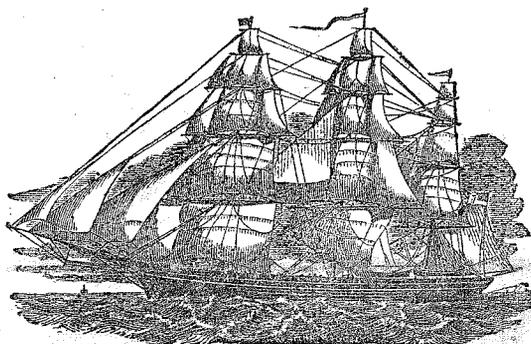


"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., MARCH 1, 1871.

No. 17.



THE PATH OF HONOR. CHAPTER 2.

MANY were the cares of parents and friends as the time for the departure of Carley grew near, nor were these cares unshared by Carley himself. Reared in the very home of kindness, nurtured by the dearest of parental love, educated in a school where with teachers and pupils he was a general favorite, it is not surprising that even the prospects presented to his young mind, of rising to wealth, station and honor in a foreign land, proved insufficient to check the rising sigh, or prevent the occasional tear from dampening his ruddy cheeks.

Many lessons of instruction were given to Carley, in which there was pointed out to him the results that would be sure to follow his future course in life; solemn and earnest were the prayers offered for his safety from danger, and honorable success, and especially that he might never be a victim to lust, or a slave to sin of any kind.

At length the day arrived when the good vessel was ready to start, and upon her deck was gathered near two hundred adventurous ones, ready to risk their all in an enterprise that held out to them the promise of wealth for the earning, competency as a just reward of industry. Among them stood Carley Benstead; conflicting emotions agitating his mind as his parents, his friends, and his pleasant past, on the one hand, and his new companions, the voyage, and his future on the other, arose before him. But with a

spirit of heroic resolve to bear up under the oppressiveness of that grief which the pangs of parting had created, a determination to honor the wise and good counsels the friends he had left had given him, and a secret prayer to the Great Father for those with whom he had parted, for himself and kind benefactor, he was found ready when the servants of Sir — announced that he was wanted in the nobleman's state-cabin.

Hastily making himself presentable, he reached the state-room, where were assembled the sage men entrusted with the interests of Great Britain in the East Indies, some private secretaries, and the captain of the vessel.

Carley had not been educated to look with disdain upon those beneath him in station; nor with reverence upon those higher than he was; but he had nevertheless been taught to honor rulers and magistrates as such, to give honor where honor was due. He felt some degree of diffidence, therefore, in the presence of these, to him, august men, and was very much relieved when the kind and good Sir — said to him:

"Your name is Benstead, I believe."

"Carley Benstead, sir."

"You are said to be a good penman; how would you like to act as copyist for my Secretary, Mr. Sanman?"

"If I can in any way aid my benefactor by my services, I shall be happy to so employ my time."

"Come then; take a seat at the table here and copy this document; and if your writing justify the engagement, I will employ you, for the voyage at least."

Carley bowed his assent, and taking the seat indicated, at once commenced the duty assigned him, which he did so satisfactorily that a permanent engagement for the rest of the journey was the result.

The same mail that carried back the official documents of the Government Officers, carried back a lengthy and cheering letter from Carley to his loving friends at home

Faithful to his duties; prompt and efficient in

the discharge of them; respectful and bland, but not too familiar, with his superiors; kind and unassuming to those from whose ranks he had been called to mingle with the officers; he won the love and esteem of all.

That affliction so dreaded by the "landsman," and from which but few seafarers escape, "the sea-sickness," attacked Carley; but in his comfortable berth, and with the agencies furnished him, he soon recovered.

His cheerful smile and kindly word of comfort for those similarly suffering, brought many a pleasant response from his fellow-passengers; but from none more than from the nobleman whose protegee he began to be especially regarded.

This gentleman, in the hour of his sickness, found no one so acceptable as was Carley; no one who could so combine cheerfulness, politeness, kindness, care, and devoted attention to him in his every want.

We need not be surprised therefore that Carley's influence increased; especially when we learn that, added to his virtues, he not only thoroughly mastered his duties as copyist, but also showed himself to be so skillful therein that he became useful to the Secretary, and was trusted with many duties belonging to that officer.

Thus, like the Great Master, he was faithful in all things commanded him, and grew in favor with both God and man.

UNCLE MARK.

AUNT RUTH'S DREAM.

IT was the birth day of one of our Sunday School scholars, Miss Perla, and her mother was allowing her to call in her companions to help her eat the oranges, cakes, candies, &c., which had been obtained for the happy occasion.

I had heard about it before; but being out of my teens, I was deemed too old for an invitation. I thought I would not, but O, I did so long to go!

I never pass a pasture where sheep are grazing, and young lambs frisking; but I stand a little

while to witness their antics. I was always partial to kittens, and if I did, when a boy, tie a string with corks attached to their tails, it was not for the sake of tormenting them, but because it caused them to *cut up* the more *didoes*.

How could I help longing to visit this happy little party and sun myself in their fragrant smiles!

As the dews of spring on the sprouting vegetation; as the sun's rays on the ripening fruit; so is the presence of guileless youth to my laboring soul. I forget the world and its cares, its struggles, its temptations, and its clouds, in the purer atmosphere of purity and innocence: in a word, my soul is lifted nearer to God, and with the children, more and more as I grow older, I love to talk of Jesus, the children's friend.

Well, you see, I had a little business in the neighborhood where Perla lived, and so I just called in for a few minutes. I knocked at the door, and on my admission I was met with such jollity that my first words were: "Why, in the name of all that is good, what are you all laughing so for? Have you found a whinny nest, and swallowed all the eggs? Or have you been having a tickling match? Or, pray, what is the matter?"

"Why we were just talking about you, and wishing you were here; ha, ha! Eh, eh!" came from half a dozen at once; while little Jenny A. ran up and pulled me down for a kiss, which I gave in nowise grudgingly.

I cannot tell you how much candy and such things were offered me, nor all the funny things that were said and done; nor can I express to you the pleasure which filled my breast when the sweet, well trained voices of the S. S. choir sung, "I want to be an angel." I thought how near the present company were to that standard of purity, and an involuntary aspiration to Almighty God escaped my lips in their behalf, that they might never evince less of the angel character than on that occasion.



"Well, children, you must excuse my intrusion on your sports, I thank you much for your kind entertainment and—"

"What; are you going already?" came from several. "Do stop a little longer. Why you have neither told a tale nor sung for us; you surely won't leave in that way?" chimed in young Br. B.

"Indeed, you must not go until you have contributed something. That is mean to take all and impart nothing," said saucy Miss A. Then for the first time spoke Aunt Ruth;—"Yes, Br. X, you can sing us a good old Mormon song, at least."

I could not resist an appeal from such a quarter, for dear Aunt Ruth is the most affectionate and holy creature I know. She has never been married, and she regards the church as her house; the Sunday School as her garden; and the whole world of children as her legitimate field of labor. I, therefore, promised, with their assistance to sing, "O, reapers of life's harvest."

When the singing was finished, all eyes were turned to the corner where Aunt Ruth sat. The expression of ineffable love on her countenance, together with the pearly tears coursing down her pale cheeks, almost made her an object of adoration. One could almost imagine one's self gazing on the devout face of Mary, while anointing the feet of our Lord; nor was there lacking the expression of undying gratitude which beamed from her eyes at the grave of her brother Lazarus. To these were added the profound adoration which swelled the tender heart of that holy lady while at the foot of the cross, gazing upon her crucified Redeemer. But why should my clumsy hand essay to paint the saints' ecstasy? It is a rapture which may be felt, but never portrayed.

For a time, all deemed the silence too sacred to be broken; when at last Perla crept gently to the side of her aunt, and putting her arms lovingly about her neck, she kissed away a glistening tear, and coaxingly said: "Tell your pet all about it, won't you Aunty dear?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LITTLE TRUANT.

BY PERLA WILD.

The leaves are falling from the trees,
And thickly strew the ground;
They frolic with the autumn breeze,
And caper all around.

A month ago the leaves were green,
And hung upon their stems;
But now in other hues they're seen,
Like many colored gems.

Jack Frost has painted them with brown,
And red, and yellow too;
O, see how fast they tumble down—
And here's the baby's shoe!

Where can the little fellow be?
He must have gone astray;
And we must look around and see,
For he has run away.

Pick up the little truant's shoe,
O what a pretty thing!
Of such a shiny gold-brown hue,
And laced with crimson string.

A pretty knot of ribbon too,
And tiny buckle, bright;
Oh dear! oh dear! what shall we do,
The child's nowhere in sight!

His shoe-toe pointed down the road;
This is the way he took;
Perhaps we'll find the little toad
A paddling in the brook.

The water isn't deep enough
To drown the little pet,
His pretty dress of challe buff,
Will be all soiled and wet.

We're right, for there's his rattle box,
The leaves are falling on it;
And there, beside the alder stalks,
I see dear mamma's bonnet!

And mamma surely is not near,
The baby must have worn it;
And here's a rent, the little dear,
Has surely been and torn it.

Ah! there's the little escapade,
Just hear his merry laughter!
The pretty leaves are on a raid,
And he is running after.

We've found you, little one, at last,
But cease your joyous shout;
And, baby, do not run so fast,
Ma doesn't know you're out.

His little nose is rosy red,
His hands are cold and chill;
Tie mamma's bonnet on his head,
Sweet little brother Will.

I'll carry him, and, sister Jane,
You take the shoe and rattle,
And look below—there in the lane,
There comes a herd of cattle!

And what would little Willy do
If he were all alone?
He would be badly hurt I know—
But come, we must be gone.

For ma will surely miss her boy—
Ah yes! she's coming now,
And baby claps his tiny hands,
While smiles illumine his brow.



MARY'S LESSONS ON FAITH.—No. 2.

"OH! Mamma," said little Mary, in hopeful anticipation of a reward, "I know what you are going to show me. It is that gift you promised to give me."

"But Mary, why do you expect a gift from your Ma?"

"Because Ma, I did what you wished me to do, and you made me a promise that I should have a present if I did, and I have asked my school-mates to call and see it, for I was sure you would give me one."

"But why did you do that, Mary?"

"Because, Ma, I knew that I should have it; because you had promised it."

"But suppose I should have changed my mind, what then, Mary?"

"I know you would not change your mind after you had promised it me; you are only trying to tease me a little, Mamma."

"No, my dear, Ma does not wish to tease you; but to teach her little girl the meaning of faith. Faith in the Lord consists in having an unshaken confidence in the promises made by Him to all those who obey his commandments; even as you had faith in my word, when I promised to give

unto you a gift. In like manner Jesus calls upon all the little Hopes of Zion, to have unshaken faith in his word, which will, in due time, surely bring unto them a heavenly gift. But Mary, what produced that faith in your heart?"

"Because you are my Ma; and you love me, and I love you,—don't we Ma?"

"Yes, darling, and by this you perceive that it is love and truth that produces faith. You are satisfied that I would not change my mind after I had made a promise, because my word is founded in truth. Neither will Jesus change his mind, because he is the fountain of love and truth. And as Jesus loves those who love him, and has promised to give unto them the gift of eternal life, Brother Jones said to Uncle John, 'You should have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ,' that is, believe on the words of Jesus, even as the little ones believe in the word of their parents. Brother Jones was desirous that Uncle John should receive a gift, which he could not receive without faith. It is written, 'Without faith it is impossible to please God.' If Uncle had not had faith, he would not have received a gift from God; neither would little Mary be entitled to one, if she had not shown that she believed me by doing what I wished her to do. I promised a gift on condition of your doing what I wished; you showed that you believed me by doing what I wished, and now you still further show that you believe me by expecting me to fulfill my promise, and give you a present. You have faith in me. So we are required to have faith in God who has promised us precious gifts if we will obey him. If we obey him we prove that we believe him, or have faith in him."

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY. LESSON 5.

DIVISIONS OF THE WATER.

THE earth is divided into water and land. Above three-fourths of the surface of the earth is supposed to be covered with water.

WATER.

The water is divided into Oceans, Seas, Lakes, Gulfs, Bays, Channels, Straits, Rivers, and smaller streams called Rivulets, Brooks, and Creeks.

The *Ocean* is the large body of water surrounding the earth. The term ocean is also applied to those portions of this immense body of water, which, to facilitate our understanding what their localities are, are designated as the Pacific; the Indian; the Atlantic; the Southern or Antarctic; the Northern or Arctic Oceans.

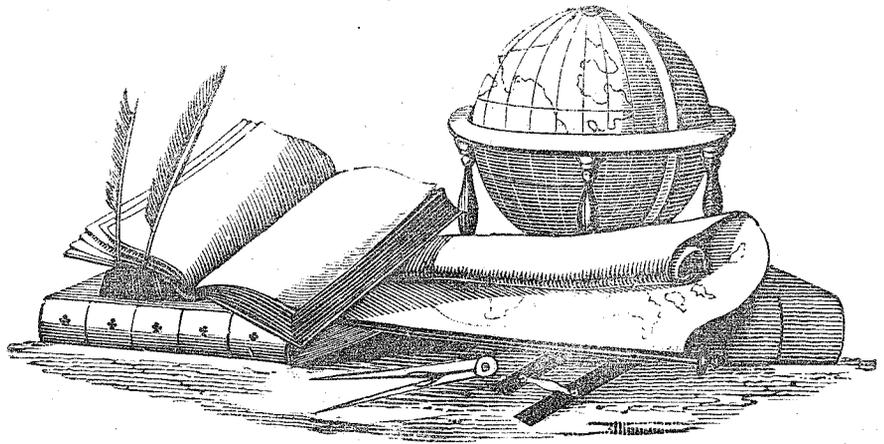
The *Pacific Ocean* was opened to Europeans in the year 1513, by the discovery of Balboa; but obtained its name from Magellan, a Portuguese in Spanish employ, who in voyaging on in search of discoveries, found the sea unusually tranquil for so immense a body of water, and called it Pacific, the name it still bears. Notwithstanding its name, it is subject to many and violent tempests, not so much on the American as on the Asiatic coast. This is the largest ocean on the face of the globe, covering more than one-third of the earth's surface. At the equator, from Ecuador in South America to Mal-

laca, it is about twelve thousand miles in extent. Its total extent is about seventy-eight millions of square miles. It lies east of Asia, and west of America.

The *Indian Ocean* is second in size, covering an extent of thirty millions of square miles. It lies between Africa and Australia, and is south of Asia.

The *Atlantic Ocean* covers an extent of about twenty millions of square miles. It lies east of America, and west of Europe and Africa.

The *Antarctic, or Southern Ocean*, covers about the same surface as the Atlantic, an extent of about twenty millions of square miles. It lies around the South Pole.



The *Arctic or Northern Ocean* covers an extent of about two millions of square miles. It lies around the North Pole.

These five divisions of the ocean show the water to extend over a surface of about one hundred and fifty millions of square miles, or about three-fourths of the earth's surface.

Although the name "sea" is sometimes applied to the ocean, and sometimes to lakes, as in the Scriptures where the lake of Galilee is called the Sea of Galilee,

A *sea* is a smaller body of salt water than an ocean, and is generally connected with an ocean, as the Chinese Sea; the Black Sea; the Mediterranean Sea; the Caribbean Sea.

A *Lake* is a large body of water, generally fresh water, surrounded by land, as Lake Superior; Lake Michigan; Great Slave Lake; but some bodies of salt water are also called lakes, as the Great Salt Lake of Utah.

A *Gulf* is a large body of water from a sea extending into the land, as the Gulf of Mexico; the Gulf of California.

A *Bay* is a smaller body of water from a sea than a gulf, but extending into the land in the same manner; as Hudson's Bay; Baffin's Bay; Bay of Campechu.

A *Channel* is a wide passage connecting two large bodies of water, as the British Channel.

A *Strait* is a narrower passage than a channel, but connecting two larger bodies in the same manner; as the Straits of Gibraltar; Behring's Straits.

A *River* is a large stream of fresh water, usually fed by springs and smaller streams, as the Mississippi, Missouri, Amazon, Thames. The mouth of a river is the place where it connects with another stream, or with the ocean. The right bank of a stream is that bank which is on

your right, and the left bank, that bank which is on your left, when *descending* the stream. Rivulets, Brooks, and Creeks, are small streams formed by springs, and drainings of the land.

A *Sound* is a portion of the sea sufficiently shallow to be measured by the sounding-line of a vessel.

A *Roadstead*, in a sea, is a portion of the open sea where vessels may safely ride at anchor.

An *Inlet* is a portion of the main body of an ocean or sea projecting into the land.

A *Canal* is a watercourse dug by man for boating, shipping, and other purposes, to suit his conveniences; and in marshy countries, and among the fens of the old world, as a reservoir for the

dykes made by farmers to drain land which would otherwise be a waste through the water lying upon its surface; canals made for this purpose conduct the water to some natural river, to a lake, or sea.

Rapids in a stream are places where the rocky surface on the bottom rises so high as to form an obstruction to navigation, as the rapids of the Mississippi, near Nauvoo.

Cataracts, Falls, or Cascades, are deep precipices in streams over which the water plunges to a depth below, equal to the height of the precipice above, as the cataract or falls of Niagara, Trenton, Caaterskill.

Friths or Estuaries are the mouths of streams affected by the rise and fall of the tides, as the Frith of Forth.

A *Port or Harbor* is a portion of the sea stretching out into the land so as to be protected by it, and of sufficient depth for vessels to be safely anchored.

FATHER WOSTIN'S STORY.

WHAT shall we do next? I am getting tired of play, what shall we do to rest ourselves?" was asked by Lucy M., at a little friend's party.

"Well, what shall we do?" said Susie B., another of the girls.

"I know what to do," said Johnny S.

"What is it?" asked several in chorus.

"Tell stories," said Johnnie.

"Who shall tell the first," said James J.

"Father Wostin," said Henry, the smallest, he knows such lots, and they are all true too."

"Well," said father Wostin, "since it falls to my lot to begin, what shall it be about?"

"About Africa," said James.

"Yes, yes," said all in chorus.

"To begin with," said father Wostin, "Once in England there lived a boy who wished to see more of the world, so he left home and went to Liverpool; from there he went to the southern part of Africa. He had never, until then, seen more than two or three negroes; but when he got there, he saw nothing but negroes. He stopped there twelve months, and while he was there, they had a war; and when any of their people were captured, they made the most horrible noises he ever heard. On the other hand, when they captured anybody, they beat their wooden drums and generally had a feast, for they were cannibals, (persons who eat human beings), and he saw on the top of their houses bones of people they had eaten. They had a temple where they went to worship their idols. Besides this, the people had each in their own house an idol, and a place to keep it in."

"What were they made out of?" asked Lucy.

"Some out of clay, some out of wood, others out of stone," said father Wostin.



"Wood, clay, and stone!" cried James, in astonishment.

"To proceed," said father Wostin, "some had hollow trees, lined with white, and a porch fixed in front, and kept their idols in these. This boy used to go and peep in their trees to see their idols, and then the people would come and beg him not to touch their gods."

"I should have liked to see them, shouldn't you?" said Lucy to Susie.

"Indeed I should," was the answer.

"Besides this, they worshipped lizards, and they would tie a goat to a tree, and let the lizards come and eat it up, as a sacrifice. Afterwards this boy went to the coast of Liberia; there he found the people in looks, manners and dress, the same as those he had just left. When he reached here, the king had just died. He had ninety wives, and before he died, he had twelve of his wives and four of his courtiers smothered, so that he would not go into eternity alone."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Then they had a house where every night they used to put something to eat for the use of the departed, whom they believed came back to eat it. One morning, soon after, he saw the king's seventy-eight wives all coming down to the water. Each had a pitcher in her hand, like the one Rachel had, whom we read of in the Bible. When they reached the water, they each stepped on a large rock that was in the water, and broke their pitchers on it; then they were free."

"They had eight days to a week; and instead

of Sunday, they had what they called Devil's day. On this day, they had a man fixed up in the most hideous devices, to represent Satan. He carried a long whip in his hand, and had four little imps run with him. If these imps saw a woman out, they ran after her, and threw her down; and Satan whipped her. One day after this, this boy was on the market-place, and saw two men, one of whom he found out was their priest, leading a woman to the lashing-post, where they were going to lash her, because she had sold short measure. I begged her off; after that that woman would do anything for me."

"And what did they worship?" cried Susie.

"Why they take the child of some of their chief men, and the priest brings her up until she is twelve years old. Then they put her in the temple as goddess, and for twelve months, her word is law."

"And what do they do then?" said James.

"Then they take her in their canoe, beating their wooden drums all the way, until they reach the middle of the river; if she does not then jump over, the priest throws her over; and if she swims to shore, she is a goddess for life."

"And do the priests teach them to swim?" said Lucy.

"Certainly; but there are always a lot of sharks there to devour her," said father Wostin.

"How horrible!" exclaimed the children.

"So after seeing so many horrible things he—"

"He! exclaimed Henry," just a little while ago, you said 'I,' and we know that it was you."

"Well after I have betrayed myself, I must own that it was me; and now little children ought not we to be thankful to our Heavenly Father that he has given us such intelligence, and the Holy Scriptures to guide us, if we will but heed their teachings? Let us all try harder to please God who has given us so many gifts and blessings; shall we try?"

"Yes," "yes," came from all the children.

We then sung a hymn, and two or three Sunday School songs, and dispersed—I myself feeling very happy, and I think the rest felt the same.

I was so much interested with father Wostin's story, that I thought some of the little Hopes might like to hear it too.

E. A.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM A YOUTHFUL MISSIONARY.

BAREFOOT NATION, Jan 1, 1871.

"What a funny name! Where can Barefoot Nation be, and what are you doing down there this beautiful New Year's day?" methinks some of my young Hopes will ask.

Well my young friends, take the map of Illinois, and look in the south-eastern township of Wayne Co; through which the little Wabash meanders its way, and you will find the territory of Barefoot Nation." And if you who have been raised among the fashions and in the refinement of this age could come with me and look at the little log cabins dotting the river bottom, probably surrounded with nothing save an immense forest, you would say that the name was appropriate.

I arrived here December 27th; have held five meetings in succession, with good attendance and attention, and many have seemed deeply interested. And when we gave an invitation to-day, at eleven a. m., one precious soul, a member of the Christian church, obeyed the mandates of heaven.

At the hour of three p. m., might be seen wagons

full of people, on the road to the river. Some were deeply interested, and half-way persuaded to become christians; others went, doubtless, through mere curiosity, and many, of the young especially, just for pastime. During the trip down the dim wagon way, which in some places was blocked up with trees cut for coons, might be heard the merry New Year's laugh resounding through the immense forrest, where the hand of art has not yet changed the rude yet beautiful works of nature.

Arriving at our destination, the people gathered around the water's edge, and with solemn looks listened to our words, as we showed them that we were following in the footsteps of our Savior. Standing beneath a venerable old tree that spread its giant limbs over the waters, with the audience before us, and our hands raised toward heaven, we called upon the great author of our existence; to acknowledge our works, invoking his blessings upon us.

We dug a grave in the icy bridge that spanned the river, buried our brother in the waters of baptism, and this New Year's day he arose to walk in newness of life.

Soon nature was clothed with darkness, and we were again in the meeting-house which was densely crowded. Our meeting was now for the saints, yet after confirmation, administering the emblems and testimony, I was again called upon to speak. But this time I could not think of anything to say; having had but a few months' experience in the ministry, and being but twenty years of age, I thought I had told them about all I knew, but, says the presiding elder, if you will get up, I know you will have liberty. I accordingly arose and commenced talking, very slowly at first; but growing bolder as I became more animated, until, at length, language itself seemed inadequate to convey the thoughts and ideas as the Spirit brought them to my remembrance.

It being my last meeting here, with reluctance, I gave the parting hand to the kind, loving-hearted saints and christian friends, and turned my thoughts homeward.

Monday morning, after an invigorating and refreshing night's sleep, I was on my road home, my thoughts reverting to the goodness of God displayed in my behalf; pondering in my mind what it was that I had said last night. Occasionally, a sentence coming to remembrance, which I would instantly treasure up, thinking I had learned something of the Spirit. How forcibly do I feel the truth of the promise, that if we will keep the commandments of the Lord, he will nourish and strengthen us, and provide means that will enable us to accomplish what he commands us. Book of Mormon, page 27.

A journey of twenty miles, brought me to the home of Elder G. H. Hilliard, where after a few hours instructive conversation, I was again afloat in the land of visions.

Morning dawned bright and lovely; and I trudged along, until I arrived opposite to father's door, when on looking towards our school-house, I saw lights burning, and heard a voice as of a man speaking. Soon I was there and found our district president before a large audience, was preaching the gospel. With feelings of love, joy, gratitude, and devotion to the great I AM, young Hopes, adieu.

ABRAHAM NEPHI CAUDLE.

SACRAMENTO CITY, California,
October 23, 1870.

Brother Joseph:

Please excuse this, as it is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*. I have been a reader of the *Hope* since July, and look forward with interest for the time when it arrives. I have been trying to study out the enigmas, anagrams, riddles, &c., and I hope that I will be able to do better next time.

SILVA A. FULLER.

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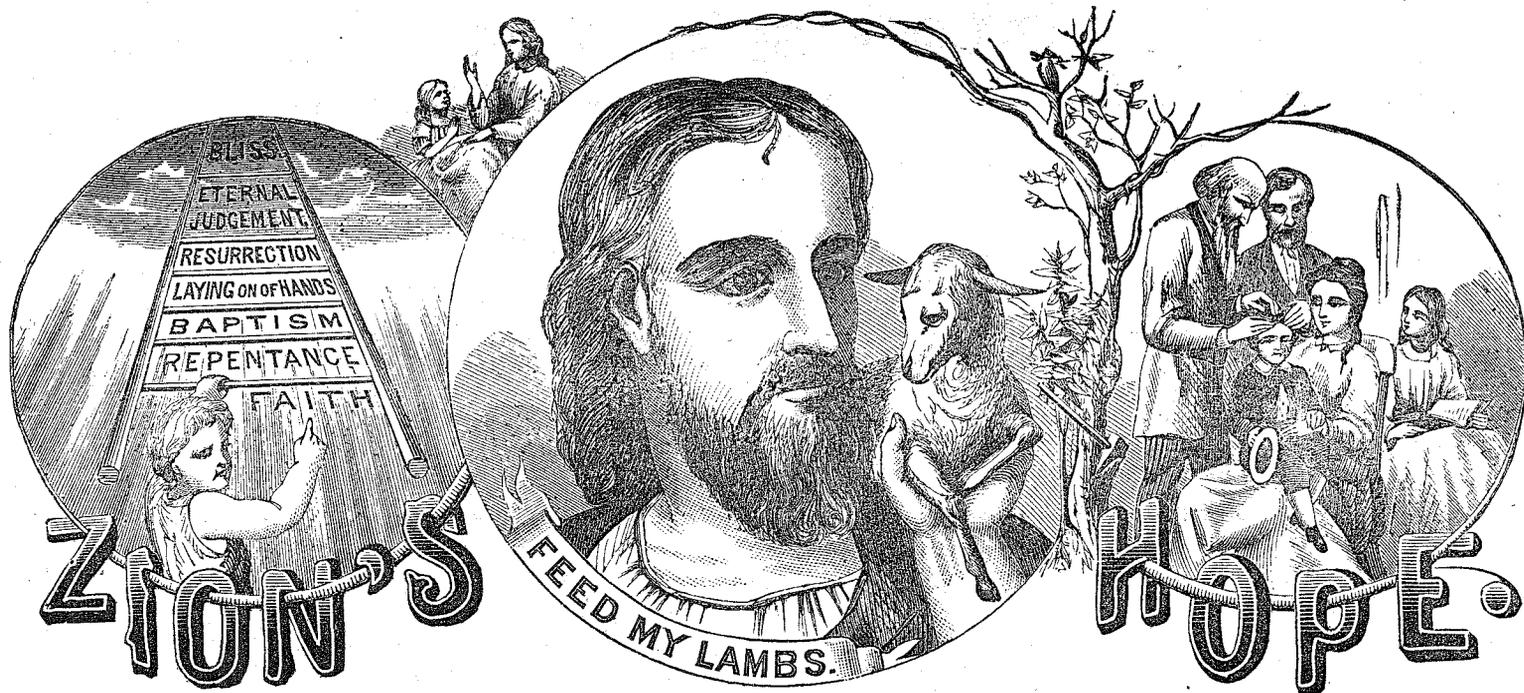
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., MARCH 15, 1871.

No. 18.

THE STEAMBOAT.

