

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

Vol. 4.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JULY 1, 1872.

No. 1.

UNCLE MARK.

GOOD Uncle Mark has finished up his present connection with the HOPE, and has left the work to Uncle Joseph.

We shall all miss Uncle Mark, very, very much. His kind labors have been so uniform, and he has tried so persistently to help the HOPE along that it will be difficult to replace him.

The other Uncle here will do all he can; but he is not so well fitted for the work as Uncle Mark, who will take with him the best wishes of all the Hopes for his success in the Master's service. The Hopes and the Uncle who will still stay here at his post, will pray daily to the Lord of Hosts, to keep Uncle Mark from evil designing men; from sickness, want, the allurements of vice, the snares of false ambition, and the darts of the enemy of souls; so that when he comes back to his adopted country, he may be willing to labor with and for the Hopes of Zion, for the upbuilding of the City of the Saints.

THE DANDELION CHARM.

EMMMA was ten years old. She was the oldest of five children. Her mother was a thin, pale woman, with too much work and care to permit Emma many play hours. But she was a good mother and tried to do her duty by her children, and Emma knew this and scarcely ever complained.

One very busy Saturday, a little friend of Emma's came to see her.

Her mother could not spare her to go and play with Lucy for some time, but at last she was freed, and the two little girls went out into the bright sunshine. They went into the green meadow, chatting and laughing and running here and there to gather a sweet flower, or chase a pretty butterfly. Presently they came to a bed of dandelions all dotted with yellow blossoms, and white with downy seed-polls.

"Oh Emma! let's sit down here and gather a lot of dandelion to go with our sweet-william and grass posies?" So they sat down and lingered long, picking and arranging their flowers. By and by Emma thought of her weary mother and the work to be done at home. "Had we better go, Lucy? we've been out a long time. Mother might need me to help her."

"Oh fie, Emma! you're so silly about your mother. Let her do the work, it's what women are for. I don't mean to work any more than I am forced to. Don't go yet, Em. She didn't tell you how long to play."

"No, of course not," said Emma; "no particular time; for I haven't any watch, and wouldn't know when I had stayed long enough. She said I might play awhile."

"Well you can stay as long as you please on that, then," replied Lucy. "I would, and my ma wouldn't say much. But stop! I can tell you sure whether your ma wants you," and she broke off a stem crowned with silky white down. "I wish to know if Em's ma wants her at home," she repeated slowly and mysteriously, and then blew her breath quickly on the dandelion. "There, there; she don't want you. The down didn't half fly away toward home."

"That's no sign," said Emma, unbelievably, "it's just a foolish whim. I've tried it for fun many a time, and it didn't come true."

"But I tell you it is true, Emma; if the down all goes off the first time you blow, your ma wants you. If not, she doesn't. I guess I know. My ma told me to stay just half an hour, and I know I've staid lots longer. But what of that?"

"A great deal, Lucy, you have disobeyed your mother and that is very naughty. I'm going to the house now, whether the dandelion charm tells me to or not. Being obedient to mother and kind to her is a better charm than that."

"Oh, you want me to go home, I see. Well, I'll go, Miss Em." And away she went in 'a pet,' as the children say, and found on reaching home that her mother and little brother had gone away some ten miles to visit Lucy's grandma, and would be absent a week. How she fretted and stormed and cried, all in vain. She did love so well to go to grandma's. It was such a beautiful place just in the edge of a village, with so many trees and flowers; and oh! such lots of fruit in the garden. And grandma's early strawberries were ripe she wrote in the letter that came yesterday, and dear old grandma begged Lucy's ma to come and bring Lucy and Willy and stay ever so long with her and grandpa. But her ma never told Lucy she was going, or of course she wouldn't have stayed with Emma so long. "O dear," she sighed hopelessly, "why didn't I try the dandelion charm for myself instead of Em?"

"The charm of obedience is best and surest," remarked her papa; "your ma said she hoped it would learn you to do as you are bid. Emma would have returned when told if it had been her, I'm sure."

Lucy did learn obedience, and a timely lesson it was.

Emma found that her ma did want her, and a pleasant surprise was awaiting her when she reached her home. A letter from a rich uncle

who had visited them the winter previous, and was much pleased with Emma's quiet respectful behavior, and especially her prompt and ready obedience. Now he wrote an urgent appeal for Emma to come and stay with him and go to school just as long as the parents would permit, and enclosed a fifty dollar bill for Emma's mother to spend in procuring help to do her work when Emma was gone. Well, Emma spent the most of the next five years in getting a thorough education, and then she began teaching near home; and earned money enough to support herself nicely, and have a considerable sum left toward helping the family, for they were poor. But she never forgot to wear the charms of respect and obedience.

PERLA WILD.

Continued from page 95, vol. 3.

LIFE'S CHANGES; OR, BE TRUE.

The shorn lamb—the voice of Death—tact—the welcome letter.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

FOR several months after her husband's death, Mrs. Wingate treated the little girl with more kindness than formerly.

There is a solemn power in death, and few are the human hearts that do not feel that power. As the dark gateway of the tomb opens, a light from the world beyond falls upon those who thus far follow the spirit in its flight. The most thoughtless are sometimes conscious of this solemn revelation.

Upon the christian, this light falls with a soft and balmy sweetness, gently blending with the light within.

To the sinner's heart, it is the lightning flash of wrath, moving the spirit to momentary submission and fleeting resolves.

The few broken sentences which fell with the death-gasp from the husband's lips, commending his child to her maternal care; the voice which seemed to come from the dark depths of the mother's grave, as the father was laid by her side; these for a time dwelt in Mrs. Wingate's memory, and influenced her conduct to the orphan child; but alas! for human nature—alas! for the unsanctified heart.

Laura's truthfulness might seem in the eyes of worldly wisdom a sore misfortune; and strange it was to the innocent child that truth should stand between her and human love. Mrs. Wingate, who from long practice, was an adept in store keeping, and who from a close examination into her husband's affairs, found it necessary to

engage in some business, decided that the better way would be to keep open the old store, adding thereto a more extensive variety of fancy goods, which were to be tastefully arranged on a side remote from the tea, coffee, sugar, soda, molasses, nails, crackers, jack knives, etc., etc.

The two young ladies, Maria and Amelia, were to superintend this department. The other was to be under Mrs. Wingate's supervision; the drudgery of both were to be performed by Laura. This, to our little girl, was a new and severe trial, not that she was averse to labor; but her want of a certain tact, which her mother considered indispensable to trade, subjected her to continual censure.

"I only tell the truth," said the poor child one evening to her friend Mrs. Page. This good lady had entered the store, and found Laura weeping alone. She insisted on knowing the cause of her tears. "Why, that calico," sobbed the girl, mother said that it had been injured, and would scarcely hold to measure. Widow Jenkins was going to buy nearly the whole piece for her children's dresses; but dear Mrs. Page, she is so poor. She has no money to throw away, and when she asked me if I knew anything of the colors, what could I say? Amelia had an apron from it, and the color all faded at the first washing, and in less than a fortnight it was torn to shreds. Could I tell a lie, Mrs. Page?"

"No, my love," replied Mrs. Page, "be true. Never to gain a momentary smile, be other than what you are, my own dear Laura."

"I told mamma," said Laura, "that I had never spoken anything but the truth, and that I was afraid to tell a lie. She said no body wished me to tell a lie, but the truth was not to be spoken at all times; and if I was too stupid and obstinate to learn a little tact, she should be obliged to turn me out of doors. I wish, dear Mrs. Page, that you would tell me what 'tact' means. My mother and sisters often use that word, and if I could learn it, why perhaps I could please them."

"My dear child," replied Mrs. Page, "you need not be anxious about learning what the world calls tact. Be kind and obliging; be patient and faithful; but never fear to be true and do right, my Laura, and fear nothing."

"Poor child," thought the good woman, "how gladly would I adopt her as my own." But this thought was in vain. Mrs. Wingate, notwithstanding Laura's want of tact, could on no account be prevailed on to part with her.

The faithful services of such a child were of no small importance in an establishment like hers. She knew that Laura could be trusted where her own daughters could not. Laura was not often permitted to spend an evening at home. It was her nightly task to remain at the store till the last tardy customer had taken his departure; and putting everything in order for the morning, to shut up for the night; and often, at a late hour for a child like her, Laura would seek her little chamber, and in weariness forget her lonely lot.

Returning one night earlier than usual, she heard loud voices of dispute in the room occupied by her sisters, which was adjoining her own. They were contesting the privilege of going to the city for the newest fashions. Suddenly, their mother entered the room, exclaiming, "Come, come, girls, stop your quarrelling, and listen to this letter. It is from that rich Mrs. Elmore, who has always been so gracious and patronizing toward us. I never thought of being so lucky."

"My dear Mrs. Wingate; I know your kind heart; I know how deeply you will sympathize with me, when I tell you that my dear niece, Amelia, is dead. You know, dear madam, how I doted on that child; but how unfortunate I have been. Scarcely a bride, before I was a widow. How long I sought for my only sister, who on account of an imprudent marriage was discarded by my father, fated at last to learn that my poor sister was in her grave. It was no small solace to my

sorrowing heart that she had left as a precious legacy to me, her young and beautiful daughter. You know as no one else knows how I loved that child. Wealth was nothing to me, only as it afforded the means of making my idol as accomplished as she was beautiful; but she is dead, and what is wealth, or all the world to me now? My friends urge the necessity of my mingling again in scenes of gayety, and thus dissipate the dreadful gloom which hangs over my spirit; but this I cannot do. My greatest need is solitude and repose. I have heard that the place where you live is calm and beautiful as the dreams of other days. I have thought, my dear madam, of spending the ensuing summer with you. The society of your sprightly daughters, of your youngest, the name-sake of my dear Amelia; I have thought much will be cheering to me and pleasant to me, while your own heart, so recently stricken, will feel the right sympathy for one whose dearest treasure is in the grave. Write at your earliest convenience, as I have already made arrangements for a summer's residence with you. Yours, dear madam, in deepest sympathy,
LAURA ELMORE."

"She seems to take it for granted," said Laura, "that she can come."

"Of course," said their mother, "wealth like hers gives the right to command. She understands that it will be taken as a favor, and all things considered, it most certainly is. She thinks more of friendship than money. She has thought a great deal of Amelia; just think of that!"

"More, now," answered Maria, testily, "than she will after further acquaintance."

"Amelia can play her cards well," replied the mother, "and of course she will see that it is for her interest to do so. She has natural tact, and now is her time to employ it."

"Tact," thought Laura, laying down her Testament, from which she conscientiously read a chapter every night, "I know now what it means. Ma thinks that Jane has tact enough to deceive Mrs. Elmore." And kneeling down, the little girl thanked God that she had no tact.

A few weeks later, returning home from the store at evening, and passing the parlor, Laura saw a middle-aged lady, and judged rightly that it was Mrs. Elmore, whose arrival had been expected for several days. That night, the little girl lay awake, thinking much of life's uncertainty, and its dreary changes. She thought of the beautiful niece that the poor sorrowing lady had so recently laid in the grave. Then her thoughts naturally reverted to the sudden changes in her own short life; of the dear mother whose image still lived in her memory; of the once kind father, who now slept in his narrow house. Laura's heart swelled, and the tears gushed from her eyes. But then she thought of that land where the weary will find rest; of the little space between her and those who had gone before; of the condition on which mortals will be permitted to enter the better country. "I will try," thought the poor child, "I will be good and true," and with the peace of heart, which ever follows good resolutions, made in the strength of the Almighty, Laura was sinking sweetly to rest, when the voices of the sisters who had just entered their chamber aroused her again from slumber.

"How charmingly," said Jane Amelia, "mother affects the mourner's griefs. Mrs. Elmore would laugh if she knew what was the most afflictive part of Mr. Wingate's death. To marry a country codger for the sake of his money, and then to be left a widow, with only an old ark of a house, a few acres of land, and a store full of twine, clay pipes and tobacco boxes, must need, as mother says, heavenly patience to endure."

"And then to think," rejoined Maria, "that we must go in full mourning again, just to carry out this sham horriification of mother's. It is abominable."

"It will be only for this summer," said Jane. I will wear scarlet and a white feather, if all the old men in christendon die; but I tell you what, Maria, Mrs. Elmore likes me, and perhaps for once, it is better for me to play my cards well. Somehow, there is something searching in Mrs. Elmore's eye I don't like."

"I never knew a hypocrite that ever did like a searching eye," said Maria.

"And I never knew a vixen like you that was ever pleased with anything," retorted Jane. "If I could gain a fortune for you by acting the hypocrite, I rather think you would have no objection to the process."

"Better get your fortune before you play patron," yawned Maria, "with all you will find it no easy task to impose on the keen-eyed Mrs. Elmore, especially with that little blunt imp of a Laura."

"Oh!" said Jane, "I can easily dispose of her. Mrs. Elmore likes flattery too well to be pleased with such a little truth-telling fool. Mrs. Elmore looks shockingly now, don't you think she does?"

"To be sure," said Maria, "she will die of consumption before a year; but I know she would be terrified out of her senses at the thoughts of death. What a monstrous whopper was that of mother, when she told Mrs. Elmore that she looked as young and healthy as she did ten years ago."

Ha! ha! laughed Jane, "and how much good the lie did the poor creature. But, Laura, if she ever dares to speak to Mrs. Elmore, will say 'you look like my dear mamma did just before she died.' I can make her say that; and I'm sure Mrs. Elmore will never wish to set eyes on her again."

"Then I shall not say it," thought Laura; for I don't want to distress any one; but—and the little girl covered her head—"they think that I am asleep. I ought not to be listening to any thing like this;" and with a desperate effort, she fixed her thoughts upon other themes, and soon sunk into a quiet slumber.

HUMAN WANTS.

THE nations of the far east are in a state of hopeless bondage, and the people generally are poor and wretched. The nations of Europe are a little better off, and have some hope that by revolution they can throw off the tyranny of their rulers, and thus make their condition tolerable. For this purpose the internationales are struggling, and are likely at an early period to involve the countries in war.

It is hard for American children to realize the suffering that prevails in those old countries, where the people have no release from toil, and their toil not rewarded. Even children have so to work as to retard their growth. They have to go into the mines, and work in the damp foul air, instead of playing in the sunlight as they should be permitted to do.

Those who work in the brick yards have worse tasks than the ancient Hebrews had in Egypt. Little children are forced to carry on their heads loads of mud as heavy as themselves, day after day, without cessation, without good food or clothes, and without instruction.

While the poor children thus suffer, the children of the rulers have immense sums of money lavished upon them. This is not right in the sight of God and good men, and the people will some day demand their rights, which, if not granted, they will enforce in a way terrible to contemplate.

The people of the United States are more happily situated. Their government is more perfect; but yet there is much suffering for which no remedy can be found. The sin, and want, and suffering, that exists in the cities of this country would terrify my readers if depicted to them.

The kingdom of God is the remedy that is to

remove all these evils from the world. Holy men of old promised it, and the Latter Day Saints have been instructed of God how to carry out the good design. It is a great and glorious work, and each boy and girl will have a part to perform; and now I am going to close this article with advice to them.

The main thing is for you to be good; but you cannot be very good without doing good. This you have been told about quite often.

Next you must study; you cannot do great things without knowledge.

Third, learn to take care of your health.

Fourth, learn some way of supporting yourselves. If a boy is weakly, he should learn some light pursuit; if he is stout and healthy let him take up some manly occupation, and go at it with all his might.

The girls need some skill of mind and of hand, too, so that they may assist others, or provide for themselves when trouble comes upon them. All should learn to work at some useful occupation. Some should learn to keep school; others to teach music; and if any find they have special talent, they should improve it with particular care and zeal.

SIGMA PHI.

VIRTUE.

'Tis a life of holiness unbroken,
Of perfect joy, a fitting token;
A stream so pure, extending depth
Increases its transparency;
A priceless gem, all worldly wealth
Grows pale beneath its brilliancy;
A scepter fitting those alone
Whose daily life in power has grown;
A plant springing in the midst of thorns
So innocent and lovely, that it shuns
The vulgar gaze of coarser men
Who falling, lost their diadem;
A tree whose branches spread around
Making love, peace and happiness abound;
A constant fountain of unsullied joy,
Of heavenly birth, it brings heaven nigh.

April 21st, 1872.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

DEAR little Hopes. How many of you that read the *Hope* ever contemplate the great future, and the responsibilities which will shortly be placed upon you? Read the editor's advertisement to you and your parents where he says: "Every child in Israel should be supplied with the *Hope*. It is designed especially to qualify them for the great future, in which we anticipate their performing so important a part."

Jesus says, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The Psalmist David says, "Children are an heritage of the Lord. * * * They shall speak with the enemy in the gate."

If you would live long and be happy, honor and obey your parents. The latter commandment, if kept, will give you a chance to perform a great work, or "important part." The Lord has a work for you to perform, and your uncles wish you to prepare, that you may do that part well.

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

When I was a little boy, twenty-five years ago, I could read the scriptures, but I had not the privilege, that you, dear Hopes of to-day, have, that of reading the *Hope* or any such paper, so well fitted for the purpose for which it is intended. My only teacher in the gospel was my mother, who was very fond of reading the Holy Scriptures. To induce me to read them, she gave me sixpence to learn the third chapter of Matthew, which I did.

Every book that was needed and that could be bought was purchased for my education, particularly such as were good ones. For fifteen years I went to schools of various kinds, except the schools and society of the little Hopes of Israel.

I often had the finger of scorn pointed at me, as I was known by every neighbor and school-mate as the little Latter Day Saint; but I more frequently received titles of a less divine and christian like character, and much less desirable. These constant abuses made me long for the time when I could enjoy the blessings of meeting with Israel's Hopes and friends.

I kept no company, and from the age of twelve years I forsook all companions, and spent my pleasant hours among the trees and meadows, reading and writing, singing and listening to the sweet notes of the winged and feathered warblers of the azure sky. Since leaving those scenes of pleasure, my recollections of the past have led me in poetical strains to compose the following lines, expressive of the situation I was then placed in, in connection with an only brother, parents, and a few friends of home.

We have sat beneath the old oak tree
Through many a happy hour,
In listening to the melody
Of the sweet birds in the bower.

When the lark soared high
In the azure sky,
And notes sang high and clear,
And the whistling zephyrs passing by
Made music on the ear.

When the grass was ever fresh and green,
And the kine upon the moor,
Lay basking near the evergreen
While the sun's bright rays passed o'er.

And then when the evening tide had come,
And the silvery moon would 'pear,
We hied away to pleasant home,
Welcomed by the dear ones there.

And now, dear Hopes, leaving the reminiscences of the past, what shall we say of the future, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together; the wolf, the kid, the bear, and such animals as are now wild, ferocious and cruel, shall then dwell together without anger or revenge; the child shall play on the hole of the venomous asp, and nothing shall hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain. The earth shall be full of peace, plenty, and the knowledge of God. Zion shall be redeemed, and her sons and daughters be gathered from afar, to be taught of the Lord. For these and kindred purposes, little Hopes, your uncles are calling upon you to be good and wise, thoughtful and ever truthful.

WILLIAM WORWOOD.

DUSTELLA BROWN'S LETTERS.

BY AN ANT.

HAVE only a few more items of interest to add to my already too lengthy account. Having told you of our soldiery, in my last, I will devote this letter to the consideration of our queens, and the kings or drones. The drone is, as his name indicates, a gentleman, of leisure, delicate in form, winged, with long, delicate, lace-like wings, clear as the thinnest film of glass, but veined with very fine dark veins; small, delicate head, but with a greater length of body than others. His legs are slimmer; his antennæ longer; and altogether he presents a more delicate appearance. You might suppose that being a king, he had some portion or lot in the government over the tribe. This is not so. He is carefully tended, fed and cared for; but then he is the father of us all, and we take extra tender care of him, or them, for upon them rests the continuation of not only our own community, but the building up of others of the same kind. They are not so numerous as the workers, and are short lived; and being generally of an idle temperament, if they become too numerous in the family, a number of them are unceremoniously excommunicated or driven out of the hive or nest, after the manner of the bees.

The management and government of the tribe depends mostly upon the workers, which is also true of most all communities. The real bone and

sinew of the band, depends upon the working, produce raising, manufacturing and building portion.

This should teach us never to scorn the workers, for they are the preservers of the commonwealth. Their rough hands build the foundations of society, without which, those who oft pride themselves for their finery could not maintain their position at all. Even spiritual matters among you mortals I presume requires a good solid basis or foundation of temporal works.

The wings of the drone, which we workers have not, are a valuable means of travel, when the tribe gets too numerous, for the purpose of starting new communities. The queens or mother ants also have wings, and these queens are the largest and by far the most important personages in our community, similar in general outline to the drones, they are more carefully provided with food, and more tenderly watched over; for upon the possession of one or more of these mothers depends the rapid growth of our tribe. So we care for them carefully and preserve their lives. Wherever they are, they are always surrounded by workers and watched carefully.

At certain times of the year the queens leave the nest, many of them. This leaving, the workers try to prevent as much as possible; yet many of the younger ones leave; and sometimes workers and drones go with them.

How this emigration is conducted I cannot exactly tell you; but it is evidently for the establishment of other homes.

We gather all kinds of food suitable for us, and store it up, to be used when we cannot procure fresh. In the winter and severe cold we gather as much as possible into one place, and lie dormant, or torpid, until the congenial warmth thaws us out again, when we are brisk and lively as ever.

When the sun shines and the weather is fair, our home presents a lively, happy appearance. The ants run joyfully in and out of the entrance, carrying away the sand and earth from newly built corridors, or make long excursions through the forests of grass, sometimes going to great heights in the cherry tree for gum insects, worms, and honey from the blossoms, or leaves. We are no very distant relatives of the bees and wasps, and are often found with them eating the fruit the house wife spreads to dry, or excavating the underhalf of her most delicious strawberries. Indeed, as in all lives, there is very much of interest in ours, though they are humble and lowly. Besides, I have heard of and seen a very great many varieties of our great family that differ from us, from the large black ant found in partially decayed wood to the minute red ants that are such a pest to the house-wife, invading every nook and corner, from the sugar bowl to the clothes' closet. I have heard of the house building ants of Africa; of the lion ant that lives almost singly, making a hole in the sand and destroying any luckless insect that falls therein; of the traveling ants of Africa, that migrate in vast numbers, and sweep away not only every other species of insect life in their extensive path, but leave the land behind them devoid of mice, serpents and centipedes, and every variety of living form small enough to be overpowered by their immense numbers, so that the human inhabitants of the country are obliged to remove from their way and vacate the ground they pass over, removing sick and feeble people from their reach. To compensate for this obligated removal they find on their return every plaguing fly and stinging insects gone from their homes.

Let me relate a curious incident concerning the small red ants I mentioned. Some careless hand had scattered the contents of a wasp's nest upon the floor of a vacant building. Two bands of these minute ants had filed in opposite directions to feed upon the larvæ, or young wasps. These bands met between the extremes occupied by the scattered wasps, and begun terrible war;

and on going over the ground to remove some of the wasps to our own home, I was surprised to find thousands of these little creatures engaged in deadly combat. The floor for considerable space was strewn with dead bodies, and whole groups were locked together in a death grip. One of the little warriors fastened upon the knee joint of my last left leg, and was only removed by my friends piece by piece; the limb unjointed, but a new one soon grew out, as is the case with all insects. You have already been very indulgent to one so small, and I fear, that if half the curious facts that cluster around the minutest life in our world were written, it would make a book over large, so I bid you a kind farewell.

DUSTELLA BROWN.

CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT.

THIS number is printed and issued under the management of the Committee appointed by Conference to be a Board of Publication. Brother Joseph will be continued as Editor of the HOPE, until some one who can serve the church better in that capacity is chosen, when he will retire.

HOPE TO BE CONTINUED.

BROTHER Joseph takes pleasure in informing the Hopes, and their parents, uncles, aunts, guardians, patrons of the HOPE, that the list has increased to quite two thousand subscribers, and if it can only be kept there, we shall continue it. So my little nephews and neices, keep things stirring to keep all the subscribers we have got and get more—we want lots of them.

THE MANLIEST MAN.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The manliest man of all the race,
Whose heart is open as his face,
Puts forth his hand to help another.
'Tis not the blood of kith or kin,
'Tis not the color of the skin;
'Tis the true heart that beats within
Which makes the man, a man and brother.

His words are warm upon his lips,
His heart beats to his finger tips,
He is a friend and loyal neighbor.
Sweet children kiss him on the way,
And women trust him, for they may;
He owes no debt he cannot pay;
He earns his bread with honest labor.

He lifts the fallen from the ground,
And puts his feet upon the round
Of dreaming Jacob's starry ladder,
Which lifts him higher, day by day,
Toward the bright and heavenly way,
And further from the tempter's sway,
Which stingeth like the angry adder.

He strikes oppression to the dust,
He shares the blows aimed at the just;
He shrinks not from the post of danger,
And in the thickest of the fight
He battles bravely for the right,
For that is mightier than might,
Though cradled in a humble manger.

Hail to the manly man, he comes,
Not with the sound of horns and drums,
Though grand as any duke, and grander;
He dawns upon the world, and light
Dispels the dreary gloom of night,
And ills, like bats and owls, take flight;
He's greater than great Alexander.

—Wood's Household Magazine.

PRIZES OFFERED.

To the boy or girl under fifteen who sends the most new subscribers during the year 1872—one half of it already gone—a handsome prize worth \$5, the money to pay for which has been received from Frances.

To the boy and girl who sends the most money to aid the Hope during the year 1872—the money to be

earned specially for this purpose by the one sending it in any proper manner most suitable to the condition and circumstances of the boy and girl sending it—two beautiful chromos ready mounted for framing, valued at \$5 each, one to the boy and one to the girl sending the most money earned for the Hope. Read again the letter of Margaret W— in the Hope for June 1st, and you will see in how many ways you may earn something to help the Hope. The money to pay for these chromos have been received from "Sigma Phi."

REQUEST TO WRITERS.

CORRESPONDENTS and writers for the HOPE are hereby requested "not to weary in well doing," write much and write often. An Editor can select, arrange, and prepare, better than he can originate articles, he is so busy. Don't forget, keep doing.

Correspondence.

ASHLAND, Saunders Co., Neb.,

April 22, 1872.

Br. Joseph:—Enclose fifty cents please send me the Hope. I have no children old enough to read it, but I have an idea I am not too old to learn from its pages. I have long wished to take the Hope, but have not felt able to take both Herald and Hope. At last a way is provided, and I must tell you how, for the benefit of those who think they are too poor to take it, that is, if you find it worthy of a place in the columns of the Hope. With this money which I send you, is connected a little history of a temptation overcome, a victory gained. I have a new dress made in the fashion, with an abundance of ruffling. Having made it myself, I am not a little proud of my skill, as well as the dress, of which I thought a little finishing of velvet trimming would add greatly to its beauty, and as the cost would be but half a dollar, I made up my mind that I would get it, but just then I thought of the poor little Hope; for fifty cents I could enjoy its reading for a whole year. This was the temptation which looks simple enough, but nevertheless it was hard to give up the little bit of finery, and took me a whole week to decide; but I feel much happier now that I have decided to invest in a good cause. Indeed I feel as though I have put my money on big interest. How hard it is to try to serve two masters. How easy it is to do good when we serve God alone. If each one of us were to keep an account of the ten cents and five cents we spend foolishly, during the year, I dare say we would be astonished to find that we have spent enough to pay for both Herald and Hope. Let us commence by saving in little things.

AMELIA.

GLENWOOD, Mills Co., Iowa,

April 8, 1872.

Dear Editors:—I feel as though I wanted to write you a short letter. I hope you will accept it. I am a subscriber to the little Sunday School paper. I like it very much, and am always glad when it comes. I have been trying to get some subscribers; but have not succeeded well. My motto is, "Try, try again." I do not belong to the church. I have heard some of the elders preach, and as far as I can understand it, I like their preaching very much. Elder E. C. Brand has preached in Glenwood a few times, and we would all be glad if he would come again. He staid with us two or three nights. We were always glad to see him come. I would be very sorry to have the Hope discontinued. I will do what little I can to keep it alive. With many kind wishes I will close. My grandma lives with us. She belongs to the Latter Day Saints. I am twelve years old.

ACHSAH A. PRUDEN.

May 12, 1872.

Brother Joseph and Uncle Mark:—I am pleased to tell you that I have got fifty cents to send for the Hope. I have never taken the Hope yet, but my sister takes it and I read it. I am a little girl twelve years old. I was baptized when I was nine years old. I want to be a christian. I am trying to be a good girl, and I hope that my little brothers and sisters will pray for me; and that we may all be saved in the kingdom of God.

EMMALINE T. CONNYERS.

NEBRASKA CITY, April 3rd, 1872.

Dear Uncle Mark:—I received your kind letter of March 12th, and we were glad to hear that you and family were well. We are all tolerable well at present. Sister Mary is better than she was. Br. Blair was here and staid with us over a week. When he was here, Mary was administered to several times; she has the promise of being restored. Br. Blair preached twice in the Christian Church to a large

and attentive congregation. Dear Uncle Mark, we would like very much to have you pay us a visit; indeed we would all be rejoiced to see you. We have Sunday School again. I love the Sunday School, and I know there is a good work to be done in it. The name of our Sunday School is the Ida Sabbath School. Don't you think that it is appropriate. The sun is just going behind the hill, and I have no more news to tell you. The family all send you their love. I am, as ever, your sister in the gospel of Christ.

LIZZIE ELVIN.

WEST BELLEVILLE, St. Clair Co., Ills.,
May 20, 1872.

I have the privilege of telling you that Br. George Mantle and Sister Rachel Jaques were baptized. Brother Mantle says that it was thirty years that very day since he was first baptized; they were baptized by Br. Betts at Belleville. Little brothers and sisters pray for me that I may overcome my temptations, and let us together pray for our brothers and sisters, they that are older than ourselves, and may the blessings of God rest upon those who have to go on missions; may they have the Spirit of God that they may convert many into the truth of God. I feel encouraged when I see how this work is improving, and I hope we shall all prove faithful that we may gain everlasting life. Your sister in Christ,

MARY ANGEL.

VIOLA, Richland Co., Wis.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—Are we up to our duties in doing right, or not? If not, let us take heed or night will overtake us, for the good books tell us that the willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land. Then let us go forward in so great a cause, and not backward; for it is a dark day and age in which we live. Unless we labor with our might, mind and strength, we will fall short of duties; for each and every one of us has a duty to perform; then let us be up and doing, calling on the Lord to assist us one and all by his Holy Spirit that we might become instruments in his hand to the building up of his cause and kingdom. We must not think that we can do it all ourselves; for without the assistance of God we can do nothing. Let us call upon his holy name to assist us in our weakness, and he will give us grace to go forward, and he will give us all things that we stand in need of.

J. MATHES.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited.....\$105	20 Minerva Conyers.....\$	50
Ida Davis.....	50 Curtis White.....	50
A. White.....	50 M. Spraggon.....	25
A. Spraggon.....	25 E. Spraggon.....	25
E. B. Thomason.....	50 F. O. Thomason.....	50
H. M. Thomason.....	50 W. Thomason.....	50
Richard Darlow.....	25 Carrie and Jas. Atkinson.....	30
O. P. Sutherland.....	2 50 Ellen M. Vallem.....	1 00
P. Canavan.....	50 W. W. F.....	2 50

Change on Roll of Honor, Julian S. to Julia S. Anderson.

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES!!

15 July 72

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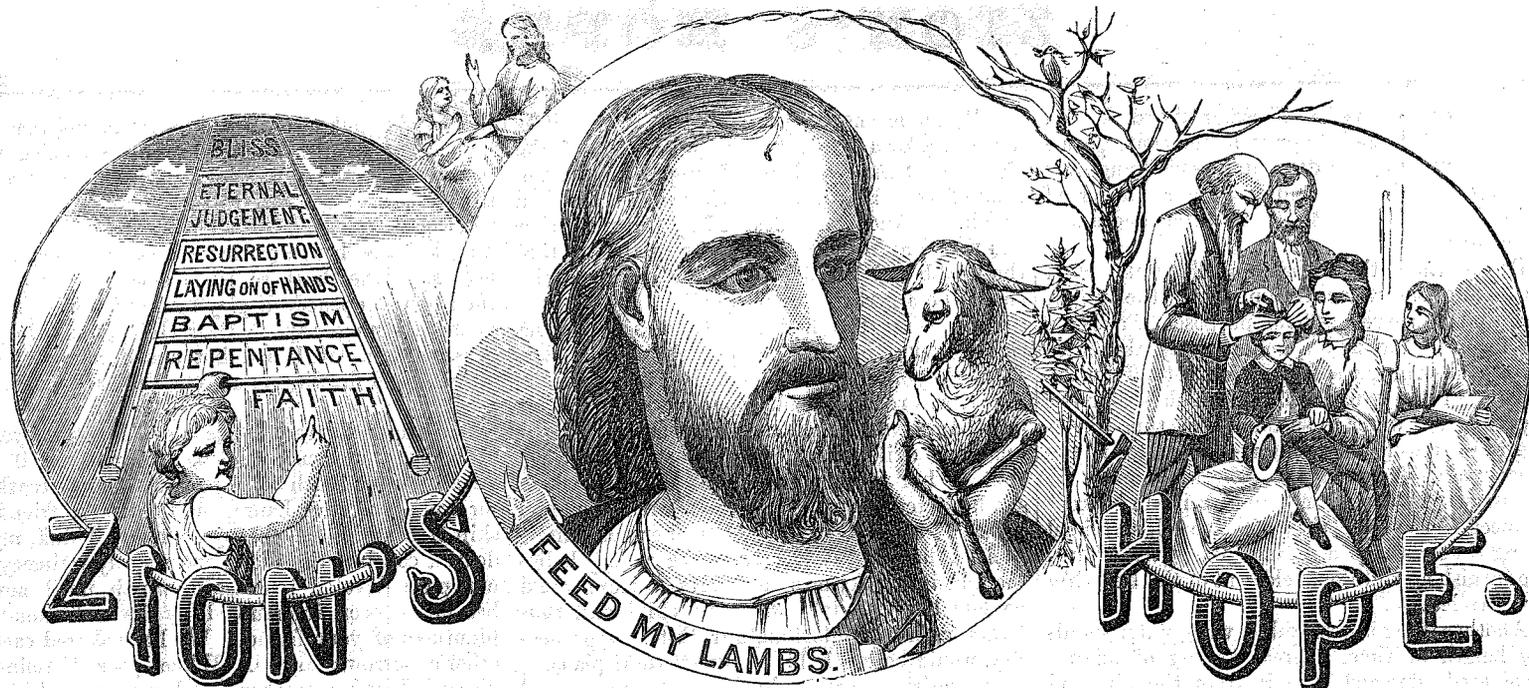
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

"UGLY."

WHAT a word, "ugly" is. I never hear it but I wonder how such a word came into use. Only yesterday, I heard Tom Jones say that Mellie Tyson was as "ugly as a toad." I saw Mellie this morning and I thought of what Tom said, and so I took such a good look at her. She was sitting on the porch at her uncle's house, knitting, and watching her little cousin Anna that she did not get into some mischief nor get hurt, as she played round on the porch floor with her playthings.

At first I did not dare go very close, for if she was ugly, she might do something terrible to me; so I stood down by the gate and watched too. She had on a bright spotted calico dress, clean and shiny. Her shoes were tied up neatly and showed that her feet were small, and well shaped. Her hands were small, but then she is a little girl, and her fingers fairly shone as she clicked her needles together in her knitting. Her face was clean, and her hair was combed smooth as silk.

I looked at her a long time, but could not see what made her ugly. She was not pretty like Fairy May, or Kitty Kirtle; nor handsome like Gretchen Gardiner, or Mary Mortimer, just a little, plain, sober, brown faced girl.

I found that I could never tell why she was ugly unless I went closer, and so I went into the yard, and up to the porch and asked her for a drink of water. She got the dipper, filled it from the pump, and gave it to me to drink from. As she did so, I saw her eyes. Such eyes; they made my heart fairly jump, they were so bright, and shone so.

I drank the water, thanked Mellie and ran away.

I knew where there was a rousing big toad, out in the garden under an old board shelf close to the ground. I had seen him there a good many times, and I meant to get a good look at him, to see how ugly a toad was. I was a little afraid, but I was curious too, and that helped me to go a little closer.

Mr. Toad was sitting just under the edge of the board as I walked up quite close and sat down to watch him. He was not so very big after all, when I came to look at him close. He kept turning his head from side to side, to look at me, I thought; but I sat quite still, and he did not seem to notice me after awhile.

I looked at him, I tell you; and sure as you are alive, that "good for nothing ugly toad" began to look better and better till he was far from looking ugly. As he sat there just where

the sunlight fell on him past the edge of the board, his brown and yellow skin looked like satin, and the warts on his back looked so like little hills with valleys between, that I almost thought it was a hilly country that I saw. His feet were slender and small, having cunning little finger-like toes, that spread out each way like your hand when you press it on a table, only wider apart. His head rose above his throat, which throbbed with his breath like the pulse in mother's neck, just as nicely as any body's head could; and while I watched him, a big blue fly came buzzing around. I tell you if that toad didn't wake up, and no mistake. He opened his eyes wide, and how they did glisten; he trembled all over, like the spoonful of currant jelly mother gave you for your bread last night, and moving out a little from the board, so still and easily, that I could hardly see him stir. He waited till the fly just buzzed close to him, when I saw a little streak of red come out of his mouth, and Mr. Fly was gone. Mr. Toad hitched back into his place under the board, seemed to give himself a shake, as much as to say, "Little boy I can catch a fly quicker than you can;" and I believe he could. His eyes were as bright as diamonds, and shone like stars; and when I saw them I thought of Mellie's eyes. Nobody need ever say that a toad is ugly, I don't believe it. And when Tom Jones says that Mellie is "ugly as a toad," it only shows that he has never tried to see how kindly and wisely God had made even the toad. God has made nothing ugly.

T. T. JUNIOR.

HOW JOHNNY LEARNED DEFINITIONS.

WHAT are you reading, Ben? Ah, the *Hope!* I read mine all through last night," cried little Johnny to his young friend. "So did I," replied Ben, "but there are a good many words I don't know the meaning of, and I am going over some of it, to try and understand it better. I do wish the people who write for the *Hope* wouldn't use so many big words. They might know us little fellows couldn't understand them."

"They are so used to them, they don't think but we know all about them, too;" said Johnny. But why don't you look in the dictionary and find out their meaning?" I do."

"O, I don't like to quit so often while reading a good piece; I forget what I'm reading about. And I can't find all the hard words without."

"I'll tell you how I do, Ben. I have a pencil ready, and whenever I find a word in my reading

that I'm not sure I know the meaning of, I write it down on the white edge of the *Hope*. Then when I get through the piece, I get the dictionary and look up the words I have written down. That's the way I always do when I'm reading if I can; write down the big words or new ones upon something; and then look for their definition. I learn a good deal about words that way."

"That's how you come to know so much about words then," replied Ben; "I often wished I could tell the meaning of words as well as you, and wondered how you learned so fast. Now I know; and I'll try your plan after this. I'm glad you told me, I never should have thought of it myself."

PERLA WILD.

THE AQUARIUM.

WHAT'S that?" cries one. A box made as follows; a frame work of iron, sides and ends of glass, bottom of wood.

"What for?" cries another.

It is first made water-tight, the bottom is then covered with a fine, white, clean sand; beautiful pieces of stone of many sorts are then placed in it, built into pretty little arches and temples, pretty water plants are planted in the sand, or in vases in the box, and then it is filled with clear, fresh water, to be the home of quaint water animals, newts, shells, and beautiful little fishes; that we may see them in their native element, admire their beauty, study their habits, and learn many lessons of the wisdom of their Creator.

I will tell you of one that I saw. It was made nearly as above described, and besides a little temple of glittering quartz rock, beds of snowy sand, it had quaint China figures standing among the plants, cupids, mermaids; and swans of painted tin floating on its surface, a little sail boat also drifted here and there, and all its contents were in harmony with ideas pertaining to the natural home of fish. Two beautiful yellow gold fish swam in and out of the door of the temple; turning their glittering scales to the light that fairly lit up the tank with their golden sheen. A small sun-fish kept them company, and with his pretty form dappled with dun and salmon color, crimson, brown and yellow, he formed no mean contrast to their warm, light golden hues.

Many slender silvery minnows darted here and there among the rocks, playing, curveting, and sailing about their pretty home. Water shells trailed slowly across the rocks, and a cunning

slender newt, a species of water lizard, lay on the sand. A large lilly grew in the center, some of its leaves were under water, some hung over the edges of the box, and it bore a cluster of white flowers, each with three petals and a yellow center.

Besides these, there was a graceful water plant resembling asparagus trailing over the water. These plants served several purposes, shades for the fish to hide under, and to keep the water pure by absorbing the impurities cast off by the inmates of the tank, and to furnish life-giving oxygen to the water to sustain them, thus obviating the necessity of changing the water in the aquarium so frequently as otherwise would be necessary. If the animal and plant life be kept balanced in the tank, they will live self-sustained a long time without a change of water. They also furnish an additional element of the beautiful to the collection.

Another thing is observable, when water stands any length of time, a great variety of microscopic seeds descend into it from the air, and countless little plants, visible only in number, grow in the water, tinging it green, these are the food of water snails or shells that clear the water of them, thus paying for their presence by service done to the community. Also numberless minute insects and animals are generated in the same manner, upon these the tiny minnows live, which, if undevoured, would contaminate the water, and render it more uninhabitable to the more valuable inmates.

The aquarium presents us a minute social community, or world, that by its economy and interdependence, reads us a lesson in regard to the great world around us. But let us not get out of our aquarium into the world, lest our talk be over long.

The fishes are fed by their keepers on bread and meat cut fine, or insects thrown to them. They become so familiar as to rise to the surface when their owner approaches, expecting to be fed, and their squabbles and quarrels while feeding are a great source of amusement and diversion to their keeper.

We have not written half of what might be said, yet for the present we take our leave of the inmates and the aquarium.

PODGER.

Continued from page 1, vol. 4.

LIFE'S CHANGES; OR, BE TRUE.

Laborious duties—Illness—the New Friend—the Discovery—Truth Triumphant.

CONFINED almost constantly to the store, Laura had little or no opportunity of seeing the strange lady. It was the little girl's task to open the store in the morning, to wait till the young ladies had breakfasted, and were ready to take her place for the few hurried moments which were allowed her for taking her morning meal. Thus too, was her dinner eaten alone, and in haste.

Mrs. Elmore had seen occasionally a pale and pretty looking child passing the door and open window. At first, she thought her a neighbor's child; but meeting her once or twice in the entry, and upon the stairs, she came to the conclusion that it must be a little domestic about the house.

Mrs. Elmore had selected a room on the first floor, and directly under the one occupied by Laura. The little girl, from frequent exposure to the evening air, had been seized with a violent cough. During most of the night, her restless hack, hack, hack, grated upon the lady's nerves, not that it was sufficiently loud to disturb her sleep, but the heart naturally kind, was touched with pity for the poor little sufferer.

She mentioned the thing to Mrs. Wingate at the breakfast table, and that lady regretted exceedingly that Mrs. Elmore had been disturbed. "The child," she said, "must be removed immediately to some other apartment."

"By no means," replied Mrs. Elmore, "it is not on my own account, but on account of the child that I have spoken. I supposed you ignorant of the fact of her having such a dreadful cough. I know, my dear Mrs. Wingate, that you would agree with me in the sentiment, that the health and happiness even of our domestics should be a portion of our care."

Mrs. Wingate's first impulse was to correct this mistake; but feeling, notwithstanding Mrs. Elmore's polite way of managing her reproofs, that it was really intended for a reproof, to confess that Laura was not a domestic; that she was her husband's child, intrusted by a most solemn covenant to her motherly care, was a thing which she hesitated to do. She sat a moment silent and embarrassed, but a glance at her daughters decided her to let it pass. The young ladies thought it a lucky mistake. Mrs. Elmore would be less likely to talk with the child, and thus Laura, with her unfortunate truth-telling propensity, would be less liable to thwart their plans.

On retiring that night, Mrs. Elmore insisted that Laura should not be removed from her room, saying that she should rest no better until her cough was cured.

"How vexatious," exclaimed Mrs. Wingate, as the lady left the room. "I must spend the whole evening in making the preparation which she prescribes."

"I should do no such thing," said Maria, something else will do as well, and she need know nothing of it."

Accordingly, the prescription given by Mrs. Elmore was not attended to.

"Jane," said Mrs. Wingate, as she rose to retire, "carry this cup to Laura, and be sure that you call it by the name which Mrs. Elmore called her wonderful cough cure."

Jane Amelia took the draught, and carried it to her chamber; but soon absorbed in a letter just received from the city, she forgot the cup, leaving it for the night on her table.

Little Laura coughed as before, until Mrs. Elmore, unable to endure it any longer, bethought her of a simple remedy in her own possession. She rose, and taking a lamp, groped her way up the back stairs to the child's apartment. "My poor child," said she, approaching the bed where Laura lay, tossing in feverish restlessness, "here is something for you to take."

The little girl started from her pillow, gazed a moment, as if seized with sudden terror, and then, sinking back, exclaimed, "It is, it is my own dear —"

"Don't be frightened," said the lady, "it is Mrs. Elmore. I heard you cough, dear, and couldn't sleep."

"You are very kind," said Laura, now wide awake, and her cheeks glowing with fever and excitement. And again she fixed her eyes full of incredulous wonder upon the lady. "You are not afraid of me," said Mrs. Elmore?

"No, no;" replied Laura, bursting into tears, "you look so much like my —" Here she recollected the conversation between the sisters, and stopped.

"Whom do I look so much like?" inquired Mrs. Elmore.

"I beg your pardon, said Laura; but—but I wouldn't hurt your feelings, if you please, I will say no more about it."

Mrs. Elmore supposing the child was not fairly awake, after having administered the medicine, adjusted her pillow, bathing her feverish forehead, and then descended to her own department; but it was in vain she sought repose. "Why is it," thought she, "that I have ever felt so strange an interest in that child? I have looked upon that child, but I have never looked at her without thinking of my dear cousin Helen. How strangely perverse was I to break off a friendship so important to myself, merely because I could not bear the truth, and put off these feelings of self-accusation! Mrs. Elmore once more arose from her bed. "I cannot sleep to-night," said

she, as she put on a dressing gown, and seated herself at a small table on which stood an elegant box, "and I may as well let conscience speak until it is wearied with its own importunity. I will read Helen's last letter." So saying, she unlocked the box, and drew forth a package of letters. Beneath these, lay a small case which she likewise opened, displaying a miniature likeness of a young lady. "Dear Helen," exclaimed Mrs. Elmore, "if I had but answered your last letter;" and drawing one from the package, she read:

"My dear Laura: Once more I entreat you to forgive your cousin Helen. Forgive me, if I have been too harsh in my expressions of truth, for truth it is, dear Laura, and to gain the friendship of a world, I could say no less. Think, my dearest cousin, of our long and sisterly intimacy; our pure devoted friendship, which until now has never been interrupted by the unfortunate bluntness of your friend. We have shared each other's sorrows, Laura. When poor Caroline, discarded by her mother, left her home and kindred for a stranger love, how was the anguish of that parting rendered less poignant, to both of us, by the thought that each remained to the other; and after your removal to the city, Laura, though a higher path in the world's devious ways was yours, yet you thought not of our childhood's love as a thing less dear to your heart. How often have the sweet sylvan scenes of your native village, the quiet regularity of your uncle's farm-house, been pronounced dearer to you than all the heartless etiquette of the flattering throng. I say nothing of myself here, though I had flattered myself that your plain-spoken cousin was not among the least of the attractions there? Nor do I forget the hearty welcome ever given by yourself and family. How glad you seemed at the time I was permitted to move in the gay circles, when the trait in my character called by my uncle's family, 'truthfulness,' often received the harsher name of 'impudence.' My dear Laura, I conjure you by all these sweet recollections of the past, be not angry with me because I tell you the truth. You know me, Laura. I will not sacrifice my sense of right. I must be true, and in reply to your earnest, (I will not call it by a harsher name), defense, I must repeat what I before said, it were useless to tell me of the wealth, the high connections, the beautiful person possessed by the faithless Elmore—can I think of him, Laura, and forget the friend of our youth, the sweet competing Ellie Moore? What if he were deceived, Ellie did not deceive him. How should she dream that it was not herself, but her imaginary gold to which he offered idolatrous homage? How should a heart like hers imagine that like the wealth once her own, the love of Elmore should take to itself wings and fly away. You call me unforgiving; but where is penitence for this dreadful wrong? It is true as you say, that Ellie does not complain. Would you have a woman's heart and hand answer that question? Ellie need not complain. The narrow grove, the green earth's sod will soon tell the tale which seldom falls from woman's lips. Elmore says that no engagement subsisted between Ellie and himself. Miserable subterfuge. I saw Elmore, as he stood by the dying bed of widow Moore. I saw the poor gasping mother place the hand of her almost orphan child within that of him who had long and earnestly solicited that hand. Elmore was the son of a dearly loved friend, and though the mother feared the fashionable man of wealth, she knew that he had now the young confiding heart of her child, and with her dying lips, she blessed them as husband and wife. You say that he did not there promise to marry the beautiful Ellie; but tell me, is there no promise but that which falls from the lips? Is there no falsehood but that which drops from the perjured tongue? Elmore's actions, that awful hour, was a promise to my mind; a promise more sacred than words. Thus was it to the poor girl, to the

dying mother, to the angel who waited for the fluttering spirit; and, Laura, who can doubt by him who weighs not only every word but every thought and act in the unerring balances of justice and truth? My dear cousin, I will not increase your resentment by saying more. You who know Ellie so well, are not so vain as to think that under similar circumstances, the same fate would not be yours. With this warning before you, if misery is yours, it will not be an involuntary choice. I have told you my heart. If I must sacrifice your friendship, let me have the consolation of knowing that I have acted honestly and faithfully as a friend. Perhaps you will not, with your present feelings, be interested to know that I am about to become a wife. I shall unite my destinies with an honest man, whom, notwithstanding the new and different views of the world generally, I still insist on considering the noblest work of God. My home is to be in the distant State of M—. Farewell, my dear Laura, in a few years, you will think of Helen, and no longer count her your enemy because she told you the truth.

"As ever your faithful and affectionate

"HELEN."

CARRIE'S SONG.

O I am a gay little girl,
As ever you will see;
With eyes that laugh, and locks that curl,
And happy is the time to me.
The sunshine is my very best friend,
I stole my song from the warm south wind;
My laugh from the streamlet running through
the land,
While Grandma says, "Be happy if you will,
But never forget, to be a good girl still."

I always laugh my fill,—
I can jump the rope O! my!
To save my neck I never could be still;
So I never mean to try.
For my eye will wink with a funny little jerk,
While Grandma says, "Come get along to work."
I roll up my sleeves, I never was a shirk;
For you know I may be happy, if I will,
If I don't forget, to be a good girl still.

I have to go to the school,
The teacher does understand,
Though I can't sit still, I won't be a fool,
My lessons are all on hand.
Are all on hand, its funny to recite;
The teacher tries to scold with all his might,
I know he laughs, when I am out of sight;
For you know I may be happy, if I will,
If I don't forget, to be a good girl still.

THE HIGHER SCHOOL.

IT seems that in this mortal probation, we can learn but little and make little progress in righteousness to perfection, because of the many weights, temptations and trials of pain, losses, and otherwise adverse circumstances to hold us down and keep us back. But thanks be to the Lord that we, as children in a lower school, can learn something if it be only the first principles of perfection.

The kingdom, or church of Christ is like a school; the gospel is the rules and all are invited to come and be scholars in the same, and all who do, and do their duties, can gain an admittance into that higher school which will be in session a thousand years. And the Lord himself will then be the chief teacher; no doubts, nor fears, nor gloomy thoughts as now;—no evil power then to tempt, entice or lead astray;—no dread of death, pain or disease;—no poverty there, nor fears of not being able to endure;—but the calm, peaceful joy to know that we have been worthy of a part in the first resurrection, on whom the second death shall have no power, where we will be able to make rapid advancement in the glorious principles of purity and holiness, till we are able to endure the presence of the eternal Father in the celestial glory, the highest of all; there are

none above it, though some below. May we, who have come, be able to so live, be forgiving, and endure for such great reward, is the prayer of
HOPEFUL.

AN EASY LESSON IN PHYSIOLOGY.

SUPPOSING your age to be 15 years, or thereabouts: You have 160 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs 25 pounds, your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter, it beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, and 36,722,200 times per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it; and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid.

Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches.

The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more.

Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number.

Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches. Each square inch contains 3,500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of your body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost 40 miles long.

WHAT IS IT?—In Bowlder Gulch, near Diamond City, a stone was found on the bed rock, about thirty feet below the surface, weighing 150 pounds, about two and a half feet in length, eight inches thick and eight inches wide. The surface of the stone is very smooth, and bears upon it an inscription of three straight lines in unknown characters, running the whole length of the block. The hieroglyphics are deeply cut and very plain. Several offers have been made for the stone, which is now in the possession of a gentleman at Diamond City. This discovery may be of great importance in throwing additional light upon the question as to who were the first inhabitants of this region, and should at once be submitted to the savants of the world.—*Helena, (Montana), Herald.*

ONE STITCH AT A TIME.

O dear, I shall never get this ruffle done," said Martha to her mother, as she sat by her side doing her "stint," as it was called. The child kept leaving off her work to look out of the window down into the orchard, where she wished to be at play. Thus she used up her time, and then fretted because she was so long at her work, and said it would never be done.

"Only one stitch at a time, Martha," said her mother; "one stitch at a time without leaving off, and your 'stint' will soon be done, for it is not a long one. Remember, it was by one step at a time that you learned to walk; by one letter at a time that you learned to write."

The words had power over the child's mind, and the lesson that she learned that day by her mother's side she never forgot. The words still have weight with her, although very many years have passed since then.

"One stitch at a time, one step at a time, one letter at a time, one stroke at a time! O, mother how funny!" said Martha. "And it is by one stone at a time that man builds the wall, and by one weed at a time the boy weeds the garden." And the little fingers now passed nimbly over the ruffle she was hemming, and before she was aware, the work was done.

I once saw two little girls sent into the garden by their mother to pick strawberries. The one kept fretting and leaving off, to look into the field where the children are playing, whom she wished to join. The other kept on picking, and before her sister's basket was half full, hers was full of the ripe red berries.

One berry at a time, without leaving off, and she was ready to carry her well filled basket into the house, receive her mother's smile, and join the other children at their play; while her sister not only lost half her play time, but made herself unhappy by her idleness and discontent.

It is by carrying one straw at a time that the bird builds her nest, by one tiny drop of honey at a time the bee fills her hive, by one grain at a time the ants build their houses, and as the wise man says, Prov. 30: 25, "prepares their meat," or food, "in the summer."

Will you be less wise, my young friends, and neglect to lay up in childhood, one at a time, gems of knowledge and truth to brighten your riper day?—*Child's Paper.*

BUILDING CASTLES IN THE AIR.

DON'T suppose there is a boy or girl in the world who does not often think of the future, and wonder what mysteries are hid behind that thick curtain which veils it. Every one likes to know what is to happen. You would like to know what you are to be when you grow up to be young men and young women; and if you could only just take a peep into the next ten years, I dare say you would see such wonderful things that you could scarcely believe that was your future.

Well, it is a very great mercy that we can't see far ahead. It is enough for us to take care of to-day and leave to-morrow to take care of itself. And yet there is a sense in which we are to look to the future, because our future is generally what we make it in the present. For instance, when I was a boy I was as lively as a cricket, and if I hadn't been I suppose I should not have been as cheerful as I am now. And you, if you are harsh, cruel, unkind, selfish boys and girls, are making for yourselves miserable futures, because in a great degree what you are when you are young you will be through life. I don't mean to say that it is ever too late to mend, or that if you were "Cross Patch" herself, you could not come to have one of the sweetest dispositions in the world; but I do mean to say that in youth, bad dispositions and tempers, faults and feelings, are much more easily cured than they are when we have grown up, and these failings have been upon us through many years.

I fancy I see a boy before me reading this paragraph, and I watch his bright eye sparkle and his face flush as he asks himself, "What shall I be?" Perhaps I can be a Howard or a Wilberforce, and be the means of alleviating human suffering, and make the world better and happier. Good! Try your best and you will succeed.

And some girl, as she reads this, says to herself, "Castles in the air?" This is my castle,—I will be like good Mrs. Fry, or Florence Nightingale. Goodness is greatness; I will try to be great in this way. I will even now, young as I am, try to soothe the distressed, comfort the sorrowful, and prepare myself for a life of usefulness.

And when you come to have silvery locks, and look back along your path, you will be able to say, "Thank God, I looked at the future when I was young, and enjoy now the realization of life-purposes I planned then."

Build your castles, but don't make them of wood, hay, or stubble; don't talk about fairies or luck; but build of gold, silver, precious stones, things which will stand the test of time and make your future worth living for.—*The Child's World.*

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

CHRYSOSTOM before the Roman Emperor furnishes us with a beautiful example of true Christian courage. The Emperor threatened him with banishment if he would still remain a Christian.

Chrysostom replied, "Thou canst not, for the world is my Father's mansion,—thou canst not banish me."

"But I will slay thee," said the Emperor.

"Nay, but thou canst not," said the noble champion of the faith, again; "for my life is hid with Christ in God."

"I will take away thy treasures."

"Nay, that thou canst not," was the reply; for in the first place, I have none that thou knowest of; my treasure is in heaven, and my heart is there."

"But I will drive thee away from man, and thou shalt have no friend left."

"Nay, and thou canst not," once more said the faithful witness; "for I have a friend in heaven, from whom thou canst not separate me. There is nothing you can do can hurt me."

CARRIER DOVE.

ABOUT TOBACCO.

"Here, Carlo, will you take a smoke?"

Asked little Tommy Carr,
As in Sir Doggy's mouth he put
The end of a cigar.

"Bow, wow," cried Carlo; master dear,
You surely mean a joke;
I never knew a dog so lost
To shame that he would smoke."

"Then I will give it to the pig;"
Said little Tommy Carr,
And at the sty he offered her
The end of the cigar.

The dignity of Mrs. Pig

Was sorely wounded now;

"Ugh, Ugh! my little man," she cried,
"No dog, nor pig, nor cow,

"However hungry they may be,

The dirty weed will touch;

How folks with reason smoke or chew

I wonder very much!"

"I'll run and wash my hands," cried Tom,

"And never, never more

Touch a cigar, though uncle drop

A dozen on the floor."

If from tobacco senseless brutes

Away disgusted turn,

That 'tis not fit for human mouth

We cannot fail to learn.

—Songs for my Children.

THE YOUNG ROBINS.

One day the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky;
A robin said, "My little dears,
'Tis time you learnt to fly;"
And all the little young ones said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by and by,
When mamma says, "Do this," or "that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say, "I'll try."
—Selected.

Correspondence.

MAY, 11, 1872.

Dear Brother Joseph and Uncle Mark:—I thought I would write a few lines to let you know that I have been doing all I could to get subscribers for the *Hope*. I hope our little paper will not stop. I have got a club of seven. It is very hard to get any to subscribe for the *Hope*; for most all of the saints around here take it, and the others don't care much about it. I want to do all I can to help the *Hope*, for I would not have it stop for nothing. I ask an interest in the prayers of all my little brothers and sisters. I am as ever, a sister in the church.

MANAROA CONNYSERS.

MAY 11, 1872.

Dear Uncles:—We have very good meetings here, but no Sunday School; I hope we will soon have one. I am a reader of the *Hope*. I intend to take it as long as it is printed. Yours truly,

L. M. ALLEN.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal.

April 8, 1872.

Dear Editors of the *Hope*:—I have written to the *Hope* several times, but as my letters have never been sent, I thought I would try again.

We had a Sunday School here a little while ago, but it is broken up for want of means to carry it on. I think it is a pity that so large a branch should not have a Sunday school. Br. Gillen and Br. Clapp have been here for some time. They left here on the 17th of April. I like Brs. Gillen and Clapp very much. When I corrected the letter in the *Hope* I did not expect a prize. But I am very thankful to receive it, and feel encouraged to try again if opportunity offers. I do not know that I should have written, but as only one had written, I thought I had better write for company. I like to read the *Hope* very much. I think it is a very interesting paper, and I hope it may continue for a long time. I am sorry there are no more puzzles, for I should take an interest in them now.

WILLIE GOODCELL.

MATFIELD GREEN, Kansas.

Uncle Joseph:—I am a little girl, eleven years old. I am living away down here in Kansas with my uncle and aunt. My mother is dead, and my pa is living in Iowa. I have been taking the *Hope* for six months. My pa sent for it for me. I like it ever so much. My time is out this month, and my uncle has given me twenty-five cents, and I will send it in this letter to have it continued another six months. I can't think of doing without it. We don't have any meetings here. There isn't any saints here; so I like to read the little *Hope*.

LUELLA T. WILDERMUTH.

STRING PRAIRIE, Iowa,

June 9, 1872.

Dear Editors of the *Hope*:—As you thought my first letter worthy of a place in the *Hope*, I will try and write again. I love the *Hope* very much, and am going to take it again, and enclosed you will find twenty-five cents for the continuance of the *Hope* for my little niece, Louie A. Stephenson. I have not sent to the Roll of Honor yet, but as soon as opportunity affords, I will try and cast in my little mite, although it will not be as great as some. I read a piece in the last *Hope*, entitled, "Who will try?" Read that, little *Hope*s, and perhaps you will all be willing to cast in your mite. I still remain your friend and sister in Christ.

DORA HILLS.

BLAIR, Washington Co., Neb.

April 30, 1872.

Editors of *Zion's Hope*:—Please find enclosed two dollars for the support of our dear little *Hope*, and I will tell you how we got the money. Santa Claus brought a Savings Bank for a Christmas present, and father said we might have all the five cent pieces he would get in exchange, to use for what we liked; and now after four months we opened it, and were glad to find it contained even two dollars; and now we

gladly send it for the Roll of Honor. We feel to do some good for the cause of our blessed Savior. We wish to be numbered with his saints. My love to the young readers of *Zion's Hope*. Yours respectfully,

JOSEPHINE FYRANCO.

SOLDIER VALLEY, Monona Co., Iowa,

June 16, 1872.

Dear Uncles:—I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope* to let you know that I am thankful for its continuance. The money you will find enclosed is for the continuance of the paper, and fifty cents for the Roll of Honor.

JOHN W. WRIGHT.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE 15, 1872.

Uncle Joseph:—Please find enclosed \$3 20 for *Zion's Hope* for the next six months. Please send me one, the remaining three dollars are to be used in sending *Hopes* to those who cannot pay for them. Yours respectfully,

MARY E. KYTE.

PRINCEVILLE, Illinois,

June 16, 1872.

Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to put in the *Hope*.

As I was sitting in the door, one pleasant day in June, I thought how God had made everything so pleasant and beautiful to our sights. I thought of how we ought to love and serve him to the best of our ability. For my part, if God will help me, I will try to live faithful until I am called away from earth to the "other land." I hope that all of the readers of the little *Hope* may profit by these few lines which I have written. I remain yours,

P. E. REYNOLDS.

MONROSE, Iowa, June 23, 1872.

Brother Joseph:—It is Sabbath evening and we have no meeting of our own. I thought I would write for the *Hope*. It is my first attempt to write for the *Hope*. I was baptized on the 16th of June, by Br. Daniel Lambert, at Nauvoo. I hope that the *Hope* will be continued, for I would not like to see it stop. I wish it would come every week, for I love to read it so much. I hope that I may be able to take up my cross and follow Christ. Your sister,

MARY E. BORLEY.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited.....	\$105	20 Minerva Conyers.....	\$ 50
Ida Davis.....	50	Curtis White.....	50
A. White.....	50	M. Spraggon.....	25
A. Spraggon.....	25	E. O. Thomason.....	25
E. B. Thomason.....	50	W. Thomason.....	50
H. M. Thomason.....	50	W. Thomason.....	50
Richard Darlow.....	25	Carrie and Jas. Atkinson.....	50
O. P. Sutherland.....	2	Ellen M. Vallen.....	1 00
P. Canavan.....	50	W. W. F.....	2 50
Change on Roll of Honor, Julian S. to Julia S. Anderson.....			
John W. Wight.....	50	Mary E. Kyte.....	3 00
Alma Hougas.....	25	Tommy Hougas.....	25
George Braby.....	25	Joseph Braby.....	25

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES!!

1 Aug 72

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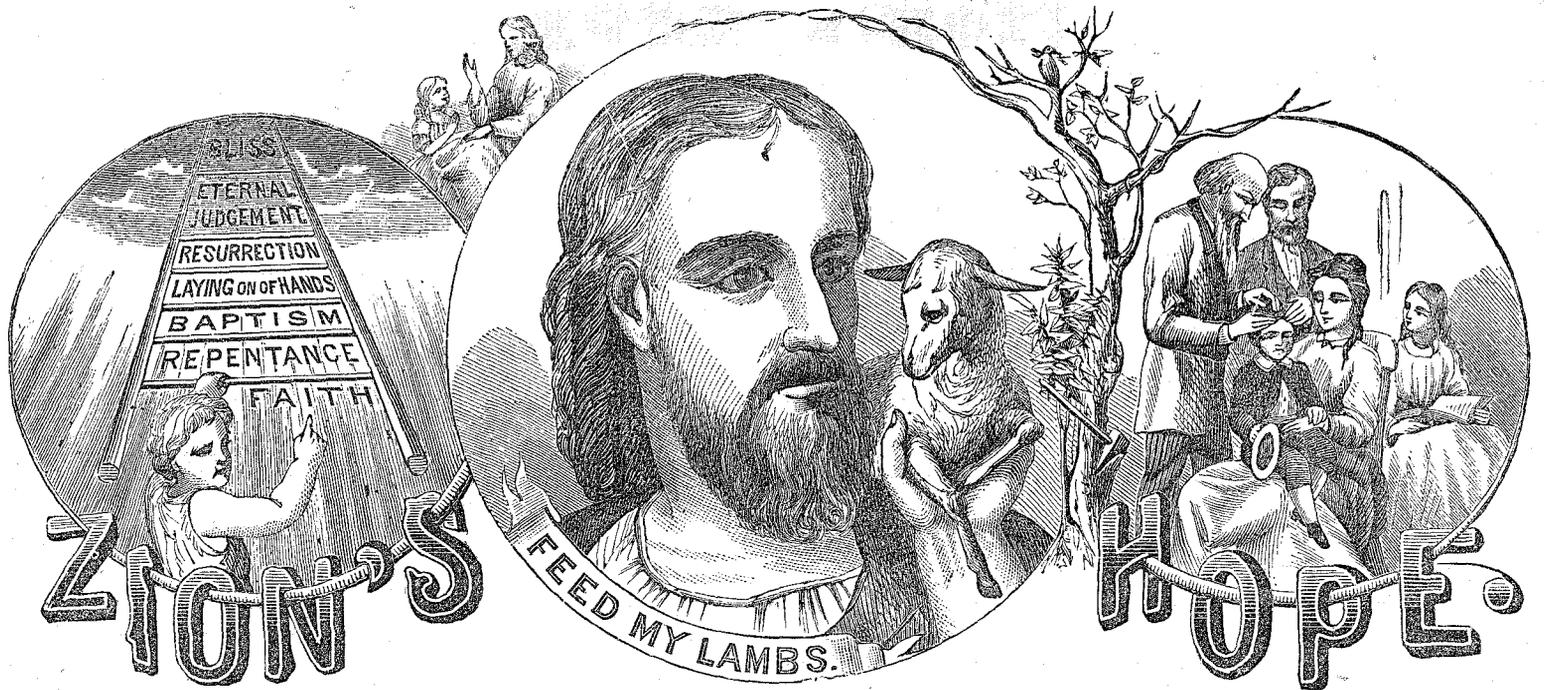
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EXTRAORDINARY RELIGIOUS MANIFESTATIONS.—For a fortnight past a remarkable work has been going on among the fishers of Aberdeen. During the last week numbers of strong men, young and old, have been prostrated, and have declared they saw visions—they, meanwhile, crying out to the Lord to have mercy upon them. Some have cried out that they see departed relatives in heaven, and reply to the beckonings of those relatives that they are coming. Their eyes are fixed, their lips quiver, and they lie on the ground, their limbs being quite rigid and motionless. This is declared by the converted fishermen to be the genuine work of the Spirit. The revival work still continues. The fishermen went to sea the first time on Tuesday for a fortnight past. They have not been eating or sleeping with regularity.—*Edinburgh Courier*.