THIS picture represents a Mississippi steam-boat. The boats of that river and its tributaries differ in appearance from those of all other streams that I have seen. They are long and light-built, with their decks near the water, and are propelled by high-pressure engines. This kind of engine is easier managed in stopping and turning, and better adapted to the form of the boats than the low-pressure engines.

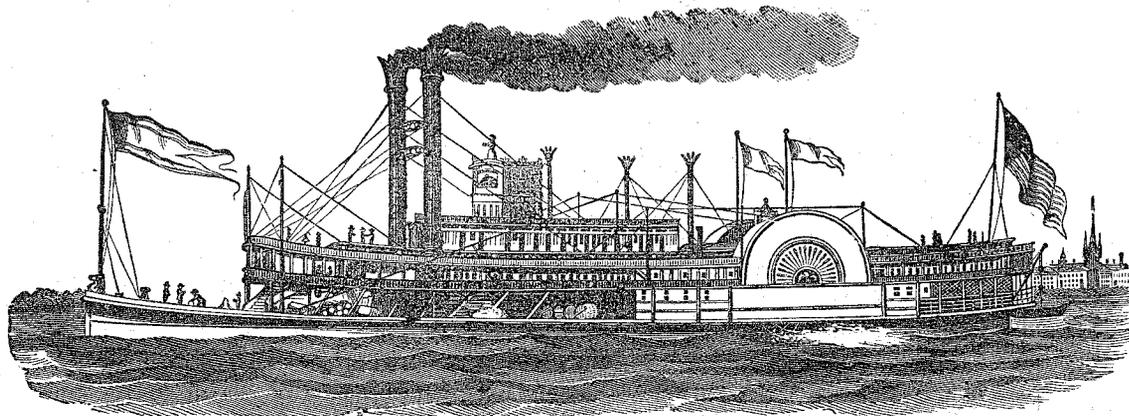
Lake boats have to be built stoutly, like a ship, so as to stand the storms and ride the waves.

Those of the Hudson river have to be so built for running in tide water, and those of the Sacra-

inventor's name was Robert Fulton. It was in 1811 that the first one was built for western waters; and started down the Ohio from Pittsburgh.

Many persons now living remember when the Indians plied their canoes up and down all these western rivers. They remember, too, when merchandise was hauled in barges from New Orleans to St. Louis, Cincinnati, and other places. Men walked on the shore, and pulled the barges along with ropes. This process was called cordelling. The journey took weeks and months for its accomplishment. Now the fastest boat has made the trip in three days, from New Orleans to St. Louis.

It is said that the Indians who then swarmed



mento for crossing the bay of San Francisco.—The boats on the lakes are propelled by low-pressure engines, because those require less water and less fuel.

The steamboats of the lower Mississippi are exceedingly beautiful, and their cabins are furnished and finished so finely as to dazzle the sight. Traveling on them is a very great luxury. The passengers sit on the guards by day, watching the grand scenery of the banks, and at night assemble in the cabin to read, hear music, or to dance.

It was only so long ago as A. D. 1804, that the first steamboat was built. It ran first from New York to Albany, on the Hudson river. The

the river banks, looked with great astonishment on the first steamboat they saw, and fled in alarm, thinking it was a monster, breathing fire: How changed the scene!

The Indian once cultivated corn on the banks of the Ohio, caught fish in its still waters, and paddled his swift canoe from shore to shore, while the smoke of his wigwam curled above the unbroken forest. Now driven from his most favored haunts, wasted by war and want, he lingers beyond the Mississippi, waiting the call of the Lord to gather with his people, and help to build the city of Zion.

SIGNOR PHI.

Knowledge is a treasure; but practice is the key to it.

THE PATH OF HONOR. CHAPTER 3.

THE good ship sped on her way, and arrived safely at her destined port, where her passengers disembarked, and soon found themselves in Calcutta, the prosperous and wealthy eastern capital of British India.

Provisions were shortly made for the employment of the brave young men whom Sir — had brought out with him.

Carley was invited to accompany the government officials, who now felt that his services were indispensable. Pleased with his success, Carley did not forget to acknowledge the hand of the Lord therein, and in his letters to his friends in England, there was manifested that true nobility which while it neither flattered nor courted the proud, nor feared the envious, yet rendered becoming reverence to God, and respectful obedience to the wishes of his superiors in station.

Some forty-five years previously, he great Mogul of Hindostan had been conquered by the British, and though he had held a subordinate authority till within six years of the time of the arrival of our party, his last vestige of ruling authority was now gone.

The climate of India proved very enervating to Mr. Sanman, who soon sunk under a malignant attack of fever, loved by his friends, respected by all who knew him. In his death, the British Government lost a faithful officer, and Sir — a competent and worthy secretary. Yet by that very loss was the way opened for another appointment, and many were the expectants. The letter however which bore the news to England, bore also a recommendation from Sir — that Carley Benstead, who already did the work of the secretary, should receive appointment to the Secretaryship, with all its emoluments and honors; and this recommendation, sustained as it had been by many evidences of the young man's efficiency and worth, secured the appointment for him.

Carley knew nothing of this movement. He was very anxious to so discharge the duties of the vacant office, which now devolved entirely upon him, that when a new appointee should arrive from England as Mr. Sanman's successor, he might occasion that officer no unnecessary trouble through carelessness, inattention, or mistake.

Time passed by rapidly, and Carley, with several assistants rendered necessary by the amount of business, continued his vigilance and earnest efforts in the interest of the Government and of Sir —, its representative.

Early one morning, a large mail arrived, bearing letters from "home, sweet home," which gladdened many hearts. Carley was busily engaged devouring the contents of his letter, when a servant announced, "Sir —s' compliments, and he would like to see Mr. Benstead as early as convenient."

The tears of joy that had fallen on reading the "tales of love" from home, were carefully wiped away, and with a heart full of joy at the remembrance of loved ones, he prepared to answer the summons he had received, expecting only that a number of official documents of the ordinary kind awaited his attention.

He was met with a cordial salutation, and bidden to be seated. He noticed an expression in the nobleman's countenance he could not understand; but the expression was a pleasing one. Soon, a number of government officials, and the chief men of the "British East India Tea Company" having arrived, a document was produced, and after a remark or two by the bearer on the Secretary's office being vacant, and an anxiety having been felt as to who would be appointed to fill it, he said,

"I hope Mr. Benstead will not feel that an injustice has been done him, when I apprise him that as it will be the privilege of the gentleman appointed to select his own assistant for that office, and as I have no idea whom he may appoint, I feel it my duty to release Mr. Benstead from his position as Assistant Secretary."

Several eyes were turned towards Carley, as these remarks were made, and many were the conjectures as to whether Sir — had discovered something in Carley's management that was improper, and had therefore taken this method of removing him before the government officials, that he might be humiliated. Some, too, hoped for the appointment for friends of theirs, for the salary was large.

For a few moments all was silent as the grave, save the deeply-drawn breathing that came from Carley's breast. Instantly almost, he reviewed his course, and with that review, he gained strength; for his conscience condemned him not.

Resolving to still trust in God, and in the magnanimity of his employer, Carley then ventured to remark:—"I trust, Sir — that if I am no longer deemed worthy of the position I have so long occupied, the successor of Mr. Sanman will find one who will better serve the interests of the Government than I have done."

Sir — then arose from his seat, and called Mr. Benstead forward; and while all present were wondering for what purpose Carley was called—most of them however, supposing it to be to point out some errors he had made, and perhaps admin-

ister some reproof to him—the noble-hearted gentleman said.

"Mr. Benstead, I formally release you from your duty as Assistant Secretary, and in doing this, I tender the thanks of the government, and my own, for the prompt, efficient, and gentlemanly manner in which you have discharged every duty required of you; and now, as a testimony of the regard in which you are held, I present you this document, which is your appointment to the office made vacant by the death of our mutual and estimable friend, Mr. Sanman."

Then turning to the officers present, he said, "Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you our worthy friend, C. Benstead, Esq., Secretary of the British Government for the British Possessions in India."

Carley was almost overwhelmed with congratulations. The men who would have frowned on him had he been disgraced, fawned on him now that he was honored; but Carley had read their thoughts in their looks, and thenceforward distinguished between those of them who were true friends, and those who were false.

"Virtue meets its own reward."

UNCLE MARK.



MARY'S LESSONS ON FAITH.—No. 3.

"**M**A," said little Mary, "Br. Jones spoke of Repentance as well as Faith, and asked Uncle John if he repented of his sins. What is repentance?"

"Repentance, my dear, is being sorry for and forsaking sins. Jesus, in his tender mercy toward the human family, is willing to bestow gifts upon them; but only unto those who repent and are baptized for the remission of their sins. When he ascended up on high and led captivity captive, he received from his Father many gifts for men; those gifts he bestows upon them according as their faith and works agree. To one he gives the gift of revelation, to another the gift of prophecy, to another the gift of wisdom, to another the gift of knowledge, to another the gift of tongues; some gift to one and some to another, as he sees it wise or necessary for them. My Mary was promised a gift on condition of her being obedient to her Ma. But does not my little girl remember that she had offended me, and at the time merited punishment; but she confessed to me that she had done wrong, and I promised her forgiveness and a blessing upon one condition. Does my little girl remember what that condition was?"

"Yes, Ma; it was that I washed and made myself clean."

"Very true. But does my little girl consider that that washing removed her guilt?"

"No, Ma; it was you that forgave me because I did what you required me to do."

"Then it was through obedience you gained a remission or pardon of your sin, was it?"

"Yes, Ma."

"'The like figure,' Peter said on one occasion, 'whereunto baptism doth also now save us, not the putting away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience towards God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.' Had Mary proved stubborn, instead of complying with the wishes of her Ma, then her reward must of necessity been that of an evil doer—and such will be the reward of the unbelievers in Christ Jesus. But seeing your faith as manifested by your obedience, I now present you this gift," said the fond mother, handing her a beautiful present.

"Oh! thank you, Mamma; but this is beautiful. And now, I have faith, have I not Ma?"

"You had faith, my love, that I should give this to you before you received it; but now you are in possession of knowledge; and that is what Paul meant when he said unto the Hebrew brethren: 'Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for—the evidence of things not seen.' There is a difference therefore, between faith and knowledge. Faith consists in belonging in that which you have not seen; knowledge in that which you have seen, or understand. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ leadeth to repentance; repentance leadeth to baptism for the remission of sins; remission of sins makes us clear from blame, and being made free from blame, we are the subjects of the Holy Ghost, which by the laying on of the hands of the servants of Christ is given unto us, the Holy Ghost imparteth knowledge; knowledge leadeth to perfection. Hence, Jesus said, 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' Jesus and his apostles understood and taught the way by which perfection came."

That the little Hopes of Zion may understand also, is the prayer of

ELIZA.

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

LESSON 6.

DIVISIONS OF THE LAND.

NEARLY one-fourth of the earth's surface is visible land. For convenience of illustration, the earth is divided into two hemispheres, the eastern and the western.

The Eastern Hemisphere includes the Continents of Asia, Africa, and Europe, the Island of Australia, and many smaller islands.

The Western Hemisphere includes the Continent of North and South America, Greenland, Iceland, and many smaller islands.

The land is divided into Continents, Peninsulas, and Islands.

A *Continent* is a large body of land not entirely divided by water.

There are but two Continents generally represented in the geographies of the present age—

the Eastern and the Western; but it is believed by many scientific men that there is also a continent around the South Pole, to which they have given the name of Antarctic Continent. Believers in the Book of Esdras, found in the Apocrypha to the Old Testament, have among them those who hold that the ten tribes of Israel, in going the journey there referred to, went to a region now unknown; that this region is a habitable country around the North Pole, where their descendants yet dwell, and which, if discovered, would add to our geography an Arctic Continent. Of the supposed Antarctic and Arctic Continents, however, nothing is positively known to the inhabitants of the Eastern and Western Continents.

The *Eastern Continent* includes the chief portions of Asia, Africa, and Europe. This continent is entirely surrounded by the ocean, and with the islands belonging to it, excepting Oceanica, is computed to be about thirty millions, five hundred thousand square miles in extent.

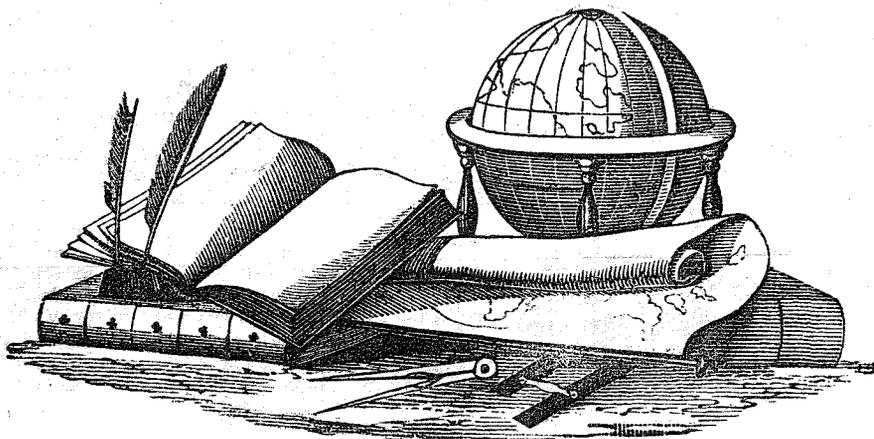
The chief division of the Eastern Continent is *Asia*, some sixteen millions of square miles in

miles larger than the whole of Europe. The British Isles are, in point of influence, population, and wealth, the most important in the world. They extend over one hundred and sixteen thousand, seven hundred square miles, and have a population of some thirty millions of people. The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland reigns over about one hundred and sixty-five millions of subjects, who reside in places under British dominion in all four quarters of the globe.

A *Delta* is land separated by arms of a stream, which divides before entering by the several mouths thus formed into a large body of water.

On the surface of the land are found mountains, hills, valleys, plains, deserts, oases, caverns, capes, promontories.

A *Mountain* is a greatly elevated portion of land. They are of varied forms and sizes. They are very useful to the earth in its present condition. They are the depositories of numerous very valuable metals, which contribute greatly to the welfare and comfort of mankind. A *range* or *chain* of mountains consists of several mountains connected together. America has the long-



extent, and containing a population of about five hundred and eighty millions.

The second division in point of size, is the peninsula of *Africa* covering an extent of some eleven millions of square miles, but having a population of only about sixty-five millions.

The third and smallest division is *Europe*, covering an extent of only about three millions, five hundred thousand square miles; but having a population of about two hundred and eighty millions.

The *Western Continent* includes *North* and *South America*. It is about fifteen millions of square miles in extent, and contains a population of about fifty five millions. At the Straits of Behring, the Western Continent is separated from the Eastern by a narrow passage of water only forty miles wide.

A *Peninsula* is a body of land connected with another body by a narrow strip of land called an *Isthmus*. The largest peninsula of the Eastern Continent is *Africa*, connected with *Asia*, by the *Isthmus of Suez*; the largest peninsula of the Western Continent is *South America*, connected with *North America* by the *Isthmus of Darien*.

An *Island* is a body of land entirely surrounded by water, and of less proportions than a Continent. The largest island known is *Australia*, of the *Oceanica* group. The islands of this group are four millions, five hundred thousand square miles in extent, or one million square

est range of mountains in the world, extending over a distance of some nine thousand miles. The *Altaian range*, in *Asia*, is five thousand miles long. The *Mountains of the Moon*, in *Africa*, are two thousand, and the *Atlas range* one thousand five hundred miles long. The *Ural range*, in *Europe*, is one thousand five hundred miles long. These are the only known chains in the world that exceed a thousand miles in length.

Volcanoes are mountains which emit smoke, fire, and lava. The place whence the emission takes place is the mouth, called the *Crater*. The *lava* emitted, consists of melted rock. *Etna* and *Vesuvius* are volcanoes. It is supposed that *Earthquakes* are occasioned by volcanic action.

The *Table* of a mountain is the even or flat surface on the top; the *Peak* of a mountain its apex or point—some mountains have no table, some no peak; but the top whether a table or peak, is always the summit.

The *Base* of a mountain is the portion by which the mountain is connected with the surrounding land, the part where the elevation commences.

A *Hill* is a smaller elevation of land than a mountain.

A *Valley* is a depression of the earth's surface between its elevations, its mountains and hills.

A *Plain* is a level, or nearly level surface. The immense plains in the western and other parts of *North America* are called *Prairies*; in

South America they are called *Pampas*; and in *Asia* they are called *Steppes*.

A *Desert* is a barren tract of land, usually covered with sand. Some deserts are but a few miles long; others cover a very large tract of country. The *Great Desert*, or *Desert of Sahara*, in *Africa*, is two thousand miles long. The *Desert of Cobi*, in *Asia*; the *Atacama*; the deserts of *Persia*, *Siberia*, and *Arabia*, are all very remarkable. Deserts of a few miles in extent occur in *North America* also. It is very dangerous traveling over the deserts; travelers very frequently die a most harrowing death from thirst.

An *Oasis* is a fertile spot in a desert.

A *Cavern* is a fissure or hole in the earth. Some of these are very large and deep. One in *Norway* is supposed to be eleven thousand feet in depth. One near *Castleton*, in *England*, has not had its depth ascertained, though it has been sounded by a line of near one thousand feet in length. The *Mammoth Cave* of *Kentucky* is very beautiful when lighted with torches.

A *Cape* is a point of land stretching out into the water, as *Cape Horn*, and the *Cape of Good Hope*.

A *Promontory* is a high, rocky portion of land, projecting beyond the line of the coast into the sea, the same as a *Cape*. It differs from a *Cape*, in that it is elevated equal to or above the surrounding cliffs, while a *cape* is level with the coast of the surrounding country.

AUNT RUTH'S DREAM.

[Continued from page 66.]

THE spell was broken. "You will excuse my weakness," she said, "for my infirmities have weakened my nerves. But if you will bear with me a few minutes, I will tell you the scenes which were passing before my inner vision.

"I must tell you that this is my birth day, also; and that many years ago, I was a big girl and lived in old England. My father was a good man; every body spoke well of 'honest John Hanson.'

"It was the evening of my birth day, and mother had made lots of frumenty, because, she said she had frumenty for supper on the day on which I was born. Therefore we, that is myself and brother, used to glean every day for a week or two before my birth day came around.

"Just as we were about sitting down to supper, in comes father with a strange man, whom he introduced as 'Elder Barnes.' Father said that, coming from his work, he saw a crowd about the *Butter-Cross*, and going up to see what was the matter, he found this gentleman upon the steps preaching. He did not know why he stopped, but it seemed as if a hand were laid on his shoulder to detain him, and he continued 'I want you to find the gentleman room to sleep, for he is six thousand miles from home, with no money in his pocket; and he says that God has sent him to preach the ancient gospel in the ancient fashion—without purse or scrip—and you know, dears, we are told to be careful to entertain strangers, for some have entertained angels unawares.'

"Well, you see, I felt peevish, because I wanted to have some fun that night, and how could we have a frolic with a minister in the house? Besides, he had neither black clothes, nor glossy hair, nor smooth face, nor gold watch-chain, nor white cravat; in fact he didn't look like a minister at all.

"I don't know what made me so wicked; but we had a little sour milk in the house, and I managed to give it to him, to eat with his frumenty. He eat his supper, but said nothing about the milk, nor even made a wry face. I suppose he must have been very hungry. Then, after supper, he told us how an angel had appeared to the prophet Joseph Smith—but you know all about that. Well, while he was speaking, I coughed,—I kept a shifting my chair,—I poked the fire and did all that I dared to annoy him. I did not know why I did it; for I was not naturally a mean girl—I suppose it was because I was disappointed of my frolic.

"Before going to bed, father read the Scriptures, as was his custom; the Scripture lesson that night happened to be in Ruth. He read all



about Ruth's being poor, and going into the harvest-field to glean; and how her modesty and patient toil attracted the attention of the lord of the harvest; and how she found favor in his eyes, and how that, finally, when the harvest was ended, he raised her from poverty, took her to his own beautiful habitation, and gave her joy all the rest of her days.

"Father called on Elder Barnes to pray with the family before going to bed, and I shall never forget a part of that night's prayer.

"Blessed be thy name, O, my God, for thou hast caused it to be spoken on earth by angel lips. We adore thy condescension and love which has sent the invitation through all the earth for the poor to come and glean in the richest of all harvest-fields. Thou hast employed alike the Israelite and the Moabite, and the Gentiles are no less dear unto thee. Thou hast promised that angels shall go before, and prepare the way of thy ambassadors. Wilt thou reveal thyself in this nation and in this city? Wilt thou condescend to dwell in this house as thou didst with a Cornelius; wilt thou not, O, blessed Redeemer, raise up reapers to gather thy harvest, and Ruths to gather the scattered grain? Let thy blessing rest upon this city and this household; raising up Pauls and Timothys to publish the glory of thy name, and the offer of salvation through the length and breadth of this land. Let thy servant find favor in thy sight, and give him sheaves for his hire, and my soul shall adore thee for ever and ever, Amen."

"That night," continued Aunt Ruth, "I had a dream. I saw a harvest-field so great, that I could not see across it. The reapers were few, and not altogether working abreast as I have seen them, but scattered all over the field. The one nearest me beckoned me to come and help him. But I laughed at him, and said that I was not a man to work at out door's labor, and that I had no sickle, any way. At this he seemed discouraged, and cast upon me a look so full of pleading and pity, that I was at once seized with a pang of remorse for my peevish answer. I ran to him and offered him my handkerchief to wipe his brow; he looked fatigued and faint. I ran to the spring and fetched him some water. But before putting it to his lips, he poured a little on the ground as if to assure himself that I was playing him no trick. I felt mortified at this act of suspicion, and as he took the flask from his lips, I looked him full in the face. Imagine my astonishment, when in my dream I beheld before me Elder L. D. Barnes, our much misused guest; but mark the change. There was a heavenly light in his eyes, a soft sub-illuminated skin, a halo about his head, and an atmosphere of glory about his whole person. I know not whether my confusion or repentance was stronger; for I cast myself in tears at his feet to ask his forgiveness. Taking both my hands in his, he raised me to my feet and exclaimed: 'Blessed art thou, Ruth, thou hast given a cup of cold water to a disciple; the Lord of the harvest shall make thee to sit at his table and drink of purest wine. The Lord Jesus himself has called thee to assist his reapers, and to glean the scattered grain after them. Be faithful as the Moabitess, and like her, rest assured, the Master shall provide thee a mansion and a rest which shall endure forever;' and blessed be God, he hath given me grace to labor in his cause. He hath given me sheaves for my hire. I have found favor in his eyes. I have long eaten at His table with the reapers, and soon I shall join that holy missionary who taught me my duty to God, and sit down with the Lord of the harvest; for I know he will bid me welcome."

Still that look of ineffable peace lighted up her countenance,—another silence fell upon the company,—a silence which we felt to be too sacred to be broken until Perla ventured. "Did you, dear Aunt, tell the dream to Elder Barnes?"

"No, my child," she replied, "but I told it to mother in the morning, and she told it to our guest, to whom I made all the amends in my power for my misconduct; and through the grace of our own dear Redeemer, not a month had passed ere our whole family were numbered with the family of God."

"But, dear sister Ruth," I ventured, "have you not in your gleanings frequently trodden upon thistles, been scratched with briars, and had your hands stung with nettles? Have you met with nothing to discourage you in your work of love duty? Have you never wearied and felt like quitting the field?"

"My children," she answered, addressing all, "the Lord will have a tried people. He suffers us to be tempted in many ways; but he never forsakes those who put their trust in him. I bless his name that my garments and flesh both

have been torn in laboring to bring souls to Jesus. My crosses and smartings have made me to contemplate more on the thorns which pierced HIS brow, and on the sacred wounds which HE endured to save my soul from hell, and to clothe it in robes pure and white as his own righteousness. But you must kiss me good night, Perla dear, and I will go to bed, and leave you to your mirth. Good night children, and God bless you."

X. A.

Correspondence.

We have so large a list of letters from our dear little Hopes, that, to save space and accommodate as many as possible, we omit both places and dates, and commence each letter in this number with the name of the writer.

EMMA L. WARFIELD: I had a present of your interesting little paper and I like it very much indeed. I try to be a good girl.

A. Z. RUDD: I thought that I would write a few lines to the Correspondence Column. We have just received the 1st of January *Hope*. I think we have as nice a Sunday School paper as I ever saw. Little brothers and sisters; let us all try and live right so that we may meet in Zion, and reign with our Savior a thousand years.

G. P. LAMBERT: I and my younger brother raised some pop-corn on a patch of father's farm: it grew well. God gave us a goodly increase. Father sold some of it at Keokuk, and I now send you fifty cents, some of its proceeds, for which you will please send me *Zion's Hope* for one year, from January 1st, 1871. This is my first letter.

MARY T. HILLIARD: I have not done my duty as I ought to have done in the year that is past and gone; but I intend to do better in the future. I have not obeyed my pa and ma as I ought, but I hope that God will forgive me, and will try to do better.

E. CONYERS: I am very much pleased with the *Hope*. I was baptized when I was eight years old, and I am now fourteen, I have been striving to be a better girl. I love to read the pieces from my little brothers and sisters. I ask an interest in all their prayers, that I with them may be united in the gospel.

Enigma No. 65.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 3, 4, 11, 9, 12, 2, is a kind of fruit.
My 7, 8, 3, 9, is a light in the heavens.
My 5, 14, 8, 4, 1, 6, is a man's name.
My 1, 13, 9, is used in hunting.
My 10, 3, 7, is a nickname.
My whole is the name of an elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

RIDDLE NO. 8.

I am composed of words, all of which are the same whether read backwards or forwards.
My first is the name of a mother whose posterity are in every quarter of the globe.
My second is the name of a prophet's mother.
My third is the name of a prophetess in Israel, who recognized and commended the Messiah in his infancy.
My fourth is the name of a portion of the day.
My fifth expresses what our heads should be.
My sixth is the "young-one" of a domestic animal.

Anagram No. 31.

"Afsot wnsrea nthetru awya hartw, utb reosuigv rdwso tris pu ganre."

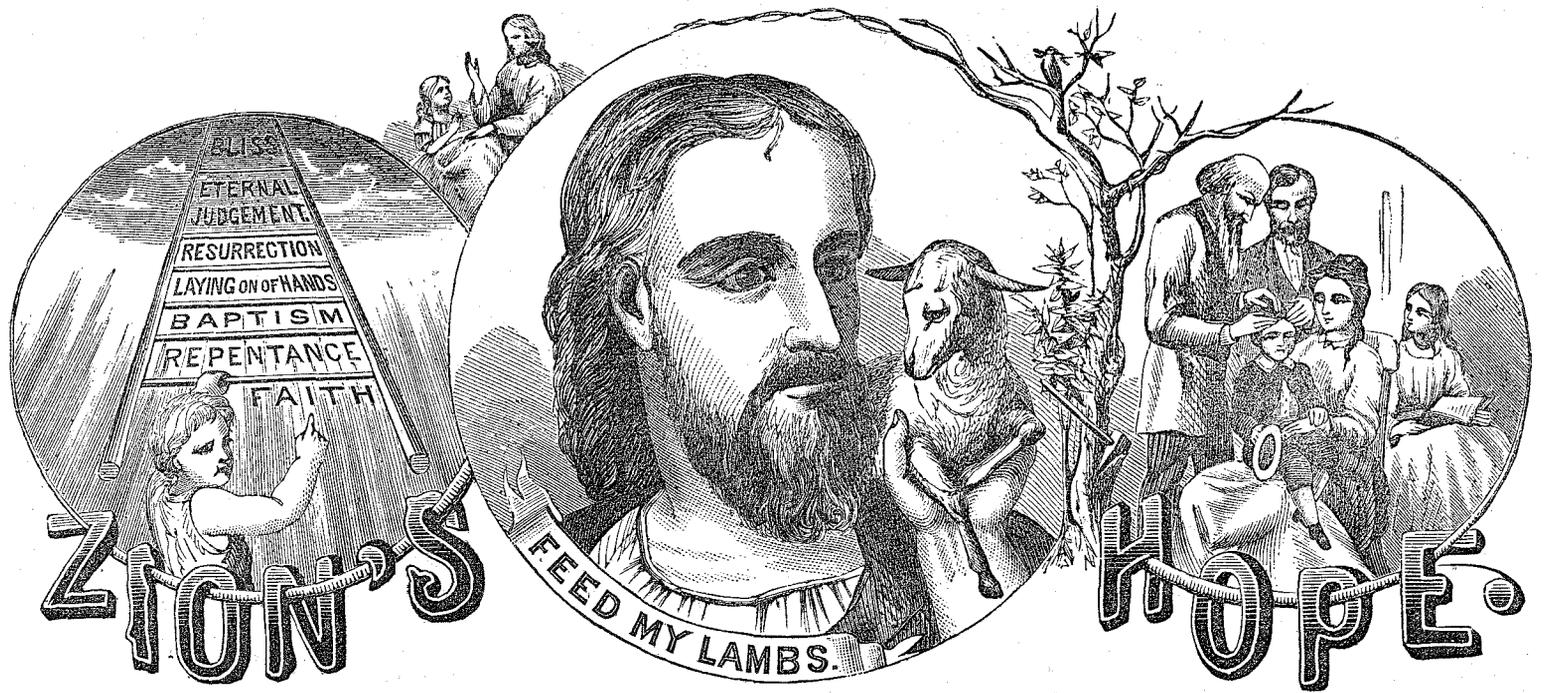
YNAML ETHIW.