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

Vol. 4.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., AUGUST 1, 1872.

No. 3.

GOD IS LIGHT.

Said a little child to me,

"If God lives so very far
Up above the highest heaven,
Far beyond the brightest star,

"How can he be always near me,
Caring for me night and day?
Are you sure that God can hear me
When I lift my hands to pray?"

And I answered, "God has spoken
Holy words that we receive:
And he gives us many a token,
To persuade us to believe.

"Like the sun that shines around us,
Making all things bright and fair,
By the wayside, in the chamber,
God is with us everywhere.

"Trust him, darling, when he tells you
He is near by day and night;
Distance cannot part you from him,
Darkness hides not—'God is light.'"

KATY HERMAN'S LESSON.

MISS Warren with her brood of thirty scholars, ranging in age from six to fourteen, all repaired to the grove beyond the village one bright Saturday to enjoy a holiday.

It was almost midsummer and the trees were heavily robed in richest green, and little bright-winged birds sang and caroled amid the cool green shadows.

Flowers, bright, and sweet, and fragrant, bloomed here and there. Soft mosses and feathery ferns flourished in abundance.

A jet of pure cold water burst from a seam in the white rocks on a little hill side, and fell in a tiny cascade down the rocky brow to bubble and boil again in a little, round, pebbly basin below; then to gurgle away in a narrow, glittering stream, to the river deep and wide, a quarter of a mile beyond.

Here, at Spring Rock, the little party halted and decided that this should be headquarters. The lunch baskets were placed in a cluster under a great, spreading maple tree, and then they sat down on the cool green sward to talk over what was best to do next. Miss Warren told them all to enjoy themselves as they chose, in reading, talking, gathering flowers or roaming about. Only to be sure and all return by lunch time.

Henry Hall was the oldest of the scholars, and he had a cousin May, who was visiting at his father's, as his companion. The two started off

into the wood, hand in hand, almost without a purpose. Kate Herman watched them, with flashing eyes, till they were out of sight, and then sank down on the grass and began idly to pull off the blades and leaflets about her, with downcast eyes and frowning brow. Her heart beat high and fast with rebellious emotions. Wasn't this a pretty way for Henry to treat her? To just walk off with that baby-faced, yellow-haired May, and never say a word to her. Wasn't it perfectly outrageous, when she and Henry, (she selfishly mentioned herself first even in thought as little folks sometimes do), had been such good friends ever since they were babies? Hadn't he always took her to school in winter on his sled, and called for her in summer every morning? Didn't he always choose her as partner in all their plays, and give her the preference in everything; even when she was naughty and pettish, or pouted, as she sometimes did? Didn't he always coax her into a good humor, and pet her till she was persuaded to smile and go back to play again. And now, just see how he had misused her. Never mind, she'd show him she could be as independent as he.

When Henry and May came back, which was in a very little while, they brought a great bouquet of wild flowers, which made the teacher's eyes glow with pleasure as they gave them to her; and she thanked them heartily. Then Henry brought a pretty wreath, woven of sweet gipsy bells and delicate sprays of green foliage, and was about to place it around Kate's brown curls, but she flung him away haughtily, and walked off without a word. Nothing daunted by this, as he was accustomed to her wilful ways, he approached her again saying coaxingly:

"Now Kate, don't get in a pet. Cousin May made this wreath on purpose for you, and I want you to wear it to please me. She says you are the prettiest girl in school, and I think so too, and you ought to wear the flowery crown and be queen of our little party to day. Please, Katy, do let me put this on your head."

But Katy wouldn't please. She caught the wreath and threw it away as far as she could, and then walked away and sat down by herself. Henry's kind heart was grieved, and his lips quivered with emotion at Katy's rudeness; but he soon calmed his feelings and went again to try and make peace with the imperious little lady. (Children what does imperious mean? Don't know, eh? Well, look in the dictionary, by and by, and see. I don't intend to use so many big words that you can't remember them easily. Perla.)

Henry went and sat down beside Kate and

tried to take her hand, but she wouldn't let him.

"What is the matter, Katy? What have I done to make you mad at me? Is it because May and I went and gathered flowers and didn't take you along with us?" And he tried to look into her downcast eyes. But she looked steadily away from him, replying in a sullen manner:

"None of your business what makes me mad. I wish you would go away and quit teasing me." Henry went away from her, sad and disheartened; for he and Kate were good friends, and it grieved him sorely to have a quarrel with her.

While the teacher and several of the girls were preparing lunch, May asked Henry to go with her a little way up the hillside to get a cluster or two of 'boys and girls,' which gleamed white and bright amid their feathery, delicate foliage. These 'boys and girls' were a kind of wild flower, so named by some of the children for want of a better name we suppose. On their way, May said:

"Henry, I think you are very foolish coaxing that little mad-cap, Katy. She'll not be wheedled into good humor, that's plain. She's jealous of me I know. And she ought to be ashamed of herself. And to treat you so, too. I've heard say handsome folks were always hateful, and I guess its so."

"Cousin May," cried Henry reprovingly, "you mustn't talk that way of Katy. She is a very dear friend of mine."

"Whew!" laughed Mary. "What a gallant little hero you are. Almost fourteen, aren't you? and Kate must be about thirteen, I guess. But, Henry, I tell you seriously you are spoiling that girl. She treats you shamefully and you haven't spunk enough to know it even; or if you do you're like a spaniel dog, the more she misuses you the better you like her. I'll tell you how to cure her, Hen. Just treat her as she does you, and she'll soon come to her senses. I know it isn't a very christian-like way to act, but she really needs a lesson or two of that kind."

Henry gathered the flowers for May and turned to go back down the hillside, thinking silently on what she had said. Perhaps it would be a good lesson for her, but was it right for him to do? He'd try once more to reconcile her first. When lunch was ready, Henry went and persuaded Kate to come and eat. But she was in a very moody state of mind. After they had done eating, he tried to get her to go with him to gather some more flowers. But she replied snappishly that he might go and get May to go with him, for she wouldn't. Then he begged her to go with him and take a boat ride on the river. There were two little boats, and the big-

gest boys were going to row the others each in turn, till they all were served. Will Gray was going to row the teacher the first trip, and he, Henry, wanted Kate to go first with him. But Kate pointedly refused.

Then Henry, despairing of bringing her to terms, determined to try May's proposed plan. So he went up to Lydia Dodge, the homeliest, awkwardest girl in the crowd, and asked her to go boat riding with him first. This almost made Kate desperate. She was so enraged that she could scarcely contain herself. She wouldn't go at all then. Not even when Will Gray politely asked her. Henry didn't go near her again, and that night when she went home she was just as miserable as she could be.

Monday morning as Kate passed through the front gate she saw Henry coming; so she waited till he came up, as they were in the habit of going to school together. She had got over her anger by this time and expected that Henry would be ready to make up as usual.

"Good morning, Henry." But Henry did not look toward her, nor speak. He was paying her in her own coin; treating her as she had treated him that day in the grove when he had spoken to her.

Good morning, Henry, don't you hear," she repeated. Still not a word from him. Then she tried to make him speak by talking of other things. When she asked him a direct question, he answered her in short monosyllables, otherwise he did not speak. All day at school he was just as cold and distant as could be. He never chose her once in playing "on this carpet you must kneel;" and refused to redeem his handkerchief in a game of forfeits; because to do so he must 'wade the swamp' with Kate.

That night, after school, Kate was so absent minded that her mother at last inquired the cause. Kate burst into tears, and cried till she had relieved her pent-up feelings. Then she told her mother the whole story. She did not spare herself, but told the truth plainly; how foolish she had been, and how badly she had treated Henry, and how he had tried so hard to make up with her, and she refused to be reconciled. And then, to-day, how he had treated her just as she had before treated him. She just thought he was real mean, so she did. And she wanted to know what mother thought about it; and what she should do in the case. It nearly broke her heart to fall out with Henry, he had always been such a dear good friend to her.

"Katy," said her mother, "you are just receiving what you deserve; reaping as you have sown. Don't you remember in your latin lesson the other day, you read, *Ab alio spectes, altere quod feceres.*"

"Yes, mother, and you told me to learn and remember it. I had forgotten the Latin, but I know the translation. It is, *Expect to be treated as you have treated others.*"

"That's it, Kitty. It is true, we do not always receive just such treatment as we give. But it would be perfectly just and proper if we did, be the treatment good or bad. Henry is paying you in your own coin. What I think is that you are getting just what you deserve. And what you ought to do is this. You ought to tell Henry that you were in the wrong, and that you are sorry, and ask him to forgive you. He will be willing to be reconciled on such terms, I am sure. There goes Henry now, Kate. He has been berrying I guess, he has a basket on his arm. You can run down to the gate and speak to him as he passes."

Katy brushed away her tears and ran down the path, pausing only to gather a handful of sweet, pink roses and a sprig of rosemary.

"Oh! Henry, wont you forgive me? I am so sorry, and I'll try not to be so naughty again. And won't you take these flowers as a peace-offering."

Henry could scarcely speak for the rising tears; but he managed to say that he would

freely forgive her, and thanked her for her flowers. He was willing and anxious to be friendly with her. He hoped they would never fall out again, and that she would always remember that he was a true friend, and would be, as long as he lived. He hoped she would never doubt his friendship again. So they were friends again and never had any serious misunderstanding afterwards.

Kate remembered that old Latin proverb, and treated others as she expected to be treated herself. And a sweeter, fairer young lady is seldom seen, than she became. And in after years, when she was a wife and mother she taught her children the lesson she had learned in youth. And Henry, who married an amiable woman and lived in the next street, always proved himself a faithful friend. And the two families spent many happy hours together. And prettier, sweeter, more pleasant and agreeable children could not be found in the village, than Katy's boys and Henry's little girl.

Children, don't forget. "Expect to be treated as you have treated others."

PERLA WILD.

[This lesson is a good one for older and wiser heads than the child readers of the HOPE are to learn and practice.]—ED.

Continued from page 6.

LIFE'S CHANGES; OR, BE TRUE.

Repentance—a new friend—peace.

"AND that time has come," said Mrs. Elmore, leaning her head sorrowfully on her hand; "experience has taught me what the faithful voice of friendship could not. How I regret the past; but life is not yet spent. Glad am I, even at this late hour, that truth has triumphed, and fraud and falsehood have shown to me their hideous deformity."

It was late before Mrs. Elmore retired to rest, and the next morning she appeared at the breakfast table looking rather pale and dissipated.

"My dear madam," said Mrs. Wingate, with one of her blandest smiles, "your kind heart is an enemy to your health. I cannot allow that poor child to disturb you so. I should have taken her to my own room last night, but for your earnest request that she should remain."

"I am surprised," said Mrs. Elmore, "that my prescription was without effect. I did not expect an immediate cure; but I have never before known it to afford no present relief. The child coughed more last night than heretofore. You forgot none of the ingredients, Mrs. Wingate."

"No, no, no," replied Mrs. Wingate, and she hurriedly ran over the articles contained in the recipe, and added, "Maria was indisposed last night, and retired early; but I gave Amelia the draught, and charged her to make Laura to drink it all. You were particular in this, Amelia."

"Oh yes, mamma," said Jane Amelia, "the poor little dear was very unwilling; but by coaxing and hiring I succeeded in making her swallow it all."

"Did you say," inquired Mrs. Elmore, "that Maria was indisposed?"

"She was last evening," replied Mrs. Wingate, "but this morning she has taken Laura's place at the store, as I can on no account allow her to go out until she is better." The fact was, the young ladies as well as mother saw the necessity of doing something to remove the unfavorable opinions which they feared Mrs. Elmore had formed of their dispositions. "Benevolence is her foible," said Mrs. Wingate. "It is as easy for us to appear affectionate to please her as to do a thousand other things not natural to us."

Immediately after breakfast, Mrs. Wingate and Jane Amelia went to the store while Maria returned home.

Mrs. Elmore was in her own room, busily occupied with the thoughts which drove sleep from her pillow the night before. Presently she heard a light footfall, and reflected in the large mirror which hung directly before her she saw the pale face of little Laura looking in at the door. She turned hastily around and the child darted away as if conscious of committing a crime. "Come in, my dear child," said Mrs. Elmore, in an encouraging tone, "come in, I want to see you this morning."

Laura obeyed; but her cheek was flushed with crimson and her voice trembled as she said, "I hope you will pardon me for peeping into your room, Mrs. Elmore; but I did so want to know if it were only a dream."

"What a dream, my dear," inquired Mrs. Elmore.

"Why," said the child, "she said it was you, but it did look so much like her."

"Like whom, my dear child," said the lady, sorely puzzled to know what she could mean. She recollected the conversation the evening before, and begun to feel really curious to know who it was that she so much resembled; and whom the child was so loath to name. "I want you to tell me," said Mrs. Elmore, passing her arm around Laura and drawing her close to her side, "who you thought me to be when I went into your room."

During this conversation Laura had not once raised her eyes to the lady's face, but she now looked timidly up, started, colored and burst into tears.

"Laura," said the lady, sternly, "I shall be angry with you if you do not answer my question."

"O, don't!" cried the little girl, imploringly, "I never could bear to have my dear mamma angry with me, and you look so much like——"

"Like her," inquired Mrs. Elmore.

"Yes, ma'am," sighed Laura.

"And why would you not tell me before? Your mother was not a wicked woman?"

"O, no, no," exclaimed Laura, almost indignantly; "my own dear mamma; she was too good for this sad world. Mr. Page said that for her to live was Christ, and to die was gain; but Mrs. Elmore, I must now tell you all, for I would not have you angry with me. Jane Amelia thought it would hurt your feelings if I were to tell you that you looked like my pale and sick mother."

"It was very considerate in Jane Amelia," said Mrs. Elmore, entirely mistaking the case; "but I must teach my feelings a better lesson than to shrink from the truth."

Laura was now about to retire, and feeling a deep interest for the child, and perceiving that she was really ill, Mrs. Elmore determined on keeping her that day and trying her own skill as a physician. "Maria, my dear," said she, opening the dining room door where the young lady was taking her breakfast, "I suppose your mother prepared more medicine than she gave Laura, last evening. I have great confidence in that prescription, and have a notion of turning nurse to-day, if you or Amelia will come back and tell me where the preparation is, I shall be greatly obliged."

"I rather think," said Maria, unguardedly, "that our rattle brained Amelia forgot the medicine last night. The cup is now upon the table in our room." Maria knew nothing about the deception. After giving her advice, which she had forgotten and which she did not at the time suppose her mother dare follow, she had retired to rest, being, as Mrs. Wingate had said, somewhat indisposed.

Mrs. Elmore sent Laura up stairs for the cup. "I'm sure it must be what ma intended for Laura," said Maria, "for when Jane Amelia came into the room last night, I thought she had a potion for me. I hate medicine, and declared positively I would not take it, but she told me not to put myself into a fever for it was Mrs. Elmore's cough-curer for Laura."

Mrs. Elmore took the cup, and going to her room, raised it for the second time to her lips. "Is it possible that Mrs. Wingate could deceive me so," thought she, "this is nothing but herb tea." She was unwilling to believe that people in whom she had reposed so much confidence should prove themselves hypocrites. "Laura," said she, "anxious that the child should contradict her suspicions, "did Amelia carry you anything to take last night."

"No ma'am," replied Laura, nobody came to my room but my—I mean you, Mrs. Elmore."

"Are you sure," said the lady, "think again Laura. Didn't Amelia offer you something that she had to coax and hire you to take. Think now, you need not be afraid to tell the truth."

"Afraid to tell the truth," exclaimed Laura, with surprise, "you mean ma'am, afraid to tell a lie. Why should any one be afraid to tell the truth."

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Elmore, "I mean that you must be afraid to tell a lie. From my heart I'm glad if you are. Then you have no recollection of Amelia with a cup of unpleasant drink."

"No, ma'am," said Laura, smiling, "but if she had coaxed and hired I think I should remember it a long time."

"Mrs. Elmore looked at Laura, and to her surprise saw in her countenance an expression of pleasant sarcasm, which again forcibly reminded her of her early friend.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FOX AND THE LAND-CRAB.

FROM THE GERMAN OF L. BECHSTEIN.

A YOUNG Land-crab once crept out of his pond to make a little excursion in a meadow, and see what was going on in the world. A Fox who happened to be passing at the moment, noticed the Crab as he crept slowly along, and after having wished him good morning, added, in a mocking tone, "Where are you going so slowly? When do you hope to get to the other side of this field? It seems to me that you go backwards instead of forwards."

Now this was a clever young crab, who had heard how sly foxes are, and he thought there could be no harm in playing this one a trick, so he answered politely, "I am only a crab, it is true, and I cannot walk so gracefully as you, Mr. Fox, but I can run much faster."

Mr. Fox sneered, "Indeed!" "Well," said the Crab, "as you appear to doubt my speed, suppose we run a race for a wager. Have you any objection?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," returned the Fox, "shall we run from Berne to Bale, or from Bremen to Brabant?"

"Oh, no, that would take up too much time. I suggest we try half a mile, or say a mile, that will not be too much for either of us."

"A mile!" echoed the Fox, as if he thought, "What is a mile to me? I can run that, while the crab is getting ready to set off."

"I will offer you one advantage," added the Crab, "which you must accept if I am to race with you."

"Well, let me hear what it is," said Reynard, who was beginning to feel impatient.

"I will give you your own length start of me, place yourself so that your hind feet will touch my nose, and when I cry "Away," you must set off."

This plan seemed to please Mr. Fox, and he answered, "I will do exactly as you wish," turned himself round, and placed his bushy tail within the reach of the crab, who seized the long hair tightly with his claws, without the fox perceiving that he had done so, and shouted at the same moment, "Away!"

Off started Mr. Fox, as if the hunters were behind him, his feet scarcely touching the

ground, as soon as he reached the next milestone, he turned round and cried, "Where are you, Mr. Crab; where are you dawdling?"

Now, as the Fox turned round to look for his companion, his tail touched the milestone, and the Crab, making the best of his opportunity, let go his hold, and answered, "Here am I waiting for you. I was just wondering when you intended to make your appearance, you have certainly taken time enough to get over a mile."

Now Mr. Fox, who had no idea that he had brought the crab all the way clinging to his brush, looked much astonished at seeing him there, not the least heated or tired, and not knowing what to say, he paid his wager and slunk home to his den, determined never to laugh at a crab again.

Those who are always striving to deceive others, may expect some day to be caught by the very people they have been trying to dupe.—HILDA, in *Chatterbox*.

OUR LILLIE.

Lightly fold the little hands
O'er the heart for ever stilled;
Gently close the loving eyes
Never yet with anguish filled.
Gently speak and softly tread,
For our darling one lies dead.

Twine the fairest, purest flowers
With the curls upon her brow;
Beautiful in life she seemed—
Lovely—oh! thrice lovely now!
Can it be that Death so soon
Called away our only one?

Yes. The brow is marble cold,—
Hushed the music of her voice.
Never more with song she'll make
Every heart that hears rejoice;
Yet her song in heaven will be
From all earthly sorrow free.

Oh, 'twas hard to give her up!
None but mothers' hearts can know
How I wrestled with my grief—
How I struggled with my woe.
But the Savior heard my prayer,
Gave me strength my grief to bear.

A JEWEL.

A Little Fable With Many Meanings.

IN a drawer in a large London jeweller's shop lay a young diamond. A number of other diamonds, old and young, or large and small, were there,—Rubies, Emeralds, Topazes, Turquoises, Opals, and all the glorious lists of earth's gems, lay there too. They were uncut, and to the eye of ignorance, if such an eye had been by chance allowed to inspect the contents of that drawer, seemed only a lot of dullish pebbles. They were an ignorant set themselves, if I may judge the rest by what I happen to know were the thoughts of one young Diamond. But we cannot wonder at that; for what had been their opportunities? They had all of them lain for I cannot say how many hundreds or thousands or tens of thousands of years in dark holes, or in solid earth with no holes at all for the least ray of light, or any sort of intelligence to enter their being. They had been dug down upon, pickaxed out, uncovered one way or other, and smothered up again and huddled away, as if a touch of daylight would melt them, or vanish them away in some manner if it came to them. Then they had been turned out here, and turned out there, to be felt, and measured, and weighed, and grumbled over; but it was always in a close, careful, stifling sort of way. The last weighing was worst of all; it was in a duller, darker kind of light than seemed possible out of the very mine they had first awaked in; for that was not deep, and if it had been, a Brazilian or a Golconda sun fills the very air in a way that one would think must have carried the light down as

it does not in a Durham coal-pit, or a Cornwall tin-mine.

The Diamond had now been examined in a back shop in London, he and his fellows, and this seemed to put an end to weighing, and grumbling, and trouble, for after it they all lay still in a drawer under some cases of other things of the same sort. The middle-sized Diamond I am particularly interested in mused one day thus to himself: "I hear the people outside the drawer talk in a very odd way. I wonder what they mean by it all! They seem to admire diamonds very much, and rubies and all such fellows as we. What ecstasies the female voices go into, and the men seem in a complacent state, as if the sight composed them; except now and then, indeed. Then what can poor Diamonds—or Brilliants, as they seem to call us—have done to upset them in such a way? I wonder what they can see to admire in us! I wonder what they would say to me, who have not even a tinge of color like Topaz to look pretty if held up to the light! Why do they keep us here? and why do they seem buying, and admiring and talking about Diamonds all day? I wonder what they would do with me if they bought me! I am too small to build with, or to mend roads with, and so are all the other stones in the drawer. Why did they bring us all this way, do you think, brother, and buy us, and sell us, and take so much trouble about us? I heard the people say that a large lot of us had been paid the compliment of being stolen. What an odd thing that any one should think it worth while to do *that*! It surely cannot pay, as the people say, does it?" But before his friend could answer a key was turned, and the whole drawer was carried away.

The time had come for the whole quantity of them to be polished. First, there was a sea-voyage for them to Amsterdam, where the Diamond-grinders most do congregate. One after another was fixed on a wheel, and what with whirling on it, and oil, and dust, and the perpetual sound of grind, grind, our friend had not the power of directing his thoughts, or, indeed, of having any thoughts at all, till at last, very much out of breath, very faint and weary, and with a chilled, pinched, naked feel, he found himself lying in a blessed silence on a carpet of pink cotton wool in bright sunlight. The sunlight did not come down as it did in his native Bengal, and it did not feel fresh, or hot, or living as it does there. It only came because it was cleverly carried and brought by a serious of conductors from somewhere; but I don't think, if one tried, one could quite understand how. For our Diamond was again in a London back-shop, and a very back shop this time. Still, there was sunlight such as it was, and it seemed to go into him, through him and to pervade him, and to burst out of him, and yet to stay in him in a manner that was quite incomprehensible.

"What a fine thing is sunlight!" thought the Diamond.

Again a pause. Again a great amount of picking, and choosing, and talking, and rejecting, and fastening in, and taking out, and heat, and noise, and tapping, and rubbing, and scrubbing; and the Brilliant came to himself upon a velvet cushion with silver and gold pinching and holding on to him, and keeping him and a great many more prisoners in one large gang; and he thought of the Golconda, and the chained people he used to see working there. He gasped as he lay on the velvet, and before he could finish a thought, as it seemed, something was snapped down upon him, and he was in such darkness that he almost thought himself in the earth again. But yet it was not like that. This darkness was soft, and warm, and perfumed, and still in spite of the many companions crowded round him, and the gold and silver, he had that curious, bare feeling, as if he had got out of his body. He half felt it comfortable to have that light grip upon his sides, for it seemed to keep him *somewhere*. "I suppose these Emeralds want to

hold themselves up, or why do they keep so tight hold of me? I wonder what is to happen to us next!

The next thing that happened was for the beautiful tiara that held our Diamond to be placed on the brow of a young Duchess at a court ball, and for sometime his wild astonishment was something amusing. He found he was red—no, green—no, blue—no, golden—and now all of them at once; and sometimes he thought he had lost himself altogether, and was only a spark of light, or fire, or something brighter still; and all the room thought much the same. 'How splendid the Duchess's Brilliants are! They are certainly a magnificent set! How well she looks to-night! that tiara is lovely! Some who had never seen such an assemblage before felt greater admiration and astonishment at the beauty of the diamonds than they had believed it possible they could ever feel. But the innocent wonder of the young Diamond, so lately set free from that green biazé drawer and his old dull coat, exceeded all.

'What a fine thing to be wax-candles, or Emeralds, or Rubies, or Topazes,' said he; how the light and the colors come out of them! They make even me—poor, pale, colorless thing that I am!—look beautiful!

But, you know, it was because he was a Diamond, and had the power of thus making a hundred-fold more valuable the merits of others. And yet see his humility! Have you ever known such an one among all the people you ever knew? I have.—*J. E. C. F. in Chatterbox.*

THE LITTERS OF ALL NATIONS.

EGYPT.

IF the litters of all nations were collected together, what a terrible litter that would be! what an army of housemaids would be required to sweep it up, and what a number of brushes and dust-pans would be brought into requisition! But we are not going to overwhelm our readers with an avalanche of rubbish, stifle them with clouds of dust, nor present to their astonished gaze a vast assemblage of odds and ends.

Our talk will be of modes of traveling, and especially of that particular mode which was common to all the nations of antiquity, and is still in use in most parts of the world, but more in the Eastern than in the Western portions.

The litter, then, is a vehicle, a kind of bed or couch, chair or throne, supported by long shafts, borne on men's shoulders, or fastened to horses, mules, or other animals, one of which goes behind and one before, so that the rider can be carried in an easy manner to his journey's end. These litters, or palanquins, as they are called in the East, are often as richly ornamented as are the state-carriages of persons of distinction, and they make a great show in processions and festivals.

Although the word litter does not occur in our translation of the Bible, yet there is no doubt that this was the vehicle meant in many places where the name of another kind of carriage is given; thus, in Solomon's Song, iii. 9, where it says that the king 'made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon,' it should be made himself a litter, for the chariot was seldom used except by warriors in battle, and any person of distinction who wished to travel was generally borne on a palanquin, or in a howdah on an elephant's back, or rode on a horse, ass, or mule.

In our picture we have the litter of ancient Egypt; this, it will be seen, is a kind of throne, the staves supporting which rest upon the shoulders of eight men: on each side is a carved representation of one of the numerous animals to which Egyptians gave worship and homage; a lord-chamberlain, or other officer of state, walks by the side, and is probably proclaiming

his lord's titles and honors; a huge fan is waved before the august person by another attendant, to cool the air and keep off the insects which abound in the humid valley of the Nile; and there is one in front holding what appear to be bells or some other musical instruments, or they may be emblems of the great man's power and station. So might have ridden, and probably did ride, Joseph or his master Potiphar, or even the mighty Pharaoh himself, although the monarch—the leader of his armies—would be more generally seen by his subjects on a war-chariot, with a great army of horsemen and other guards.

From the ancient sculptures we know that covered palanquins were used by the ladies of Egypt in the most remote times, as they are by those of India and Persia at the present day. We may here remark that the Persian name for the state litter was *takht ravan*, or moving throne, a name that told of the splendor of its appearance.

The sedan-chair is a modernized kind of litter; an Irishman thought that with the bottom cut it would be 'mighty convenient,' because in it he could take riding and walking exercise at the same time, but in this condition it would hardly suit a lady going to a party in wet weather. The bearers of the sedan-chair do not put the staves on their shoulders, but hold them in their hands and only two men are required to carry it.

When there are four, or sometimes eight bearers to a litter, as in the cut before us, they must be well trained to step together, or the High-mightiness they bear would have all his dignity shaken out of him. The men here seem to be walking, but the Indian coolies and other Eastern planquin-bearers, go at a pretty good pace—in a sort of a jog-trot. When it is a horse or mule litter, the animals also must keep step, or said High-mightiness might feel a little qualmish, or topple down from his lofty station.

In such a litter as this, we may believe, travelled Pharaoh, or Amurath, or Joseph the Israelite, in the famous old land of the Nile. On he goes, monarch or prince, or whoever he may be, perhaps, to visit temples or pyramids that the Israelitish slaves are building with much toil and suffering, which their haughty masters heed not; perhaps the supplicating cry, 'Give us straw to make our bricks,' may be filling the air as he passes along, and perhaps but a little way apart, floating in his frail ark of bul-rushes, may be lying the child Moses, destined by God to be the deliverer and ruler of his favored race.—*Chatterbox.*

Correspondence.

ZONE, Ont., June 24, 1872.

Brother Joseph:—I am fifteen years old. I was baptized by Elder Joseph Snively, Oct. 15th, 1871. I love to serve God and keep his commandments; but I am not as diligent in serving God as I should be.

I know that this is the everlasting gospel which John the Revelator saw the angel have flying in the midst of heaven, although the world may persecute us; for Christ has said in his holy written word that those that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. Therefore I desire to make one for his celestial kingdom. Your brother in Christ,

GEORGE C. BLAKELY.

St. JOSEPH, Mo., July 21, 1872.

Brother Joseph:—Let us not be discouraged, but let us go on in the great work that we have engaged in, for it is a glorious work and we need not be afraid, for we will receive our reward for all that we do in this great work. Let us keep our covenant that we made at the waters of baptism with our Lord and Maker. Let us renew our covenants with the Lord and have our lamps trimmed and burning, that we may not be found asleep when the bridegroom shall come.

'Once on a time from scenes of light,
An angel winged his airy flight;
Down to this earth in haste he came,
And wrote in lines of living flame,
These words on everything he met,
'Cheer up, be not discouraged yet.'"

CALEB E. BLODGETT.

SANDUSKY, Wis., July 9th, 1872.

Dear brothers and sisters, I now attempt to write a few lines. We take the *Hope* and think it a very nice little paper. I only wish it could come oftener. I should like to get the folks in this place to take the *Hope*, but they will not. There is but one family that has signed for it. I was baptized by Br. Gurley when I was twelve years old, and am fourteen now. Pray for me that I may hold on faithfully to the end. I remain your sister in the church of Jesus Christ.

LIEBIE J. SEE.

STOCKTON, Cal., July 5, 1872.

Brother Joseph:—I don't want the *Hope* to stop. I intend to help it all I can. We have a nice Sunday School here, and I am glad that we have one. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I have a good teacher and I like her very much. I am glad when the *Hope* comes, and I like to read it. God bless the little *Hopes* and the saints. Please excuse my mistakes.

MARY DUNLAP.

USE YOUR TALENT.

Have you read of the servant who hid in the earth
The talent his master had given,
When, by diligent use, to redouble its worth
He ought to have faithfully striven?

My child, you have TALENTS; God gave them to you,
And will surely require them again.
Take care not to waste them: if ever so few,
Let them not have been given in vain.

You have SPEECH; then remember to watch your
words well,
And let them be constant and kind:
It may seem a small matter, but no one can tell
The sting a sharp word leaves behind.

You have TIME. Every minute and hour of the day
Is lent by your Father in heaven.
Make haste to improve, ere it passes away,
The talent so graciously given.

You have INFLUENCE too, though it seems very small;
Yet, in greater or lesser degree,
You affect the improvement and comfort of all
With whom you may happen to be.

And the child who in earnest endeavors to live
As an heir of eternity ought,
By his silent example a lesson may give,
Which by words he could never have taught.

PRIZES OFFERED.

To the boy or girl under fifteen who sends the most new subscribers during the year 1872—one half of it already gone—a handsome prize worth \$5, the money to pay for which has been received from Frances.

To the boy and girl who sends the most money to aid the *Hope* during the year 1872—the money to be earned specially for this purpose by the one sending it in any proper manner most suitable to the condition and circumstances of the boy and girl sending it—two beautiful chromos ready mounted for framing, valued at \$5 each, one to the boy and one to the girl sending the most money earned for the *Hope*. Read again the letter of Margaret W— in the *Hope* for June 1st, and you will see in how many ways you may earn something to help the *Hope*. The money to pay for these chromos have been received from "Sigma Phi."

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited.....	\$105	20 Minerva Conyers.....	\$	50
Ida Davis.....		50 Curtis White.....		50
A. White.....		50 M. Spraggon.....		25
A. Spraggon.....		25 E. Spraggon.....		25
E. B. Thomason.....		50 F. O. Thomason.....		50
H. M. Thomason.....		50 W. Thomason.....		50
Richard Darlow.....		25 Carrie and Jas. Atkinson.....		30
O. P. Sutherland.....	2	60 Ellen M. Vallem.....		1 00
P. Canavan.....		50 W. W. F.....		2 50
Change on Roll of Honor, Julian S. to Julia S. Anderson.				
John W. Wight.....		50 Mary E. Kyte.....		3 00
Alma Hougas.....		25 Tommy Hougas.....		25
George Braby.....		25 Joseph Braby.....		25
A. Friend.....	4	50 E. N. Webster.....		1 00

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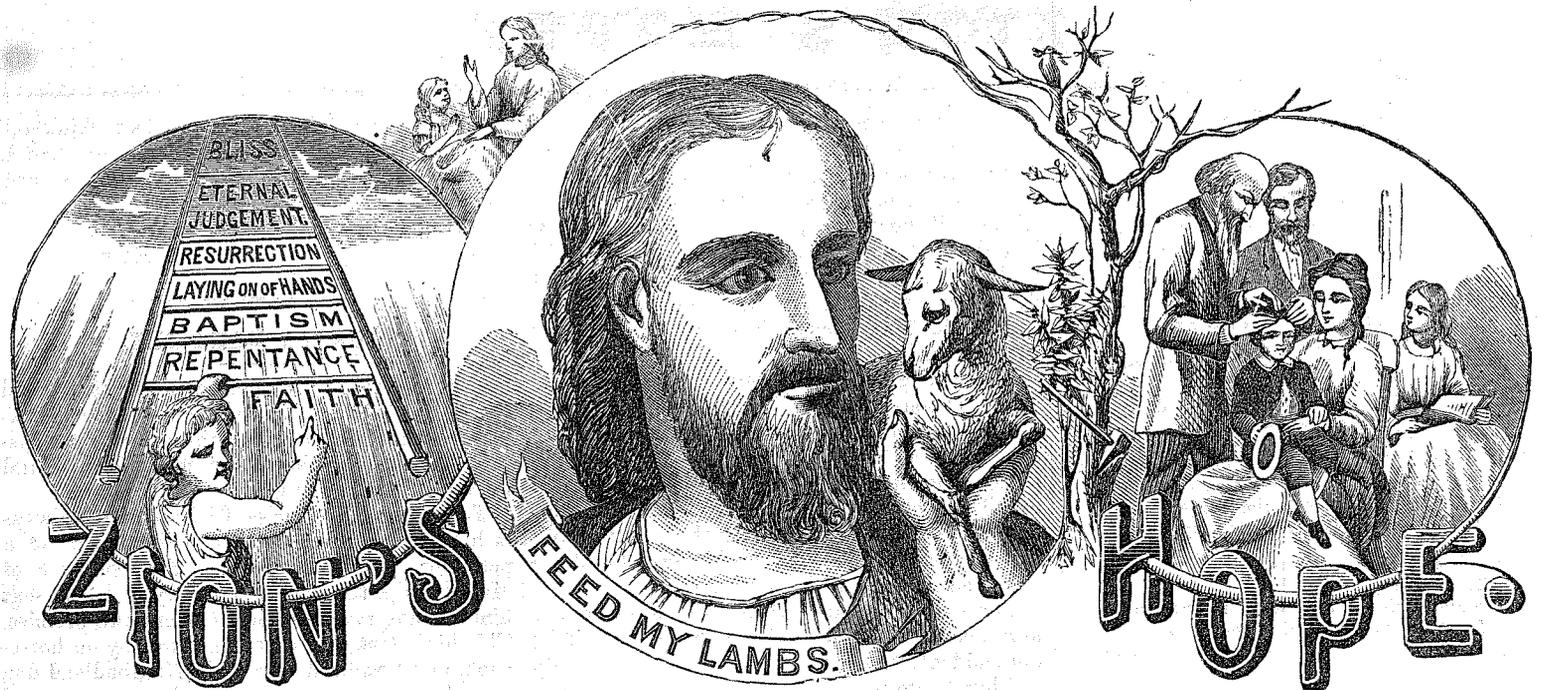
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 4.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., AUGUST 15, 1872.

No. 4.

It may be thought by some that an apology is necessary for the insertion of the following story in the HOPE. The only one that the Editor offers is the following.

There is not on hand for the HOPE an original article of any kind, good, bad, or indifferent. The uncles, aunts, cousins, and good wishers of the HOPE generally, are *too busy* to write now, we suppose; we therefore select this story, as the moral is good and plainly to be read.

[Selected.]

THE OILED FEATHER.

CHAPTER I.

IN the village of Paekham lived two neighbors named Joseph Irons and Samuel Parsons. Joseph Irons went by the name of "Rusty Joe;" and Samuel Parsons by that of "Polished Sam." The names were characteristic of the men, Joseph Irons being a short tart kind of a man in his dealings with his fellow creatures; and Samuel Parsons being, on the other hand, genial and civil. Joseph Irons "wouldn't put his hand to his hat for any man," not he! he "wouldn't waste his time with palavering people with fine words," no, not he! "if folks didn't like his goods, they might leave them;" and "if they didn't like his answers, they needn't ask him any questions;" in a word, "Rusty Joe," though very honest, and very decent living, was disliked by almost everybody; and, in truth, no one could be surprised.

On the other hand, Samuel Parsons was a general favorite. He had a salute for everybody that came in the way; he didn't think himself a bit the worse man because he put his hand to his hat to the parson and the Squire, as well as bobbed his head to the old apple woman at the corner of the street. As to civil words, Sam's theory was that they were quite as little trouble to speak as gruff ones, and they certainly slipped more pleasant-like out of one's mouth; and so it came to pass that every one liked Sam. Parsons; and we may wind up this paragraph, just as we did the last, by saying, and in truth, no one could be surprised.

"Polished Sam" and "Rusty Joe" might have lived on to the end of the world, without our troubling the world about them, were it not that they afford us some very useful lesson; which will teach us, if we learn them, how to avoid a deal of unpleasantness, in this rusty crusty world of ours. The world is full of rusty Joes, and Rusty Joes' wives too; and folk make small part of their

own misery, by bumping and thumping one against another, when the road is wide enough for all; and, by being grumpy and growly, when a wee bit of civility would answer the purpose quite as well. Folk should remember the great mechanical law that "action and re-action are equal and contrary;" that is, put into plain words; if you throw a ball against a wall, the wall will hit the ball, as hard as the ball hits the wall, only in an opposite direction. Or, if you like to put it into the language of daily life, it will read thus, "if you thump me, I'll thump you, and moreover I'll thump you as hard as you thump me." Of course we consider this an un-Christian way of going through life; all we say is, that it is a very common one.

Well, we will see how "Rusty Joe" and "Polished Sam" got through one day of their existence; one day will be quite enough for our purpose.

"Come, bring the oil flask, there's a pet," said Samuel Parsons to his wife; as he finished screwing on a new lock to his front door. Sam, of course, needn't have said, "there's a pet," unless he liked; but he used to think it was a great shame that women were called all sorts of pretty names before they were married, but none afterward. "I say," says Sam, "many of the poor creatures are cheated with them there pretty names: poor folk; they think they'll always get them; but they become mighty scarce, after they finger the ring." We don't mean to tell all the names Sam called his wife, before they were married; but now he called her "pet;" and as soon as she heard the loving word, she threw down her duster on the chair; and sped off to the kitchen for the flask. The flask had a feather in it, as such flasks generally have; and Sam, taking the said feather between his finger and thumb, oiled the key of the street door right well; and then locked it and unlocked it a dozen times. At first it went stiff, and required some strength of wrist to turn it! but as it was worked to and fro, and the oil began to make its way into the wards, it worked more and more easily; until at last, Tommy, Sam's little Son, who was standing by, was able to turn it almost with a touch; and then Sam pronounced that it would do.

This operation finished, Sam thought he'd just give the knife a touch of the end of the feather; less than a drop out of the flask would do; just a mere touch, that was all it wanted; and presently to young Tommy's great delight, his father made the blade go up and down, click, click. Tommy evidently approved of the result, for he began to click, click, with his tongue and the roof of his mouth, in imitation; and how

long he might have delayed his father we can't tell; if it were not that Mrs. Parsons caught him up in her arms and made off with him; she calling Tommy a "saucy rogue," and kissing him all the way; and he on his part, click, clicking, as though his mouth were a cutler's shop, and you were opening and shutting every knife in it.

Some folks might think that Sam Parsons had done enough in the oiling way for one day; but there was one thing more to do, and then he would be quite ready to take his potatoes to market. One or two of the wheels of his wagon had been a trifle creaky; and so he took the grease-pot and gave them a touch of its contents. You could have rolled all he put upon them into the size of a couple of marbles, but 'twas quite enough; the wheels gave over creaking; if the old proverb be true, that "Silence gives consent," no doubt they highly approved of what Sam had done.

"Now, then, I'm off to market," said Sam. Good-bye, Jenny, pet." Oh that little word "pet;" didn't the cunning fellow oil his wife's temper, and even almost her very joints, for her day's work, when he called her that little name. "Good-bye, Tommy, my darling." Oh you cunning man! there you are with your oiled feather again; for when Tommy was naughty, and his mother reminded him that she must tell his father, when he came home; and father would be sore grieved if his darling was naughty; wasn't Tommy good; for child though he was, he was able to reason thus much in his mind: Tommy is father's darling, and he won't vex him; darlings ought not to vex those who love them. Never mind, good reader, if there is a flaw in the logic; nursery logic is sometimes very funny reasoning, but it answered the purpose; naughty Tommy became good, and clicked, clicked about the house as merry as cricket, instead of sprawling and bawling on the ground; and all because his father happened to call him "a darling" before he went out.

"I say, Polly," said Sam Parsons to his one servant-maid, as he left the house, "don't forget to clean up those irons, if you can manage it, there's a good lass; you'll find the oil flask hanging behind the kitchen door;" and so, with a cheerful smile on his countenance, Sam Parsons took his departure for market.

Ah! cunning Sam; before he went he oiled his wife and child, and now he oiled his servant-maid; and when he turned his back upon his own door, he left smiling faces and glad hearts behind him, and I warrant, he found them all smiling to receive him, when he came home.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SHAN'T AND WON'T.

Shan't and Won't were two little brothers,
Angry and sullen and gruff;
Try and *Will* are dear little sisters,
One scarcely can love them enough.

Shan't and Won't looked down on their noses,
Their faces were dismal to see;
Try and *Will* are brighter than roses
In June, and as blythe as the bee.

Shan't and Won't were backward and stupid;
Little indeed did they know;
Try and *Will* learn something new daily,
And seldom are heedless or slow.

Shan't and Won't loved nothing,—no nothing
So much as to have their own way;
Try and *Will* give up to their elders
And try to please others at play.

Shan't and Won't came to terrible trouble,
Their story is too sad to tell!
Try and *Will* are now at the infant-school,
Learning to read and to spell.

—A* in Chatterbox.

Continued from page 11.

LIFE'S CHANGES; OR, BE TRUE.

LAURA was silent for a few moments and then said, "I would not mind taking unpleasant medicine, if I could be well; and I would do anything else that was right without being coaxed or hired."

"I believe you, dear," replied Mrs. Elmore, "and I will try to get you well. You are a good, kind, true little girl and I love you for that."

"Do you love me because I am true," said Laura. "That is why people generally dislike me. Everybody, excepting Mrs. Page, calls me Laura Blunt."

"How much like my dear Helen," exclaimed Mrs. Elmore, almost unconsciously.

"That was my mother's name," said Laura.

Mrs. Elmore absorbed in her own thoughts, did not notice the remark; but that evening as she went out for her usual walk, she invited the little girl to accompany her.

"Have you ever walked in our graveyard," inquired Laura.

"Never," was the reply; but there was something that whispered this question to her heart, "Would it not be well for one like you to converse sometimes with death?"

"My mamma," said Laura, "loved to walk in the church yard when she began to look pale and sick like yo—like—I mean when she grew sick she went oftener; but at last she couldn't walk, and they soon carried her there to stay."

"We will go to your mother's grave," said Mrs. Elmore, strongly affected by the child's words.

Laura thanked her, and turned up the narrow street almost embowered by the broad sweeping elms. A few steps brought them to the church yard. "That tree hangs over my father and mother's graves," said Laura, pointing to a distant willow.

Mrs. Elmore walked to the spot and cast her eye at first carelessly upon the stone, with its inscription; but suddenly, and with an energy that almost startled the child, she seized Laura's hand, "Tell me," said she, "for what is that L., Helen L."

"Landon," replied the child, "My mother's name was Helen Landon."

Mrs. Elmore sat down upon the turf, and so deadly pale was her face, that Laura pressed to her side and begged to know if she felt sick. "My dear child, your mother was my cousin and truest friend."

"Everybody says that my mother was true," said Laura, her eyes sparkling with joy.

"Yes," thought Mrs. Elmore, "and forgiving too, or she would not have named her only child after me. Tell me," said she, "How came your mother so poor? Was she left a widow?"

"No," said Laura, with surprise, and pointing

at the tombstones again, "You see that mother died first. We were not very poor ma'am."

Mrs. Elmore had only read as far as Helen L. She now commenced again. "Helen L., wife of Charles Wingate, Esq., age twenty-eight years. The devoted wife; the affectionate mother; the faithful friend; the true of heart, she is not dead—but sleepeth." "And so, my Laura, dear," said Mrs. Elmore, "Madam Brass is your step-mother."

The little girl who had never heard that name in connection with Mrs. Wingate, without a disposition to smile, tried several times to answer; but unable to do so, burst into a laugh. Mrs. Elmore snatched her to her bosom and laughed too till the tears ran down her cheeks like rain. "So like her mother," thought she, "with heartis to love she will be another Helen. Frank as truth, but merry and keen as steel."

For a moment Laura lay in the arms of her new friend, in perfect abandonment to mirth; but suddenly recollecting herself she started up and burst into tears.

"I did not forget where we were," said Mrs. Elmore, wiping away her tears. "I did not forget my dear child, that we were in the church yard and seated on your mother's grave; but I cannot doubt, Laura, but that her happy spirit rejoices over both of us at this hour. I will be a mother to you, Laura; you shall go to my home and be educated as my daughter."

"And I'm sure," said Laura, "that I shall love you, you are so much like my mother."

"I will try to be like her," replied Mrs. Elmore, "I will try, my dear, to live as your mother lived, that I may die as she died."

That night Mrs. Elmore held a long and private conference with Mrs. Wingate. Several times during the conversation there was something that sounded much like the voice of a very angry woman. We are not prepared to say by what influence Mrs. Elmore was able to control the outpourings of her wrath; but it is certain that the next morning found Mrs. Wingate and her daughters quite as obsequious as ever.

To the villagers, generally, Mrs. Elmore was quite unknown. She could not help, however, calling on Mrs. Page, and thanking her for her affectionate interest in the poor little Laura. Nor was that kind lady less grateful that the little girl was to receive the reward of her fidelity, by becoming the adopted daughter of one, who not only had the disposition, but the means of making her happy and useful.

Mrs. Elmore had no desire to prolong her stay at F—, since she had become acquainted with the true character of Mrs. Wingate and her daughters. She felt ill at ease in their society. In a few days, therefore, Laura bid adieu to the villagers, shedding tears of heartfelt regret upon the neck of her kind friend, Mrs. Page, and upon the green sod of her parents' graves.

Years have passed since that sad parting, and Laura is now a happy wife and mother. In the world there is tribulation, even to the true of heart; but a peace which is not of this world is the portion of such. Laura has laid her kind friend and foster mother in the grave, and the fortune which thus became her own was no solace to her sorrowing heart. The sweetest balm to that heart was the constant recollection of the last words that fell from the lips of Mrs. Elmore, "To die is gain."

There is a lady who, on no account, would be considered old, but whose face screwed into many an unseemly wrinkle, "tells an ow're true tale," who often comes in from the country and calls on Laura, who receives her kindly, calls her sister Maria, listens to all her good stories, and on her going away, always makes up a nice bundle of something for mother Wingate. Amelia, long ago, eloped with an unprincipled young man and has never since been heard of. Mother Wingate and Maria live at the old homestead, but disliked by their neighbors, they have no amusement but that of tormenting each other."

"If you would be happy, my dear children," says the good, pious husband of our friend Laura, as he takes his Charley and Helen on his knee, "if you would be happy, little ones, be like your own dear mother,—Be True."

AMA E. EBLING.

A GREAT MAN'S PET.

MANY of our readers may never have heard of the great man's pet—Charles Dickens' Raven. For them this short history of a real bird is written, much as his kind master gave it to the world.

To begin with, Charles Dickens seems always to have had a liking for this particular sort of a pet; for, before he became the possessor of Master Grip, the hero of our story, a friend sent him a young raven of much talent and promise. This bird slept in the stable, generally on horseback, and tyrannized over a big Newfoundland dog to such good purpose as sometimes to carry off his dinner from under his very nose. But, alas! his reign was short. 'He was rapidly rising in acquirements and virtues,' says Mr. Dickens, 'when, in an evil hour, his stable was newly painted. He observed the workmen closely, saw that they were careful of the paint, and immediately burned to possess it. On their going to dinner, he pecked up all they had left behind, consisting of a pound or two of white lead; and this youthful indiscretion terminated in death.'

Now the real pet comes before us. Mr. Dickens regretted so much the loss of his dead raven, that another friend of his, having met with a very clever raven in a village public-house in Yorkshire, persuaded the landlord to part with it, and despatched it to the great novelist. Master Grip,—so he was named,—was a very busy, restless gentleman. Immediately on his arrival at his new home he set to work to dig out all the cheese and halfpence his predecessor had buried in the garden, a work of labor and of skill. This done he devoted himself to the acquisition of stable language, and soon became so wise in that lore, that he would perch outside of his master's window and drive imaginary horses all day.

The landlord of the village inn sent Mr. Dickens word that his strong point was the imitation of a drunken man. I fear Master Grip must have seen too many staggering helplessly out of that little alehouse on the Yorkshire moors; but in his new home were none but sober people, so he could not show off in that respect. His best affections were given not to his master, but to the cook. I grieve to confess this, but Mr. Dickens says so, and it must be true.

He loved a little display, and evidently knew himself to be a bird of talent. Once his master found him half a mile from home exhibiting his accomplishments to a crowd of admirers in the public street, perfectly grave and self-satisfied, like a little child who has escaped its nurse, very indignant at being caught and taken home. I am afraid Master Grip must have given a little trouble in other ways too, for we hear of his breaking windows by scraping the putty off the panes, splintering up and swallowing a wooden staircase of six steps and a landing, and otherwise defacing his master's home. But he was a privileged pet all the same; and I believe it was a dark day for the kindly novelist when Master Grip fell ill, crooned with ruffled feathers over the kitchen fire for a brief interval, and then with his eye still steadily fixed on the roasting meat fell suddenly over on his back with a sepulchral cry of 'cuckoo!'

It is many years since Charles Dickens wrote the brief history of his pet, who probably lived and flourished when the fathers and mothers of our readers were young, but Grip is unforgotten yet, illustrious still, hardly so for his own sake, but for the sake of his gifted master.

On Saturday morning, in August, 1870, busy

London turned out to watch the sale of Charles Dickens' 'art relics,' as they were called. Household treasures, they seemed to be. Among them Master Grip figured, stuffed in a glass case, much the worse for wear, but as popular as ever. His purchasers gladly paid down one hundred and twenty guineas for him. Those who care to read *Barnaby Rudge*, one of Charles Dickens' earlier works, will in its pages find a fictitious raven, whose accomplishments, we are told, are a combination of both Charles Dickens' pets.—*Chatterbox.*

THE BOY.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

I CAN see that day. White cumuli were heaped over the wood tops, but the middle sky was blue and clear. Though I was dozing on a saloon step, this day of beauty got even through my wavering sight. Perhaps I sat there an hour, perhaps an age, in which the blinks I got were the recurring days.

It suddenly occurred to me that such a long continuance of fine weather ought to be enjoyed more actively. But the world whirls, as everybody knows. I murmured a number of jokes on nature as I staggered abroad. After a tiresome journey I came upon an alley and a group of boys playing a game of marbles on their knees, like penitents stumping to Jerusalem. And in their midst was Billy. Billy was a noble-looking boy. I felt a maudlin pride in Billy. He had Nora's blue eyes. (Blessed Nora! She has gone where she couldn't be cursed any more; poor little heart-broken thing.)

As Billy photographed himself in my eyes, his bright hair blowing, his lusty fingers grouping a pit for the center marble, the contrast between what he and I were born to be, and what we were, struck me like a bullet.

I had tried to reform. Oh, yes. And every failure was a link in my chain. I was utterly given over to the snakes and the furies.

Now here was Bill, walking in my vagrant steps—a vicious Arab under a beautiful Caucasian guise.

"Say, Bill," begged one of the tribe, casting a covetous look on his industrious jaws, "let me chaw your wax a little while."

Bill, with graceful generosity and contempt of gain, tossed it over, saying:

"There; you can take it; I don't want it no more."

While I stood in a drunken dolor against the fence, the group whirled up suddenly into a maelstrom. The center toward which they all sucked, was a steadfast rock with churning fists and a yellow top.

"Bill!" I shouted in a fury, "come here!—you young scoundrel!"

Hearing my voice over the broil, he dashed through the boys and came, crying, bloody, and ruffled.

"What are you fighting about?" I asked, standing in tremulous judgment over him.

"I can't tell you, father," he answered bravely.

What! even the boy despised and dared me! I lifted my hand and felt that I could kill him.

"Take that, then—and that, you little wretch. I'll show you how to be a bully, and turn against your own father."

My muscular hand brought a frightful blood-gush out of his bruised face. I thought he should feel that his father was a solid man in one respect, if the rest of my body was a mass of moist wretchedness.

The boy! the boy! I groan when I remember it.

"Oh, don't, father!" he begged, wringing his dirty little hands. "Oh, father, please don't strike me, and I'll tell you all about it. The boys said you was a drunken old bloat; and I'll fight anybody that calls you that, father; I will, if you kill me for it."

I sat prone down on the ground. That was the hardest blow I ever had.

"Get up, father," said Billy, casting a bloody and warlike glance behind him, "and I'll help you along."

I took hold of him, but a weakness born of rum kept me at his cracked, stubby little feet. There was no one in the world cared whether I rose or went down, but him. He cared. I put my arms around the boy and cried against him. No more drunken repentance for me. Every tear was as hard as pearl with resolution. The good Christ appeared that instant in his love and long-suffering, through the boy as plainly as he appeared to dying Sir Launfal through the leper. When on earth, He was always going about picking up the abominable, and since He has left the earth, He sends for them by messengers they cannot help knowing.

Men should respect in me that spark which the boy respected. I would show him what a grand overmastering thing is that soul which the God of Glory values.

"Don't cry, father," requested Billy, while he ceased to paint bloody sunrise on his face. Better than a sunrise was that little face to me. His eyes looked bluer and more heaven-like than the sky.

"Do you love your father?" I asked, holding to him like a woman.

"Yes, sir; I'll lick any body that calls you names"—the bright, tender firmament in his face gushing with another shower.

A horizontal hail of mud and pebbles hit us while he was speaking. Billy reared like a charger snuffing the battle afar off. But I made him retreat from the enemy's lines.

When the boy and I were laid at night in a low tavern which was our only home, I asked him with my face turned from him: "Billy, will you help your father to try once more?" Upon which he bounded up and pumped my arm with all the vigor and familiarity that the street had put in him.

"Yes sir-ee! I will that—you bet," vowed Billy.

A very few minutes after he subsided I heard his soft breath going in and out the door of his lips in regular cadences. While he slept and started up to fight his skirmishers over, I flogged my weak brain to work, and planned and planned and planned.

When I look at that wretch in soiled tavern sheets, glaring into darkness with watery eyes, my legs tremble under me, though they have gone stoutly these many years. It was such a straight path up from the place, and I came so near falling, time after time.

The next day I got work on the railroad. From the gutter I could not go directly back to the bar, since drunkenness is one of the vices which is not tolerated in lawyers. It was hard to shovel dirt in the hot sun. I sat down half fainting. A good natured neighbor came slyly with a bottle, and bade me "wink at it," which I put forth the will to do—like a weak beast—when Billy swooped down from a passing freight and squared himself before that man, while the very tatters at his elbow bristled with wrath.

"Look here, now!" threatened he, sending the bottle far over the track, "if you get my father to drinking again I'll kick you!"

It would have been so very hard for the boy to fulfill the threat with his baby legs, on the laborer's breeches, that my tempter took jolly compassion on him, and roared a vow never more to put his slimy temptation to my face.

After I had delved awhile, Billy had a new suit, a set of books, and school privileges. Then a situation as copyist was opened to me. The boy and I fell into the habit of striking hands and going to church on Sunday. Some of my old friends began to notice me. Oh, I tell you it makes a man's heart swell like a green bulb to have an honest hand come seeking his.

Finally I got into practice. Sometimes the thirst came on me and I stormed up and down in my office, and I twisted out little locks of hair, as if the curse hung to the roots of that. Once I locked the door and threw out the key, and was a prisoner till my associate came.

Passing a saloon one evil time the clinking of glasses and the breath of mine enemy penetrated my senses. That saloon door just sucked me about half-way in, when I was shocked through my coat-skirts and quite knocked into the street.

"Here, father," pleaded Billy, charging me with a second jerk, "come out of this—come out of this! We're going to make men of ourselves, father."

"Yes—men, Billy," I subscribed. So I didn't run into that side-track, because I had such a faithful tender.

Coming up socially, often does much for a man morally. Cases multiplied, and I seemed to grow with my trust. The boy and I had smart lodgings up town. He rose in school. I was so proud of him.

I've heard how women love their children with close, peculiar devotion. I think I must have loved him with a mother's love. There's no other way of expressing how near the boy was to me.

When he came from school and met me on the streets, he was often carrying the satchel of a smooth-haired, dark-eyed girl, to whom he would exclaim, as he loyally touched his cap, "That's my father!" with such proud accent that the blood leaped in my veins.

Oh, my good fellow, it's a glorious day for you when your child is proud of you.

We all live together, now; Billy, his smooth-haired Norah, the little rowdies and I, in a home with no end of verandahs and vines. The respectable handle of Judge is set to my name, but Billy's children, who give the echo to his former street training, stand in no more awe of it than they do of the venerable Roman handle to my countenance. We tumble like wild colts in the grass. But they have no idea that their ancestor ever lay in a lower bed.

Blessed be enduring love!

I think often I may be in my dotage, for quiet matron Nora often looks up from her baby in surprise at my walking the verandah and maundering in a sort of ecstasy:

"The boy! The boy!"

THE LITTERS OF ALL NATIONS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

THE LITTER OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS AND ROMANS.

NEITHER by the Greeks nor the Romans was the litter much used, except by the ladies, it being considered too luxurious and effeminate a mode of traveling; the back of the prancing war-steed, or the chariot which could be driven furiously, like that of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, who is mentioned in the Bible, better suited these warlike spirits.

The ladies of ancient Greece who were rich enough to indulge in such a luxury, often used the litter, and it was generally, if not always, a covered one, having a mattress, or cushion, at the bottom, for the occupant to recline on. The canopy over her was borne by four men, and the rich curtains with which it was covered could be opened or closed at pleasure; and in this way the fair dames of Athens or Corinth visited their friends and acquaintances, did their round of shopping, or went to see the chariot-races and athletic sports of their countrymen.

There was, however one kind of litter which the Greek warriors did not disdain. When one among them had done some deed of great bravery, it was not unusual to seat him on his own shield, and bear him, raised on the shoulders of his friends, through a camp or city, with martial

music and shouts of triumph. The same shield also served for his funeral litter if he fell in battle; and many a Grecian wife and mother had the gashed and gory form of him she loved best on earth brought home with far other sounds than those of rejoicing.

By the Romans, for a long time, the litter was only used for the conveyance of the dead; in one made of ivory and gold, was borne to his last resting place Augustus Cæsar, the great emperor whose sway extended over the greater part of the then-known world.

The king—it may be of Greece or Rome—carried in state on a litter, which is like an elevated throne, to the temple or the forum, or the amphitheatre, where the great spectacles or shows take place—races and wrestlings, combats of gladiators, as the fighting-men were called; sometimes wild beasts were the foes they had to contend with, or these fierce creatures fought with each other, or tore in pieces the poor Christians who suffered and died for the sake of their religion. After the laurel-crowned Emperor—or whatever he may be—comes a crowd of soldiers, and the sunshine flashes upon a forest of spears and suits of armor, borne aloft like the banners of a modern army.

In the more simple and severe days of the Roman republic, men disdained to ride in litters, but under the emperors they became more given to ease, and pomp, and vain show, and the richer citizens used this mode of conveyance chiefly; they had their litter-bearers in rich dresses, and their carriages without wheels were even furnished with reading and writing materials, and had transparent windows instead of curtains. These litters, had legs, on which they stood when at rest, so we suppose they must have looked very much like sedan-chairs upon stilts; if the legs were very long it must have been a difficult matter for the occupant of the litter to get out of it—he might rap at the chamber window instead of the door of the friend he was visiting, only unfortunately the Roman houses were generally without any windows at all.—*Chatterbox.*

WHEAT AND THE WEEVIL.

HEAR little Hopes. This is the first time I have endeavored to write for you; and I propose to give you a little instruction. I presume that you all know what wheat is. If it were not for wheat we could hardly live; for wheat, or bread and water are two articles commonly called the "main staffs of life." I compare you, little Hopes, to the 'wheat' because you are all growing up to manhood and womanhood, and are yet young and tender.

There is a small destroyer called the weevil that does so much harm in the fields of wheat and other substance. It will creep in 'privily, or unawares,' to the farmer's field and destroy a portion of his wheat; and will do this while the farmer is not on his watch tower.

This weevil I will term the 'evil one.'

When little Hopes are off their watch tower, perhaps their minds drawn off from those things which they ought to be on; as Paul says, 'having your affections set on things above,' and your mind is roving away from heavenly thoughts, this weevil steps in and makes his abode in your hearts, and presently it has destroyed a portion of those good, moral habits your sweet souls should possess, and you are led away to speak impudently, perhaps to father, mother, brother, or sister; and for a time have you led into captivity of evil surmizings. Then when you come to consider how you may have acted, and by working for a short time to regain the whispering of that still small voice to your soul, and asking the Lord to cast all those actions or thoughts or even words, which you may have been guilty of having committed, away from you and forgive you your trespasses. When you have done this repentance you will have again restored those moral habits,

or ways, which all little Hopes should always be in possession of.

'Little Hopes,' you can all be on your watch tower praying; even as Nephi of old was on his watch tower, praying for God to deliver him from the hands of his enemies; and he did, because he prayed in faith, believing.

When ever you find this weevil, or evil one is coming in the rear of all foes, pick up the war club of prayer and battle him away.

A BROTHER OF THE HOPES.

IDA B'S SHARP WEAPON.

IDA B. loved to pray. Sometimes when her mother was sick she would come to her and kiss her and say, "Ma, I will pray for you."

One day she came home from school and said, "Ma, we had a new scholar to-day."

"Who is it, dear?"

"Nancy H., and she is my seatmate."

"How do you like her?" said her mother.

"I don't know what to make of her," replied Ida.

"Why?"

"Because she is all the time pulling the little hairs on my neck and it hurts me."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. B.; "but if she continues to do so, perhaps you had better tell the teacher of her."

"Ma, I don't like to tell of her if I can help it. Shall I pray for her, ma?" said Ida, feelingly.

"Yes, dear."

And Ida prayed for her seatmate, her tormentor. How much better to pray for her than to quarrel with her, or even to complain of her to the teacher. But I wonder if praying cured little Nancy of her bad conduct to Ida?

The next night Ida came home looking quite cheerful.

"How did you get along to-day, Ida?" said her mother.

"Nancy only pulled my hair once or twice to-day. I can get along with that. Ma, I will pray for her again."

The next day when Ida returned from school her mother asked her how she had got along.

"O first rate; Nancy didn't pull my hair at all to-day."

Nancy never pulled Ida's hair again, and is it strange that Nancy began to love Ida and treat her kindly all the time, and that these girls became warm friends? Now Nancy thinks there is no body like Ida B., and often comes to her mother's house to visit her. I think all the children, both big and little, would do well to imitate Ida B's example.

Correspondence.

LOCKFORD, Cal., July 5, 1872.

Dear Editor of the *Hope*:—I send my love to all the children of the *Hope*. I love the little *Hope* and it is my desire for it to continue. I shall do all in my power to help it along. This is my first attempt in writing for the *Hope*. I was baptized about two years ago, and I am now eleven years old. Yours truly,

SARAH J. MOORE.

SAN BERNARDINO, June 28, 1872.

Dear children:—I see by your letters which I read in the *Hope* from time to time, that you love the dear paper very much, and why should you not? 'Tis a fit companion for the young and altogether worthy of your admiration. Although I am no longer a child, I love it too; and hail its coming with as much joy as I do the *Herald*. I would council you all to do as Margaret W. advises, consider it your field of labor to work for its advancement, remembering that small rivulets help to swell the mighty ocean. Also every effort of yours though small, put forth with good intent, will have its effect in swelling the mighty cause for good which our heavenly Father has begun in this age of sin and strife. While Br. Joseph is doing all he can, let us help him.

I am sorry to tell you that our Sabbath School at this place has been suspended. Many of the fathers

and mothers fail to see the necessity of Sabbath Schools. They do not realize that they are God's nurseries, therefore do not encourage them. Brother Henry has gone to the State Normal school at San Jose. We miss him very much. He was an earnest laborer both in the church and the Sabbath school, and we hope to see him again among us, in the course of a year, praying that God may bless you all and help you to be good children, I will say good-by.

ATNT MARY.

OUR LITTLE "HOPE."

Our dear little "Hope,"
We love thee well;
Thy sweet little columns
Ne'er would we sell.

Keep up our subscription,
And do all we can;
If "TRY" is our motto,
We'll succeed in our plan.

ORACY LAKE.

PRIZES OFFERED.

To the boy or girl under fifteen who sends the most new subscribers during the year 1872—one half of it already gone—a handsome prize worth \$5, the money to pay for which has been received from Frances.

To the boy and girl who sends the most money to aid the *Hope* during the year 1872—the money to be earned specially for this purpose by the one sending it in any proper manner most suitable to the condition and circumstances of the boy and girl sending it—two beautiful chromos ready mounted for framing, valued at \$5 each, one to the boy and one to the girl sending the most money earned for the *Hope*. Read again the letter of Margaret W.—in the *Hope* for June 1st, and you will see in how many ways you may earn something to help the *Hope*. The money to pay for these chromos have been received from "Sigma Phi."

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited.....	\$105	20 Minerva Conyers.....	\$ 50
Ida Davis.....	50	Curtis White.....	50
A. White.....	50	M. Spraggon.....	25
A. Spraggon.....	25	E. Spraggon.....	25
E. B. Thomason.....	50	F. O. Thomason.....	50
H. M. Thomason.....	50	W. Thomason.....	50
Richard Darlow.....	25	Carrie and Jas. Atkinson.....	30
O. P. Sutherland.....	2 00	Ellen M. Vallem.....	1 00
P. Canavan.....	50	W. W. F.....	2 50
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Oracy Lake.....	25	S. E. Kendall.....	25
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Sarah J. Ballantyne, <i>Hope</i> sent to others.....			50

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1 Sept 72 | 15 Sept 72

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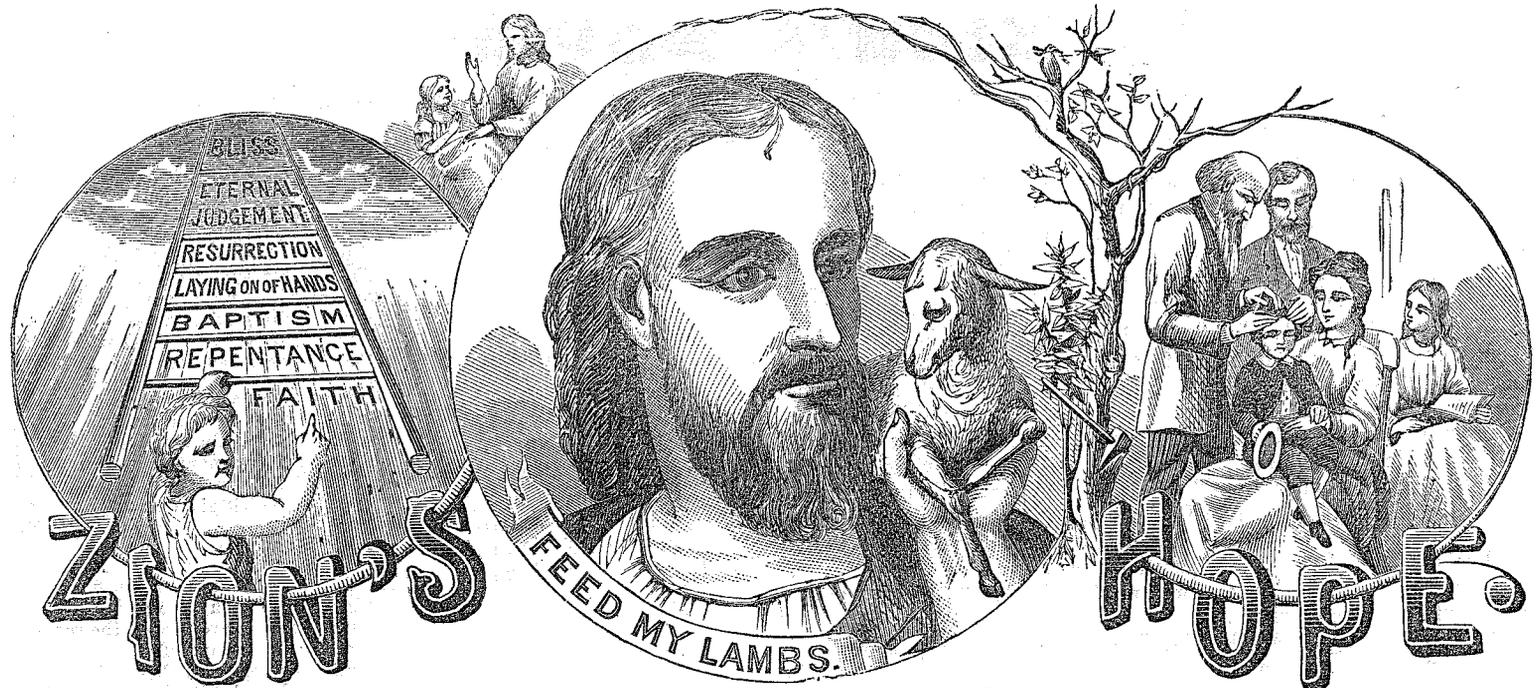
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

"I'VE DROPPED A STITCH."

MANY little girls can tell by experience, the fear and unpleasant feelings one has when they have made a stitch drop.

"I've dropped a stitch," said a little girl; "now my work must be all unraveled."

How sad to the little one who was looking forward to a rest from her tedious task.

Are not all unwilling to retrace their work and take up neglected duties, which, like the stitch dropped by the little child, would ruin the whole of a life's work. Some can remember a duty unperformed toward a loved mother that can never be taken up, as she is beyond the need of all our aid. Still we can take the stitches up one by one, until we reach the first point, by doing for other mothers what we would like others to have performed for us. Sometimes an apology is needed for an irritable mother, that remind you of the old mother that needed the sympathy your young nature could not give the aged. Perhaps a sister neglects a brother in his longings for amusement, as your own little brother gone from your gaze perhaps forever. Don't neglect the dropped stitch; take it up. Let your advice be given; reprove tenderly the erring ones; love will make all right.

J. R. A. CLARK.

[From Chatterbox.]

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN'S BIG SON.

WALTER and Uncle Toby had been quarrelling. They always *did* quarrel; the uncle *could* not stand teasing, and the nephew could not resist indulging in it. Things were not so bad as you suppose, however; "Uncle Toby" was no venerable relative to whom respect was due, but a fair-haired, blue-eyed little lad of ten. Long after his children had grown up and left him, long after the grass was green upon the grave of his children's mother, old Mr. Humphreys had married again; thus it happened that his youngest son and his youngest grandson had been born in the same year. Walter and Uncle Toby were both of an age.

"Algernon Sidney Douglas Debenham Humphreys," Walter used to say with a grimace, "it is well you *are* called Toby for shortness! It takes all the breath out of a fellow's body to get out my uncle's names."

Then Algernon couldn't stand it, and flew at him, always getting off the worst in the fight, and often going crying to his mother to his nephew's great disgust.

Some such quarrel about some such trifle had taken place to-day, and when evening came and the boys had made it up after their respective fashions, Walter heartily, Toby sulkily, they sat together on the drawing-room sofa quietly enough, without spirits for their usual play. Avice, Walter's eldest sister, came and sat down beside them.

At first she took no notice of them, but bent over her work as if she had only come to the sofa for the sake of light from a lamp upon a little table near it. Presently Walter twisted up his feet under him, and began rocking himself to and fro upon the edge of the sofa with his hands round his knees. I do not know how he did it, and I couldn't do it myself if I tried, but so it was; Toby was perched upon the back of the old-fashioned piece of furniture. Of course you don't suppose the two boys were sitting as you or I would sit. Walter gave a deep sigh. Toby echoed it.

"How stupid it is!" he said.

Avice sighed more heavily than either of them, whereupon Walter laughed and Toby stared.

"A party of boys were at play one day," said Avice, "and a most extraordinary thing happened. It was a hot day,—the sort of heat that brings out flies, and midges, and insect of all sorts, you know; that day it brought out an old woman."

Walter ceased rocking, and stared up in his sister's face. He was balanced on the edge of the sofa, and the temptation was certainly irresistible, so a *very* gentle touch of Toby's foot was enough to tip him over and send him under the table! How it would have been if Walter had tipped Toby up, is a doubtful matter, but as it was just the other way, the result was a good hearty laugh from both boys, which went a long way towards banishing all remembrance of their quarrel. When Walter had picked himself up and found a safer position with his head almost in Avice's lap, both boys begged to hear the story.

"The heat brought out an old woman," repeated Toby; "go on, Avice, fire away."

"Yes," said Avice, "a little old woman, very little, not bigger than a midge, not so big indeed, the midge would have made two of her at least. A troublesome, ugly-looking, little old woman she was. I saw her directly, because I knew her; I had often seen her spring into life before, but the boys didn't notice her at first. They had been playing happily enough when running in opposite directions, ran up against each other, and one of them went down with the shock. Such a trifle, wasn't it? He only fell on the

soft grass, you know, but as he scrambled up again the others laughed at him, and one called him a—"muff," I think it was. Now a muff is a pleasant warm thing, why should it have made the boy furious to be called one? And how many bones does it break to be laughed at?"

"Now *don't*," said Walter, impatiently, "don't put a stupid moral in it. Go on about the old woman."

"Just what I want to do; it was at that very moment that the heat hatched her.

"Hatched her?" repeated Toby, opening his light-blue eyes wide indeed.

"Yes; as it hatches the little flies, and moths, and the silk-worms' eggs. She was all ready dressed, little red cloak and all correct; one of the boys saw her at last, but he took no notice of her, she was such a tiny creature it would have been easy enough to brush her off; yet these silly boys thought nothing of her, and allowed her to stay slipping in and out amongst them, muttering all the time, "Where I get in, my son can follow!" Such a disagreeable, croaking old woman! Don't you think the boys had better have put an end to her? It wouldn't take much to crush a thing not so big as a midge, would it? And the sooner that wretched little woman *was* crushed the better, but they let her be. Perhaps they did not hear her croaking song, "Where I get in, my boy can follow!" At all events they did not heed it, and sure enough by-and-bye her son *did* follow. It was not so easy to get rid of *him*. A great, huge giant with a wide mouth and strong arms, he knocked the boys' heads together, tripped them up, hit them and kicked them. Altogether it was no joke, and one or two little fellows did set to work to try and turn him out, although they had taken no notice of his mother. But as I said before, this was not so easily done, and while the tumult waxed loud, the horrible little old woman skipped about, singing this time, "I got in, and my boy followed me!" They heard her at last. "Your doing, was it?" they cried, and tried to catch her; but it was too late now, not one of them could get hold of her, and meantime her big bully of a son had it all his own way. At last the noise ceased, and the two little fellows who had begun the fray were left alone, one holding his hand over a black eye, the other sitting on the ground nursing a sprained foot, and there stood the giant laughing at them both.

"Had enough?" said the Giant.

"Who are you?" asked a boy. "What do you come here for?"

"You let me in yourselves."

"Now that's good!" groaned out the other

boy. "I'm sure we did no such thing, and the sooner you go the better."

"Oh, I'm going. Next time don't welcome my mother as you did to-day, unless you want to see me too. Where my mother comes I mostly follow."

"That wretched, miserable little old woman, do you mean? Is she your mother?"

"You are really hardly civil," said the Giant. "You made her very welcome at first. She is easily got rid of, my poor mother. She is but a little thing, and it takes but little to banish her; but where she is allowed to remain, there, as I said before, I mostly follow."

"How were we to know that?"

"Well, you know it now, and I advise you to remember it. You can't turn *me* out, you know—a likely matter!" And he opened his wide mouth to laugh, "but where my mother is turned out first, I can't get in."

He lifted one long leg slowly over the six-foot wall, and was preparing to draw the other after it, when both boys called out together:

"Tell us your name, you great ugly fellow!"

The Giant pulled his other leg after him, stooped, and resting his huge chin on the top of the wall, looked down at the boys.

"My name is Mischief," said he, with a wink of one of his great eyes; then with a peal of mocking laughter he vanished altogether, and there stood the boys' mother, ready to pity the poor foot and the black eye, and inquiring into the cause of the quarrel.

"Knocked you down by accident! Laughed at you, and called you a 'muff!' " said she. "Dear, dear, how true it is that 'mother of Mischief is no bigger than a midge's wing' "

Avice ceased speaking; for a few moments both boys were silent, then Toby solemnly remarked,—

"Walter always begins."

"Starts the little old woman into life, does he? Then it is for you to brush her off before her son follows. It is not hard to do. I have seen her blown away altogether, in a whistle, or disappear in a smile—that is a sort of sunshine not good for her constitution—and as for a laugh, she can't bear it, it banishes her at once."

The piano-candles were lighted just now; Major Humphreys put down his paper and asked for some music; Avice must play, and the boys' bed-time had come, they went off somewhat thoughtfully, and there were no more quarrels for three whole days.

Ah! if boys and girls could be cured of bad habits by a story, what a pleasant world it would be. But certainly in this instance matters improved greatly. There is no knowing exactly whether it were owing to Avice's presence and gentle, playful guidance in the right way, or to more forbearance and less "chaff" than usual on Walter's part, and better temper on that of Algernon, but things went much more smoothly between the boys. Walter even confessed that his uncle was "a brick," and "after all, school would knock the rest of the nonsense out of him." There was a plan discussed between the two of how they were to get into the same regiment when they grew up, and to go through life together.

"Suppose we can't," said Toby; "you may be in one regiment and I in another."

"Oh, but we must!" answered Walter. "The Commander-in-chief, or the Queen, or my father himself, will manage it somehow."

Really, almost without knowing it, the boys were growing fond of each other, and their elders rejoiced to see the change.

The weather was fair again, the heat of the sun upon the wet earth made the air soft and steamy, the boys spent whole afternoons gathering mushrooms which sprang up like magic after the warm rain, and one day there was a great cricket-match. Walter had mustered a very tolerable eleven in the village. Toby tried hard not to duck his head at the balls, and his nephew

did his best not to tease him when he "shirked" them.

"I wonder you allow Walter to play with those rough boys," remarked Mrs. Humphreys, lazily raising her eyes from her knitting. "I daresay it is that that makes him so rough."

"He is not rough," said Avice, "only more manly than Toby."

Toby's mother sighed.

"Such a name!" she said, "my poor dear boy; such a dreadful name to be called. And it will stick to him through life. When he has such sweet names of his own too!"

"How did he come by it?" asked Avice; "we have all always called him so, have we not?"

"Yes; *you* do, all of you, and his father too. You see it is all the fault of his old Uncle Tobias. He was rich, you know, and your grandfather wanted the boy named after him, Tobias! Fancy calling a poor innocent child 'Tobias!'"

"But you did *not* call him so."

"No, we named him Algernon Sidney Douglas Debenham, but it *was* to be, my dear; old Tobias left the poor boy all his money, and his father called him Toby directly. Quite a misfortune, don't you think so?" she added, addressing Walter's mother. "It will stick, you know."

"Which? the name or the money?" answered that lady, "I think Algernon is very much improved. Look at him now, what a handsome little fellow he is. I am glad it is settled that he goes to school with Walter; it will be the making of him."

Mrs. Humphreys shook her head sadly. School, of course, was all very well, but when he had once left her, her own "home-boy" would be gone. No more tidy collars and clean hands, no more spotless jackets or neat bright neckties. A rough head and tumbled collar, bruises, black eyes, and other troubles, that are no troubles at all to a schoolboy, would be the order of the day. It was dreadful to her to think of her little Algernon going through it all.

But he did go through it, and well too. Years after, when their boyish dreams were realised, and the young uncle and nephew stood side by side in the trenches before Sebastopol, the deadly balls flying round them, or with good temper and unflinching courage made the best of all the troubles and privations of that trying time, while their friendship was a bye-word amongst their companions, it was hard to believe that the childish fault of one of them had been cowardice, or that he had been so ready to take offence at trifles. In those days in the Crimea, neither of them were apt to let trifles grow into serious troubles, and certainly Lieutenant Algernon Humphreys did not "duck his head" at the can non-balls, whatever he may have done as a boy at cricket! E. O. R.

[Selected.]

TEN RULES OF LIFE.

THE following rules for practical life were given by Mr. Jefferson in a letter of advice to his namesake Thomas Jefferson Smith, in 1817:—

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others to do what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us much hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of eating too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain those evils cost us which never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, always count ten before you speak.

A Recitation by Little Caroline Charles, at our Farewell Party to Br. J. S. Patterson.

Away, away, dear Uncle John
Across the mighty wave,
And publish free the gospel plan
The humble soul to save.
From Satan's power of sin and death,
Heart rending misery,
Lift up the standard of the Lord
And set the prisoner free.

Away, away in meekness then,
And tell this tale of love;
That Jesus has again restored
His gospel from above;
The priesthood power to unlock,
The Holy Spirit given;
That all that love the Lord might walk
The narrow path to heaven.

The Comforter with graces pure
Adorn the church once more;
Christ's promises are proved the same
These days, as days of yore;
The gifts divine, in number, nine,
Contended for by Paul,
When saints aright walk in the light;
We claim them one and all.

Then uncle, dear, away, away,
And on fair Scotia's Isle,
Proclaim, as God shall give you power,
These tidings without guile.
Though hireling priests may try their best
To misconstrue the word,
They never can confound you; no,
When trusting in the Lord.

The meek their doors will open wide,
And food and raiment share;
A couch on which to rest your head,
From toil, fatigue and care;
And that the Lord might bless you still
With wisdom, night and day,
To be a witness true for Christ,
Your little niece will pray.

[Selected.]

THE OILED FEATHER.

CHAPTER II.

"RUSTY Joe" shall have a chapter to himself; we won't mix him up with "Polished Sam" on any account; acid and sweet make a very good drink when mixed together; and we dare say Joe and Sam must meet before our story's done; and if they do, we hope it will be to do the reader good; but they must keep asunder for awhile.

"Rusty Joe" had an idea that it was rather letting one's self down to be civil. He could not see the distinction between being sneaking, and cringing, and time-serving, in one's conduct, and being civil and pleasant. He prided himself on being blunt, and honest, and upright, aye, and downright too; but he forgot that he was often rude, and surly, and morose.

Now, on this very morning, "Rusty Joe" was going to market also! and it so happened that he ought to have done what his neighbor "Polished Sam" had done; but he was above attending to such little things; and provided a thing could be done at all, he did not mind if it were done by main force. A pull and a bang would do as well as anything else; but pulls and bangs knock one's temper about a great deal; this, however, "Rusty Joe" did not take into account.

Before it was time for Joseph Irons to leave his house on this eventful day, he had as much misery as would fall to his neighbor "Polished Sam" in a month. In the first place, he had neglected to grease his boots after last market-day, which had been very wet; and now, when he went to put on these same boots, for the day promised to be wet again; they went so hard and stiff that he pulled, and kicked, and knocked, and stamped in vain. A very little of this work will try a man's temper, and at last Joe was about to give up in despair, when, with a final pull and kick, he knocked one foot into a boot; and seeing, that it would be almost as hard to pull out the leg, once it was in, as to get in

the other, he knocked and kicked away until the second got in also. Bad temper is always bad for a man's digestion, and sometimes it will make him quarrel even with his meat; hence we need not be surprised to hear, that nothing was right that morning for breakfast. The eggs were too hard and the bread was too soft; the bacon dish was too hot and the teapot was too cold; and who can wonder, when Joe's two boots, as hard and stiff as they had been frozen, were pinching his toes and heels, just as if they had ten wicked fingers with ten long claws on them. Ah! Joseph Irons, you should have greased your boots, or put the least drop in the world of oil upon them, and you would have agreed much better with your breakfast; aye, and your breakfast would have agreed much better with you.

When Joseph Irons had bolted down his breakfast he got up and went to the street door to go out; but no loving word did he speak to his wife Betty, who, if the truth were known, was by no means sorry to get rid of him and his temper for awhile. True, Joseph never abused his wife; but he was exacting, and unsympathizing, and gave very few kind words; and the consequence was, she just creaked along through life's duties; she did not run smoothly and swiftly like the wheels of Sam Parsons' wagon; nor had she any spring in her, like his well-oiled penknife; nor did she move about comfortably through the ins and outs of life, as Sam Parsons' oiled key did through the wards of his lock. She was a poor down-hearted creature, who never basked in the sunshine of a little love; who never heard the music of an affectionate word; who had, indeed, all the machinery of a woman's heart, with its great capacity for doing wondrous things; but there was just something wanted to set it all a-going—it was a little love. "Mind you have my shirt finished to-night," said Joe Irons, as he laid his hand on the street door, "for I may have to go to Pitbank to-morrow, and don't want to go to the Squire's in this old concern;" and with this direction to his wife, Mr. Irons took himself off.

But if Joe Irons had met with trouble from want of a little oil, even before he got to his street door; he met with more when he got to the door itself. The door was stiff in its hinges, and stiff in the lock; aye, as stiff as if it had had the rheumatics for twenty years. After a little difficulty, Joe Irons opened his door; but he could not shut it after as little trouble again. That door seemed to have a will of its own; and unfortunately it was not just the same as Joe Irons' will—perhaps it might have thought that the house, which smelt a little fusty, might be better for some ventilation; or, may be, it was simply obstinate and wouldn't shut; but so it was, that Joe gave it five or six pulls without success. Now, it was no new thing to Joseph Irons to pull that door. He despised such a small thing as a drop of oil; the door had hitherto yielded to main force; and his strength was in no wise abated; so, "here goes," said he, and he gave it a bang with all his might. There was no resisting such appeal as this; so the door was shut with a bang loud enough to rouse the whole neighborhood; but alas! my poor friend, Joe, you don't know what harm you did; you actually shook the house and broke a glass-shade upon the chimney-piece in the parlor. That glass-shade was part of the only ornament in the room; it covered two or three foreign birds which Mrs. Irons' brother, who had been a mate in a vessel, brought her home from foreign parts, and Mrs. Irons was much vexed. Had her husband spoken a kind word or two to her before leaving, she would in all probability have put up with the loss for his sake; but he had done nothing of the kind; and the consequence was, when the glass came tumbling down, she felt very irritated and sore.

This, then, was the way that "Rusty Joe," started forth to market. He met with trouble before he went to his street door, and when he

arrived at it; and as we shall presently see with plenty more before he returned to it again.

The market-town of Runcton was full ten miles from the village where "Rusty Joe" and "Polished Sam" lived; and there was a good deal of up-hill road on the way thither. The road was moreover heavy; for recent rain had fallen, and there seemed to be a prospect of more. Already had "Rusty Joe" lost some time over his boots, and over the door; and it behooved him now to make as much speed as he could, in order to reach the market, in time. Of this he was well aware; and so, he smacked his whip frequently as he cleared the bounds of the village, and the long road lay before him. But Joe's troubles still lay thick before him; he soon found himself a poor limping creature, and every step he took seemed to have a corresponding pinch belonging to it.

Presently he began to feel conscious that he would be late for market unless he could get on a little faster; and accordingly, at any hazard to his unfortunate ten toes, he smacked his whip, and jee-hupped to his horses; but he soon found that they could not make much more way than himself. What was the matter? Was the load heavier than usual? Were the roads heavier? No, but "Rusty Joe" had not greased the wheels of his wagon for a long time; and now the vehicle went on, creak, creak, as though it would come to pieces every moment. Main force was Joe's resource on all occasions, so he whipped the horses, and they pulled with all their might; but at the Blackford hill they found the wagon so hard to move that they had to stop over and over again.

Instead of making allowances for the poor beasts, which were really doing their best, our friend "Rusty Joe" determined to *make* them pull the wagon up the hill. Accordingly, he pulled a piece of whipcord out of his pocket, and his knife also; and while the horses stood puffing, and panting, and blowing, with their exertions, he prepared to fit on a new lash. "I'll tickle you, my lads," said "Rusty Joe," and so saying, he applied his thumb-nail to the knife, to open the blade to cut the cord. The knife was stiff, in fact the hinge of the blade was rusted; but the angry man would not lose any time over it; force, with him, would do everything; and with a tremendous effort, he half opened the blade, but in doing so, he broke his nail down to the quick; and the pain soon made itself plainly felt. Still the angry man was not to be put off; he cut the whipcord; he put on a new lash; and with a crack, crack, crack, he tried to start the horses with the creaking wagon up hill. But force will not do everything in the world; the horses made such a plunge under the influence of the smarting lash, that the harness broke; and there stood "Rusty Joe" in a sad plight, neither able to go on or to return.

Joe! you should have greased your boots, and you would not have been late.

Joe! you should have oiled your door, and you would not have lost your temper.

Joe! you should have greased your wagon-wheels, and then your horses could have pulled it up the hill.

Joe! you should have oiled your penknife, and you would not have torn your nail.

Joe! you should have oiled your harness, and the leather would not have become rotten, and broken, as it has now done, in your time of need; and we must leave you there, Joe, upon the roadside, to meditate upon these things for awhile; sorry no doubt, that you are in such trouble; but hoping that you will come out of it, perhaps a sadder, but still a wiser man.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Testimony is like an arrow shot from a long-bow; the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws. Argument is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force, though shot by a child.

HELPEACH OTHER.

BROTHERS and Sisters dear, especially the little ones, I am glad to tell you, if our worthy brethren think that it may be worthy its place in our little paper; that though we be old in years, yet we are young in the faith. It fills our hearts with gladness, and causes our souls to rejoice in knowing of so great wisdom as it were in the minds of babes. This ought to be testimony that this reorganized plan of salvation hath emanated from our eternal Father.

Dear little buds, do not get weary, for Jesus is your friend, and the prize is at the end. Some may say, "I can't preach."

Very true, that is the case with many of us.

Can you work? If so, remember we must earn our bread by the sweat of the brow.

You say; I do.

Well, if we go to with all our might can we not make some overplus. Yes, yes. Well, what of that; it is not enough to do much good, so mama lets me buy toys, candy, nuts, marbles &c.

Do you not promise to do all you can. If so, why not say, "Look here, mama, uncle Tommy's boys have no toys, nor anything of the kind. Their father is preaching the gospel and they have to do all they can to take care of things in his absence. His little girls have to help to love and comfort their ma, and to learn to be obedient and wise so as to save their name and prove their characters in the sight of the world."

I pray you will all watch and be examples for young and old. A friend for good. F.

[Selected.]

STAR-FISH.

SOME of the readers of *Zion's Hope* have, doubtless, picked up Star-fish on the seashore, and most of them, doubtless, have quickly thrown away again what they called the 'ugly creatures.' When lying limp and lifeless on the beach, the appearance of the Star-fish is certainly not pretty; but when a living specimen is placed in sea-water it is well worthy of observation.

There are various kinds of Star-fish, some of them being much more beautiful than others,—the most numerous of which is the 'five-fingered,' or common Star-fish; the webbed Star-fish, is a very rare species. We have never dredged it except that one specimen, and a very beautiful one it was—the color was bright orange, gradually softening off into white under the rays, and deepening into scarlet at the edge or border of the web.

Star-fish have a great number of sucker-feet which they stretch out and draw back at their pleasure, in the same way as the Sea-urchin does with his feelers; indeed, there is a decided alliance between the families of the Star-fish and Sea-urchins in spite of the difference of their outward appearance.

The mouth and stomach of the Star-fish are in the middle of its disc, or body. 'Small as the mouth of a Star-fish appears to be,' says a writer on this subject, 'small as is its stomach, and feeble as are its muscular powers, it can swallow a bivalve molluse entire, or, if needful, open it and suck out the contents in some mysterious way—a feat that no man could accomplish without tools.'

(A bivalve molluse, dear young reader, is only a shell with a hinge, such as a cockle, oyster, or mussel.)

One of the especial peculiarities of Star-fish is their habit of breaking off their rays when handled or otherwise alarmed. Those known by the name of Brittle Stars are particularly prone to dismember themselves when handled. The rays of this species are very long and thin, and over and over again when I have taken them up to examine, at least three of the five rays would,

in the space of a few minutes, be cast off by their alarmed owners.

The coloring of the Brittle Star-fish is very brilliant; hundreds of these creatures have often been brought up by our dredging-net at one time, writhing and entwining themselves together in a gorgeous mass.

There are many other kinds of Star-fish besides those I have mentioned. The largest British species is the Lingthorn. I have never seen a member of this class, but I have read that they measure two feet across, and that they also, like the Brittle Stars, are extremely liable to break themselves up when angry or frightened, and that when broken up 'the dismembered fragments continue active long after their dispersion. The feet move about and attach themselves to any object that comes within their reach, retracting and pushing out with as much vigor as they did when the creature was entire.'

Another species is the Sun Star-fish. Instead of having a small body and five long arms like the common Brittle Stars, this creature has a large disc and *twelve short arms*; its color is generally bright red or scarlet; and although it is not a rare species, it is really very beautiful.

A. C. WHEELLEY.

THE LITTERS OF ALL NATIONS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

THE LETTER OF THE POPE.

WHE are again in the Imperial City, Rome, but not Ancient Rome; a long stride has been taken from the time of the Cæsars to that of the Popes, and these spiritual rulers are carried in state in some grand ceremonial of the Roman Catholic Church. His litter is much like a throne; it is covered with crimson velvet, fringed with gold, and surmounted by a cross. It rests upon a kind of shield, which has four projecting arms, each of which is supported by two bearers dressed in scarlet. Eight others bear aloft a magnificent canopy, to shelter the sacred person from the weather. And all around, dressed in shining armour, are the Pope's body-guards, who are usually Swiss; these have drawn swords, and they march on with a steady, determined air, while the people on every side kneel and crave a blessing from the Sovereign Pontiff, as he is called, paying homage to a poor, weak, sinful man, as if he were a god.

The name Pope comes from *papa*, father, and devout Roman Catholics look up to him as the Vicar of God on earth; he is counted as infallible, that is, he cannot make mistakes nor err in his judgments; as holy above all men; to be blessed by him is the highest earthly privilege, and to be cursed by him the greatest of all calamities. He is called the successor of St. Peter, to whom our Lord gave the keys of heaven, and he claims spiritual sway over all the Christian world. This is what Roman Catholics believe and say; but Protestants deny the supremacy of the Pope, and they are so called because they *protest* against his assumption of authority, and against the forms and dogmas of the Romish Church: to them the great man who sits in St. Peter's chair is bishop of Rome and nothing more. So let him ride on in his pomp and state and fancy he is the greatest man upon earth. We have only now to do with the glittering chair in which he is borne amid his kneeling subjects.

Of late the litter has not been so much used by the modern Romans in their religious processions as it was formerly. The Pope is most frequently seen riding in a magnificent carriage, drawn by eight horses, decked with rich trappings. Within it is a gilded seat, like a throne, and from this the Pope bestows his blessings on the people right and left as he passes along.

There is a picture of a Pope carried in his litter, by the great painter Raffaele, in which the rich attire of the Pontiff and the quaint

dress of his guards and attendants are well preserved, and also many old engravings of the same subject.

Very magnificent and imposing were, and are, the ceremonies and processions in which his holiness—or 'his beatitude,' as his worshippers call him—is the central figure. Under no circumstances, not even when it bore the great Cæsar himself, was the litter invested with greater pomp than when some bishop of Rome in the middle ages has surveyed from it the sea of faces that gazed up to him in awe and adoration. Then it was indeed a throne, and he who sat upon it held greater power and dominion than any other earthly monarch.—*Chatterbox.*

VERDICT OF A JURY OF BOYS.

WHEN Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury he was very much of a favorite, but his patience at times would get nearly exhausted by the infraction of school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in a rather wrathful way, he threatened to punish, with six blows of a heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after, one of these detectors shouted:

"Master, John Ziegler is whispering."

John was called up and asked if it was a fact.

[John, by the way, was a favorite, both of the teacher and his schoolmates.]

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware of what I was about. I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to me to reach me the arithmetic that contained the rule I wished to see."

The doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to whisper and escape punishment, and continued:

"I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot without a forfeiture of my word, and a consequent loss of authority. I will leave it," continued he, "to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether or not I shall remit the punishment."

John said that he would agree to that, and immediately called out three boys.

The doctor told them to return a verdict; this they soon did, after a consultation, as follows:

"The master's word must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted upon volunteer proxies, and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving each of us two of the blows."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the doctor, and, with outstretched hand, exclaimed:

"Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow: I will receive the punishment."

The doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.—*Boston Teacher.*

[Selected.]

THE TWO SISTERS.

THERE were two little sisters at the house whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same books and the same play-things, but never a quarrel sprang up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," I said to them one day; "how is it you are always so happy together?"

They looked up, and the eldest answered, "I 'spose 'tis 'cause Addie lets me and I let Addie."

I thought a moment. 'Ah, that is it,' I said; 'she lets you, and you let her; that's it.'

Did you ever think what an apple of discord "not letting" is among children? Even now, while I have been writing, a great crying was heard under the window. I looked out. "Gerty, what is the matter?" "Mary won't let me have her ball," bellows Gerty; "Well, Gerty wouldn't lend me her pencil in school," cried Mary "and I don't think she should have my ball." "Fie, fie; is that the way sisters should treat each other?" "She shan't have my pencil," muttered Gerty; "she'll only lose it." "And you'll only lose my ball," retorted Mary, "and I shan't let you have it."

The "not letting" principle is downright disoblighingness, and a disoblighing spirit begets a great deal of quarrelling.

These little girls, Addie and her sister, have got the true secret of good manners. Addie lets Rose, and Rose lets Addie. They are yielding, kind, unselfish, always ready to oblige each other, neither wishes to have her own way at the expense of the other. And are they not happy? Oh yes! that they are.

BABY.

Baby with the golden hair,
Climbing here, and climbing there,
Climbing on the rocking-chair—
Sweet Baby!

Ah! he finds it is not steady;
He is tottering already;
He is frightened—save him, Eddy—
Save Baby!

Now he's safely on the ground,
But the rogue is turning round,
For the rocking-chair still bound—
Oh, Baby!

Blue-eyed Baby, oh! beware
How you clamber everywhere;
Traucherous is the rocking-chair,
My Baby!

Better far not climb at all,
But upon the carpet crawl,
If you would not fear to fall,
Dear Baby!
Summer Songs.

AN ACROSTIC.

To thee may time no pleasures true deny;
On thy fair brow may purest joys descend,
And light with love thy brightly beaming eye.
Fair friendship thee through life's long walk
attend,—
Remembrance, too, of ev'ry faithful friend.
In thine own heart truth, love, and virtue reign,
Enshrined with faith and hope; and at the end,
Not doubting him whose love will still remain,
Depart in peace to heaven,—there meet thy
friends again.

BROTHER HENRY.

SAN JOSE, Cal., July 5th, 1872.

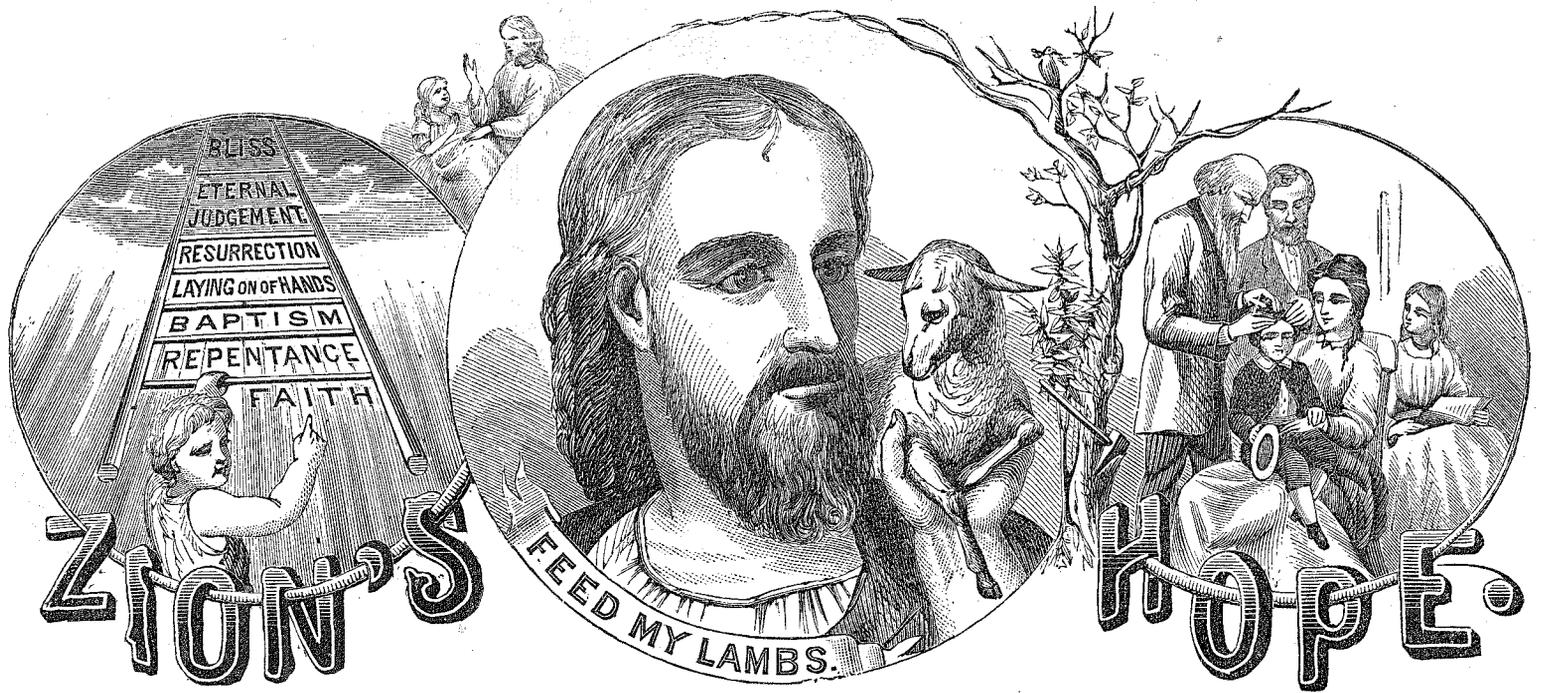
Roll of Honor.

Previously credited.....	\$105	20 Minerva Conyers.....	\$ 50
Ida Davis.....		50 Curtis White.....	50
A. White.....		50 M. Spraggon.....	25
A. Spraggon.....		25 E. Spraggon.....	25
E. B. Thomason.....		50 F. O. Thomason.....	50
H. M. Thomason.....		50 W. Thomason.....	50
Richard Darlow.....		25 Carrie and Jas. Atkinson.....	30
O. P. Sutherland.....	2 00	Ellen M. Vallem.....	1 00
P. Canavan.....		50 W. W. F.....	2 50
Change on Roll of Honor, Julian S. to Julia S. Anderson.....			
John W. Wight.....		50 Mary E. Kyte.....	3 00
Alma Hougas.....		25 Tommy Hougas.....	25
George Braby.....		25 Joseph Braby.....	25
A Friend.....	4 50	E. N. Webster.....	1 00
Charley Lake.....		10 Mary Lake.....	25
Oracy Lake.....		25 S. E. Kendall.....	25
Wm. M. Kendall.....		25 Abednego D. Johns.....	1 00
Alfred Leather.....		25 John L. Gilman.....	1 00
Sarah J. Ballantyne, Hope sent to others.....			50

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

Vol. 4.

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No. 6.

ALL IS BEAUTIFUL.

This world is full of beauty,
Where ever we may rove;
The earth is bright around us
And the sky is bright above;
There are many happy creatures
On the earth and in the air,
There is gladness in the sunshine
There is beauty everywhere.

Sweet is the face of nature
In all her varied moods,
In the wide extended prairies,
And the deeply shaded woods;
In the low and quiet valley:
In the mountain towering high,
Whose ever snow-clad summit
Seems to rest against the sky.

How lovely is the spring-time
With its early birds and flowers,
Like the smiles and tears of childhood
With its sunshine and its showers.
To the earth a crown of glory
And a royal robe is given,
And the flowers send forth their fragrance
Like sweet incense up to heaven.

J. R. A. C.

A VISION.

SOME months ago, late one night, and while contemplating on the sweet promise of our Savior, "I go to prepare a place for you," John 14: 2, I became unconscious of all my surroundings, my Spirit seeking a closer view of the "heavenly mansion."

I was within a very extensive enclosure where numerous groups were occupied in as many different pastimes, although the professed object of all, as I understood, was to gain admission into a large and magnificent mansion, situated apparently, near the center of the ground, and on an eminence.

From the open windows of this beautiful building issued a flood of mellow light, accompanied by strains of sweetest music, the effect of which was to fill me with unspeakable joy and happiness. I noticed that some seldom turned their eyes toward the windows; while others were all the time eagerly looking to catch a glimpse of the happy groups within, as well as to inhale the sweet odors, light and melody which issued therefrom.

The inclosures was surrounded by an insurmountable wall; and what appeared to me the strangest of all, was, that although the grounds were so very extensive, there was but one entrance, and that a very narrow door, which was kept by St. John the Baptist.

I said the wall was insurmountable, I must

explain, any one could climb over from the inside to the outside; but all who came in had to pass "through the door."

Some there were, who, from the moment they entered the sacred precincts, took nearly a straight course to the heavenly dwelling; although in doing so they had to travel over stoney ground, and cross over some turbulent waters, not unfrequently having their flesh torn by merciless briars, among which they might have been lost, but that the straight, though rugged path was marked by many crosses which served as guides to them that live godly in Christ Jesus.

They were informed at the commencement of their journey, that they might, perchance, reach the blissful abode by a smoother route; yet, if they should, it would be much further round, and then but through great mercy could they be admitted to a seat on the ground floor; that none could wear a wreath of glory and sit among the chiefs and rulers except such as walked the straight, though rugged path, clinging to and keeping the cross ever in view.

Some would go tolerably direct towards the mansion for a season, but getting fatigued, would sit down to rest, or else take a more enticing path, although a much more circuitous one; while the majority, as though they had forgotten why they were there, commenced a circuit of the grounds in search of pleasure, their minds being allured from the perfection of bliss by the most frivolous sights and attractions. Some of these latter would, in time, commence to narrow their circle, so as to eventually reach their bright habitation, but so worn out, that they could scarcely mount the steps, where, prior to being clothed in pure white, the livery of the prince who reigned within, they were weighed in a balance—their demerits in one scale and their merits in the other.

If you had seen the anxious look on the face of the chief apostle when the waters of Gennesaret receded beneath his feet, you would know pretty nearly how each appeared as the scale of their charities rose in air; but when each remembered the successful prayer, "Lord save or I perish," a divine hand was stretched forth which dropped charities into the scale more than balancing all their evils, and they were clothed, not in their own righteousness, but in the righteousness of him that redeemed them.

Many widened their circle, getting nearer and nearer to the wall. I overheard some fragments of conversation by one of the latter groups about "the sweets of liberty," and "the tyranny of some in authority," and that they "would prefer to be in some other place with liberty, to being

in there under so many restrictions." I did not hear much more, for it was not long before they let themselves down to the outside of the wall.

I felt both shocked and grieved at that which I had last heard and seen; and while I stood, an aged gentleman, with benign countenance, laid his hand upon my shoulder, saying, "My son, why grievest thou?" And I said, "Because so many turn aside from the path that leadeth to the heavenly mansion. I wish the Lord thereof could see all the obstacles which lie in the path, and the feebleness of many that try to walk therein; perhaps he would have some removed and the task made lighter." Then my companion directed me to look up, where I beheld an all-seeing eye whose glance searched me through, and fear came upon me, for I knew that I too, had murmured against God.

My companion, seeing my confusion and repentance, comforted me with sweet words, and offered to explain for my instruction.

"The mansion on the hill," said he, "is prepared by Jesus for them that love him and are willing to sacrifice all other pleasures for the one joy of forever being with him. This great inclosure is his church, which has but one entrance, though it has many means of exit."

"But," I asked, "how is it that so many turn back? for I noticed that all who entered were vouched for to the saintly keeper of the door by two sponsors—Faith and Repentance."

"The Baptist," said he, "is a finite being, and so liable to be imposed upon by others than genuine faith and true repentance; that parties donning similar garbs, deceive the porter at the gate, and are passed in. And were the path to the heavenly mansion smooth and laden with rich perfumes, the very gates of heaven would be besieged by pride, vanity, ambition, lust, envy, and an army of ignobles, thereby rendering null and void the blessed promise, 'There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary shall find rest.'—Job 3: 17. X. A.

WISDOM.

JOB wrote about wisdom something in this style, "Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." Solomon obtained wisdom from God, and some of it was "Good understanding gaineth favor;" and that to "Fear God and keep his commandments" is the "whole duty of man." If we gain good understanding by searching the scriptures for ourselves, and asking God for wisdom to comprehend them, and

not trust to erring man's explanations; than we are able to grow in the "one" and only true "Faith," like as was once had in old times. That kind grows and produces good fruit, and is not dead, like the body when the spirit is gone, but enables us to please God, then he gives his spirit, and that enables us to be righteous and wise unto salvation. Jesus inquired "Shall I find faith on the earth when I come?" The prophet Malachi asked "Who shall abide the day of his coming?" The wise are to be admitted to supper. Let us seek wisdom that will aid us to fear to displease God. But to love to please him.

GOOD INTENT.

PROVING IT TRUE.

WHY, Augusta it is only Monday. Why did you bring your books home? you don't usually only Friday nights." "Because," replied Augusta petulantly, "I'm not going to school any more this term."

"Not going to school any more? Why child, what do you mean? It's only the first day of school since vacation."

"I don't care if it isn't. I am not going any more. They're just the meanest set of scholars that ever lived, and I'm not going another day; so I'm not."

"You shouldn't speak so decisively my child. Perhaps your father will think best for you to go to school as you have done."

"Perhaps you don't know what my papa thinks," replied Augusta saucily, "you're not my mother and you wouldn't care if the whole school abused me. Boo hoo, hoo, I wish mama had lived, then I shouldn't have been so badly treated. Boo, hoo, I'll tell my papa on you, so I will," and sobbing loudly Augusta flounced out of the room. The soft brown eyes of Mrs. Norton, grew dim with tears at her step-daughter's unkind and unjust words, but she said nothing; only bent her head lower over her work and rocked the little one's cradle a little faster. Presently Mr. Norton came in, just home from town. He tossed a parcel into his wife's lap and laying his hand gently on her auburn hair, said kindly, "There's a new dress for Augusta. See if you think it will do." Mrs. Norton unrolled the paper, and as the bright, delicate wreaths and buds caught her eye she cried. "Oh what a beauty! It's just suited to a young girl of her age and complexion. I'm sure she will like it. But you had better take it up to her room; perhaps the sight of it will dispel her unpleasant feelings. She has been misused by some scholars and feels very badly over it."

"Abused, has she? She often gets into a difficulty because she is so hasty in her speech, and temper." He found Augusta softly weeping. "Look here my little one, here is a new dress for you."

"I'm not a little one," pouted the girl, without looking at him. "I'm fifteen years old, so I am." "You are, are you? What an age that is. Well if you are so old, you act somewhat like a baby, my girl. You're pouting now. Come tell me what's wrong, Gussie." And he put his arm around her, and patted her sunny curls playfully. Augusta leaned her head on his shoulder and sobbed out, "Oh papa, I'm just as miserable, as I can be. I don't know what to do with myself." Then she suddenly choked down her emotions, and began to tell her pitiful story.

"I asked the teacher to write me a copy. She was busy and passed my book over to Owen Fleming. He handed it back to me pretty soon, whispering with a smile as if he'd done something awful smart. 'Here little woman, is an old maxim I found in my French lesson to day?' I didn't write after that copy you may be sure. Why it was a real insult, and oh I was mad! After school was out I gave it to him. I just gave him a piece of my mind. The scamp!" "What was it Gussie? some terrible thing one

would suppose." And her father took up the copy book which lay near by, tumbled down with the other books in sad confusion. He soon found the offending copy and read it aloud. "The tongue is a woman's sword and she never suffers it to rust." And then Mr. Norton laughed, and Augusta pouted again. "But had'nt you said something to him before he wrote this? Come now, what did you say? *Something*, I'm sure." "You're always teasing me papa. And I don't believe you care any more than that old step-mother does, if the scholars abuse me ever so bad. So I don't."

"Augusta child, what do you mean by speaking in such a way? Frances is my wife the mother of my little Effie and baby boy. She is a good, kind friend to you, Augusta, and tries to do her duty by you, and you must not speak of her in a disrespectful manner. She doesn't deserve it; and you are wronging your dead mother every time you give way to such impulses."

"Oh papa!" cried the daughter in surprise. "Why do you say that?"

"Because child your mother was a good woman, and tried to teach you to be good and just to all. You were ten years old when she died; old enough to remember her teachings. And every time you wilfully disregard any of her admonitions you are doing her an injustice. Remember that. And you wrong your step-mother, who deserves your love and esteem. And yourself, too; for you degrade yourself when you stoop to say a wrong of another. And your father feels very much grieved, Augusta, to know that his little daughter has no better control over her tongue and her temper. And that reminds me you haven't told me what you said to Owen Fleming to cause him to write such a copy."

"How do you know I said anything? But there's no use trying to avoid it, you will tease me till I tell you. Well, at noon he hit me in the back with a ball. I didn't say much then, for he was so sorry, and said it was a mistake. But in just a little while he hit me again and in the face. I could'nt help saying something then. I told him he was an awkward booby, and a blundering lubber and, and,—I don't know what all. My cheek smarted and stunk so, I didn't know hardly what I was about."

"Pretty names truly, for a young girl of fifteen to apply to a friend. Perhaps you stood in the way of the game and he was not to blame for striking you."

"Well, what if I did? I'd just as good a right to stand on that corner of the play ground as he or any of the boys had. And I told him so, too."

"No doubt of it, Augusta, and a great deal more you ought not to have said; but what did you say after school about that copy?"

"Oh, I don't want to tell you. I was real mad and I didn't care what I did say, I can't remember half, either. I know I told him he was a good for nothing scoundrel, to insult a young lady that way. What makes you smile papa; I tell you I stood up straight and tall, then, and I felt as if I was a young lady, and capable of fighting for my rights."

"You didn't act like one, though. But what else was said, I want to know it all."

"Oh, I can't tell half. I said a good deal, for I was awful mad. And when I got through he just smiled in his provoking way and said I had 'proved that copy true, already.' Oh but I was madder than ever, and I'd like to have choked him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed her father. "Owen's about right. You *did* prove it true, sure enough. And you are proving that old saying true, far too often. You *must* govern your temper and bridle your tongue. But what did you say to Frances, your mother. There was a shade of sadness in her face when I came in. You've been using your woman's sword to wound *her* kind feelings, I fear."

"I, I,—said something saucy to her when I

came home, but I hadn't ought to. I wish I *could* keep from getting angry and saying naughty things."

"You can, Augusta, if you try. Not all at once, but by degrees, if you keep trying you can overcome this unpleasant habit. Whenever you feel like saying anything wrong or hasty, close your mouth, sheathe that sword, your tongue, and do not speak till you can do so calmly and properly. Continue to do this and ask God's help and you will have strength to overcome. But here is your new dress. Do you think you deserve it?"

"No papa, I don't; and I won't have it till I can learn to control my tongue. I thought I'd never go to school another day, but I will and I'll learn to act properly and speak civilly; and I'll set my teeth together through my tongue every time I want to say bad words if I can't keep from it without."

Mr. Norton kissed his daughter and led her below and told Mrs. Norton the whole story and asked her to put away the new dress pattern till Augusta considered herself worthy of it. And Augusta expressed her sorrow for speaking as she had done to her step-mother, and received a kiss of forgiveness from her. Three months after, Augusta timidly asked if mama would please make that dress to wear to the picnic.

And the father and mother agreed with her in thinking she had earned it for she learned to hold her tongue when it should not speak. In after years when she became a woman, a modest sweet tempered woman, she became the wife of this same Owen Fleming, and he often says that she was the first one that ever proved the old french maxim true, that he knew, and the next to prove it untrue. And she is very careful not to prove it true yet!

She is a good, gently spoken woman, and she has learned to use the 'woman's sword' properly, although it does not rust. Girls, you are all little women. And women are said to use their tongues too much, and often unwisely. Can't you all prove that maxim *untrue*? Too many of us, little and big women, are proving it true every day. Lets see if the little women, can't set the example of doing better?

PERLA WILD.

THE LITERS OF ALL NATIONS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

THE LITTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

QUEEN ELIZABETH was very fond of making what were called "Progresses," throughout her dominions, and during which "progresses," she would appear dressed in splendid attire, with a golden crown upon her head, and seated on a throne of state, with a rich canopy over her, and borne on the shoulders of eight of the noblest of her subjects—earls, and such-like important persons, who did not disdain to act the part of litter-bearers,—nay, professed that it was the most delightful of all occupations, a privilege and a favor to be allowed to bear so lovely and precious a burden. It was the custom of the time to use complimentary and high-flown language, especially at the court of "the maiden Queen," and to treat with respect and deference, that bordered on the ludicrous, the sovereign lady to whom the most outrageous flatteries appear to have been acceptable. Like her father, Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth was most imperious and despotic; her lords and ladies knelt when in her presence, and those who served her at dinner did so upon their knees. So the writers of the period inform us, although we can scarcely understand how they could have performed this difficult feat.

However, here she is, in her stiffly-starched ruff and jewelled stomacher, looking "every inch a queen," while the Earls of Leicester, Darnley, Norfolk, Essex, Sidney, and the rest, in their

velvet cloaks, satin doublets, gorgeously apparelled, and each wearing a long sword, which one fears must sometimes get between the legs of the wearer, and endanger the safety of the lady of the litter, walk on as steadily as they may, proud of their precious burden,—all bare-headed, mind you, as are likewise the other great officers of state, and the ladies-in-waiting who walk in the rear, not ride, observe, oh, no! only the Queen may ride, and when she stops her litter and descends therefrom, down upon their knees they will all go. We hope it is not muddy, or woe betide the silk stockings and gaily-colored breeches which look like embroidered bags above the knees. If there is the slightest suspicion of dirt about the spot where the dainty feet are to be set, some richly-dressed gallant, like Raleigh, will probably rush forward, and, taking off his velvet cloak, place it on the ground before her, and she will reward him with a smile which will brighten his existence, and make him the most happy and envied of mortals; at least, that is what he will write in a sonnet, in which the Queen will be described as a sun or a moon, and himself as a crawling insect, warmed and cheered by the light.

Recently our own beloved Queen Victoria made a grand progress through the city of London, but she did not ride in a litter, nor was any such fulsome adulation offered to her as that which tickled the ears of Elizabeth, although she is nearer and dearer to her people than was "Good Queen Bess," that "glorious dame," as the rhyme runs. Neither had she breakfasted with her ladies upon beefsteaks and porter before she set out, as the elder Queen had probably done.

The manners have changed with the times, and although the greatest nobleman in the land would be proud and happy to render all due and loyal service to the sovereign lady of our land, and to sacrifice his life for her, if need be; yet he would feel himself insulted if called on to be her lackey or litter-bearer, as any great man of the Tudor times would have been to his queen.

Since the reign of Elizabeth, litters have been little used in England, although they were common modes of conveyance for ladies before. The sedan-chairs took their place to some extent, but these are not much used now. Carriages on wheels have become common and easily obtained, and they are in every respect much better and more convenient.—*Chatterbox.*

GOOD ADVICE.

DEAR CHILDREN.—I have often thought of making an effort to interest or instruct you through the columns of "our dear little Hope;" but your paper is doing so well, and I know that many have written, and are still writing, who can do so much better than I can, that I have delayed commencing, and perhaps would still do so had I not promised to try.

Now I have no doubt but that all of the little Hopes who know me, will be pleased to hear all I have to say.

I recall with pleasure the many times that you have listened attentively to any advise, and how affectionately you seem to remember me, and how many kind letters I have received from dear little friends or pupils, who were anxious that I should know how they were getting along,—how they were improving in writing and spelling. I have also learned how they prize my answers to their letters, and this fact gives me more courage to attempt to address you in print.

Now I want all of the little readers of *Zion's Hope* to consider me a friend who takes a deep interest in their welfare and progress, and hopes that they will all grow up to be useful men and women, an honor to their parents and teachers, and ornaments to the church, and to society.

The advantages of education, dear children, which you, in this country, at present enjoy, if

improved will be of great benefit to you in after years; provided, of course, that you make a proper use of it;—that is, always try to do good and make yourselves and others better and happier.

It is in every one's power, no matter how young, to be useful in some way. Now what I like the most to see, in children, is cheerfulness, that is a pleasant and happy way of saying and doing every thing, that will help to make those older than you forget their troubles, and be more reconciled to whatever sorrows this life has brought them. You must never forget that some people see a great deal of trouble, and even some children do. You all know some poor children without father or mother, and perhaps you know others who have unkind, wicked, or drunken parents. Now you will certainly be kind to these poor children, and let them know that you are friendly disposed towards them, and would like to make their lives brighter and happier if you could. But, dear children, I suppose that you had rather that I would relate some pleasing story, instead of advising you to be good, as you have heard a great deal of advise of this kind. I find it a difficult matter to make a selection of a subject to treat upon in a Sunday School paper.

Subjects on science present themselves, but I fear that I should not be able to explain them so that the younger Hopes could understand. There are many subjects that I should not approve of your reading,—such as ghost, witch, and fairy tales; also stories on war, piracy, or murder. There are many things published in the Sabbath School Library books which I think are not just right, as they convey wrong impressions to your minds.

We have all read and shed tears over those stories which represent that all, or nearly all, good children die young. I well remember reading so many of those stories that I almost believed that it was true, and when I was about ten years old, a dear little sister of mine was taken sick and I cried bitterly, thinking that she was too good to live; but she was spared, and I have since learned that good children are often permitted to grow up, and they generally make good men and women.

There is another idea in most of the story books which I think is not entirely correct. That is representing that good acts are almost always immediately rewarded. For instance, George confesses to the destruction of the tree, and is rewarded by praises and caresses. Now, children, one of you might do the same thing and get punished. Or where honest Peter won't steal an apple, but talks about it to himself as he is passing by the orchard, and the old man hears him and presents him with a hat full of apples, and makes some kind remarks on his honesty. You might pass an orchard fifty times and never think of stealing, and no one would come out and reward you. And when Rosamond gives her little sister her old doll, some fairy god-mother presents Rosamond with a large, new wax doll that could open and shut its eyes. Had you done so you might have been without a doll. Or you might wear your older sisters cast-off dresses like Cinderella, and wash the dishes and do the kitchen work ever so nice, yet you would not be transported to a palace to wear gold slippers and grand clothing.

Then, you ask, is goodness not rewarded! Yes, indeed it is. The consciousness that you are doing right, and that you are truthful, honest, generous, and industrious, is a great reward, even if others do not appreciate your actions. If you know that God and your own conscience approve your life, you may be happy, and rest secure in the hope of a reward in heaven. I will bid you good-bye for the present, and you may expect to hear quite often after this from

AUNTIE PLUMA.

The temperate are most luxurious. By abstaining how many things we enjoy.—*Simms.*

THE SCISSORS GRINDER.

DING-DING, ding-a-ling, ding. What's all that fuss about. Oh, its only the Scissors Grinder. Stop! good man, we have a pair here, so dull that they will hardly cut paper. There, he lets down the frame which he carries on his back, with straps across his shoulder which hold it up, while he is walking along the street. Oh, just see what a tiny little grindstone he has. There; he has taken the screw out of the scissors and taken them apart. Now he puts his foot on the pedal, see how fast it turns. Hum-m-m. What a noise it makes. See he puts one of the scissors blades to the whirling stone, and sz-sz-sz. Oh look! how the sparks fly as he turns the blade in his hand. Now he turns it over, then back, again, feels the edge with his thumb, to see if it is sharp enough. Not quite, one more touch or two, there that one's done; now he takes the other blade just the same way. Why he's done that too, now he puts the blades together again, puts the screw in, pounds the small end, flattens it out so it can't come out again, and now they are done, see how they cut now, mind your fingers, why he has not been quite ten minutes. What's your charge, good man. Ten cents! There's your money. Ding, ding, ding-a-ling, ding goes the little bell and on he goes ready for another job.

Some time ago I wrote you about the axe, and its usefulness; and here we have a little instrument, just as useful in its sphere as the axe. While it is not fitted for preparing wood for houses, yet the tinner, who makes the troughs and conducting spouts for the water to run from your houses, could not get along without its big brother, the shears.

But the sphere of the scissors is in the house. What would mamma or sister do without them? How could your coat or their dresses be shaped without them? Naturally we all feel nice when our new clothes fit us neatly, and set nicely upon us; but what do you suppose they would look like if we had no scissors. Awkward enough, I'm sure. Then is not the work of that little instrument a great one, though it be small in size?

Well now, dear little reader, there is a moral or two in this little story; the first one is, By our associations in life we are buffeted first against this trial, and that temptation, and if we are not sharpened by the influence of the Holy Spirit to cut through and overcome them, we will become rusty and dull by our contact with evil, and become so we cannot work against it; good for nothing but to lie and rust away like the dull scissors in the house. Nobody wants or will have them; they are a nuisance instead of a useful article. But when they are sharp and bright, then how eagerly we look for them when they are needed.

Well just so, when we possess the Holy Spirit which sharpens all our senses, and makes us bright in the kingdom of our heavenly Father, we glorify him, who is the giver of all our true joyment.

The other is, No matter how small we are or how few talents we possess, we all have a work to do. And though it may be in an humble sphere, yet our reward will be as great as those whose talents are greater; for remember the words of our Savior, "Unto whom much is given, much shall be required." But we are required to work with all our might in the sphere which we occupy, otherwise our reward will not be so great. We know not what we are capable of doing until we are tried; but if we do our utmost, we shall be rewarded by the glorious presence of our heavenly Father.

A word to my older readers. By an examination of the *Hope* for the 15th of August, it appears there are a great many scissors sadly in need of grinding. I have tried to sharpen mine. Let us not become rusty or dull. Let us keep up the good work begun in our loved paper.

SANCO PANZA.

SACRIFICE.

IT is written that "Obedience is better than sacrifice," and to "Hearken than the fat of lambs." Some who obey the gospel have stronger faith than others,—some do not hardly understand enough to be able to exercise faith. Paul, in Hebrews 12, exhorts to "lay aside every weight and besetting sin." What for? so that we can "Run with patience the race set before us." We desire to obey, and to hearken, and practice right in all things, if we are honest in our belief, and know what we do believe and try to repent when we are baptized; but if we fail to live pure and holy, or to be entirely obedient from the start, then our faith is weak. If we then give up, the enemy takes his chance, and gets us on his side; but if we "pick our flints and try it again," go to and make sacrifice to please God, then we gain strength of faith, which brings the spirit to help us to obey; and add virtue, knowledge, and temperance, and go onward to perfection. GOOD INTENT.

[Selected.]

THE OILED FEATHER.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN "Polished Sam" left home on this eventful morning, he had a smile on his lip, and a bright gladsome look in his eye; and if he had the world before him, he had a bright and happy home behind him.

Believe me, good reader, that a bright and happy home is a wonderful back-up to a man, when he goes forth into a hard and cold world, to make his way through the day's business as best he can. On the present occasion "Polished Sam" was backed up by Jenny, his wife; and by little Tommy, his son; and by Polly, the servant-maid. They had all smiled him forth on his journey, and they all smile him home again; aye, and Sam would be in a hurry to get home to all these smiling folk; and when he got a rub in the market from any of the Rusty Joes, who might be there, he went famously through it all; for he knew he'd soon get home to peace, and quiet, and love again. You must not think, kind reader, that Sam Parsons didn't get knocks and rubs of all kinds in the world; he came in for his share; but he slipped through them better than other folk, for he was so civil and polished in his way, that he disarmed the ill feeling of many.

The first person Sam Parsons came in sight of was old Biddy Magrath, the woman who sold apples at the corner of the street. "Good morning, Biddy," said Sam.

"Good morning, and good luck," answered Biddy; "is it to market ye's going to-day, Mr. Parsons?"

"Yes, Biddy, can I do anything for you?" said Sam.

"Can ye do anything for me," answered Biddy, "to be sure ye can; bring me two ounces of the best tay, and half-a-pound of brown sugar, and here's the money," and so saying, Biddy pulled forth a ball of rag from her pocket, which, when unrolled much after the fashion of an Egyptian mummy, developed a shilling.

"I'll get you a good cup," said Sam, as he took the shilling, "you'll never have a better cup, than I wish you," and he smacked his whip, and passed on.

Bridget Magrath had not much of the sunshine of the world falling upon her poor wrinkled face, and it was well for her she had naturally a cheerful temper; she led but a sorry life of it with the boys of the village; and Sam Parsons' kind word was one of the few gleams which fell to her lot. We can understand, therefore, the multitude of blessings wherewith Bridget overwhelmed Sam; how she called him all sorts of fine names, and at length how she subsided behind her rickety table to sell apples, if she could,

all day long, but at any rate to wait for the evening, and Sam's arrival with the "tay."

No doubt it was but a small kindness that Sam showed; but he made a fellow-creature happy by it; in fact, he oiled old Biddy, as well as his wife and child and maid; and Biddy was not half so cross all that day, because she had the remembrance of a kindly word and genial smile to help her through.