Answer to Enigma No. 61, is Rain, Rill, Sea, Seal, Rose, Mail, Ann, Lillie Rosina Seaman.

Answered correctly by fifteen correspondents; incorrectly by two.

Answer to Enigma No. 62, is Sheep, Soap, Hake, Jason, Keel, Joseph Lakeman.

Answered correctly by seven correspondents; incorrectly by two.



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

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., APRIL 1, 1871.

No. 19.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

TO some, this world seems like a great Drama, or Theater; where there is nothing but grandeur, and they placed where they shall see nothing but the beauty of the play, experience nothing but happiness. The sunny side of life is ever before them.

Another class always look on the dark side of life, and have their minds filled with the very worst thoughts imaginable. If all were to give way to grief and despondency as they do, how miserable would this world appear; there would be no joy, no peace in it; nothing to live for.

But such is not the case. We have everything to supply our real wants, everything necessary to give us real joy and pleasure. We have food to eat, clothing to wear, houses to live in, and dear kind parents to care for us, and more than all, we have a kind Father in Heaven, who cares for us. Oh! how beautiful this world would be if every body just knew how to take it. Some do thus understand and enjoy the blessings of God.

There are some who "build castles in the air," only to give up all hopes and fall into a state of despondency when those castles fall.

Oh! that every one had the same sweet, mild temper, that our dear Savior had; then there would be nothing but happiness in this world. When the people mocked him, he prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

When we have a dark and cloudy day, in which the sun does not seem to shine, it casts a cloud over every body. Nothing looks bright. But when we have a bright and sunshiny day, the little birds warble their sweet songs, and nature itself seems loveliness. The aged take new courage, the young are merry, lively and happy. Let us never give way to despondency, but always be cheerful, and try to make those around us happy. The past we know, the present we know, but the future we do not know; we may imagine, but we can not be sure of anything. Let us not faint in the present, hope for the future. Time glides by, and we hardly realize its passage; but eternity will come, and bring joy and loveliness to the faithful.

LIZZIE E.

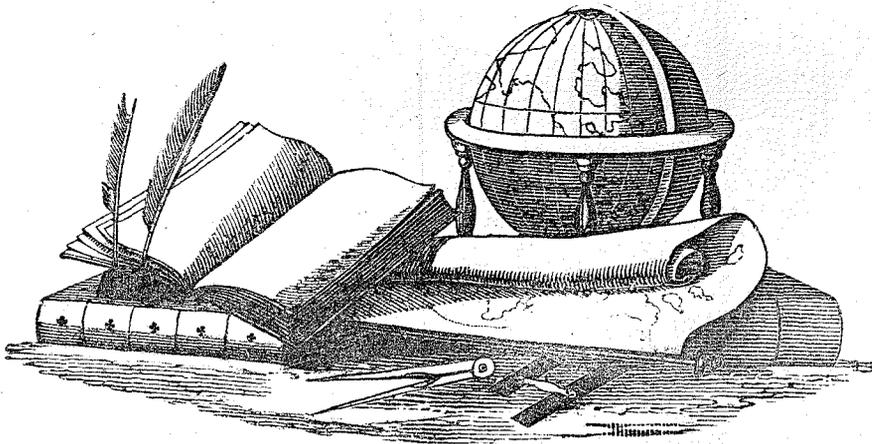


WINTER AND SPRING.

Bring hither to her Grandpa, little Pearl,
 I wish to touch her brow as white as snow,
 Smooth with my wrinkled hand each silken curl,
 And hear the little darling laugh and crow.
 Dear little soul! You say her eyes are blue;
 But mine are dim with toil and weary age;
 God bless her! Her fresh life, so pure and new,
 Revives my heart at even this late stage.

A pretty group we form—was that your thought?
 Winter rejoicing with the infant spring,
 The evening and the morn together brought—
 Do hear the lovely creature's laughter ring!
 Against my blanched beard she leans her head,
 Crowned with her childhood's coloring and glow;
 An early moondrop, blooming in its bed
 Beside a lingering drift of April snow.
 How she condemns us with her innocence;
 Yet draws us to her with loves's gentle band.
 She is a guardian-angel, driving hence
 The evil by her presence, pure and bland.
 Now you must take her—bless her; won't she go?
 Ah! but she must, for Grandpa's hands are weak;
 And Grandpa's head will soon be lying low—
 But it will rise again when God shall speak.
 How like a planet will his lofty brow,
 Shine, when he walks upon that brighter shore,
 And he will be as pure as she is now,
 Blooming with youth that fades away no more.
 Oh! may he meet his Pearl in that fair clime,
 Developed to an angel passing bright;
 May strong limbs guard her until that blest time,
 And right hearts teach her how to choose the right.

UNCLE DAVE.



GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY. LESSON 7.

GOVERNMENTS OF THE EARTH.

THE Continents, Peninsulas, and Islands on the earth's surface are divided into Countries, Kingdoms, States, Duchies, Principalities, and Districts. These are governed by different laws, and under different forms of government.

The chief governments of the world are Monarchical and Republican; but these vary in form and character.

A *Monarchy* is a state government in which the chief authority is placed in a sovereign. Of this class of governments some are *Absolute Monarchies*; others, *Limited Monarchies*.

An *Absolute Monarchy* is a government in which the authority of the Monarch is unlimited, absolute, despotic.

A *Limited Monarchy* is a government in which the authority of the Monarch is limited by a constitution or laws; hence frequently designated a "Constitutional Monarchy."

An *Empire* is a Monarchical government comprising several nationalities, or forms of administration, under rulers or other monarchs, subordinate to the Emperor; as the Russian, Austrian, and German Empires. An Empire is usually larger than a kingdom.

A *Kingdom* is a state or government of which the chief authority is a King. The present sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland is a Queen; but this does not affect the title of the Monarchy.

A *Republic* is a commonwealth in which the government is conducted by persons chosen by the people as their Representatives; as that of the United States.

The Republican form of government has wrought more of good to the subjects governed than any other. The Republic of the United States represents the grandest government now on the face of the earth, giving to its subjects greater constitutional liberty than any other, preserving the rights and liberties of all, infringing upon none.

A *Democracy* is a government of and by the

people, in whose hands the supreme power is lodged, and by whom it is directly exercised.

An *Aristocracy* is a government in which the supreme power is vested in nobles, who are considered a privileged order.

A *Duchy* or *Dukedom* is a territory governed by a duke, a nobleman next in rank to a prince royal.

A *Principality* is the territory of a prince, or that territory which gives title to a prince; as the *principality* of Wales.

A civil *Patriarchdom* or *Patriarchate* is a government in which the people are subject to the oldest living ancestor or head of the family; Such were many of the governments in the times referred to in biblical history.

An *Ecclesiastical Patriarchate* is the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of a church.

A *Chieftom*, (obsolete among civilized nations), is a government among uncivilized tribes, in which some wise councillor or great warrior of a tribe is permitted to hold control. There is seldom any written law, or regularity, in such governments.

A *Theocracy* is a civil government under the direct administration of those specially appointed and endowed by the Almighty, as the primary form of government of the Israelites. There is no such government now upon the earth.

A *Municipal Government* is that which pertains to cities and towns. The seat of government in a state or country is its *capital*; as Springfield, of Illinois; Washington, of the United States.

THE PATH OF HONOR. CHAPTER 4.

THE practices of Carley's life were such that he won favor with the government, and was no less respected by the merchants and people of Calcutta, who considered themselves fortunate in the acquaintance of so talented, so worthy, so influential a gentleman as the "Honorable Secretary of the British Government."

Nor was Carley so satisfied with the position he had been honored with, as to quietly remain in possession of this honor, without striving to more faithfully serve the interests of his fellowmen, than when having less influence and a lower station among them; but more than ever before, did he strive to increase his stock of knowledge, and to justify the confidence of those who had honored him; nor did he strive in vain.

It was often a difficult matter to keep the Hindostanees in such a frame of mind as was desirable; and as Carley had learned to speak their language quite fluently, he was often called on by them to hear their grievances, assuage their grief, or pacify their anger. And though he could not always do so as effectually and as quickly as he wished, he was soon acknowledged to be the most successful of all who were allotted the unpleasant task of reconciling the excitable people of Hindostan with each other, and with the Government..

A few years generally, in the enervating climate of India, proved sufficient for the greater

portion of those sent out by the British Government. None of Carley's first companions remained there in twenty years after their arrival. His stay was voluntary, though there can be but little doubt that he was influenced more or less by the earnest entreaties of the East India Tea Company, as well as those of the foreign merchants, and the better educated portion of the nations; but it must not be supposed that his peace was uninterrupted.

In the midst of his friends, in his adopted home, there were many of the truest and best; but there were also those who spared no pains to influence their friends at home to have him removed. Not being able to bring any charge against him, morally or financially, they resolved upon accusing him of complicity with the natives.

And eventually, an opportunity occurred. Under the leadership of Ipsahan, an ambitious and wicked native, quite a large number of natives were led to a revolt, in which they burned several places, killed quite a number of Europeans, and obtained considerable property. Some of the native merchants were discovered to have aided the revolters, and information was conveyed to the Governor. Carley, of course, as Secretary, recorded this information, and the names of the merchants were placed in the hands of the authorities, who arrested and conveyed them as prisoners to Fort William.

Carley was ever kind-hearted, and he devised in his own mind a plan by which he hoped to stop the shedding of blood on both sides; for a regiment and a half of fine-looking British soldiers were already in the field, and the strife was a bloody one. Several hundreds of insurgents had been killed; several hundreds more wounded; and quite a large number taken prisoners, who were also conveyed to Fort William. His plan was made known to the Governor General, who approved it.

Obtaining an order from the Colonel in command of the Fort, Carley took with him two trusty and favorite civil officers, and entered the prison. Here he met with merchants who knew and respected him; natives whom he had often befriended, and for whom he had settled many difficulties. He conversed with them, learned the cause of their grievances, admonished them for their folly and crime, and finally obtained from them the reason for the revolt, the names of the agitators, and of merchants not under arrest who had aided and even incited the revolters. These merchants were already suspected by the Europeans; though they could not attach anything to them sufficiently clear to justify their arrest. But they were closely watched.

It was part of the plan that Carley had laid before the Governor General that he should visit these suspected merchants, and seek through them to effect a reconciliation that should be honorable to the government, and yet stop the effusion of blood.

He therefore went; but duties connected with his secretaryship, as well as a desire to visit them as privately as possible, led him to choose the night time for his visits. Night after night was he observed to visit different members of this disaffected and suspected body, and night after night

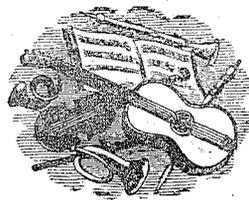
was the report of his visits recorded by those who had been heretofore seeking a chance to discover some flaw in his policy or conduct, but seeking in vain, and who now felt and said that Benstead's doom was sealed.

Their minds having very willingly concluded him in guilt, many circumstances, in themselves harmless, seemed now to conspire to prove him guilty, and finally, a number of those merchants meeting together, and Carley meeting with them, and remaining closeted near three hours with them, seemed to set the seal upon his dishonor.

But when after this meeting, a messenger was seen in the night-time to start for the seat of war, and was followed sufficiently far to determine that he went to the camp of the insurgents, it was concluded that Carley had gone over irrevocably to the enemy, and was working and plotting against the government.

Consultation was now held by the enemies of Carley, and decision was made to report the suspicions entertained against the Secretary to the Governor General. Soon after this, Lord Lyle was seen to visit the Governor's private residence, and, in behalf of the clique seeking Carley's overthrow, and on his own account too, for he very much desired the Secretaryship of the British Government in East India, he there used every means in his power to influence the noble Governor against his favorite Secretary; but the Governor knew better than himself what Carley was doing, and answered the young "Lord" in a manner that told him plainly his object was seen through, and sent him away angry with the Governor, with his own misfortune, with himself, and with Carley in particular.

UNCLE MARK.



MUSIC.

H WAS once in the deepest of gloom, caused by the near approach of the death of my only darling daughter, when meeting with the saints. I seemed to hear echoes of angels' voices, harmonizing and ascending with theirs, assuring us of God's love toward his poor afflicted saints. I wept and thought, as we listened, "What words could comfort the mourner like those sweet chords sung by mortal and by seraph choirs?"

Go on, brothers and sisters, in teaching the young to blend their voices in chords of sweet harmony; for the science is of heavenly origin. In time, ye shall reap the fruit of your labor. Although the tree is being watered with tears, God will surely give the fruit. J. R. C.

HURRAH is a word said to have originated among the Eastern nations, where it was used as a war cry. They believed that every man who died in battle for his country went to heaven. It is derived from the Slavonic word "hurrah," which means "To Paradise."

DON'T WAIT; DO IT NOW.

NOW Otis, my son, be a good boy to-day, and do not play on the way; but go straight to school, there's a good boy."

Now Otis Mason was a good boy at heart, and he loved his widowed mother very much. Usually, he studied well his lessons during the week; and he was very attentive in the Sunday School when he was there. But he was of a very kind and easy disposition, and could be coaxed to almost anything by his companions.

One morning, on his way to school, John Clark called to him from over the garden fence, out of a cherry tree, "Ho, Otis! Stop a minute, and I will go along with you." To which our friend Otis replied that it was nearly school time, and he could not wait long. Young Clark came out of the tree, and met him at the gate with both hands full of cherries, in eating which, while straddling on the gate, they forgot that time waits not for boys either to eat cherries or trade pocket knives.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

"I swan, if yonder aint the school bell ringing!" and, jumping off the gate, Otis started full speed for school.

But he was soon arrested by "Otis! Ho! Otis; stop just one minute, so that we can go together."

"I can't," replied Otis, "school will be taking in by the time that I can get there."

"Then I shall get punished, I know I shall, if you don't stop a minute and help me," whined young Clark.

This appeal to the sympathetic part of Otis' nature accomplished its design, as every appeal to his kind heart was wont to do.

"Well, what is it? be quick and do what you are going to."

The facts were these. Young Clark's mother had, all in good time, sent him into the garden to gather gooseberries with which to make some pies, and as we have seen, he first trifled away time in pulling cherries off the tree, and then at the gate eating them. If he should leave the berries ungathered, his mother would be disappointed and very much grieved at his conduct; and should he be late at school, he would be put at the foot of his class, a punishment which he dreaded more than a little. The case being laid before Otis, he could not do otherwise than lay down his books and satchel, and go to work with nimble fingers to help to extricate his unfortunate school-mate out of his dilemma. But in spite of the many scratches on his bleeding hands, his generous aid was not equal to the task of doing ten minutes' work in "just one minute;" and the result was, that *two boys* were late that morning instead of *one*.

On arriving at school they walked, or rather, slunk to their seats, hoping to escape detection, as the master was reading the scriptural lesson, a good old custom which we are sorry to see going out of fashion. But the watchful eye of the master could not be evaded, and after finishing the lesson, he called them up for an explanation, which our friend Otis gave by telling the whole truth, adding: "But we ran with all our might to get here as soon as we could," and the sweat on their faces attesting the truth of his statement,

the master told them to go to their seats.

Looking around the school, he said; "we have here scholars of ages varying from seven to twenty years. The lesson which we have read this morning (Matt. xxv.) is so very applicable to the case before us, that a few words may be of benefit to us all. In the story of the ten virgins, we find that only five were ready at the proper time to enter the marriage feast. The foolish who had no oil, would no doubt, think it very unkind of the others in not sharing with them their oil. But what good could it do to divide? Five lamps were full, but then they held no more than enough for the occasion; and to divide would be to deprive ten of the enjoyment of the feast instead of five. John Clark was in fault, and for Otis to stay and help him was only making two wrong-doers instead of one.

"If one boy catches the cholera, measles, or small pox, it does not help him any for another boy to go and get the disease also. It simply makes the matter worse by spreading the evil. So it is in wrong doing. If our friend breaks his arm, we do not break one of ours also; nor does it warm our blood when shaking with an ague to see a little brother or sister shake also. Neither is an evil lessened by being multiplied. Procrastination is the thief of time, and we should not put off the performance of any duty until the *last minute*. A neglect of this rule brought trouble on the five foolish virgins; and it worked ill in the case of our little friends. We should follow the advice of David Crocket, 'Be sure you are right and then go ahead.' We should not, like young Otis, be coaxed off.

"If we are not on the right road, the sooner we get there the better; and when once there, we should allow no boisterous attempts against us to drive us off, no sycophants to flatter us off, no pretended friends to coax us off, nor any melting appeals to our sympathy to draw us to one side.

"If we allow ourselves to be driven from the right way, then are we slaves bowing before a tyrant. We are drift-wood on the stream of time—the plaything of every eddy and current.

"We are as a ship on the ocean without a rudder,—the toy of fickle winds and merciless waves—doomed to become a wreck on the nearest shore.

"If we give place to pride through flattery, until we are bloated therewith, then are we as the hay-rick, when it is lifted up by the whirlwind, to be scattered and debased. We are like the fatted calf—the more we are pampered the sooner we die.

"We never see any one yielding to persuasion against his own sense of right, like young Otis this morning, but we are reminded of Samson, strong indeed in body, but pitifully weak when coaxed by one he loved.

"We do not wish to scold the boys; nor to preach to you either, but we wish to impress this upon your minds, that we should not allow anything to move us from the path of duty.

"Samson was sorry for his submission afterwards, but that did not bring back his eyes; the five foolish virgins would lament their negligence, but the outer door of the mansion, nevertheless, remained both locked and bolted.

"These examples from holy writ are applicable to every one of us."

X. A.

Correspondence.

NANCY E. MONTAGUE: I thank you very much for still sending the *Hope* to me. We have a very good Sabbath school here. We have some very good prayer meetings. There has been one more added to the branch since I wrote to you last. I am trying to do my duty, and I desire an interest in the prayers of my little brothers and sisters, that I may come off conqueror in the end. I will pray for you all. Let us try to do our duty and serve God more faithfully than we have done before. Let us live so that Christ will own and bless us when he comes on earth to make up his jewels.

Let us strive to be like Jesus,
In all we do, in all we say,
Pray to him both night and morn,
To guide us in the narrow way.

Let us keep all his commandments,
With patience walk earth's weary way,
Be kind and meek in all devotions,
Our parents, teachers, Christ obey.

A. J. ROCK: I am still receiving *Zion's Hope*, in which I am much delighted. I think I have never seen a paper that pleased me so much. I always like to see it come. I think I can never thank you enough, for the kindness you had to send me this pretty paper. I can sit and while away many a lonesome hour by reading the pretty stories it contains. Perhaps you might think that I could get subscribers for *Zion's Hope*, I will tell you, I have tried very hard; but it has been all in vain. The people around here despise the Mormons, and say they are very wicked, and that their religion is not true; but I think not so. I think the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is a true one, and all that worship with it worship with a true and good church. I am not a member of the church, but I hope I shall soon be one.

I have not been as good as I ought to have been; but I will pray that I may be better in the future—without prayer we cannot be saved. May God bless you all is my prayer.

C. E. BLODGETT: It has been some time since I saw you. I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. We have a lively little branch here. We have meetings every Sunday, and are greatly blest with the Spirit of God. We have no Sunday school yet, on account of our branch being so scattered, but we have most of the church books, and we study them, and read the *Herald* and *Hope*, so you see we are not idle. Little children, let us do all the good we can. If we cannot preach, we can work and pray, while our fathers preach the gospel. When I see so many in darkness it makes me wish I was a preacher too.

I love to read the letters in the *Hope*, written by my little brothers and sisters, and I pray God to bless us all with his Holy Spirit, that we may do much good in his cause.

JOHNNY GILMAN: I read the *Hope* last Sunday, and it is the first time I ever read it in my life, and I like it very much. I believe what is in that *Hope* is true, and I hope it will keep coming. I will be nine years old the 19th of this month.

C. CADAMY: I was too late for school this morning, and I thought I would write and tell you that I am glad the enigmas, anagrams, and puzzles are coming out again, although I have neglected answering them; but I will try and do better.

JOHN S. WEEKS: Our hearts are filled with joy on reading that excellent paper, *Zion's Hope*. I pray that the blessings of the Lord may attend the publication of this messenger of Christ unto the children of the saints. I hope that it will be upheld by all lovers of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. I bid you God speed, little paper, on your errand of mercy to the children of men.

IDA DOTY: I love to read the little brother's and sister's letters; they are the first that I generally read. The journey of Sister Francis is very interesting. I love to read Uncle Mark's, and Perla Wild's pieces. I think I should like to see some of my little sisters of the church. I think the *Hope* is a nice little paper. There are not many that belong to the church out here; I wish there were more.

JOHN M. RENSIMAR: I am thirteen years old. I was baptized last April by Brother Franklin, and confirmed by Brother Foreman. I love to read the *Hope*. We have no Sunday School here in our branch; but we have very good meetings. Brother Brand preached last Sunday. There were three confirmed. Brother Blair stayed with us while he was in the city. We miss him very much; he is so good and kind. I love Brother Blair very much. I will be glad when he comes back again. This is my first attempt at writing for the *Hope*. I will try to do better next time.

Original Poetry.



DO WHAT YOU CAN.

BY EMMA HILL.

Think not there is nothing
For children to do,
Because they can't work like a man;
The harvest is great
And the laborers few,
Then, children, do all that you can.

You think if great riches
You had at command,
Your zeal should no weariness know;
You'd scatter your wealth
With a liberal hand,
And succor the children of woe.

But what if you've naught
But a penny to give,
Then give it, though scanty your store,
For those who give nothing,
When little they have,
When wealthy will do little more.

It was not the offering
Of pomp and of power,
It was not the golden bequest—
Ah! no, 'twas the mite
From the hand of the poor,
That Jesus applauded and blessed.

Then don't be a sluggard
And live at your ease,
And life with vain pleasures beguile;
But ever be active
And busy as bees,
And God on your labors will smile.

ANAGRAM No. 32.

Erda Nclue Rmka I ovel eht Hpoe,
Dna vole swht'a in ot ared ti;
Btu hten hawt dgoolwi ti od em,
Fi I od otn imnd nda deeh ti.

E. A. CADAMY.

ENIGMA No. 66.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 10, 2, 6, is what we should not do.
My 3, 18, 5, we could not well do without.
My 8, 4, 15, is sometimes worn by ladies.
My 7, 19, 17, is used by carpenters.
My 9, 16, 11, is what all must do.
My 12, 13, 15, is a little animal.
My 14, 7, 1, is a term much used by bankers and merchants.
My whole the Scriptures make it our duty to do.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 63.

Cow, Rose, Aaron, Web, Cones, Robbers, Worcester,
Eneora C. Webster.

Answered by five correspondents.

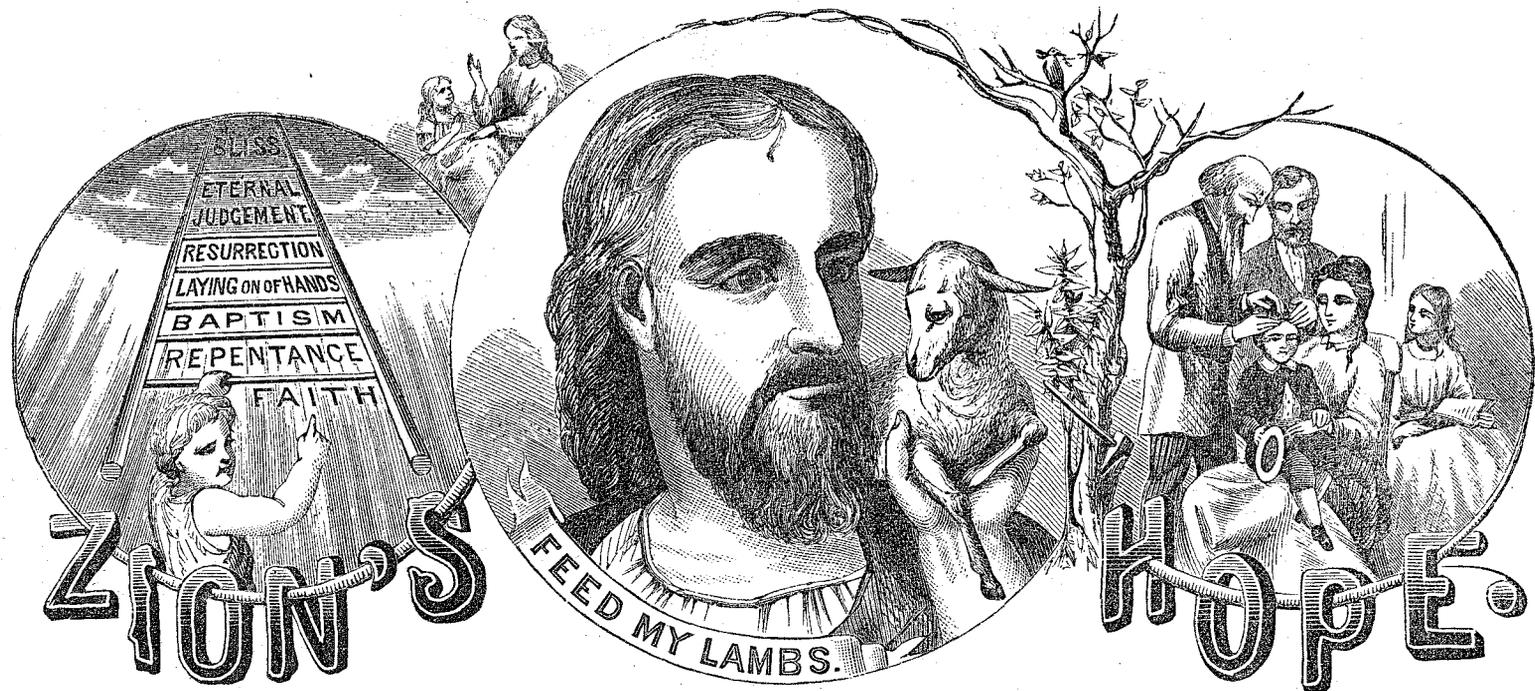
ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 30.

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

Answered by twenty-two correspondents.

Answer to Scriptural Acrostic of Proverbs, is
Mark H. Forscutt.

Answered by three correspondents.



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

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., APRIL 15, 1871.

No. 20.

THE PATH OF HONOR. CHAPTER 5.

AFTER Lord Lyle had returned from the Governor's residence, he was in a state of great anxiety. Believing that Carley was measurably guilty, knowing his own purpose was to produce Carley's overthrow, if possible, yet fearing the influence of the Governor, should he attempt any effort against Carley, he knew not what to do, nor how to accomplish his purpose, and was very unhappy. Had his purpose been pure, he would have felt differently. His mind was of that peculiar stamp which while it admits a policy to be unjust, yet pursues it and claims to be acting in the interests of justice; such a mind is ever unreliable, and its possessor an ignoble trickster—such was Lord Lyle.

Quieting conscience as best he could, he became more firmly resolved than ever on obtaining the Secretaryship, and supplanting Carley; and to this end he hoped for effective aid from Government officials at home. Seeking kindred minds to whom he could convey sufficient to excite their passions without making known to them his purposes in full, he commenced such an ably devised argument in support of the position he took, that the Hon. Secretary was in complicity with the revolvers, and was seeking to overthrow the British Government in East India, with a view to his own preferment by the disaffected foreign residents and natives, who had ever spoken in his praise since he had been known to them, that the general impression was that the Government ought to be apprised of "his perfidy," especially as the Governor General's ears were closed against their complaint.

Lyle had explained to them the uncouth treatment he had received at the hands of the Governor; and with one exception, they voted him a dupe of the Secretary. The one who declared against this decision, was one of the under-clerks of the Secretary—a clear-headed and excellent gentleman, whose close and candid criticism upon the mover in this scheme did not at all please the young scion of a nobility whose chief nobleness

lies generally in the nobility of its name.—This under-clerk was so well satisfied with the course of the Hon. Secretary, that he was one of his firmest and truest friends, though he did not explain to the clique his friendship, as he hoped by association with them to be able to circumvent their plans.