As Sam Parsons went to market, he had to surmount the same hill on which his neighbor "Rusty Joe" afterward fared so badly; the road was just as steep, his horses' load was just as heavy; and nothing but a little oil carried Sam successfully up that hill. The wheels of Sam's wagon turned easily enough, for he had not neglected to grease them; but all the grease in the world could not make the wheels turn by themselves. It is true Sam had a little oil with him; he generally had a little bottle among a few odds and ends in a box attached to his wagon; but one cannot oil horses' hoofs or joints; so on the present occasion, unless Sam Parsons were possessed of something more, he had little chance of surmounting Blackford hill; indeed less chance than his neighbor "Rusty Joe" had after him, for his horses were not so strong. But Sam Parsons had another oil bottle, which was able effectually to do the work. Sam had a kind heart and word for man and beast; and this kind word carried him up the Blackford hill; yes, he oiled his horses with it, and up they went.

When first the team desired to stop, Sam let the poor beasts rest, to recover breath; he put a couple of stones behind the wagon-wheels, and then went round and patted each of the horses on the neck. Yes, he even rubbed their noses with his hand; and the horses seemed to understand that their master was caressing and encouraging them. If human beings rub noses in some parts of the world, and understand that form of salutation, why should not man, and beast understand each other, when the former rubs the latter's nose? Well! Sam Parsons rubbed his horses' noses, and patted their necks, and thus the cunning fellow oiled them well; and when in a moment or two afterward he smacked his whip, just as a matter of course, and cried "jee-hup," and made other little persuasive noises, which we cannot write down, for horse language is a thing by itself, the team gave a pull, a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and up the Blackford hill they went, and not one of them required the lash.

Now if Sam Parsons had told people that he oiled his horses at Blackford hill, they would in all probability have thought him mad; nevertheless, dear reader, he did really oil them, as much as he did the wheels of his wagon they drew; he oiled their tempers, and moreover, the oil put on them cost him nothing; and so the work was done. It is astonishing over what a surface a little oil will spread itself; astonishing how many obstacles it will remove; astonishing how many evils it will avert; what a pity it is that folk don't know more of its value—kind words! kind deeds! kind looks! Oh! they will often carry us up a hill of difficulty; where the lash, and oath and angry temper, would prove of no avail.

The whole space of this number would be absorbed if we had to recount all Sam Parsons' ins and outs at the market-town even this one day. Were we to undertake such a task we should have to tell how "Polished Sam" was served with a specially nice bit at the market inn; for the waiter always had a kind word and an "if you please," and a "thank you" from him, when he had little more than gruff orders from most of the other farmers. We should also have to relate, how a dealer, who thought that Sam was very soft, because he was very civil, tried to "do" him into a bargain; but how our hero stood firm, for he was no fool; and did not want to be done; and got his fair price at last. We should also have to tell how Sam brought

home a paper of sugar candy from the grocer at whose shop he bought old Bridget's tea; and how about a dozen folk, who were snarling and quarreling with each other, all had a smile for him. Furthermore, we should have to tell how our hero, by a few kind words, threw oil on the troubled waters, when two ill-conditioned fellows were almost coming to blows; and how he put matters straight between them in two minutes, after they had been wrangling nearly two hours; but why say, good reader, how much we could tell you, when we don't mean to do anything of the kind; and when it is high time for "Polished Sam" to be thinking of going home.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PUNCTUALITY.

PUNCTUALITY is said to be pleasing to God. It must be, for Jesus said, " whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them. For this is the law and the prophets." Who is there of us who if any one owes us a dollar, and we are in need of some money, but would like that person to pay it; or if some one promises to come to work for us at a certain time, and do not come, would they like it if we treated them so meanly. Let us try and please God in as many ways as we can, and by practicing to be punctual to get to meeting at the right time, and do all we promise to God or to man. We will please him in this if we do not in many others. GOOD INTENT.

Correspondence.

BREWTON, Escambia Co., Ala.,

August 12th, 1872.

Dear little Hope, I have been working with all my might to scatter you through this bleeding and dying generation, for I know you will give comfort when you are examined. Dear little readers, live faithfully for the day will soon come when all the true and tried will be gathered home to the land of Zion, where our joys will be greater than tongue can express. Why should we not live as though every moment was the last; do all you can to build this little paper up; let every one that takes this paper try to get one to subscribe for *Zion's Hope*, and then we need have no fear that the paper will stop.

G. H. SHELL.

FLEMING STATION, August 23rd, 1872.

Dear Uncle Joseph.—I am a little girl eight years old, I have a little sister seven years old; and three brothers. We have no Sabbath School here of the little Hopes, but have other Sabbath Schools here. We all like *Zion's Hope*. We have not been getting it regularly, I want the little Hopes to pray for me. I am not baptized yet, but I want to be soon. Enclosed you will find fifty cents for two copies for six months.

CORA A. RICHARDSON.

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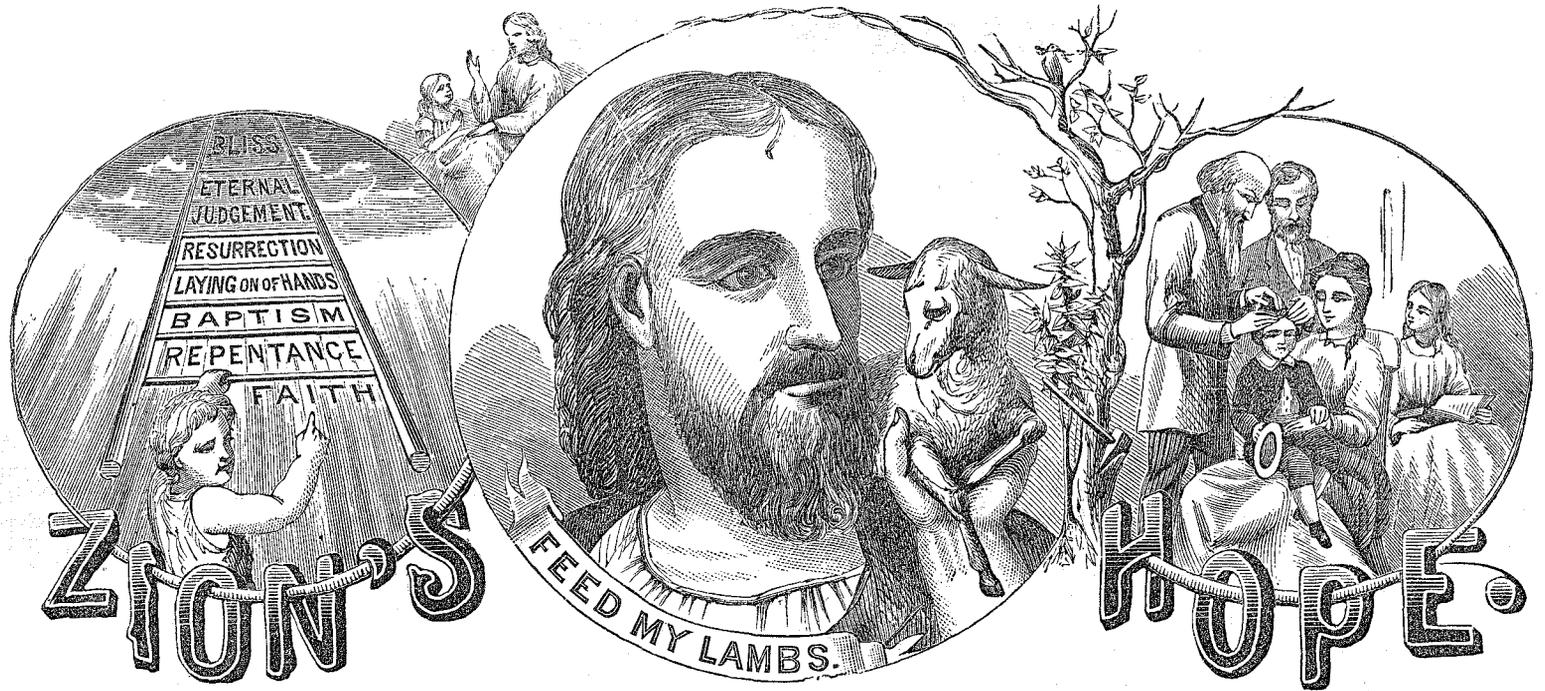
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 4.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., OCTOBER 1, 1872.

No. 7.

THE STRAYED HEN BROUGHT HOME.

The speckled hen is found at last
That was so long away!
And she had a hidden nest of eggs,
And they were hatched to-day.

Tom took a basket to the wood
All covered with a net,
And brought the little chickens home
For Sue and Sam to pet.

The hen will guard her chickens well,
With beak, and claws, and wings,
And show her anger if she thinks
You hurt the little things.

And with her large and spreading wings
She covers them at night;
They nestle close beneath her breast,
And sleep till it is light.

Who taught the hen to sit so long
Upon her quiet nest?
Who taught her how to feed her young,
And warm them with her breast?

The world's a very busy place,
And beasts, and birds, and men,
Have all their share of work to do,
Just like the mother hen.

God teaches all to do their work.
And from his heaven above
He smiles on those that do it well—
With patience, care, and love.

Chatterbox.

CHILDREN OF THE SUMMER.

I WAS slow in apprehending the realities of life, in general. My conception of Indian character was ideal, so that all my surprises have been, not in discovering Indian peculiarities, but in finding out that Indians are so like other people; especially is this true of Indian children.

Many years ago I found myself in an Indian *campuda*, on Frazer river, British Columbia. A great many Indians lived together in a large house, built of boards, and partitioned so that each family had a separate compartment. The children of the different families were playing together. They had little darts, with pins for points, and feathers at the end to guide them. They would roll a ball and then throw the darts at the ball while rolling; and there was music in their loud laughter.

I have become more familiar with Indian children since then. There were a good many boys about the ranch this summer; I employ two to take care of the cattle, and furnished them horses to ride. When out of sight, sometimes,

they would get other boys on behind them, and gallop over the hills till the horses were out of breath. I did not like that, but was reminded of my own experiences.

There are ponds on the meadow where they often went to play; they kicked up the water as if each thought himself a stern-wheeled boat.

They like to be busy, and in the blacksmith-shop was a post that supported the roof, and some bits and augers. They bored the post, for amusement, till it was honey-combed. They like to climb; one day they assembled on the roof of the shop. I don't know what they were doing; but a man near by heard a crash, and saw a pile of ruins and a cloud of dust, and a lot of half naked boys springing out, one after another.

Now I must make you acquainted with some of our boys by name. "Jim" is a man, now, and married, but was a boy when we came here. A bad Indian stole my partner's horse, and Jim and another boy followed him and took the horse from him. It is well to know that there are both good and bad Indians, as there are good and bad whites. Jim was always good. We gave him work to do, and taught him to drive oxen. At first he would say, "Get-up-wohee-haw-come-along-gee," all together; but he learned better, and is as good a driver as any body, and makes a dollar and a quarter a day.

"Old Joe" is an old Indian, good natured, smart and very witty. Some years ago, one very cold day in the winter, I was out in Desolate Valley and come to where Joe and his family were camped, on the cold, frozen ground, with only a few sage-brush to shelter them from the wind. A squaw was making a willow frame, such as they lash young children to, and I asked what it was for. Joe pointed to a pile of rabbit skins. I raised one up and saw a young papoose. I asked him how old it was, and he answered, "yestedy." I think we will have to call that little fellow a child of the winter.

"Patchy" is a very old Indian whose clothes are always a mass of patches. He is kind and affectionate, obliging, always smiling and happy. I went to his "wick-e-up" yesterday. Only he and Bona, his little daughter, and little Johny, his grandson, were there. They were taking breakfast of soup thickened with flour. Patchy and Johny ate it with their fingers, but Bona was ashamed of them, and took a shoulder blade of a rabbit to dip the soup, and sipped it as a little girl should. Patchy hugged and patted his little boy, and certainly loves him. What a terrible thing it would be for a party of white men to come along and kill Patchy, and Bona, and Johny. But some of our great generals

have gotten fame by killing old decrepid Indians and innocent babies. When they come forth in the resurrection, if robes are given them, it may be there will be spots on them that will not wash out; and dark spots in their memories that will not fade.

I have never known Indian children to fight, or quarrel, or scold. They are generally happy, but are very poor and have to suffer from cold and hunger sometimes, but they do it quietly and resignedly.

Now I think the readers of the *Hope* will admit that Indian children are a good deal like themselves, and so, sure enough, may be, like them, descendants of Abraham. They are at least descendants of Adam, and all christians are bound to regard them as brethren. I think too my little readers will be willing to love them; and be glad that the Lord has included them in the covenant of mercy, and that they will be gathered to Zion.

Indeed the Lord lately appeared and told these Indians they were his children. He told them a great many wonderful things and they believe him.

SIGMA PHI.

THE TWO LITTLE SISTERS.

DEAR little *Hopes*.—I did not expect to write you a letter this morning; but as I sat here by my window enjoying the cool breeze from off the river, with my precious books around me, and deeply absorbed in the contents of one of them, I heard a sweet young voice singing a nursery song; looking down to the pavement beneath the window I saw two little sisters, hand in hand, enjoying their morning walk. As the eldest led the little one she amused her by singing a song. They were my neighbor's children, and their names are Anna and Florence.

Perhaps many of you, my dear readers, have little brothers or sisters just as sweet as this dear little Florence; if so, I hope you take them to walk in the cool shade and amuse them while your mothers are obliged to be busy. This little birdie that I am writing about, walks in the morning when her limbs are fresh and strong; but in the evening, after she has toddled all day and is weary, she rides in her carriage. Hot as the summer has been she is as plump and rosy as when the violets first peeped out in the spring.

Looking down from my window I said good morning to my little friends; and Anna sweetly replied, "Good morning;" but little Florence could only smile her welcome. I looked about

for a peach or a pear, but finding none I dropped down a copy of our *Hope* for September 1st. Down it floated and was caught up by eager hands. A "thank you" was said, and a question was eagerly asked; it was this, "Did you write anything that is in the paper?"

I was sorry to say no.

Then the request was made that I would "write something for the next number," and I said that I would. So having let the promise slip past my lips, I must keep it; and to be sure that I keep it I have laid down my book and taken up my pencil and written this far, and now I must say a few words to my dear little friends abroad.

I have thought of you very much this summer, but have not had any opportunity of writing to you. This pleasant Sabbath morning is the first time I have had to call my own for very many weeks, and I could not tell you how much I enjoy it. I read the letters that some of you write for the *Hope*, and my heart is often made glad by them.

You must all study to be good and useful, and each day be preparing for the great work God has for you in the future if you prove yourselves capable of performing it. Let us ever stand firm for the right, and soon we shall wear the crowns that are waiting for us.

Good bye and remember me always as your loving friend.

AUNT JULIA.

THE LITTERS OF ALL NATIONS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

THE LITTER OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

IT is a long stride from England to India, and a longer still from Queen Elizabeth to the Great Mogul, which name is the popular designation of the Emperor of Delhi, once the most powerful of all the potentates of Hindostan. No power or authority attaches to the title now, for in the Indian mutiny, in which the King of Delhi took part against the English, he was punished with the loss of his capital and other possessions.

The east is the birth-place and home of the palanquin, or litter; and there it is still much used, and when the Great Mogul went abroad he often would ride in or on one, for it seems that the mighty monarch sometimes stood upright upon a kind of platform; in order, we suppose, that we might be the better seen by his subjects. He wears a great turban on his head,—green, no doubt, for that is the sacred color, with the half, moon or crescent in front of it, this being the symbol of the Mahomedan faith. Torch-bearers, and standard-bearers, and armed men, and musicians, are all around him; there is a frightful din of shouts and yells, and clashing cymbals, and drums, and gongs, and all sorts of noisy instruments. Grandly the elephants march along, and the war-horses prance and curvert, and the light of the torches flashes upon the arms of the warriors, the trappings of the animals, and the jeweled dress of the chief person of the cavalcade, which is all ablaze with gems.

A Russian prince, named Alexis Soltykoff, who published an account of his travels in India from 1841 to 1843, witnessed a state procession of the Great Mogul at Delhi. His attention being arrested by the sound of music, he stopped to see what was coming, and beheld first the cavalry guard superbly mounted, a numerous body, advancing two abreast, then a crowd of musicians with drums, and cymbals, and fifes, whose sole object seemed to be to make as much noise as possible without regard to harmony. These were followed by the litter on which rode the Great Mogul, an old man of withered aspect, looking more like a moving corpse than a living person. Then followed twenty elephants with gilded pavilions on their backs, then more horsemen carrying flags, hookahs, or pipes, and other things which are supposed to add to the state

and dignity of an eastern prince. Poor old man! amid all this pomp, and grandeur, and homage, as he went swaying along on the top of the tide that surged and eddied so tumultuously through the streets of Delhi, he little thought how soon the rule of the Great Mogul would come to an end. One by one these Eastern princes sink down and disappear as the tide of Western, that is, Christian civilization advances over the great continent of India, and with them will go the cumbersome and inconvenient palanquin, or litter; it can no more hold its own against the light and elegant wheeled carriage of the West, than can those who formerly used to resist European energy and scientific skill.—*Chatterbox.*

DILIGENCE.

IF we wish to achieve anything noble and grand, we must be diligent in our endeavors to do so; we must not strive for a short time, and then become weary, but exert every energy, using freely diligence and perseverance to assist us in accomplishing our design. Though our task at first may seem hard, yet by constant attention, we can achieve the most wonderful results. What if that All-Wise Being who created all things, and placed man here upon earth to do good or evil, had thus become weary before his task was done, and left his work unfinished? We should not have had this earth with all its beauties and pleasures combined for our habitation; neither should we have been blessed with life, with knowledge, and with understanding. God has so ordered it, that by diligence and perseverance, man may be enabled to make machinery of all kinds, and everything that is necessary for the comfort of man. He has given us the material, but left us to exercise our ingenuity in the making of them. Now little brothers and sisters and readers of the *Hope*, will you press on to the end, and accomplish all the good that you can, that you may at the end of the race wear that bright crown that is laid up for you? or will you give up the race and faint by the way side, going into vice and folly? Methinks I hear all say with one accord, we will strive diligently to the end, that the reward may be ours. Do little Hopes, and God will surely bless you in so doing.

SISTER ELIZA.

[Selected.]

THE OILED FEATHER.

CHAPTER IV.

RUSTY JOE made a day's business of it. He never got to market at all. A little examination of the harness showed that it was completely done for; and he had to untackle his horses, leave his wagon there, and make the best of his way home. With one delay and another, it was coming on evening before this unfortunate man could fetch his wagon home again. "Rusty Joe" tried one person and another in the village who had harness. He sent to some of his brother farmers round about, but no one seemed inclined to go out of his way to oblige him; they had all at some time met with rudeness at his hands; and now they did not want to have anything to do with him. Of course we are not commending their conduct; they ought to have returned good for evil; but, as is too often the case, they did not.

So much time was consumed in sending about to the neighbors, and endeavoring to cobble up a harness of rope, that it was coming on evening before "Rusty Joe" was able to return with his horses to the wagon; and when he reached it he was destined to meet with a fresh trouble. The wagon was not as he had left it; the cover had evidently been moved; and poor Joe found out, only too soon the reason why; for no small part of the contents of the wagon had been stolen.

A gipsy party had passed that way, and they made free with the unguarded property.

When "Rusty Joe" found that he had not only lost his market, but also some of the produce that he was carrying there; and when he reflected that it was upon the sale of that very produce he was in part depending to pay his rent, he became as savage as an old bear. He cursed and swore; but that like all cursing and swearing, did him no good; and at last he sat down by the roadside.

"Rusty Joe" had not been there many minutes, when he heard the sound of wheels; and soon "Polished Sam" appeared in sight, with his team. Sam was whistling like a blackbird; and the bells on his horses were tinkling cheerily; and he and the team seemed more like a merry family party than anything else.

A moment's glance was sufficient to show Sam Parsons that there was something wrong; and he hastened as fast as he safely could down the hill, to meet his unhappy neighbor; to sympathize and help. But "Rusty Joe," wanted no help; no, not he; lucky; and he didn't want other folk to be prying into and meddling with his affairs; and the ungracious man carried on in this style for full half an hour. As Joe would not be helped, of course Sam could not interfere; but he found various excuses for dawdling about until his neighbor had managed to get the horses harnessed and put to, then with a muttered curse or two, the man and his horses started for home. But oh! what a chorus of creaks came from his dry and squeaking wheels; and so stiffly and heavily did the wagon roll, and there is no knowing when it would have reached home, or whether it would not have broken down again by the way, had not Sam Parsons ventured to offer a little help once more. Sam, in the kindness of heart, had kept close to his neighbor; and now he made bold to suggest, that the wagon could never be got home without a little grease. "You heard it creaking, neighbor," said he to "Rusty Joe;" "and I believe it was for want of a little grease it stuck so fast upon the hill;" so saying Sam Parsons produced a little from his wagon and managed to get it well on the creaking wheels. Marvelous was the change. The creaks then very suddenly subsided into silence, and the horses easily drew their load; even the patched-up harness was quite equal to its work, so slight was the strain upon it.

With all his grumpy tempers, "Rusty Joe" was not sorry to receive substantial help; so he allowed Sam Parsons to walk by his side; Sam's wagon following close behind. Sam was not long before he spied Joe halting much on one foot. The kind man sympathized with him for having corns, and he had just began a dissertation on the virtue of a certain corn plaster, when his companion told him that it was stiff shoe leather that was doing the mischief. "The boots are as stiff as if they were frozen," said "Rusty Joe," "ever since last market-day when they got such a bad wetting." "Whee-o-o," whistled Sam, "I'll soften them in two minutes," and slipping behind to his wagon, he brought forth his oil bottle and gave the boots a good anointing with its contents. Of course the cure could not be perfect in a short time, still "Rusty Joe" could not but see that a little oil was able to do wonders; the boots seemed to have become good-natured, and it was a question whether a little more oil would not make them even frolicsome.

"I have great faith in oil," said Sam Parsons, "I oil almost everything; this very morning I oiled the lock of my street-door, and my penknife; and I greased my wagon-wheels; and I oiled my wife and child; and I gave the servant-maid a touch too; and I tell you what it is, neighbor Joe, I slip along famously, where I find many another sticks fast.

"Rusty Joe's" torn nail seemed to give him a fresh twinge when the penknife was spoken about; and as to the wife, his conscience remind-

ed him how bearishly he had behaved to her at breakfast.

"What do you mean by oiling your wife, man," said "Rusty Joe," rather tartly, "you haven't been sneaky, have you; and knocking under to a woman?" and "Rusty Joe" edged away from "Polished Sam's" side, as though he were near some slimy serpent.

"No, indeed," answered Sam; "I've not been knocking any way, neither over nor under; but I just gave her and the bantling a loving word before I started from home; and I said a kind word to the lass to cheer her up through her work for the day; and, for the matter of that, I gave the old apple-woman a touch of my oiled feather too; few people say a kind word to her, and so I did, and I dare say it helped her through the day too! I wouldn't cringe to any one living," continued "Polished Sam," "not to the Queen herself; but to cringe is one thing; to be civil, respectful, and loving according as the case requires, is another; I never knew ill come of it, and I've often known good. Yes, neighbor, I've known the good of it in my own house, over and over again—there's my Jenny, you don't know the work there's in that little creature; bless you! she'd work herself to the finger-bone, if you give her a kind word. I knowed her to sit up seven nights with me, without taking of a stitch of her clothes, that time I broke my leg; and when I said to her one morning, as the day was breaking, and I looked at her red eyelids; 'Jenny, my darling, I can never pay you for all this'—didn't she laugh and say, 'why, Sam, how can you tell such a story, you've paid me now?'"

"Paid you, my wife; why what do you mean?"

"Didn't you say, 'my darling?'"

"To be sure I did," said I.

"Well! wasn't that payment to a woman's heart?"

"And she looked so earnest-like at me, that I felt the tears come in my eyes. Oh! neighbor, I couldn't say it as she said it; for these women have a way of speaking that don't belong to us men. Sometimes I think there is a kind of a pipe that makes music in their throats; but ever since that day I have been ten times as loving as I was before; and I try to say a kind word, not only to Jenny, but to every one I meet. I believe, neighbor," continued Sam, "that women's of that nature, that they'll do anything for love—no use our driving them, our scolding, and ordering, and banging about; that only makes slaves of them; but give them a little love, and they'll do wonders."

As Sam Parson found that his neighbor was listening, he was encouraged to go on; even though he received no answer. "And I do the same," said Sam, "by every wench that comes to service to me. Servants are made of the same stuff as their mistresses; they all have hearts; and the same kind of oil will reach them all."

Thus discoursing, Sam Parsons arrived at his own farm-yard. There was Jenny, his wife, ready to meet him with a kiss; and there was Tommy, who received his brother with a click, click, leaving it a matter of speculation as to whether he had not been clicking ever since the morning until now. And then there was Polly, the servant-maid, standing close to the irons, which shone as though they were fresh from the shop; she hoped they'd catch her master's eye, and she knew she'd get a kind word. And when Sam went into the sitting-room, there he saw a great heap of his stockings that Jenny had been darning; and when Sam sat down to tea, there was a pie that Jenny had made; and if Sam had been a little boy instead of a grown up man, he would certainly have patted his chest and smacked his lips, and so expressed his opinion that that was "something like a pie." One would think that Sam Parsons had oiled the pie, so smoothly did each piece slip down his throat; for he was at peace with Jenny his wife, Tommy his son, and Polly the servant-maid.

Good humor promotes digestion; and our readers will be glad to hear that Sam slept well upon that good supper, and had pleasant dreams, and woke up refreshed, to be happy and make others happy all day long.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MATCH BOYS.

This affecting little poem shows how low in ignorance some of the poor may be. Shall we not find them out, and lead them to tell their wants and sorrows to Him who hears the young ravens when they cry?

Are all your matches sold, Tom?
Are all your matches done?
Then let us to the open square,
To warm us in the sun—
To warm us in the sweet, kind sun,
To feel his kindling glow;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll call the sun our father, Tom;
We'll call the sun our mother;
We'll call each pleasant little beam
A sister or a brother.
He thinks no shame to kiss us,
Although we ragged go;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll rest us on the grass, Tom;
We'll upward turn our face;
We'll lock his heat within our arms—
Our arms in fond embrace.
We'll give him a sad parting tear
When he is sinking low;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll tell him all our sorrows, Tom;
We'll tell him all our care;
We'll tell him where we sleep at night;
We'll tell him how we fare:
And then, oh then, to cheer us,
How sweetly he will glow!
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

Chatterbox.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOY OF THE RIGHT SORT.

OUR Thomas dropped a large, fine red apple out of the front window, which rolled very near the iron railing between the grass-plot and the street. Thomas forgot to pick it up. Shortly after two boys came along.

"Oh, my!" cried one; "see that bouncing apple. Let's hook it out!"

The other boy nudged him, with a whisper, "Oh, don't; there's somebody looking;" and on they went.

A little girl next passed. She spied the apple and stopped, looking very hard at it, then put her hand through the rails and tried to reach it. Her fingers just touched it. She looked round; a man was coming down the street. The girl withdrew her hand and went away.

A ragged-looking little fellow came by soon after.

"That boy will grab the apple," I said to myself, peeping through the blinds. His bright eyes at once caught sight of it, and he stopped. After looking at it a moment, he ran across the street and picked up a stick. He poked the stick through the rails, and drew the apple near enough to pick it up. Turning it over in his grimy hands, I could not help seeing how he longed to eat it. Did he pocket it and run? No.

He came up the steps and rang the door-bell. I went to the door. "I found this big apple in your front garden," said the boy, "and I thought maybe you had dropped it out, and didn't know it was there; so I picked it up, and have brought it to you."

"Why did you not eat it?"

"Oh," said he, "it is not mine."

"It was almost in the street," where it would have been hard to find its owner."

"Almost is not quite," replied the boy, which

Mr. Curtis says makes all the difference in the world."

"Who is Mr. Curtis?"

"My Sunday-school teacher. He has explained the eighth commandment to me, and I know it; what is better, I mean to stick to it. What's the use of knowing unless you act up to it?" Here he handed me the apple.

"Will you accept the apple?" I said. "I am glad you brought it in, for I like to know honest boys. What is your name?"

He told me. I need not tell you, however; only I think you will agree with me that he is the right sort of Sunday-school scholar. He squares his conduct by the instruction which he gets there.—*K. in Chatterbox.*

THE WIDOW'S SON.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

NESTLED among the trees at the foot of a hill, in a little brown, one-story, wooden house, lived the widow Wood. She lived all alone, save her little boy—her only child, Johnny. Her husband was a poor, hard-working man, who had contrived to pay for their little home, having one cow, and kept his garden in good order, when he was suddenly removed by death. Johnny was too young to remember his father, and the neighbors lived at a distance, and so he and his widowed mother were all in all to each other. The school-house was far off, too, but as soon as his little legs had got long enough, Johnny was found at school. Early in the morning, washed and combed, he would kiss his mother for a long day, with his little dinner-basket hung on his arm, while she, charging him to be "a good boy," would turn back to her lonely home, to spin or to weave, or to do something by which to earn a pittance towards their support. Sometimes she would go out to meet him towards night when she thought it time for him to come home, and then, hand in hand, little Johnny would tell her his joys and his sorrows, how the boys called him "a baby," and a "milk-sop," because he stoutly defended his mother, and then how Miss Pierson praised him for getting his lessons so well, and called him her "model little boy."

"I don't think they ought to laugh at us if we are poor; do you, mother?"

"Why no, not if we do as well as we can."

"They throw and pull me round, they do, because I am little and not strong. I can't fight them; but I tell you what, mother, I'll grow up, and I'll be a good scholar, and be a doctor or a lawyer, and then we will live in a big house, and you shall dress like a lady, and I'll have good clothes, and see if they will laugh any more!"

"Well, Johnny, you be a good boy, and learn to love your books, and I will do all I can for you." The widow wiped a tear silently from her face, and felt that this little confiding boy was dearer to her than all the wealth in the world.

So she silently toiled and denied herself everything possible, and kept her child at school. When he had learned all they could teach him at the little red school-house, she sent him to an academy. He was the poorest boy in the school, the poorest dressed and fed. People wondered why widow Wood should "kill herself with work, just to keep that great boy at school." They said, "he had better be earning something for his mother." But the widow kept silent and toiled on. At length the time came when Johnny was ready to go to college. Could she ever meet the expense? She had earned and saved something every year, by her loom, in view of this possibility.

After he had entered college, she milked and drove her own cow to pasture, cut her own wood all winter, and one day in the week, sometimes two, went out to washing. Soon it began to be whispered round that "the widow's boy was doing well," and then, "that he was a fine scholar;"

and one day he graduated, *the first scholar in his class*. The poor mother took his arm after the exercises of the day were over, and with tears and smiles walked with him through the streets, the happiest mother in all that city.

A few years after she saw him taking a commanding position in his profession—one of the most honored and distinguished men in our country. She did see him in his elegant house, surrounded by a great library, and a most gifted family of children, and she did live with him and lean upon him as upon a strong staff; but I am not sure that she was really happier than when chopping at her wood-pile, that she might save a little to help her boy through college. They are both dead now; and I knew him well, and his valuable writings are on my table before me. Such is the simple, but true story of "The Widow's Son."—*Rev. Dr. Todd in Chatterbox.*

CONSTANCY.

SOME say that it is a hard thing for any body to be a christian; that to practice pure religion is hard work for any body to do. They are the ones who do not give it a fair trial. The invitation of Christ is, to "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden, * * * and find rest to your souls;" and the promise to all who come is, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Then if we fail to advance in the order of perfection, as revealed in the gospel of Christ, as we would desire, then let us try again; and keep trying, for "The path of duty is the path of safety," and "they conquer who endure."

GOOD INTENT.

TRUTHFULNESS.

TWO country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over."

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "it is very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God, and man also; I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now, you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruits and vegetables

of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed; the gentleman, finding he could always get a good article of Harry, constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him a few minutes about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through various posts of service, he became at length an honored partner in the firm.—*Chatterbox.*

Correspondence.

SACRAMENTO, August 8rd, 1872.

Brother Joseph:—By request of some of the sisters, I write to let you know what we have been doing for the cause in Sacramento. We had a bazar two weeks ago, and took in \$24.65, and after paying for the refreshments, it left us \$21.05 to be divided between the missionary fund and the Sunday School. Perhaps a little explanation would not be out of place in regard to the bazar, and how it was carried on. There was a sister at my house one day, and was relating a dream that she had. It was something like this: She thought her mother was making some fancy articles, sofas and chairs, and embroidering them with beads, which belonged to her, and which she had brought thousands of miles, and was going to dispose of them in some way, when she spoke and said, "Mother, I think charity begins at home, I want those for my bureau." When she had finished I said, "Sister, I know what I can do, I can make fancy articles, and have a fair for the benefit of the school, in which we are both teachers." She seemed pleased with the idea, and so I went to work, several of the sisters helping me with their work and means. We made children's clothing, fancy and useful articles, including chairs and lounges, baskets and til it closed, that all might have an opportunity to see dolls, &c. We held our bazar or fair at Sister Vernon's house, she being so kind as to let us have the use of it for the occasion. It was conducted in this way: We had our tables with the articles on all marked so that the price could be seen, and when sold, they were marked sold but not taken away until the things; then there was the lunch and ice-cream and cake. The admission was free, as there was no amusement or speeches, but still we had a very pleasant time indeed; with the above result financially there were but few articles left, and when those are sold, it will swell the amount still more. I read an article in the *Hope*, a short time ago, showing how we might earn money for the *Hope*, and if you think it will be of any service to others, to know of our plan, you are at liberty to publish what you may think proper of this letter.

Enclosed I send you \$10 50 for the missionary fund, praying that the Lord will bless it and every means put forth for the spread of this glorious gospel. From your sister in Christ,

CHRISTINA BLAIR.

STOCKTON, Cal., August, 1872.

Brother Joseph:—I write to you for this reason; I go to the saints' Sunday School; there I get the *Hope* to read; in it I find good instructions; I love to read it. I love the teacher, for she instructs me in the gospel of Jesus. I hope I will ever be a good girl and walk in the way he would have me to go. I do not belong to the church; I may some time. Pray for me.

KATIE MCKENZIE.

FALL RIVER, August 19th, 1872.

Dear *Hope*:—It is some time since you heard from the Fall River Bethel Sabbath School, I write this to let you know how we are getting along in the work of the Lord. We have Sabbath School every Sunday, and the teachers try to teach us to love Christ and trust in him who made us. I am thirteen years old, and I was baptized when I was about nine years old. I want to love Christ, and follow in his footsteps. We had a concert on the 23rd of June, the subject was on the resurrection. When the concert was over they distributed presents to all under sixteen, and it was pleasing to see how pleasant they looked when they received them. So I must close my letter, and in it you will find enclosed fifty cents for the Roll of Honor.

MARY J. HACKING.

St. Louis, Mo., September 5th, 1872.

Editor *Zion's Hope*.—It becomes my duty to inform you that at a late meeting of the St. Louis Council, a donation of thirty-one dollars and fifty cents was re-

ceived towards defraying church expenses, from the young sisters of Zion's Hope Sunday School. It was accompanied by a pretty little note, signed by Miss Martha Molyneux and Miss Eliza Geeson.

The note stated that the sisters had got up a quilting party—made a quilt and disposed of it, the proceeds of which they kindly donated to the church.

The council very gratefully received the free-will offering, and voted a resolution of thanks to the sweet young donors, with the request that it be published in the Sunday School paper; that others seeing the good works of these little busy bees, might be stimulated to go and do likewise.

Zion's Hope Sunday School had a very pleasant sociable, August 27th; the proceeds of which were donated to the church here to help it out of its financial difficulties. Br. Wm. Ashton, our superintendent, is alive. Very respectfully,

J. X. ALLEN.

STOCKTON, Cal., August 11th, 1872.

Brother Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to put in the *Hope*. I like to read the *Hope*, and I think it is a nice paper. We have a nice Sunday School here; there are about twenty-eight scholars.

W. Z. ROBBINS.

SAN BERNARDINO, August 30th, 1872.

Br. Joseph.—Enclosed in this letter you will find a Post Office Order on Chicago for the sum of three dollars, donated by some of the saints in this place to the *Hope*, to help speed its onward progress. I am happy to learn through the columns of the *Hope*, that it has met with good success so far, and that the Editor is assisted and encouraged in his efforts to continue its publication.

I think it one of the most beautiful and instructive little papers for a Sunday School I ever saw. We have a very nice Sunday School here now. It was reorganized July 28th, and I hope this time with good success; the scholars are generally prompt, both in attendance and reciting lessons; the teachers and officers are punctual to their duties; and everything indicates a successful prospective.

May God bless all the little readers of *Zion's Hope*, and inspire their hearts with love and a desire to do right, is the prayer of

SISTER ELIZA VARLEY.

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 wrote in reply: "Prayer is the wish of the heart."

HAVE the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited.....	\$105 20	Minerva Conyers.....	\$ 50
Ida Davis.....	50	Curtis White.....	50
A. White.....	50	M. Spraggon.....	25
A. Spraggon.....	25	E. Spraggon.....	25
E. B. Thomason.....	50	F. O. Thomason.....	50
H. M. Thomason.....	50	W. Thomason.....	50
Richard Darlow.....	25	Carrie and Jas. Atkinson.....	30
O. P. Sutherland.....	2 00	Ellen M. Vallem.....	1 00
P. Canavan.....	50	W. W. F.....	2 50
Change on Roll of Honor, Julian S. to Julia S. Anderson.....			
John W. Wight.....	50	Mary E. Kyte.....	3 00
Alma Hougas.....	25	Tommy Hougas.....	25
George Braby.....	25	Joseph Braby.....	25
A. Friend.....	4 50	E. N. Webster.....	1 00
Charley Lake.....	10	Mary Lake.....	25
Oracy Lake.....	25	S. E. Kendall.....	25
Wm. M. Kendall.....	25	Abenednd D. Johns.....	1 00
Alfred Leather.....	25	John L. Gilman.....	1 00
Sarah J. Ballantyne, <i>Hope</i> sent to others.....	50		
C S Cramer.....	25	Thomas E Vallem.....	1 00
Lizzy Vallem.....	50	Willey Vallem.....	50
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis.....	5 00		
Mary J. Hacking.....	50	John Cheshire.....	40
Mary E. Hawse.....	80	Mary A. Hawkins.....	50
Annie Hawkins.....	50	Georgianna Hawkins.....	50
Sarah Jane Ballantyne.....	7 25		

ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 1, 7, 13, 5, is a small insect.

My 10, 2, 12, 2, 3, 2, 10, 13, is a water fall.

My 2, 8, 1, 7, 3, 7, 6, 13, 8, 11, 12, 5, should clothe the saints.

My 7, 2, 4, is a kind of hard wood.

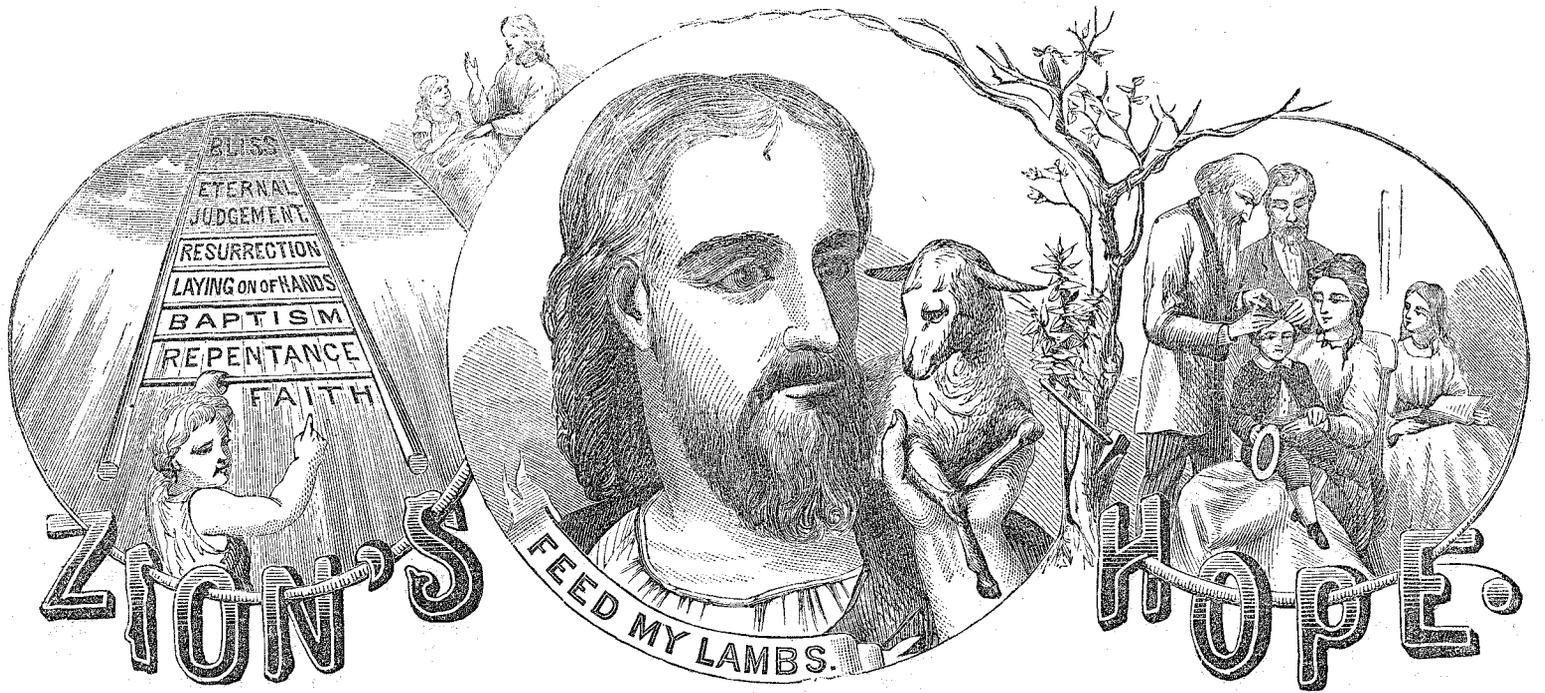
My 9, 11, 10, 10, 7, 8, we should be willing to give to all.

My whole is the name of a brother much beloved by all the little Hopes, and big ones too.

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

Vol. 4.

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No. 8.

JOURNEY DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR little friends, if you will be so kind as to accompany me down the Mississippi, we will see what we can learn as we float down this great river. We will begin at the source, and following down it see what we will see. Did you ever see little springs welling up from the side of a hill, or mountain. Almost in the northern border of our country, in the pine forest, there is a great number of little springs, coming out of the side of a hill. These flow into a small hollow or basin, making a small lake, or pond, out of which flows a small stream, so small that you can step across it in a great many places, and you can wade it most any place. We cannot ride in a boat now, the stream is too small to bear one. It does not seem possible that so small a stream would become large enough on its way to the ocean to bear large steamboats, thousands of miles through our country.

As we follow down its banks we find it laughing and dancing over its gravelly bed. The banks near the stream are covered with soft green moss. We follow down its bank for six miles, when we come to another small basin; four little streams flow into it, and spread out, forming a small but beautiful lake. The shores of the lake, in some parts, are almost as level as the water, and in other places it rises abruptly from the water's edge, forming large hills; these are covered with large pines, and the low shores are covered with low brush; there is a small island covered with tall pines. This lake is called Itasca, and is generally called the source of the Mississippi.

We can now take a boat, as the river is large enough to bear one; there are no steamboats here, as the people do not travel on the lake, and the river is not large enough to bear one. We will have to get a small boat, called a canoe,—this is propelled by wooden oars, or paddles. We will probably get a hunter, or Indian, to take us down the river. Sometimes our progress is impeded by fallen trees that lie across the river, for the river banks are still covered with dense forests of pine timber. After cutting away the fallen trees, we proceed on our journey, until we come to a place where large stones lie in the middle of the stream, and the water flows very swiftly among them—in some places the water flows so swiftly that the boatmen cannot guide the boat away from the rocks, and we are in danger of having our boat dashed to pieces against them; but one of the men will have to get out, and lead the boat through the narrow passages. The bottom, or bed, of the river is

very sloping, and the water runs very swiftly. The boatmen call this place the rapids. After we have passed the rapids the river is smooth and gentle. We now find the pines mixed with the maples and elms.

We continue down the stream; we come to a place where the river is very narrow, and the banks are steep and high. The boatmen tell us we will have to walk a short distance; after we have landed, the boatmen take the boat on their heads, and climb up the bank, to find a smooth path through the forest. You wonder why we have to walk; we will find out the reason. Now step out on the bank, look up the stream, and you will see a place where the river bed drops suddenly down a great depth, and the water comes pouring over; this is called a cataract, or waterfall. You have probably seen little waterfalls on the brooks on which you live, these are called cascades. There is an island in the middle of the fall, parting the waters into two streams.

Now you see why we had to walk, for our little boat could not have gone over the falls without being dashed to pieces, and we would have been drowned. The name of the first fall on the Mississippi is Peckagama. The little island in the middle of the fall is the first that we have seen in the river; after this we find very many falls,—some higher and some lower,—and a great many little islands, all covered with tall maple and pine trees. As far as we can see we find on the banks the same forest, only here and there it is cut away for to make way for little farm-houses and villages.

After we have traveled a little further, we come to the great falls of St. Anthony. This fall is not very high, but very broad and beautiful. From this point there are steamboats going all the way to the ocean. We can now take a steamboat and proceed on our journey a little faster than we have been going. A little further down we come to the first city on the Mississippi,—its name is St. Paul. Thus far we have found nothing but dense forests; but after we leave St. Paul, we find places where there are no trees—these are prairies. Here is a place where there is no timber, only on the river banks, and on knolls that dot the country round about. In other places the prairies are covered with farms of wheat and corn, and we will see also large herds of cattle and horses feeding on the grass that grows on these fine prairies. There is also a small animal called a prairie dog; they are very curious little animals,—they let a snake and small owl live with every family. The gently sloping banks of the river are here interrupted by tall banks, or bluffs. We are hundreds of

miles from the little pond from which we started, and the river is very large.

We are about half way down the Mississippi, and we have passed a great many rivers, which flow into this river, and many cities built on its banks; but now we have come to the largest tributary of the Mississippi,—the Missouri. This river is a great deal longer than that part of the Mississippi we have passed over. This is a very muddy river, and its name means MUD RIVER; and as its water comes flowing into the clear water of the Mississippi, we think that it is rightly named. The river here is very large, and although there is no falls, or rapids, it flows very swiftly, and winds about a great deal. The bluffs do not rise abruptly from the water's edge now, but they are separated from the river by a broad belt of land, called bottom land. Part of this land is low and marshy, and is overflowed when the river rises. In some places the river flows directly under the foot of the bluffs, which are constantly wearing away, and large trees are sometimes washed down the stream, which are very dangerous to boats coming up the stream,—these are called snags. Boats sometimes run into them, and are wrecked.

Further down the river we come to the city of St. Louis,—this is one of the most important cities of our country; it can communicate with St. Paul and Council Bluffs, and a great many other cities that we will hear about hereafter. Next we come to the mouth of the Ohio river. There are also two large cities on this river—Cincinnati and Pittsburgh—that boats can run from St. Louis to. Besides there are railroads running from St. Louis to all the rest of the great cities in our country, making it one of the most important cities in our country.

After we pass the mouth of the Ohio, we find, instead of corn and wheat, large fields of cotton growing in long rows, in which it is planted. These cotton fields are very beautiful. In the spring they are covered with a yellowish looking flower, and towards fall the plants are covered with small balls, which when ripe, will burst open, and the cotton is ready to be gathered. You can now see hundreds of negro women and men gathering the cotton into baskets, and carrying it to a place on the plantation, where it is spread out to dry. When it is dry they pick the seed out of it, then it is pressed into bales, and is ready to be shipped to factories to be made into cloth.

On either side of the Mississippi, many miles from its mouth, there are low bottom lands, which are higher next to the river than they are back from the shore; these high lands, next to the

river, you will see covered with sugar plantations. These plantations look like fields of corn, and back of these there are canebrakes, covering the marshes and low lands. These lands are covered with water in the spring, and only the tops of the trees can be seen. The large sugar fields and little villages would all be destroyed, if it was not for the walls, or levees, which are built along the banks of the river. The sugar plantations that we have seen are where we get our sugar. This country is very warm, and the swamps are full of snakes, and alligators, and other reptiles.

Down amongst the swamps and sugar fields we come to New Orleans, this also is a very busy city. The planters bring their barrels of sugar and molasses, and send them up the river to places where sugar cannot grow. Ships can come from other countries to New Orleans, and send their cargoes up the river to other cities, and some of it is left in New Orleans.

The mouth of the Mississippi is one hundred miles below New Orleans,—it has several mouths. This is called a delta.

We have now traveled the whole length of the Mississippi, and have passed many falls and rapids; and cities, towns and villages; and have seen a great many wonderful things, and I hope have learned a great many things that you did not know before.

HYRUM O. SMITH.

STRINGING THE NERVES.

AN ENGINE-DRIVER'S TALE.

YOURS is a new line—a very new one—running through miles of unsettled country, where it's no wonderful thing to make out in the far distance half-a-dozen Inguns galloping along with their hair and blanket streaming out behind; and more than once I've wondered how it would be if one of those painted beauties was to collect his friends, and pull up the line. And, mind you, tomahawk and scalping-knife are not things only to be heard of in Cooper's novels, for they are in use to this very day, so that more than one Sioux or Pawnee warrior can display his bloody scalps torn from the heads of the hated whites by his treacherous hand. It seems very horrible, no doubt, and to belong to the past; but for all that, such things are taking place every day in the Far West.

Now, it's through this part of the country that our line runs, and for past years I've drove on that line. I drove there when it only ran twenty miles; and I ran along that line as it stretched out farther and farther into the great region westward, till it went its hundreds.

We've cow-catchers on our engines, and nothing to laugh at neither. On your few mile-long lines, you can fence; but when your line happens to get over a thousand miles, fencing comes expensive, and would make a hole in the profits; so that it was soon found necessary to have something in front that would throw off a cow or a bullock if it had strayed on to the line; or else, being an obstinate sort of beast, it might throw off the train. For they will stray, and there's no mistake about them, and when you see them there, and sound the horn—for we use that as well as a whistle—instead of the stupid things getting off and into safety, they'll go galloping on in their clumsy cock-tail one-two-three amble till we catch up to them, and then—well, I should say that in my time I've made beef of a score of cows, though I never made an end of a fellow-creature yet, I'm thankful to say. I was very near it though once.

You've laughed about the stockers going out in front on to the cow-catcher, to heave billets of wood at the brutes; but it's a fact, and I've done it before now; and a good crack from a cornerish piece of wood has saved 'em, making them give a kick and a plunge off the single line, and giving us room to go by.

But there are things that will not get out of the way, do what you will; I believe you might sound

the horn or whistle, or whatever you'd got, at any old woman who was crossing the line, and she'd only stand still and stare; while, if you had a billet of wood, she'd only shake her umbrella at you and call you a villain. They're dreadful creatures are old women, and if it warn't for the thought that they were once young, I don't know how we should bear them. They don't seem to understand railways at all; they never have their tickets ready; they're always either too soon or too late; and when once they are in the car, they bother every one to death, and drive the guard mad by expecting that folks have entered into a conspiracy to carry them right past their destination. Why, a friend of mine, a guard on the line between New York and Chicago, once told me of an old lady going to the last place and wanting to get out at the first station.

Well putting cows first, and old women second, the next on the list, to my way of thinking, stand children, bless 'em! I love children, got half a score of them myself, but they always give me the cold shivers when I see them near a railway. For you see, I suppose for company's sake, being an out of the way lonely spot, there was a chap built himself a log-shanty close to the line, where he had made a bit of a clearing, and perhaps he thought it would be a bit of company for his wife and little ones to see the trains go by with people in, besides being a bit of protection from the wandering tribes about; for you see, where a man sets up his tent, as you may say, out in the wilderness, he's obliged to run risks; so any chance, however small, of making it less risky is snatched at.

I got quite to know those people, and hardworking folks they were. Why, before they had been there six months, that bit of wilderness began to look like a little garden of Eden; and two more came and pitched in the next bits. I quite knew those first folks, though we never spoke; for I always went by them at twelve miles an hour; but the little ones used to stand at the shanty-door and cheer, and as time went on, I'd wave my hat to the wife and husband too, so that they generally used to come out, when they heard me coming up or down; and more than once mine has been an anxious journey when I've passed there, and all has been quiet, for I've thought that perhaps the Inguns had been down, which would have meant murder and fire; but somehow I never had that to trouble me, for the next time I'd pass there would be some one at the door, or in the strawberry patch in front.

We got to be such friends at last, that I used to buy candy and dough-nuts, and heave 'em into the garden as I went by, for the children to scramble after, and that's what it was that did it, and this is how it was.

We were going comfortably along one afternoon, till, as we got near the clearing, where my friends, as I called them, were located, I began to feel in my pockets for a couple of papers of something that I'd got, when my stocker says: "Hello! what's that on the line?"

"Cow?" says I.

"Cow; no," he says; "why—why—it's three children!"

"Sound the—!" I did not stop to finish, but opened the little valve myself, making the still afternoon air quiver with the hollow booming roar it sent far and wide.

"That's moved 'em!" says my stoker, laughing to see the little distant figures scamper away.

"I thought it would," I says; and then with my hand on the valve, I made the thing scream and roar again, for there was one of the little ones still right in the middle of the track.

In a moment I'd forgotten all about the stuff in the papers, for a curious sort of feeling came over me, one that for a few moments took all the nerve from my limbs, so that I could not move; and then instead of reversing the engine, I began to creep forward; while, as if from the same feeling, my stoker stood staring with all his might right at the poor child.

We were to near for it to have done any good, even if we had both done our parts, and it was with a groan seeming to force itself out of my breast, that I told myself it was through my encouraging the poor children with presents that this was going to happen, for there, seeing no danger, was a little bright-eyed, long-haired thing dancing about and waving its hands as we came swiftly on.

It takes me some time to tell it, but it only took a few moments; and there it all is now like a picture that having once seen I can never forget. It was a glorious, sunshiny afternoon, with all looking bright: the hut, with its patch of flowers; the children by the side of the line, and their mother running out wild and frantic-like, but only to drop down in the track, half-way between the door and where her little one was dancing and waving its little hands as we glided on.

I felt like a man does in one of those nightmare dreams, when the will is there to do something, only a dreadful kind of face holds you back, and you can see danger coming nearer and nearer, and yet not avoid it. We neither of us spoke, but stood there, one on each side, leaning forward as helpless as the poor little child in front, till, with almost a yell, I fought clear of the power that seemed to hold me, and with the feeling on me that I was too late, I crept along the side of the engine, and lay down with my arms extended in front of the cow-catcher.

Only moments, but moments that seemed like hours, as with its strange, hurrying, jumping motion the engine dashed down, as I told myself, to crush out the life of that poor little innocent. I wanted to shut my eyes to keep out the horrible sight, but I dared not; and though now I seemed to be doing what might save the child's life, I could not think it possible. There it was, just in front, and yet we appeared to come no nearer.

Twenty yards—ten yards—were we never going to pass over the spot? or would some miraculous power stop the engine? I tried to shout, but only a curious hoarse noise came from my throat; I wanted to wave my hands, but they remained stretched out obstinately towards the child.

Five yards—four—three. There was the little thing laughing in its innocent glee, for it was expecting some little present from me, who was then calling myself its murderer, and lay there motionless as a statue.

Two yards—one—at last—all over. There was a shock as we dashed down upon the little thing, who seemed to stretch out its hands to mine, and to leap, actually jump, into my arms, and then, with it tightly grasped, we were still going on and on; I with my eyes shut, but feeling that I had the child tightly held to my breast, and yet not able to look to see if it was hurt.

Then I don't know how it was but I believe I must have got up, and crawled back to my place by the stoker; but I don't know, I can't recollect doing it, only finding myself sitting down there holding the little frightened child in my arms, and feeling stunned and helpless as a child myself.

"What am I doing of?" I said at last, for my stoker had spoken to me. "Why, I'm crying," I said; and so I was crying like some great girl.

We dared not stop to take the little thing back, but sent it from the next station; and you'll believe me when I tell you, that we were better friends afterwards than ever, so that for long enough we used to make signals, I to the folks at the cottage, and they to me; but I shall never forget that little one getting out upon the line.—*Chambers' Journal.*

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

We go our ways in life too much alone;
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often we are deaf to sigh or moan;
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often where distress and want abide,
We turn and pass upon the other side.

THE LITTEES OF ALL NATIONS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

THE POST PALANQUIN OF INDIA.

THE term "post" is general joined in our minds with the conveyance of letters, but this is not its meaning here, any more than it is when speak of a post-chaise, a kind of vehicle very common in England less than a century ago, but now, owing to the railways, seldom used. The box upon poles here represented is the common travelling palanquin of India; it will hold but one person, and has generally eight bearers, who are called "palkee walas," the first word being a native contraction for palanquin. Four of these men are, if we may so call it, in harness at the time; other four running by the side, ready to relieve them when they are tired. The pace is generally a kind of trot, and they get over the ground at the rate of about five miles an hour, the poles being shifted from one set of bearers to another about every two miles. Almost every gentleman in India keeps his palanquin, and a number of these "dawk-bearers," as they are often called; their pay is generally about four rapees, that is, eight shillings, per month. The journeys are generally taken in the night, to avoid the burning heat of the sun; hence a couple of torch bearers accompany the procession, who are not only useful to enlighten the darkness of the road, but also to scare away the wild beasts, which at night issue forth in search of prey. The effect produced by the flashing of the torches is aided by the voices of the bearers, who sing and joke, and laugh, and make all kinds of noises, which have a strange and startling effect in the stillness which prevails in jungle, or forest, or rocky defile, through which they travel. They are a hardy and light-hearted race, these Indian dawk-bearers; the calling they follow was that of their fathers before them, and will probably be that of their sons, while there are palanquins to carry: they are very humble and obsequious to the "Sahib," or master, and contented with their pay. Neither food nor clothing costs them much; the former is chiefly rice, meat they never eat, and fruit is a rare luxury with them: yet on they go with their long swinging trot, and, be the way ever so barren and dreary, they are as merry as children out for a holiday. When they have reached their journey's end they will eat their frugal meal, and go to sleep just where they happen to be, without troubling themselves about feather-beds or soft pillows.

Some of them are Mahomedans, but they mostly are Hindoos, if they have any religion at all. They can generally be depended on to fulfil their engagements, unless their is danger in the way; in which case they are not to be trusted, for they are great cowards, and will use their long legs to some purpose if they see occasion, as that gentleman found out, who was once travelling by night in India, when his reveries about home and distant friends were suddenly interrupted by the violent jerking to the ground of his palanquin, and an outburst of unearthly yells from the bearers, amid which he could distinguish the words "Marbo! Sahib, marbo!" "Kill him! master, kill him!" And pushing back the sliding panel, which formed the door of his carriage, a little way, to ascertain whom or what he was implored to kill, he saw his attendants in full flight ahead, and on the side opposite him, just emerging from the jungle, a tiger, which seemed inclined to take a nearer view of the box he was shut up in, which, luckily, was a strong box. So he got ready his pistols and his fowling-piece, and awaited, with tolerable calmness, the enemy's approach. Crouching down on its belly, and creeping forward with eager looks fixed upon the inmate of the litter, the creature crept stealthily forward; just as a cat, intent on a mouse in a trap, would do. But when he got within an easy distance for making a spring, and was gathering up his legs for the purpose, he received the contents of the fowling-

piece full in his face; and not liking such a warm reception, turned tail, and slunk away into the jungle again. How long it was before the runaway bearers returned we do not know, but it is plain that the traveller's life would not have been worth much if he had been unarmed, or if his litter had been, like many used in the East and elsewhere, an open one—in some cases, a mere hammock slung upon a pole.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SONG OF THE DECANTER.

There was an old decanter, and its mouth was gaping wide; the ruby wine had ebbed away and left its crystal side; and the wind went humming, humming—up and down the sides it flew and through the reed-like hollow neck the wildest notes it blew. I placed it in the window, where the blast was blowing free, and fancied that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to me: "They tell me—puny conquerors!—that Plague has slain his ten, and war his hundred thousand of the very best of men; but I"—'twas thus the bottle spoke—"But I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors, so feared and famed of yore. Then to me, you youths and maidens, come drink from out my cup the beverage that dulls the brain and burns the spirits up, and puts to shame the conquerors that slay their scores below; for this has deluged millions with the lava tide of woe. Though in the path of battle darkest waves of blood may roll, yet while I killed the body I have damned the very soul. The cholera, the sword, such ruin never wrought as I, in mirth or malice, on the innocent have brought. And still I breathe upon them, and they shrink before my breath; and year by year the thousands tread this dismal road to death!"

FOURTH OF JULY INCIDENTS.

BEAR Hope:—I wish to tell you how I spent the fourth of July. I should have told you sooner, but kept putting it off. I went with father and mother, and my brothers and sister, younger than I am, had a nice ride through the hills and valleys about eight miles in a spring wagon; a pretty good load too, eight of us went in it. The oration was in the woods, on picnic grounds; five or six hundred people were there enjoying a nice time; some danced, but I never dance. When I had seen them dance some, I went with other children down a stream close by to fish, and only caught one small specimen of the finny tribe. I guess it was not

a good time for fish, so we looked among the trees. Oak trees here have long moss hanging down from the limbs, and thick green bunches of mistletoe grow in them. Most all the flowers had dried up, for we get no showers of rain all summer long here. I never heard it thunder and lighten much, only two or three times in my life, for I am a Californian; but father is a Yankee, he says.

Well, as we traveled homeward from the grounds, we met nine hundred head of fat cattle,—some wild ones too. Eight vaqueros, or Spanish cattle drivers was with them, and had their lassoes to catch any that broke away; and they ride very fast too, but not so fast as the cars.

When the cattle passed over the track of railroad by us, down came a train, and as we looked at them we saw a poor, old, lame Spaniard right in front of the engine, walking on a bridge as fast as he could to get over. Mother hid her face and stopped her ears, for we thought he would be run over and killed; but just as the engine almost hit him, he jumped off the bridge. Oh! I was so glad then.

In going through the Alameda Creek, two bolts broke, and we lost off a brake block from the wagon. We were sorry, for we had to walk down a long hill then; but when we got home, father found all the bolts, save one, that held on the wagon-box was broken off. Then he said he saw why the block was lost,—to save our lives by walking down the hill. I guess a good angel took it off, don't you, dear Hope?

Sometime I will write to you again, if you think it worth reading. I love to read all the letters of my little brothers and sisters in your pages.

Mission, San Jose, Cal.,
Sept. 10, 1872.

LIZZIE MILLS.

[Selected.]

THE OILED FEATHER.

CHAPTER V.

OUR friend "Rusty Joe" shall have the last chapter 'all to himself. And first of all it must be told that "Polished Sam's" observations were not altogether thrown away upon him. Although he wouldn't let on to other folk that he was a miserable man, still he really was so, and he owned it to himself; his conscience kept saying to him, "You are all of a piece; 'force, force,' 'must, must,' 'shall, shall,' for everybody and everything." The contest between his happy neighbor and miserable self could not but strike the poor man's mind; and he made a desperate resolution to reform. "I'll do it, I'll do it," said Joe in a loud voice; never thinking that there was any one to hear him; but it so happened that the parson was close behind; and struck with his parishioner's energy, he said, "Do what?" "reform" answered Joe, like a man in a dream, who feels himself obliged to speak, whether he like or not.

"We can't reform in anything without the grace of God to help us," said the minister, "and we must ask for that, Mr. Irons."

This speech seemed to rouse Joe up; and he felt very queer when he found himself actually embarking in a conversation with the parson. All this was so very new that Joe didn't quite like it; and indeed, he would have backed out of the conversation as quickly as possible, but that the parson, who always stuck like a piece of wax to his work, was too glad to get a word with his rusty parishioner, easily to let him go. Gently and gradually he drew from the poor crestfallen fellow the whole of what was in his mind; and when Joe came to his own house, he even asked the parson in.

The minister felt like a fish out of water in Joe Iron's house; but it was very well that he went in, for Joe's wife, irritated by the destruction of her solitary ornament, and by her husband's rude way of speaking, had not done his shirt nor paid any very special attention to what he was to eat.

The ministers presence prevented any harsh words, and his wise and loving counsel led Joe and his wife to forgive and forget the past, and commence afresh that night by asking for strength from heaven to speak, do and be like Jesus Christ. He read for them that night the 133rd Psalm, and showed them "how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! How it is like the precious ointment upon the head that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended on the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

That very night Joe began. When the minister was going he actually handed him his hat, and made a kind of attempt at a bow at the door; and Joe's wife began, for she bathed his poor broken nail, and sat up nearly all night to get ready his shirt; and when the morning came, "Rusty Joe" oiled almost everything he had; and in twelve month's time, he was liked as well as any one in the parish. Yes! there were no more banging doors in Joe Iron's house; there were no more rough words between him and his wife; there was enough of kindness to make him comfortable, and a little to spare to make neighbors agreeable, and Joe Irons became a polished man. Joe's choicest friend was henceforth "Polished Sam;" and Joe kept as close to his skirts, as though he expected to rub some of the polish from him upon himself. Joe never forgot the parson's advice to seek strength for improvement on his knees; and by the way of a reminder, that he should not forget his new principles, he hung something over his bedroom mantelpiece, so that it should be the first thing that met his eyes when he awoke; and what do you think it was, good reader?—

AN OILED FEATHER.

DO NOT SWEAR.

Little boys with sparkling eyes,
Rosy cheeks and auburn hair,
List a moment, while say I,
Do not, do not swear!

Life will bring enough of sin—
Childhood's brow should all be fair—
But a stain is formed within
The heart of those who swear.

There is a Name, a sacred Name,
Purer than all others are;
Would you cast on it a stain?—
Do not, do not swear!

Would you be beloved by all?
Make it then your care
Every word to render pure—
Do not, do not swear!

—Chatterbox.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

DEAR little children:—I wonder if there is any one of you who do not know why you are called the "Little Hopes" by your older brothers and sisters? and did you ever stop to think while reading our interesting little paper why it is called the *Hope*? I think I can hear some of you say, of course, we have had it all explained to us at Sabbath School, others by dear ones at home. But are there not some who have not the opportunity of attending a Sabbath School, and some who have no loved ones.

For the benefit of these little ones let me tell you, you are called the "Little Hopes," because a great work is expected of you when you are grown up men and women. The work is fighting in the army of the Lord against God's adversary, the devil. This adversary hates God and his people, and is striving with all his power to make us like him. His power is great. We are weak, but with God's strength we will be able to overcome. Our paper, the *Hope*, is to help to drill you in the ways of righteousness. We should return good for evil, thus fighting the

good fight, and striving to save souls from hell. Never quarrel and fight with one another, for then the adversary is within you, and you are losing ground. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." A.