His opposition being but the opposition of the minority, the wishes of Lord Lyle were carried out. One letter was written to England, to the office of the "Home Secretary of Colonial Possessions," and another to the "Secretary of the East India Company," in which were set forth, in carefully guarded language, the views of the clique in relation of the complicity to the "Hon. Secretary of the British Government" with the "Revolvers" of Hindostanee.

These letters were sent by the next vessel that sailed for "home," and on arriving at their destination, they created considerable interest. The Secretaries met together, each to consult with the other upon the letter he had received; neither knowing the other had received any news of the character of that about which he had come to consult with him, and both surprised when the other produced his letter.

The Secretary of the "East India Company" had seen, heard, and read so much in favor of the Hon. Secretary of the British Government in India, that on receiving the letter sent him against that gentleman, he would at once have cast it on one side as a base and worthless attempt to defame the character of a good man, had it not come to him with the signature of Lord Lyle attached; on reading this signature, he was satisfied that it would be unsafe and improper to treat the letter with indifference or inattention. How to meet the case was the all-important question. That the charges were a libel on the Secretary, he was fully satisfied; for by the very same mail that brought the infamous attack upon the Secretary's character, there had arrived two letters, one from the Governor-General, and one from the Colonel in command of the British forces operating against the rebels, in both of which letters, honorable mention was made of the Secretary,

and especially of his services in the present crisis.

The "Home Secretary of Colonial Possessions" was a friend of Lord Lyle, and though his acquaintance with that nobleman (!) had not furnished any evidence on which to base a very high estimate of his character, he yet believed his statement against the Hon. Secretary Benstead—the more readily too, as he was one of the gentlemen present in India at the time the Governor General handed the Secretary his commission, himself hoping for and expecting the appointment, and though by the influence his friends had, there had since been secured for him the appointment to his present position, he had never really forgiven Carley that gentleman's success. These two gentlemen consulted upon the matter; and though the former instructed the latter that reports had been received from the Governor General and Colonel in command, which were suggestive of Carley's innocence, it did not allay his prejudice, and he insisted upon laying the complaint before his majesty's government. Not able to prevent this, and hoping that information would arrive by the next vessel that would set Carley right, he consented, and the letters were forwarded officially to the Hon. Secretary of the Upper House.

Thus were Carley's enemies made exultant, while he, not knowing the under-handed proceedings against him, was, both publicly, secretly, earnestly and faithfully laboring for the government before which he stood accused of *treason*.

OBEDIENCE.

OBEDIENCE brings confidence, peace, and harmony; disobedience brings loss of confidence, discord, and woe. To obey our parents is required of children, and blessings are promised to flow therefrom. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. Honor thy father and mother,

which is the first commandment with promise, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth, are commands of holy writ. This first commandment, given with a promise, also informs us what that promise is; first, "that it may be well with us," that is, that we may grow up in knowledge and wisdom, and enjoy peace and happiness; (for if we disobey our parents in our childhood, in after years our minds will be harrowed continually by the remembrance of how wicked and unthankful we have been, and how sorrowful they must have felt at our waywardness and disobedience); second, that we may "live long upon the earth." Little brothers and sisters, let us one and all strive to keep this commandment, and may God assist us so to do.

EDWARD.



THE EMBLEM OF JUSTICE.

AN emblem is an object that represents something else. It is a symbol or type; as a crown represents royalty; as a sceptre represents power and authority; so a balance, and its property of giving exact weight, represents justice.

The idea is poetical, and comes down to us from very ancient times. The ancient Greeks were very poetical, and they discovered many beautiful truths, and these truths and thoughts have been preserved in writing, and handed down through several thousand years.

It may be that this idea is older than the Greeks, for all nations in the beginning of their civilization are imaginative, and fond of pictures.

Some of them, in ancient times, did all their writing by pictures. This kind of writing was called hieroglyphics. Instead of spelling a word that represented an idea or object, they would make a picture of it. For the word "bird," they would make a picture of a bird; for the word "justice," they would make a picture of a balance. Then in order to write rapidly they would make only part of a bird, or part of a balance; and so it was that the system of hieroglyphics came into use.

The Egyptians wrote in this way, and the early inhabitants of this country have left much of this kind of writing on their monuments. It is probable that the Book of Mormon was partly so written.

The ancients held that piety to the Gods was the highest virtue, and patriotism next; but they esteemed justice as above mercy. Christianity places mercy above justice. The Savior said, "Blessed are the merciful." Every one should be honest and just, but they should not stop at that; they should not only pay their debts, but they should give away money. When they have no money to give, they should give kind words and smiles of sympathy.

A man might be strictly honest, and yet not

fit to move in society. Christianity requires very much more. One must be forgiving, meek, abounding in good works.

One who is just will never speak an untruth. But Mercy requires that the truth itself shall not be unwisely spoken. When the truth would wound and injure some persons, and do none any good, Mercy says withhold it. Truth is sometimes naked, harsh, severe. Mercy says look for the truths that are beautiful and pleasant. Speak as well as you can of others. Leave carrion to the vultures of the race. Noble minds delight most in noble truths. Indeed it is unjust to others to trouble them with filthy thoughts, suspicions and doubts.

It is a great lesson to learn to temper justice with mercy. The law of God points out the way, and the Spirit of God enables one to follow it. With the apostle I exhort you, "Deal justly and love mercy."

SIGNOR PHI.

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

LESSON 8.

RELIGIONS OF THE EARTH.

THE nations and tribes of the earth, both civilized and uncivilized, have some religious faith, some view of a hereafter, in which they have hope of reward or fear of punishment. Among all peoples, there is an acknowledgment of a superintending Providence, or Deity, who is vested with attributes, and powers, and a disposition more or less in keeping with the peculiar faith, and habits, and desires, or dread, of those entertaining the faith to which belong love in, or fear of the Deity worshiped.

That an earth so beautiful in prospect as ours, so full of evidences that a Grand Designer is necessarily involved, should have sprung into existence by its own force, is not entertained by even the most barbarous, and the more advanced in science a people or nation becomes, the more convinced are they that there is a first and grand cause which they recognize, and which we call God.

The chief religions of the earth are Christianity, Judaism, Paganism, Brahminism, and Mahometanism.

Christianity is the religion of Christ. Those who believe in Christ as the Messiah are called Christians. They are divided into numerous sects, each sect having a separate organization, and accepting distinctive tenets, or principles of faith and church government. Their places of worship are called Cathedrals, Churches, and Meeting-houses. Christianity prevails in Europe and America, and it is computed that about one-fourth of the people of the earth acknowledge its general tenets, or in round numbers about two hundred and sixty-seven millions. Roman Catholics, 140,000,000. Greek Catholics, 50,000,000. Other christian sects, 77,000,000.

Judaism is the religion held by the Jews. There is much that is grand and elevating in their mode of worship. Their faith is that of the Old Testament, and they hold to the law of Moses with all its forms and ceremonies, types and shadows. They venerate the prophets of the Old Dispensation, but reject those of the New.

They reject Jesus as not being the Christ, and the New Testament as not being an inspired production. Their places of worship are synagogues and temples. Their chief men are called rabbins, a name supposed to be derived from either the Assyrian or Babylonian tongue. The Jews are scattered throughout the earth, and number three millions, eight hundred thousand, so far as they are known to man. The ten tribes of Israel are lost from the knowledge of man.

Paganism is the religion of the Pagans. The term Pagan, was given to those of the idolaters in the early days of the christian church who resided in villages among the heathen, because they were the most inaccessible and difficult to reach in the attempts to convert them. The pagans believe in *fetishes*, or good and bad spirits, whose places of residence are supposed to be in special localities, where they hold control. They are often worshipers of idols, representing these fetishes, and wear amulets or charms to propitiate the good spirits, and protect themselves from the bad ones. They offer sacrifices to their divinities, and dance before them in their worship.

Brahminism is the religion of those who worship the God "Brahma," whom they regard as the first person in the Trinity, the creator of the world. They believe that this "chief Deity" communicates to man through other Deities, inferior to himself. These inferior divinities are thought to be some good and some bad—each class having charge of the good and the bad among mankind. They have images of these, which they place in buildings called *pagodas*, where they worship them. The Eastern part of Asia is where these worshipers generally live, and where Brahminism prevails. The estimated number of Pagans and Brahmins are five hundred and sixty millions.

Mahometanism is the religion of those who believe that "There is one God and Mahomet is his prophet." Their sacred book is called the *Koran* or *Alcoran*. Mahomet professed to have received it from heaven direct, in a series of revelations given chiefly at Medina and Mecca, in Arabia, but his enemies charge him with having written it himself. In its spirit, the Koran is very different, and in some things opposed to the New Testament, but yet it contains many truths, and is written in good language. Turkey is the chief seat of empire of the Mahometanistic faith; but it predominates also in many other parts of Asia and Africa. The places of worship used by the Mahometans are called *Mosques*. The estimated number of Mahometans is one hundred and seventy-eight millions.

The *Christian* nations are the most enlightened of all on the face of the globe, and the arts and sciences of civilization flourish among them to an extent and in a degree unknown among other peoples.

Each of these several leading divisions of the religious world believe all the rest of the world to be deceived, and many sects not only believe all other faiths than the one held by them in common with the faith of their nation or people are wrong; but that those who accept the same *general* principles, and yet do not accept those held *specifically* by them, are in error, and in danger of future punishment.

GOD'S MERCY.

ONE day, in the latter part of Autumn, a party of little girls were returning from school with their teacher. They were gay and happy; for they had passed a pleasant day at school. They loved their teacher, and had been trying to please her, by obeying her rules. And I am sure that my little friends will agree with me, when I say that obedience brings happiness.

Their little hearts were so filled with gladness; that their tongues could hardly keep pace with their thoughts. What glorious plans were laid for the future; and how each one wished to do some great deed.

While meditating on these plans, they heard a noise overhead; on looking up, they saw a very large flock of birds flying toward the south. Their teacher told them they were going to seek for warmer weather; that the cold winter was coming on, and then they could not live in our cold climate. A few of the flock were lagging behind, as if weary from their long flight. These called forth the sympathy of the little girls, and they were very anxious to see them alight and rest awhile; but still they went on, on, till they were lost from view behind the trees.

Then little Bella turned to her teacher, and asked, "How do the birds know which way to go?"

"Ah! Bella; that is quite a natural question for a little girl to ask. They don't know anything about the north or south, how should they? They have not been taught it as you have. Now, if I should ask you, who made the sun to shine and give us light and heat, whom would you say?" "God." "Yes; I thought you would. Then my dear child, if God can do so great a thing, can he not direct the little birds to a warmer climate? He has made them, and they are his care as well as we. And if he is so mindful of the little birds, will he not care for the little lambs of his flock?"

Yes, dear children; do you not remember where it is written, "even the hairs of your head are numbered." And when the Savior was on earth, he said to his disciples, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? Yet I say unto you, not one of these shall fall to the earth without your Heavenly Father's notice." Indeed, he is merciful, and his care is great toward the creatures he has made.

Now little ones, if the number of the hairs of your head are known to your Heavenly Father, do you think your actions are hid from him? Does he not see the hand raised in anger, to strike a playmate, who perhaps never had thought of offending you? Does he not hear the cross word; or the unkind answer given to father or mother, whom he has commanded you to honor and obey?

Oh! little ones be very careful—try to do right now, while you are young; for it will be very hard to return from evil when you are old. Do not think, because you do not swear or lie, or steal, you are good. There are other evils which you are apt to give way to; which are only less because they are noticed less. One especially I wish to warn you against. Do not get angry; it

is wicked folly. If you get angry at anything which you cannot help, it will do you no good. Never attempt to show another that he is in the wrong, by getting angry yourself; for he will conclude at once that you are wrong, and he is right. Always let your words and actions be such as your Heavenly Father can approve. And pray to him to help you to do right; and he will guide and direct you, as he does the little birds.

LIZZIE.



THE COUNTRY GIRL.

WHO does not love the country? Memories of country life are beautiful and lasting; there is a poetic charm in that life which city life does not have.

A peasant girl once became queen of Persia, and through all her life she would go once a year back to her native place, and laying aside the pomp and dignity of courts, mingle with the people, make herself one of them, and looking upon loved scenes connected with the past, find a pleasure that life in a palace could not supply. Those who have been raised in the country ever cherish fond recollections of its simple joys. The poet loved the country life and its associations, which he remembered when he wrote:

"The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The rock and the bridge where the cataract fell,
The clear-running brook, and the dairy-house nigh it,
And even the bucket that hung in the well."

The author of these lines was raised in a peaceful country home, and going afterward to live in an eastern city, he fell into bad habits; and one night, after having left the company of his associates, with whom he had passed the time in carousing and drinking to excess, his conscience smote him, and comparing his low state with the pure joys of the past, he wrote,

"How dear to my heart are the scene of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view."

Some of the *Hope* readers, doubtless, know all the poem.

The voice of the past is like,

"The song of cotters in the mountain dells,
The fall of waters, and the chime of bells,
It is the very breath of balmy grove and dewy rose,
The still of Sabbath morn and summer evening's close."

Little L—lives in the country where the water is pure and the air is free; where a myriad birds greet the dawning spring, where meadows stretch far away, and high mountains prop the sky on all sides around. When she walks out, she is followed by a pet colt and a shepherd dog; and she has a lamb for which she gathers choice bundles of clover. She plays the music in the *Hope*, and gets subscribers for it, and twice a month it finds its way to her distant home.

SIGNOR PHI.

THE PROUD HEART.

HAVE you ever asked yourself the question, "have I a proud heart?" If you have, how is it with you, are you quite sure that you have not. I would that we all were free from pride. Do you say, "I am sure I have not, for I do not mind stopping to speak to a poor person in the street, and I am always glad when mother sends me with something in my little basket for some one that is poor, or sick, or gives me leave to take some clothes to some poor person in the village."

There are some who are too proud to own their pride, and boasting is no proof of humility. It is a great mistake to suppose that pride can only be shown in our behavior to persons whom we think inferior to ourselves. A proud heart may yet be a kind one, and when this is the case, the wish to please or the desire to avoid giving pain to another's feelings, will cause us to be gentle and obliging in our manners, at least so long as we are in good humor, and nothing happens to displease us.

There are many kinds of pride. Pride shows itself in many different ways. Civility and kindness to the poor can be no proof that we think humbly of ourselves; on the contrary, the deference and respect which they show to us in return may be secretly gratifying our pride; particularly if we are conferring a favor, or doing some act of charity. It is when its superiority is questioned, that the proud heart begins to rebel.

Pride is a sin hateful to God, and full of danger to the soul.

It hides itself too in a thousand ways, and often reigns in your heart when you do not think about it, or know that it is there. You must pray for grace to drive it away, since you cannot go to heaven with a proud heart. The true followers of Christ are meek and lowly, like their divine master; and you cannot be one of that happy number, if you do not seek to overcome your pride.

Can you bear undeserved reproach with meekness, or submit to a slight without feeling anger?

Can you patiently bear contradiction, and give a mild reply when you know that you are in the right?

Can you bear to hear another praised, perhaps less deserving than yourself, while you are passed by unnoticed?

Can you bear to confess a fault to a friend or school-mate, to ask forgiveness, or seek to be reconciled when a quarrel has taken place?

Can you receive a similar confession, and forgive an injury without showing any triumph over the offender, and what is still more, without feeling any triumph in your heart?

If you cannot do these things, you have need to watch against pride and pray too. Many an effort must you make before you will overcome your pride. There are several questions still more important than these which may help you to discover how far you have given way to a proud and sinful heart. Compare your daily conduct with the precepts of the Bible, and ask that the Holy Spirit may enable you to form a right judgment of yourself.

H.

Poetry.

EVENING PRAYER.

Golden head, so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake,"
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

O, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
I would choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to thy throne divine.

Correspondence.

NATHAN LINDSEY: I have long thought that a variety of matter of an intellectual character would be interesting and instructive to the readers of the *Hope*, and I have therefore concluded to ask the privilege of sending the first arithmetical question, one to be inserted in each number of the *Hope*. I have also decided, in case my proposition receives a favorable consideration to offer a new Hymn Book, as a prize, to the youth who shall most correctly and most intelligently solve the greatest number of them, between this time and the first day of July 1872—the money for the same to be deposited with you. You are also to be judge as to whom the prize shall be awarded. I will send a solution with each question, and the competitors are required also to send a solution, with the answer to each together, with pledge that the solution is the result of his own thought and labor.

MARY A. RUDD: I was baptized in my ninth year, I am now ten. I am trying to overcome my faults. We have some good prayer meetings here. In the first quarter of our Sunday School, I recited eleven chapters in the Question Book. Little brothers and sisters, let us try to so live that we may be saved, and reign with our Savior a thousand years.

RACHEL EVANS: I love *Zion's Hope*. I love the Children's Column; that is the first I read. I thought I would write too; for there are so many of my little brothers' and sisters' letters in this column that I want to join their number.

IDA PUTNAM: I was baptized on the 12th day of September, 1869, by Brother Blair. I like the little *Hopes* very well, and I am always glad when they come, and read them with interest; and I wish that all the children, both in and out of the church, could have them, for I think that it would please them. I like all the pieces of the *Hope* very well; but I like Frances' the best. When *Zion's Hope* comes, I always look to see if there is any piece from Frances; for I always love to read about the Indians. I always like to hear from my little brothers and sisters.

MISS JINCY ANN SCOTT: For the first time in my life I write you a few lines for the *Hope*, if in your judgment they are worthy. I am well pleased with the *Hope* in all its parts. I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints January 4th, 1871, by our beloved T. W. Smith, and I am trying to learn the principles of the doctrine of Christ, in order to carry them out in practice. We have good prayer meetings. I love to be at them. I believe I will send you my effort at this enigma.

S. E. SMITH: I love to read the little letters that I see in the little *Hope*. I am not baptized yet; but I am going to be soon. My father and my mother have been members of the Church for many years.

JOHN L. TEMPEST: I have just returned from Sunday School. This morning, one of the scholars (aged 62 years) recited 153 verses, as correctly as she could speak, she being a native of Denmark. Our school is just emerged from a dark night to a

bright morning, which I hope will grow brighter. We are at present receiving about fifty copies of the *Hope* for our Sunday School, being about twenty copies more than we need; but we distribute them, hoping they may do good. This morning I offered eight copies to the teachers of the Christian Sunday School of this place, which were accepted, and a promise given that they would be carefully read. May God bless the Sunday Schools, and *Zion's Hope*, and all working for their success. I love the *Hope*, and love to read the letters of my brothers and sisters. They afford me joy and comfort, amid the sorrows and troubles of this life.

J. PARSONS: As regards the Sabbath School, never since my connection with the church, have I seen so much interest manifested by children, as there is here at Bankville, Pa. The principal part of the children who attend our school belong to parents of other churches; this gives us a fine opportunity of sending those silent preachers, *Zion's Hope*, into their families, as well as our tracts. The children have studied over four hundred verses inside of six weeks, which speaks well for their industry.

MARY S. RUDD: I was baptized on the 30th of October, 1870, by Brother John Rudd. I rejoice that I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. We have good meetings here. I am happy when I read the letters from my brothers and sisters. Dear brothers and sisters, let us try and serve God while we are young, for the Scriptures teach, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." If we ask God, he will help us. I love to read the word of God; for it shows me the way of salvation, and from it I believe this is the church of God. I love the *Hope*, and I love to read the letters of my little brothers and sisters. I do desire to do right, and with the help I mean to try. I have been through the Question Book. May God bless Brother Joseph and Mark.

LIZZIE MILLS: I am very glad when the little *Hope* comes, for I like to read it so much. It is so nice. I like to read the Children's Column. I was baptized when I was nine years old, and now I am eleven. I never have written for the *Hope* till now, and I have not much to say. I go to Sunday School and church, and love to do so. I have two miles to walk; but I sometimes get a ride. The town I live in is not very large; the children don't belong to our church, nor do their parents. Father and mother, sister and myself are all. I close by sending my love to all.

MERCY DIGGLE: I was baptized when I was nine years old; I am now twelve. I am very much pleased with the *Hope*, only we do not get it always; I cannot tell why. I have not lived as I ought to have done; but I hope the Lord will forgive me, and help me to do better for the future.

HOSEA B. STERRETT: I thought that perhaps a line from Utah would not be amiss to the readers of the *Hope*. I was baptized on the 17th of June by our beloved Br. Brand. Our branch now numbers thirteen members. We have meetings every Sunday, sometimes at this place, and sometimes at American Fork and Lehi. I love to hear the Elders preach, and I want to be a good saint. The Brighamite meeting-house was burned down here one week ago. Father tried to get it for Br. Brand to preach in, but they would not let them have it; but the Lord has opened the doors for preaching in such a way that it will take them some time to shut them again. The Tithing and Postoffice were also burned, and nearly all they had in them at the same time. I am pleased with the *Hope*, and always anxious to get it. Pray for me that I may be faithful.

S. L. WHITNEY: I cannot say I belong to the church that the little *Hopes* do. I wish I did; but I am not eight years old yet, and my grandpa says children must be eight years old, and must understand the gospel of Christ before they can be baptized. I should like to be good, and I shall when I know how to be. You know my grandpa, he is an elder, and I have heard him preach. Some folks call him a Mormon, but he don't care for that; but he says that is not the name of the church. He is in Dennisport, Massachusetts, now, and is a going to stay there until after the conference. His name is Cyriel E. Brown. I don't know anything about the church, only what he tells us. I will not write any more now; but I wish my *Zion's Hope* paper would come every week, for I like to see its pictures, and read its stories. I will say good-by, and wish you much success.

M. E. CADAMY: I am trying to get the enigmas, anagrams and puzzles. I got the anagram in the last paper of this year; but I tried, and tried, and I just couldn't get that enigma. I know how to get them; but I couldn't get those words, some of them were so hard. I send an anagram for the little *Hope*, and an enigma too; but I don't know whether they are right or not. If they are not, lay them away, and don't put them in the paper, for they would spoil it.

NETTIE JONES: The Mottsville Sabbath School is at present in a prosperous condition, if we only had the books for the use of the school. The school averages from thirty to thirty-five scholars, and are in hopes of having more as the fine weather sets in. Our superintendent gives us music lessons on the black-board, as we are deficient in books; but as we go away we frequently forget it. When I read in the *Herald* of the pleasure you received in hearing the celebrated singer, Miss Nilsson, and read your counsel to the saints to acquire the knowledge of music, that they may be ready for the eventful days to come, to sing in the temple, the following suggestion came to my mind, that if you or some one else would give us a little instruction through *Zion's Hope* every two weeks on the rudiments of music, in the shape of questions and answers, that would be great help in towards bringing around your desire in the *Herald*, as singing books are not very plenty amongst us, and at the end of the year, they would make a nice volume for the youths in the future.

M. L. MIDDLETON: I rejoice when the *Hope* comes to hand. I love to read its columns, and solve the enigmas. I rejoice in this work. I know it is from God. We have no Sunday School here yet, but I think we will have one soon. We have a branch here. I cannot say that I have lived as I should; but I intend to do better. May God bless us all.

ANAGRAM No. 32.

Hiedner hsuodl eb indk nda eemk,
Ni ydlnerf selrice ro ni layp;
Humlyb wob ta Jseus etef,
Ot epek meth ni het arow ayw.

ANAGRAM No. 33.

Woh tesew willt eb ta vengein,
Fi yuo nad I cna yas,
Gdoo hesprehd ew've neeb kesign
Het blams taht tenw tsaray,
Traeh-sroe nad niatf thiw hugner,
Ew draeh mthe maikng noam—
And ol! ew moce ta llaftghin,
Ginbear meth faseyl meho.

YHRUM A. DURD.

Enigma No 67.—I am composed of twenty letters.

My 18, 9, 4, 11, 16, was a near relation of Jacob's.
My 15, 2, 11, 18, 4, 9, is the name of a prophet.
My 19, 18, 1, 12, is a vessel to be filled with wrath.
My 9, 18, 16, 3, 18, 20, is an implement to be used in the hand's of an angel.
My 4, 5, 1, 10, is the name of a wife of Esau.
My 14, 20, 6, is a sea in which Pharaoh's captains were drowned.
My 2, 7, 14, 18, 4, is a country in the east.
My 9, 17, 8, 14, is an officer in the church.
My whole is a text in Holy Writ.

LUCY.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM No. 1.

The distance between A and B is 40 miles. C starts from A at the same time that D starts from B, to travel the same road, meeting each other. They meet eight hours afterwards, when they find that one-third the distance which C has traveled, equals one-fifth the distance that D has traveled: at what rate did they travel an hour?

ZION'S HOPE

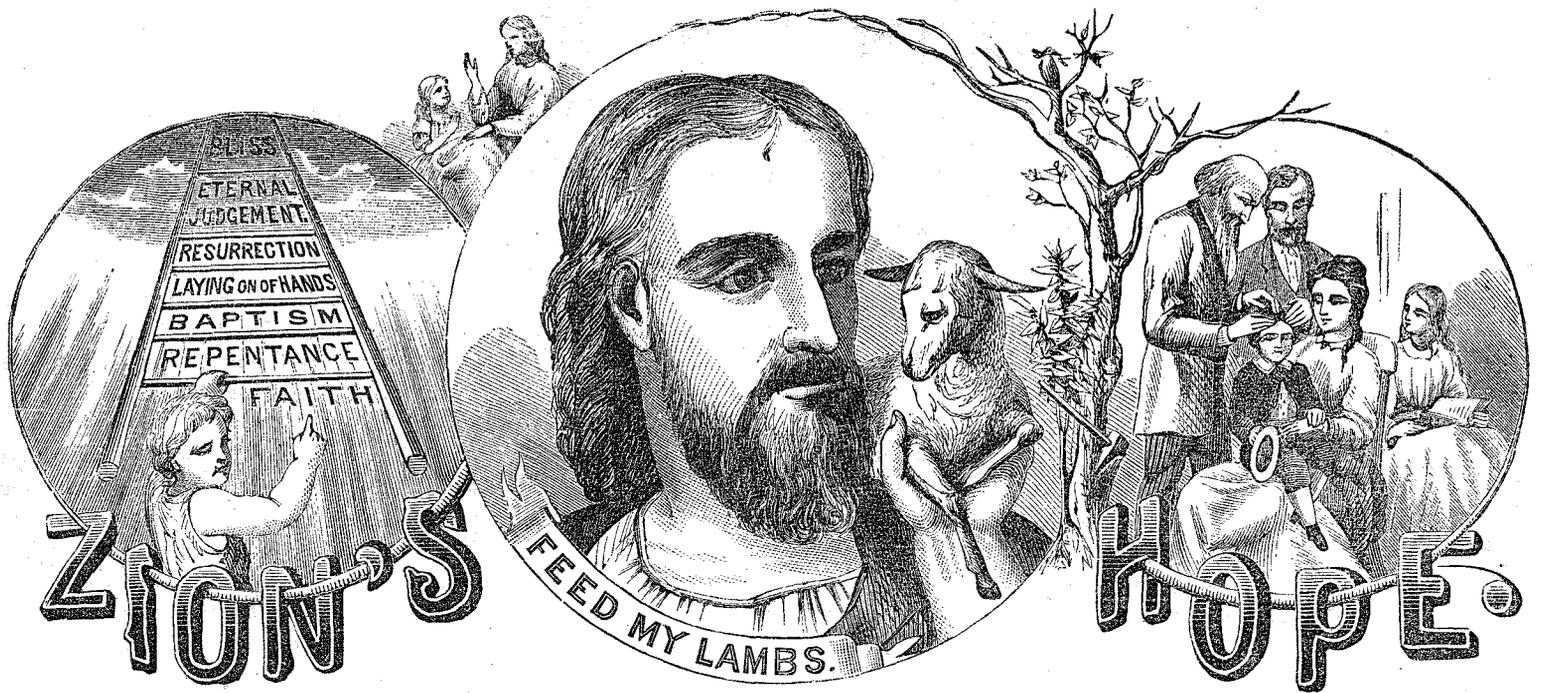
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

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PLANO, ILL., MAY 1, 1871.

No. 21.



AN ESSAY UPON COTTON.

D PRESUME that the little Hopes have heard of "the kings of the earth," "the kings of the north," "the frost king," "king alcohol," and "cotton is king." Well, it is about the last one I am going to try and tell you.

You all of you know how in the gay summer time you like to pull the slender stem of the dandelion, with its splendid white crown, and holding it up over your heads, blow the beautiful crown jewels into the air with your breath; and how, when the maize, or indian corn fields were perfecting their golden treasures, you delighted to gather the silky tassels to deck your caps and bonnets, and fringe the shelves of your play houses. Well, the little threads which run up and down the stalk of the dandelion, making up the splendid crown you blew into the air, and the silken tassels of the corn, yellow, and white, and red, were made up of fibres, little threads.