A MISCHIEVOUS PUPPY.

PUPPIES are almost always up to some mischief, and require constant watching, and very often severe correction for their evil deeds. They gnaw and destroy anything they can get hold of with their sharp new teeth, they are so full of spirits and boisterous gambols, that they are scarcely peaceable inside the house, while out of doors they will do much mischief to plants and flower-beds, to say nothing of chasing chickens, worrying cats, frightening timid sheep, biting at the heels of horses and the tails of angry cows.

The puppy is one of these juvenile lovers of mischief, he has just discovered a brood of ducklings, which the careful mother thought she had safely concealed under an elder-bush, and among the thick rank weeds beside the river's bank, while she herself went in search of food. When he has attacked them before she has bravely defended her offspring, and made the naughty puppy feel her sharp beak, even through his thick hairy coat. Now they are defenceless; their only safety is in flight; fortunately the water is near at hand, and thither they betake themselves, while their enemy, not yet bold enough to venture in after them, stands barking at them on the bank.—Chatterbox.

A TEST.

A WEALTHY bachelor was taken seriously ill, and immediately a host of nephews, nieces, and cousins assembled round him, to express their sympathy. He told them all, gruffly, that he desired quiet above everything else; therefore he would remember no one in his will who came near him during his illness. His kindred all departed, but continued to make the most eager inquiries as to the progress of his malady.

His condition daily grew worse, but no relatives visited him with the exception of a niece named Josephine, who insisted upon nursing him during his illness.

"If you are determined to remain here," said the sick man, "I will assuredly disinherit you."

She replied, "You may of course do so, uncle, if you like; but you are too ill to be left without any relations to care for you, and I am determined to stay."

The sick man died. At the opening of his will it was found that he had left the whole of his property to Josephine; "because she," as the will said, "was the only one of his relations who had shown any disinterested regard for him."—J. C. F. in Chatterbox.

THE POWER OF A WORD.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in one of his speeches, gives the following striking illustration of the influence which may be exerted by a few words spoken with the earnestness of love. A mother on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as he stood by the garden-gate one morning, she said—"Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink." "And," said he (for he told me the story), "I gave the promise, and I went the globe over—Calcutta and the Mediterranean, San Francisco and the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole and the South. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that

my mother's form by the gate did not rise before me, and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half. "For," said he "yesterday there came unto my counting-room a man of forty years. "Do you know me?" "No!" "Well," said he, "I was once brought drunk into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication; you then asked if I had a mother. I said I had never known a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden-gate; and to-day I am master of one of the packets in New York; and I came to ask you to call and see me."

How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's words in the green hills of Vermont! Oh! God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word.

LITTLE FREDDIE.

Freddie, 'tis hard with thee to part;

'Tis hard to give thee up—
In life thou scarce did'st start,
A bud of future hope.

Thou wast the idol of a loving mother,
The house-hold pet of grand parents, too;
But, Freddie, thy absent father
Never beheld his little son.

But God hath so decreed,
He hath taken thee to his bosom,
To join thy darling sister, dead,
Sweetly resting now in heaven.

"Father, mother, brother dear,
You soon will rest beneath the sod:
Oh prepare to meet us here,
In the paradise of God." W. H. A.

Correspondence.

SHERIDAN, Douglas Co., Nev.,
September 16th, 1872.

Dear Editor *Zion's Hope*.—I enclose to you fifty cents to have my name on the Roll of Honor, and also fifty cents each for my little sisters and brothers. Our names are as follows: Sarah Jones, Ellen Jones, William Jones, Owen Jones, Thomas Jones, David Jones. I wish the prosperity of the paper. I have great pleasure in reading its columns. We are taking nine copies this year—some to give to our neighbors and friends. Many friends take them and are delighted to read them. I hope that more like Perla Wild will write, and pray that God will inspire them with talents fit for the task; cultured and good, that good principle be set forth for the young children of Zion, is my humble prayer, through Jesus Christ, amen.
SARAH JONES.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited.....\$148 05	Sarah Jones.....\$ 50
Ellen Jones.....50	William Jones.....50
Owen Jones.....50	Thomas Jones.....50
David Jones.....50	

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES!!

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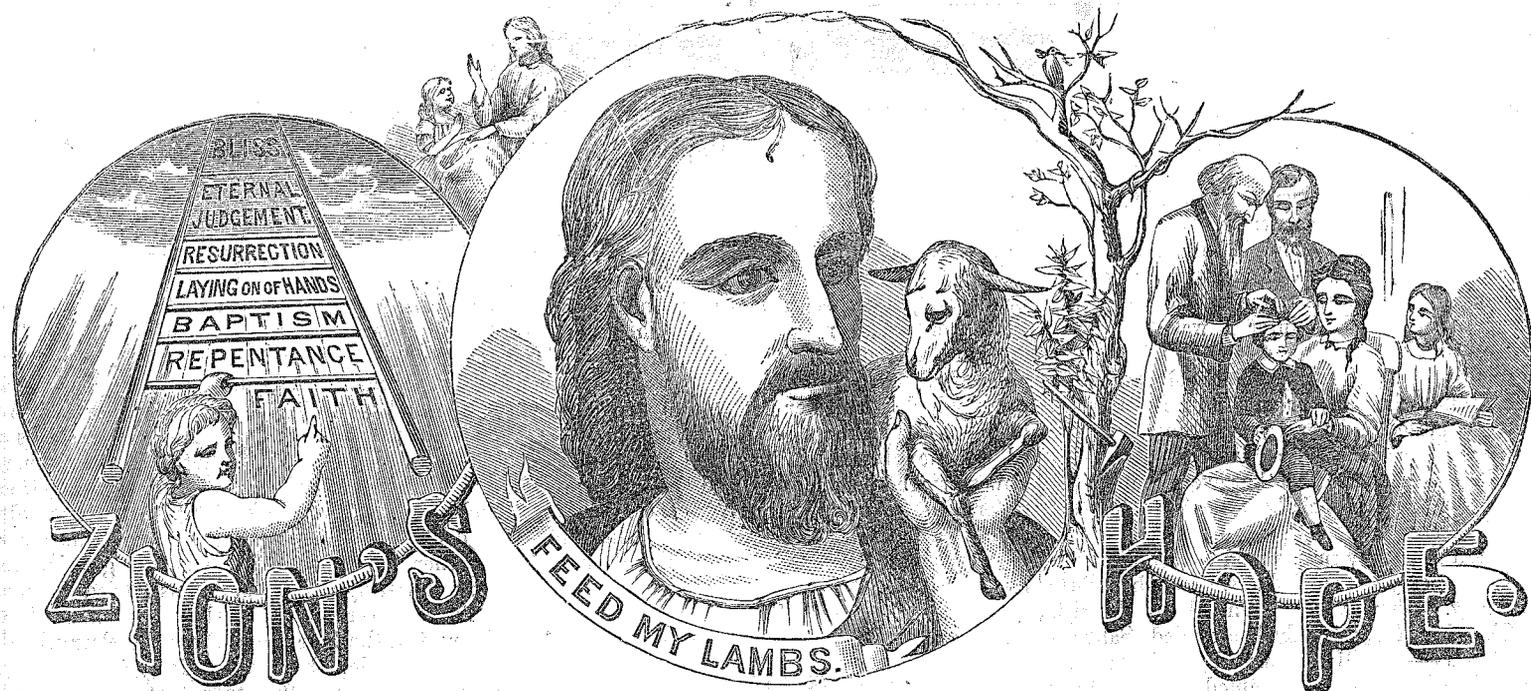
SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH THAT DATE.

All those wishing their papers continued will please renew their subscription, or write and let us know when they expect to remit. Will our readers oblige us by prompt attention to this matter?

Zion's Hope, one year for 50 cents.
Zion's Hope, six months for 25 cents.

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All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, must be directed to Joseph Smith, Box 50, Plano, Kendall Co., Ill. All sums over Five Dollars should be sent by Draft on Chicago, Post Office Order on Chicago, registered letter, or by express. Remittances sent in any other manner will be at the risk of the sender.



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

Vol. 4.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., NOVEMBER 1, 1872.

No. 9.

OUTSIDE vs. INSIDE.

"**I** WISH I was dead! I'm poor, and ugly, and deformed, and unhappy, and friendless, and—"

"Alice!" A gentle hand was placed on her shoulder, but Alice, absorbed in her gloomy catalogue, gazed gloomily out of the window.

"Alice," repeated the soft voice, "Alice, why will you persist in making yourself so miserable?"

The young girl turned, and said, almost fiercely, "We read to-day, in our class, 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' The girls looked at me,—you need not shake your head, Miss Evans, I know they did. How could they help it? I put it to you, yourself, am I a thing of beauty, that I should be a joy, either to myself or others?"

"Come into my room a few minutes, Alice, I have something to show you" was the only answer her teacher gave, as she opened the door near her.

Alice slowly limped after, thinking bitterly:

"Yes, that is always the way,—evading the question. She knows that I am unlovable, as well as unlovely."

Miss Evans was standing by her desk, on which was a small, rough box.

"I have just received a letter and a package, from a friend who lives in a far-off land. This is her picture taken years ago." The simple morocco case she handed Alice was old and faded; the corners were rubbed, the hinges broken, and the velvet lining dingy. The face that looked forth from it was not beautiful, but so gentle and loving that you were attracted to it at once. Alice gazed in silence, then said:

"How you must value it! I wonder, Miss Evans, you don't have it put in a new case. I should think you would get a handsome gold medallion for it.

"I can't afford to, but would not if I could. I like it best as it is. That is the case she gave it to me in. No gold or jewels or coloring could make me care more for the precious face within. It is that, not the outside case, I value. See, here is her letter."

Alice laughed; for the letter had been weeks, and even months, on its way; and had travelled in all sorts of conveyances, from a camel's back to steamer and railroad car. The envelope was an indescribable color, covered with odd-looking stamps, and bore numerous marks of dirty fingers of various mail-carriers, and had evidently even made the acquaintance of a gutter, or something kindred.

"Pretty well soiled, isn't it?" said Miss Evans;

but never mind, the contents are clean; we won't care for the outside. I'll read you what she says."

Alice sat spell-bound, as her teacher read sparkling descriptions of what were to her unknown lands. "I suppose," said she, when it closed, "you will keep that letter always. Who would suppose so much was hidden under that dirty envelope?"

"Appearances are deceitful. What should you suppose was in that rough box?"

"If you had not told me that it came from foreign parts, I should have said slate-pencils, or chalk, or something equally valuable."

"What do you think of this?" and Miss Evans held up what looked like a piece of rough stone. "I shouldn't think that was worth sending so far."

It is a valuable specimen for our geological cabinet. Look here."

She turned it over, and lo! the other side was most exquisitely polished.

"You would not suppose it was capable of so much beauty, would you? And here is a specimen of wood, the same way."

"Look at this bit of moss; it must have fallen in; it was never intended to travel so far," cried Alice, taking up what looked like a dried weed, about an inch square.

"Lay it in that basin of water, while we examine the rest."

"An old pebble! What a queer thing to send! Why, Miss Evans, I'll pick you up a basketful on the beach, in five minutes."

"I shall be happy to accept them, if they are like this. This is a diamond. I did not read you that part of the letter where she says, 'I send you a diamond in the rough. It costs less to transport, there is less danger of it being stolen, as few would suspect its value, and you can have it cut to suit your own fancy.' Ah! Alice, under the unsightly outside lies a jewel fit to sparkle in a king's crown. Now hand me the basin."

Alice turned to do so, but instantly uttered a cry of surprise.

"Oh, Miss Evans, look at that bit of weed! It has expanded, and fills the whole basin with a beautiful green plant!"

"Yes; that is the rose of Jericho, or resurrection plant. When you take it out of the water, it will contract as stiffly as ever."

"Will wonders never cease?" said Alice.

"No, my dear; not till this mortal shall put on immortality. God has hidden many of his best treasures under a rough outside. But he seeth not as man seeth, and he knoweth his own jewels."

"There was a long silence, then Alice said, softly, "Dear Miss Evans, I see what you would teach me by all this. I will try to profit by it."

Do all who read this, read the lesson also?—
Young Reaper.

FROM THE GUTTER TO THE COLLEGE.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN,
Oct. 11th, 1871.

REV. C. L. BRACE, *Secretary Children's Aid Society.*—Dear Sir: I shall endeavor in this letter to give you a brief sketch of my life, as it is your request that I should.

I cannot speak of my parents with any certainty at all. I recollect having an aunt by the name of Julia B—. She had me in charge for some time, and made known some things to me of which I have a faint remembrance. She married a gentleman in Boston, and left me to shift for myself in the streets of your city. I could not have been more than seven or eight years of age at this time. She is greatly to be excused for this act, since I was a very bad boy, having an abundance of self-will.

At this period I became a vagrant, roaming over all parts of the city. I would often pick up a meal at the markets or at the docks, where they were unloading fruit.

At a late hour in the night I would find a resting-place in some box or hogshead, or in some dark hole under a staircase.

The boys that I fell in company with would steal and swear, and of course I contracted those habits also.

I have a distinct recollection of stealing up upon houses to tear the lead from around the chimneys, and then take it privily away to some junk-shop, as they call it; with the proceeds I would buy a ticket for the pit in the Chatham street theatre, and something to eat with the remainder. This is the manner in which I was drifting out in the stream of life, when some kind person from your Society persuaded me to go to Randall's Island. I remained at this place two years. Sometime in July, 1859, one of your agents came here and asked how many boys who had no parents would love to have nice homes in the West, where they could drive horses and oxen, and have as many apples and melons as they should wish. I happened to be one of the many who responded in the affirmative.

On the 4th of August twenty-one of us had homes procured for us at N—, Ind. A lawyer from T—, who chanced to be engaged in

court matters was at N— at the time. He desired to take a boy with him, and I was the one assigned him. He owns a farm of two hundred acres lying close to town.

Care was taken that I should be occupied there and not in town. I was always treated as one of the family. In sickness I was ever cared for by prompt attention. In winter I was sent to the public school.

The family room was a good school to me, for there I found the daily papers and a fair library.

After a period of several years I taught a public school in a little log cabin about nine miles from T—. There I felt that every man ought to be a good man, especially if he is to instruct little children.

Though I had my pupils read the Bible, yet I could not openly ask God's blessing on the efforts of the day. Shortly after I united myself with the Church. I always had attended Sabbath School at T—. Mr. G. placed me in one the first Sabbath. I never doubted the teaching of the Scriptures. Soon my pastor presented the claims of the ministry. I thought about it for some time, for my ambition was tending strongly toward the legal profession. The more I reflected the more I felt how good God had been to me all my life, and that if I had any ability for laboring in His harvest, He was surely entitled to it.

I had accumulated some property on the farm in the shape of a horse, a yoke of oxen, etc., amounting in all to some \$300. These I turned into cash, and left for a preparatory school. This course that I had entered upon did not meet with Mr. G—'s hearty approbation. At the academy I found kind instructors and sympathizing friends. I remained there three years, relying greatly on my own efforts for support. After entering the class of "74" last year, I was enabled to go through with it by the kindness of a few citizens here.

I have now resumed my duties as a Sophomore; in faith in him who has ever been my best friend. If I can prepare myself for acting well my part in life by going through the college curriculum, I shall be satisfied.

I shall ever acknowledge with gratitude that the Children's Aid Society has been the instrument of my elevation.

To be taken from the gutters of New York city and placed in a college is almost a miracle.

I am not an exception either. Wm. F—, who was taken West during the war, in a letter received from W— College, dated Oct. 7th, writes thus: "I have heard that you were studying for the ministry, so am I. I have a long time yet before I enter the field, but I am young and at the right age to begin."

My prayer is that the Society may be amplified to greater usefulness. Yours very truly,

JOHN G. B.

A POOR CHILD'S DEATH-BED.

DURING this autumn a very decent but poor family have sent their little children to the Graham Industrial School, in Fifty-third street. They lived in one bare room, and had but little to eat; but the mother was a Christian woman, and she read to her little ones every day from the Good Book, and taught them of him who, when on earth, took up little children in his arms and blessed them. Though they were poor, they were happy, because they knew that Christ felt most of all for the poor, and those who had not many friends. But they had not good nourishment, nor enough warm clothes, and at last one sweet little girl took cold and fell ill. The mother watched over her, and did all she could for her, but she grew weaker and weaker. Finally she saw that she was to die, and she called all her brothers and sisters about her, and bade them good-by. You would think, perhaps, that she would be very unhappy, dying so young, and knowing how poor her dear

mother and sisters were. No; her pale, thin face lighted up as if it were an angel's; she forgot all the rags, and the hunger, and pain. She held out her hand, and said: "Oh, I am so happy! I'm going to Jesus! Don't you want to be an angel?" And then the eyes looked out so bright and happy, as if she saw something that the others could not see, and, again stretching out her thin hands, she said with such joy, "*The angels have come to take me!*" and the child of poverty had left all her penury and struggle, and hard lot, and sickness and sorrow, and had entered on the Heavenly Life. But you can think how sorry the poor mother and the brothers and sisters felt. And when our Visitor came in, they had not a garment to wrap the dear little body in, nor a single dollar to by the coffin, nor, indeed, much to eat in the house.

JACK AND ME.

Here y'are, —? Black your boots, boss,
Do it for just five cents;
Shine 'em up in a minute,
That is 'f nothin' prevents.

Set your foot right on there, sir,
The mornin's kinder cold—
Sorter rough on a feller
When his coat's a gittin' old.

Well, yes—call it a coat, sir;
Though 'taint much more'n a tear;
Can't git myself another—
Ain't got the stamps to spare.

Make as much as most on 'em—
That's so; but then yer see,
They've only got one to do for;
There's two on us, Jack and me.

Him? Why—that little feller,
With a double up sorter back,
Sittin' there on the gratin'
Sunnin' himself—that's Jack.

Used to be round sellin' papers,
The cars there was his lay,
But he got shoved off the platform,
Under the wheels one day.

Yes, the conductor did it—
Gave him a reg'lar throw—
He didn't care if he killed him,
Some on, em is just so.

He's never been all right since, sir,
Sorter quiet and queer—
Him and me go together,
He's what they call cashier.

High old style for a bootblack—
Made all the fellers laugh—
Jack and me had to take it,
But we don't mind no chaff.

Trouble? I guess not much, sir,
Sometimes when biz gets slack,
I don't know how I'd stand it
If 'twasn't for little Jack.

Why, boss, you ought to hear him,
He says we needn't care
How rough luck is down here, sir,
If some day we git up there.

All done now—how's that, sir?
Shine like a pair of lamps;
Mornin'—give it to Jack, sir,
He looks out for the stamps.

[Selected.]

WHIPPOORWILL.

FIRST saw these birds in Virginia, though, on account of their coming out only at dusk, it is not easy to get a sight of one; besides which, they are exceedingly shy birds. For several evenings I had observed a whistle to proceed from precisely the same place at the same time. It was on or near a low fence which separated the garden where I was from a road running along the edge of a field; so I took my station close by and waited. By-and-by the loud, clear whistle, "Whippoorwill," "Whippoorwill," "Whippoorwill," repeated many times,

faster than you can pronounce the words, told me that the bird was on the other side of the fence. Soon the note was heard upon the fence, and then to my delight close came the bird, whistling, as soon as it settled on the path, loud and shrill, quite unconscious that an intruder was sitting near. The next minute what should I see but this dear little mate, whom he had thus been calling, come and settle by his side. Then his whistling changed into a soft little happy cooing and twittering as he hopped to and fro, dancing to his lady-love. Never were birds so proud and happy. They fluttered their wings, and kissed each other, and whispered together, and had so much to talk about, that it was quite evident they were agreeing to make their nest together. But by this time it was growing too dark to distinguish them, and as I tried to move a little nearer to them, they both flew off to the roof of the house, and there the clear whistle rang out louder than ever. They were the funniest little birds, with heads that seemed nearly half as big as the body, which looked absurdly small between it and the broad, outspread, fan-like tail. They belong to a family of birds called goat-suckers. They are also called night-jars, from the notes they utter at night; and another name for them is the night-swallow, because they feed on insects as they fly. They have large mouths, which they keep open while on the wing. The mouth is fringed with long hair or bristles, which make a trap in which insects are entangled. —*The Young Folks' Rural.*

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

CHARACTERS.—FANNIE, ELLA, HATTIE, ANNA.

FANNIE. (Seated with an open book before her.) I wish I could find a suitable motto for Miss Mary's gift, but I cannot. I shall have to leave it to Mrs. Martin after all. I wonder if there ever was a teacher more beloved than Miss Mary has been in the two years during which she has taught here. Each girl feels that she is losing her dearest personal friend, in losing her beloved teacher.

Enter ELLA and HATTIE, carrying a basket of flowers.

ELLA. We were looking for you, Anna.

HATTIE. Mrs. Martin gave us permission to gather flowers for a bouquet for Miss Mary, and you have long been acknowledged as making the prettiest bouquets.

A. I will help you, gladly.

E. We shall never have another teacher like dear Miss Mary, I am afraid.

FANNIE. I have cried myself nearly sick since I heard she was to leave us.

A. Yet no one can regret a change that will make her so happy.

E. Do you know all about it, Anna?

H. Oh, do tell us! How did she ever come to teach?

F. And why does she stop?

A. I know very little about it.

H. But it is no secret?

A. Oh, no. Miss Mary's father, Mr. Melville, was very rich some years ago, but owing to a lawsuit, the nature of which was not explained to me, he lost property and was heavily involved in debt. Miss Mary was the only child, and received the best education that her father's wealth could afford her, but as Mr. Melville's health failed soon after his loss of property, the family became reduced from affluence to real poverty. Mrs. Melville, of course, had ample employment for her time in nursing her husband, especially as he was subject to dreadful fits of depression. Then his daughter resolved to make the generous education she had received repay her father for his gift, and offered her services to Mrs. Martin.

H. It was fortunate for us.

F. But now she leaves us!

A. Because her father's troubles are over. His uncle, one of the wealthiest citizens, died some months ago, and left Mr. Melville heir to his estate.

E. I remember when Miss Mary put on mourning.

H. But why did she stay here?

A. Her parents wished her to come home, but she won their consent to her remaining until the end of the term, knowing how difficult it would be for Mrs. Martin to fill her place.

H. Impossible, in fact.

A. Mrs. Martin offered to release her, but she refused to go, until the time for which she was engaged had expired.

H. And it expired to-day.

A. Yes. To-morrow she starts for home.

F. And takes the love of the whole school with her.

A. I think so. I am sure she takes mine.

H. How surprised she will be when she comes here to-day for her last lesson, to find the girls waiting to bid her farewell.

A. And invite her to preside over the little feast we have all contributed to provide.

E. The table looks very pretty, with its dishes of fruit and baskets of cake.

A. Who is to present our parting gift?

E. The beautiful watch and chain? Hattie, you are the favored one, are you not?

H. Yes.

A. Then you must make the bouquet, and present it at the same time. I will help you.

F. I am sure Miss Mary richly deserves all we can give her, for a more faithful teacher never lived.

A. Nor one more universally beloved.

F. So gentle and so firm. But come, girls, if we stand here lamenting all day, we shall never have our bouquet ready.

E. Suppose we make her an Oriental bouquet.

F. But we have only our own flowers.

H. What is an Oriental bouquet, Ella?

E. Is it possible you do not know? In Oriental countries bouquets are gathered, not merely with an eye to their beauty of form and color, but also to signify some expression of feeling on the part of the giver, to compliment the recipient or insult her as the case may be. Thus a lover offering a *celandine* says, in flowery language, "I sigh for you." His mistress may return a *chrysocome*, signifying, "Wait and hope," or crush his aspirations in the bud by the gift of a broken straw, saying, "You sigh in vain."

H. But I do not understand the language of flowers, so, Anna, you must make the bouquet, after all.

A. I must confess my ignorance too. Fannie, do you know the dictionary of flowers?

F. No; but Ella does.

E. I am not very learned, but I think my memory will prove sufficient for our simple bouquet.

A. Suppose then that I select the flowers from the basket, and you decide which are sufficiently complimentary for our purpose.

H. While I make them into the bouquet.

F. (Looking around.) Is there not a vase or bowl that I can fill with the rejected blossoms, to make a center-piece for our table.

A. That one on the mantel-piece will do.

[Fannie gets the vase.

E. I had a French teacher some years ago, who taught Flora's vocabulary. She was very sentimental, and very fond of flowers. In her own collection of treasures she had a faded pansy sent her by an officer in the French army, who was killed in action a few months later.

A. What does a pansy signify?

E. *Vous occupez ma pensee.*

A. You occupy my thoughts. What a significant parting gift!

E. She sent him a sprig of ivy, which means *tendresse reciproque.*

A. Reciprocated tenderness! Perhaps Miss

Mary will condescend to send us a sprig of ivy for our bouquet.

H. Which she will never receive if we do not begin it.

A. True, Ella, here is an acacia rose.

E. That will do for a beginning. It signifies elegance.

A. Take it, Hattie. The next is an amaranth.

E. Fadeless love! That will do for our bouquet.

A. Nasturtion?

E. Discretion. That will do, Hattie.

A. Honeysuckle comes next. And a lovely spray of it, too. I hope it has no disagreeable meaning, for it is so very pretty.

E. Honeysuckle! (Musing.) Honeysuckle! Oh, I remember. It signifies tender memories.

H. Which I hope Miss Mary will carry away with her.

[As Ella names the signification of each flower, Anna passes the good ones to Hattie, the others to Fannie.]

A. Here is a beautiful sprig of hawthorn.

H. I know the meaning of that. Hope! give it me, Anna. One day, when I was very much depressed and sad, my uncle Will, who has been in the East, and studied the language of flowers, came into my room with a sprig of hawthorn in his hand. He gave it to me, saying, "Spring is coming, Hattie, and brings hope."

E. What do find next, Anna?

A. Convolvuluses!

[Hattie holds out her hand.]

E. No, Hattie, Fannie must have that. It signifies coquetry, and we all know Miss Mary is too modest and gentle ever to be a coquette.

A. But these violets will take its place. Modesty, are they not, Ella?

E. Yes.

A. And what does jessamine mean?

E. Amiability. You may have those, Hattie.

H. I want some more green. Pass me some of those geranium leaves, Anna.

E. Partiality. I am sure, Hattie, Miss Mary never showed that, except to praise real industry and merit.

H. But we were all partial to her.

E. And you are quite resolved to have the leaves?

H. I am. Pass them to me, Anna.

[Anna passes leaves.

A. Jonquil and eglantine!

E. What a combination! Joy and unhappy love!

F. You must divide those, Anna.

H. Yes, indeed! For I am sure we all wish Miss Mary every joy.

H. Take the jonquil, Hattie.

F. While I take the eglantine.

A. White roses next, Ella.

E. Signifying silence.

H. A virtue we hope she will exercise with regard to our faults and the trouble we have given her.

A. Here are some hop-blossoms.

E. Injustice!

A. Heliotrope?

E. I love you.

A. A corn poppy? Not very pretty for a bouquet.

E. It means consolation.

H. I am sure we need that more than Miss Mary will, so we will not put it in here. May I have that large white lily, Ella?

F. I was just thinking what a beautiful center it would make for my vase.

E. Hattie has the best claim, Fannie, for it signifies purity.

F. And will make a lovely center for the bouquet, too.

A. A yellow rose?

E. Disdain.

F. Which I must take.

E. Your vase will make an amiable combination.

F. I was thinking it would not be a flattering gift.

A. No; what a pity such pretty flowers have such a harsh significance.

E. To make it still more attractive, Fannie, here is a cactus.

F. Which signifies something prickly, does it not?

E. Coldness.

A. What a lovely spray of bluebells.

H. Oh, I hope I may have these, they are beautiful.

E. Bluebells mean fidelity. You may take them, Hattie.

A. Balsam rose, Ella?

E. Impatience. Add that to Fannie's charming vase.

A. Daisy?

E. I think of you.

A. Hundred leaved rose!

E. Grace! And those corn flowers are riches.

A. And that empties our basket.

H. Hold them, Anna, while I tie this white ribbon round the stems.

A. Come, Ella, read our bouquet, now that it is finished.

E. We offer our beloved teacher our Love, Partiality, and Hope for her happiness, trusting she will bear away Tender Memories and observe Silence on our deficiencies, assuring her that we think of her, and while we recognize in her, Purity, Discretion, Modesty, Amiability, Elegance, Fidelity, and Grace, we wish her in future every Joy.

F. While my unfortunate vase, Ella—

F. Contains Disdain, Coldness, Impatience, Coquetry, Injustice, Unhappy Love—

F. That's all.

E. And quite enough. You have arranged your flowers so prettily, Fannie, that they will make a beautiful addition to our table, in spite of their unamiable qualities.

[Bell rings outside.]

E. There's the bell!

F. Miss Mary! (Looking from window.) Yes, there she is.

A. Come then, we shall have time to stand the vase on the table, and place the bouquet beside the watch, while Mrs. Martin tells Miss Mary she will have no teaching to do to-day.

H. I had rather study the hardest lesson she ever gave me than bid her good-by.

ALL. So would I!

[All go out. —Frost's Dialogues.

THE LITTERS OF ALL NATIONS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

INDIAN PALANQUIN FOR SERVANTS.

IN India not only do the great people have palanquins for themselves, but they keep them for their servants also; these servants are, however, generally of a higher class than ordinary, and their litters are by no means so elegant and substantial as those of their masters, who, by the way, often also travel on horses or elephants. The palanquin is only a kind of broad shelf, suspended by stout cords, upon a long pole. It has curtains which can be drawn around the rider at pleasure; and the two bearers can have their shoulders relieved of the burden occasionally, by resting the pair of long crutches, one of which depends from each end of each pole, on the ground. But little protection would such a litter as this offer to the attacks of wild beasts, so we hope that the bearers are brave men, who would stand firm if danger approached. Very seldom will a lion or tiger, or any other wild creature, attack several men, or indeed a single man, if a bold front is presented to it. Before long the jungles and desert places of India will be crossed by the iron roads, and the scream of the locomotive will scare away the

four-footed enemies with which the natives sometimes have to contend.

The ladies of India, who are mostly Europeans' wives or daughters of officers stationed there, use what is called a "jampaun," which is a sort of easy chair with poles fixed to the sides, about where the shafts would be if it were a wheeled carriage, only they pass right through, and project some distance behind, as well as before: to each of the four ends of this pole is fixed a stout strap, or band, which, instead of passing over the back of a horse or other animal, is supported by a short pole, which rests on the shoulders of the four bearers—two behind, and two before—who are called "jampaunees;" so that the vehicle is nearer to the ground than if the bearing poles themselves rested on the same shoulders, and the lady in the litter sits back at her ease, just as we often see ladies in England do in their low carriages. In this way she is carried up and down the steep roads which lead to and from the hill-stations to which all the Europeans who can do so go to reside in the hottest and most unhealthy time of the year.

The jampaun has a movable top supported by slight metal rods, which carry a painted tarpaulin roof, while the sides are enclosed with curtains of rough black or drab waterproof blanketing which is generally edged with crimson to make it look gay. The jampaunees are active, muscular men, surefooted and trustworthy; six of these, with a headman to direct them, are attached to each litter, although only four at the time are required to carry it. When not employed in this way, they cut and stack firewood; collect grass for the little shaggy ponies, generally ridden on the hills; fetch and carry, and so on. They are among the most valuable of Indian servants, of whom the number is at all times large, a special duty being assigned to each; thus one man waves the "punkah," a large fan which keeps the air cool, and does nothing else; another runs behind the "sahib" when he rides abroad, sometimes catching hold of his horse's tail to help himself up the steep roads, and this is all that he does; very few of the servants care to make themselves at all generally useful as the jampaunees do.—*Chatterbox.*

NEVER TEMPT A MAN.

THE late celebrated John Trumbull, when a boy, resided with his father, Governor Trumbull, at his residence in Lebanon, Conn., in the neighborhood of the Mohegans. The government of this tribe was hereditary in the family of the celebrated Uncas. Among the heirs to the chieftainship was an Indian named Zachary, who, though a brave man and an excellent hunter, was as drunken and worthless an Indian as could be found. By the death of intervening heirs, Zachary found himself entitled to the royal power. In this moment, the better genius of Zachary assumed its sway, and he reflected, seriously:

"How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be chief of this noble tribe? What will my people say? How shall the shades of my glorious ancestors look down indignant upon such a successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? Ay—I will drink no more!"

And he solemnly resolved that, henceforth, he would drink nothing stronger than water; and he kept his resolution.

Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe. It was usual for the governor to attend at the annual election in Hartford, and it was customary for the Mohegan chief also to attend, and on his way, to stop and dine with the governor.

John, the governor's son, was but a boy, and on one of these occasions, at the festive board, occurred a scene which we will give in Trumbull's own words:

"One day, the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance.

The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed ale on the table. I thus addressed the old chief:

"Zachary, this beer is very fine. Will you not taste it?"

"The old man dropped his knife, and leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression, and his fervid eyes, sparkling with angry indignation, were fixed upon me.

"John," said he, 'you don't know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! If I should taste your beer, I should never stop till I got to rum, and I should become again the same drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, never again, while you live, tempt a man to break a good resolution!"

"Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it with more solemn eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected. They looked at me, and then turned their gaze upon the venerable chieftain with awe and respect. They afterward frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, in Norwich. Recently I visited the grave of the old chief and there above his moldering remains, repeated to myself the inestimable lesson."—*The Young Folks' Rural.*

TONGUES.

NOTHING but the proboscis of an elephant compares in muscular flexibility with the tongue. It varies in length and size in reptiles, birds, and mammalia, according to the peculiar organic circumstances of each.

A giraffe's tongue has the functions of a finger. It is hooked over a high branch, its strength being equal to breaking of large, strong branches of trees, from which tender leaves are then stripped. An ant-bear's tongue is long and round, like a whip lash. The animal tears open dry clay walls of ant-hills, thrusts in its tongue, which sweeps round the apartments, and, by its adhesive saliva, brings out a yard of ants at a sweep. The mechanism by which it is protruded so far is both complicated and beautiful.

A dog's tongue in lapping water takes a form by a mere act of volition that cannot be imitated by an ingenious mechanic. The human tongue in the articulation of language surpasses in variety of motions the wildest imaginations of a poet. Even in swallowing food its office is so extraordinary that physiologists cannot explain the phenomena of deglutition without employing the aid of several sciences.—*The Young Folks' Rural.*

FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

MATTHEW is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain in the city of Ethiopia.

Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

John was put in a boiling cauldron at Rome, but escaped death. He died a natural death in Ephesus, in Asia.

James the Great was beheaded in Jerusalem.

James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle and beaten to death.

Philip was beheaded.

Bartholomew was skinned alive.

Andrew was crucified, and pounded while dying.

Thomas was run through with a lance.

Jude was shot to death with arrows.

Simon was crucified.

Matthias was stoned.

Barnabas stoned to death.

Paul was beheaded by the tyrant Nero, at Rome.

A BEAUTIFUL MAXIM.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that shines above me,
And waits my coming too.

For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that lacks resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

"When a fellow is too lazy to work," says Sam Slick, "he paints his name over the door, and calls it a tavern, and makes the whole neighborhood as lazy as himself."

Repentance without amendment is like continually pumping without mending the leak.

Correspondence.

MARCELLUS, Cass Co., Mich.,

October 1st, 1872.

Dear Uncle Mark and Joseph:—Although Uncle Mark is far away, I still feel that he has an interest in the *Hope*. I suppose that the *Hope* is sent to him and he will see this. My sister and I were baptized September 1st, 1872. I will be sixteen years old the 1st of November. We held sacrament meeting yesterday and had a good meeting, and the Spirit of the Lord was with us. I am trying to do right, though many times I go astray; but pray for me, little Hopes, that I may meet you in Zion where parting will be no more. Oh! how I long for that time. I am ever your sister in Christ. LELLIA M. ALLEN.

ST. LOUIS, Oct., 13th, 1872.

Br. Joseph:—We had such a good time this morning at our Sunday School Concert that I cannot very well keep it to myself. In fact it is no secret that the Zion's Hope Sunday School is a most pleasant place, not only for little boys and girls, but also for me who was a Sunday School scholar more than thirty years ago.

But when I was a boy Sunday Schools were not so attractive as they are now. We did not, at that time, have various pleasant readings, interspersed with Temperance and Zion's songs, to say nought of our little duets, trios and quartets, which now give quite a charm to our Sunday Schools. Nor, did they of yore have any recitations except from the Bible. I do not mean that we now have anything better than can be found in that good holy book, but I mean that our enjoyment this morning would have been much less but for the "Formation of Habits," an excellent essay, most excellently rendered by Mr. Samuel Burgess. The "Rock of Ages," from the *Missouri Republican*, was very instructive and was pleasingly read.

The singing was so good and there was such a quantity of it that I dare not trespass further on your time, except to say the farewell address to Br. Patterson, (as published in the *Herald*), was well received.

A collection amounting to \$9.60 was taken up for the purpose of purchasing cards and printing the "Roll of Honor." By the by, I ought to tell you that every child that is punctual in attendance, and perfect in deportment and lessons, for three months, will have his or her name printed on the "Roll of Honor," a large card to be suspended in the church.

I believe that it is the intention of the Superintendent and Teachers to revise the roll every three months.

Yours &c.,

J. X. A.

HILLSDALE, Iowa, Oct. 12th, 1872.

Dear Brother Joseph:—For the first time I take my pen in hand to write a few lines to the *Hope*. I have often thought of writing but never done so. I love to read the *Hope*, and I love to see the letters that the young brothers and sisters write. We have a small branch here but a good one. We have no Sunday School here. Your brother in the church, W. W. THORNTON.

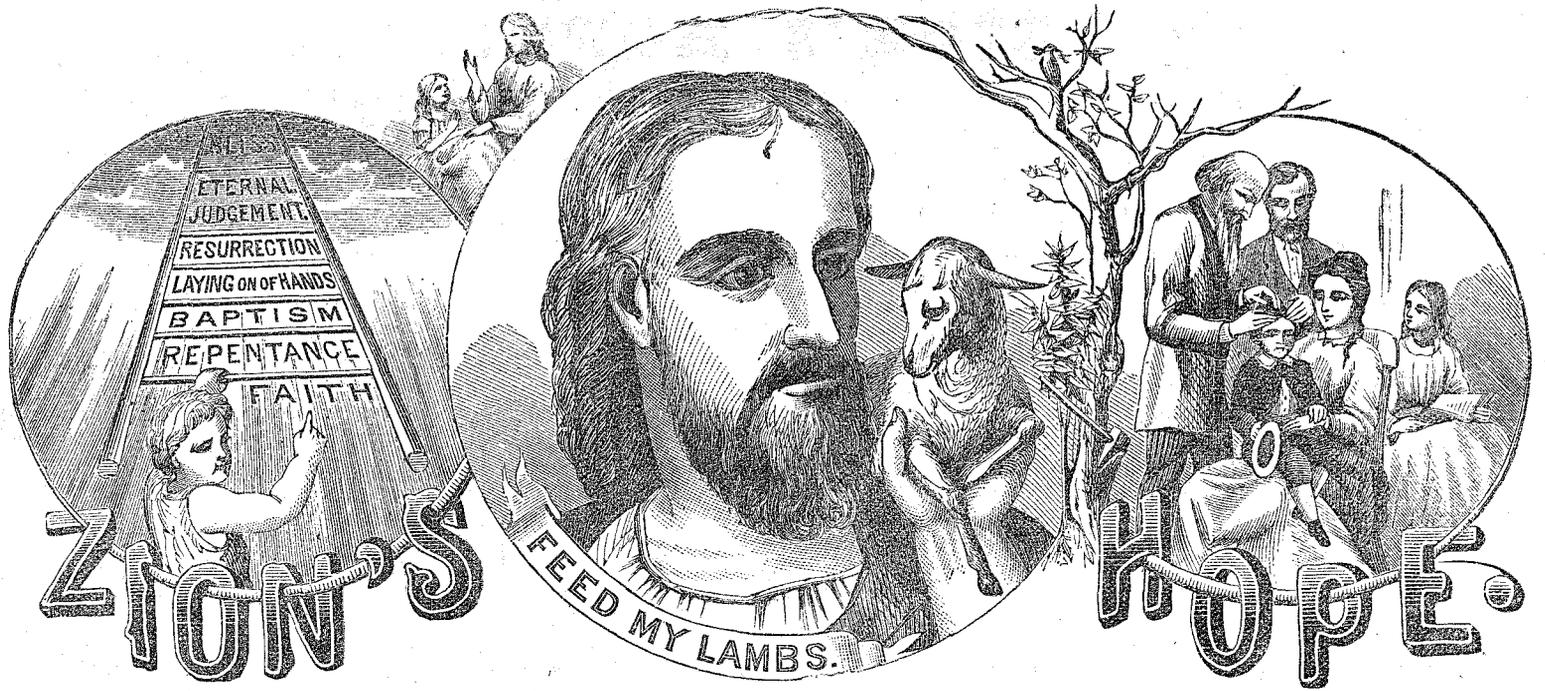
Roll of Honor.

Previously credited.....\$148 05	Sarah Jones	\$ 50
Ellen Jones	50 William Jones	50
Owen Jones	50 Thomas Jones	50
David Jones	50 W. W. Thornton	35

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

ENCOURAGEMENT.

THE Uncle now in charge of the HOPE feels grateful for the constant faith of the little ones, readers and supporters of the HOPE, manifested in the additions to the Roll of Honor, and the subscription list.

If the little folks would continue to importune that the able contributors who have laid their pens away to rust, or become dry and dusty, should take them up and write for the HOPE, it would materially aid in making the HOPE pleasant and useful.

The subscription list is slowly gaining, but has not yet quite reached two thousand. A little effort would send it up to that figure. Will the Hopes try once again for a larger list.

We have received several requests to open the Puzzle Department. We shall now and then insert something of the kind as we can procure suitable copy. UNCLE T. T.

WHERE MEN NEVER LAUGH.

SURELY you would not like to live, fearing every moment to be blown up; not daring to speak loud, to jar anything, for fear of starting an explosion that would send you in an instant to the other world.

You do not think it would be very pleasant? Well, it isn't; yet hundreds of men live in just that state; work, receive pay, and live year after year, as it were—all this, so that the world may have gunpowder.

You can easily guess that those men go about very quietly, and never laugh.

You know that gunpowder is very dangerous in a gun, or near a fire; but perhaps you don't know that it is equally dangerous all through the process of making. A powder mill is a fearful place to visit, and strangers are seldom allowed to go into one. They are built far from any town, in the woods, and each branch of the work is done in a separate building. These houses are quite a distance from each other, so that if one blows up, it won't blow up the rest. Then the lower parts of the buildings are made very strong, while the roofs are very light, set on so that if it explodes only the roof will suffer. But in spite of every care, sometimes a whole settlement of the powder mills will go off almost in an instant, and every vestige of the work of years will be swept away in a few seconds.

But though you feel like holding your breath to look at it, it is really a very interesting process to see. It is made, perhaps you know, of charcoal, saltpeter, and brimstone. Each of these

articles is prepared in a house by itself; but the house where they are mixed is the first terrible one. In this building is an immense millstone, rolling round and round in an iron bed. In this bed, and under the stone, are put the three fearful ingredients of gunpowder. There they are thoroughly mixed and ground together. This is a very dangerous operation, because if the stone comes in contact with the iron bed, it is very apt to strike fire, and the merest suspicion of a spark would set off the whole. The materials are spread three or four inches thick in the bed; the wheel, which goes by water power, is started, and every man leaves the place. The door is shut, and the machinery left to do its work alone. When it has run long enough, the mill is stopped and the men come back. This operation leaves the powder in large lumps or cakes.

The next house is where these cakes are broken into grains, and, of course, is as dangerous as the first one. But the men cant go away from this; they are obliged to attend to it every moment; and you may be sure no laugh is heard within its walls. Every one who goes in has to take off his boots, and put on rubbers, because one grain of the dangerous powder, crushed by the foot, would explode the whole in an instant.

The floor of the house is covered with leather, and is made perfectly black by the dust of the gunpowder. It contains a set of sieves, each one smaller than the last, through which the powder is sifted; and an immense ground and laboring mill, where it is ground up, while men shovel it with wooden shovels. The machinery makes a great deal of noise, but the men are silent, as in other houses. The reckless crashing of the machine even seems to give a greater horror, and one is very glad to get out of that house.

The stoving house is the next one on the list, and there the gunpowder is heated on wooden trays. It is very hot, and no workman stays there. From there it goes to the packing house, and is put up in barrels, kegs and cannisters.

Safely through all these houses, it goes at last to the storehouse. One feels like drawing a long breath to see the fearful stuff safely packed away, out of the hands of men, in this curious house.

You've heard of things being as dry as a powder house, but you wouldn't think this house very dry. It is almost imbedded in water. The roof is one big tank kept full of water. Did you ever hear of a water roof before? Instead of steps to go in, there are shallow tanks of water, through which every man must walk to the door.

In none of these powder houses is any light ever allowed, except sunlight. The wages are

good, the days work is short, ending always at three or four o'clock. But the men have a serious look, that makes one think every moment of the danger, and be glad to get away. Though curiosity may take one once to visit a powder mill, you have no desire to go the second time; and you feel all the rest of your life that for once you have been very near death.

STANDING ON HIS HEAD.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

STANDING on the head isn't a very elegant position—is it? Men, and boys, too, for that matter, look more interesting on their feet, though I don't suppose there ever was a boy who would care how he looked, provided he could truly stand on his head.

Well, droll as you may think it, I have read in some of the big books, that there is bird—an American bird at that—who delights in standing on his head! Now, don't you suppose that innocent and dignified bird would be surprised to hear such a piece of slander about himself?

This feathered personage has a curious way of getting his dinner, I must admit, and he does look as though he used his head as a third leg. This is how it is: he always lives on the bank of a river or pond, and he likes for his dinner the little frogs and worms that live in the soft mud under the water. But he might watch all day, and starve to death, for all the dinner he would get if he was not pretty sharp in his hunting.

He wades into the water (he belongs to the family of waders); then he goes on to stir up the mud with his feet, and frighten the little fellows out of their mud-houses. Not having hands, he needs something to catch them when they are out, so he just lays his head down by the side of his feet, *top down*, and uses his open-mouth for a market basket! Isn't that the funniest basket you ever heard of? It would not seem so odd to you, if you could see the bill, for it is as big as all the rest of his head, and shaped more like a canoe than anything else. So it does very well for a basket.

He looks very droll in that position, and it is no wonder the first men who saw him standing that way, thought he stood on his head.

This bird—did I tell you?—is the Flamingo, and you could see him any day, if you lived on any of our Southern lakes or rivers. That is, you could if you were very quiet, for he is extremely shy, and will keep out of your way if he can. They go in flocks, and some of the sharp eyes are

sure to spy a hunter. But they are not afraid of cattle and so men dress themselves in the skin of an animal to hunt them.

He is well worth seeing, too. He's no dull-coated fellow, hopping about on two dumpy legs; by no means!—he wears a whole suit of the most brilliant rose-color, and he stands up gracefully on two long, slender legs. His body is elegant—as I said—and his neck is as long as his legs, and he is four or five feet high.

Mamma Flamingo makes a curious nest. It is a sort of a hill of mud, a little scooped out on top. There she lays her two or three white eggs, and there she sits—like any old hen, only she can't curl her long legs under her, as a hen can, so she lets them hang down outside.

The babies are droll, little, dull-coated fellows, and do not attain to the dignity of red suits till they are two years old.

In old times Flamingoes were eaten, and thought very nice, especially the tongue, and I have read of emperors who kept quite an army of men for nothing but to hunt the unfortunate birds, that he might have their tongues for his table.

Nowadays we think Flamingo meat has a marshy taste, and we pre'er ducks and turkeys for our tables. So he is hunted only for his beauty, to adorn museums and bird collections.

He is called Flamingo from his bright color, but he is said, in the big books, to belong to the Palmidactyle family. He has this graceful name merely because his three front toes are united by a wide skin—something as a duck's toes are—and his one hind toe is very small or absent entirely. *Christian Union.*

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

CHARACTERS—MR. OLEPHOGY, an elderly gentleman, JAMES, his nephew, a college student, MISS SELINA OLEPHOGY, an elderly spinster.

MR. OLEPHOGY reading the newspaper. MISS SELINA knitting a pair of mittens. JAMES reading a novel.

JAMES. (Yawning.) How the rain pours down.

MISS SELINA. I do like a rainy day now and then. One can accomplish twice as much work on a rainy day as on a pleasant one.

J. Oh, auntie! I never accomplish anything. MR. OLEPHOGY. (Looking at his paper.) Humph!

J. (To Miss Selina.) Uncle has discovered a new invention advertisement, I know.

MISS S. (To James.) How do you know?

J. He gives a peculiar accent to his *humph* when he finds any *new-fangled notions* in the papers.

MR. O. Pretty state of things we're all coming to, I declare!

J. (To Miss Selina.) What did I tell you?

MISS S. (To James.) I believe you were right.

J. (To Miss Selina.) If there is one thing more than another that will make my worthy uncle perfectly rampant with indignation, it is to see anything new advertised.

MR. O. I wonder what insanity will come in fashion next?

J. What is the matter, Uncle?

MR. O. Matter enough!

MISS S. Some new patent, brother?

MR. O. Patent! I should think the United States might be paved a foot deep with that tomfoolery. Every idiot nowadays thinks he must have a finger in a *patent*.

J. Aunt Selina, what would you take for your sewing machine?

MISS S. It would take considerable money to buy that, if I could not obtain another one.

MR. O. Humph! Might as well be in a treadmill at once, as jogging on that thing. Noisy as a whole cotton-mill, too. When I was young, women were contented with good sensible needles and thimbles.

S. But what did you find new in the paper this morning?

MR. O. Find?

MISS S. Something in the news seemed to annoy you.

MR. O. Annoy me! Something annoy me! I should think it would annoy a stone fence to see such scandalous proceedings!

J. But what particular iniquity have the inventors of a patent committed this morning?

MR. O. Inventors of patents! I wish it was. It is our own neighbor Stedygoin!

J. Uncle! You don't say *he* has an idea?

MR. O. When I was young, people could walk!

J. Well surely they have not lost that faculty nowadays.

MR. O. One would suppose so!

J. (Aside.) What is he driving at?

MISS S. (To James.) Velocipedes!

J. Of course I am as stupid as an owl! But, Uncle, what has old Stedygoin to do with velocipedes. Surely he is not going to ride one?

MR. O. Ride *one!* Ride a dozen—a hundred?

J. (Singing.)

"And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see."

MISS S. Oh, brother! How can he ride a hundred velocipedes?

MR. O. The old goose, who ought to have more sense—

J. Being a goose, how can he?

MR. O. Is going to open a—a—let me see what the idiot does call it—(looking at newspaper)—a velocipede rink. Velocipede rink. I wonder what they'll discover next in the way of a neck-breaking apparatus!

MISS S. But what is a velocipede rink, brother Abel?

MR. O. A school established by one idiot for the purpose of teaching other idiots to break their necks on these new-fangled go-carts that are to supersede shoe leather.

J. Now, Uncle, I should imagine it was to teach them to ride *without* breaking their necks.

MISS S. So should I.

MR. O. When I was young, there were no such nonsensical traps for dislocating one's limbs. Things were different then.

J. And better, of course.

MR. O. Of course they were! Nowadays everybody wants to live on the principle of chain lightning: I get an idea, follow it up, patent it, sell it, make a few millions of dollars, engage in a gigantic speculation, lose every cent, begin again and do it all over again and again till I die of brain fever or overwork. Pshaw!

J. But, Uncle, what would you do with your idea?

MISS S. Wrap it carefully in sawdust and bury it.

MR. O. When I was young, men were content to work slowly and honestly for their fortunes.

J. Slowly! I should think. It must have been so much nicer to wait months for news from Europe, for instance, than to have it come every day over the cable.

MR. O. Bah! News from Europe, indeed! For my part I'd be content if it never came!

J. Then, if that's your principle, I'll just run over to the telegraph office and tell them if your message to New Orleans did not go this morning they need not send it, as you would rather wait till the schooner returns to hear if she arrived safely.

MR. O. Stop! stop! How on earth am I to know about Field & Co.'s business if I wait a month or six weeks for the Cleopatra to come in?

MISS S. You'll have to cross electric telegraphs and sewing machines out of your black books, brother Abel.

MR. O. Pshaw!

J. You go to Philadelphia on Friday, uncle?

MR. O. Yes, I *must* go.

J. Shan't I run down to Ellis' and get him to rig up that old stage-coach of his for you to

take the trip in? It won't take you more than two weeks to go and come.

MR. O. Two weeks! Why, you know I *must* be here to Green's sale on Monday morning.

J. But railroads are new-fangled notions, uncle, as well as telegraphs.

MR. O. Bah! Useful inventions are one thing, but the trash that is filling the patent offices now, ought to be burned.

MISS S. Your new hoisting machine, for instance. That's very new.

J. And would make a splendid bonfire. Let me chop it up, uncle, and hire about forty men to do its work.

MR. O. Good gracious, James! Have you any idea what it saves me a year?

J. Some hundreds of dollars.

MR. O. Thousands!

MISS S. For my part I like things as they are now.

MR. O. (Sarcastically.) Oh, you do. Why don't you buy a velocipede, then?

MISS S. I have bought one.

MR. O. Selina Olephogy!

MISS S. Bought one for—

MR. O. I'll have you put in a lunatic asylum! The idea of a woman of your age buying one of those ridiculous, monstrous inventions!

MISS S. But, brother, I—

MR. O. I'll put a straight-jacket on you the first time you attempt to get upon it.

MISS S. I have no idea of—

MR. O. A sister of mine on a velocipede! I'll turn you out of doors, and you may ride on your monstrous invention into a house of your own.

MISS S. But if you will only listen—

MR. O. Listen, indeed! I've heard enough. I suppose this is some of your doings, James.

J. I helped my aunt to select a good serviceable article, sir.

MR. O. Good serviceable article, indeed! You had better get a razor and shave your head for a blister. She's gone crazy!

MISS S. But, brother, I tell you I—

MR. O. I tell you, you are mad. You'll break your neck! You'll dislocate your limbs! You'll be crippled for life!

MISS S. But—

MR. O. But you shan't ride it!

MISS S. Brother, I—

MR. O. I'm master in this house, and you shan't get on the thing!

MISS S. But—

MR. O. You'll have all the boys in the town at your heels, and serve you right! But I am resolute! You shall not ride it!

MISS S. I don't want to ride it!

MR. O. What!

MISS S. I bought it for a birthday present for you.

MR. O. For me!

J. Why, auntie. The idea of anybody in their senses riding one of those monstrous inventions.

MR. O. Really, my dear Selina—

J. There, you see, auntie, uncle will only burn it up.

MR. O. Burn it up!

J. I told you so, auntie.

MR. O. I am very much obliged to you, indeed, Selina.

J. Why, uncle, you will surely not ride it?

MR. O. Of course I shall ride.

J. You'll break your neck.

MR. O. I guess I've as good a chance as old Stedygoin, and he rides one.

J. You'll dislocate all your limbs!

MR. O. I'll save its value in omnibus fares.

J. Now, Uncle, when you were young—

MR. O. You be quiet. Think of the economy in boots.

J. But you don't even know how to get on the machine.

MR. O. I'll practice in the new rink!

MISS S. But, brother Abel, you must promise me—

Mr. O. Not to be rash? Certainly, I will be very careful.

Miss S. Not that.

Mr. O. To use it, whenever I go out? Certainly, my dear sister.

Miss S. Not that!

Mr. O. To practice well in the rink before I venture on the street?

Miss S. No!

Mr. O. What is it, then?

Miss S. You must promise me to admit that there are some new-fangled ideas worth cultivating.

Mr. O. Y-e-e-s.

J. Telegraphs!

Mr. O. Yes!

J. Railroads!

Mr. O. Of course!

Miss S. Sewing machines!

Mr. O. Well—yes.

J. Hoisting machines!

Mr. O. There! there! Let's cry quits!

Miss S. Every time you abuse a new-fangled notion I shall cry—

J. Velocipede!

Mr. O. But, really, now, Selina, there are some—

J. No, not one!

Mr. O. Some, I say, that are of no use to anybody.

J. Name one.

Mr. O. Return balls. (With an air of triumph.)

Miss S. What kept little Jessie Brown quiet when her mother was so sick?

Mr. O. Well, well, we won't discuss the subject now. I am anxious to see my present.

J. Own beat, uncle!

Mr. O. What shall I say?

Miss S. Say you will never again deny that—

J. That this is an age of progress!

Mr. O. Agreed! Come, let's try the velocipede!—*The Young Folks' Rural.*

JOHN ROBB.

JOHN ROBB was a good boy, so his mother thought; but it was said that his mother did not see all of John's actions.

Mrs. Robb was a rich woman living in the village of Branson near to quite a large factory where a good many girls and boys, children of her neighbors worked. Her boy John did not work at the factory, because his mother did not think it necessary for him to do any work.

Mrs. Robb allowed John a certain sum weekly for spending money, and John used this money just as he liked. His mother either did not care how he used it, or trusted to John's goodness, for she never inquired what he did with it.

John used to buy a great many foolish toys and gimcracks of one kind and another; and soon tiring of them would throw them away, break them, or give them away. One day he bought a pocket pistol, and thinking that his mother would not like to see him with it, waited till nightfall, and then calling at Bill Jones' house got him to go with him to fire it off and make a noise.

They got a candle, John took it from his mother's cupboard without her consent, and went out near to this factory into a shed which was used to store wool, spare boxes and bundles of almost every description. This shed was not locked, and this night was not watched. Here John and Bill lighted their candle, and began loading and firing the pistol. But the pistol made more noise than they supposed, and so after firing it a few times they quit it and went away; but after they were gone some of the wadding of the pistol which they had used set fire to some waste wool and cotton and the shed and factory burned down.

When John heard the noise of the bells and the shouting of the villagers trying to put the fire out he was frightened, and told his mother about

being in the shed. She found also that he had been bad in many other ways.

Mothers look after your boys if you want them to be good.

A PUZZLE.

Do tell me the reason, Grandmamma, dear,
For truly I want to know—
Why some of the weeks in the long, long years
So slowly and wearily go—

While some run so fast, it seems that they fly,
And soon they are far, far away,
For they won't stop a minute in hurrying by,
Though I beg and beseech them to stay?

The days in a week and the hours in a day
I learned in my lesson at school;
But they change all about in the funniest way,
And I don't half believe in the rule.

Oh! do you remember, last year at Aunt Sue's,
What a splendid vacation we had?

Oh, dear! if Papa ever would let us choose
Where to go, Dick and I would be glad!

Such dear downy chickens the yellow hen hatched,
The very day after we came,
And then there were two yellow kittens that
Matched,
So we two could have just the same.

What lots of blueberries grew on the hillside—
More than a dozen of people could pick!
And one day I went off on a long, long ride
With just Uncle Henry and Dick.

Our house in the rocks was the finest affair,
With such cosy hollows to sit;
And Dick was so good all the time we were there,
I don't think he teased me one bit!

But then it was so little while we could stay,
We hadn't a minute to waste;
I do think if vacations so long must delay
They needn't be gone in such haste!

I'm sure the weeks now are at least twice as long—
For nothing but studying, too—
I don't know whether grown-up folks think it's all
Wrong,
But I say it's real mean—that I do!

But you can tell anything, Grandmamma, I know,
So I thought I'd just ask you to-day,
For I've puzzled my head thinking over it so,
And I can't make it out any way.

[*Christian Union.*]

THE LITTERS OF ALL NATIONS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

LITTER OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

WHILE are now in that wonderful country called China, where men wear petticoats and pigtails, have round faces and almond-shaped eyes, call the rest of the world "outer barbarians," and have a history stretching back thousands of years. These strange, quick-witted, energetic, industrious, yet with all, in some respects, foolish and child-like people, who swarm like ants in their countless cities, on their mighty rivers and fruitful plains, where every foot of earth is carefully cultivated; who eat almost anything, and live upon almost nothing; whose kings, although so despotic and careless of human life, are regarded with a reverence which approaches to idolatry; who knew all about gunpowder and the mariner's compass, and many other useful inventions, long before other countries had discovered them; where old men fly kites, blow soap-bubbles, and delight in colored lanterns because they look pretty; where children are grave and ceremonious, and wise beyond their years; and where women are counted beautiful in proportion to the smallness of their feet, which are so pinched up and confined during the period of their growth that they resemble clubs rather than feet;—these people, we say, have always been a puzzle to the rest of the world.

We know that they cultivate tea, for we buy it by millions of pounds; we know that they consume vast quantities of a poisonous drug called opium, which is the juice of the poppy, for they take all that is produced in India, and pay about £8,000,000 a-year for it.

We also know that they build temples, and pagodas, joss-houses, very magnificent and beautiful, after a certain fashion of beauty; that their Great Wall, built to keep out the Tartars (which it did not do), is one of the wonders of the world, running above a thousand miles through valleys, and over mountains, with a breadth at the top sufficient for four chariots to go abreast. We know that their pottery is the finest, their silks the richest, and their language the most flowery and difficult to learn of any spoken or written upon earth; that they have a fine system of morals, written by a philosopher named Confucius, which teaches them to pay respect to their parents and all who are set in authority over them, and to act with kindness and honesty one towards another; and yet they are treacherous, cruel, and very superstitious.

Moreover, although a most polite people, they eat their rice with things called chop-sticks, and eat their dishes of stewed puppy-dogs, kittens, rats, snails, or birds' nests, with their fingers; they call their country "the Flowery land," and their emperor "Brother of the Sun and Moon." A wonderful people! numbering more than a third of the population of the Globe.

And here comes the litter of their Emperor, to whom they pay homage; he rejoices in the name of Khein-long, which sounds very like Reign-long, and reminds us that his reign was long, extending from 1736 to 1795. This is one of his birthday fetes. All Pekin is alive and stirring; triumphal arches span the crowded streets; deputations are coming from many quarters to offer congratulations to the Emperor, and wish that he might live ten thousand years. They have silken banners, and are dressed in all the colors of the rainbow. Little tables decked with flowers, amid which lamps are set, are placed at regular distances, and add very much to the gaiety of the scene. Everywhere flags are flying, gongs and trumpets are sounding, matchlocks and cannon are firing, and people are shouting until the din is almost unbearable.

And now the crowd sways to and fro, as a large structure, like a canopied four-post bedstead, with rich gold and silken hangings, moves slowly along, borne on the shoulders of thirty-two mandarins, whose high rank is denoted by the number of buttons on their capes. Guards on foot and horseback come first, clearing the way with their long whips; and as the Emperor's litter approaches the people fall flat on their faces, and so remain until it has passed. Woe be to the man who lifts his head too soon! the guards will be down upon him, and probably cut it off to teach him better manners. Very little can his people see of the "Light of the Universe," for the curtains are all around him, except in the front, from which he looks out now and then.

This is the last of the royal birthday-fetes that the people of Pekin witnessed: for the Emperor Khein-long, then in the eighty-fifth year of his age, ordered them to be given up, because they cost too much money. But no doubt the Chinese state-litter was used on other festive occasions; and the same kind of conveyance, only of smaller size and less rich adornments, is still often seen among this remarkable people. *Chatterbox.*

FIRESIDE THOUGHTS.

SITTING by the cheerful fire listening to the melancholy music made by the descending rain, thoughts of the mercies of the Great Giver of all things pass before the mind.

Drop by drop as the rain falls upon the dust-covered fields, so fall God's mercies upon the heads of his erring children.

Like the rain, which cometh with a dark threatening appearance, his mercies are sometimes wrapt within the dark clouds of disappointment. But as the fields are made to bring forth fruit and are nourished by the rain, so man is

strengthened and made to grow in righteousness by the mercies of God.

It is through God's mercy that the children of men enjoy the blessings of the gospel as preached by the apostles of old. It is through his mercy that they enjoy the Holy Spirit, which fills their bosoms with love, disperses all darkness, and inspires their hearts with pure thoughts, and enables them to rise above the selfish interests of this world, and seek to gain an interest in that world where love is law, and Christ is the Great Ruler.

LOUISA A. BURNAM.

DOTIE AND CARRIE.

DOTIE'S TROUBLES.

DOTIE'S distressing dog Dash, drowned Dotie's darling dolly. Dotie dressed drowned dolly, Doctored dolly dreadfully. Doctoring didn't do,—dolly died.

"Dreadful dog!" declared Dotie, despairingly, "destroyed dear dolly Drusilla."

Dotie's dog did dreadful doings, destroyed Dotie's dinner, drowned Dotie's duck, destroyed Dotie's durable, drab dress, dug Dotie's daffodils, dispatched Dotie's doughnuts, dashed Dotie's dishes dangerously.

"Dash does dreadful doings; drive Dash, Dotie," directed Daisy Dale, (Daisy disliked dogs.)

"Driving don't do, Daisy. Dash is determined destroyer," declared Dotie.

Daisy Dale didn't dare drive Dotie's dreadful dog—Daisy didn't delay, Daisy departed. Dotie desired dignified Dash dutiful! Dash deserved drowning! Dotie didn't drown Dash! Dotie dozed! Dotie dreamed distressing dreams. Dreamed dreadful Dash died. Delightful dozing!

CARRIE'S TROUBLES.

Carries canary caught crickets. Carrie's comfortable copper colored cassimere cloak covered canary's cage, 'cause coarse cotton calico's chilly. Carrie cried, 'cause Charley couldn't come. Carrie's cousin Christine came, caught Carrie crying. "Cease crying Carrie; Charley's coming," cried Christine.

"Catch chickens, cook canned cherries, cousin Christine," cried Carrie.

"Cook cakes, Carrie?"

"Certainly, certainly," cried Carrie, "'course cousin Christine, cook cakes, candied cakes," continued Carrie.

Christine caught crowing, cackling chickens, cooked corn, coffee, chocolate, canned cherries.

"Clean currants, Carrie?"

"Certainly, child, clean currants," cried Carrie. Christine cooked candied clove cakes, coriander cakes, cinnamon cookies. Christine cut cheese, churned, chopped curious cream crackers, cooked crisp custards.

"Come, cousin Christine," cried Carrie. Christine combed Carrie's curls carefully.

"Company's coming, Carrie," cried Christine. Captain Charley Campbell, Chicago citizen, came. Carrie's convenien't cash commands captured Charley. Carrie's comfortable chintz cushioned chairs cheered Charley, Carrie's comely countenance charmed Charley, completely. Captain Charley Campbell courted Carrie. Crisis came! Carrie consented!—*The Young Folks' Rural.*

THE PRESENT.