The other day when you had boiled beef for dinner, "ye editor" saw some of you pulling your pieces into little shreds, and eating them one by one like little bits of coarse thread; those little shreds were flesh fibers, or muscular fibers.

The threads of silk of which mother's black dress is made, is composed of hundreds of smaller threads, or fibres, wound and twisted together. The threads of the spider's web across the top of the kitchen window, are made up of hundreds of tinier threads, or fibres, twisted, and twirled, and spun together by that most cunning of all spinners, the spider.

Now, if you all know what a fiber is, I will go on and tell you about the "king cotton."

The cotton of which the white muslins and the colored calicoes are made, is the product of a plant looking a little like the egg plant, or the red pepper plant, growing to the height of three or four feet, called the cotton plant, or if you want a harder name, *gossypium*.

Do you remember the milk weed which you broke the stems of last summer to see the white milky juice run out, with which you stained your hands and clothes, and for which mother scolded you; and do you not remember how you gathered the hooked pods later in the season when they were bursting open showing their downy treasures. The cotton fibre grows in some such pods, here and there, all over the plant.

This delicate, flossy, downy, soft, wool-like substance, is the "King Cotton" about which I am writing.

Look in your geography and you will find that one of the staple articles of trade of the States of North and South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and others of the Southern States, is cotton.

There are two varieties of cotton raised in the South, one that is grown in the low lands near to the rivers, bayous, lagoons and swamps abounding in those States, and another grown on the uplands or higher and dryer portions of the same states, and in the Middle States where the land is not subject to overflow.

The upland cotton plant does not grow so tall, nor are the pods so big, nor the fiber so long and large as in the lowland kind; it is, however, a hardier plant, and does not require so much nor so careful tending as the other.

The upland variety is raised in fields, much like our corn fields, in the north, the plants or rows of plants being planted farther apart, with intervals left here and there to aid in the gathering when it is ripe.

The lowland variety is the one most extensively depended upon because of its better returns for time and labor.

When the weather has become sufficiently

warm to warrant it, the dykes are repaired, and the fields prepared to receive the seed.

If the little Hopes have never seen a cotton seed, I will tell them how to get a pretty fair idea of one. Take a seed of the flower called "four o'clock," or "marvel of Peru," and dip it into the molasses jug, and roll it in lint, or waste cotton, till it is hidden from sight and is fuzzy or woolly, and it will look something like a cotton seed.

This seed is dropped, two, three, or four in a hill, and slightly covered with the prepared soil; the water is turned in upon the field and the seed permitted to sprout. After it is up sufficiently, the water is turned off; a few days of the sunshine dries the ground and it is hoed, the weeds pulled up and killed, the hills that are missing replanted, and the water turned on again. It is carefully watched and tended; until by and by the plants having grown high enough, begin to blossom. The flower is, I think, a pale white, in form something like the wild rose; and it is said that a cotton field in bloom is a beautiful sight. A few weeks from the blooming, and the seed pods, having perfected their seed, begin to burst open, and the field soon become a sea of white.



This is the busy season of the cotton planters, and every hand must be kept at work, or some of this splendid array of gleaming white bursted pods, now called bolls, would be wasted, the air become filled with the flying fiber, and the crop would be lost.

Cotton used to be cultivated in the South by slaves, as it was said that it could only be raised profitably by unpaid, that is, by slave labor. The chief supplies of cotton for the United States, and a very great part of that used by Great Britain was raised in the South, and

because so many depended upon the labor which it took to manufacture, or work the fiber into goods, was why it came to be said that "cotton was king." But I will tell you more, by and by.

UNCLE "THOUGHTFUL."

MARK NELSON'S MORNING PRAYER AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

CHAPTER I.

BOW, wow, wow, wow!" said a great fierce-looking, black and white dog, as with bristles standing erect, he ran toward the gate, where a little boy with a bundle under his arm stood, with his hand on the latch, as if about to enter.

"Bow, wow, wow!" The dog's black nose pressed the gate, to spring through the moment it was opened. The little boy drew back a few steps, murmuring to himself, "Oh! how savage that dog looks! I daren't go in, and I want to, so very much! Ma said to be sure to stop at Mr. John May's, as he was a rich man and would be almost sure to help us, and give me something to do! They told me he lived in a big brown house next beyond the post office; this must be the place, and yet I am afraid to go in. It won't be right to go away without stopping, and what shall I do?"

He heard a step behind him, and turning, met the curious gaze of a little boy nearly his own size, and indeed resembling him very much. They both had blue eyes; nice, yellow-brown waving hair; a broad high brow; round, dimpled chin, and a pretty little nose, almost, yet not quite, a *pug*.

They looked very much alike, and had they been dressed similarly, a stranger would have taken them for twin brothers. And the little boy with the coarse clothes and a bundle under his arm, looked wonderingly at the little boy in broadcloth, with a satchel and slate on his arm; and the boy with the satchel looked wonderingly at the boy with the bundle. When each looked in the face of the other, it seemed like looking at his reflection in a mirror.

Pretty soon the little boy with the bundle found voice to speak.

"Please, does Mr. John May live here, and will that dog bite?"

The other boy's eyes opened a trifle wider to hear the polite tone of the lad so poorly clad, for somehow he had learned to think that a gentleman or lady *must* be dressed in fine clothes.

"Yes, Mr. John May lives here; but that dog wont bite. He's my dog, and I'm Mark May. Come here, Lion, old fellow, and tell the boy you are one of the best dogs in the village, and never bite unless you are imposed upon. Come along, Lion, you can jump over the gate, you have done it many a time to meet me! There! that's a fine dog! I knew you'd wag your tail, and lick the boy's hand to tell him you were a friend. Don't never be afraid of Lion, and if you want to see papa, come right in with me. But what is your name, and where do you live, and what do you want with papa? Did you ever see him?"

"No, I never saw him, but I want to get a chance to work for some one, and I cant find any one that will hire me; they say I am too small. But ma said I must come and ask Mr. John May for work. My name is Mark, too, Mark Nelson; and I live as much as ten miles from here."

"Your name is Mark, is it, and how did you come to have *that* name?" said the little boy with the satchel, as he led the way to the other boy and old Lion.

"I was named for my grandfather," replied Mark Nelson.

"And so was I," said Mark May, "my papa's father."

"But I was named for my mamma's father," said Mark Nelson, "and I am a poor boy, and have no father."

"Poor boy! I am so sorry for you! How sad it must be to be poor and have no father!" And he fell back to the side of the poorly dressed lad, and clasped his hand with a kindly pressure. "But you have a mother. How nice that must be! My mother died when I was a baby."

A portly, pompous man, with dark eyes, and a frown that seemed part of his face, came out of the house just as the two boys ascended the steps to the portico. A smile lighted up his face for a moment as his eyes rested upon the face of his son; but died away instantly to give place to the old frown.

"Well, my son, home from school, are you? But who is this young chap?"

"He is a nice good little boy, papa, whose father is dead and his mother is poor, and he is out hunting a place to work. Wont you hire him? He will work, oh! ever so good if you will, and do lots of chores, and—and—oh! his name is Mark, too!"

"Indeed, Mark, my son, you seem to know all about him, have taken him under your wing already, and haven't known him ten minutes! How do *you* know he can work so much and so well? And what business has he to be named Mark? A poor pauper's son, with my honored father's name!"

"Oh! papa," cried the rich man's son, pleadingly, "how can you talk so! He can't help his name, and then he said he was named for *his* grandfather too; and isn't that funny? But, see, papa, he is almost crying; you frightened him, you spoke so sharply."

"Boy! boy!" cried the man suddenly, gazing at the poor lad, "you look astonishingly like the May's! I had a sister Mary who ran away with a worthless scamp named Nelson. Is your name Nelson? and what is your mother's name?"

"Mark Nelson is my name, and my mother's name is Mary, sir, but my father was *not* a worthless scamp, Mr. May; he was just one of the best and kindest men in the world! If you please, sir, I don't want my pa to be called any bad names!"

"Heighho! chip of the old block indeed! If you are Tom Nelson's son, you're just as spunky and important as ever he was! But it is not likely you are. There are plenty of Nelsons in the world. But, Bub, what kind of work can you do? Can you plow, and husk corn? I've got several hundred acres to husk in a few weeks."

"I never tried plowing, sir; but I can husk corn, and I can do chores."

"Can't plow, hey?" said Mr. May; "then I've nothing for you to do for two weeks to come; for the hired man and I can do the outdoor chores, and if Mrs. Brown can't do the work in the house, I'll turn her off, and hire some one that *can!*" and taking his boy by the hand, he took a step toward the door, but his son detained him.

"Papa, may be the boy is tired and hungry. Wont you ask him in to rest and give him something to eat? And I wish you'd let him stay all night; I'd like to get acquainted with him."

"Fie on you, you foolish little boy! just like sister Mary, always pitying somebody, or taking in some poor pauper to feed. Never felt herself too good to mingle with the poorest class of people! But you can take your little ragamuffin into the kitchen, and do as you please with him; keep him till morning if you want to; but mind! I shant hire him. I can't afford to pay out money for anything that we can do ourselves."

"But, papa, he might be your sister Mary's boy, mightn't he? He would be my cousin then; I do wish he was!"

"You little dunce! to wish you were cousin to a beggar! Shame on you! No, its not at all likely that he's Mary's boy, and if he is, it's not my business to look after him;" and so saying, he went into the house, leaving the two boys standing together on the porch. At first the poor lad refused to go in, but the other entreated him so kindly and earnestly to go in and see his birds and books, that at last the little fellow consented, and finally was persuaded to stay till morning.

That night, after the rest of the household were asleep, Mr. John May went silently into the room adjoining his own little son's, where the strange lad had been stowed away in a nice, comfortable bed, by the kind-hearted housekeeper, Mrs. Brown, and gazed a long time into the face of the sleeping boy. The truth is, he more than half believed that this boy was his own little nephew, and if so, he knew it was his duty to help him, and his poor, widowed mother.

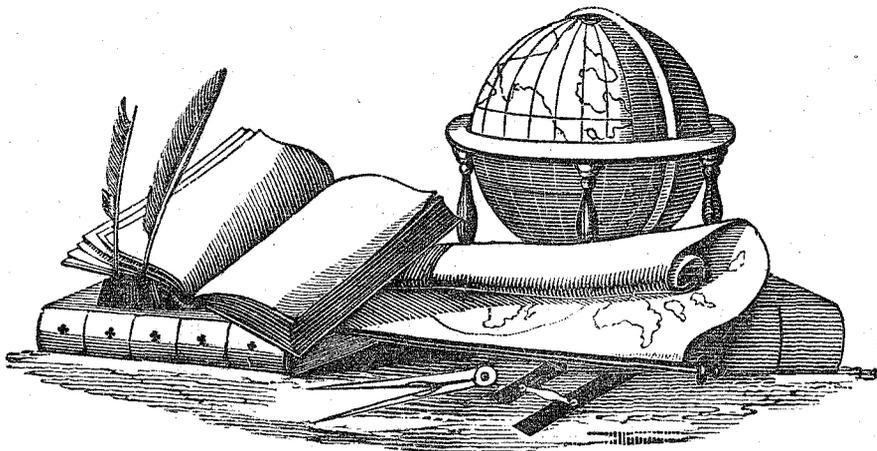
But he didn't want to be sure of this, for he was very miserly; that is, he had a great desire to make money and get property, but he did not like to part with any of it when he could avoid it. So he went to his own bed that night, muttering to himself, "He looks very much like sister Mary, that poor boy does, and his name is Nelson, but it may not be Mary's boy for all that. Let me see! It's as much as fifteen years since Mary run off with that nobody, Tom Nelson, and wrote back that she was happy, though poor, and that *dear Tom* was the best of husbands. *Humph! Best INDEED*, when he wasn't worth *three hundred dollars!*" You see this man counted people's worth by their property. But that is not the proper way.

The next morning as Mr. May was passing along the hall, he heard the low sweet murmur of a child's voice, and looked into the room, which was the one the strange boy occupied, the door being slightly ajar. What do you think he saw? Why, the poor boy was kneeling with his little hands clasped, and praying to God

fervently, as his dear mother had taught him to do, morning and night. He did not see Mr. May, and that gentleman went on without speaking.

Little Mark May, who slept in the next room, heard him repeating his morning prayer, and called him into his own room to ask him what he was saying. When he had told him, he said, "Why, we never have prayers, *only when the minister comes here!* I am sure I wish I was as good as you, for I want to go to heaven when I die."

PERLA WILD.



GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.
LESSON 9.

MANKIND; THEIR NUMBER, LANGUAGES, AND VARIETIES.

THE population of the earth numbers, or is estimated to number about one thousand millions. This immense population is scattered over the five divisions of the globe, in the following manner; in Asia, 580,000,000; in Europe 280,000,000, in America 60,000,000, in Africa 60,000,000, in Oceanica 20,000,000. The greater portion of this immense population resides north of the equator—nineteen-twentieths, it is supposed, and the remaining one-twentieth south of the equator.

The languages spoken on the earth, said to be original, are in number some eighty; but the dialects number several thousand. The English language is most widely spoken in the civilized portion of the earth, then the German, the French, the Italian, in the order in which they here stand.

There are many tongues spoken which are not reduced to a written language—especially is this true with respect to the tongues spoken by the Aborigines of this continent.

There are many varieties among mankind, in color, in character, in intelligence. The races of mankind are comprised however in five classes, the Caucasian, the American Indian, the Mongolian, the Ethiopian, and the Esquimaux. The white inhabitants of America, and the whole of Europe, except a part of Russia, Lapland and Finland are of the Caucasian race; the aborigines of this continent are of the American Indian race; the nations of northern and eastern Asia, and the north of Europe, are of the Mongolian race; the negroes of Africa and Oceanica are of the Ethiopian race; the inhabitants of Arctic America and of Greenland are of the Esquimaux race.

THE PATH OF HONOR.
CHAPTER 6.

THE growth of Carley's importance was acknowledged by both friends and foes, and fully appreciated by the native merchants with whom he had been known to have held consultation.

Noticing his reticence on matters generally, his enemies misjudged him. It is not surprising therefore, that when, after another very severe battle had been fought, and the news had reached

Calcutta, a number of the native merchants having met in the house of one of their number, and Carley having been seen to meet there with them, the feeling against him was strengthened, and his policy condemned without measure.

News of this meeting was sent to the Home Secretary, and a charge was preferred against him by that Secretary before the Secretary of War. The papers were ordered to be made out against him, and were in process, when there arrived the gratifying intelligence that Ipsahan was killed, the leaders of the revolt captured, and the government in possession of all the places held by the revolvers.

But what was most surprising to the government, but scarcely less gratifying, were the facts that the intelligence was communicated in the the very respectful and loyal language of the suspected Secretary, and that accompanying it was a lengthy official letter from the Governor General, detailing the capture of the leaders of the revolvers, and eulogising Carley as the chief instrument, through whose well-laid and well-executed plans the revolt had been so summarily ended. His meetings with the disaffected native merchants; the convincing arguments by which he had established in them a sincere regard for the government, and induced the withdrawal of their support from Ipsahan, and their restoration to loyalty, were all narrated; and to close the epistle, the Worthy Secretary was recommended by the Governor General for the Governorship of Western India, rendered vacant by the death of Lord Villiers.

The order for papers to be made out against Carley was revoked, and a lengthy apology was at once transmitted to him, through a friend who was starting for India, by the Home Secretary, while the Court Journal, and the Government Organ united in his praise. On receiving the apology of the Home Secretary, Carley for the first time learned of the plot against him; and as

the Home Secretary, to clear himself, had enclosed a copy of Lord Lyle's charges against him, he was grieved to find that professed friends had been the worst, the bitterest, the meanest of all foes,—underhanded, deceptive, and slanderous ones.

A nature such as his could not brook such treatment without seeking to understand the cause of it, and if fault lay in him, rectifying it, and making the necessary amends.

It was with down-cast spirits, therefore, after consulting with the Governor-General, that Carley went to the residence of Lord Lyle, and informed him of his errand. The crest-fallen nobleman knew not how to excuse himself; but plenteous in resources, he managed to throw the entire blame on to informants whose names he refused to give, and from whom Carley could therefore obtain no recompense. He returned and informed the Governor of his visit and its results.

The next vessel that reached India, brought bundles of papers, letters, and documents for the Governor General, for Carley, and for Lord Lyle. But how different their character.

The Governor was delighted with the success of his Secretary, and a flood of congratulations poured in upon him officially, and privately, from friends in "Merrie, England." But more than all was he charmed with an official document that affected another more than himself.

Carley was overwhelmed with the reports of his goodness, faithfulness, and efficiency; but more than all with the news that he had been promoted to the Governorship of Western India.

But poor, down-cast Lord Lyle. His efforts to ruin one whom the entire Government both of England and the colony rang with the praises of, afflicted him severely; but the worst was yet to come. The same vessel that brought to the Governor and the Secretary such words and documents of cheer, brought to him a revocation of the commission with which the East India Tea Company had before entrusted him, and a call for him to return to account for his policy—a call he hastened to obey; for he could not stay to witness Carley's triumph, and therein, his own shame.

A few hours after his departure, there were gathered at the Governor General's residence the nobility of Calcutta, the officers of the army, and that of the navy and merchantmen then at anchor, and all the leading men of Calcutta, with their wives and daughters—as merry and noble a company as were ever assembled on the rich domain of England's Monarch in Hindostanee. And of this gay and festive party, Carley was the pride and hero.

The evening was happy and cheerfully spent, and the most happy event of the evening was the presenting to the Secretary, his commission as Governor of Western India, with his residence at Bombay. The Governor was loud but dignified in his praise, and though he expressed his grief at parting with so noble, so faithful, so tried and true a friend from his immediate companionship, he would bury his own feelings in the joy of his friend's success.

Carley, in response, was eulogistic in speaking of the Governor General, and his former associ-

ates in Calcutta; but he rejoiced that he should still be under the guiding hand of the Governor General, his noble friend, as the province of Western India, was within the General's jurisdiction.

A few weeks served to prepare Carley for the change; and when he started for his new and more extended field of usefulness, tears gushed from many eyes, and prayers for his safety and prosperity from many hearts—prayers that were recorded and answered.

This, dear Hopes, is the true history, in the main facts set before you, of one who rose by merit, and whose name is sacred to the writer as the name of one of whom he has heard much that is encouraging; much that has nerved him often to the battle against wrong, when the clouds have gathered thickly and blackly around him, and no silver lining has appeared.

Though you may not rise to eminence in this world, as did Carley; that you may emulate his goodness, and like him triumph over every unrighteous foe, is the earnest prayer of your well-wisher.

UNCLE MARK.

TO THE CHILDREN.

HEAR little readers of the *Hope*;—Uncle Mark has told us in the 15th November No. of *Hope*, that there is a lack of child-labor.

Now my dear, bright-eyed little brothers and sisters, it made me feel very sorry when I read this, for I had thought there was much interest taken in the puzzle and anagram department—I had always thought it very interesting. Now little ones, we should miss our anagrams, enigmas and puzzles very much, were they to cease; and for that reason, let us determine not to have them cease; but on the contrary, let us arouse ourselves, and do all in our power to assist Uncle Mark in making an interesting little paper, a paper that will help to "preach the gospel" to our little friends outside of the kingdom of God, and be instructive and beneficial to each other.

May God assist us, and teach us by his Spirit how to labor for the cause aright, is the prayer of

COUSIN SUE.

Correspondence.

WILLIAM STUART: I have tried several times to write to you, but I did not succeed. I have also tried to write something for the other columns of the *Hope*, but when finished, I did not think them good enough to send to Uncle Mark, so I gave them up. Tell him that I intend to try again soon. I was not as faithful as I ought to have been in the year past, but I trust that I shall succeed in doing what is right, according to my faith, in the present year. I have missed the name of Oracy A. Lake from the columns of the *Hope*, for some time. Tell her not to be discouraged, but continue in her good work, and she will gain the prize promised unto the faithful.

I. B. THURSTON: I am much pleased with the little *Hope* when it comes. It seems so long to wait two weeks for it. I love to read the Correspondence Column. I have not joined the church yet. I am twelve years old; I have not forgotten what a nice time we all had at the conference when you were there.

H. H. ACKELY: I received the Voice of Warning that Uncle Mark sent me, and I thank him very much for it. I have not made out any anagrams or enigmas lately, because they were too hard; but now they are easier, I am going to try. I like the *Hope* very much, and I wish it would come out every week; but we must be thankful that it comes out every two weeks that we may be instructed. We should be thankful that Brother Joseph and Uncle Mark have given us space to write to each other in, I have tried to get some subscribers; but the people would rather read novels than our papers; but I will try again. I wish there was a Sunday School here. I would like to go very much. I will be glad when the time comes to be gathered together to have Sunday School. We ought to be thankful that we have fathers and mothers that teach us the true gospel. My love to Brother Joseph and Uncle Mark and all the little readers of *Zion's Hope*. When I read their letters I wish I was with them.

J. TERMAN: I have had the privilege of perusing one of those beautiful and delightful little papers, *Zion's Hope*, which has induced me to make this effort to have it sent to me. I love to read something that is interesting and beneficial to the mind and soul of man, to store up knowledge and good principles for my future life. I hope to become a man, and will have to be responsible to God for my conduct in this life; consequently I wish to prepare my young mind for growing into manhood, so that I can exercise sound judgment, sound and virtuous principles, and godliness, so that I may obtain eternal life in the world to come. These are the principles my father teaches me. He has been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints since 1842. I hear him talk much of the principles of that church. He was at Nauvoo at the time President Joseph and Hyrum Smith were shamefully murdered in Carthage jail. He was out at Salt Lake City this last fall, and I think he will move out there soon. So your paper will be a welcome visitor in our family, and any other paper with sound principles. I would send the money with this, but I thought best to have you send a sample on receipt of this note, and then we will be sure that you get the next. Yours with due respect and kind regards.

GOMER REES: I feel very much interested when I read the *Hope*, and feel happy when it comes. May God assist Brother Joseph and Uncle Mark, and all the readers of *Zion's Hope* to fill the *Hope* with good pieces.

C. BUTTERFIELD: I am always glad when the *Hope* comes, I like to read the letters much.

I have been a member of the church about two years. I was about nine years old when I was baptized. They are trying to get a Sunday School in our branch, I hope they will succeed; for I like to go to Sunday School. We have a branch of about forty members; but they are scattered so that they can not come very often.

HARRIET MASTERS: We have come out West, and I could not get any of our *Zion's Hope*, but Br. Wm. Lewis receives your paper and I have the loan of it. I love *Zion's Hope* very much. I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I am well pleased with *Zion's Hope*. The church here is eighteen miles from our home, and I cannot go as I used to do before. I was eleven years old when I was baptized, and am now thirteen.

D. CLAPP: My mother and father have been members of the church for many years; but my father is now dead. Last summer I was very sick with the typhoid fever, and I was healed by the power of God; and as soon as I got well I and my sister were baptized. I was eleven years old, and she was eight. Since I belonged to the church, I have been sorely afflicted in my eyes; but was healed through the ordinances, which gives me great faith, and I pray that I always may be faithful, so that I may meet with all the saints in the kingdom of God.

JOHN W. MOXON: I am twelve years old. I was baptized when I was eleven years old, at the Buffalo Prairie Branch, Illinois. I take the *Hope* now, and am so glad to read the contents therein so that I cannot express the gratitude I feel to my parents for the money to send for it. My mother and father, and also my little brother of nine years are also members of this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I have not lived in obedience to God, and to my parents as I ought; but I intend by the grace of God, to live a better life and try to become a holy man of God. Our branch is in flourishing circumstances, twenty-four in number, and we expect many more to be baptized very soon. There are many investigating the truth. We have distributed tracts, and these have done much good.

ANONYMOUS: Please accept the small offering herein enclosed, and use it for whatever purpose you think will be productive of the most good. It is a small offering, but, "Little drops of water" &c. I am a young man working for my living. Am not in

the "kingdom of the Lord," but hope to be before I die. My wishes are with you and the church, and I hope you will have success with all your undertakings.

[The above letter contained fifty cents which we have credited to account for *Hopes* for the poor.]—EDS.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 29.

"Dear children, did you ever see
How dangerous is the letter 'T'?'
'T' stands for Touch: Touch leads to Taste,
And then to take you quickly haste;
So pray beware of letter 'T,'
Lest you a guilty one should be.
Touch, Take, nor Taste what you are told
Not in your little hands to hold;
But shut your eyes and run away,
To find your joy in work or play."

Answered by twenty-nine correspondents.

ANSWER TO GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA No. 64.

Pipe, Mesilla, Mississippi, Smiths, St. Joseph, Joseph William Smith.

Answered by ten correspondents.

ENIGMA No. 68.

I am composed of twenty-two letters.

My 7, 8, 5, 9, 10, is what a hungry person likes to have.

My 20, 2, 6, 3, 16, 22, is a kind of fish.

My 21, 18, 6, is sometimes made of lard.

My 5, 6, 10, 5, 13, is an officer in the church.

My 19, 12, 13, 1, 5, is what servants are sometimes called.

My 17, 6, 4, 5, is a color.

My 11, 16, 14, 20, is what all men have been.

My whole is the name of a brother in California.

ANAGRAM No. 34.

Teh lemanohcyl sayd aer oecm,

Teh dsadest fo teh aeyr,

Of liawnig dnivs dan ndeak doows,

Dan mdaeovs nowrb dan rese.

Pedaeh ni teh woshlol fo teh raveg,

Teh munaut veslea iel edad;

Heyt tlesur ot teh deydgni us'tg,

Dan ot teh bartibs' eardt.

Teh rnibo dan teh nrwe vahe wonfl,

Dan morf teh hrubs teh ayj;

Dan morf teh wodo-otp lacls teh rowc,

Roguthh lla teh mology ayd.

YARM DRUD.

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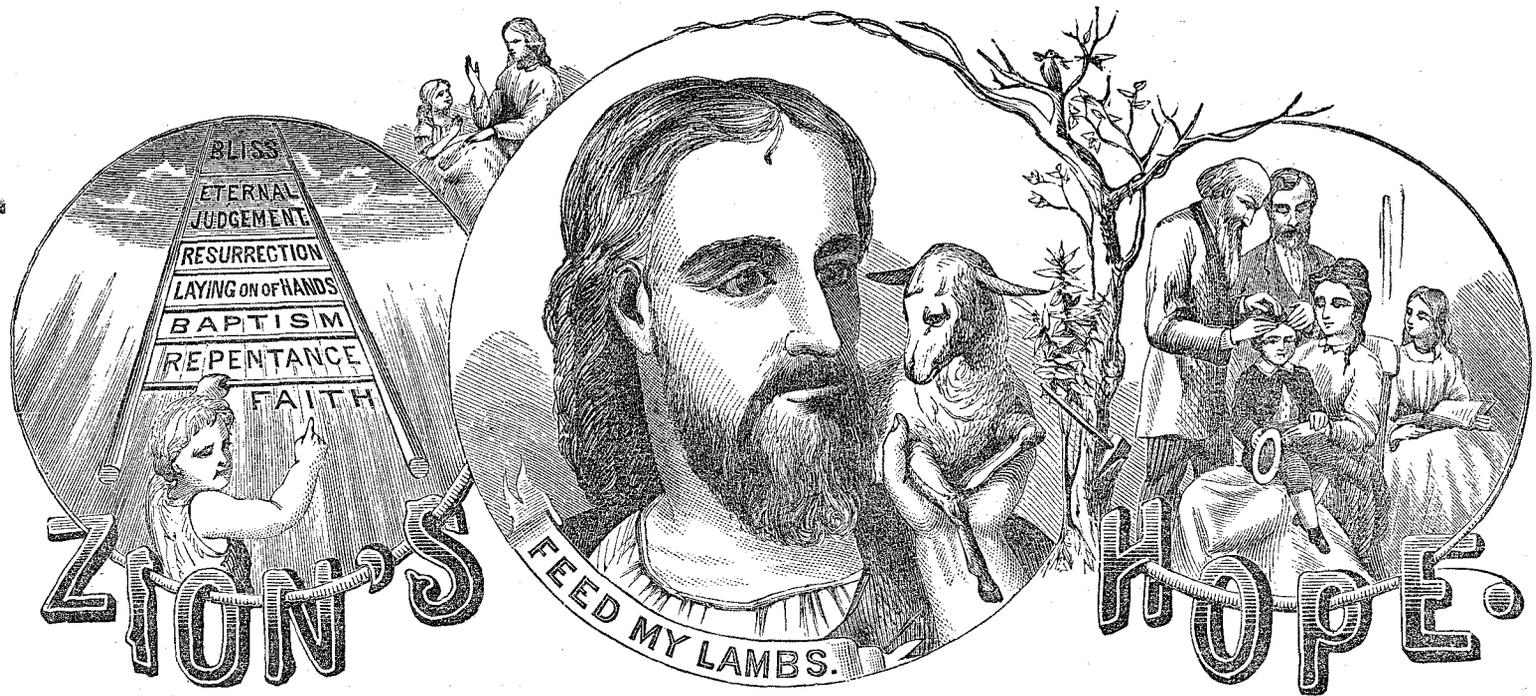
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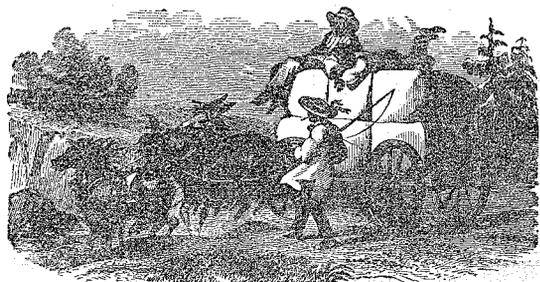


"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., MAY 15, 1871.