AS we cannot justly claim the future, and it is impossible to recall the past, we should try to employ the present profitably.

It is very wrong to neglect the duties of the present—to linger with vain regrets over the trials of the past, or to spend the time in dreaming of the many pleasures that have flown. If the past has been overshadowed with the clouds of disappointment, it should teach us the importance of making a greater effort to grasp the privileges of the present; which, if properly em-

ployed, will enable us to enjoy the pure beams of peace in the future.

Rome was not built in a day. It was only by continued efforts—by surmounting each difficulty separately, as it was presented, that the great task was accomplished.

Life is composed of fleeting hours. Each hour brings its duties. And it is only by performing those duties, when presented, that the great object of our existence can be accomplished.

The past and the future are nothing when compared with the present. Our final happiness depends upon the use we make of it, and the great giver of our being will hold us responsible, if we thoughtlessly disregard the privileges with which he has blessed us. It is of great importance that we improve our time while young. If we neglect the opportunities offered in youth for the cultivation of our minds, we shall only reap the tares in the future. But if we employ each moment in storing our minds with useful knowledge, we shall gather in after years a rich harvest. We shall then be able to look back and realize the benefits derived from having wisely spent the present.

LOUISA A. BURNAM.

GOD'S PEARLS.

MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Alone upon the shore I sit.

As onward roll the crested waves,
And watch the mist, like Sea-birds, fit
O'er the deep ocean's soundless graves;
The tides goes ebbing out.

How many ships lie cradled low

Under the salt sand, shroud and sail;
Laughing, the waters glide and glow
Over the harvest of wreck and gale,
The tide goes ebbing out.

So have I seen the sweetest smiles

On rosy lip, in saucy eye,
But found, through treacherous tongues and wiles,
Beneath the shafts of envy lie—
The tide goes sobbing out.

I seek the place of trust or power.

A deadly stab my purpose blights,
A friend my trust betrays, and I
Weep bitterly through gloomy nights.
The tide goes ebbing out.

Through a spent breaker's shallow well,

A gliding jewel seeks the sea;
A breath might crush its crystal shell—
Frail, pretty creature, go—be free,
The tide is coming in.

A child ran careless by my side,

Watching the crisp foam pulsing out
Upon the shore—"See there!" she cried,
"God's pearls!" and caught them with a shout.
The tide is flowing in.

God's pearls! they drift on other streams,

On higher shores their splendors shine,
In souls where faith's pure radiance beams,
And love makes all the life divine.
The tide is coming in.

They drop from lips that have not known

The finish of the student's art,
The polish of the scholar's tone,
White with the chiasm of the heart,
The tide comes flowing in.

God's pearls! Love, Truth, and Hope; what though

Earth, sinking slow, each white sail furls;
I'll watch Hope's shore in weal and wo,
And find, with childhood's faith, God's pearls;
The tide comes rolling in.

[From Household Magazine.]

Correspondence.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa,

October 20th, 1872.

Brother Joseph:—The *Hope* is as dear as ever to me, and it makes my heart rejoice to see its sparkling columns. It is a dear and ever welcome visitor to me; and I hope it is to all who read it. I should like very much to have the Puzzle Department open once more. I think it is very interesting, or at least to me, and I hope to all. I thank you very much for

the prize presented as a Reward of Merit, and I shall try to obey its teachings. It shall serve me as a guide. I hope all will remember me, that I may serve our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I feel thankful that I have ever tried to serve him and to hearken unto his teachings. I hope dear brothers and sisters that we may each and every one try to serve the Lord, and to live in accordance with his laws that we may meet in heaven. I remain as ever, your sister in Christ,

SARAH J. BALLANTYNE.

UNION FORT, Utah,

November 1st, 1872.

Dear *Zion's Hope*:—I write to you once again out of Utah, to let you know that God is still blessing me when I do right; and I hope all the children of hope will pray for me that I may do God's will and obey him, and that when I die I may go to heaven and be with him; for I love Christ. When I do right I feel happy; but when I do wrong, I feel sad. A little boy, D. M. Griffin, sends this mite, fifty cents, to the Roll of Honor, to help the *Hope*. I will say good-bye, and may God bless us all for Christ's sake,

LUCY A. GRIFFITHS.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 3rd, 1872.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I have thought for some time that I would write a few lines to the little brothers and sisters, through the columns of our Sunday School paper; but I have always felt my inability to say anything to edify them.

I will commence by calling their attention to a verse in our Sunday School lesson, this morning; it is the 9th verse, of the 4th chapter of Thessalonians, which reads as follows: "But as touching brotherly love, ye need not that I write unto you; for ye yourselves are taught of God, to love one another."

I thought while looking around the school, on the bright, happy countenances of the dear little children, we need no one to teach us to love one another; for of a surety the Spirit of God teaches us that love for each other that the world knows nothing of.

When I returned home, and was reading over our dear little paper, a few lines in it arrested my attention, they were these, "Every man ought to be a good man, especially if he is to instruct little children."

I have felt many times that I ought to be a good woman, to stand as a teacher in the Sunday School; sometimes I have been tempted to give up the school, on account of my unworthiness; then again, I have been inspired by the Spirit of Love for the school, that I have said, nothing shall tempt me to leave the Sunday School; by the help of my father in heaven, I believe I shall yet be able to do some good to the young, which is the prayer and desire of your sister in the gospel,

MRS. E. ALLEN.

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES!!

1 72 15 72
 D D

Any one finding one above set of figures opposite his name on ZION'S HOPE, or on the wrapper, will know that his

SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH THAT DATE.

All those wishing their papers continued will please renew their subscription, or write and let us know when they expect to remit. Will our readers oblige us by prompt attention to this matter?

Zion's Hope, one year for 50 cents.

Zion's Hope, six months for 25 cents.

ANSWERS.

Answer to Enigma in the *Hope* for October 1st:—Moth, Cataract, Armor of Truth, Oak, Succor, Mark H. Forscutt. Answered by Wm. Stuart and Sarah J. Ballantyne.

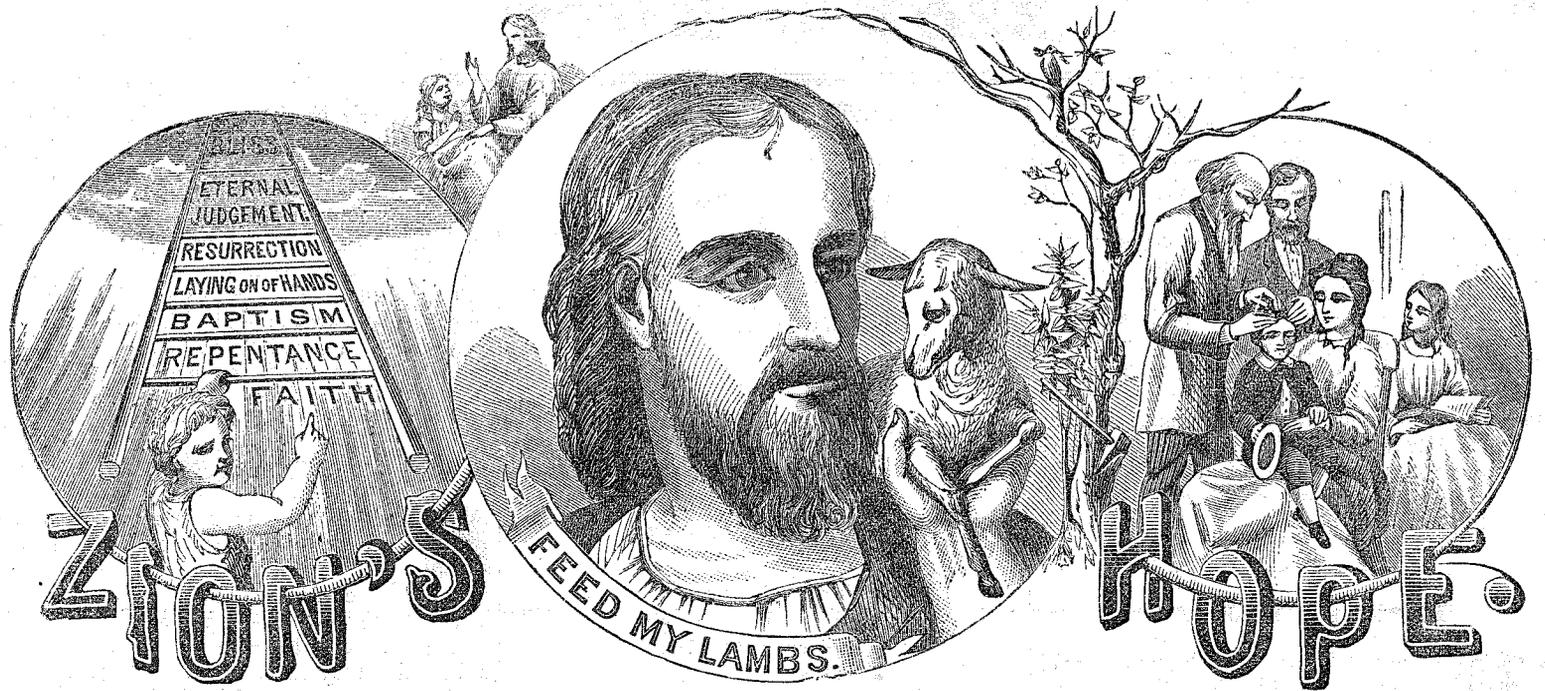
Roll of Honor.

Previously credited.....\$148 05	Sarah Jones	\$ 50
Ellen Jones	William Jones.....	50
Owen Jones	Thomas Jones	50
David Jones	W. W. Thornton.....	35
Franklin H. Allen.....	Sybilie Allen.....	50
D. M. Griffin.....	Zilla Moore.....	25
Mary E. Moore.....	10	

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

Vol. 4.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., DECEMBER 1, 1872.

No. 11.

HELP US.

LITTLE folks, we are coming near to the end of the year, and perhaps a little good natured chat may help us all.

The first number of the HOPE was issued July 1st, 1869, and it has been continued with varying fortunes ever since.

At the start it was hoped that there would be a sufficient interest in the Sunday School cause itself to support the paper with an ample subscription list. The list at one time reached a little rising of Two Thousand; it however, remained there but a short time, when it began to fall off until it ran down to a little over Twelve Hundred. Owing to an expressed determination to suspend its publication, unless a more increased circulation was offered to it, an effort was made which sent it up to nearly its original number. We are not yet satisfied.

The cause of Our Redeemer is to be served in the extension of both HOPE and HERALD; but the young are the ones supposed to be helped, more especially by the HOPE.

For something like two years there was a very good effort made by the men and women of the church to assist the Editorial department, with both original and selected articles suitable for the columns of the HOPE; after that time, these efforts to contribute ceased, to a great extent, and the labor, otherwise the work of many hands, fell upon Uncle Mark, with now and then an honorable exception.

Uncle T. T. was not so certainly knowing to this failure before Uncle Mark went to England, as he has been since; but he has now made the important discovery that, in the HOPE enterprise, as in most other enterprises, it is easier to depend on some one else to do what is wanting to be done than to do it oneself.

It would be very gratifying to the Editor, if, by the opening of the New Year, a renewed activity should prevail in contributing to the columns of the HOPE such original and selected material as will tend greatly to enhance its value and add to its interest.

One thing which prevents some from writing is the difficulty of selecting a subject or subjects to write upon or about. This difficulty is more imaginary than real; for there is not a day passes for any one, no matter how humble his lot in life, that is not full of incidents, or thoughts, that would be very interesting to the readers of such a paper as the HOPE, if they were told in the plain, simple style that one would naturally think about them. You don't want to get up on stilts to talk to children, (nor grown people neither for

that matter), nor do you want to write in such a dignified, over-strained style, that children can not understand when they read.

We think we know a goodly number of decidedly good men and women, who, if they really felt an interest in the welfare of the HOPE, such as they ought to feel, could watch their chance and what they read of, see, hear, feel, and know, that is of benefit and value to the little folks of the church, they could send us.

The little folks could, if they only would, get up excellent pieces for the HOPE by telling on paper of the things around them which interests them, and sending it to the HOPE. Try it.

DOINGS OF TRADE.

A carpenter's duty is plane;
A cobbler for food sells his sole;
The barber who's ne'er crossed the main
Still passes from poll unto poll;
The bricklayer, bloodthirsty elf,
To kiln's been addicted of old;
The pilferer goes for pelf;
An elder's as oft young as old;
The weathercock makers are vain
Of the vanes they expose to the blast:
The bellows man ne'er will refrain
From "blowing" his wares to the last;
A lawyer's existence is brief;
A printer 'gainst vice should be proof;
The builder will sure come to grief
Who commences to build at the roof;
The miller makes millions from mills;
In all trades can money be made,
But newspapers suffer from bills
Which seldom or never are paid.

CORK.

CORK is the bark of a kind of oak, which flourishes in Spain and the south of Europe and in northern Asia. It falls from the tree at twelve or fifteen years old; but for commerce they are stripped for several years successively, and then allowed an interval of two or three years. The young trees are stripped only every third year. When stripped from the tree it is piled up in a ditch, or pond, and heavy weights are placed upon it, which flattens it—it is then dried over fires for use.

The specific gravity of cork is 240, or one fourth of that of water. It is a bad conductor of

heat, and is used to increase the warmth of apartments, and as the lightest and most elastic of woods no substance is more generally useful. Its elasticity renders it useful for stoppers to bottles and other vessels; it is employed in the construction of life-boats, as the floats of fishermen and buoys. The Spaniards manufacture lamp-black of it.—*The Family Magazine.*

HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY

THE following defines what the Mythology of this lesson is. "A system of myths; a collective body of popular legends (stories) and fables respecting the supernatural actions of gods, divinities and heroes."—*Webster.*

From a copy of the *Family Magazine*, published in 1835, we extract some portion of the story of Niobe, the daughter of Tantalus.

A number of her children were slain by arrows shot among them by Apollo and Diana, when Niobe, and her husband Amphion hastened to their rescue. Apollo, seeing them come, slew Amphion with an arrow.

"The cup of grief of the widowed, childless Niobe was now filled to the overflowing. Disgusted with life, she went forth into the wilderness, there in solitude to pour forth her tears. Her melancholy and deplorable fate excited the compassion of the gods themselves, and determined them to put a period to her woes. On a sudden, the once beautiful but now disconsolate Niobe found herself deprived of the power of motion, and gradually stiffening into stone. And there on Mount Sipylus she stands, a statue of solid marble; still, however, shedding tears, as if conscious of her former grief.

"Pausanias, a Greek writer of the second century, who was not a little fond of the marvellous, tells us that on this mount he saw the wondrous statue. "When you are near it," says he, "it is nothing but a steep rock, bearing no resemblance at all to a woman, much less to one weeping; but when you are at some distance, you might imagine it to be the figure of a woman in distress.

"The story of Niobe has been a favorite subject for sculptors; and it is probable there were once several groups representing the mother and children. Pliny speaks of one in a temple of Apollo at Rome in his time.

An old inscription on a group representing the sorrows of Niobe reads thus:

"Daughter of Tantalus, Niobe, hear my words which are the messengers of woe; listen to the piteous tale of our sorrows. Loose the bindings

of thy hair, mother of a race of youths who have fallen beneath the deadly arrows of Phoebus. Thy sons no longer live. But what is this? I see something more. The blood of thy daughters too is streaming around. One lies at her mother's knees; another in her lap; a third on the earth; and one clings to the breast: one gazes stupefied at the coming blow, and one crouches down to avoid the arrow, while another still lives. But the mother, whose tongue once knew no restraints, stands like a statue hardened into stone."

This story shows the state of religion in the time when the people worshiped heroes, and gods and goddesses instead of the living and true God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We shall tell the Hopes of some more of them by and by.

CHARLIE'S LITTLE CART.

"OH, dear! I want a little cart!" said five-year old Charlie, lying on his back on the floor and kicking his feet up in the air. "I don't know what to do, gran'ma. I want a cart, and nobody ever gets me carts. I want one as big as a mountain, like Uncle Peter's, to carry my marbles to market in."

Grandmother looked around from the little jacket she was cutting out, and saw the marbles rolling all around on the doorstep.

"It is time they were gathered in for market I declare," she said. "Next thing some one will step on them and fall down. Let's see if we can't find a cart somewhere. How will this do Charlie?"

And she took down from the corner cupboard a low box without any cover. It was about eight inches long and five inches wide, and an inch and a half deep. Grandma had used it to keep seeds in through the winter; but the seeds were all in the ground now looking out for themselves, and the box was empty.

"Ho!" cried Charlie, who had jumped up and run after her, "There aint anything for the horse to drag it by!"

"Oh, you don't know!" said grandma. "See here!" And she took a gimlet from the shelf and bored two holes in one end of the box, and then fastened a long cord in the holes, so that Charlie could harness himself in, and be the horse.

Charlie was a very happy galloping horse for a minute, but grandma no sooner got back to the jackets, than there he came pulling the corner of her apron.

"Grandma," he said soberly, "my little cart ain't a cart. It says it wants wheels, and wants four and they must turn around."

"Oh, that's what it says, is it?" said dear grandma. "I didn't understand what it said. Well, then, Charlie, run and get me those two little long pine sticks I see in the kindling box."

Then grandma took a sharp knife and whittled the ends of the sticks out small, and with four of her little carpet tacks she nailed the sticks on the bottom of the cart, so that the sharp ends stood out on each side.

"There are the axletrees," she said; "and now for the wheels."

Charlie couldn't think where the wheels were coming from; but grandma found four empty spools in her work-basket, which she slipped on the slender axletree ends, and then gently drove a tack by each one, so it would not come off.

"There, now it is a real cart," she said; "go and gather your marbles for market."

"O gran'ma! you're the best gran'ma for little boys I ever saw!" exclaimed Charlie; and he was a nice little horse, trotting off, and then he was a little man by the door-step, picking up marbles and loading his cart, and then he was a little horse again, drawing them steadily to market under the big arm-chair in the corner.

Now wasn't she a real bright grandma, to know how to make a nice little cart for Charlie?

—Star Spangle Banner.

JACK IN THE PULPIT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Under the green trees
Just over the way
Jack in the pulpit
Preaches to day;
Squirrel and song sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily bells
Ringing for church.

Come hear what his reverence
Rises to say
In his queer little pulpit
This fine Sabbath day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Painted by nature's hand
Black, brown and green;
Green is his pulpit,
Green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet
So gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice
The chorister bee;
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind lyres,
Bird voices singing,
These are his choirs.
The violets are deacons,
I know by this sign,
The cups that they carry
Are purple with wine;
The columbines bravely
As sentinels stand
On the lookout with
All their red trumpets in hand.

Meek faced anemones
Drooping and sad,
Great yellow violets
Smiling out glad,
Buttercups' faces
Beaming and bright,
Clovers with bonnets,
Some red, some white;
Daisies, their fingers
Half clasped in prayer,
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair;
Innocent children,
Guileless and frail,
Their meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wild wood geraniums
All in their best,
Languidly leaning
In purple gauze dressed;
All are assembled
This sweet Sabbath day
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

Lo, white Indian pipes
On the green mosses lie;
Who has been smoking
Profanely, so nigh?
Rebuked by the preacher
The mischief is stopped,
But the sinners in haste
Have their little pipes dropped;
Let the wind with the fragrance
Of fern and black birch
Blow the smell of the smoking
Clear out of the church!

So much for the preacher—
The sermon comes next;
Shall we tell how he preached it
And where was the text?
Alas, like too many
Grown up folks who worship
In churches man-built, to-day,
We heard not the preacher
Expound or discuss;
We looked at the people
And they looked at us;
We saw all their dresses,
Their colors and shapes,
The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes;
We heard the wind organ,
The bee and the bird,
But of Jack in the Pulpit
We heard not a word.

"WHEN girls are taught at the mother's knee, at the home fireside, in school, and in society, that it is as disgraceful for them to be loafers as

it is for their brothers, we shall have girls demanding and getting that thoroughness of mental and technical training which is needed in the successful pursuit of any employment, and not before. We shall have a standard then for scholarship, and women will look upon education as something better than mental ruffles and furbelows, or as a mere means of enabling them to support themselves in genteel independence until they can marry, and we shall hear no more of lack of employment for women."

SUPERSTITION.

HERE was once a little boy whose parents kept three or four cows, and it was a part of the work of this little boy to help take care of these cows.

This little boy, although he did not like to take good care of the cows was very fond of the milk which they gave.

He was a very inquisitive little fellow and was always asking questions and trying to find things out that he heard people talking about, and sometimes when he had a chance and the means to do it, he would try if what they said was true.

One day he heard some boys talking about killing toads, and it was said that if any body whose folks owned cows killed a toad the cows would give bloody milk.

He thought that he would try, so he went out and hunted till he found a toad, which he killed. The next morning he asked his mother if the milk was bloody. His mother told him that it was not.

He thought about it all day and could not be satisfied, so the next day he found another toad, and to be sure that it was dead, as he thought he might not have killed the first one dead enough, he smashed it with a stone till it was dead sure enough.

The next morning he asked his mother again if the milk was bloody. His mother told him it was not.

"Why," said the boy, "isn't there any blood in it at all?"

"No," said his mother, "what makes you ask such a question?"

The boy told his mother what he had heard, and what he had done. She scolded him for his cruelty; but he told her he did not believe the story when he heard it, but determined to try if it was true.

This boy never forgot the lesson. The vision of the crushed toad has often risen before his mind. He has never since tried an experiment that gave pain, or caused death, because "somebody said so."
T. T.

THE SPIDER'S BRIDGE.

ONE chilly day I was left at home alone, and after I was tired of reading Robinson Crusoe, I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with. Funny kind of play-mate, wasn't it? Well, I took a wash-basin and fastened up a stick in it like a liberty-pole or a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe, and put on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running round to find the road to the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick and try the other side, and then run back up to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter with Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think it over. As in a moment he acted as if he wanted to shout for a boat, and was afraid he was going to be hungry, I put a little molasses on the stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the cor-

ner of the wood-shed. He went slowly down the pole to the water and touched it all round, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass, and suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times. He got excited and nearly stood on his head, before I found out what he knew, and that was this, that the draught of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air, until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in his wood-shed again.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE LITTERS OF ALL NATIONS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

THE LITTER OF JAPAN.

ALMOST as curious a people as the Chinese are the Japanese, who inhabit a number of islands, some large and some small, situated in the North Pacific Ocean, to the east of China, and they very much resemble the people of China in appearance, as well as in their manners and customs, although they have many which are peculiar to themselves. They have two emperors, one of them being a sort of spiritual ruler, and the other possessing the real power of governing the country.

The Japanese are a clever, industrious people, and excel in most of the common arts of life; from them we have those beautiful screens, cups, boxes, bowls, and other articles, which are richly lacquered and inlaid, and are known as Japan wares; and also silks and cotton stuffs, of gorgeous tints, and delicate workmanship; they send us sugar, coffee, spices, and camphor. Their porcelain is as fine and rich as that of the Chinese.

What would our readers think if they were to see a party of men eagerly engaged in a game of battledore and shuttlecock in the public street, mingled with boys flying kites, spinning tops, walking on stilts, and otherwise sporting themselves? This was the amusing sight which met the astonished gaze of a traveller in Yokohama, one of the chief cities of Japan. And a little further on, he met a party of officers, going to pay visits of congratulation. Such guys! with yellow skins, hair cut short, and tied up in a knot at the top of the head so tightly that they could hardly shut their eyes; with great loose dresses, much too wide for them, and large swords, that stuck out a yard or so behind, and had handles that projected almost as far in front. Some carried tall staves with things like Neptune's trident at the top; others, that looked like wooden spades; and a third row had boxes supported on their shoulders by rods, which passed through straps on the tops of the boxes. A wonderful procession of yellow-skinned men, whose smooth faces and loose garments made them look like women. And then, soon after, comes a litter that makes the spectator wink again, so does it shine and glitter with gilt and lacquer; it is like a great chest, richly ornamented, hung upon a single pole, so that the bottom of it is very near the ground, and it is borne by two men only, one behind and one before. It is closely shut up, and probably contains a great man, a damio or prince maybe, who does not like to be seen by the common people. It is related that a gentleman attached to one of the foreign embassies in Japan was foolish enough to attempt to look into a closed litter of this kind, and this was counted such an insult by high-born Japanese within, that he felt himself disgraced in the eyes of his countrymen, and, in accordance with

a custom of the country, committed what is called "the happy dispatch," that is, he destroyed himself by plunging a sword into his stomach, previous to doing which, he invited his insulter to commit the like desperate act, just as a gentleman of Europe might challenge another from whom he had received an insult to fight a duel; a queer method of vindicating one's injured honor. In this case the challenge was not accepted, the insulter, however, did not escape punishment, for he was set upon and mortally wounded soon after in the streets of Yeddo.

If our traveller had gone to the banks of the Choe-ga-wa river, in the province of Suraga, he would have seen another curious sight; a number of men, with no clothes on to speak of, breast-high in the water, crossing and re-crossing in all directions, with poles on their shoulders supporting litters, like stages, railed on three sides, on each of which sat a Japanese lady, dressed in most fashionable attire, that is, of the largest patterns and brightest colors, who was thus taking both air and water exercise at the same time, and nodding to friends and acquaintances, just as we see English ladies doing when they ride in the parks. Some of the ladies have long staves fixed in the stages, to which are fixed flags, or umbrellas; and over some are little roofs, supported by thin rods. On some of the stages are closed litters, like small houses, or exaggerated tea-chests, with chimneys on them. It is a spectacle altogether new to Europeans.

A little way apart from this scene of fashionable life might be seen what looked like a huge wicker cage, with a pole through the top, borne by a couple of men, in which, in a very cramped, uneasy position, sits a woman of the humbler class. Sometimes this kind of litter is merely a covered seat, hung by four pieces of cord to a narrow roof, under which the supporting pole passes. It is only lately that the Japanese have admitted Europeans to the interior of their country, and even now it is dangerous for foreigners to go there unguarded.—*Chatterbox.*

QUESTIONS.

CAN any of the readers of Zion's Hope answer these questions.

- Has the toe of a stocking a nail?
- Has the head of a nail any hair?
- Has the trunk of a tree any lid?
- Do the limbs of a tree need amputating?
- Does the tail of a kite wag?
- Does the bark of a tree keep off thieves?
- Do the leaves of a table need blossoms?
- Does the bed of a table need a blanket?
- Does the tree of a saddle need branches?
- Does the tooth of a drag ever rot?
- Does the tree of a harness bear fruit?
- Does the leg of a chair have a foot?
- Does the sleeper of a building need to be awake?
- Does the bowl of a pipe need a spoon?

ROBERT HALL IN AFFLICTION.

MR. HALL, after the death of one of his children, appeared as usual in his pulpit on the following Sabbath, and, under the influence of chastened and holy feeling, addressed his congregation from the language of David after he had been deprived of his son; "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." He very properly remarked, that while the child was living, but doomed to die, the afflicted saint fasted, prayed, and wept, if peradventure his days might still be prolonged; but when the event was decided, he evinced his fortitude and deep submission to the will of heaven. He arose from the earth, changed his mourning attire, and went up to the house of the Lord. The ordinary custom of abstaining from public

worship was accommodating ourselves to the false maxims of the world, and injurious to our spiritual interests. In a season of calamity, whither should we go but to Him who alone is able to sustain and comfort us, and to the place where he has promised to meet with us and bless us?

AUSTRALIAN BIRDS AND SNAKES.

NEVER shall I forget the pleasant occasion on which I accompanied the Maryborough doctor into the bush to shoot wattle birds for a pie; but we did not succeed in getting a pieful. I have an idea that the gray-colored dress of a young lady who accompanied us frightened the birds away. There were plenty of birds about, but very few of the sort we wanted—a bird as large as a pigeon, plump and tender to eat. The doctor drove us in and out among the trees, and had once nearly turned us all perforce out of the buggy, having got his wheels locked in the stump of a tree.

The speckled honeysuckers, yellow and black, chirped and gabbled up among the trees. The leather-heads, with their bare necks and ruffle of white feathers, almost like so many vultures in miniature, gave out their loud and sudden croak, then lazily flapped their wings and flew away to the next tree. Suddenly there was heard the single cry of the bell-bird, just like the ringing of a glass bell, while far off in the bush you could hear the note of the Australian magpie or piping crow, not unlike that of a silver flute, clear, soft, and musical. The piping crow is, indeed, a clever bird, imitating with wonderful accuracy the cries of other birds, and when tamed it is exceedingly amusing, readily learning to whistle tunes, which it does extremely well.

Another day I went out shooting with the Presbyterian minister, an enthusiastic taxidermist, now occupied in making a very nice collection of Australian birds. We had a gay time of it in the bush that day. There were plenty of gray and black mina-birds, or "miners" as they are called here, chattering away in the trees in groups of four or five. They are a species of grackle, and are lively and intelligent birds, some of them possessing a power of imitating human speech equal to any of the parrot tribe. They are very peculiar looking, gray in the body, with a black dab on the head, and a large bright yellow wattle just behind the eye. We pass the "miners" unmolested, for the minister tells me they are "no good" if you want eating, while as specimens they are too common.

Then there are the tiny gray wrens sitting about in scores—so small that an English wren looks monstrous beside them. Across the sunlight, and away over a hollow, there flies a flock of green and yellow parroquets, screaming as they fly. The brilliant colors of their wings flash and glitter as they come from under the shadow of the trees. Now we stalk a solitary piping crow from tree to tree; but no sooner do you get near enough to take a pot shot at him, than he pipes his note and is off. The only way of getting at him is to proceed cautiously from bush to bush; but even then, so shy a bird is he that it is very difficult to bag him.

There is a flock of great white sulphurestred cockatoos clustered up in a high tree. Can we get a shot? They seem to anticipate our design, for on the moment they rise and wheel overhead with elevated crests uttering their shrill, hoarse cries. These are the fellows that occasion our farmers so much trouble by eating the freshly-sown grain.

Then look! on that branch are twenty or thirty lovely little swift parroquets, with green and dark blue wings tipped with yellow. They are climbing in and out of the scant leafage, under and over the limbs of the tree, hanging on by their claws, and they only rise if they see us near enough to take a shot at them, when they take to wing screaming, and fly away in a flock.

There are sometimes snakes met with in the bush, though I saw but few of them, and these are always ready to get out of your way. The largest fellow I saw was drawn out from under the flooring of a weather-boarded hut on the hillside above Majorca. I was coming down early one morning from the school-house, when I stopped at the hut to speak with the occupant. It is a very tidy little place, divided into two rooms—parlor and bedroom. The parlor was pasted all over with cheap prints, reminding me of home, mostly taken from *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News*. Photographs of old friends were also hung over the mantel-shelf. The floor was neat and clean; the little pot was simmering over the little fire, and all was getting ready for breakfast. A very pleasant picture of a thriving emigrant's home it made.

As I was standing outside, about to take my leave, casting my eyes on the ground, I saw beneath the bench close to the door a long, brownish-gray thing, lying quite still. I at once saw that it was a snake, and snatched up a billet of wood to make a blow at him; but my friend, who had more experience in such matters, held me back. "Just wait a moment," said he, "and let me get hold of him." Quick as thought, he stooped down, seized firm hold of the snake by the tail, and whirling him rapidly round his head three or four times, he dashed him against the boards of the hut and let him drop, crushing the reptile's head with his boot-heel. The snake was four feet six inches in length, and said to be of a very poisonous sort.

Snakes are much more common in the less cleared parts of the colony, and fatal snake-bites are not infrequent. The most successful method of treatment is that invented by Dr. Halford, of Melbourne, which consists in injecting a solution of ammonia into a vein dissected out and opened for the purpose. This is said at once and almost completely to destroy the effects of the poison. Since my return home I observe that Dr. Halford has been publicly rewarded for his discovery.—*A Boy's Travels Around the World*.

OUR SWEET SABBATH SCHOOL.

Composed for the Bethel Sabbath School.

By JOHN GILBERT.

To the sweet Sabbath School 'tis our greatest delight,
To go when the week's toil is done;
For there cares are laid by, and our hearts are made
light

And we think of the joys yet to come.

'Tis there we meet friends, so precious and dear;
And teachers, so faithful and kind;
Who teach us to walk in the fear of the Lord here,
That at last we acceptance may find.

We are taught there of Jesus so pure and so good;
So meek, humble, loving and kind;
How he left the grand realms of glory and love;
How he died to save fallen mankind.

We learn of the love which for children he had;
When they brought them he could not resist;
But blessed them, and said those sweet words that
"of such,
Does the Kingdom of Heaven" consist.

We learn of His triumph over hell and the tomb;
Of His victory o'er death and the grave;
Of the one gospel plan he committed to man—
That through obedience their souls he might save.

We learn, yet with sadness, how men have perverted
The gospel of Christ, which he gave,—and then
"Have drawn near with their lips, while their hearts
were far from him,"
"Their fear of Him taught by precepts of men."

We learn, with delight, of the great restoration,
Brought by angels, to Joseph the Seer;
Which by ancient prophets had long been predicted
Taught in the Bible so plainly and clear.

Rejoicing we learn of the "record" of Joseph,
Foretold by Ezekiel as to him revealed;
Which "Moroni" had hid in the hill called "Cumorah."

That now has come forth as the "Book that was sealed."

We are taught that the Lord will his saints gather home;

That in Zion, in peace, they may dwell;

Where sorrow, and sickness, and death shall be banished.

And the wicked be "turned into hell."

We are taught that obedience, to the gospel's required,
That we to our souls may find rest;

And that when Jesus comes to receive back his own,
We may dwell with the ransomed and blest.

We are taught how to sing in "our sweet Sabbath School"

And our voices to blend in sweetest accord,

In singing those dear little sweet "songs of Zion,"

In lifting our hearts in "Praise to the Lord."

May we be permitted to enter in at those gates

To walk the golden streets of "the City," and then

We'll ascribe glory, and honor, to God and the Lamb.
Forever, and ever, and ever, Amen!

FALL RIVER, Mass., Oct. 11th, 1872.

A BORN PRINCESS.

Mrs. Florida White, well known in the fashionable world forty years ago, was one of the most beautiful, accomplished, elegant and attractive women of her day. She was the daughter of General Adair, of Kentucky, and her first husband was Joseph M. White, the second delegate sent to Congress from the Territory of Florida. Highly educated, full of genius, and with the manners and bearing of a queen, her society was courted by the most elevated circles in Washington, New Orleans, New York and Boston. She was a brilliant conversationalist, ready and effective at repartee, and a sincere, warm-hearted gentlewoman of the most gracious and generous impulses. On one of her visits to Rome she was presented to the Pope

"Kneel, my daughter," said he, as she stood erect in her imperial grace before him. "All kneel to me except the daughters of sovereigns."

"I am a princess in my own right, your Holiness," she replied.

"How can that be, when you are an American born?"

"In my country the people are sovereign and I am a daughter of the people."

The Pope smiled a gracious assent, rejoicing, "Then receive an old man's blessing."—*Young Folks' Rural*.

HOW TO TREAT STRANGERS.

AS HOME missionary in the West, while addressing a sabbath school, noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed, and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sunburnt face buried in her hands, the tears trickling between her small fingers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon another little girl, about eleven years old, got up and went to her, and taking her by the hand, led her toward a brook, then seated her on a log, and kneeling beside her, took off her ragged sunbonnet. Then she dipped her hand in the water, bathed her hot eyes and tearstained face, and smoothed her tangled hair, talking in a cheery manner all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth. The missionary stepped forward and said: "Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the noble child, with tender, earnest eyes; "I have no sister."

"Oh! one of the neighbor's children," replied the missionary,— "a schoolmate perhaps?"

"No, sir; she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out and have such a care for her, if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."

Noble lesson—will you all heed it?

[*Young Folks' Rural*].

CYRUS.

CYRUS, when quite a youth, at the court of his grandfather Astyages, undertook one day to perform the office of a cup-bearer. He delivered the cup very gracefully, but omitted the usual custom of first tasting it himself. The king reminded him of it, supposing he had forgotten the practice. "No, sir," replied Cyrus; "but I was afraid there might be poison in it; for I have observed that the lords of your court, after drinking, become noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic; and that even you, sir, seem to have forgotten that you are a king. "Does not the same thing," replied Astyages, "happen to your father?" "Never," answered Cyrus. "How so?" "When he has taken what he sees proper, he is no longer thirsty that is all."

MR. KILPIN AND HIS FAMILY.

HIS excellent man resided at Bedford, England, and was the father of the eminent christian minister of the same name. He was of so excellent a spirit, that once when he had displeased a christian brother, and that brother had at a social meeting used most unbecoming expressions respecting him in prayer, and when his family afterwards offered their sympathy and expressed resentment, he with a mind quite unruffled answered, "I was not the least hurt on my own account: such talking never goes higher than the ceiling. The God of love never admits it as prayer."

Correspondence.

SACRAMENTO CITY, Nov. 14th, 1872.

Br. Joseph:—I want to tell my brothers and sisters, and all the children in the various Sunday Schools connected with the Church of Jesus Christ, how happy I feel on account of our having a Sunday School in Sacramento, and that it is prospering; and how anxious I feel for the spread of truth, and the increase of such schools every where, that poor children who are now in darkness may be blest with the glorious gospel as we are here.

O! it is such a blessing to have the gospel taught us in its fulness, and in simple and plain words, such as children can understand, and proven by the books that God has in his love and wisdom given to us.

There are many good things taught in the other school, and I am glad there are so many children under the instruction of so many good and well meaning Sunday School teachers; but God has so greatly blest the saints in giving them wisdom, knowledge, and understanding, as well as tongues and the other gifts of his Holy Spirit, that we can learn with certainty, what is the right way of the Lord. O! how thankful we should be, and never cease to praise our everlasting God; who has not only redeemed us by his blood, but has sent his own dear servants to instruct us in the truth. I sometimes think how much we shall feel ourselves obliged to our dear teachers, when we have to admit the good we have attained through their kind attentions. O! how nice 'twill be when we meet in Zion, and see our teachers there, and call to mind how good and kind they were, and tell each other so.

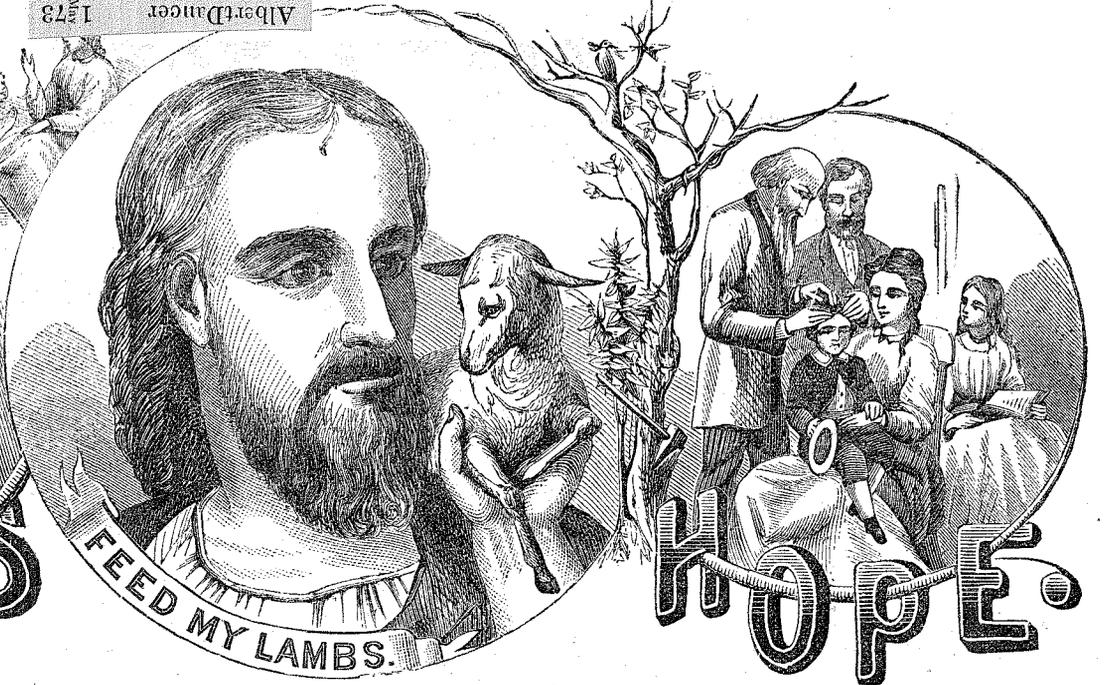
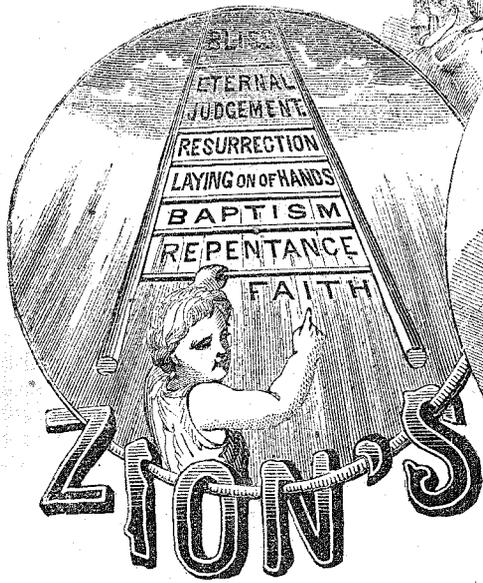
I hope we shall prove faithful and so meet together there. May the Lord so enable us, is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ Amen. Your sister in Christ.

FRANCES WEBB.

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

Vol. 4.

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No. 12.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

To be Read by All who Deal Hardly with Children.

BY ALICE CARY.

PART I.

Up, Gregory! the cloudy east
Is bright with the break o' the day;
'Tis time to yoke your cattle, and time
To eat your crust and away.
Up, out o' your bed! for the rosy red
Will soon be growing gray.

Ay, straight to your feet, my lazy lad,
And button your jacket on—
Already neighbor Joe is afield,
And so is our neighbor John—
The golden light is turning to white.
And 'tis time that we were gone!

Nay, leave your shoes hung high and dry—
Do you fear a little sleet?
Your mother to-day is not by half
So dainty with her feet;
And I'll warrant you she hadn't a shoe
At your age for her feet!

What! shiv'ring on an April day?
Why, this is pretty news!
The frosts before an hour will all
Be melted into dews;
And Christmas week will do I think,
To talk about your shoes!

Waiting to brew another cup
Of porridge? sure you're mad—
One cup at your age, Gergory,
And precious small, I had.
We can not bake the Christmas-cake
At such a rate, my lad!

Out, out at once! and on with the yoke,
Your feet will never freeze!
The sun, before we've done a stroke,
Will be in the tops o' the trees.
A Christmas-day you may eat and play
As much as ever you please!

So out of the house, and into the sleet,
With his jacket open wide,
Went pale and patient Gregory—
All present joy denied—
And yoked his team, like one in a dream,
Hungry and sleepy-eyed.

PART II.

It seemed to our little harvester
He could hear the shadows creep;
For the scythe lay idle in the grass,
And the reaper had ceased to reap.
'Twas the burning noon of the leafy June,
And the birds were all asleep.

And he seemed to rather see than hear
The wind through the long leaves draw,
As he sat and notched the stops along
His pipe of hollow straw.
On Christmas-day he had planned to play
His tune without a flaw.

Upon his sleeve the spider's web
Hung loose like points of lace,
And he looked like a picture painted there—
He was so full of grace—
For his cheeks they shone as if there had blown
Fresh roses in his face.

Ah, never on his lady's arm
A lover's hand was laid
With touches soft as his upon
The flute that he had made,
As he bent his ear and watched to hear
The sweet, low tune he played.

But all at once from out his cheek
The light o' the roses fled—
He had heard a coming step that crushed
The daisies 'neath its tread.
O, happiness! thou art held by less
Than the spider's tiniest thread!

A moment, and the old, harsh call
Had broken his silver tune,
And with his sickle all as bright
And bent as the early moon,
He cut his way through the thick set hay
In the burning heat o' June.

As one who by the river stands,
Weary and worn and sad,
And sees the flowers the other side—
So was it with the lad.
There was Christmas light in his dream at night,
But a dream was all he had.

Work, work, in the light o' the rosy morns,
Work, work, in the dusky eves;
For now they must plow, and now they must plant,
And now they must bind the sheaves.
And far away was the holiday
All under the Christmas leaves.

For still it brought the same old cry—
If he would rest or play—
Some other week, or month, or year,
But not now—not to-day!
Nor feast, nor flower, for th' passing hour,
But all for the far away.

PART III.

And Christmas came, and Gregory
With the dawn was broad awake;
But there was the crumple cow to milk,
And there was the cheese to make;
And so it was noon ere he went to the town
To buy the Christmas-cake.

"You'll leave your warm, new coat at home,
And keep it fresh and bright
To wear," the careful, old man said,
"When you come back to-night."
"Ay," answered the lad, for his heart was glad
And he whistled out of their sight.

The frugal couple sat by the fire
And talked the hours away,
Turning over the years like leaves
To the friends of their wedding-day—
Saying who was wed, and who was dead,
And who was growing gray.

And so at last the day went by,
As, somehow, all days will,
And when the evening winds began
To blow up wild and shrill,
They looked to see if their Gregory
Were coming across the hill.

They saw the snow-cloud on the sky,
With its rough and ragged edge,
And thought of the river running high,
And thought of the broken bridge;
But they did not see their Gregory
Keeping his morning's pledge!

The old wife rose, her fear to hide,
And set the house aright;
But oft she paused at the window side,
And looked out on the night.
The candles fine—they were all ashine—
But they could not make it light.

The very clock ticked mournfully,
And the cricket was not glad,
And to the old folks sitting alone
The time was, O! so sad;
For the Christmas light, it lacked that night
The cheeks of their little lad.

The winds and the woods fall wrestling now,
And they cry, as the storm draws near,
"If Gregory were but home alive,
He should not work all this year!"
For they saw him dead in the river's bed
Through the surges of their fear.

Of ghosts that walk o' nights they tell—
A sorry Christmas theme—
And of signs and tokens in the air,
And of many a warning dream,
Till the bough at the pane through the sleet
and rain
Swings like a corpse in a stream.

There was the warm, new coat unworn,
And the flute of straw unplayed;
And these were dreadfuller than ghosts
To make their souls afraid,
As the years that were gone came one by one,
And their slights before them laid.

The Easter days and the Christmas days,
Bereft of their sweet employ,
And working and waiting through them all
Their little, pale-eyed boy,
Looking away to the holiday
That should bring the promised joy.

"God's mercy on us!" cried they both,
"We have been so blind and deaf;

And justly are our gray heads bowed
To the very grave with grief."
But hark! isn't it the rain that taps at th' pane,
Or the fluttering, falling leaf?

Nay, fluttering leaf, nor snow nor rain,
However hard they strive,
Can make a sound so sweet and soft—
Like a bee's wing in the hive—
Joy! joy! O, joy, it is their boy!
Safe, home, in their arms alive!

Ah, never was there a pair so rich
As they that night, I trow,
And never a lad in all the world
With a merrier pipe to blow,
Nor Christmas light that shone so bright
At midnight on the snow.

"POLISH YOUR BOOTS, SIR?"

ONE day, when leaving the omnibus which carries me every morning to the city, I inadvertently stepped into a puddle. In an instant the lustre of my boots was gone. It being imperatively necessary that they should be repolished, I kept a sharp look-out for a shoe-black. I did not employ the first, nor the second, nor the third; for they each accosted me in a rude and forward manner. "Hi! hi!" shouted one, rubbing on the side of his box with his brush, "here you are—the regular patent shine, and no mistake! Come along!" The other two were even more vulgar and uncivil, I at last caught sight of a "brigade boy," conspicuous by his bright, red tunic. Touching his cap, he said, as I approached him, "Please, sir, shall I polish your boots?" "With pleasure," I replied, placing one foot upon his box. His brushes were instantly at work, his arms and elbows darting in and out like portions of rapid machinery. When he had prepared my boots to receive the blacking, he began to converse with me. He told me he had seen the Queen on her way to open the Holborn Viaduct.

"You must have made a good deal of money on that occasion," I remarked.

"No, sir. Days of that kind and Lord Mayor's days don't pay, and rainy days don't, and snowy days don't, and dull days, when you ain't sure of the weather for a minute, don't bring in much money."

"Then on what days do you do most business?" I asked.

"The days, sir, when it's rain and sunshine time about. I've blacked many a gentleman's boots three times in one day in that sort of weather. Spring-time is the time for us, when it has been a raining hard all morning, and just as it comes about twelve o'clock the clouds go off and the sun comes out bright and beautiful in the blue sky; then, sir, we get more customers than we can get through. I've known one or two of us on a day of that kind pocket nineteen or twenty shillings. Why, this very last spring, Bill Peters took a guinea in an afternoon."

"You are not often quite so successful?"

"No, sir, that we ain't. I wish we were though; for on a wet day we often don't get a single pair to polish, and it's hard work standing in the cold, or crouching in corners out of the way of the rain and the sleet."

"Putting aside the very good days and the very bad days, what sum can you make in a week of ordinary weather?"

"If we get good places and good weather for the time—Fleet Street, or the Royal Exchange, or London Bridge—we can make our one pound a-week easily."

"I hope you don't waste your money when you get it."

"I don't, and I don't think any of us does. Some of us helps our fathers and mothers, and some of us that have got only sisters and brothers helps them; and some of us with no friends puts our money in the Post Office Savings' Bank."

"How much of your money does the bank hold?"

"Only three pounds, sir; but I haven't

been in the brigade for very long. Tom Jenkins—but he's been in the brigade a good bit—has forty-six pounds in the bank, and one or two have got near about twenty. Bill Boker—but he's the smartest of us all—put by twenty-four pounds in little over a year."

"I suppose he always got good places—some great thoroughfare or other?"

"Oh, no, sir, we all take our places in turns; only the two railway stations, Cannon Street and Charing Cross, are kept as prizes for the four best boys."

One of my boots was already polished, and the other was undergoing the finishing touches.

"Where do you all sleep at night?"

"Some of us sleep at home, some at the houses of our friends, and some at the head-quarters of the brigade. There are about a hundred of us altogether, and we meet at head-quarters every morning, where the superintendent or some other kind gentleman reads to us from the Bible, and prays with us before we start off to our work; and when we finish for the day, that is about five in winter, and seven in summer, we all go back to head-quarters, and hand over our takings to the superintendent, after which we go to school."

"And so you go on," I said, "from week to week all the year over. Have you never a single holiday at all?"

"Oh, sir, we've always our summer and Christmas treats. Last summer we went down to Herne Bay; and a jolly day we had, running about the sands, and wading and bathing, and doing just what we liked, thinking no more about boots and shoes than if blacking and brushes had never been invented. Then every year, when Christmas is coming round, there is a grand night at Exeter Hall, when lots of kind gentlemen make nice speeches to us, and other kind gentlemen show us magic lantern views, and conjuring tricks, and such like wonderful things; and three or four years ago, sir, Mr. John Macgregor asked every one of us to come and see him at St. George's Hall; and didn't we just all go; and he said he was glad to see us, and told us all about how he sailed up rivers and down rivers, some of them bigger than the Thames, in his little canoe, which he called the "Rob Roy." When he finished his story you'd have thought St. George's Hall was coming to pieces, for we cheered him, and we clapped our hands; and we'd have done more if we had known what to do, for he is one of the first and best friends to us poor shoe-blacks, and there isn't a boy among us, sir, but would do anything for him, to show how thankful we are to him."

By this time the polishing of my boots was finished. I paid the boy his well-earned penny, thanked him for his information, and got from him the address of the head-quarters of the Ragged-School Shoe-Black Society, at the door of which I found myself a few hours later on in the day.

I found the humble, but scrupulously tidy, dwelling in which the business of the central society is transacted situated in one of the narrow courts in the vicinity of Fetter Lane. The superintendent received me graciously, and courteously supplied me with information. This is what he said to me:—

"Taking everything into consideration, I think our shoe-black boys are wonderfully well behaved. They are sent to us from the Ragged-schools, and these schools get them from the lowest neighbourhoods in London—Golden Lane, Clare Market, Seven Dials, and the like. Some are the children of drunken and depraved parents, and some, friendless and homeless, are picked out of the gutters of the street. One of the red-coated regiment is the son of a shopkeeper who was once the owner of three large establishments in London; but drink, sir, drink brought him to ruin and an untimely grave. The boy is good and diligent, and a large sum is placed to his credit in the books of the Savings' Bank. I find

my boys very honest and truthful. On one occasion a boy brought me a ten-pound note which he had picked up in the streets, and in the same week another boy brought two five-pound notes which he had picked up in similar circumstances. The money was advertised. An owner came forward for the ten-pound note, and rewarded the finder with ten shillings. The other sum was unclaimed, and placed in the bank for the finder's benefit. I could give you many more instances of their honesty. I find my boys good and attentive Sunday-scholars. They attend whatever Sunday-school may be most convenient, and take with them cards in which their attendance is marked by their teachers. These cards are returned every week, and then examined by me or one of our committee, and thus I can tell where and how often they have been at school. During the week they are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. When they first enter our brigade they are, with scarcely an exception, very ignorant, but they are very willing to be taught. We can only find sleeping room in this house for about a dozen of our boys, and about twenty-five at the News Boys' Home. It would be well if we could accommodate all, for those who live with their friends and relations are in danger of growing worse instead of better, as these friends and relations, without an exception, reside in the vilest neighbourhoods. Just run your eye over that." He showed me a list of the boys' addresses, in which I read the names of such localities as Seven Dials, Clare Market, Bedford Bury, and other places, where the inhabitants are almost as ignorant as the heathen who bow down to stocks and stones—where the names of God and the Savior are seldom reverently spoken—where men and women, fathers and mothers, waste their time and their money, with their health and the talents which God has given them, in the beer-shops and the public houses—where the starving children crawl about the gutters with no one to care for them, no one to hush them to slumber, no one to teach them to lisp a prayer at morning and evening.

I handed back the list with a sigh, and he continued:—

"A boy can't live in neighbourhoods like these without seeing and hearing much that he ought never to hear or see. Perhaps some day, through the providence of God, and through the kindness of good men and women, and good children also, we may be able to find accommodation for all our boys."

"I am glad," I said, "you mentioned 'good children;' I am sure there are thousands of children who can and will help the poor shoe-blacks in many ways. They can pray for them, they can send them presents of good and useful books, and they can make up money-boxes, and forward them as presents to the society."

"Very true, sir," he said; "although ours is a self-supporting society, yet we will gladly avail ourselves of any assistance. You tell me you are going to write about the shoe-blacks; to show other children how diligent our boys are in their business, I may inform you that our society was formed in 1851, during the time of the Great Exhibition, and since then we have enrolled 2,707 boys, who have, during these twenty-one years, earned nearly forty thousand pounds. In 1852 we commenced with twenty-four boys, and the number has increased yearly. Last year we had a daily average of ninety boys at work, who earned altogether £3,387 11s. 1d."

Perhaps some reader of the "Band of Hope Review" will calculate how many pairs of boots must have been brushed to bring in such a sum. "Of this £3,387 11s. 1d., £1,591, 5s. 11d. was paid to the boys as wages, £904 10s. 5d. paid into the boys' banks, and the rest went to defray the expenses of rent, clothes, badges, boxes, brushes, and blacking. Since March, 1871, we have had the names of 243 boys on our list. Of these, fifty-eight have obtained situations, and nine have emigrated to America, where, I am happy to say,

they are doing well. One has enlisted. Some have left from serious illness, some of their own account to seek other employment, and ninety-one remain at work with us. I some time since received a letter from one of our boys, who has got a situation as boots and page at a large establishment in the south of London." He handed me the letter, which I read there and then. The writing was good, and out of the five hundred words it contained one single word only was misspelt. The writer desired to be kindly remembered to the superintendent and others who had befriended him when he was a member of the Ragged-School Shoe-Black Society, and, better still, spoke most kindly of his mother, the only one of his parents living. There is always hope of the boys and girls who speak kindly of their parents. The letter concluded with:—

"A little verse that I learnt:

"THE CURLY-HEADED BOY.

"Once there was a little boy
With curling hair and pleasant eye,
A boy who always told the truth,
And never, never told a lie.
"And when he trotted off to school,
The children on the road would cry,
'There goes the curly-headed boy,
The boy that never told a lie.'
"And everybody loved him so
Because he always told the truth,
And every day, as he grew up,
Exclaimed, 'There goes the honest youth!
"And when the people who stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this,
'Because he never told a lie.'"

I have transcribed the above lines because they bear evidence to the truth of the utterance of the wisest man—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," and because truthfulness is of the greatest importance in every affair of life. Truthfulness is as essentially necessary to the shoe-black as it is to the merchant whose ships are on every sea. Without truthfulness the society in whose head-quarters I stood could not hold together for a day. On the evening of each day the boys hand over their earnings to the superintendent or some other official. There is no check to indicate whether the returns have been tampered with or not. Implicit confidence is placed in each boy, and that reliance becomes a guarantee for honesty.

As I stood in the doorway bidding the superintendent good evening, he repeated his regret at the present impossibility of the society affording accommodation to all its members, and at the want of a sufficiency of books for their leisure time within doors.

"The boys," said he, "who live in the house are quiet lodgers—we can't call them boarders, for they cook their own food, and in fact wait upon themselves—attentive scholars, and regular attenders at Sunday-school. I only wish we could make a home for all our boys. Perhaps, sir, if you write all that I have told you, the story may open the hearts and hands of many good men and women, and induce them to aid our mission of philanthropy and Christianity."

While I was bidding the superintendent good night for the last time, the boys, their day's work done, came crowding in. I looked back on the bright fire, whose crimson glow shed warmth and comfort and a feeling of home on the bare walls and deal tables and benches, and then I looked out into the night, and saw the drifting sleet and heard the gusty howlings of the wind, and I pictured the ragged boy, homeless and friendless, on the door-step, and the same boy snatched away from cold and want, and placed among friends in the comfortable home upon whose threshold I stood.—*Band of Hope Review.*

MYTHOLOGY.

"SOL, or the sun, is stated by some mythologists to be the same as Apollo. This however is not the general opinion. Sol was the son of Hyperion; though some writers suppose Sol and Hyperion the same. Lucian makes Sol one of the Titans. He is usually represented like a young man with a radiated head, his pallium thrown over his left arm.

"Sol has four horses, to wheel his flaming car through the vaulted skies. Fulgentius says, the names of these horses are, Erythreus or the Red, Actæon or the Bright, Lampos or Resplendent, and Philogeus the Lover of the Earth. The first name, Erythreus, is taken from the rising of the sun, when his rays are of a ruddy color. It is for this reason that Homer calls Aurora rosy fingered. The second of Sol's horses, Actæon, has his name from the brightness of the sun after he has made considerable progress in his career for the day. The third, Lampos, is so called from the splendor of the noon-day sun. The fourth, Philogeus, takes his name from the setting sun, when he seems to incline to the earth. Ovid, however, gives them different names, calling them Pyroëis, Eous, Aethon, and Phlegon.

"Sol had a son by Clymene named Phaeton. Phaeton having received some affront from Epaphas, a son of Jupiter, tending to his disparagement, determined to demonstrate to the whole world the nobleness of his birth. To accomplish this object, he repaired to his father, and obtained from him an oath that he would grant him whatsoever he might ask. He then requested the privilege of driving his father's horses one day. Startled at the mad proposal, and yet being bound by his oath, Sol remonstrated with him on the impropriety of such an intention, setting before him in the clearest light the hazardous nature of the undertaking. But Phaeton was not to be shaken in his purpose. He insisted on the fulfillment of her father's promise, who consequently was bound to comply. Phaeton exulting at the glorious prospect before him, mounted the dread chariot, and set forward. But being frightened at the sight of the sign, Scorpio, he turned the coursers from their wonted path; which they perceiving took fright, and dashed about at random, Phaeton being unable to control those fiery steeds which none but the experienced hand of his father could guide. And now they were rapidly approaching the earth, and by their approximation (approach) had already set it on fire. Jupiter from his Empyrean height beheld the scene, and, to prevent a universal conflagration, (fire), launched forth a mighty thunderbolt, and precipitated Phaeton headlong to the earth. The sisters of Phaeton, Lampethusa, Lampetea, and Paethusa, (called the Heliades), incessantly deplored his fate, and were at length transformed into poplars, weeping amber instead of tears."—*From the Family Magazine.*

THE NEW TEMPERANCE CATECHISM.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

Q. If there is no strengthening food in alcohol, why is it that a man does not feel hungry after drinking it?

A. Because he has poisoned his stomach and got it out of working order, so it does not call for food.

Q. Is there food in porter, and ale, and beer?

A. There is not so much food in a pint of any of them as there is in a grain of wheat.

Q. Why then do people grow fat who take them?

A. Because the alcohol puts so much impurity in the blood that it can not all be worked off, and so it is tucked away in the corners as dead matter or fat.

Q. Then it does not make good, healthy flesh?

A. Never.
Q. Why do drinkers sometimes have such red cheeks?

A. Because the alcohol stretches the little veins of the skin so that we can see them more plainly?

Q. Are the red cheeks and the fat signs of health?

A. They are not. They are very deceitful.

Q. Mention a case?

A. A fat, red-cheeked beer-drinker once boasted that he had drunk a gallon of beer each day for thirty years, and that he was then in high health: but the very next day he died in a fit of apoplexy.

Q. Are not beer-drinkers commonly strong and sound?

A. They are not. The doctors say that they are the worst cases to cure that come into the hospitals. When any disease attacks them, they die off like rotten sheep.

Q. Is alcohol good to keep out the cold?

A. It is not. It only blunts the feelings of the one who uses it so that he does not know that he is freezing.

Q. Will it prevent frost-bites?

A. It will not. Drinking men often have their faces and hands and feet frozen, and we sometimes hear of their freezing quite to death.

Q. Is it good in cold climates?

A. People once thought so, but the sailors in polar seas know now they are better off without it.

Q. Have they tried it?

A. They have tried it in many ways. Two ships once wintered in Hudson's Bay. One had no spirits, and lost only two of her crew. The other used spirits freely, and lost all but two of her crew—fifty-eight out of sixty.

Q. Is it good in hot climates?

A. Drinking men in hot climates die off quickly. It has been tried by British soldiers in the East Indies.

Q. Does it help people work in the sun?

A. Drinking men suffer more quickly from sunstroke than any others.

Q. Does it help people to bear the heat in foundries and machine-shops?

A. Those bear the heat best who never use alcoholic liquors.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

SLAYING THE ROOSTER.

Listen, my boy, and you shall know
A thing that happened long time ago,
When I was a boy not as large as you,
And the youngest of all the children too;
I laugh even now as I think it o'er,
And the more I think, I laugh the more.
'Twas the chilly eve of an Autumn day,
We were all in the kitchen, cheery and gay
The fire burned bright on the old brick hearth,
And its cheerful light gave zest to its mirth.
My eldest sister, addressing me,
'To-morrow's Thanksgiving, you know' she said
'We must kill the chickens to-night you see;
Now light the lantern and come with me:
I will wring their necks until they are dead,
And have them all dressed ere we go to bed.'
So the huge old lantern, made of tin,
Punched full of holes and a candle within,
Put in its appearance in shorter time
Than it takes to tell this jingling rhyme.
We started off, and the way I led,
For a raid on the chickens under the shed.
A pile of roots filled the open space,
Thus making a splendid roosting place;
And motley tribe of domestic fowls
Sat perched there as grave and demure as owls.
My sister, unused to sights of blood,
And pale with excitement, trembling stood;
But summoning courage, she laid her plans,
And seized the old rooster with both her hands,
And with triumph written all over her face,
Her victim bore to the open space

To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it, is as if a man should put off eating and drinking from one day to another, till he is starved.

Then she wrung and wrung with might and main,
And wrung, and twisted, and wrung again;
Till, sure that the spark of life had fled,
She threw him down on the ground for dead!
But the rooster would not consent to die
And so be made up into chicken pie,
For he sprang away with a cackle and bound,
Almost as soon as he touched the ground;
And hiding away from the candle's light,
Escaped the slaughter of that dark night.
My sister, thus brought to a sudden stand,
And looking at what she held in her hand,
Soon saw why the rooster was not dead—
She had wrung off his tail instead of his head!

THE BLEEDING HAND.

HOW have your sins been blotted out?"
was asked of a poor dumb boy.
He wrote: "The bleeding hand of
Jesus passed over each page in my account, so
that none can read it through the stain of his
blood."

Beautiful answer! The bleeding hand of Jesus
writing pardons, wiping out accounts, and God
sealing them with his seal of glory and resurrec-
tion! and God has sent down the Holy Ghost to
tell us that Christ has been received up into
glory, after he had by himself purged our sins.
Blessed news direct from heaven!

THE LITTERS OF ALL NATIONS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

THE LITTER OF THE JAVANESE.

THE Javanese litter is formed like those
toy Noah's arks, out of which children
get such a number of strange animals,
with the patriarch and his family as unlike any-
thing human as possible; it is slung upon a pole
which is borne on the shoulders of two strong
men; one side is made to open bodily, and it is
generally kept in this way, so that it looks like a
continuance of the sloping roof; being made of
closely twisted osiers, it is light for its size. This
kind of vehicle is only seen on the country roads,
and is not much used by the richer inhabitants,
who are mostly Dutch merchants, and others en-
gaged in the commercial transactions carried on
in Java, which is one of the most fertile islands,
as well as the largest, in the Indian Ocean. But
my readers wish to know a little more about
Javanese life, and especially as regards palanquin
travelling. Well, of this we really know but
little; it does not appear to be the custom of the
people to travel much in this manner, and the
only representation of a litter of the country
which has reached us is the one from which we
have described.

The men who bear this litter are probably of
the Malay race, of which most of the native
population is composed; they profess the Mahom-
medan religion, and are sunk in the most degrad-
ed ignorance and superstition. Those who min-
ister to the spiritual wants of the Dutch and
other European settlers, are forbidden to attempt
their conversion.

We may suppose that the gentleman in the
Noah's ark is a Dutch planter or merchant on
his way from his residence among the hills to
his place of business in the city of Batavia; it is
early morning, the sun is not yet well risen, and
the sea-breezes temper the heat. He will keep
pretty close in his office during the day, but after
sunset he will dress himself in his gayest attire,
and, being joined by his wife and family, if he
has any, he will visit his friends and otherwise
take his pleasure far into the night. It is then
that the streets are thronged with the foreign
residents and natives of distinction, and mirth
and gaiety prevail. Carriages of many kinds are
seen, some of the latest European construction;
but litters very rarely.