No. 22.



CONVEYING THE COTTON TO MARKET.

ALTHOUGH the cotton is so seemingly plenty, it takes a great deal of labor to get it to market.

Most of the readers of the *Hope* have heard of "gin shops," "gin mills" and other places where rum, gin, and brandy are sold and drank; but I suppose some of you have not heard of a "gin house." Well, when the cotton balls have been picked from the shrubs, after proper preparation, they are taken to the gin-house.

It used to be a very difficult job to get the cotton seed separated from the fiber, so closely did it stick to the seed; but a man by the name of Whitney invented a machine called a "gin," a "cotton gin," which pulls the pods all to pieces, and works the seed out. This machine was invented in the year 1793, and is now so much perfected that some are made to work by hand. Putting the cotton balls through the machine is called "ginning the cotton;" and by this process, the cotton fiber is cleaned, not only of seed, but it is also cleared of dirt, sticks, and other impurities.

After the cotton is ginned, it is packed in large bundles, called bales, weighing from three to five hundred pounds. These bales are covered with coarse, strong cloth, and strongly wrapped with cords or wooden hoops. The cotton, when picked and baled is ready to find a market.

If the plantation is near a railroad running to the sea-coast, or to the large manufacturing places, the matter is very easy; but if it be some distance away, it is necessary to take some pains.

Sledges drawn by men are used in some places; carts drawn by mules and horses are used in others; and, in some, large wagons made for that purpose are used.

Sometimes planters living near to each other, will gather their cotton into warehouses on the banks of the nearest stream, where boats run to carry freight from one place to another,

in which case, scenes like the one in our picture used frequently to be seen; but since the war not so often.

The season of carrying to market is one of anxiety. The work is all done, the cotton is gathered, and the amount raised is to be counted for the meeting of yearly expenses. How much had you? How many bales? How much will it bring? It was a poor yield! I shall hardly clear expenses! I have a good many bales! I shall make money this year! These are some of the expressions heard on the way to market. Some have a thousand bales; some five hundred; some fifty, and some ten; but all are hopeful.

The price of cotton now is from twelve to fifteen cents for a pound.

UNCLE THOUGHTFUL.

HISTORY OF THE FATHERLESS.

DEAR Hopes: My adopted parents were religious, and loved the truth as far as they knew it. They were Lutherians in faith, though they never went to church, they yet loved God, and feared to displease him. They worshipped him in their own way at home. The Bible, the Hymn Book, religious poems and prayers such as they would learn from books were frequently used by them. They were of the honest in heart, and humble before God. They wanted too, to see me like themselves, and they did all in their power to make me a good girl, to teach me to love God, and to do that which was good, and shrink from that which is evil. They talked to me about God; read with

me, and taught me to pray night and morning.

I saw now when I think of them, God bless their souls. They taught me to love God from my very heart, and I was blessed with the satisfaction that he loved me.

I had dreams when I was a child in which my heart rejoiced. I will mention one that I had when I was about seven years old. In my dream, I saw God himself in his glory. I saw a great fire in Heaven, gliding round, and when it came to the place where I first saw it, it disappeared. The remembrance of this has ever filled my mind with great joy.

When I was nine years old, I had to leave my dear home. Before I was eleven, I left my aunt, and afterwards till I was fifteen, I was among strangers, in one place or in another. As I grew I found sin and evil in my heart; but I hated it, and thought it an awful and dreadful thing to be wicked. I was often tempted to do wrong, but just as often warned by the still small voice within, which led me to say, "Thou God seest me," but it was not always that I would listen.

Once I was alone in a kitchen-room, and there were drawers with sugar-plums, raisins and such things in, and as there was no body there, I thought it would be nice to have some of the raisins; so I opened the drawer, thrust in my hand, and had my pocket open to receive; but just then came the inward voice again, and said, "God seeth me." I dropped the contents of my hand back into the drawer, was ashamed and went away; but I was glad that I had taken nothing.

When fifteen years old, I came to live in the same place where my own mother was; a town called Holleck, where I was taught sewing. When I had been there nearly a year, and learned sufficient, my mother told me to go the city of Copenhagen, where I could have plenty of sewing, and easily earn my living. I went there; it was thirty-two English miles to the city. The only warning my mother gave me when I left, was, "Do not listen to the Mormons." I said I would not. When I had been in the place about a year, sewing in a large house, I thought I

would try to commence sewing, I had an uncle and aunt in Kopenhagen, and I first went to my uncle to help him at his work, he being a tailor. I was then seventeen years old; my uncle and aunt were Mormons, so now I was tempted to break the only and last promise I had given my mother. I went with my uncle four times to meeting, and I was convinced of the truth of the gospel preached by the Mormon Elders. I believed, and was baptized on the 17th of April, 1861.

I then wrote a letter to my mother that I was a happy Mormon girl. My mother who had always seemed to care so little about me, was different this time; for but a few days after she received my letter, she arrived in the city, came to me, and wanted me back the very same day to her place; and when I did not wish to go, she tried to force me by the law, and failed. She then wanted me to leave the Mormon Church; but all in vain. When she started to go back home alone, she wept, the first time I believe, for me; for then she thought I was lost forever.

I was in the city till I was twenty-two years old; always rejoicing in my religion, hoping and looking for the day when I could leave for my home in the West, as I called Zion. That day came in May, 1866, and I was the happiest among the happy. I did not come to America before I was married, and was made the happy wife of Br. J. Thomson.

I think it is time for me to stop now. I shall only say that my husband and I did not go to "Zion" then; but to Nebraska City. Soon after we came here, we came to the knowledge that the Reorganization was the only true church of God, and we were received in the same by baptism. We rejoice still in our religion; we are here yet in Nebraska; but I hope we shall go to Zion soon to dwell among the saints of God, and glorify his holy name, which is our hearts desire.

NICOLINE.

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY. LESSON 10.

AGE AND DELUGE OF THE EARTH; LANGUAGES OF MANKIND.

WHERE is a great difference of opinion among the learned as to the age of the earth. Some compute it to be less than six thousand years old; others think it much older; others argue that geology makes it to be hundreds of thousands of years since the earth was created, and still others that astronomy and geology combined warrant the conclusion that its years should be numbered by millions.

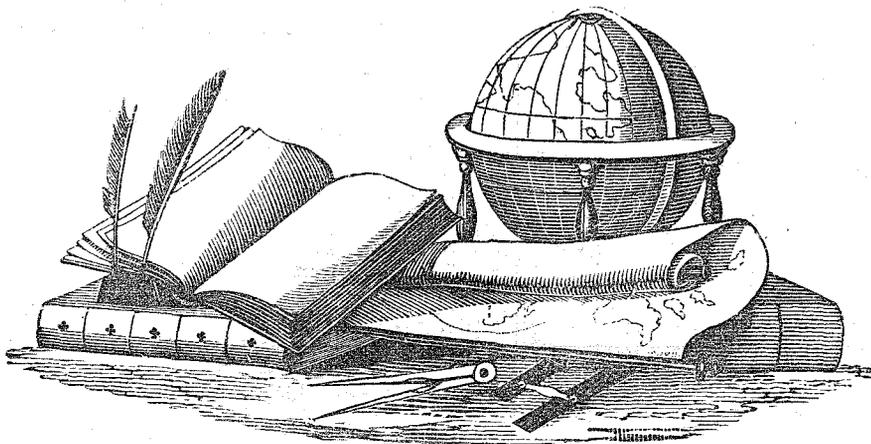
Under these differences of opinion, there is much taught that is very conflicting, and scarcely two scientific men are agreed on all points respecting this question.

Some who argue very strongly in favor of the earth being less than six thousand years old, suppose the Mosaic account of the creation forbids any other view of this question; others equally ardent in their faith that the Scriptures are inspired, do not see anything in the testimony of Moses that warrants an opinion adverse to what science teaches.

The testimony of geology favors the view that

there have been successive periods, each of which may be termed a creation. But as yet there has not been sufficient well authenticated evidence of the present order of creation having commenced more than a few thousand years since. The account given by Moses does not determine *when* the creation took place; but simply states that it was in the *beginning* "that God created the heavens and the earth"—whether that "beginning" was immediately before Adam was created, or long anterior to it, the Scriptures do not satisfactory determine. The present race of human beings are descended from him; further than this, it would be out of the province of a lesson on geography and history to teach.

About 2349 years before Christ came in the flesh, the great Creator gave to the earth a baptism of water, by causing the rains to descend, and the fountains of the great deep to be broken up, and covering the earth, or immersing it be-



neath his floods. This baptism of water was sent upon the earth because it was defiled by sin—it will yet be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, that it may abide the perfect law of God.

During the deluge, a prophet of God, called Noah, and his family, were saved in an ark prepared specially by him under the direction of the Almighty, in which were prepared species of all animals.

The waters were dried from off the *face* of the earth on the first day of the New Year, 2348 years before Christ, but the body of the soil was still very wet, and the dwellers in the ark did not go forth from the ark to inhabit the earth, until it became sufficiently dry for comfort; or one month and twenty-seven days after the New Year commenced.

They then went forth from the ark, and settled in the valley of the Euphrates, where they increased rapidly, and became very powerful. Among the great grandsons of Noah, was one Nimrod; a son of Cush, and grandson of Ham. This Nimrod was a mighty man, and a very successful hunter. He obtained favor with the people, and reigned over vast numbers of them. He founded a kingdom, and his kingdom was the first one established after the flood. Sacred history does not inform us whether there were any kingdoms before the flood, or whether there were not.

The kingdom of Nimrod extended itself, and its people grew very vain. The headquarters of his kingdom seem to have been at Babylon,

founded by him; but the kingdom extended into Assyria.

The people of the earth all spake one language; and hence could consult together on any project they wished to accomplish. The arts flourished among them, and they were very able builders. Finding themselves cut off from heavenly communications, such as Noah had received, and being unwilling to devote themselves to holiness, that God might have compassion upon them and commune with them, they conceived the strange idea of building an immense tower that should reach nigh unto heaven, supposing, perhaps, that they might be able to enter there at their own will.

The tower they built was erected about one hundred and one years after Noah and his family came forth from the ark. The Lord then, to punish them for their presumption, and to frustrate their purpose, confounded their language, so that

they could not understand each other. Their condition was changed by this visitation; for they could not understand each other's requests, and therefore left off building the tower, called afterwards the "Tower of Babel." This tower was in the kingdom of Babel, or Babylon; but as the word "Babel," signifies *confusion*, the name is doubly suitable, as it was there that *confusion of tongues* came.

The city of Babylon however became the most beautiful city in the world. But it did not attain this excellency, until possessed by the Chaldeans and Babylonians, under the Babylonio-Chaldean-dynasty. It was built in the form of an encampment, regular in its outlines. The city was four-square, fifteen miles on each side. It was surrounded by a ditch, and defended by walls no less than three hundred and fifty feet in height, and eighty-seven feet thick. It had twenty-five streets at right angles, and twenty-five gates on each side, so that there was a gate at the end of each street. It had also three towers for the warriors, or defenders of the city to occupy, between every two gates, so that every entrance was well guarded. The streets were fifty yards wide; each square or block of buildings, was three-fifths of a mile long, and all the space inside each square of buildings was laid out in gardens, so that in case of a siege, the inhabitants would not be entirely without the means of raising food to support them. These gardens added greatly to the health of the people, and to the beauty of their city. The river Euphrates also ran from north to south, and was guarded by

walls on its banks against invasion by water. There was a gate at each street; in all twenty-five gates opening to the Euphrates. Babylon was built almost entirely of brick. The population of Babylon is computed to have reached about one and a quarter millions of inhabitants.

It contained two splendid royal palaces, one seven and a half, the other three miles in circumference; the temple and tower of Belus, or Baal, 320 feet high, built of burnt bricks dipped in bitumen, and surrounded afterwards by Nebuchadnezzar with fine buildings about a mile in circumference, and with walls two and a half miles around them. These walls had brazen gates, made from the brass taken from the temple of Jerusalem.

Nebuchadnezzar also, at the solicitation of his wife, Amyite, had hanging gardens constructed in front of the royal palace, which for grandeur of design and beauty of effect, have never been equalled in the world's history. Babylon had its trials; but with the exception of a short period, continued to increase in grandeur, until the cup of its iniquity was full, and the Lord gave up to the destroyer the great city that had been "the praise of the whole earth," and "the glory of kingdoms." This was at the time when the Medo-Persian empire was established. Susa became the capital of the new empire, and Babylon, the capital of the old, decayed. The place where Babylon once stood is now inhabited by the wild beasts of the desert, the owls and the satyrs, in fulfillment of the awful prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah. With all her beauty; her people were idolaters; worshiping the sun, moon, and stars, images, and heroes. They who only worship the Lord shall endure.

UNCLE MARK.

"DOWN IN DIXIE."

NO. 1.

DEAR Brother Mark: I purpose in an occasional sketch made by pen and ink, to give your numerous nephews and nieces, a view of the country called "Dixie's Land," (the reason thereof you may give the children if you will), and I suppose the best way would be to present the matter in the form of a narrative—and in it describe the country, people, scenes, and customs, as I have seen, or may see them. And if I can add to the interests and usefulness of the children's favorite paper, *Zion's Hope*, I shall consider it a pleasure to do so.

I left the good saints of Southern Indiana on the first day of February, being conveyed to the city of New Albany, Indiana, by Elder Harbert Scott, and in company of Br. John S. Constance, who is one of those particular friends of children—a school-teacher.

New Albany is situated on the Ohio River, and is quite a large place. There is a beautiful court-house built chiefly of stone that is obtained in large quantities within a couple of miles of the place. I believe it cost nearly, if not quite \$100,000. It is said to be the finest and most costly building of the kind in the State.

I left the city at about 4 o'clock, and went by cars to Louisville, Kentucky, which is on the op-

posite side of the Ohio, from the city of Jeffersonville, Indiana. We had to go nearly to Jeffersonville, to cross the bridge which spans the Ohio at this place. This bridge is quite a sight itself—so firmly and nicely made; so high above the water that steamboats can pass under it without lowering their smoke stacks. I do not remember how long it is; but I should think it three quarters of a mile long, if not more. There is a foot way on either side of the railroad track. The steam-cars cross about every half hour, either going to or from Louisville. There are many fine looking buildings in Louisville; but I do not remember any peculiarities worth describing, and I did not stay there long enough to visit the place any.

At 6:45 in the evening, the iron horse began to puff and snort, and we were in a moment on the way for the Gulf of Mexico, for I was going to Mobile, Alabama, which most or many of your little readers who have studied Geography will recollect is situated near the gulf, on Mobile Bay. The first 322 miles was spent in the night—or most of it, for it was twenty-five minutes after eight in the morning when we arrived at Humboldt, Tennessee, the point where I changed cars from the Memphis and Louisville railroad to that of the Mobile and Ohio railroad. So in traveling at night this far, I saw but little of the country or towns through which we passed.

We arrived at Humboldt in the morning, and soon started again. The officers—such as conductors, brakemen and porters on this road were all very kind and obliging. I do not remember ever meeting a more obliging set of men on any railroad, than those on the Mobile and Ohio. We soon began to pass through towns and villages; but they were very quiet, and were very small places. But very little of the business or energy seen in the towns along the lines of railway in the North.

The chimneys of the houses were in nearly every case built on the *outside* of the houses, and they were built generally of sticks, somewhat like pickets that are split out of logs in the North, and put up like children build cob houses, only the end logs of the house furnish one side of the chimney, the interstices or spaces between the sticks are filled with mud or clay. The houses were mostly built of logs—though many were quite good-looking frame houses, not unlike those in the North. I believe that there is less pride taken with their houses here than in the North. There are in the large towns some very handsome buildings and gardens.

I saw some very large plantations, for so are the farms called here; and the cotton plant stalks are seen in many places. I saw one small field where the cotton had not been picked—I suppose because there could not be sufficient help obtained to pick it. I learned that it could not be injured by the weather till they could pick it—if they got done by the time to plant again. I learned that the plantations often contained 600 acres, and sometimes even more; and that a large portion of the plantations were planted in cotton. But since the slaves have been freed—which event took place during the war between the North and the South—that but a small portion of the land is devoted to cotton raising, as it

requires more hands to work land planted in cotton than the same quantity of land planted in corn. Hands now will not work for just their clothes and food, and lodging, as the negroes had to do when slaves. Their clothing was not very expensive, as coarse cotton-cloth served to make the necessary garments, and they were not much needed in summer. The food consisted principally of rice, corn-cakes or bread, and bacon. The freedmen, as they are now called, generally flock to the cities or towns as they are fond of excitement; and there are more there than employment can be found for. Those that do have employment have to help to support a lot of uncles, and aunts, and nephews, and nieces; for it seems as if they all get related, but how, they do not seem to know themselves. It would surprise many of your little readers to see so many black people in a town or village, as I have seen.

T. W. SMITH.

T I M E .

How swift the wheels of time roll on,
That bears us to our destined home.

WONDER if the little readers of the *Hope* have ever thought of the worth of Time. How much is embraced in this little word. I do not suppose it is possible for the finite mind to fully comprehend its value, as life's receding hours will reveal it; but I apprehend a great benefit may be derived by both young and old stopping to take a serious and candid thought upon this all-important subject.

First; its short duration. A few years at the longest, and Time with all of us will come to an end. Childhood and youth, with all their charms, will soon be over. The aged and the middle aged, all alike must bid farewell to time, and try the realities of eternity. What a solemn thought! Would that I could impress it with indelible letters upon every heart. How many are called to look back on their childhood days with serious regret, when they view the hours misspent, and days unimproved; but ah! they are gone, and can never, no never, be recalled. We cannot efface from heaven's record the fearful blot of a wasted life.

Dear children, always remember this. Now is the seed time; do not neglect to make due improvement, if you would reap a plentiful harvest. And above all, seek to lay up treasures in heaven, which are priceless and can never be taken away; and then, when we are called to render up our accounts to that Judge of all the earth, He will say unto us, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord." That all the little readers of *Zion's Hope*, I among the rest, may be among that happy number, is the prayer of your unworthy sister,
LUCY.

NEW VOLUME.—Only two more numbers, and volume two of the *Hope* will close. How many of our present subscribers who will send in with the money for their paper to be continued, the names of new subscribers, and money for subscription. Remember our rule is to stop all papers when subscription expires, unless payment is made or promised.

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

WE should all strive to set a good example, as far as it lies within our power. Sometimes there is a great deal of good done by setting a good example, and a great deal of harm done by setting a bad example. For instance, where a father is given to bad habits, if he has any sons, when they grow up they will be apt to follow the example their father set them.

In some houses no prayers are offered around the family altar, at either night or morning; no thanks given to the good Father above for his kind care, and his many blessings; no grace is said before eating!

Oh! what a difference between the good man and the bad man! The good man feels that "there is no place like home." Though his home may be a humble one, he finds his wife ready to greet him with her good evening smile, or her wifely kiss; the children greet him too with the pleasant kiss of love, and he has a happy heart. This man sets a *good* example, and all his family follow in his footsteps. It is but right that children should look to their parents for examples. It would be unnatural if they did not.

There is one who above all others, has set a good example, for us to follow. He is a friend when all others fail, and it would be well if we all would follow in His footsteps, as far as possible. He loved us so much that he was willing to die upon the cross for us. How much we ought to love him, and also to love one another. For if we do not love those whom we have seen, how can we love Him whom we have not seen. We are told in the Scriptures that "love is the fulfilling of the law."

Dear readers of *Zion's Hope*, how much we ought to try to love one another, to love our kind parents, that have done so much for us. Let all those of us who have good kind parents, love and honor them, and follow their examples of good.

LIZZIE E.

A LESSON FOR MOTHERS.

WAS staying with a friend who was in the habit of telling her little boy she would punish him for every little thing he did that displeased her, yet not intending to do what she said. One evening, I noticed this little fellow weeping bitterly. I went to him, and asked what the trouble was; and to my surprise, he answered, "Oh! Paulina, I am so grieved to think that Jesus is angry with Mamma; for you know it was only yesterday you told me that Jesus would be very angry with me if I told an untruth."

"But Lewis, you do not intend to say your Mamma has told an untruth?"

"Yes, I do, for she told me this morning that if I did not get home at noon to eat dinner with her, that she would surely punish me, and I tried very hard to get home, for I knew she would not punish me. You know she says she will so often, and does not. I did not get home until two o'clock, and I have not even been scolded."

"Well, Lewis, do you want your Mamma to punish you to-day?"

"No, for if Mamma only knew it, I would be just as good if she would not keep threatening to whip; but I would rather be punished than to have Mamma tell a lie."

I rehearsed what had passed to his mother, and I thought it did her good. This little boy that knew so much better what was right and what was wrong than his Mamma, was not quite six years old.

PAULINA DEAM.

Correspondence.

WILLIE G. ECCLES: Having seen that so many of my young brothers and sisters are writing something to the Children's Column, I begin to think that it is my turn. There is no branch of the church here, in Kansas City, nor any elders. I was baptized in Ogden, Utah, (or the salt land.) Enclosed you will find \$3; do all the good you can with it, Uncle Mark. [We have put the \$3 with money for *Hopes* for the poor, Willie. UNCLE MARK.]

THE CHURCH BELLS.

Hark! the sweet-toned bells are ringing,
Come, O come!
There sweet melodies are singing,
Come, O come!
Through the winter's dreary hours,
And the summers sunny bowers,
Come, O come!

On the early Sabbath morning,
Come, O Come!
The wicked are the church bells scorning,
Come, O come!
When the lark his song doth sing,
And the church bells loudly ring
Come, O come!

NANCY A. SCOTT: I for the first time write you a few lines; I am a girl of thirteen years old, and a reader of the *Hope*. I was baptized by Br. T. W. Smith, on January 4th, 1871, and while Br. Smith was here, we enjoyed a good season, although Satan raged, and his disciples trembled. About two months before T. W. came here, my Pa had a dream in which some one came to Mt. Eden, shook hands with all the saints, and conversed with us some time. Pa says Br. Smith fills the description. I pray that the Lord will hasten the time for his return again. I desire your prayers, that my feet may stand upon the rock of eternal ages, that when Christ comes, I may gain a crown of celestial glory.

I love the sparkling *Hope*;
Its columns are so grand,
It lifts my spirit up,
It points to Zion's land.

I love to meet with saints and pray,
The way the Lord has taught
To walk the straight and narrow way,
To Zion's children brought.

SPRING.

I love the pleasant spring-time,
With its nice and sunny days;
I love the breeze, I love the trees,
Just putting forth their leaves.

I love to hear the birds sing
Their sweet songs unto me;
I love to see the green grass,
And the green leaves on each tree.

The earliest blossoms of the year,
The sweet-brier, violet,
The kindly hand of spring brings here,
Upon thy altar set.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 31.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger."

Answered by twenty correspondents.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No 65.

Orange, Moon, George, Gun, Tom, George Montague.

Answered by nineteen correspondents.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE No. 8.

Eve, Hannah, Anna, Noon, Level, Pup.

Answered by four correspondents.

ANAGRAM No. 36.

Ark! Tsilen ot eth irsdb tth ings,
Hawt yousoj wsen ireht iocsv illet,
Teh ningepo fo eth rihtmluf Rpings,
Hichw chlyir othcles eth rabenr elld.
Ayaw ehty aros ot eth tfoly kys,
Whit 'genfult nigsw fo delogn euh,
Keil meit oughth eetws illw icklyqu lyf,
Illt solt morf rotalsm, oneg omrf ieuwv.

C. KERCAYEL.

ENIGMA No. 69.

I am composed of twenty letters.
My 5, 3, 13, 14, 9, are used in towns.
My 15, 10, 11, is what we see in the heavens.
My 7, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, is where good children love to go.
My 17, 19, 1, 8, is what we love to read.
My 17, 19, 3, 15, 8, is an animal.
My 12, 3, 8, 9, 15, is an article the ladies wear.
My 17, 18, 10, 9, 8, is what we live in.
My 15, 2, 11, 5, is seen along the creeks.
My 14, 4, 3, 12, is a measure.
My whole is an institution for the young.

HYRUM A. RUDD.

THE "WORD-SQUARE."

We wish to present whatever we can that will amuse and instruct our little Hopes, and therefore take great pleasure in introducing another innocent and amusing pastime, sent to us by our talented sister Perla Wild. The instructions and example accompanying this will enable our little friends to solve the first one, and to compose others, if they give careful heed to what is here taught them.

EXAMPLE.—WORD-SQUARE.

I am composed of sixteen letters.
My first is a number. My second is a girl's name.
My third signifies close by. My fourth is a boy's name.

ANSWER.

My 1st is a number.	N	I	N	E
My 2nd is a girl's name.	I	N	E	Z
My 3rd signifies close by.	N	E	A	R
My 4th is a boy's name.	E	Z	R	A

This example and answer show you that this square of sixteen letters spells four distinct words, each word found twice in proper order in the square. Thus; the first line and the first column form the same word, "nine;" the second word and the second column each the word "inez;" the third word in the third column; the fourth word in the fourth column.

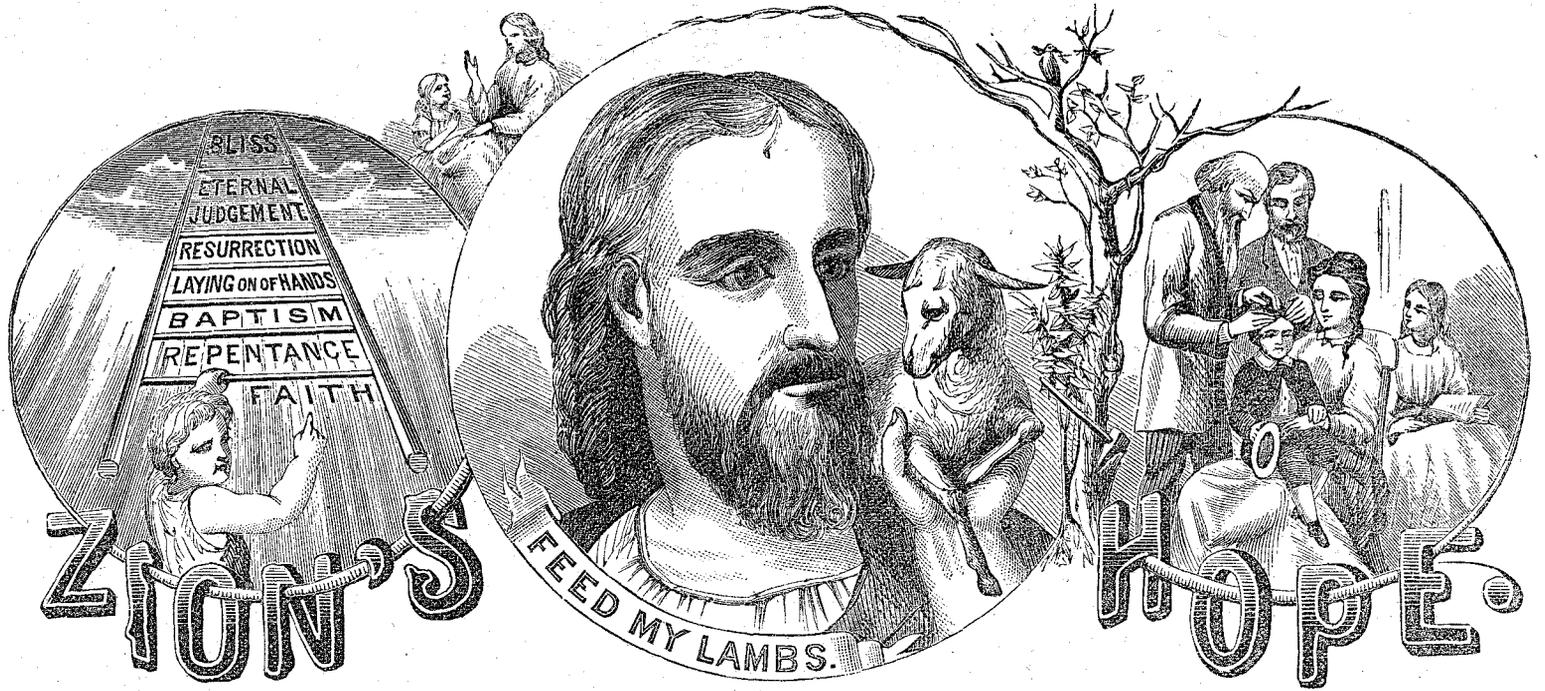
In attempting to solve a "word-square," you must first notice how many letters and how many lines the square contains, and remember that all the words you may choose to try to solve the square by must be of equal length; that is, have the same number of letters in them. Examine the above example with me now.

Each line and each column has four letters. **FIRST** is a number. Read first line from left to right, and first column on left from top to bottom, and you have the answer "nine." **SECOND** is a girl's name. Read second line and column, and you have the answer "inez." The first letter of second line must be the second letter of first line. **THIRD** signifies close by. Read third line and third column, and you have the answer "near." The first letter of third line must be the third letter of first line. **FOURTH** is a boy's name. Read fourth line and fourth column, and you have the answer "Ezra." The first letter of fourth line must be the fourth letter of first line. The same rule must be followed, whatever the number of the letters that forms one line of the square. These squares may be made of any size you wish—the greater their size however, the greater the difficulty to compose and solve them.

With this explanation and example, we hope to receive quite a number solutions to the following.

WORD-SQUARE No. 1.

I consist of twenty-five letters.
My first is a boy's name.
My second is a theatrical play.
My third signifies to arouse.
My fourth is a girl's name.
My fifth is a girl's name.

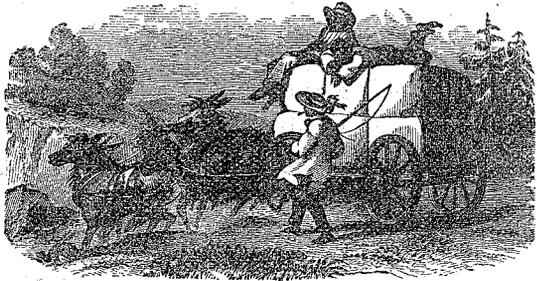


"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., JUNE 1, 1871.

No. 23.



LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

ONE phase of life in the South is here represented by a picture of a mule team driven by a negro; with two idle negroes on the top of a load of cotton. The driver is smoking a cigar, while those on the load are evidently enjoying themselves. The negroes are a joyful race; and when well-fed, and not made to work too hard, mingle much sport with their labor. When working in gangs—as when a number of them are loading a boat—they generally work to a tune which all join in singing to grotesque words of their own composition.

Before the war, cotton was raised by slaves. Men, women and children worked in the fields together, and were accompanied by overseers who exercised unrestricted authority over them, and were like the task-masters of the Israelites when in Egypt. It is a happy thought that such a cruel system exists no longer; and that every man, woman, and child, in all this great nation is free.

Cotton is now cultivated by free persons, who receive wages for their work, and have the right to rest when tired, lie idle when ill, and close their doors at night against all intruders; but more than all this, they are free to accept the gospel. The gospel cannot have free course, unless men are free to accept and to practice it. This is one reason why God has given liberty to all the inhabitants of this land, which he has called a "chosen land." There was a time when God winked at the iniquity of our fathers, and permitted evils to exist which now bring condemnation upon those who practice them. We are

now bound by the law of Christ to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

The kingdom of the last days is to be ruled by the law of love, and is to be composed of all who keep God's laws, of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

Many of the readers of the *Hope* live in the far South—"in the land of cotton." Their circumstances differ much from ours who live in the North; and they may differ from us in sentiment about many things, but we will all grow up into one living head, and the "watchmen will see eye to eye" in all that pertains to duty and holiness. It is written, "many shall come from the East, the West, the North, and the South, and sit down in the kingdom of God, with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."

The South is a beautiful country; and its people are noted for their hospitality. It is a land where birds and flowers make vocal and sweet the air.—of orange-groves and magnolia bowers, of sights and scenes most rare, the "land of the cypress and myrtle."

The majestic Mississippi rolls past beautiful plantations, where are fine mansions surrounded by gardens of fruit, and groves of trees hung with a flowing drapery of moss. Mocking birds make a loud chorus that awakens the sleepers at early morn, and the evening zephyrs lull the senses with delicious odors, and life passes like a dream of joy.

SIGNOR PHI.

MARK NELSON'S MORNING PRAYER AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

CHAPTER II.

THE boys had a long talk on the subject of prayer after this; and when the strange boy went away after breakfast, the other felt quite lonely and sad. He thought of him often afterwards too, although he never saw him again.

A few days after this, Mr. May and his son

were sitting in the soft dreamy twilight, by the western casement of the cosy little family room, gazing silently at the bright hues fading slowly in the sunset sky.

"Papa, I wonder if Heaven isn't just behind those beautiful bars of light?"

"Child, what makes you talk like that? We don't know anything about heaven, only what the preachers tell us, and they don't know any more than we do. One will tell us to come and join his church, and do this, and we'll surely go to heaven when we die. Another tells us to come and join his church, and do some other way, and we'll go to heaven. And so it goes with all the different churches. I don't believe much in latter day religion. They don't any of them believe the Bible as it reads, and they are all of them continually begging for money."

"Why papa, don't you believe there is any Heaven?"

"Yes, my son, I believe there is a Heaven, or a place of happiness, where people who do right on earth will finally live; but I don't believe any of the churches are right; and so I think I am just as well off without joining any of them, if I am only honest in my dealings, and live a moral life."

"But, papa, isn't it right to pray?"

"Yes, I expect it is, Mark. But I go to church on Sunday, and hear the pious members pray such long devout prayers, than king God that he has given them his Spirit to see the true way, and that they have come out of the world, meaning they have turned away from the wickedness of it, and are walking in the light of his gospel. When I hear them pray like this on Sunday, and on other days see them cheat and take the advantage of those with whom they deal, swear a little or lie a little, then I just think their religion does them no good."

"O, papa, I always thought you believed in religion."

"I do! but I don't think there is much of it to be found now-a-days. Some of the churches must be wrong; they can't all be right and believe differently. And I don't know which one is right."

"May be the church that little boy and his ma belongs to is right then, papa; for he said it was different from all other churches, and that they believed the gospel just as it was written in the New Testament, and that their preachers don't go around to get money, but to make people read their Bible and do as it tells them."

"What boy? That beggar boy that stayed here? He must be a big church member, truly. But what is the name of his church?"

"He told me; but I don't remember. But he said other people called them Mormons. It was some kind of saint, I think."

"Mormons! Latter Day Saints! Humph! and that little shaver was a Mormon preacher, was he? He'd not stayed here if I'd known that. Mr. Grey was at Salt Lake last summer, and he told me all about them. No, no; that boy was no nephew of mine, I am glad I am sure of it; for I've felt uneasy every time I've thought of him since he was here. No indeed! my sister would never be foolish enough to become a Mormon."

"I think the Mormons must be very good people if they are all like little Mark Nelson. And I wish I was one. For oh! papa! he told me such lots of things about the Bible, and being good, that I think the Mormons must be a very good and wise people."

"Child, child! you don't know what you say! I'd rather see you in your grave, than to know that you were one of those wicked people!"

"O, my own papa! I thought you loved your little boy! How can you talk so?"

"Love you, my son? I love you more than all the world! I love you better than my own life! Yes I believe I would be willing to lie down in my grave, if I knew by that means you would be happy, respected, and wealthy, when you became a man!" and Mr. May clasped his little son to his bosom, and pressed tender kisses on his fair youthful brow.

The father did fondly love his child, and did not realize what a fearful remark he had just uttered. He knew nothing of the belief of the Latter Day Saints, and had only heard of them as those people calling themselves by that name who dwell in and around Salt Lake City, who are said to do very wicked things.

"But, dear papa, they are not bad people. May I lean on your breast and sleep, papa; my head throbs so drearily, and my throat feels very hot, and little sharp pains shoot through my neck."

"Yes, my boy, you may rest here. But how long have you felt ill?" and the father laid his finger on the wrist of his son, and was alarmed at the fiery uncertain throes of the pulse-beat there. Three or four cases of scarlet fever were reported in the vicinity. The tears sprang into the strong man's eyes, as he thought with a sickening pain at his heart, that perhaps his darling, his only treasure, was attacked with the dread disease.

The little boy was soon asleep, and breathing heavily and hoarsely. Mrs. Brown the house-keeper came in with lights.

"Place some pillows on the lounge, Mrs. Brown, I will lay him there, and beg you to sit by him while I go for the doctor. He is very sick, and has fallen asleep here in my arms. I can't trust

any one else, they wouldn't go swift. O Mrs. Brown, there is great danger of losing the dear boy!"

The kind-hearted woman sat down beside the sleeping child, and held his little burning hand in her own, and the bright tears fell from her loving eyes, and sparkled amid the boy's soft shimmering tresses, like diamonds in a bed of gold.

The doctor shook his head gravely, when he had examined the condition of his little patient. "Severe attack! Little or no hope!" he whispered.

And the child never again raised his head from his pillow. In a week, he lay calm, and peaceful, and beautiful,—but dying. "Papa, dear papa!" he murmured, scarcely above his breath. The grief-stricken father bent over him eagerly.

"Please, papa, don't refuse me now. I want you to promise me something, and then I can go to sleep peacefully. I want you to go and find that poor little boy and his mother, and do something to help them. Give the boy my books and playthings, and every thing I call mine; for I feel so weak and faint, I can never use them again.—Will you, papa?" "Yes, yes, my child! anything, everything you wish, but oh! my child, you must not, must not die!"

"Kiss me good bye, papa.—I'm going away now.—Be good to that poor boy.—Don't cry. I am so sleepy and tired," and the dear boy closed his eyes in a sweet sleep that we call death. And the father was almost broken-hearted at his loss. People wondered to see the strength and depth of his grief; he whom they had thought so stern, hard and cold-hearted. But he was softened and completely subdued now.

A day or two after the little boy's faultless form was laid to rest beneath the many-colored falling leaves, Mr. May opened the kitchen door, and addressed the good woman who was busy at work:—"Mrs. Brown I am going away on business; may not be home till late." And he drove through the broad gateway, and chattered Old Bess into a trot at the outset.

The sun told high noon, when he drew rein in front of a small one-story dwelling, in the outskirts of a village, some distance from his own handsome farmstead. He had come a very indirect route; but at last had found the place he sought. He trembled, and his haggard face flushed as he heard a light step nearing the door at which he had rapped.

"Does Mrs. Nelson live here?"

"Oh John, John! dear brother; you have come to us at last! But how much you have changed in these years. You are pale and thin. Have you been ill?"

The strong man wept passionately, as he kissed the white, fair face of his sister, and told her of his loss. She led him to a little bedroom at the back of the house; pausing at the door she whispered, "And my poor child is lying unconscious with the same disease. But I believe he will live, although the neighbors say there is no hope. God is able to heal him, and he will not take him from me, I trust."

The boy lay tossing uneasily in his bed, his

eyes looking at but not comprehending all that passed around him.

"O Mary, sister! the boy will die; he has the same deathly hue about the lips and nostrils, and, oh! how he resembles my own child! Oh this is terrible, terrible!"

Mrs. Nelson's soft palm brushed the damp locks from the forehead of the agonized man, and she murmured sweetly and soothingly, "I am sorry you happened to come just now to awaken your grief so vividly to life. But do not fear. I am sure my boy will live. I have been praying, oh! so earnestly, for I did despair of his life; and I had a testimony that he will be healed when he is administered to."

John May forgot his sorrow for a moment in sudden bewilderment. "What," how did you say? Testimony? Administer?—I don't understand!"

"I mean, brother John, that I had a testimony, a knowledge imparted of God by his Spirit in answer to prayer, that when my boy shall be administered to by the elders, he shall be healed." The man could not comprehend. She went on. "You know the Scriptures tell us of healing, of anointing with oil and praying for the sick, and—but there's some person at the outer door. I'll let them in." She soon returned. "Two Latter Day Saint Elders, John; Brother Sage and Brother Wise.—My brother John May." John May stared at the two kind-faced, meek-looking men a few seconds, as if expecting to see them transformed into fiends, and then as they seemed only human as other men, he gave his hand to each in salutation.

They proceeded at once to fulfill their mission. And in the name of Jesus they sealed the blessing of life and health upon the unconscious child. The two men, after a few words of hope to the mother, went their way, and then John May drew a long breath, rubbed his eyes, and looked vaguely around him. "Am I alive, and is this the era in which we live? What strange thing is this I have seen. But the boy isn't healed, Mary—he lies there yet."

"He is better, John; see, he is conscious. His fever has abated, he will soon be well."

"Strange! Strange! but Mary; I want to know something more about your faith. This is like the Bible-times. Such a religion as I have longed for, but never seen; something besides mere form. And Mary Nelson gave him a brief but concise account of her belief. He was pleased and interested.

"Look, Mary, the boy knows me!" he said at length. "He holds out his hand! Oh! sister, forgive me for not coming to you sooner, or aiding this dear boy when he appealed to me!"

"Your grief is too great in your bereavement to need more punishment by my coldness. You are freely forgiven, brother."

"Now my boy, my own little Mark, as soon as you are able, you shall go home with me to live; you and your mother, and you shall never suffer as long as I have anything left. And, you shall have my boy's clothes, books and playthings, and be to me as my own son."

And when a day or two after, the little boy, now almost recovered, was conveyed to the home of his uncle, kind Mrs. Brown received the boy

with open arms and tearful eyes, murmuring, "It's just like having the dear dead boy back again. The sweet child."

Beside the new-made grave, Mary Nelson mingled her tears with those of the bereaved father. And there he told what a dreadful thing he had said about his boy; "Rather see him in his grave than have him become a Mormon." and how bitterly he repented now when too late.

Mrs. Nelson spoke words of comfort, and showed him the way in which he should seek forgiveness, and remission of sins. And with joy the sister noticed how ready he was to receive her words. And his heart was never at rest till he had become a Latter Day Saint; and he was never sorry for it,—never sorry that he had taken his sister and his boy to her heart and home; for they were a great comfort to him.

Little Mark was truly a joy to Mr. May's bereaved heart. The dead boy's books and playthings, every thing, even brusque, kind old Lion, the watch dog, owned Mark Nelson as master. Good, brave, old Lion, named by Mark May, and who mourned the boy's death so piteously, was comforted by the cousin who took his place. All is well, and there is family worship morn and night in the great brown house now. Little Mark is learning rapidly, and is a good boy, and has every thing that wealth can bring him. And his mother has a luxurious home, presiding gracefully and quietly over the household of her brother. Old Mrs. Brown the housekeeper still remains with them, as she has no other home. And John May has learned that wealth is not happiness. That religion is better than gold. But that goodness and happiness are made better and happier by wealth, when rightly employed. All this brought about by the influence of Mark Nelson's morning prayer at the home of his uncle, when he stayed over night there a stranger.

PERLA WILD.

who remained in the valley of the Euphrates, in Assyria. The capital of Assyria was Nineveh. This empire was founded about from 2229 to 2233 years before Christ came. Nineveh became a city of great wealth, and is computed to have contained about a half million inhabitants; but it never rivalled Babylon. Western Asia possesses, therefore, the first historic claim to centralization, civilization and organized government. At a subsequent but not distant period, Egypt became the most highly cultivated, and the Egyptians the most civilized, the most scientific, and, in all but religion, the most enlightened people in the world. The kingdom of Egypt was founded by Mizraim about 2188 years before Christ, and while Noah yet lived.

At the time of the great migration from the Tower of Babel, after the confusion of tongues, Jared and his brother, with their families, and the friends of these two good men and their families, numbering about twenty-two souls, whose language in answer to the prayer of the brother of Jared had not been confounded, petitioned the Lord through the brother of Jared, a prophet, and received commandment that they should go forth to a land where man had never dwelt, a land choice above all lands on the face of the earth.

They travelled from the tower northward, and then in the wilderness, probably westward, till they came to the Mediterranean Sea, where they built barges, and thence sailed westward, touching land on either the north-western part of Africa, or the south-western part of Europe. They then journeyed on the land, along the borders of the Atlantic Ocean, where they pitched their tents, and remained in a region which they named Moriancumer for the period of four years.

The brother of Jared was a prophet, and had formerly communed with his Maker; but during

ed in number), and such animals and fowls as they desired to bring with them, embarked, and after a journey of three hundred and forty-four days, or nearly one year, they landed upon the shore of North America.

Their history, extending through a period of about 600 years, is that of all nations who having known the light, permit ambition and lust to gain ascendancy over their devotion to God and the interests of humanity. When they sought to do well, they prospered; but when they became willing subjects to evil, their passions proved their overthrow. Their course, finally, was so very erratic, and their practices so very corrupt, that given up to their own lusts, they destroyed each other without mercy in civil war. Their history was written by one Ether, a prophet, and an abridgment of it by Moroni, translated by Joseph Smith, enables us to discover who first settled our lovely land, and to add another evidence to the scriptural declaration, "So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth;" or into all the grand divisions of the earth.

UNCLE MARK.

MY CLASS.

THE scholars in my class being very inattentive, as I was trying my best to keep their attention on the scripture lesson, one remarked that he was tired of school. I then asked the class if they did not come willingly to school? One said his mother made him come; another, that his father made him come; the rest made no answer. Now in thinking the matter over at home, for I do think of my class at home, the thought occurred to me like this,—have parents done all their duty when they send their children to Sunday School? I think they have done but one part of their duty. Allow me to ask a few simple questions?

Do we, as mothers and fathers in Israel, try to instruct the minds of our children at home, on the question of the blessings of Sabbath days, and Sabbath day privileges?

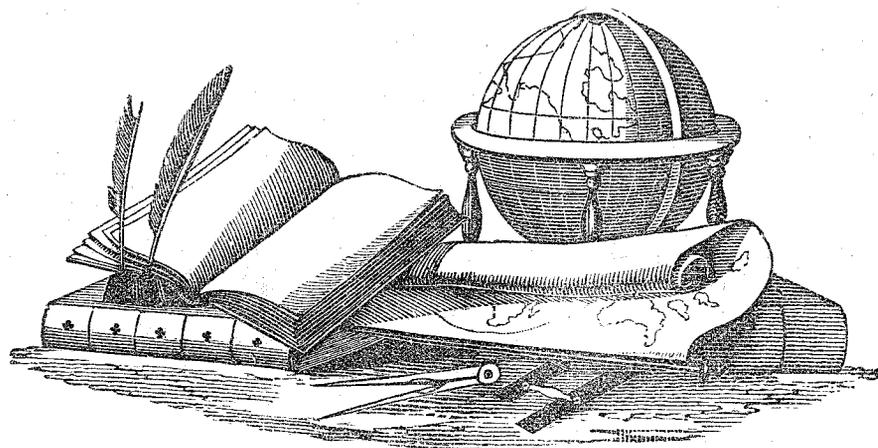
Do we say as they start to school, "Be good children this morning, and pay attention to your teachers?"

Do we as parents ever go to Sunday School, to see if our children behave themselves, and to hear what they are taught? Be assured that our presence there would cheer and encourage both teachers and scholars, and if we pray for a blessing, we will be sure to obtain one.

When I look back to the golden days of my childhood, and when I think of the instructions given me by my mother, I always feel like saying, "God bless my dear good mother." A father's love I never knew, for my father died when I was a baby; but I do thank my Heavenly Father for a mother's instruction, and I do pray that we may so train our children, that when they shall be men [and women, they may thank their Father in Heaven for the instructions they received from their earthly parents.

Children; Zion's Hopes, I feel happy in your midst; and I hope and pray that we may spend many happy days together; and that when we are called to leave this world, children, parents, teachers, may arise in the morning of the first resurrection, and hear the Master's voice when he says, "Well done!"

E. A.



GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.
LESSON 11.

DISPERSION OF MANKIND.

AFTER the confusion of tongues, there is no doubt but companies were formed of those who could best understand each other; for although a great number remained in the valley of the Euphrates, parties of varied numbers emigrated thence into different parts of Asia, Africa, America, the Pacific Isles, and afterwards into Europe.

The first great empire was established by those

these four years, he had received no direct testimony from the Lord. He had neglected to pray, and God had therefore not spoken to him. But at the end of this time, the Lord came again to him, and stood in a cloud and talked with him, and commanded him to build barges like those they had before built and used while journeying on the water to where they then were, and promised that he would guide them in those barges to a choice land. Jared and his company did as his brother was commanded, and in these barges, curiously constructed, and eight in number, they with their families, (which had increas-

LAST NUMBER BUT ONE OF
VOLUME 2.

LITTLE ones; we thank you for your interest in *Zion's Hope*. Parents, Teachers, Scholars, Brethren and Sisters in Christ, we thank you all for your efficient aid, your prayers, your patience. We ask a continuance of your favors, and an earnest effort to swell our subscription list. In the first number of volume 3, we shall commence a historical poem by one whom you all love to read the writings of. It will continue in four numbers, and we would like to have a large extra subscription for the next half volume at least, as this poem, and other articles that will appear, will make it a valuable present to those outside the church, and especially to those who have wandered from the path during the dark and cloudy day. Send on quickly, names and addresses of those to whom you wish the *Hope* sent, with twenty-five cents for the half volume, or fifty cents for the volume; and as all or nearly all whose time expires will send a renewal of subscription, we will try and make *Zion's Hope* a ground of hope for many whom it does not yet reach.

PRESENTATION.

Testimonial in England to a brother of "Uncle Mark," who, like Uncle Mark, is a friend and lover of the children, and has labored faithfully for them nearly all his life.

[From "The Wisbech Advertiser" of April 12th, 1871.]

PRESENTATION.—On Monday evening a party of friends connected with Upper Hill St. Chapel met in the Lecture Room at the Public Hall, the occasion being the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. Thos. Forscutt, on his retirement from the position of superintendent of the Upper Hill Street Sabbath school which he had occupied for a period of twenty years. The proceedings were commenced by a handsome tea, of which upwards of a hundred persons partook, and the long tables being cleared away, the spacious room presented a very social appearance, the drawing-room tables being provided with stereoscopes, microscopes, books, photographs, &c., while an electrical apparatus exhibited by Mr. George Dawbarn afforded great amusement to the company. Music and singing were introduced, and brief addresses were given by several of the gentlemen present in the course of the evening. The testimonial consisted of an elegant alabaster clock furnished by Mr. Patrick, and a present of books, the latter being from Mr. Wm. Dawbarn, of Liverpool, who founded the school about thirty years since. The books were a handsome Family Bible and the "Midnight Sky," the whole being thus epigrammatically expressed,

"The clock, to mark time's rapid flight,
The books to point to realms of light;
God's holy book for daily meditation,
The Midnight Sky for nightly contemplation."

The presentation was made by Mr. Robert Dawbarn, J. P., in a neat speech, in which a suitable tribute was paid to the valuable services rendered by Mr. Forscutt during the twenty years of his superintendence of the school, to which Mr. Forscutt made an appropriate reply. The clock bears the following inscription upon a gilt plate fixed to the pedestal; "Presented to Mr. Thomas Forscutt, by the teachers, scholars, and friends of the Upper Hill Street Baptist Sabbath School, Wisbech, in acknowledgment of his valued services as Superintendent during a period of twenty years, April 10, 1871." A very agreeable evening was spent, and the proceedings were concluded with singing and prayer.

Original Poetry.

A DREAM.

BY CARRIE A. THOMAS.

I dreamed a large assembly stood
In nature's leafy bower,
And listened to the gospel preached
In plainness and in power;
Then to the water's side repaired
To break the tyrant's chains,
Singing these new expressive words,
In old familiar strains.

TUNE.—Old Hundred.

"O Lord, meet with us now we pray,
And wash our many sins away;
May we thy righteousness fulfill,
And ever live to do thy will."

Like them of old, the man of God
Then went into the wave,
Baptizing many, showing forth
Christ's death and power to save.
I next beheld, and lo! the same
Were gathered round for prayer,
And then with cheerful hearts they sang
This soul reviving air.

TUNE.—Arlington.

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?"

As still I gazed, the man of God
In mighty accents prayed,
While on each waiting convert's head
His holy hands were laid.
The prayer was heard, the Spirit given,
They spake another tongue,
And prophesied, and then burst forth
In one triumphant song.

TUNE.—Coronation.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!"

At other times they met for prayer,
And sang of future rest,
And I too joined this happy band,
And felt most truly blest.
The Spirit helped me when I prayed,
Or when I sung or spoke;
But when these words were sweetly sung,
I from my dream awoke.

TUNE.—Rest for the weary.

"There'll be no sorrow there,
In that blest home so fair;
On Zion's land the good shall stand,
There'll be no sorrow there."

Correspondence.

WILLIAM SHEEN: This is my first attempt at writing for the *Hope*. I was baptized November 13th, 1870, by Brother Bennett, and confirmed by him also.

LUCY A. GRIFFITH: There is no Sunday School here; but we have good meetings, and I enjoy myself very much. I love to go to meeting and hear the elders preach. The gospel seems new to me every time I hear it. I try to be good and live my religion. I pray that the Lord may bless me, and keep me in that narrow path, and give me light and knowledge to do right.

NANCY E. MONTAGUE: I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. I still love to read the *Hope*, and I hope I ever shall. I am very much interested in it, and I hope it will always prosper. I love to hear from my little brothers and sisters who write to

the *Hope*. I know that I am weak and prone to do evil; but I do desire to do my duty, and with the help of God, I still intend to overcome. I desire an interest in the prayers of my little brothers and sisters that I may come off conqueror in the end. I will pray for all of you.

EMMA I. PRETTYMAN: I am a member of the church. I was baptized by Br. Scott when I was twelve years old; I am now thirteen. My desire is to do my Maker's will, keep his commandments, and walk in that straight and narrow path that leadeth to life everlasting. I love the *Hope*. It is a welcome visitor to me. I love to read the letters from my little brothers and sisters; they build me up in this great work. I can say for myself that I know it is the work of God.

RACHEL EVANS: I am very glad when the *Hope* comes; for I like to read it so much. It is so nice. I like to read the Children's Column. I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I was baptized when I was eight years old, and now I am thirteen. I rejoice that I am a member of the church. We have a good Sunday School here now.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM No. 2.

Henry and George went fishing, and the two caught twenty-five fish. If Henry had caught two more, and George three less than they did, three-eighths of the number Henry caught would have been three-fourths of the number George caught; how many did each catch?

ENIGMA No. 70.

I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is the name of a prophet mentioned in the Scriptures.
My 8, 6, 7, is a Scripture name.
My 9, 7, 4, is a girl's name.
My 15, 2, 2, 5, is a part of a house.
My 15, 13, 10, 11 expresses what the weather sometimes is.
My 1, 13, 14, 9, 3, is the name of one of the tribes of Israel.
My 10, 2, 12, 14, is the name of one whose commandments we should obey.
My 3, 9, 11, 10, is the name of a place where Christ was taken for judgment.
My whole is the name of the elder who baptized me.

RIDDLE No. 8.

My first is in splendid, but not in grand;
My second in earth, but not in land;
My third is in music, but not in sound,
My fourth is in strike, but not in pound;
My fifth is in fright but not in daunt,
My sixth is in olive, but not in plant;
My seventh is in saintly, but not in saint,
My eighth is in color, but not in paint;
My ninth is in grave, but not in tomb,
My tenth is in bloomy, but not in bloom.
My whole is the name of a very useful science.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 32.

"Dear Uncle Mark, I love the *Hope*,
And love what 's in to read it;
But then what good will it do me,
If I do not mind and heed it."
Answered by twenty-seven correspondents.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 66.

"Bet, Pen, Net, Adz, Die, Bat, Par, Repent and be baptized."
Answered by eight correspondents.