In a native bridal procession there might, per-

haps, be one like a raised platform, on which the
bride is placed with a couple of attendants, while
the bride-groom rides on horseback in front,
gorgeously dressed, with an umbrella held over
him, not so much to protect him from the rays
of the sun, as to show his rank, which it does by
the number of its gold stripes.—*Chatterbox.*

RULERS OF ENGLAND.

[Here is an easy little table by which the student
in English history can remember its monarchs.]

First, William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen and Henry,
Then Richard and John,
Next, Henry the third,
Edwards, one, two and three;
And again after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell,
Another Charles too.
Next Jamie the second
Ascended the throne;
Then Good William and Mary
Together came on;
Then Annie, George four,
And fourth William all passed.
And Victoria came—
Perhaps she's the last.

THREE KINDS OF MEN IN THE WORLD.

A clever author says there are three kind of
men in the world—"The WILLs, the WON'ts,
and the CAN'Ts." The first effect everything,
the next oppose everything, and the last fail in
everything. "I will" builds our railroads and
steamboats; "I won't" don't believe in experi-
ments and nonsense; while "I can't" grows weeds
for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the
court of bankruptcy.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A YOUNG man recently ran away from the
galleys of Toulouse. He was strong and
vigorous, and soon made his way across
the country, and escaped pursuit. He arrived
next morning before a cottage in an open field,
and stopped to get something to eat, and get re-
fugs while he reposed a little. But he found the
inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress.
Four little children sat trembling in the corner;
their mother sat weeping and tearing her hair;
and the father was walking the floor in agony.
The galley-slave asked what was the matter, and
the father replied that they were that morning to
be turned out of doors, because they could not
pay their rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the
father; "my wife and my children without food
or shelter, and I without means to provide them."

The convict listened to the tale with tears of
sympathy, and said:

"I will give you the means. I have just
escaped from the galleys. Whosoever brings
back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward
of fifty francs. How much does the rent amount
to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord round my
body. I will follow you to the city, where they
will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs
for bringing me back."

"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listen-
er. "My children should starve a thousand
times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous man insisted, and declared at

last that he would give himself up if the father
would not consent to take him. After a long
struggle the latter yielded, and, taking his pre-
server by the arm, led him to the city and to the
mayor's office.

Everybody was surprised to see that a little
man like the father had been able to capture such
a strong young fellow; but the proof was before
them.

The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner
sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone
the father asked a private interview with the
mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The
mayor was so much affected that he not only
added francs to the father's purse, but wrote im-
mediately to the ministers of justice, begging the
noble young prisoner's release. The minister
examined into the affair, and finding it was a
comparatively small offence which had con-
demned the young man to the galleys, and that
he had already served out half his term, ordered
his release.—*The British Workmen.*

Correspondence.

SODA SPRINGS, Idaho, Nov. 14, 1872.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—For the first time I take my
pen in hand to write to the *Hope*. I have often thought
of writing, but have never done so. I was baptized
into the church the ninth of June, one year ago, and
now I am eleven years old. I think the *Hope* is a very
nice little paper and very edifying. We have no Sun-
day School here, and nearly no school at all. My
parents are Swedish, so we have very little opportu-
nity to learn. We had Br. David H. Smith here for
one week, and we had a very happy time then. May
the Lord bless him in his labors whenever he may
come. I enclose you fifty cents for the *Hope* for my-
self and fifty cents for Mary Ann Peterson. May the
Lord bless you and all the readers of *Zion's Hope*, I
pray. I will try and be a better girl than I have been.
Please excuse my mistakes. Your sister in Christ.

CAROLINE ELIASON.

Roll of Honor.

Previously Credited	\$153 25	Janet Black	\$1 00
John G. Gillespie, Jr.	50	Nancy M. Ballantyne	25
Anna Simpson	1 00		

ANAGRAM.

Eth sethig pehos ew hhsirec erhe
Woh onos hety reti dna inate,
Who nym a tops feeldsi het broe
Hatt swpra na tphlear autis.
Ho orf a rateh tth veenr niss;
Oh rof a lsuo headsw tiehw;
Ho fro a ocive ot rsiepa ym Ogd,
Orn wyrea ayd ron gthin.

WM. STEWART.

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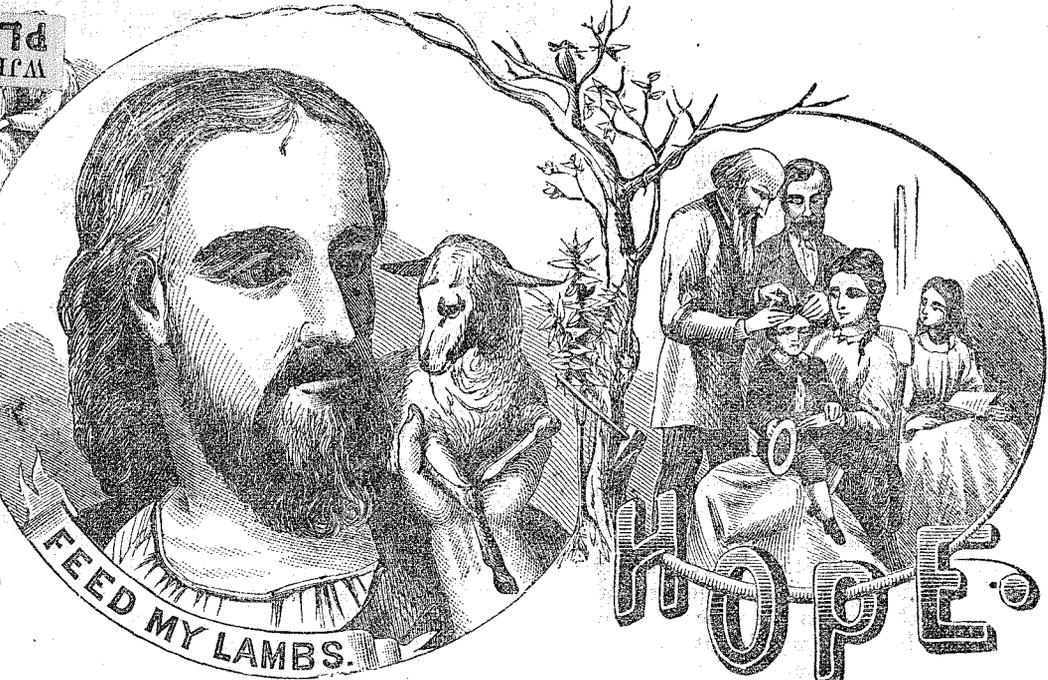
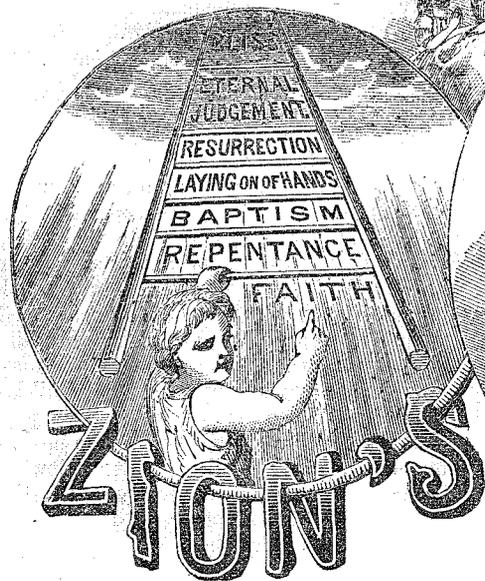
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."



THE NEW YEAR.

Eighteen hundred and seventy two,
It's now forever past;
Eighteen hundred seventy three
Will fly away as fast.
But whether life's uncertain scene,
Shall hold an equal space,
Or whether death shall come between;
And end my mortal race;
Or whether sickness, pain, or health,
My future lot shall be;
Or whether poverty or wealth,
Is all unknown to me.
One thing I know, that's needful, 'tis
To watch with careful eye;
Since every season spent amiss,
Is registered on high.

EMMA HILL.

A MOTHER'S USE IN PAIN.

WE once knew a little boy, who fell out of a wagon, and the wheel running over his legs, broke one of them in two places. He was away from home, but after the doctors has set the bones, his folks took him home in the wagon on a bed.
But the leg was not well set, so when it began to knit together and mend the broken places, the doctors had to break it over again in order to get it straight. They wanted to tie the little fellow down on a table to keep him still till they broke and set the leg properly; but he refused to be tied. He said, "If mother will take me in her arms, and hold me, I wont move a bit."
His mother took him in her arms, the leg was re-broken and re-set; and although the great

drops of sweat stood on the brave boy's forehead and face because of the pain, he did not move, nor cry out.
When the doctors were done the boy lay very still and white, he was so tired from it all. He lived to be a man. It was Uncle T. T's oldest brother Frederick, who died in 1862.

THE LITTERS OF ALL NATIONS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

LITTER OF THE MARIANA ISLANDS.

THE simplest form of litter which has been yet brought under our notice is that used on the Mariana Islands; it is merely a hammock slung upon a pole, on which the rider sits in a very free-and-easy sort of manner, with his legs dangling over the side; he holds an umbrella over his head to shade himself from the sun, for he is in a hot climate, but it is not like those in this country, being quite flat instead of curved into an arch; possibly it may only be a large palm or other leaf. One of his attendants rides upon a bullock; another walks a-head with a stick over his shoulder, to which is fastened what looks like a bundle of small branches, with leaves on them: these, with the rider, and the two litter-bearers, all wear hats shaped somewhat like the English "chimney-pots" which are so ugly and which yet, for some mysterious reason, keep their hold upon the heads of the people.

All the men before us wear much more clothing than is usual with the natives of tropical countries, and from this we may guess that they are half-breeds, if not pure Spaniards, like the master of the imposing procession. He is probably going to visit one of his rice, cotton, maize, or indigo plantations: or it may be that he is on his way to the city of San Ignacio de Ayanna, which is the seat of the Spanish governor; it is situated in Guayan, the largest of the islands which form the group, called by their discoverer, Magellan, "Thieves' Islands," from the pilfering ways of the natives when he visited them: they have also been called Lazarus Islands, and the Jesuit missionaries, who settled there in 1667, called them the Mariana Islands. Such of the natives as still remain here seem to be quiet and inoffensive people enough, naturally kind and hospitable to strangers. They are ignorant and superstitious no doubt; but little is done to render them otherwise, and they are not over-industrious. Living in a delicious climate, with a fruitful soil, which produces, without much cultivation, all that they require, it is no wonder if they are idle and dream away their time, and

do not, like the busy bee, improve the shining hours. It is a pleasant life in some respects, but as far as regards the higher and nobler ends of human existence, a very unprofitable one. When these islands were discovered in 1521, they had a population of about 100,000, now it is only 5,500, including the European residents. To Spain they are very valuable, contributing largely to the commerce of that country.—*Chatterbox.*

SMILES.

"Well, Charley, my man, what has happened?
There is Merriment's self in your face!
You were howling last night with the toothache,
I am glad now of that you've no trace.
"Why your cheeks are all dimpled with smiles,
Your face is one quick-coming laugh;
Sailor Uncle would say in his fashion,
'To-day you're a boy and a half!'
"One can hardly believe that last night,
The face that one saw was the same:
Have you risen three places in class?
Or at cricket has your side the game?
"You don't want any pity to-day,
Tears, sighs, and dejection, and sorrow,
Most truly have fled with the night,
And joy has come in with the morrow.
"Now you're nodding that saucy young head,
And you smile up still more at your dad,
Just to puzzle him, master, I know,
Now tell me, what treat you have had?"
"Ha! ha! poor dear Daddy, what treat?
Why, nothing at all, that I know of,
But a play with the old dandelions,
The seeds I've been trying to blow off.
"But I feel all so happy within me,
When one's merry one does not look sad;
And so I look merry, that's all,
Just because I am feeling so glad."

FLINT SOUP;

OR

Mary Saffell's Experiment.

ROBERT Saffell was a hard-working laborer, who thought if his master was bound to pay his weekly wages he was equally bound to work with all his might. Kind in his manner, he was very popular with his shop-mates; not the less so with the better conducted because he never indulged in loose or profane language. He was always ready, too, to help any mate when in trouble or in sickness.
Yet he had one "infirmity," as men call it, but which God knows by another name, viz. *sin*, for he could not, or, more properly speaking, *would* not, resist his fellow-laborers when they invited

him into the parlor of the "Hen and Chickens," especially on Saturday evening. There he sat, imbibing drugged liquor and inhaling the vapor or rank, stale tobacco, till the two combined made him giddy and sick. At midnight he left, amid a hoarse chorus from his fellow-topers, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The why or wherefore they could not have explained even in their sober moments.

Now Robert, who never lost his temper when sober, strange to say never lost it when tipsy; so that to the mild, tearful remonstrances of a wife whom he loved he only replied with a tipsy smile. Mary Saffell was a Christian woman, and hence while she grieved over the discomfort which was stealing into a once comfortable home, she still more mourned over the prospect of a drunkard's death and a drunkard's eternity. Oh, how earnestly she prayed against her husband's folly! But she "did something more, for she thought out a remedy which she was not slow in putting into practice. Mary had well learnt that if Satan's favorite word is "to-morrow," that of God's is "to-day." So, like a wise woman, what she had to do she did *at once*.

One frosty Saturday morning she said to her husband as he was starting for work—

"Robert, if you will come home this evening direct from your workshop I will give you such a treat as you have never had in your life."

"What will it be, Mary?" said the half-ashamed man, for he well understood the quiet inuendo.

"Why, a nice supper of FLINT SOUP," replied his wife.

"Well," said Robert, "I have heard that a joke is a joke, but this is anything but a joke; for whoever heard of flint soup?"

"Well, give me your promise, and you shall see which is best—flint soup or gin."

Robert laughingly gave his promise, and, what is still better, meant to keep it.

Now what did Mary do to compound her novel dish? We shall see. She was a very poor woman,—for whoever knew a tippler's wife to be rich?—yet she contrived to supply the promised treat. She first chose a large flint stone, which she carefully cleaned, and so polished that it looked quite handsome. She then bought a half-penny-worth of herbs and onions, and a penny-worth of bones, which she so broke and bruised that every particle of nutriment was found in the pottage. To a quart of water she added a slice of bread, so well browned that the soup was most captivating both to eye and smell. For Mary well knew that the eyes and nostrils judge food as unerringly as does the palate.

"Won't you come in fore an hour?" said his shopmates, as Robert was darting by the "Hen and Chickens," half-distrusting himself.

"Not to-night," said Robert, not daring to look at the flaring gas-lights of the public-house, "I'm wanted at home."

"Well, Mary, here I am," said Robert, as he entered his cottage; "and now for the flint soup." This was poured out, steaming hot, into a basin whiter than milk; the table-cloth doing equal credit to her skill as a washerwoman. The loaf on the table was brown and crisp, for though not "a man given to appetite," one of Robert's weaknesses, as he confessed, was a crisp, crusty loaf.

"Well," said Robert, after he had inhaled the appetising smell, and tasted the novel but savory compound, "but you don't mean to tell me that this soup was made of flint."

Mary took the flint out of the saucepan and held it before his wondering eyes. "Seeing is believing, they say" said Robert; "but surely you must have put something into the water besides flint, for it beats Soyer."

"I shan't tell you my secret yet," said Mary, laughingly; "but if you will promise to come home every Saturday night you shall always have a basin of flint soup for supper as nice as this."

Robert made the bargain with his wife, and soon passed the "Hen and Chickens" at a walk-

ing pace, like a man who knows what is right, and, with God's help, means to do it. To one jeering shopmate he said—

"I cannot see the sense of making ourselves paupers in order that a fat publican may find money to keep a barouche."

To another, whom he at length brought over to his way of thinking, he said—

"Bless God, I have learned that the *best* side of a public house is the *out-side*."

In this way did a basin of flint soup become a turning point in Robert Saffell's life. No Saturday night now passes in which he does not invite a fellow-laborer to partake of this true "festive bowl." After some time Mary was coaxed into telling her secret; but Robert declared that he never would have been owner of the neat cottage where he lives had it not been for her flint soup.

Would it not be well if other laborers' wives would try the same experiment to wean their husbands from the "Hen and Chickens," or that "Goose Club," the members of which the wily, chuckling landlord knows to be the real geese?

E. J. HYTCHE.

THE COMFORT OF A MOTHER

WHILE a large vessel was one day passing through the Harlem drawbridge, a little boy, some eight or ten years old, stood watching the vessel, and carelessly placed one arm on the bridge just where the drawbridge closed. By so doing, he lost his arm. He was taken in charge by two policemen, who took him to the nearest surgeon; and while the doctor was dressing that mangled limb, one of the policemen took the child in his arms and held him on his lap. The little fellow bravely submitted to the operation without a murmur; but, turning his pitiful eyes on the man who held him, he put his only arm around the man's neck and gave him a kiss. After a few moments, the boy repeated this. Again for the third time he threw that little arm around the strong man's neck, again kissing him, and very meekly said: "If my mother were here, it would not hurt me half so bad."

Poor little fellow! He thought he could stand it better if his mother were only by him. It's a good thing to have a mother by us when we are in trouble, but this cannot always be. We may, nevertheless, always have God with us. He will help us in trouble.

A WONDERFUL JAR OF OIL.

THERE is a very interesting story told us in the Bible. We may read it in 2 Kings iv. 1-7. What is told us in this story took place in the time of the prophet Elisha. It seems that one of the good men belonging to the school of the prophets died. He left his family in debt. His family consisted of his widow and her two sons. They had no money, or property of any kind to pay this debt with. According to the custom of that country, the man to whom this debt was due, had the power, if he chose to do so, to take those boys away from their mother and sell them as slaves. He was going to do this. The poor mother, of course, was very much distressed, at the thought of losing her dear boys. Not knowing what else to do she came to the prophet Elisha, and told him all about her trouble. He asked her what she had in her house. She said she had nothing in the world but one jar full of oil.

This was oil made from the fruit of the olive tree. The oil that we read about in the Bible was this olive oil. In old times when the olive berries were ripe, they used to gather them, and put them in tubs or yats, and press out the oil by treading on them. This is what is meant in Micah vi, 15, when it says, "Thou shalt tread the olives, but shalt not anoint thee with oil." But

now they use presses for making the oil. This oil was used in the temple for lights. The people in that country were accustomed to anoint themselves with this oil. It was also used as an article of food instead of butter. Olive oil therefore was very valuable.

Elisha told the poor woman to go home, and borrow from her neighbours, a great number of empty oil jars, as many as she could get. Then he said she was to take them into her house, and shut the door, and pour oil out from the jar she had, into all those empty jars, for there would be enough to fill them all. Then she was to sell the oil, and take as much money as she needed to pay the debt which she owed, and the rest she might use to support herself, and her children.

She went off at once, and did what the prophet had told her to do. They borrowed the jars and as soon as they got them all ready the widow begins to pour out the oil into the empty jars. She fills first one, and then another, and another. As soon as a jar is filled, her son sets it aside, and brings another empty jar. The oil in that one jar keeps flowing on, just as if it had been a fountain. It never stops till her son says, "Mother this is the last jar." As soon as that is filled the oil ceases to flow. How wonderful this was!

This story teaches us several useful lessons.

a. In the first place it shows us *the great kindness of God to his people when in trouble*.

God says to us in the Bible, "Call on me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." Ps. 1. 15. This poor widow was calling on God in her day of trouble, when she came to the prophet. And while God is kind to all his people in their troubles he is particularly so to widows and fatherless children. There are many promises in the Bible that are written especially for them. They are often very helpless, and unable to do much for themselves, and this is the reason why God is so thoughtful about them. This story is a good illustration of all those promises.

b. Another thing which this story teaches us is, *how many ways God has for helping his people*.

When the Israelites were travelling through the wilderness God fed them with manna from heaven for forty years. When the water was all gone, and they were suffering from thirst, God made the water gush out from the hard rock for them to drink. When Elijah was hiding himself from king Ahab, who wanted to kill him, in the time of the famine, God sent the ravens to bring him bread and meat every day for about eighteen months. But none of these things were more wonderful than what this story tells us. How surprising the power of God must be that could make one jar of oil fill all those empty jars! The God who could do this can do anything. This shows us how true it is, that "*with God nothing can be impossible*."

c. And then this story shows us *the importance of doing at once, what God tells us to do*.

This woman might have said; "O, what is the use of trying to fill so many empty jars, with the oil in one jar?" This is what unbelief would have led her to say. But she did not give way to unbelief. She had faith in God. She believed his prophet. She obeyed, at once, what he told her to do. And what a reward she got for her faith and obedience! Let us try to imitate her example. Let us believe all that God says. Let us pray for grace to do, at once all that God tells us to do, and then God will bless us.

TOBACCO.—Tobacco is a stepping-stone to other bad things. It is a letter of introduction to evil associates. A boy with a cigar or a quid of tobacco in his mouth will not be very particular about his companions. In fact, he will hardly be tolerated in good company. He will naturally be drawn to the place where the idle and dissipated resort. A thirst for intoxicating liquors naturally follows. His lower passions are stimu-

lated by the narcotic, and by the company he keeps, and become precociously developed. He grows irresolute in disposition, and loses all energy of character. One after another the barriers of virtue fall, and he sinks into early vice, and an early grave. Such is the history, not of all tobacco-users but of thousands!

HUMANIZING INFLUENCE OF CLEANLINESS.

A NEAT, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged, and well-situated house exercises a moral, as well as a physical, influence over its inmates, makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; the connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and habits of respect for others and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its noisome site, and in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless, brutal, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with a respect for the property of others, or for the laws.

FOUR-LEGGED PASSENGERS.

HAMBURG is one of the most bustling and crowded sea ports in Europe. Steamers and sailing-vessels are constantly leaving and arriving to and from all parts of the world. All day long the quays are crowded with sailors of all nations, speaking every possible language and dressed in all sorts of costumes.

One of the most frequent and stirring scenes to be observed in the harbor, and especially about sunset, is the manner in which cattle are got on shipboard. English ships generally carry this live cargo. As far as possible, the timid animals, which are so easily frightened in rough weather, are placed below-decks, and this is managed in a way as original as it is simple. A broad girth is placed round the beast's belly; on the top of which an iron ring fastens on to the hook of a strong rope, and by a crane, worked either by steam or by men's hands, the animal is lifted up into the air. A movement to the side brings the crane, with the suspended beast, over the opening of the hold of the ship; into which, being quickly let down, it suddenly vanishes from the eyes of the spectator.

It is a strange sight to see these huge animals thus so easily lifted up. They have a helpless, frightened look, and seldom utter a sound or make any resistance. It is very different with horses. I have often seen them kick furiously when in the air, and they are difficult to quiet when on board ship.

A large steamer can carry an amazing number of cattle. Herds of oxen, flocks of sheep, and droves of pigs, often stand packed together close to the place of loading, and all these are generally got into one ship. Not only in the hold and between decks are these four-legged passengers deposited, but in close ranks on the deck, exposed to wind and storm, stand our future ham, mutton, and roast beef. Sheep, too, are sometimes put on board with the crane; generally, however, with ceaseless bleating they follow the shepherd, who goes before them, one by one, over a narrow plank. If the shepherd is not there the scene is different, for the sheep know that the plank is not the path to a pleasant meadow, and obstinately refuse to cross it. Then the sailors help: one sheep is dragged over between two of them; then its bleating comrades follow it without further trouble. Often when the ship is very full a sort of scaffolding is erected over the deck, on which the sheep are ranged: care is

taken to protect the sides by high boards, for if one sheep jumped over into the water all the rest would be sure to follow. In comparison with sheep and oxen, very few pigs are sent to England; but though their numbers may be fewer, their squeaking is more noisy than the lowing of the oxen and the bleating of the sheep combined.

All our four-legged passengers have a disagreeable time of it; they are squeezed tightly together; to lie down is impossible; they are allowed very little food: so that if a storm arises to delay their arrival in England they suffer terribly from hunger. Now and then, in a storm, many animals have to be thrown overboard to save the ship. This, as may well be imagined, is attended with great difficulty. J. F. C.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth in the Battle of Life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out, and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win—
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before:
You may hear the sound of their falling feet,
Going down to the river where the two worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with a cheerful grace—
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There is work to do by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plough, adze, spindle, and pen;
Work for the hands and the brain.

The *Serpent* will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And Pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, in robes as fair
As the holiest angels in Heaven wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet, breast-plate, and shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield
In the cause of Right and Truth.

And go to the Battle of Life, my boy,
With the peace of the Gospel shod,
And before high Heaven, do the best you can
For the great reward, for the good of man,
For the Kingdom and Crown of God.

DAVID THE SHEPHERD BOY.

AWAY in the western part of Asia, in the land called Asia Minor on the maps, and in that part of it which is known as Palestine, there is "the city of David, which is called Bethlehem," and in it, many years ago, lived a man named Jesse. We do not know much about his life, but we do know a great deal about the family from which he came. He was of the royal tribe of Judah. He was the son of Obed, and Obed was the son of Boaz who had married Ruth the Moabitess, to whom "a full reward was given of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings she had come to trust." And if we trace back further still the long line of his ancestry, we find the names of Jacob and Isaac and Abraham, of Shem and Noah and Lamech, of Methusaleh and Enoch and Seth, till we reach the name of the first man Adam, who had no earthly father, but was created in the image of God. Yet, in all that list of famous names, there was none, perhaps, which is now so dear to Christian hearts as the name of Jesse's youngest son, David. We hear of him first as a boy, ruddy and of a fair countenance, tending his father's flock; and it may be that, as he led them out among green pastures and beside still waters he often thought of the deeds of his great ancestry.

How Ruth the Moabitess had left her own home in her love to her dead husband's widowed mother, and had chosen that mother's people and country and God for her own; how Jacob had wrestled through the night with a mysterious Stranger, and won His blessing ere the breaking of the day, and how, going from and coming to his father's house, the angels of God had met him; how Abraham had not withheld his son, his only son Isaac, from the Lord; how Noah had builded the ark; how Enoch had walked with God, and was not, for God took him; how Adam had dwelt in the Garden, holy and blessed and happy, and, tempted by Satan, had sinned at last, and was driven away from that bright home. And while he had so much in the old past to think upon, much had taken place in the years which his father could recollect, and even in the brief space of David's own life. It may be that his father remembered how Hannah had brought her first-born son to the temple, and left him there to serve before God continually; how, in the darkness and silence of night, the child had heard the Lord's own voice speak to him, and had been told of fearful judgments which should fall upon sinful men; how the ark of God had been taken from the people of God, and how old Eli had fallen and died when that awful word was spoken; and how, when at last the children of Israel had demanded for themselves a king, God gave them a king in His anger. But David, going in and out with his flock, though he might not then guess that God would yet take that king away in His wrath, any more than he guessed that the sweet voice which sang among the quiet fields was afterward to sing words which should echo through the Church for ages,—was being fitted by God for another destiny than that of a shepherd boy. He had been chosen to be the Lord's servant, and was to be taken from sheepfolds, that he might feed Jacob His people, and Israel His inheritance.

One day, as he kept the sheep, some one came to him from his father's house, and brought the boy—ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to—away from his daily work, to enter upon a new and far different life. The years which were to come were not to be like those which were gone. War and sin and sorrow were to pass upon the heart which seemed then so light and pure; and he who sang of peace and rest and quiet waters, was to teach us the woe and the trust of a *De Profundis*, before he entered, a worn old man, into the Paradise of that city, made glad by the streams of the river of God.

That little town where once the boy David kept his father's flocks was to be the future birth-place of a better Shepherd, who should give His life for the sheep, and who was the Son of David, and yet was David's Lord.

You know whose birthday we keep on every Merry Christmas. Where was the Blessed Savior born? Bethlehem has a meaning which I wish you would find out; and then, if you remember that our Lord said, "I am the living Bread which came down from heaven," you may see how beautifully the meaning applies to the place. Thither came the Wise Men to worship His whose star they had seen in the East. What day do we keep this month in memory of their coming? You will find one name in the Prayer Book,—rather a long, hard word. What does it mean? And then the English have another name for it, and they celebrate it often with merry games and songs and feasting. And while we are thinking of how Christ came to be a Light to lighten the Gentiles, we may also call to mind the great Apostle to the Gentiles, whose Holy Day stands almost as near to the end of January as this other day does to the beginning. Who was this great Apostle? Where do we read of him in the Bible, and what books of the New Testament did he write? Can you find in those books any passages quoted from the Psalms of David?

BEECHER ON CROWS.

ASIDE from the special question of profit and loss, we have a warm side toward the crow—he is so much like one of ourselves. He is lazy, and that is human; he is cunning, and that is human. He takes advantage of those weaker than himself, and that is man-like. He is sly, and hides for to-morrow what he can't eat to-day, showing a real human providence. He learns tricks much faster than he does useful things, showing a true boy-nature. He thinks his own color the best, and loves to hear his own voice, which are eminent traits of humanity. He will never work when he can get another to work for him—a genuine human trait. He eats whatever he can lay his claws upon, and is less mischievous when he is full than when hungry, and that is like man. He is at war with all living things except his own kind, and with them when he has nothing else to do.

No wonder men despise crows. They are too much like men. Take off his wings and put him in breeches, and crows would make fair average men. Give men wings, and reduce their smartness a little, and many of them would be almost good enough to be crows.

SHINGLE YOUR OWN HOUSE.

SCENE, bar room. Time, midnight.

Wife—"I wish that man would go home, if he has got one to go to."

Landlord—"Hush! hush! he'll call for something directly. He's taking the shingles off his own house and putting them on ours."

At this time James began to come to his right senses, and commenced rubbing his eyes, and stretching himself as if he had just awoke, saying:

"I believe I will go."

"Don't be in a hurry, James," said the landlord.

"Oh, yes, I must go," said James; and he started.

After an absence of some time, the landlord met and accosted him with:

"Hallo, Jim, why ain't you been down to see us?"

"Why, I had taken so many shingles off my house it began to leak, so I thought it time to stop the leak, and I have done it," said James.

Young man, whose house are you shingling?
—*Christian at Work*

FATHER SEWALL'S GIVING.

THE venerable Father Sewall, of Maine, once entered a meeting held for the benefit of foreign missions, just as the collectors, having received the contributions, were resuming their seats.

The chairman of the meeting requested Father Sewall to lead in prayer. The old gentleman stood hesitating, as if he had not heard the request. It was requested in a louder voice, but there was no response.

Father Sewall all this time was diligently feeling about his pockets, and presently he produced a piece of money, which he deposited in the contribution-box. The chairman, thinking he had not been understood, said loudly:

"I didn't ask you to give, Father Sewall; I asked you to pray!"

"Oh yes," he replied, "I heard you;" but I can't pray till I have given something."

If Father Sewall's principles were universally adopted, would there be more giving or less praying?

Some people give prayers without alms, others give alms without prayers; but as prayer without effort is as wrong as effort without prayer, the better way seems to be to put prayer and alms together, thus praying and giving, giving and praying.

THE WAPITA.

This great and beautiful deer looks as if he were listening to hear what we are going to say about him. We wonder what use his high horns are to him, and how he gets through the thick woods without being caught in the brush. But when the hunter comes stealing up with his gun, the deer throws his head up till his horns rest on his shoulders, and away he goes like a flash, leaving the hunter and his bullet far behind.

These deer have hard fights, and sometimes lock their horns so tightly together that they cannot get apart, and then they starve to death. But the one who conquers the rest becomes their leader, and walks ahead like a commanding general; the rest follow and obey. They make a strange sharp whistle when alarmed, which can be heard at a great distance.

Hunters kill them for their flesh and skin, but the Indians value the teeth for ornament, fastening them on their dress. The food of the deer is grass, and God has made a plenty of it for them all.

Correspondence.

STRING PRAIRIE, Iowa, Dec. 8th, 1872.

Uncle Joseph:—I like the *Hope* very much. I like to read the correspondence. I took the *Hope* for two years, and I will tell you how I came to have it. It was sent me as a Christmas gift the first year; the next year, my father gave me fifty cents for the *Hope*.

I was baptized when nine years old; I am now fourteen, I have not lived as faithfully as I ought, but I mean to try and do better hereafter. I hope the little Hopes will pray for me, that I may be a better girl. We have prayer and testimony meetings on Wednesday evenings, and the Spirit of the Lord is with us. I must bid you good by. May the Lord bless all the little Hopes is my prayer.

JULIA F. HILLS.

SANDUSKY, Sauk Co., Wis., Dec. 8th, 1872.

Dear brothers and sisters of *Zion's Hope*:—We are trying to live to our faith, though we have no preaching here. We are busy the year round. Last spring I went to school through the day, and mornings and evenings I worked in a hop yard, and if there is any of the little Hopes that would like to know what I did there I will try to tell them.

When the young plants come out of the ground I very gently wound them around the pole and tied them, so that they would not slip down, which I had to do a great many times until they reached the top of the pole. Then we anxiously wait for the bud and blossom, and it is a pretty sight to see a hop yard in full blossom; after that we wait until they are ready for picking; which is a very busy time. We calculate to pick our three boxes a day, seven bushels to a box. The vines are cut, and laid on the box; then men, women, boys and girls, may be seen picking them. They are then spread in the hop kiln and dried by a large stove in a room beneath them. After they are dried, they are pressed in large bales and sold. With love to all the little Hopes, I am yours.

JANE LEE.

STRING PRAIRIE, Iowa, Dec. 8th, 1872.

Uncle Joseph:—I am going to school and just beginning to write, so mamma will copy this. I have not been baptized yet, but want to be. I am only eight years old. I will tell you how I got the money to send for the *Hope*. I picked up hickory nuts and earned twenty five cents and have sent for the *Hope*.

CARRIE E. HILLS.

TABOR, Fremont Co., Iowa, Dec. 12th, 1872.

Dear Editor of *Zion's Hope*:—I am going to school in Tabor. I do not get to go to the Saints' meeting very often; and I regret that I cannot go every Sabbath. I have been taking the *Hope* ever since it was published, and I am thankful that I have the privilege of reading it; for I love to read the letters from the little sisters and brothers. Yours in the church.

FANNIE WILCOX.

Little Friends:—For the first time in my life I try to write for the *Hope*; Listen to my story. When I was about six years of age my father died, and left a widow and eight helpless children. After that, I lived with my mother about one year, and some good friends of my mother took me, and said they would be to me as a father and a mother. They were very good to me, and sent me to school, and took a great deal of pains with me. I love them for being so kind to me, and always will. I wish all the orphan children had some good kind friend to take them and take

care of them. May God bless those kind friends. Children, love your kind parents while you have them with you, they will not remain with you always. I am glad that I had some kind dear friends to take care of me. I am still with them and while I am with them I shall love them.

N. S.

CHESTER CITY, Pa., Dec. 10th, 1872.

Br. Joseph:—I have before me your little missive "*Zion's Hope*" dated December 1st and have read your Editorial piece, over and over again; and have come to the conclusion that I will help you; in my child like faith; God giving me strength, also an interest from the little Hopes. I am over thirty years of age, but I am not too old to write to little children. I have done too much for the world; and I feel that I want to do a little for Christ. I am only young in the church; but I believe I have stepped into the right and narrow path that leads to *Life Eternal*. They have a good Sunday School at Fall River, and I rejoice in their zealous activity; I shall always love the place and the saints that are there. Now brother's and sisters, let your children take the *Hope*, and I will do my uttermost to send Br. Joseph pieces both selected and original; and help to raise the *Zion's Hope* to its highest standard, and try to get as many as we can to climb up Zion's Hill. Hoping that all the little Hopes will pray for each other and that I may be kept firm and faithful, I remain yours for Christ.

WILLIAM STREET.

ZONE, Ontario, Dec. 5th, 1872.

My desire is still in the work of the Lord, for I know it is the gospel of Christ. I desire to live with an eye single to the glory of God, that I may reign in the kingdom of our Lord and Christ. Your sister in Christ.

MARY C. TAYLOR.

HEALDSBURG, Cal., December 8th, 1872.

Brethren and sisters in the cause of Christ:—Children should do all in their power to store their minds with useful knowledge, and become proficient in writing, spelling, and composing, so that when you know the truths of the gospel you can send them forth that they may enlighten the minds of others, and thereby be instruments in the hands of God in doing good. My earnest heartfelt prayer is, that the youthful Hopes in *Zion's* cause may work zealously for the redemption of Zion; and that both old and young may live faithfully and prayerfully. Your sister in gospel bonds.

EMILY C. GRAUMLICH.

GOLD FIELD, Wright Co., Iowa, Dec. 8th, 1872.

Dear readers of the *Hope*:—I have thought ever since I became a Latter Day Saint, which is over three years, that I would contribute something to the columns of the children's paper; but the little Hopes are none the wiser for my neglect. I have kept my pen still with the thought that there were so much better writers and thinkers than I am, but now I shall try this New Year to do a little, trusting others will do likewise. I wish more would write, and write the plain teachings of our Savior. The paper is small and should be filled with good; and let the children learn bird and fish stories in their school books. There are enough fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, that can compose a true Bible story, in a plain and simple manner, or select one that will be good instruction for our children; and this is what we want; and especially the children that have no Sabbath School, or even hear a sermon preached; for there are many scattered saints that need all the good lessons that can be produced. Brothers and sisters, let us begin the New Year with a deep interest for the welfare of our little ones, and keep the columns of the *Hope* filled with good reading for our children, and let the Editor have less trouble in making good selections for its columns. Your sister in the new and everlasting covenant.

M. H. CHRISTY.

'Tis not beneath the fretted dome
Alone God listens to our prayer,
'Tis not when crowds behold us kneel
To pour our spirit's incense there.
An humble heart and spirit meek
Are all he asks for all his care,
In any clime, in any tongue,
For God, our God is everywhere.

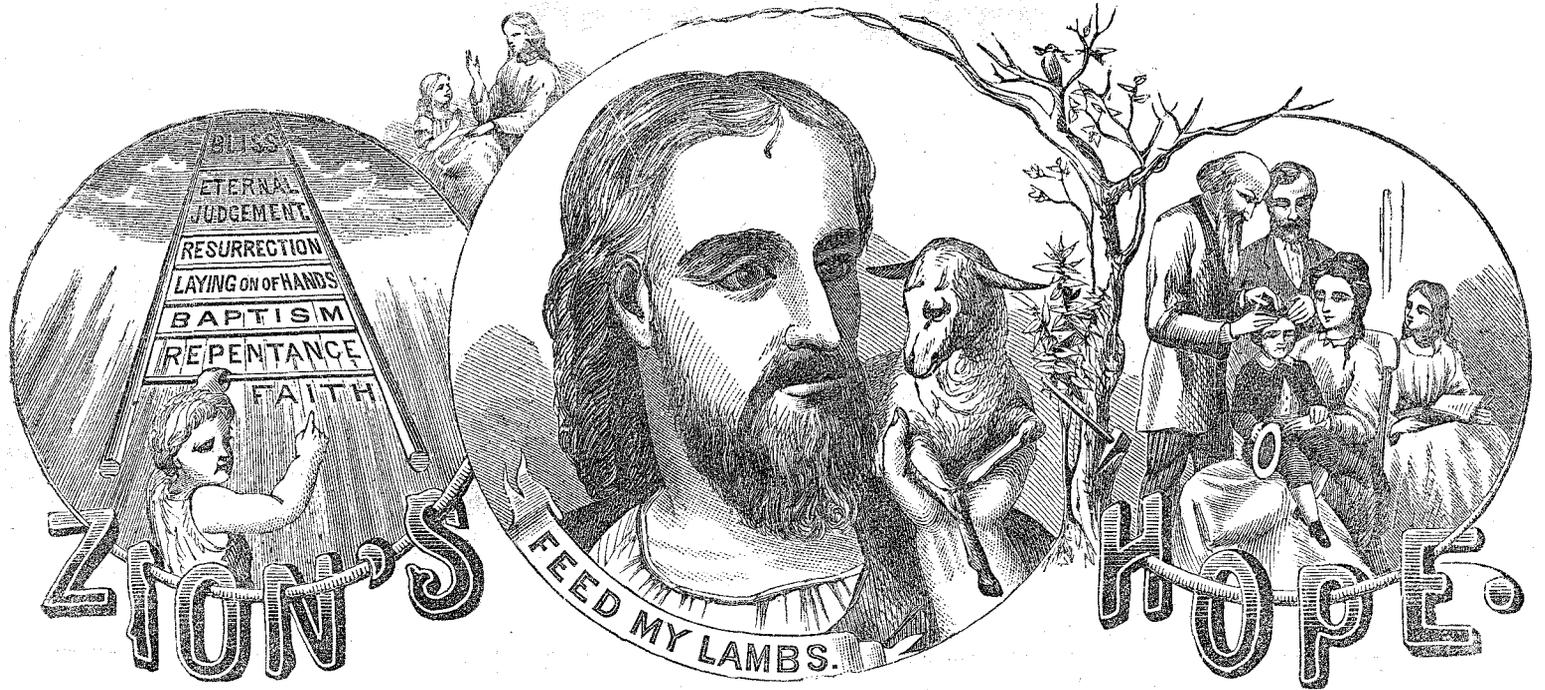
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

DEAR Hopes:—Having a leisure hour, I thought it might interest you to read a brief sketch of my last voyage across the Atlantic, so I concluded to use the hour for that purpose. It will perhaps be more interesting when you learn that my traveling companions were Uncle Mark, so well known and beloved by all readers of the *Hope*, and his daughter, Amy, also known to quite a number of the Hopes as one of their number.

It is pretty generally known, that Uncle Mark and myself were appointed at the last spring conference to take missions to this country; so that accounts for our having to cross the Atlantic. I have crossed it many times before as a seaman, but never before as a missionary; although I had often preached the gospel on its broad billows to my shipmates, and won several souls to Christ far, far at sea, by the help of his Spirit.

After taking an affectionate farewell of our family, and the dear brethren and sisters who so kindly accompanied us to the train on the 20th of last June, we left Plano, and behind the "iron horse" we sped away toward the rising sun, stopping at several places on the way to preach the word. On July 3rd, we arrived in New York, where we remained till the 12th, preaching the word as opportunity offered, and on that day we embarked on board the steamship "Australia," for Liverpool, via Glasgow. No sooner were we on board than the order was given to cast off the ropes and chains that held our vessel to her place at the dock, and we were soon moving, slowly, at first, afterwards rapidly seawards, amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs by those on the shore, among whom were two of our brethren who came to see us off; and before night set in we saw the shores of America in the dim distance between us and the setting sun. The evening was fine, so all the passengers remained on deck, promenading fore and aft, while the sailors made all things snug, (as we sailors say), for a storm, should one overtake us.

The weather continued fine, so all proved to be good fine weather sailors at least. Nothing of note occurred all the evening, but the passing of a steamship, bound to New York, crowded with the "hardy sons of toil" seeking an asylum in America from the over crowded nations of Europe. We gave them as hearty a welcome to their new homes in the west as we could, as they passed us.

We soon found out that we numbered two hundred and sixty passengers, about half cabin, the rest steerage passengers. Among those in

the cabin were several, so-called ministers of the gospel, from whom we had several discourses during the voyage. Some of them spoke very well, others only poorly; none of them seemed to know much about the gospel as we understand it; and although it soon became known that there were Mormon missionaries on board, neither Br. Mark nor myself was asked to speak all the voyage; but one old lady called me to one side, one day, and told me confidentially, that that man, pointing to Uncle Mark, was a Mormon, going to England to preach polygamy and decoy women to Utah for Brigham Young; and the poor lady was so agitated that she thought he never ought to be allowed to land in England. I told her that she was mistaken, but she appeared very doubtful about it until I told her that I was his traveling companion, and that we were opposed to polygamy and prepared to expose its errors, when she seemed to feel some better. Don't you think it was a good thing for Uncle Mark that I was there? No telling what they would have agreed to do with him if the old lady's first opinion had prevailed.

Well things went along smoothly for several days; the scene was enlivened by the appearance of several ships in the distance; or some large whales, showing themselves on the surface of the waters; also the porpoises, which are very numerous in the North Atlantic, together with the various sea fowls, flying around us, and amongst them the little stormy Petrel, resembling the swallow. Sailors believe that when they are seen in great numbers, it is the sure sign of a storm, and they call them "Mother Cary's Chickens."

The first four days passed with very little sea-sickness, the weather being fine and the sea smooth, when we came in sight of Newfoundland. As we passed the east end of the island called Cape Race, we met a strong head sea, and the ship began to pitch head first into it; rising up again out of it, covered with the water, only to make another plunge into the next sea, or wave that we met. This made quite a change among the passengers; they could not now promenade the deck as they had been doing; their faces become pale, and to the experienced eye, it was very evident that sea-sickness on a large scale was about to be the order of the day; and as it was with the people, so it was with the priests; in this case all appeared to be alike; and, would you believe it, Uncle Mark and Amy followed their example for a time; but after about the second day, they seemed to be tired of following pernicious ways, for neither of them were sick much after that. The few that were fortunate enough to escape the sickness, had plenty of

deck-room for several days; but as our noble vessel sped on her way at the average rate of two hundred and sixty miles per day, we gradually neared the Irish land; and when we had been eleven days from New York, we came in sight of Erin's Green Isle, as we glided swiftly along the beautiful coast of Ireland, to the port of Moville, where we landed sixty-two passengers, and immediately proceeded on towards the river Clyde, in Scotland.

The next morning found us at the mouth of the river, when we proceeded up to Greenock, and cast anchor, to await the tide in our favor; then we passed up the beautiful river to Glasgow, where we landed.

We were just twelve days crossing from New York, and it was as fine a passage as I ever had across the Atlantic. There were several strange people on the ship, and many things happened worth noticing; but I have not time to notice them now. I may, perhaps, in my next, write something about them; hoping in the meantime that the little readers of *Zion's Hope* will continue to remember Uncles Mark and John, in their prayers, that God may so bless our labors, that our crossing the Atlantic may not be in vain.

UNCLE JOHN.

London, Dec. 21, 1872.

EARLY RISING.

Translated for "*Zion's Hope*" from *Phonography*, by Br. Wm. Street.

FEW men ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever become eminent, who were not in the habit of early rising. You rise late, and of course get about your business at a late hour, and everything goes wrong all the day. Dean Swift says that he never knew a man come to any greatness and eminence who lay in bed of a morning. I believe, that with other evils of our days, history will record late rising as a prominent sin. In the fourteenth century the stores in Paris were open at four in the morning; now not till after seven. Then the king of France dined at eight o'clock in the morning, and retired to his chamber at the same hour in the evening. In the time of Henry the VIII., seven in the morning was the breakfast hour of the gentry, and ten their dinner hour. Peter the Great, whether at work in the docks at London, as a shipwright, or at the anvil as a blacksmith, or on the throne of Russia, always rose before daylight. "I am," said he, "for making my life as long as I can, and therefore I sleep as little as possible."

A DAY DREAM.

Methought I was in conference, within a spacious hall,
Where saints from many parts had come at duty's
sacred call;
But ere we went to business, a thing I scarce dare
name,
Caused me to well consider each brother as he came.

First there came a Deacon, intent on doing good;
Talking of the Scriptures God's holy blessed word;
Speaking of the work whose God the saints adore;
He seated himself quietly then spit upon the floor.

And near him sat an Elder, telling how the Lord,
Prejudice fast failing, had blest the preached word;
Yet I saw in my day-dreaming, as the other did
before,
He the juice of "hony-dew" also spit upon the floor.

Next there came a Teacher speaking highly of his
branch,
And declaring that evil-doers he quickly thence would
launch;
That wherever he should find them, they should be
dealt with sore,
While juice of XX. Fine-Cut he spit upon the floor.

Then came a solemn Priest who with sober face walk-
ed in,
Mourning that earth was vile, so much corrupting sin;
He "wished to do his duty, nothing less or more,"
Yet the weed's choice extract he spit upon the floor.

Next came in a Seventy, his seat was near at hand,
He talked of foreign missions of heaven's glorious
band;
He said the work was gaining though saints were
very poor,
Yet I saw him masticating and he spit upon the floor.

Next there came an Elder, presiding o'er a branch,
Who took the sacred stand where the doctrine is
advanced;
That the sacred word of wisdom should be remembered
more,—
He turned his head to hide his act, and spit upon the
floor.

There followed him a president of a district large,
Called with earnest effort for the welfare of his
charge;
When looking in the pulpit, with tobacco-juice stain-
ed o'er
Of "Sweet and nicely scented," spit around and on
the floor.

My heart was filled with sorrow as I viewed the house
around
And heard a quite unpleasant and curious spurting
sound;
Looking round the building I saw what plagued me
sore,
Elder, Teacher, member spitting on the floor.

But, lo! I then awoke, and thought on what I'd
dreamed,
For though I had been dreaming, all so very real
seemed
That when I did my thoughts collect, I thought of
times a score
What I had really witnessed, just such spitting on the
floor.

Now in whatever light you may this subject view,
Never follow such a practise, whatever others do;
And when resolves you make to evil do no more,
Remember my day-dreaming, and quit spitting on the
floor. "OBSEVER"

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

MR. BONES, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co, was one of those money making men, whose uninterrupted success in the trade had been the wonder, and afforded material for the gossip of the town for seven years. Being of a familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject and invariably gave the secret of success, that he "minded his own business."

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assapink bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing and foaming water as it fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations. "Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars."

Br. Bones continued to look intently at the water. At length he replied:

"Here you may learn the secret of making money. That water would waste and be of no practical use to anybody, but for the dam. The dam turns it to good account, makes it perform some useful purposes, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper mill is kept in motion by this simple economy. Many are the mouths fed by the manufacture of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out; and in the different processes through which it passes, money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people.— They get money enough. It passes through their hands every day and at the year's end they are no better off. What's the reason? They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want them dammed up so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—or accomplishing a useful purpose. Dam up your expenses, and you will soon have enough to occasionally spare a little just like that dam. Look at it my friend."

ZION'S ROSE-BUDS.

THIS is the name of the Kewanee, Illinois, Sabbath School—myself being an occasional visitor—I felt prompted to pen a few thoughts, as they pass through the mind; being prompted by a spirit of thanks and kind respect towards those, my dear brethren and sisters, who seem to take such an active part with alacrity and delight, in the instruction of those promising buds, who are so punctual in their attendance. The perseverance, care, and loving spirit, ever manifested by them, demands indeed a place in the hearts of all Zion's faithful children, causing them to breathe prayers to the God of the Latter Day Work for their encouragement and prosperity in so noble an undertaking—the instructing of the little ones.

The wise man said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This, as I said, the superintendent of the school and his fellow officers are trying to do. To go there on a Sabbath morning between the hours of ten and twelve, and see the little "rose-buds," with their clean and neat costume, and sweet smiling faces, singing the songs of Zion at so early a date in life, is indeed, most cheering to the heart of every one, causing them to look forward with great satisfaction when these dear little ones of ours will be, by the mercies of God, when we are entombed among the dead, mighty in the hand of the Master, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," to roll on the work in these last days.

In the days of youth, when the mind is flexible and tender, is the time to implant in them the faith required in God the Father and his dear Son's promises, contained in those precious books, the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants, and in the Spirit when it maketh known to the church the hidden things of God, in tongues, interpretation of tongues, prophesying, dreams, visions, &c.

How often is brought to my mind the two thousand little band of Helaman; how firm and steadfast, like unto the Rock of Ages, were they in the promise of God, fearing nothing, for their mother had taught them not to doubt. O, all ye mothers and fathers of the rising generation, this is an example, treading in their footsteps, teaching our children pure and holy principles at home; training them to reverence God's law, and to obey it in every particular; visit the Sabbath Schools, and help the Christ-sent teachers to there confirm what we have been teaching them around the family hearth; by so doing we will not only benefit the little ones, but be giving the teachers a new impetus in their line of duty

How often have I heard it said by the teachers, It is too bad indeed to see so and so stay at home on a Sunday morning, and no one, as it were, to help us to teach their children, but the inexperienced youth having to do the work of older heads. It seems to me in this, and many other instances, that the children of darkness, or the uninspired, are wiser than the children of light; for nearly all the different orders of supposed christianity are ever on the move in mind and body, to inform the rising generation in their line of christian duty. And while we say in our hearts, God bless them for every good word and deed, let us not forget that Christ, our Master, expects every single one of us to do his duty; not only in the preaching of the word to the world, but in example and precept; in teaching our children. God grant that such may be our happy privilege, is the prayer of an unworthy one in Christ. Yours, WISHFUL.

THE LITTERS OF ALL NATIONS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

THE LITTER OF BRAZIL.

SEVERAL kinds of litters are in use in South America, and, as we cannot take our readers all over this half of the Western continent, we will confine ourselves to Brazil, which is itself a very large country, being about twelve times as big as France; it has immense rivers and lofty mountains, and is rich in natural productions; a wonderfully fertile and magnificent country, it has been less torn and impoverished by civil warfare than most other portions of South America, and is ruled by an emperor who is less despotic than most rulers who bear that name.

Gold and diamonds come from Brazil, with the less valuable, although more useful commodities, cotton, cocoa, sugar, rice, drugs, dyes, and ornamental woods, with the hides, horns, and tallow of the vast herds of wild cattle which roam over the grassy plains, watered by such rivers as the Amazon and La Plata.

The European inhabitants of Brazil are a mixture of Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English, who have each in turn been masters of the country; the original inhabitants are gradually disappearing; most of the working people are Africans, who have been brought into the country as slaves, but are only now in a state of half servitude, if not altogether free, as many of them are. The half-breeds are said to be the finest mulattoes in the world; and the two who carry the litter are fine, tall, strong men, who step along as free and erect under their burden as if the inmate of the palanquin they carry were a mere baby, instead of a full-grown man like themselves. This litter closely resembles a hammock slung upon a pole; it is ornamented with silken fringe and tassels of gay colors; the rider sits in what appears to be a cramped and uneasy position, with his knees bent up, but he can recline if he pleases. Two slave-boys accompany the bearers, one carrying the master's umbrella, and the other some fruit to quench his thirst on the way. Perhaps among this may be some of the Brazil nuts, which we so well know, and which are the seeds of a beautiful tree that often grows to the height of one hundred and twenty feet. When fresh, these nuts are not hard and dry, as we get them, but soft and delicious; they grow, a number together in a case or seed-vessel, which is as big as a man's head; so people who walk under the boughs from which they hang, when they are ripe and ready to fall, must look out pretty sharply to avoid a stunning blow.

Let us now see what kind of a litter the Brazilian ladies use; it is like an ornamented box with curtains instead of a lid, and is generally slung over the back of a mule, with a companion-box on the other side to balance it, in which are provisions, or whatever it may seem

desirable to carry. Young ladies generally ride on horseback, and among the most wealthy and luxurious the caderinha is used; this is a richly-adorned kind of palanquin, with silk and velvet fittings, and curtains; it is generally borne by two slaves. In the cities, where this litter is chiefly used, they wear rich liveries, and are the handsomest and best-proportioned men who can be procured.

A Brazilian gentleman in the country would not hesitate to ride on the back of his slave, so the "pick-a-back" palanquin is sometimes seen, and this is the most original and primitive of all litters.

It is well when we have got a long way from where we set out, and are likely to lose ourselves, to retrace our steps. We started from Egypt; then went to ancient Rome, waited there long enough to compare an imperial with a papal litter; then took a long journey to India, and saw the Great Mogul in his chair of state; came home in the reign of Elizabeth, and then set off to China, and Japan, and Java, and other outlandish places, finishing with Brazil. If our readers have been at all pleased and instructed with these stories about litters, we are well rewarded for telling them.

[THE END.]

LULU'S COMPLAINT.

I's a poor 'tittle sorrowful baby,
For B'idget is 'way down stairs;
My titten has tatched my finder,
And Dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I hain't seen my bootifull mamma
Since ever so lon' ado;
An' I aint her tunning' baby;
No londer, for B'idget said so.

My ma's dot another *new* baby;
Dod dived it—He did—yes'erday,
And it kies, it kies, oh so defuil!
I wis He would take it away.

I don't want no "sweet 'tittle sister!"
I want my dood mamma, I do;
I want her to tiss me, an' tiss me,
An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu!

I dess my dood papa will b'in' me
A 'tittle dood titten some day,
Here's nurse wid my mamma's new baby;
I wis' s'e would tate it away.

Oh, oh, what tunning' yed fingers!
It sees me yite out o' its eyes!
I dess we will teep it, and dive it
Some tanny whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my Dolly
To play wid mes' every day;
And I dess; I dess—Say B'idget,
As' Dod not to tate it away.

"IF WE TRY."

"DEAR! I always have to go when I don't want to; I don't see why you don't send some one else, when I am busy."

"Because daughter, you see the others are busy too, and those things must go to Mrs. B.—'s this evening;" replied Celie's mother reprovingly.

"Bother Mrs. B—!" again cried Celie angrily, "I wish both Mrs. B—and her things were in Jerico (or some place else)."

"Why Celie! I'm ashamed of you;" said her mother, as Celie seized the parcel and, "in not a very mild or gentle mood," left the house, slamming the door after her.

In about a half hour she returned, looking just as pleasant as if she had not hurt her mother's feelings on leaving the house.

"Well mamma," she cried pleasantly "I have seen her and given her the things, now I must hurry and learn my lessons,—it's getting late."

Celie I do wish you would try and govern your temper;" said her mother abruptly.

"Well mamma, I have been trying for the last three weeks to be good, and it's no use, I can not do it, so I've given up trying; but mamma I must learn my lesson," replied Celie.

"Were you rank one in the class last quarter Celie?" asked her mother, unheeding her entreaties for silence.

"Why no, you know I wasn't;" replied Celie, somewhat surprised at the question.

"Didn't you try?" again questioned her mother.

"Of course I did, but I didn't succeed. Why you know I tried all last year to be rank one, and did not succeed until the very last quarter; perhaps it may be the same this year. I'm going to try very hard to be at the head this quarter, though, and won't papa be pleased, if I am?" exclaimed Celie joyfully.

"Yes he would," affirmed her mother "but Celie let me ask you which you would rather be; rank one in your class or the mistress of your own temper? You look astonished" continued her mother, "but you try a whole year, study hard and even deny yourself many pleasures, for the sake of achieving one victory in the first, and then begin again the next year with as much zeal as ever; but when you have tried the short space of three weeks to govern your temper (which you know is a much more difficult thing to do) you give up and say, 'It is no use trying any more': but I see you must begin to study, and I hope you will try harder to overcome this fault and remember the Lord will help us if we try." Ev. A.

THE SAW OF CONTENTION.

"GOSH, Eddie! come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it. When I draw it through the board awhile, it's most hot enough to set fire to it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, with all the superior wisdom of two more years than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing; "it's the friction; but do you know what it makes me think of?"

"No, what?" asked both boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarreling over a trifle, this morning, and the more they talked, the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened, if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms." The boys hung their heads, while Mary went on. "There is an old proverb, that says, 'The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it grows.'"

"I tell you what, Frank," said Eddie, "when we find ourselves getting angry, let's run out and use the saw Krisskringle brought me, and then we won't have time for the saw of contention."

"DIED YESTERDAY."

MY dear little Hopes:—I have before me a table showing the area, population, and annual circulation of all newspapers and periodicals printed in the United States and Dominion of Canada, and the number of copies per year for each inhabitant. And go where you will, in whatever state, territory, town, or county, and take hold of any paper, daily, weekly, or semi-weekly, and you will find the above words, "died yesterday." Every day is written this little sentence; somewhere every day a flower is plucked from some family circle, and a vacant chair is left; or perhaps it was a gentle, innocent babe, sinless as an angel, plucked from its little crib by the ruthless hand of the angel of death. Sometimes it is a youth, hopeful and promising; possessing faculties to become, some day or other, a great and good man; but that heart is still now, he "died yesterday." A young and blushing maiden, pure as the orange flowers that adorned

her alabaster brow, was stricken down as she stood at the altar, and from the aisles of the church she was borne to the green mossy graveyard on the hill. A tall young man, crowned with the halo of success and victory, at the close of day, and in the midst of brothers and sisters, relatives and friends, fell to the dust; and he, too, was laid where forefathers of the hamlet sleep. A grandfather bowed down with age, and the gray hairs whitened by the frost of three score years and ten, or even more, has sunk into a dreamless slumber, and on his door is written, "died yesterday." Daily, men, women and children are passing away; and hourly, in some lonely, silent graveyard, the cold, cheerless sod drops upon the coffin-lid of the dead. As often, in our daily walk of life, we hear tell of some one being taken from our neighborhood. And while we are all enjoying our Christmas, and New Year, some one will be mourning over some pearl, from the jewel thread of friendship, and who has served as a beacon light to some weary footsteps, and who "died yesterday."

A STORY.

"Tell me a 'tory, Papa!"
Two fat arms clasped his throat,
And a cheek like August peaches
Lay nestled on his coat.

"Papa! tell us a 'tory!"
The red lips kissed again,
"Tell us a splendid 'tory
You won't have to explain!"

"Explain to me, you rascal,
How I can speak or sing,
Choked and drowned with kisses,
You coaxing little thing!"

"I'll let you go, dear papa,
I'll never tiss you no more,
Not till to-morrow mornin',
'Nd I'll lie on the floor,

"And be as dood as sugar,
And better 'n punkin pie;
To-morrow'll be Thanksgivin',
I never telled you a lie!"

—Our Young Folks.

DO THE BEST YOY CAN.

Why not take life with cheerful trust,
With faith in the strength of weakness;
Doing the best we can, to walk
With courage, yet with meekness;
Lifting the face, to catch God's grace
That lights the soul forever.

THE above beautiful sentiment uttered by the poet, is but a repetition of many forcible little sayings given to us by persons of experience, as we journey through life, the practicability of which we may not fully comprehend until some, apparently insurmountable, difficulty has been met and overcome. Then we look back and clearly see the beautiful reflection of light and wisdom they contain.

"Don't give up the ship," was the answer of the brave Commodore, signalled to the almost conquered vessel; and which was the means of stirring them up to victory.

"Always do the next best thing you can, in whatever circumstances of life you are placed," was the advice of an old man to the writer of this, when a boy; the observance of which advice, when cheerfully rendered, has invariably resulted in good.

The individual who becomes stereotyped in what he considers to be the "only way," is constantly running against some hidden snag, thus making the voyage of life unpleasant to himself and those around him.

In the fall of 1857, the writer of this was out with an expedition near to the Green River, in the Rocky Mountains. The expedition consisted of twenty to thirty mounted men, the object of which it is not necessary to detail; suffice it to say, that to facilitate the same, everything of an

encumbering nature was left behind; especially was it enjoined upon us that no cooking utensils should be taken along, with the exception of a small tin cup fastened to the waist-belt of each one. Our commissary stores were limited to the single article of flour.

Arriving at our place of rendezvous, there came the all-important question to be solved in the culinary department.

"Of what use is the flour without the cooking utensils?" says one.

"Not even a pan to mix it in?" says another.

"What fools we were to leave them behind," said the stereotyped individual; "We had better get back as soon as we can."

"Wait," said an old veteran, who evidently had made adaptability his study in life. "Where there is a will, there is always a way," he quietly remarked. After which, he gave directions to a few to build a good fire, while others should procure a number of long, straight sticks and make them all nice and smooth, by peeling the bark off them.

Shouldering the sack of flour, he carried it to the stream close by. He untied the sack, made a hole in the flour with his hand, poured in the water with his little cup, and worked it to a proper consistency; after which he rolled it out into long strips, and twisted it round and round the prepared sticks. He set one end of the stick in the ground before the fire by this time good and red, and clear from smoke. He turned them round to get them evenly cooked. "There," said he, triumphantly, as he took the sticks and shelled off the nice hot rolls on the clean grass. "That's Indian style, what do you think of it?" Of course, as we were all very hungry, we pronounced it, "Heap good." I should further say that we got our coffee from the stream mentioned.

And thus little readers of the *Hope*, one more lesson was learned how to "Do the best you can."

ALMA.

"GOD THE CREATOR."

Translated for "Zion's Hope," from Phonography by Br. Wm. Street.

GOD is the great source of light and life; all things were made by him, and his watchful eye is over all his works. Each thing that lives, that moves, finds voice to own its God. What says the sun as he climbs the sky and fills the world with light and heat? Speaks he not to one who made him? Who was it built the sky and made the earth? Who gave the sun its rays of light, the moon its beams of gold? Who spread the green lawn for the foot of man to tread? Who taught the sea to ebb and flow, and its waves to dash and roar? Who gives each leaf its tint, the rose its scent, the fruit its juice and taste? Who taught the ant to store, and the bird to build? Each thing that creeps, that swims, that flies, that walks; each wave of eorn, each pulse of life, finds voice to praise its God.

DIDN'T KNOW HIMSELF.

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"Sam, who am I?"

"Why, you are yourself, Bob Harrison, ain't you?"

"No, far from it."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Well, sir, I'm so mixed up, I don't know who I am."

"Don't take it so hard to heart."

"I ain't; I'm taking it in my handkerchief."

"Well, sir, what's the matter?"

"Why, I'm married."

"Married? Ha! ha! ha! why, sir, you should be happy."

"Yes, but I ain't."

"Why all married men are supposed to be happy."

"Yes, but how many are so?"

"Well, sir, as I said before, don't take it so hard—tell us all about it."

"Well, Sam, I'll tell you how it is. You see I married a widder, and this widder had a daughter."

"Oh, yes! I see how it is. You have been making love to this daughter."

"No! worse than that. You see my father was a widower, and he married this daughter, so that makes my father my son-in-law, dont it? Well, don't you see how I'm mixed up?"

"Well, sir, is that all?"

"No, I only wish it was. Don't you see, my step-daughter is my step-mother, ain't she? Well, then, her mother is my grandmother, ain't she? Well, I'm married to her, ain't I? So that makes me my own grandfather, doesn't it?"

THINGS THAT EVE MISSED.

Poor Eve ne'er knew what 'twas to be a girl,
To tease for patchwork from her mother dear;
To pull her sister's hair out of curl,
Or drop a bitter, solitary tear,
Because her doll's wax nose had melted off.
She never had a playhouse or a ball,
Or tried her mother with the whooping-cough,—
Or knew what 'twas to cry, or scream at all!
She never, while of tender age,
Climbed up to sit on her father's lap,
She never poured by night o'er novel's page,
Or screamed, in sleep, at hero's dire mishap.
She never went, at all, to district school
Or ached, with sitting on the oaken bench;
Or ever staid behind for broken rule,
Or tired of studying grammar, drawing, French.
Poor thing! she never rode out with a boy,
Or took a sleighride on a moonlight eve;
Or danced and shouted in her gleeful joy,
Until the morning told the time to leave.
She never jilted many a silly youth;
The "yes" or fatal "no" she never said,
For she, at least, if sages tell the truth,
Was married *just as soon as she was made!*
All these Eve missed, and more things, too,
Both valentines, and love songs, written page;
For e'er a moment of this life she knew,
She must have been "*of an uncertain age!*"

THE ORIGIN OF HAND-SHAKING.