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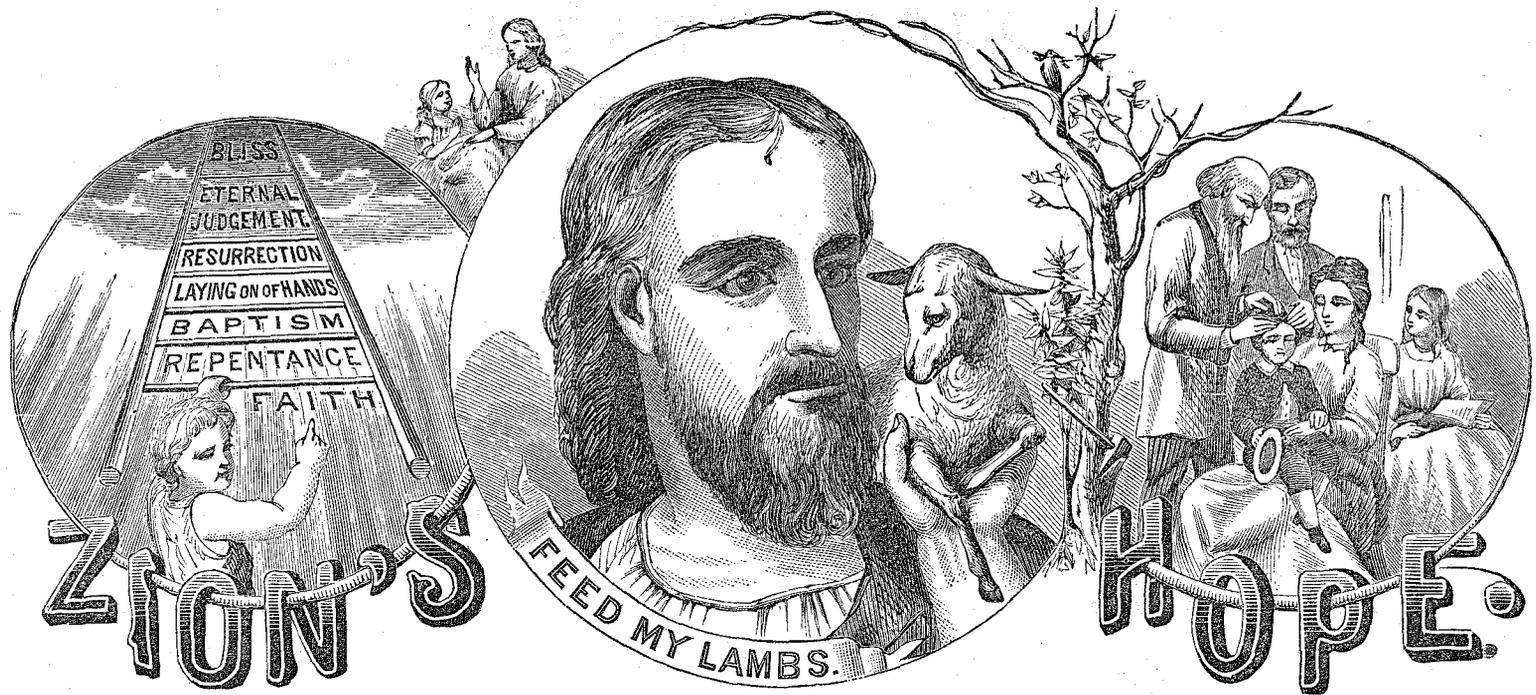
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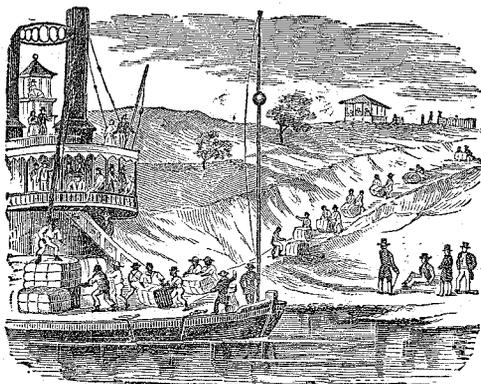


"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. II.

PLANO, ILL., JUNE 15, 1871.

No. 24.



LOADING THE COTTON FOR MARKET.

THE carrying of the cotton to the river, and to the railroads, is only a part of the trouble of getting it to what is called "a market," meaning a place where the best and final prices are paid for it.

In our land, there are now two ways of sending the contents of the big warehouses standing on the banks of the river, and by the tracks of the railroads, in the cities. One way is "overland," which means by continuous lines of iron roads running through the states to New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Charlestown and other large cities on the sea coast; and the other is "by water," which means, down the rivers which empty into the bays and the Gulf of Mexico, there to be re-shipped upon the ocean-going steamers, to be sent to London, Manchester, and other manufacturing cities in England, and to Providence, in R. Island, Lowell, and other cities in Massachusetts; New Haven, Hartford, and others in Connecticut, and all other places in the east where they make calico, muslin, osnaberg, tickings, sheetings and all other kinds of what are called 'cotton goods.'

It would be a very curious sight to many of the Hopes to see the men take the "cotton bales" out of a Mississippi steamer, and put them on board of one of those big ocean steamers.

The steamboats lie side by side; the Mississippi steamboat a model of beauty and taste,

white and fine; the other strong, large and grand.

A number of ropes, running over and over on wheels held in blocks, till they form a "set of pulleys," are suspended from "cranes" standing on the boats. These ropes are furnished with hooks which are fastened to the cotton bales, one at a time, and they are "hoisted" into the larger vessel. These pulleys are sometimes worked by hand, with a "windlass" and "cranks," or by "horse power," or by steam; the steam power when used is applied to the pulleys by means of what is called "the Doctor," a small engine working independently of the large one which moves the vessel.

It takes weeks for one of these large ships to "take in" her "cargo;" but when it has all been put on board, the vessel weighs her anchor and is off to sea. They call the taking up the heavy iron anchor which lies away down upon the bottom of the ocean, and to which the cable of the ship is made fast, to keep the ship from being blown away or from drifting, "weighing the anchor."

Vessels which are moved by wind blowing upon their sails, called "sailing vessels," are sometimes employed in carrying the cotton. These are not usually so large as steamers; but carry cheaper, although it takes longer to make a trip.

Some ships go by steam and sails both.

UNCLE THOUGHTFUL.

THE VIOLETS.

A LITTLE girl had been to the woods one day for wild-flowers. She found a great many, and filled her basket full—then she thought she would like to have some with roots to plant in her garden—and she dug up some "spring-beauties," and some "adder's tongue," and one little bunch of blue violets. She put plenty of their own rich earth about them, and carried them carefully home in her apron.

When the little girl's Mamma saw them, she told her she thought they were too delicate to

bear transplanting, and would surely die; so that she would have her trouble for nothing. But the little girl planted them well in a shady place, and they lived, and grew, and the next year, instead of one bunch of violets she had three; and the next year there were many more; and so every year the little bed of violets continues to spread, all the time traveling toward the sunrise. There are many hundreds of them now; and in the morning time when the dew is on them, and the sun pours down his bright warm rays into their open cups, I look upon them with delight; and think of the life giving light spoken of by one of our elders, who is going about to shed the light of God into human hearts. They who receive and love its warming rays will follow to its source.

Little Hopes; be like the violets—set your faces toward the light; follow where its bright beams lead; and your lives will be bright, fragrant, and pure—and your march will be onward.

AUNT LUCY.

THE MOON.

MOONLIGHT and starlight are lovely scenes; but we are so accustomed to the sight of them that we do not appreciate them as we should.

I wish to say something to you about the moon to-night, some other time we will talk about the stars. For nearly six thousand years the moon has been going her faithful rounds, performing the duties assigned her by the Creator. Some scientific men say she will continue her course for six thousand years to come; but I think not. She was made to rule the night, and there is a time coming when there will be no more night, consequently there will be no need of the moon.

So faithful and regular has the moon been in discharging her duties ever since the Creator placed her in the heavens, that astronomers have always been able to correctly calculate her changes. They can calculate them for a thousand years hence, or reckoning backward, could

tell you just where she was, and what she was doing a thousand years ago.

I want you to take her as a pattern of promptness and punctuality, so that you also can always be depended upon. There is no habit in life that will secure you more success and happiness than punctuality. It will secure you respect in every department of life—a want of it would greatly mar your character, though otherwise fine, and injure your influence for good. The habit of punctuality must be acquired in early life, and practised every day even in little things. By its observance you will escape many of the vexations that careless children have to suffer from. You will save much trouble to those who have the care of you, and when you are grown up, you will be men and women that can be depended upon. Your friends will know just what to expect of you. Try and remember this important lesson, and remember also that you will continue to live when moon and stars shall have set for ever.

AUNT HANNAH.



GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY. LESSON 12.

NATIVES OF AMERICA.

THE inhabitants of America are composed of three races, the Aboriginal American, Caucasian, and the Ethiopian. We have named them in this order, as being the order in which they obtained occupancy of the land. Were we to place them in the order in which they rank now, in point of importance, we should place the Aborigines last instead of first.

The American Indians are called the Aborigines. The Aborigines of a country are its first inhabitants. When the Europeans came here, they found the natives in a rude, uncivilized state, as indeed the greater portion of them are still, and supposing them to be the first inhabitants of the country, they called them the Aborigines, a title we still use for the sake of convenience. The students of the last lesson, number eleven, will remember that the Jaredites were the Aborigines proper of America.

About the time of the great destruction of the

Jaredites, there came out from Jerusalem two colonies. One of these colonies landed in the western coast of South America, and the other, a few years afterwards, in North America. The colony which landed South was composed mainly, if not entirely of descendants of Manasseh; that which landed North, of Judah. The former colony was led in a miraculous manner under the command of Lehi, and Nephi his son, and was very prosperous. Its members had brought with them from Jerusalem a record, containing the genealogy of their family, and also copies of the Holy Scriptures down to the writings of Jeremiah, who was still living in Jerusalem when they left there. Thus having with them a record, or written language, they were enabled to preserve their language measurably pure. But the colony which landed in North America had no records, and their language became corrupted.

The company which came with Lehi became two nations, called Nephites and Lamanites, after the names of their leaders, Nephi and Laman, two sons of Lehi.

Nephi was a good man, and his people were very prosperous so long as they honored the Lord.

Laman was a willful and rebellious man, and his people were like him; but they became a numerous people. Yet their sins were great, and the Lord caused that a dark skin should come upon them; by which they were ever afterwards distinguished from the Nephites.

The Nephites spread very rapidly in South America,

and built many very large and beautiful cities, and temples. The arts and sciences flourished among them, and they were very skillful and enlightened.

They built ships also, probably near the Isthmus of Darien, and sailed thence to points on the coast of North America, which in a few centuries became peopled by them, and by descendants of Laman.

The other colony which left Jerusalem about the same time that Lehi and his company did, subsequently emigrated from North America to the northern part of South America, and were called the people of Zarahemla. They were discovered by the people of Nephi, under King Mosiah, about four hundred years afterwards. They could not make themselves understood, so grossly had their language become corrupted during these four centuries. But King Mosiah had them taught in the language of the Nephites; and when they were sufficiently instructed to make themselves intelligible, their chief, named Zarahemla, after whom they were subsequently called by the Nephites, gave to Mosiah as correct

an account as he could from memory and tradition, in which it was revealed that Zarahemla was a descendant of Mulok, by whom they had been led into the wilderness.

The people of Zarahemla and the Nephites united, and became one nation, Mosiah being chosen their king.

During the reign of Mosiah, a stone was brought to the King by the people of Zarahemla, on which were found many strange characters engraven. Mosiah was gifted of the Lord and enabled to decipher it. He did so, and discovered that the engravings revealed the history of one Coriantumra, or Coriantumr, and his people, who had been slain.

Coriantumr was a descendant of the Jaredites, and resigned as King over all the land. During his reign, Ether the prophet was sent to him with a commandment to repent, and a warning that if he and his household did not repent, he only of all his people should remain, and he should live to see his kingdom destroyed, and another people come and receive his inheritance, by whom he should be buried. He did not repent, until too late; but fought several battles, resulting at last in the closest contest perhaps ever waged between two armies, in which none were left but Shiz, the leader of what had been the opposing army, and Coriantumr the King.

Shiz then fainted from loss of blood, and Coriantumr smote off his head as he lay upon the ground.

Coriantumr had himself been wounded four times during the long war, and was so worn with loss of blood, and the fatigue and sorrows of the war, that when Shiz was slain, he himself fell as one that was dead would fall. He was found by the people of Zarahemla, and lived with them nine months.

Thus did he see the word of the Lord fulfilled, that his people should perish, and he witness his inheritance pass to another people. Thus too passed away the last descendant of the *real* Aborigines of the American continent.

Notwithstanding the different administrations under which this country has been governed, it has never been made entirely desolate of inhabitants since the Jaredites landed here; and although it is called the "New World" by Europeans, we learn by this history that it dates the time of its first being inhabited by man at a more remote period than Europe itself.

About the time of Christ's crucifixion, the Nephites dwelt in North America, and the Lamanites in South America. After His ascension, He returned and ministered to the inhabitants of this northern land, and instructed the Nephites in the organization of a church on the gospel plan. The message was carried throughout the North and South, and a complete reformation wrought, which continued its influence for more than three centuries. Apostasy then set in, divisions arose, rebellions to the government ensued, old strifes of centuries before were revived, and battles were fought between the two nations, which finally resulted in the destruction of the Nephites, excepting such as turned traitors to the Nephite government for the sake of preserving their lives, and were enrolled with the Lamanites as citizens of their nation.

There were then left upon this land none but the copper-skinned natives, the ancestors of our present "American Indians."

UNCLE MARK.

JOHNNY BLAIR.

OH! I must have a pony—I must have a pony"—said little Johnny Blair, as his mother led him from the exposition rooms, where, in one of the art galleries, he had seen a life-size picture of a little boy and his pony. This one picture had pleased him more than all the beautiful things he had seen. Johnny and his Mamma were on a visit to the city of Cincinnati, and there were many things his Mamma desired to see, therefore she was obliged to take her little boy away from the gallery before he was half satisfied with gazing upon the beautiful picture.

"I must have a pony," said he, as he was lifted into the carriage that was waiting at the door to convey them to the hills about the city.

"This is Lincoln Park, my son; look at it so that you can tell papa about it when we go home."

"Oh! I must have a pony. That was a nice pony. It was brown—mine shall be brown."

"This large building is the new hospital, Johnny, where they take care of sick people who have no homes. Do you see how large and fine it is."

"Mamma; mine shall be brown. My pony you know. Please tell me now Mamma, if I shall have a pony?"

"Yes, my son, I think you can when you are old enough."

"Old enough, Mamma! How old must I be?"

"About twelve years, I should think; the boy in the picture looked to be about twelve years old, and I do not think you could take proper care of a pony before you are that old."

"Well tell me, Mamma, how long that will be?"

"You are just four years old now, Johnny, and it would be four years, and four more."

"Oh! dear me, Mamma, I don't think I shall ever live so long. Couldn't I just sleep until it's time for papa to buy my pony."

"It would be a very sad thing, my son, for you to sleep eight years; and it's very wrong for you to wish it. The Father in Heaven knows what is best for us. We only need to sleep one night at a time; then we wake with the morning light, and can see our loved ones again. Would you be willing to sleep eight years, and not see your little brother Eddie for so long? Who would help him to learn to walk? and who would tell him the names of his new toys?"

"Oh! Mamma, I don't want to sleep so long, and I was a very foolish boy for saying such a thing. But Mamma, how can I grow large fast? What makes people grow?"

"The food they eat, my son."

"Oh! that's it! Then to-morrow I'll eat all day, as fast as I can."

"Now, Johnny, you have said another very foolish thing. If you were to eat all day, you would be very sick, and perhaps might die. I

must hear no more of this idle talk, and these vain wishes. We are now far out of the city. Look at these beautiful grounds we are entering, and these elegant mansions we are approaching. The name of this place is Clifton. You must observe things about you now, and try and remember what you see, so that you can tell papa. Here is a green house with a grotto in it, and farther on in the garden, is the entrance to a cave. If we had time we would explore its hidden paths, and see how artificial caves look compared with natural ones."

"Yes; but never mind stopping this time Mamma—I can come some time on my pony."

"Look, Johnny, what are those out on the avenue coming towards us?"

"Two little girls, Mamma, in a dear little carriage, and two little ponies."

"Those are not ponies, my son."

"Yes, Mamma, I think they are very young ones."

"No, Johnny, they are goats—white goats, spotted with brown. Look at their nicely fitting harness. How would you like to have a carriage and goats?"

Oh! they would be nice little things for Eddie; but I shall have a pony, and I will ride my pony, and Eddie can drive his goats. Oh! I wish we had them now," said the tired little boy, nodding, and half asleep.

We were now upon the brow of the hill, returning. Beneath us lay the city, with its spires and domes glittering in the sunlight; beyond the city, the river wound like a thread of silver; and beyond it, were the Kentucky hills covered with their richly tinted autumn foliage. The sun was setting in golden clouds; and far up and down the valley, the blue haze of Indian Summer veiled the landscape.

Little Johnny missed this grand picture. His prattling tongue was still, and his brown peepers had long been shut. Sweet sleep had come to refresh his tired body and brain—and I fancied he was dreaming of ponies when I looked upon his smiling, upturned face, as he lay fast asleep with his head in the lap of

AUNT JULIA.

LITTLE MARY.

JUST round the corner of our square, lived a shy, little blue-eyed darling, who always came down to the corner of the street at sunset, to look at the river, and to see the evening boat pass up. We often tried to lure her to us, to sit on the steps beside us, but nothing ever brought her so quickly as the sound of the guitar. The tones of that instrument had a charm for her she could not resist. The name of this sweet little pet was Mary.

Just below us, on the square, she had a dark-eyed little companion named Maggie, who sang like a nightingale. Mary was a sweet singer also; but her voice was very soft, and she had a slight lisp. She and her sister went to Sabbath school, and there they had learned many nice songs, and by her singing them at their play, little Maggie had learned them also.

Mary loved Maggie very dearly, and would go to see her whenever she could. One day she

went and found Maggie very sick—too sick to sing or even to talk. Every day she grew worse, and when she had been sick a week, she died. Poor little Mary saw Maggie placed in her coffin, and put in the grave; and they thought her little heart could not be glad again. For many days, she never came down to the corner.

One evening, when we were sitting on the door steps, we caught a glimpse of the little sad face at the corner, and we brought out the guitar, and played a few soft notes that caught her ear, and she slowly came down to join us—cuddling down between us. Her face brightened for a moment, but as the soft tones of the instrument touched her heart, the great tear-drops gathered in her eyes, and slowly chased each other down her cheeks, and soon great sobs followed them. Then we sent the guitar away, took the dear little mourner up close to our heart, and asked her what was the matter? She said, oh! I am so sorry because Maggie is dead, and they put her in the ground. Then we told her about God, and heaven, and about Jesus who loved little children; that Maggie would sing with the angels, that she would have a harp to play upon, and it would be her own.

Little Mary's blue eyes were again filled with tears; but they were tears of joy. If I am good will I go there? and will I have a guitar? said the happy child. When we told her she would, she quietly slipped down, and ran home. Her Mamma, who had many little ones to care for, and much to do, noticed the bright face of her little girl when she came in, and took her on her knee for a while, and sang to her. Then she dressed her for bed, and after Mary had knelt at her Mamma's knee, and said her evening prayer, her Mamma laid her in her bed, and kissed her good night.

Mary said, "Mamma, I want to die."

"Why do you want to die, my darling?" said the frightened mother.

"Because, Mamma, I would go to heaven, and God would say, 'Come in, little Mary, and get a guitar.'"

Long years have now passed, and little Mary is a woman. She still loves to sing; and she has a guitar to accompany her sweet songs. Best of all, she loves the Savior; the dear Savior who took little Maggie away from the sorrow that would have been her lot in this life.

Remember, little readers, that whether we go, or whether we stay, we are in the care of Him who doeth all things well.

AUNT EMER.

INDIAN HABITS.

ACCORDING to tradition—and some say that the Chinese History also gives an account of the same—about six hundred years ago, there were twelve Chinese junks wrecked near Cape Mendocina, and the crews either perished or were adopted among the Indian tribes of this immediate vicinity.

Any one familiar with the red man of the forest, would at once perceive that these were not full blooded Indians. The Indians have the characteristic high cheek bone, roman nose, &c.

But these have a smooth, round face; a flat or Asiatic nose; a carelessly cut mouth; large lips, small, uniform, well-set, white teeth; large, black, sullen, malicious eyes; long, black, coarse hair, which before the adoption of European habits, they never cut unless out of luck by gambling, or had some near relation die.

Their primitive costume for the squaws is a piece of deer skin about the size of the *Hope*, which is cut into fine strings and tied around their waist and hangs down to their knees; then a whole deer skin doubled lengthways, and tied around their waists with a girdle of the same material. About one foot of the upper portion of this is figured according to fancy, generally like a fence worm, and painted with red paint. The lower part of this skin is also cut into fine strings, decorated with white and red grass braided around with shells of different sizes, to the weight of from ten to twenty pounds, that keep a constant jingling as they walk.

The male Indians, when fortunate enough to have anything, have a buckskin dressed with the hair on. The legs of the deer are carefully skinned, and the hoofs left on the skin, and with two of these strips of skin thus come off the legs, tied together, it is carelessly thrown over their shoulders, and ready to be shifted to any quarter to shield them from the wind or rain. In my next I will give you an account of some of their traditions.

UNCLE ROBERT.

Poetry.

SONG OF THE DUCKS.

One little black duck; one little grey;
Six little white ducks, running out to play;
One white lady-duck, motherly and trim;
Eight little baby-ducks, bound for a swim.

One little white duck, holding up its wings;
One little bobbing duck, making water-rings;
One little black duck turning round its head;
One big black duck—guess he's gone to bed.

One little white duck, running from the water;
One very fat duck—pretty little daughter—
One very grave duck, swimming off alone;
One little white duck, standing on a stone.

One little white duck, walking by its mother;
Look around the water-reeds, may be there's
another,—

Not another anywhere? Surely you are blind,
Push away the grass, dear, ducks are hard to find

Bright little brown eyes o'er the picture linger,
Point me all the ducks out, chubby little finger,
Make the picture musical, merry little shout,
Now where's that other duck? what is he about?

I think the other duck the nicest duck of all,
He hasn't any feathers, and his mouth is sweet
and small,
He runs with a light step, and jumps upon my
knee,
And though he can not swim, he is very dear to
me.

One little lady-duck, motherly and trim;
Eight little baby-ducks, bound for a swim;
One lazy black duck, taking quite a nap;
One little precious duck, here on Mamma's lap.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORTS.

We publish the following digest from St. Louis Sunday School report with considerable pleasure; but do not intend hereafter to publish any digests or Reports in this form, as it will use too much room.

The Secretary of the church will prepare some blank forms for Sunday School Reports, and it will be requested of every Sunday School in the church to forward one of these *annually* to him, embracing all the items for the year, to be made out on the 31st of each December. They will be advertised in due time.

Zion's Hope Sunday School is still flourishing, and striving to be the banner school of the church. The last report received from its worthy Superintendent and Secretary, Brs. Bellamy and Ashton, shows a decrease of 78 during the past quarter; but this is by no means a bad sign, as Zion's Hope Sunday School had nearly 150 scholars on its books; but an average attendance of but fifty-five. Such a very wide difference as is here shown placed this school in a very unfavorable light. The officers and teachers have now stricken 76 names from the roll, and two have died during the last quarter. The entire school, including officers and teachers is now 82. The sum of \$112 92 was raised for school purposes during the past year, and the disbursements were such as to leave \$1 28 to commence the new year with. 2250 copies of *Zion's Hope* had been distributed during the year. George Bellamy was re-elected Superintendent, Samuel Burgess, Assistant; W. Ashton, Sec'y.

Correspondence.

NATHAN LINDSEY: Please say to those youths who may compete for the prize hymn book offered in *Hope* of the 15th of April, that every question must be answered correctly to entitle it to consideration, and that it is designed to award the prize to the one who sends the most correct answers, and exhibits most intelligence in answering.

Dear boys and girls. Here is work for your heads. Don't say, "I can't," but persevere and you will overcome all obstacles.

F. M. SMITH: I am ten years old. I am not a member of any church. This is the first time I ever attempted to write a letter. I love the little *Hope*. It was presented to me by Elder Longbottom. My parents are christians, and my mother teaches me to sanctify every undertaking by prayer. Good bye.

MARY F. HILLIARD: I was baptized by Uncle Mark when I was eight years old, and now I am ten. I am trying to overcome my faults; but it seems so hard. We have some good meetings here. There are not many in our little branch, and we have no Sunday school. I wish we had one.

MARY A. RUDD: I like the *Hope*. I have received good instruction from it, which I hope to profit by. Let us try and be faithful, that we may obtain the hope of Zion's children. I desire to keep the commandments of the Lord, and the greatest to us, as children, are, "Obey your parents," and "Seek wisdom in the days of your youth."

G. P. LAMBERT: I am twelve years old. I have never been baptized; but if it is fine weather, I shall be next Sunday. I like *Zion's Hope* very well. I like to read it, especially the Children's Column. I am always glad when it comes to hand. I want to try to be a saint of God in deed. I hope the day will soon come when Zion shall be built.

M. E. S. SPENCER: I am now twelve years old. I was baptized on the second of last May, at the same time my mother was, by Br. Franklin, and was confirmed by Br. J. Broadbent. We formerly belonged to the Utah Orthodox church; but my mother saw the wickedness practiced by them, and turned away from them. I am trying to be a better girl all the time, and hope that you will remember me in your prayers, as I do you. I here enclose fifty cents. Do all the good you can with it.

THOMAS CHAMBERS: In reading *Zion's Hope* I find it is a very interesting Sunday School paper. I love to read the letters from the children. I feel that Sabbath school children are trying to serve God; and I pray God to bless them with a spirit of love for one another. The young tree needs a good deal of care. If we slight the tender branch while it is growing, it is sure to wither away. And so it is with the young members; if they are not led carefully through temptation, the evil spirit will soon lead them off the straight and narrow path. If we can get rid of selfishness, and cultivate a spirit of unity and brotherly love, we will prosper. We are living in the last days. We can not tell what hour, or day, or night the Son of man cometh. I fear there are very few of us ready. Let us have our lamps trimmed and burning. I feel thankful that I have embraced the latter day work; for it is the work of God. There is a law given us, my prayer is that we may have the Spirit to keep the law in all things.

RIDDLE No. 9.—Enigma of Graces.

My *first* is a knowledge the Spirit imparts,
That God kindly grants us the prayer of our hearts;
My *second*, a quality earnest and brave;
My *third* is most generous, and knows how to save;
My *fourth*, obligation to God and our race;
My *fifth* a gay passion more than a grace;
My *sixth*, though a grace, is the time in our life,
Most apt to be free from sorrow and strife.
My *seventh* is a passion, the purest and best,
The noblest and sweetest that reigns in the breast;
My *eighth* is a wondering sense of delight;
My *ninth* is the power of retaining a right;
My *tenth* ever ready to give or console;
My *eleventh* doth bodily movements control.
My whole is the words of our Savior so dear,
And in every *Hope* you will see it appear.

NOTE.—As in last Bible Enigma, the initials of the solutions give the *whole*. Each solution is a quality, passion, gift, time of life, or spirit-being.

PERLA WILD.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM No. 3.

A sold B a watch for \$20, which was twenty per cent. more than he paid for it; afterward B sold it and lost 20 per cent. on what it cost him; how much did B lose more than A gained? how much did the watch cost A? and how much did B sell it?

ENIGMA No. 71.

I am composed of twenty one letters.
My 10, 8, 7, is a spirituous liquor.
My 2, 9, 12, an adjective.
My 4, 11, 13, is an animal.
My 18, 8, 21, is a small insect.
My 15, 5, 3, is what we all have.
My 1, 12, 14, is a body of water.
My 17, 12, 16, 20, is an officer in the church.
My whole is my name, and the town I live in.

ANAGRAM No. 33.

Het ginspr ash moce, thiw dirbs nad flowers,
Dan lla messe arif adn hbting;
Sutj os het sievl fo lndehier ear,
Henw trinvig ot od grith.

AORD SHUPE.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 32.

"Children should be kind and meek,
In friendly circles or in play;
Humbly bow at Jesus' feet,
To keep them in the narrow way.

Answered by nineteen correspondents.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 33.

"How sweet 'twill be at evening,
If you and I can say,
Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The lambs that went astray;
Heart-sore and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan—
And lo! we come at nightfall,
Bearing them safely home."

Answered by seventeen correspondents.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 67.

Isaac, Esaias, Vial, Sickle, Anah, Red, Syria, Seer,
"Ask and ye shall receive."

Answered by seven correspondents.

ANSWER TO ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM No. 1.

"C" traveled $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour; "D" $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour.

Answered by three correspondents.

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