THE Romans had a goddess whose name was *Fides*, or Fidelity—a goddess of "faith and honesty," to whom Numa was the first to pay divine honors. Her only dress was a white veil, expressive of candor, frankness and modesty; and her symbol was two right hands joined, or sometimes two female figures holding each other by the right hands; whence in all agreements among the Greeks and Romans it was usual for the parties to take each other by the right hand, as a token of their intention to adhere to the compact; and this custom is in more general use even among ourselves, at the present day, than would at first thought be realized.

A NUMBER ONE FOOL.

"**D**O you like rum?" said an Englishman one day to a Chinaman.

"No, sir," replied the Chinaman.

"Why not?"

"Rum not proper, sir." Rum make Chinaman *number one fool!*" replied the son of the celestial kingdom.

John Chinaman was right. Rum drives sound sense out of the brain, and good feelings out of the heart. It changes all its slaves into hard-

hearted fools. Don't touch it, boys! Don't smile on any boy who drinks it, girls! The poet truly says of the slave of the rum bottle:

"He is but the wreck of his former self,
And a shocking wreck is he;
With his tattered clothes, and his battered nose,
And a gait like a ship at sea."

Solid virtue can be grafted upon no stock but that of religion; universal righteousness can be raised on none but gospel principles. Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth Jesus Christ is the Lord.—*Lucas*.

"If you would know God's mind, search his word, watch his hand, and live at his throne."
Eternity is near: prepare for it.

Correspondence.

GRAVOIS, MO., Jan. 3, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—I want to tell the Hopes that our Sunday School is doing well. During the holidays we had a Christmas Tree, on Christmas eve, for the benefit of the Sunday School; and the happy faces of scholars, teachers, and parents seen on that evening was a bountiful recompense for all our trouble.

We had first a sociable, interspersed with recitations, dialogues and singing by the scholars and their many friends; then came the distribution of presents to the children; then presents from the school to the scholars. All seemed to enjoy themselves. Such innocent enjoyments are, I think, beneficial and encourage and strengthen the school.

A collection was taken for the benefit of the school, which has given us means to supply the school with *Hopes* and other matter necessary for the furtherance of its interests.

We now number one superintendent, one assistant superintendent, four teachers, and twenty-seven scholars; with good prospects for increasing. May God bless us and assist us in our humble efforts for the benefit of the school.

My regards to all the Hopes, and a happy new year. Yours in the bonds of peace,

ADA ARCHER.

41, Repton-st, LIMEHOUSE, London, Eng.,

Nov. 11, 1872.

Dear *Hope*:—I have long been thinking of writing a few lines for your interesting pages. No doubt you think that we are very quiet in England; so while I have the time I will write a few lines to you.

Uncle Mark has been staying with us a short time, and Uncle John has also paid us a visit. We have been very happy all the time. I used to read a great deal about Uncle Mark in the *Hope* before I knew him, and now I know him, I do not wonder at the little Hopes loving him; for he is a real good man; and also Uncle John,—I love them both dearly. I am sure I do not know what Uncle Joseph is like; I believe he is a good man. If he is as good as Uncle Mark I know that I shall love him, but that I suppose I shall know "in the sweet bye and bye." Since I last wrote to the *Hope* I have been baptized; and I heartily thank our heavenly Father that he has permitted me enter into his kingdom.

I was very much pleased with the apron that I received from Uncle Joseph, as a prize for the copy of Miss Arabella Smith's letter; it fitted me most beautifully. I must now close my letter with kind love to all the Uncles, Aunts and little Hopes. I remain yours in Christ,
EMILY M. BRADSHAW.

VINCENNES, Iowa, Dec. 27, 1872.

Dear Editor *Zion's Hope*:—It has been a long time since I have written to the *Hope*. I think it is a very interesting paper now, but I would rather read some of the pleasant stories written by Frances, June, Perla Wild, and many others I could mention.

It is very cold weather now, and the ground is covered with snow. Br. Daniel Lambert and my father have been holding a series of meetings here in Vincennes, and had a good time. From your friend,
ORACY A. LAKE.

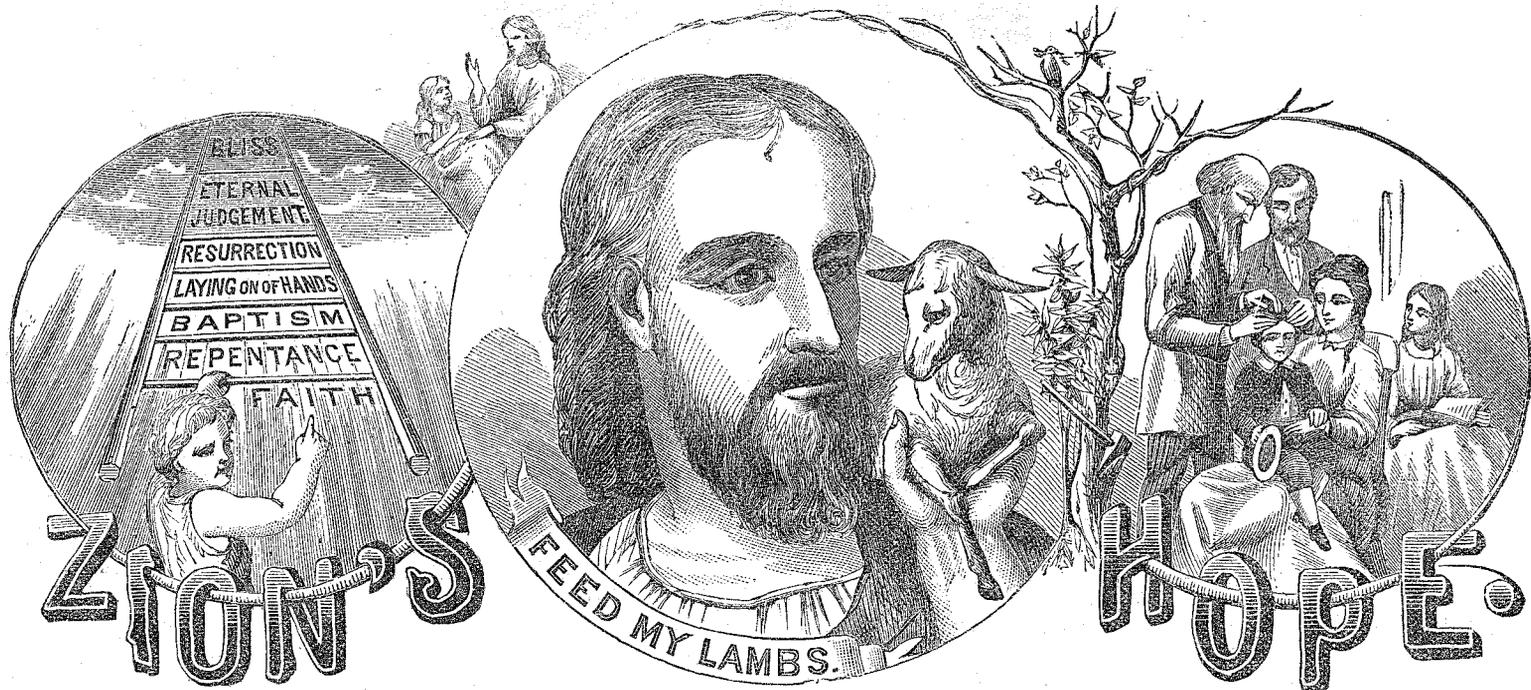
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 4.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

No. 15.

AN APOLOGY.

Ah, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us,
It woud frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

HIS was written long ago by Burns, the Scottish Bard, and if we may judge from what Uncle Joseph has told us in the 1st of December number, of the *Hope*, it is very apparent that the former contributors to that paper have not been gifted by nature to see themselves, as Joseph sees them at least; or they would not have permitted their pens to get rusty, and their minds become unproductive from want of exercise; and as one who tried formerly, however feebly to contribute my mite to the *Hope*, I feel that I owe an apology to the Editor for neglecting to do my duty in this respect, and I shall *try*, as he advises, to do better next year.

I do not expect that my efforts in this direction will make the *Hope* more attractive to its readers; but when I remember that Br. Joseph is all alone in the Editorial Department, since Uncle Mark started on his mission, I can see that a few lines occasionally from my rude pen, might fill up a small corner in the *Hope*, and would lighten the tax on his brain just that much; and if those in the church who are much better qualified than I, would begin and continue to do likewise, it would prove a great help to the Editor and a blessing to them, as it would keep the mind active and make it productive and prevent untimely rust from corroding the apparatus there; then the little Hopes who have never tried their hand before, would feel encouraged to swell the number of contributors, and thus many hands would make light work, and by bearing each others burdens, we would be fulfilling the royal law.

What say you, one and all, shall we try.

JOHN S. PATTERSON.

London Dec. 17th, 1872.

JENNIE VANDYKE: Or the Drunkard's Child.

CHAPTER I.

JUST in the outskirts of the thriving village of L—, in one of the western states, stood the neat little cottage of Mr. Vandyke, the father of the little girl of whom I wish to tell you. Nestled beneath the tall maple trees and almost hidden by vines and climbing roses, it looked indeed a fairy spot. Through the low white fence which enclosed the grounds, you could see the crocus and snow-drops

early in the spring, while later in the season this little garden was transformed into a wilderness of beautiful flowers and blooming shrubs. Jennie's mother was passionately fond of flowers, and having been married many years before Jennie was born, she had lavished much care and attention upon her favorites and indeed gave to them a share of the warm human love which filled her heart. Perhaps I should have said mother love—for as God had not given her children the love she would have felt for them was in a measure satisfied by the pleasure enjoyed in caring for and watching the unfolding beauties of His hand-work. Hours which might otherwise have been lonely to her, passed swiftly and happily away, and when any grief troubled her she was wont to go into her garden, where the clear sunshine—the gentle perfume—the bright-winged insects flitting from shrub to shrub, soothed and calmed her spirit.

But in time, God gave to her care a lovely babe, with dimpled rosy cheeks and eyes soft, deeply blue as the violets in spring. Dearer than any flower in the garden was Jennie the heart of her mother, and when first her little feet were able to toddle around the garden paths, no flower there seemed half so lovely. The child, with her golden curls blown back by the wind, and her tiny hand stretched out towards a full blown rose, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling with unusual light, was fair indeed to behold. Thus thought Mrs. Vandyke, but even while she yet held her hand and looked lovingly down upon her, a tear slowly gathered under her eye lid and fell over her cheek upon Jennie's curls. She looked away towards the village as though expecting some one, and while she gazed a wearied look of pain crept over her face, and snatching up her child she pressed her closely to her heart as if to still its troubled beatings.

Could care and trouble enter a home like this? What could be wanting to a perfect realization of earthly happiness? Far back in the morning of creation, sin entered into the lovely home which God himself had prepared for mortals to dwell in. In the train of sin followed pain and sorrow. Thus too sin had entered into the home of little Jennie and sorrow was soon to mingle in the cup from which her little lips would drink.

Mr. Vandyke was a fond father and a loving husband; but, alas, he had fallen in the way of temptation—had looked upon the wine cup when the wine was red, and often lingered long at his cups. At times his better nature would assert itself. He would feel remorse for his conduct—grief that he had brought pain to the loving heart of his wife and the flush of shame to her

cheeks. Then for days and sometimes for weeks he would refrain from drink and Jennie's mother would take fresh hope and courage, only to grieve more deeply when again her husband yielded to the tempter's power.

Three years it had now been thus. Three years her heart had been alternating between hope and fear. It was during this dark period the little Jennie had been born, and for weeks her husband had been sober, but again the night came when with uncertain footsteps he sought his chamber door and the lips he pressed upon his baby's cheek, were feverish and hot, and his breath foul with the poison which was destroying the peace of his home.

All this trouble was telling upon the delicate frame of Mrs. Vandyke, and her friends saw with alarm that she was failing day by day; and unless relief came to her burdened heart death would soon end the scene. But the husband, who should have been the first one to be warned, blinded by his own vice and folly could not see the danger and thus went heedlessly on in the way to ruin.

Jennie now became the one joy and hope of her mother's life. And as the months and years passed by, the broken hearted mother clung to her little girl as the only link binding her to life. Her love for her husband had been so great, her pride in him so strong, that when they were wounded almost unto death, all courage seemed to forsake her heart and she drooped like a beautiful flower rudely broken from its stem. Little Jennie as the years passed by began to feel that all was not right in her home. She was becoming old enough to notice her mother's tears, and sometimes when she was lying awake in her little bed she would hear her father's stumbling walk as he came home at night and wonder what it could mean; but the real truth had never dawned upon her mind that she was a, DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

If my little friends will be patient, I will tell them shortly how Jennie came to find this out and the great grief it caused her loving heart.

FRANCES.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG HOPES.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS.—I hope you will not think hard if I use plain language in this article, for I have only the good of the *Hope* in view. On receiving the *Hope* dated, October 15th, 1872, I could not help contrasting its contents, with the contents of our

same little Sunday School paper some two years ago.

Looking over some of the numbers for 1870 I notice that all the pieces are original, no select or borrowed pieces from other papers. Its pages are filled with good pieces, written by those taking an interest in the present and future progress of the spreading of the truth. One or more columns filled with the correspondence of young Hopes, from all parts of the country. Encouraging others by expressing their feelings, and telling their hopes for the future.

Reading the copy dated 15th October 1872 I see its columns filled with articles from the *Chatterbox*, and one select piece, all of which does very well. But why is it necessary for those articles to be placed in the *Hope*. Is it for want of talent among the subscribers for the *Hope*, or is it for want of courage and energy. Dear Hopes is it not the knowledge that all are taking an interest in our Sunday School and its paper, that makes it interesting to us. And if we who ought to support it neglect to do so, and compel the editor to fill its pages with the writings of others not connected with our Sunday School, will we not forfeit our share in the good it may accomplish?

I am afraid we are depending to much on Uncle Joseph, and Uncle Mark, and they have so much else to attend to that they have to depend upon us to write; and I hope they will not be disappointed in the future.

I am sure that we all like to read Uncle Mark's writings, and feel glad to know that he is taking an interest in our welfare; and I am certain he will be glad to know that the young people are trying to make his little paper as interesting as possible while he is away from home. Dear readers, let us each make an effort, and write something. Don't get discouraged and think you can't write as well as some others, do the best you can and we will soon watch eagerly for the coming of the *Hope* feeling certain we shall hear from our young friends. I am sincerely.

LOUISA.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

"Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit."

[The original MS. was seen on the walls of a Swiss Inn, and translated by an American lady.]

OLD TESTAMENT.

In GENESIS the world was made by God's creative hand;
In EXODUS the Hebrews marched to gain the promised land;
LEVITICUS contains the Law, holy, and just, and good;
NUMBERS record the tribes enrolled—all sons of Abraham's blood;
Moses, in DEUTERONOMY, recounts God's mighty deeds;
Brave JOSHUA into Canaan's land the host of Israel leads;
In JUDGES their rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite;
But RUTH records the faith of one well-pleasing in his sight;
In FIRST and SECOND SAMUEL of Jesse's son we read;
Ten tribes, in FIRST and SECOND KINGS, revolted from his seed;
In FIRST and SECOND CHRONICLES see Judah captive made;
But EZRA leads a remnant back by princely Cyrus' aid;
The city walls of Zion NEHEMIAH builds again;
While ESTHER saves her people from plots of wicked men;
In JOB we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod;
And David's PSALMS are precious songs to every child of God;
The PROVERBS like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear;
ECCLESIASTES teaches man how vain are all things here;
The mystic SONGS OF SOLOMON exalts sweet Sharon's Rose;

While Christ the Saviour and the King the "rapt ISAIAS" shows;
The warning JEREMIAH apostate Israel scorns;
His plaintive LAMENTATIONS their awful downfall mourns;
EZEKIEL tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries;
While kings and empires yet to come DANIEL in vision sees;
Of judgment and of mercy HOSEA loves to tell;
JOEL describes the blessed days when God with man shall dwell;
Among Tekoa's herdsmen AMOS received his call;
While OBADIAH prophesies of Edom's final fall;
JONAH enshrines a wondrous type of Christ, our risen Lord;
MICAH pronounces Judah lost—lost, but not again restored;
NAHUM declares on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured;
A view of Chaldea's coming doom HABAKKUK'S visions give;
Next ZEPHANIAH warns the Jews to turn, repent, and live;
HAGGAI wrote to those who saw the temple built again;
And ZECHARIAH prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign;
MALACHI was the last who touched the high prophetic chord:
Its final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.

NEW TESTAMENT.

MATTHEW, and MARK, and LUKE, and JOHN the Holy Gospels wrote,
Describing how the Saviour died, his life, and all He taught;
ACTS proves how God the Apostles owned with signs in every place;
St. Paul, in ROMANS, teaches us how man is saved by grace;
The Apostle, in CORINTHIANS, instructs, exhorts, reproves;
GALATIANS shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves,
EPIHESIANS and PHILIPPIANS tell what Christians ought to be;
COLOSSIANS bids us live to God, and for eternity;
In THESSALONIANS we are taught the Lord will come from heaven;
In TIMOTHY and TITUS a bishop's rule is given;
PHILEMON marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know;
HEBREWS reveals the Gospel prefigured by the law;
JAMES teaches without holiness faith is but vain and dead;
ST. PETER points the narrow way in which the saints are led;
JOHN, in his three EPISTLES, on love delights to dwell;
ST. JUDE gives awful warning of judgment, wrath, and hell;
The REVELATION prophesies of that tremendous day.
When Christ, and Christ alone, shall be the trembling sinner's stay.

Christian at Work.

A BROKEN PLATE.

"GRANDMAMMA," said little Mary in a piteous tone, "Harry has broken your grand picture plate."

"Oh, Harry, Harry, is that so. Ah child, you little think how many thoughts are brought to mind through that little accident."

"There, little one, don't cry, for that would be useless now it is broken; but bring up your chairs, and sit down by grandmother, while she gives the little Hopes a history of the broken plate."

"Why, children, what now! Your tone is changed; instead of crying as before, you are all beginning to laugh at the idea of a plate having a history connected with it; but I can assure the little Hopes, that some plates present a better account for usefulness than many who use them; especially a plate like the one broken, which has been a useful article in the family for more than half a century. Surely such a plate would have a history connected with it, that would both edify and amuse the little Hopes."

"Besides that, where is there a grandfather or grandmother living, that cannot look back with pleasure to the time when their little busy fingers traced after those men upon the bridge, and tried

in vain to catch the birds seemingly flying around the willow trees which appeared to grow on the margin of a running brook, while continually asking the names of those queer looking buildings represented on their plates. You must remember that that plate was called by the pretty rural name, 'The willow pattern.'

"Who gave it that name we are not informed, but presume it was the designer of the pattern; as the name represents the idea he wished to convey. The plate itself was made out of sand, flint and clay, in a district of country called, 'The Staffordshire Potteries,' England; but of that we will give an account hereafter."

"We presume that the potter who made the plate out of clay, has, ere this, been laid in a bed of clay to take his rest until the sound of Gabriel's trump shall awaken him to life again."

"Bear in mind, little Hopes, although you are now young in years, yet all men must die, for man is mortal. 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' And we should remember, also, that all men, when they are called to die, if they leave a good and honest report of righteous deeds done in this life, then they will assuredly rise again from the dead, to enjoy eternal happiness in the world to come."

"Were it possible for this plate to speak, it could then unfold a web of curious circumstances pertaining to by-gone days. Ah, methinks we see the little ones smile at the idea of a plate speaking; perhaps it would be better for the reader to call to mind what their plates could say should they be allowed to speak. Why, Mary darling, don't begin to cry, but be a better girl at table for the future, then your plate will remain mute."

"It is well for the little ones to learn, although their plates do not speak, yet God seeth all their ways, and loveth to hear the infant lisp a prayer, when sitting down to eat, to ask his blessing for the food so nicely spread upon their plates; instead of pouting and asking for rich, unwholesome food, themselves unblest by prayers, and thereby liable to perish in their youth; but as I said, 'If this plate could only speak,' then what a history of the olden times it could unfold."

"What is that you are saying, Mary?"

"Your teacher says that in the olden times people used to use pewter plates and wooden trenchers. In that your teacher is correct, my dear; but you must know that that was before this plate, now broken, came into use. During the time the people used wooden trenchers, pewter plates were introduced, and during the period in which pewter plates were used, earthenware came into vogue, and that brings us down to the time when the broken plate first came into use; which happened in the last days of our grandparents, although not used by them."

"The breaking of that particular plate calls up events long since passed from memory; but now recalled by that little accident, as it carries the mind back into the days of childhood, and if the little Hopes will let me, I will take them with me back into those days when pewter plates were used."

"I will, for their amusement, narrate how they first appeared in the imagination of a little girl in those days who was visiting her grandparents; although at that time she was young, and it was the first time she had seen any of that kind of plates; and when she saw them she conceived the idea that they were all silver, because they were bright and shining like silver money; not that she understood the worth of silver money, only that a very small piece of it would buy something nice for a little boy or girl to eat; and of course she thought her grandpapa could buy all he wanted with so much silver."

When speaking of him, I should have said grandfather, for that was the endearing name made use of in those days. Children were then taught to call their parents by those affectionate names so full of meaning, father and mother, and they held a sacred influence around the family hearth.

"Children did not then make use of those un-filial terms, ma, pa, as they so often do nowadays to show the relation existing between parent and child.

"But changes take place, and like the pewter plates, good manners have been superseded by those which are easily broken up and destroyed.

"But we must return to the little girl, who by this time had become quite restless while sitting in her grandparent's parlor. Hearing the merry voices of servants in the kitchen, she wished to be there; and her kind grandparents seeing her restlessness, permitted her to go there; for as a general thing the little girls like that department better than the older ones. As soon as she entered the kitchen her little throbbing heart beat wild with joy, as she gazed upon a bright row of pewter plates standing edgewise on the shelves running across the kitchen wall, above the dresser; which dresser might to-day, be taken for a counter out of a dry goods store, it having drawers in like the counter, to hold the table linen, towels and other things for family use. The dresser had no attraction for the eye of the little girl. It was the plates on the shelf so bright and so white that attracted her attention; and in her child-like simplicity, she thought everything could be bought with so much silver.

"On one of the lower shelves were set a row of larger plates, they being about the size of the top of a stand table, kept for the purpose of holding the large rounds of stuffed beef, and other roasts when needed, also to hold the big plum pudding which was always made on such occasions in order to give the children and grandchildren a regular feast, when they gathered together for the purpose of celebrating the Christmas and New Year's holidays.

In front of the plates stood a row of pewter tankards, which were used in those days instead of what we now call pitchers; also horn cups to drink out of, instead of glass. At that time horn cups were made quite thin, and transparent like unto glass. One shelf contained a row of these, once indispensable articles, called wooden trenchers, and they were kept as clean and white as it was possible to keep wooden ware; and they were kept for the servants to eat off, as some people in our day keep china for their own use, but plain earthenware for their help. E. E.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NAUGHTY HAND.

"FATHER," said Lucy, coming to him with a stick in her hand, "father, will you whip my hand? It is a naughty, wicked hand, and deserves a whipping." "What has this small fat hand done?" asked father, taking the stick; "it does not look wicked."

"It is," said Lucy, in a very positive tone. "It is a stealing hand. Whip it, father." He gave it a little stroke. "Whip it harder, father; whip it harder," said Lucy; "it must hurt."

Father did as Lucy told, and it did hurt. She covered her eyes, but held her hand bravely out to receive the blows.

"That is enough, I think," he said.

The child drew it away, and looked into the red open palm. "Are you very sorry?" she asked in a little sorry tone, "and will you never, never do such a mean thing again?"

"I sorry, so sorry," squeaked a small make-believe voice, just as if it was the poor little hand speaking. "I never will do so again—no, never!"

"That's right," said Lucy, "because sorry is not enough; you must mean to do right next time."

"And I think it will," she said, looking up to her father's face. "I think that poor hand will never steal again, never, never!"

"I hope not," cried father; "but what did it steal?"

"Oh, I must not tell," said the little girl, "be-

cause you know the Bible says we must not let our left hand know what our right hand does, and it would help."

"Very well," said father; "we do not want bad stories or bad examples to go any farther than we can help."

Then Lucy skipped away. And what the little hands next got into I cannot tell, only I do know that little hands do not get into mischief of themselves; there is a little head and a little heart that go with them. Is not that so? — *Child's Paper.*

READER, HOW READEST THOU?

'Tis one thing now to read the Bible through,
And another thing to read, to learn and do.
'Tis one thing now to read it with delight,
And quite another thing to read it right.

Some read it with design to learn to read,
But to the subject pay but little heed.
Some read it as their duty, once a week,
But no instruction from the Bible seek.

Whilst others read it with but little care,
With no regard how they read, nor where.
Some read it as a history, to know
How people lived Three Thousand Years ago.

Some read to bring themselves into repute,
By showing others how they can dispute.
Whilst others read because their neighbors do,
To see how long 'twill take to read it through.

Some read it for the wonders that are there,
How Samson killed a Lion, and David kill'd a bear.
Whilst others read, or rather in it look,
Because, perhaps they have no other Book.

Some read the blessed Book, they don't know why,
It somehow happens in the way to lie.
Whilst others read it with uncommon care,
But all to find some contradiction there.

Some read as tho' it did not speak to them,
But to the people at Jerusalem.
One reads it as a book of mysteries,
And won't believe the things that there he sees.

One reads with Father's spec's upon his head,
And sees the thing just as his Father said.
Another reads through Wesley, or through Scott,
And thinks it means exactly what they thought.

Whilst others read the book through H. Ballou,
And if it cross his track, it can't be true.
Some read to prove a pre-adopted creed,
Thus understand but little what they read.

For every passage in the book they bend,
To make it suit their all-important end.
Some people read, as I have often thought,
To teach the book, instead of being taught.

Some there are who read it out of spite,
I fear there are but few who read it right.
So many people in these latter days,
Have read the bible in so many ways,
That few can tell which system is the best,
For every party contradicts the rest.

AMY PALMERTON.

GOLDEN WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

"IT is safer for me to abstain," said Governor Buckingham, "than to drink. If I should indulge in drink, I am afraid I should not stop at the line which many call temperance, but should become a slave to the habit, and with others of stronger nerve and firmer purposes go down to a drunkard's grave. If I indulge I am not safe. If I abstain my child will not be cursed with a drunk- en father. We talk of the purity and dignity of human nature, and of relying upon our self-respect for security but there is no degradation so low that man will not sink into, and no crime

so dreadful that he will not commit when he is drunk. There is nothing so base, so impure, so mean, so dishonest, so corrupt, that a man will not do when under the law of appetite. Safety is to be found in not yielding ourselves to that law. But if it could be proven conclusively to my own mind that I could drink and never be injured, yet with my views on the subject it would be my duty to abstain. I could not be certain but others seeing me drink, might be influenced to drink also, and being unable to stop, pass on in the path of the drunkard. My example would in that case be evil. But, I ask, am I my brother's keeper? Yes, I am responsible for my influence, and lest it shall be evil, I am under a high moral and religious obligation to deny myself that which may not injure me, but will injure him. If I neither taste, nor handle, nor countenance, then my example will not lead others to become drunkards." — *Arthur's Home Magazine.*

CAPTAIN SNARLEY.

HIS right name is Wilfred Henry Alton. But he does not get called by it very often. When he is good, and pleasant, and sweet, his mamma and grandma called him Birdie or Sunbeam. But when he is naughty he is called Captain Snarley. And his name suits him very well at such times.

One morning he came down stairs looking like Captain Snarley. Just as soon as his mamma looked at him she knew it was Captain Snarley. But she smiled and said, "Good morning, dear, how do you do this bright day?"

Wilfred put his finger in his mouth. "I dess I've got a headache," he said.

"Have you? I'm very sorry," said mamma.

"Where does it ache?"

"Way round de back of it," snarled the Cap- tain.

"I guess you slept too long," said his mother. "You will feel better when you are washed and dressed and have your hair combed."

So she brought his striped stockings and the little slippers with rosettes, and a new plaid frock, which she had finished only yesterday. But, oh how he snarled and fussed all the time she was dressing him.

And when she was curling his hair he cried out loud enough to be heard in the next house, and the lady there said, "I guess Mrs. Alton has got Captain Snarly over to her house."

When his mother had made him look nice and neat, she said, "Now come and have your break- fast."

But the naughty little boy growled, "I don't fink I tan eat anything 'cept a piece of mince- pie."

"I have not any mince-pie in the house," said his mother, "and you know I never let you eat it for breakfast. Here is some nice bread and milk in your little china bowl, and the cookies grandma sent you."

"If I tan't have some mince-pie I tan't eat anything," said Captain Snarley.

"Very well," said mamma. So she put the things away, and sat down to her sewing.

Wilfred pulled his little rocking-chair near the fire, and sat a long time scowling at the stove. Presently he began to kick with his foot. He knew his mother disliked the noise, but he did not care. She did not ask him to stop, and, after awhile, he was tired of it himself.

He was very unhappy, and he began to be a little ashamed of himself. Besides, he was getting hungry. He wished his mother would speak to him, but she didn't. She was sewing on a little coat, and singing softly to herself.

Wilfred knew the little coat was for him. Usually he liked to hear his mother sing, but now he wished she would not look so happy when he was so miserable. The more he thought about it the worse he felt. He began to cry softly, but his mother took no notice.

Pretty soon he said: "Oh, dear! I wish I could have the nosebleed or somefin, so somebody'd care."

"People don't care much for Captain Snarley anyway," said his mother. I should like to hurt him myself, so he would stay away, and let me keep my little boy all the time."

"Should you prick his nose with your needle?" asked Wilfred.

"Yes, or I could whip him." I think it would be better to whip him."

Wilfred thought it over. He and Captain Snarley had a little fight all by themselves by the stove. In a little while his mother felt two soft arms around her neck, and two sweet kisses on her cheek.

"Why, here's my little rosebud again," said she, looking down at the bright little face close to her own.

"Captain Snarley's gone," said Wilfred, "and he isn't ever'n ever coming back again."

"I hope not," said his mother.

Then Wilfred had his breakfast, and he was so hungry he never once thought of the mince-pie.

Afterward he sat down at his mother's feet, and she talked to him a long time about his naughty temper. Wilfred promised to try hard to be a good boy, and he is keeping his word.

The last time I saw his mother she said she hadn't seen Captain Snarley for so long a time that she had almost forgotten him.—*New York Argus.*

JEHONADAB.

My Dear Little Hopes:—Having a desire to have a little chat with you, I will tell you about a man by the name of Jehonadab, or Jonadab, who lived in western Asia about two thousand seven hundred years ago. He appeared to have been a very honorable man, for he was permitted to ride with the king of the nation in which he lived when the king, whose name was Jehu, made his entrance into the Capitol.

Jonadab, who was also a righteous man, had a great many chats with his children, some of which no doubt were held in the tent where he lived, for it appears that he did not have a warm house to live in as some of you have; but he had that which was far more precious than houses, or gold; he had an obedient family of children; so you will see that he was rich after all.

Let me ask you, is your father as rich as Jonadab? Does he possess kind and loving children, who obey all his wishes; not because they have to; but because they love to do so? If he does, you need not blush, although you are poor in houses and gold.

Among the many things which this man Jonadab told his children were some particular commands, as you will find recorded in the Book of Jeremiah. I will not tell you the chapter, but let you find it yourselves. One of these commands was, "Ye shall drink no wine; neither ye, nor your children forever."

On a certain occasion Jeremiah took the children of Jonadab into the Temple and set wine before them, asking them to drink; but they refused, saying that their father had commanded them not to drink wine. Then the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah and he spoke to them, saying, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab, your father, and kept all his precepts, and done according to all that he hath commanded you. Therefore, thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me forever." Thus you see the great blessings that God bestows on them that love him and keep his commandments.

We are also taught, in this chapter that if our parents give us a command we must obey it. It will not do to disobey, because some one says so; not even if he is a prophet of God. Learn then, little Hopes, that if you would be true to your

God, you must obey all his commands. You may be tempted, as these children were; although men who hold as high offices in the church as Jeremiah did, should ask you to drink wine, or other strong drink, do not touch it, but obey the commands of your God and your parents that you may live long and be useful to yourself and others. Remember that from little springs great rivers are formed. If you travel up any of the large rivers that you have seen you will discover that they begin in little springs; so also many men who have led bad and wicked lives; who have plundered, robbed and slain their fellow man for gain; who have ended their lives in prisons, in asylums and on the gallows, can trace back their lives of misery to the times when pure and innocent they first yielded to the tempting cup. In the language of the wise man I would say, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." A. B.

BE KIND.

Sent by Uncle John in a letter to his little Niece in the old country.

Little Emma, are you now

Kind to mother? Bless her,

Do you sooth her aching brow.

To your heart caress her?

Do you help her, here and there

Round and in her dwelling;

Do you hand her easy chair,

Now her strength is failing?

Do you clean the pans, and wash

Up the cups and dishes;

Do you in a moment dash

At her call and wishes?

Do you in the morning rise,

Light the sparkling fire;

Dust the things—cobwebs and flies—

Sweeping out the mire.

Breakfast ready clean and nice,

Calling mother to it;

Bread and butter sweetly sliced,

Tell me, do you do it?

Do you wash—each garment mend,—

Darn each stocking neatly;

To the shop your footsteps bend;

Home, to keep it sweetly.

She was kind to you, my child,

When you lost your mother,

First you cried—and then you smiled,

When you found another.

Now her locks are white as snow;

Now her limbs are weary;

Will you help my mother now;

Tell me, will you, deary?

O, remember this my love,

Soon she'll go and leave you

To your mother dear, above;—

For a time t'will grieve you.

But the Lord will help you, in

This and every trouble;

If you will in youth begin,

For His grace to struggle.

Tell me, will you then be kind.—

Dont say, no, O, never.

Will you ease her care-worn mind?

O, be kind to mother!

JOHN D. JONES.

THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE NEVER PRAYED.

THE Rev. Mr. Kilpin passed a very profane man, and having omitted to rebuke him, he awaited him in the morning in the same place. When he approached, Mr. Kilpin said:

"Good morning, my friend, you are the man I have been waiting for."

"O, sir," said the man, "you are mistaken, I think."

"I do not know you; but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you."

"Sir, you are mistaken; it could not have been me; I never saw you in my life before, that I know of."

"Well, my friend," said Mr. Kilpin, "I heard you pray last night."

"Now I assure you that you are mistaken; I never prayed in all my life."

"O!" said Mr. Kilpin, "If God had answered your prayer last night, you had not been seen here this morning. I heard you pray that God would destroy your eyes, and ruin your soul."

The man turned pale, and trembling said:

"Do you call that prayer? I did, I did."

"Well, then my errand this morning is to request you from this day to pray as fervently for your salvation as you have done for damnation; and may God in mercy hear your prayer!"

The man from that time became an attendant on Mr. Kilpin's ministry, and it ended in early conversion to God.

Correspondence.

VINCENNES, IOWA, January 14, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I like to read the correspondence in the *Hope*. I am now ten years old, and was baptized one year ago last June, by Br. Joseph Snively. I will tell you how I got the money to take the *Hope*, my father gave me fifty cents because I helped my mother to make soap. Yours truly,

MAMIE LAKE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.,

Dear Uncle Joseph:—This is the first letter I have written to you. I am very glad to tell you that I am in the church now. I was baptized by Elder Roberts. I like the little *Hope* very much. It has such nice stories in, and tells all the little girls what to do. I want to send fifty cents to you to help print it so that all the little girls and boys can have it to read. I will write you another letter some time.

SARAH E. A. ANDREWS.

CANTON, Ill. January 14th, 1873.

Uncle Joseph:—Dear Editor of the *Hope*. I have often thought of writing to the *Hope* for I think it is a very nice little paper, and I do enjoy very much to read the letters of my little friends in the *Hope*. I am not in the church but I want to be. I am ten years old and I think I am old enough to be in the church. We have no branch here in Canton, so I can not go to Sunday school. I have tried to get subscribers for the *Hope* but have only got one.

DAVID J. WILLIAMS.

KEWANEE, Illinois, Jan. 12, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—It is the first time I ever undertook to write to the *Hope*. I am only eight years old. I am not baptized yet, but I want to be. I am lonesome without pa. Almost all of the children know papa.

I love to read the *Zion's Hope* and the letters which the children write. I hope all the little readers read *Zion's Hope*. I hope dear papa will return to us again. I am just beginning to write, so you know I cannot write very good. I hope some day I shall see papa home again safe. I will try to write to the *Hope* again sometime. We have a good Sunday School here.

I will tell the children that my pa has gone to England, so perhaps they will know who he is. If they don't, I will tell you. It is Uncle Mark, as they call him.

RUBY C. FORSCUTT.

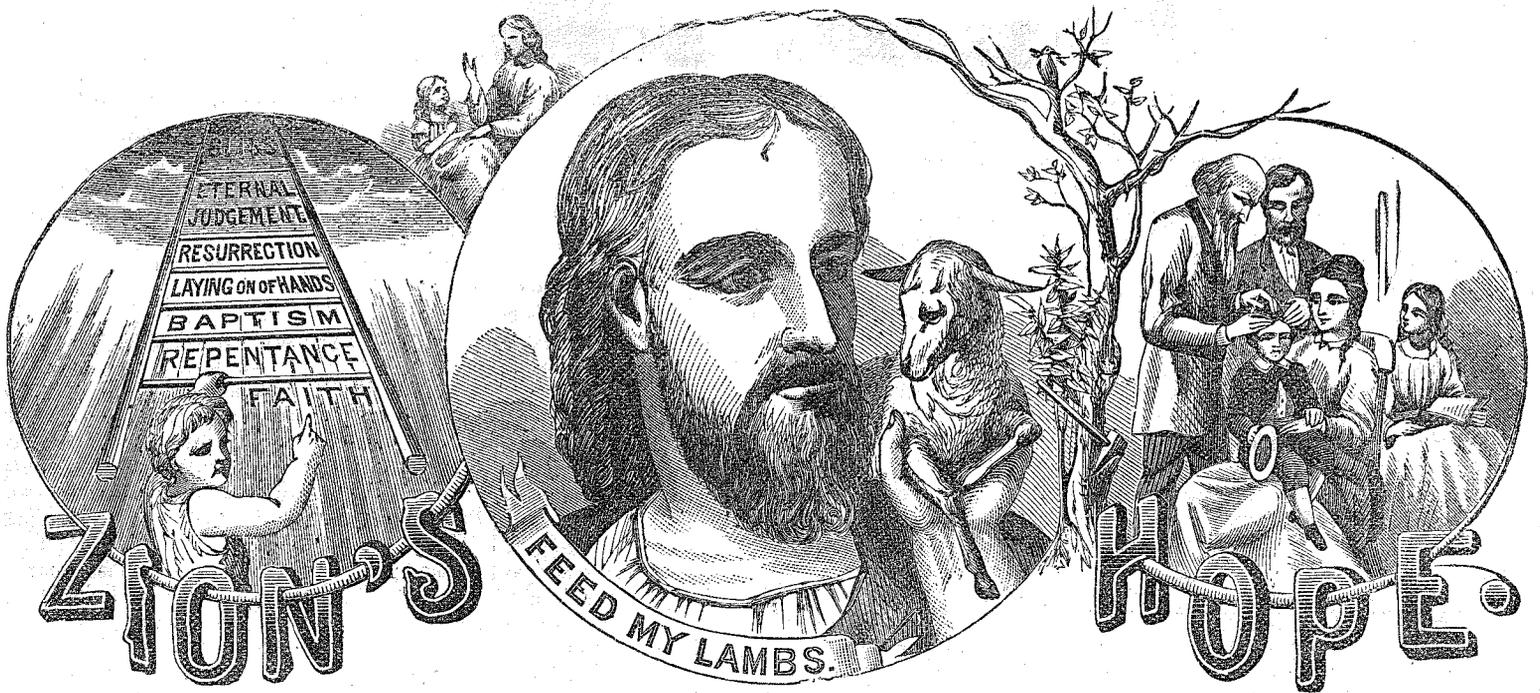
Roll of Honor.

Previously Credited	\$153 25	Janet Black	\$1 00
John G. Gillespie, Jr.	50	Nancy M. Ballantyne	25
Anna Simpson	1 00	Netta Mee	1 16
Benjamin Griffin	50	Wm. W. Reese	2 00
M. E. Kyte	1 00	Martha C. Kondall	25
Geo. Worstenholm	3 00	B. F. Raymond, Junior	50
Mary O. Raymond	50	Emma Hart	1 00
Sarah Andrews	50	Mary Andrews	50
Noah Hart	1 00	Two daughters of Sr. J. Gault	50

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

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No. 16.

A SUCCESSFUL APPEAL.

The general appearance of the HOPE, filled with selections from *Chatterbox*, and the *Young Folks' Rural*; together with our strong appeal has been answered to by a number of our old correspondents and contributors; the result is an increasing amount of original matter for the HOPE. We are in hopes that there will not again be such a relapse into indifference as there was a few months ago.

Uncle Mark writes from England that he would gladly write something for the HOPE; but his time is so constantly engaged, in other affairs connected with the ministry and his mission that he cannot. He sends a kind greeting to those readers of the HOPE who remember Uncle Mark.

The subscription list of the HOPE is slowly increasing; may it continue to so increase is our wish.

We send an uncle's good wishes to all the readers of the HOPE.

We now ask the little letter writers who send up their letters to the HOPE, to stop and think when they sit down to write, if they have ever read in any of the letters printed in the HOPE anything like this: "I like the HOPE very much. I think it is a very good little paper. I hope all the readers of the little HOPE will pray for me."

If they have ever written anything like it themselves for the HOPE, or have read anything like it in the HOPE; let them tell us something more about their homes and any interesting thing connected with their living there; how the country looks; whether there are any streams, rivers, lakes; any forests, woods pastures meadows; whether there are fish in the streams, and whether the Hopes catch them; and any other like circumstances that will be interesting.

"WHAT?" asks Dr. Owen, "shall we daily come to Christ with our filth,—our sin? Shall we be always giving sins, and taking righteousness?" Yes; for the very essence of Christianity is,—man, the sinner, getting all the good; and Jesus, the Saviour, getting all the glory.

I TAKE IT.

I take it hot, it fires my veins,
I take it cold, when Summer reigns;
I take it new, just from the press,
I take it old, at meal or mess;
I take it mixed with lemonade,
I take it when I'm at my trade;
I take it when they call it sling,
I take it mixed with anything;
I take it on the public way,
I take it night, midnight and day;
I take it when I'm soaked with rain,
I take it when I'm dry again;
I take it when I'm half asleep,
I take it when I shear my sheep;
I take it when I cure my hay,
I take it every harvest-day;
I take it when I rake or hoe,
I take it when I plow or sow;
I take it when I save my crop,
I take it when my wood I chop;
I take it sour, I take it sweet,
I take it every time I eat:
I take it strong, I take it weak,
I take it when I sing or speak;
I take it from behind the hedge,
But now I think I'll take the pledge!

JENNIE AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

DEAR Hopes:—Having a few leisure moments this evening, and desiring to do all I can to help sustain the *Hope*, I thought I'd try what I could do in the way of helping to furnish it with original, but true stories for the little Hopes to read. I have been sorry to see so much of the reading matter in our *Hope* taken from other papers. I think it is too bad if we cannot furnish our own composition for so small a paper as the *Hope*.

I have a nice little story in view, which I think might not prove uninteresting to the little Hopes; and the best of it all is, that it is strictly true. Now listen little ones, one and all, while I tell you about little Jennie and her grandma, and think, if you could do as did Jennie.

In a certain town in Iowa there lived a brother and family by the name of R—. This family consisted of brother and sister R—, and five little ones, the eldest a girl named Jennie, who at the time of which we speak was not quite eight years old; and an aged grandmother, the father's mother, who was very much opposed to the doctrine which her son and his wife had embraced, and which was in their minds the truth, and was

of course the doctrine of the Latter Day Saints.

They were a happy family indeed; but alas, a shadow fell upon the whole household. Dear little Lizzie sickened and died. O, what a dark shadow it must have been. Their only consolation was this, they knew the Lord who doeth all things well, had taken her from the evil to come, and her salvation was sure; that he had placed her in a home of eternal joy and bliss.

This trial was indeed hard for the parents and grandma too, and in one short year another one, the baby, even their sweet little Minnie was called from a world of pain and death to a heavenly home. This was another sad trial for our friends, grandma with the rest, for she dearly loved her little grandchildren. A short time after the death of baby Minnie, the family removed from Iowa to a city in Illinois where they still reside.

Grandma being quite old began to fail rapidly, and finally concluded that she was not long for this world, which seemed to worry her to a considerable extent. One day after she had been speaking of dying and seeming to dread death, her daughter-in-law said to her, "Why, grandma, you have always been a good woman, you are not afraid to die, are you?" "O," says grandma, "I don't know, I'm afraid I'm not prepared to die."

No more was said at that time, but a few days after, grandma again spoke of dying, seeming to feel assured that death was coming nearer and nearer to her. This time she was speaking to Jennie, who quickly answered, saying, "Well, grandma, if you should die, do you know that you could not go to the Paradise where Lizzie and Minnie are?" "Why not, dear," said grandma.

"Because," said the child, "you have not been baptized, and we must all be baptized before we can go to God's Paradise where they are."

This seemed to set the old lady to thinking, and the more she thought about it, the more she thought she was not in the true church of God. She never tired of talking to the child, who in return talked to her grandmother like a little preacher, telling her how she must be baptized for the remission of her sins before she could ever meet the dear little ones gone before.

Sister R— hearing the child say so much about it, one day asked her what baptism was for. The child readily answered, "It is to take away our sins," which answer satisfied her mother that the little Jennie understood what she was talking about when she told her grandma she must repent and be baptized, if she wished to meet the little ones in Paradise.

"One day grandma asked Brother R—if there were any of the people in their city who

baptized into the church to which he belonged. He told her there were none, (the nearest branch being twenty miles distant.) She said no more at that time, but a few days after, her daughter-in-law said to her, "Grandma, what made you feel so badly when husband and I went up to P——, last Saturday?" "Because," said grandma, "I wanted you to take me with you and you did not do it."

Said Sister R——, "What in the world did you want to go for? You do not believe our doctrine, and you know we went there especially to attend our own kind of meeting, that being our nearest branch."

"I wanted to go there with you, and be baptized; so that I may be happy by doing as God commands, then when I die I shall rest in peace," said grandma.

"Grandma, do you really mean what you say? Do you really wish to be baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ so you may be saved in the celestial kingdom?"

"Indeed I do," said grandma.

When Brother R—— came in from the shop, his wife told him what conversation had passed between herself and his mother, and he said they would go to P—— to meeting again in a couple of weeks and would take his mother with them, and then she could be baptized. But something seemed to tell Sister R—— they must not wait so long, and she told her husband so; but he did not realize that there was any hurry. The branch being so far away, and railroad expenses so high, he felt as though he could not attend the meetings so frequently as he would like. Still Sister R—— was not satisfied, and from time to time spoke her feelings, until at last Brother R—— concluded it would be better not to wait so long, for he desired his old mother's salvation above all worldly things, and was willing to make almost any sacrifice in order that she might gain eternal salvation. So they settled upon next Saturday to take her out to the branch with them and have her baptized.

Jennie had at this time just passed her eighth birthday, and she told her mother she too wanted to be baptized; "For," said she, "I'm now out of the Kingdom, and I do not want to live out of the Kingdom." Her mother took her aside and questioned her closely, and being convinced that the child fully understood the first principles of the gospel, told her she might go and be baptized when grandma went, if she was sure she could always be a good girl, and never, never do, or say anything that would bring reproach on the church; for if she did, it would be worse for her. Jennie said she'd try ever so hard to be good, and that she did not want to live out of the Kingdom.

Her father and mother consented for her to be baptized, and accordingly the next Saturday afternoon they took the train which soon bore them out to the quiet little town of P——, where there is a good little branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; and on Sunday after preaching, the saints repaired to the creek, and first, little Jennie was led into the clear water and baptized, and I can truly say she went in like a little soldier; no grown person could have been more calm and composed than was little Jennie. Then came the aged and tottering grandma, just think of it, seventy-four years old. What a contrast between the two; one seventy-four years, the other eight years old. A sister, who was present, remarked to me that it was the most solemn sight she ever saw, one so aged, and one so young, and both born into the Kingdom at the same time and place. There was a confirmation meeting held that afternoon and all seemed to enjoy a goodly measure of the Spirit.

On Monday morning Brother R—— and family left P—— and returned to their home in the city; and before two weeks had passed away, the presiding elder at P—— received a letter from Brother R——, saying that his mother was very ill, in fact, was very *low*, and requesting him to go and visit her and administer the sacra-

ment to her as she had never had an opportunity of taking the sacrament with the saints. Whereupon the elder immediately answered to the call; went, and administered the sacrament to the dying saint, for which she was very grateful indeed.

While he and others were singing some favorite hymns, one of which was the one hundred and eight-third, she raised her thin hands towards heaven, saying, "O that singing wafts my soul to glory."

On being asked where she would like to be buried, she said, "O, at P——, where the good folks are, (meaning the saints.) She said she did not want to be buried in that cold lonesome city.

When the time came that she must depart this life, she was perfectly at peace; her son was standing by her bedside and she asked him where J—— was, meaning his wife. Sister arose and stood beside him, when grandma looking at them both, murmured, "Thank God," and in a few minutes passed away in perfect tranquility without so much as moving a finger. Not one struggle but gently fell asleep, to rest, till the morning of the first resurrection. And just exactly three weeks from the day she left P—— after being baptized, she was brought there again, but this time a corpse.

The next day there was a funeral discourse spoken, and the remains of the dear old saint was laid to rest in the quiet village graveyard, there to rest from her work until the trump calls her forth in the first resurrection to reign on the earth a thousand blessed years.

How happy little Jennie must feel when she thinks her dear old grandma is saved, and how hard she tried to help save her.

Now, little Hopes, how many of you could do for your grandmas or other friends as Jennie has done. I must close now, but sometime, if you are good children, I may tell you Jennie's dream, which I can assure you was a very nice one, and full of meaning too. DAISY DELL.

YOUR ACCOUNTS.

"WHAT makes you so dull to-night, Harry?" said one clerk to another.

"I'm so bothered about my accounts. I can't get them right. I have been to a great many places to-day, collecting; and I have not as much money as I ought to have."

"Oh! never mind. Don't think about that now. What's the use of worrying over it any more? Put it by till to-morrow."

"It's all very fine to say that; but I can't put it by. I have got to give in my book to the book-keeper the first thing in the morning. How can a fellow help thinking about it when his accounts are not right?"

Are your accounts all right, reader? Are you ready to meet your Master? He never forgets anything; and he may call on you to give in your account before you expect it.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

CHILDREN, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by the gentle hand. Make much of it, while you have the most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender, untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon

me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss at night! Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old church-yard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me, as I visit the spot long since hallowed by the memory of my mother.

"CHRIST'S HUMILITY."

CHRIST did much work for God in a very silent manner; he labored dilligently; but did not spoil his work by vain ostentations. When he had expressed his charity in acts of mercy; and bounty to men, he would humbly seal up the glory of it with this charge. "See that ye tell no man."—Matt. 7: 4. He affected no popular airs. O, imitate your pattern: work hard for God; and let not pride blow upon it when you have done. It is difficult for a man to do much, and not value himself too much for it.

AN OLD MAN'S SAYINGS.

WHEN I was a young lad, perhaps about twelve years, I heard a good old Deacon say. "I make it a rule of my life to go to no place, unless by so doing I can either do some good or get some good." Young as I was, the remark made an impression upon my mind that I never forgot. I have practiced upon that principle for more than three-fourths of a century, and can now say it has kept me from going to many places, and saved me many dollars.

CAREFUL attention to the sentiments contained in three words will do much to aid us to the discharge of the duties of life. The words are, Honesty, Industry and Economy. Like attention to the sentiments contained in two words is needful to fit us for a future state. The words are, Repentance and Faith. Repentance implies sorrow for sin; Faith implies trust in Christ for pardon.

AVOID the use of all profane and other improper words. They indicate a poor education, the lack of good manners and a disrespect for those with whom we associate. Avoid also the use of tobacco in all its forms. It is a poisonous filthy weed, does no good, and induces habits of intemperance.

NEVER speak of the faults of persons not present. Slander, like chickens, is usually fond of going home to roost.

I DOUBT not but you try to find a little season each day for reading the Bible, with meditation and prayers. Such seasons will do you good.

WM. SLOCUMB.

Written Nov. 1872, then near the close of his ninetieth year.

WATCH AND PRAY.

DEAR readers of the *Hope*:—As I am seated alone at my fireside, part of my family being absent and the little ones asleep, I thought it a good time to write a few lines, hoping that they will interest you.

There is not a Latter Day Saint living nearer than forty miles of me, and I have not seen one for over two years; and as I am living in a country among people of all classes, denominations and wickedness, and failing so far of making any impression on any minds in favor of truth, I want to do some good in my Master's cause, if it is no more than telling you, dear ones, how the Lord blesses me in my loneliness. My heart is filled with rejoicing for his mercy to me. I never get cast down but the Lord raises me up. None of my family ever get sick but the Lord makes us well again. I never receive the scoffs of the world or the sneers of professed christians but what the grace of God is sufficient to help in time of need. And I am often led by his Spirit to exclaim, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God. How un-

searchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out."

I entreat you to be faithful in keeping the commands of God, if you wish him to hear and answer your prayers. And, dear ones, do not neglect your secret closet. It is there we can go with all our trials, troubles, pains and sorrows, and God who hears in secret has promised to reward us openly. There cannot be such a thing as a true christian that does not pray in secret.

Now little Hopes, try always to watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation, and it requires constant watching, for,

Satan with malicious heart,
Watches each unguarded heart.

And while we pray, let us pray for one another, that we may be a pure people in the sight of our heavenly Master. Let us chasten the flesh, rule the spirit, and bring our bodies in subjection to the will of Christ. Your sister,

M. H. CHRISTY

Gold Field, Wright Co., Iowa,
Jan. 11, 1873.

JENNIE VANDYKE: Or the Drunkard's Child.

CHAPTER. II.

ALL the good people of the villiage of L— were preparing for a holiday which was to be enjoyed alike by old and young. There was no school that day, but Jennie's teacher had requested a number of her pupils to meet her at the school-house to practice for the last time upon some songs they were going to sing in the grove. Jennie was now eight years old and a sweet gentle child who won the hearts of all who knew her. This morning her mother had dressed her with unusual care and her pure white dress was looped up here and there by clusters of tiny pink and white blossoms, while in her golden curls and upon her breast she wore a crimson rose with leaves of glossy green. She was animated and happy and she kept warbling the songs she was to sing at the grove in her clear bird-like voice, while her mother finished the preparations she was making.

Strange enough there was one song little Jennie was to sing that day, which her mother had not heard. It was not from any design upon the part of the child. The teacher had selected it for Jennie because it suited her voice so well and at first she had not thought of any reason why Jennie should not be the one to sing it, and if she thought of this afterwards she did not.

At an early hour the road to the grove was thronged with vehicles of various kinds all filled with well dressed people, whose happy faces and merry chatter plainly showed that they had given up the day to enjoyment and freedom from care. There were various exercises and games, after which came a dinner beneath the trees. People then wandered around at their pleasure until the middle of the afternoon when they once more gathered around the platform to listen to the singing of the children. Many beautiful songs were sung and the children were highly applauded; but now they waited silently for a few moments not leaving the stage but retiring to the back part and giving place to Jennie who came modestly forward to the front of the platform and waited a moment as if to gather courage for her part. She was greeted with applause and when this had ceased she sang in her sweet, clear voice.

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you was coming right home from your shop,
As soon as your day's work was done;
The fire has gone out; the house is all cold;
And mother's been waiting since tea,
With poor brother Bennie, so sick, in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.
Come home! come home! come home!
Please father, dear father, come home."

Then the children all sang together.

"Listen to the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night winds repeat as they roam;
Oh! who could resist this most plaintive of prayers,
Please father, dear father, come home.

There was a breathless silence while Jennie sang her part, many an anxious glance was stolen towards the pale face of Mrs. Vandyke when the first verse was finished, but only that it was a shade paler than usual while her eyes drooped no one could tell of the agony she was suffering. It seemed to her that her innocent child had been chosen to publish her father's disgrace to the world; and for a moment she felt her heart throb with anger towards the teacher who had done it. It was only for a moment however, for her heart told her there could not have been any design in it; and when she heard the involuntary sobs which came even from strong men as Jennie finished the last verse of the song, she dared not raise her eyes lest the tears which filled them should betray her shame.

A very proper selection, said a coarse voice in the crowd through which Jennie was making her way to her mother, for singing that song. "Hello little one," said the man as he caught sight of Jennie, "did you ever go to Tim Brown's to sing that song for your father?" "I dont know what you mean, sir," said Jennie with a frightened look and striving to get away from him.

"Dont, ah!" said he coarsely, "well if you'd seen him drunk as often as I have you'd know fast enough I warrant me." And he laughed as though he had said something very smart, while Jennie, trembling with fear, took advantage of an opening in the crowd to gain her mother's side. Mrs. Vandyke was so much overcome by her own feelings that she did not notice the flushed face of her little girl, and Jennie strove bravely to keep back the tears which she felt rising to her eyes. There was a heavy pain pressing on her young heart and she heard the coarse voice of the rough man who had spoken to her constantly ringing in her ears "If you'd seen him drunk as often as I have, you'd know fast enough."

Was her father a drunkard? Could it be that she was indeed a drunkard's child. The thought seemed to cut into her heart like a knife, and she pressed her little hand to her side while an involuntary moan of pain escaped her lips.

They were making their way slowly through the crowd to the place where the carriage was standing in which they had come to the grove, and once seated in it and on their way home, Jennie laid her head in her mother's lap and subbed rather than asked.

"O mamma, is it true! Is papa a drunkard?"

A swift spasm of pain shot across the face of Mrs. Vandyke but she drew the little girl closely to her heart and strove to control her voice as she answered.

"Why do you ask me such a question Jennie?"

Then between her sobs and tears Jennie told her mother what she had heard and clung to her trembling as if shaken by ague.

The carriage rolled rapidly along towards home, and still Mrs. Vandyke held her little girl close to her heart in a silent embrace. She could not answer her question—Could not frame the words to say, "Yes Jennie you are a drunkard's child." All the trials of her life seemed less than this cruel one and she could only pray silently to God for help.

As the carriage drove up to the cottage gate, Jennie wiped away her tears and when the man opened the door she took his hand and sprang to the ground first. She was turning her head to watch her mother get out, when her gaze was riveted upon a man coming down the road near to the cottage. It was her father, but never as Jennie had seen him before. He staggered as he walked, and just before he reached the gate he almost fell into the ditch by the side of the

road. His face was red and swollen, and his clothes were covered with mud, looking as if he had more than once fallen down in his efforts to get home.

Mrs. Vandyke paid the driver his hire and while her pale cheek flushed with shame she went towards her husband, after telling Jennie to go into the house, and giving him her arm, while she trembled in every limb, helped him into the house, and to his own room. Once there she closed the door and prevailed upon him to lie down, when he soon fell into a drunken slumber, lasting until the next morning.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Selected.]

CHRISTIAN WAR SONG.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of worth were stored;
He has loosed that fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,
His Truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred swelling camps;
We have builded him an altar in the dew and in the damps;
I have read his righteous sentences by the dim and glowing lamps,
God's day is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
God's word is marching on.

I have read a purer gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemnors, so with you my grace shall deal;"
And the faithless and ignoble shall my righteous sentence feel,
Since God's Truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men, before his judgment seat;
O, be swift my soul to answer him; be jubilant my feet,
For God is marching on.

JESUS SAVES THE LOST.

NOW am I to be saved, mother?" said little Herbert.

"By taking God at his word, and believing what he has said concerning his Son."

"But have I nothing to do?" said the boy.

"I thought I must do something; for I was once told I must be good, or else God would have nothing to do with me."

"My child, Jesus has done what was needed; and you are saved, by believing all is done."

"But I am not good," said Herbert. "Will God have nothing to do with me unless I am good?"

"My boy, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He receives the bad, not the good, else none would be saved. It is your badness, not your goodness, that you are to bring to him."

"Well, that is good news," said the little fellow.

"Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee
O Lamb of God, I come."

GIVE me, O Lord, to make a real business of my christianity: and then shall I be experimentally as well as doctrinally skillful in the word of righteousness.

No young man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

Change your mind; confess your error and alter your conduct; when you are convicted you are wrong.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

I know a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He ever struck the funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes,
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

He's plump and round—he once was thin.
I have not told you half;
I soon expect to hear of him
Exploding in a laugh!

CIGARS AND ECONOMY.

FATHER, do you remember that mother asked you for two dollars this morning?"

"Yes, my child; what of it?"

"Do you remember that mother did not get the two dollars?"

"Yes and I remember what little girls don't think about."

"What is that, father?"

"I remember that we are not rich. But you seem in a brown study. What is my daughter thinking about?"

"I was thinking how much one cigar costs."

"Why, it costs ten cents—not two dollars, by a long shot."

"But ten cents three times a day is thirty cents."

"That's true as the multiplication-table."

"And there are seven days in a week."

"That's so, by the Almanac."

"And seventimes thirty cents are two hundred and ten cents."

"Hold on child, I'll surrender."

"Here, take the two dollars to your mother, and tell her that I'll do without cigars for a week."

"Thank you; father; but, if you would only say a year, it would save more than a hundred dollars."

"We would all have shoes and dresses, and mother a nice bonnet, and lots of pretty things."

"Well to make my little girl happy, I will say a year."

"O! that will be so nice! But would'nt it be about as well to say always? Then we would have the money every year, and your lips would be so much sweeter when you kiss us."

"MOTHER, mother," cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its flight, "I am so frightened; I have seen such a sight."

"What, my son?" asked the rook.

"Oh, white creatures, screaming and running, and straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high! see, mother, there they go."

"Geese, my son, merely geese," calmly replied the parent bird; looking over the common.

"Through life, child, observe that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may at once set him down for a goose."

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

TWO little boys, whom I shall call Willie and Harry, lived in the same town. Willie was a bright, good natured little fellow, whom his playmates all loved; but Harry was a very bad boy, always in mischief, and seemed never so happy as when "spoiling somebody's fun." Harry seemed to dislike Willie particularly, and for no other reason than because Willie was a favorite with his teacher and with his young companions.

One day, without any just cause, Harry began to abuse Willie, calling him hard names and throwing stones at him. Now what do you think Willie did? call the boy who had so injured him hard names and throw stones at him?

He did no such thing. Naughty feelings were rising in his heart, angry words were on his tongue, and he felt tempted to pick up the stones thrown at him, and hurl them back upon his angry playmate. But instead of that, without saying a word, he walked quietly away, toward his home.

What made him so patient? It was not easy for him to be so.

I will tell you: it was the love of Jesus in his heart that kept him from sin. He tried to do right because he wanted to please his heavenly Father.

That night before Willie went to bed he knelt down and prayed, "O God, make that naughty boy who teases me a good boy, for Jesus's sake."

Air was compressed by Professor Tyndall, by means of a column of water 260 feet high, to one eighth of its original volume (120 lbs. to the square inch) and then allowed to escape. As it rushed out, it expanded so violently and caused such an intense cold that the moisture in the room was congealed in a shower of snow, while the pipe from which the air issued became bearded with icicles.

Do all the good you can; and make as little noise about it as possible.

The man who does the most has the least time to talk of what he does.

Never be afraid to do right: he that strives to please everybody pleases nobody.

Advise is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon the mind, and the deeper it sinks.

A bad habit is more easily conquered to-day than to-morrow.

Let the bent of thy thoughts be to mend thyself; rather than the world.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead; it would make him pull his hat over his face.

"Perfect love casteth out fear."

The time which leaves no fruit deserves no name.

Correspondence.

KEWANEE, Ill., January 20th 1873.

Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to our little paper, as I have never written to it before. I am very thankful for such a nice paper, I love to read the *Zion's Hope*, they are so beautiful. We have a nice Sabbath School down here. Br. William France is our superintendent. I am not in the church yet, but I hope I will be some time before long. I was glad to hear from Uncle John, and hope he will do much good in London. ELIZABETH CARTER.

NEWTON, Iowa, Jan. 22nd, 1873.

Brothers and sisters, let us not be so slow to act; wait not one for another; let us all try and write some good pieces for the *Hope*, and help forward the work. I hope to remain faithful to the coming of our Lord. Your Brother in Christ. D. C. WHITE.

SANDWICH, Ill., Jan. 18, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—As I have been taking the *Hope* for about one year, and never have written a line for it, I thought I would try and write a few lines for it. Mother says I may be baptized if I can be a good girl, and I think I can be. I read the letters from the little folks. I like to hear them tell of their prospects here and their hopes in the future. From MISS NELLIE H.

ATCHISON, Kansas, January 18, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—My papa has taken the *Hope* for me about three years, and I am now over thirteen years of age, I thought I would write you a letter as I feel very well satisfied with the cause I am engaged in. I have had the pleasure of seeing Uncle Mark, and would like to see Uncle Joseph. I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints over two years ago, and hope to continue. Regards to all the little Hopes. Yours in Christ,

ALLICE STAUPERT.

MONTROSE, January 21, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—It has been a long time since I wrote for the children's column. I was glad to hear that there was one who picked up hickory nuts and earned money to send for the *Hope*. There is not many who would do that; they would rather have bought candy with it. I hope that my brothers and sisters will not get tired in the glorious cause for it is the work of the living God.

"Tho' the night be long and dreary,
Soon will dawn millenium day."

I hope that I may keep in the straight and narrow way which leads to eternal life. Yours in Christ, MARY A. BURLBY.

KEWANEE, Ill., January 20th 1873.

Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to our loved paper. It is the first time ever I attempted to write to the *Zion's Hope*; but I hope I will do better in the future. I belong to the Church, I was baptized at Kewanee almost three years ago. I was glad to see a piece in the *Hope* from Uncle John, and I hope he will do much good, and Uncle Mark too. I think all the *Zion's Hope* readers was glad to hear from Uncle John, and we wish him good success. Yours in Christ. MARTHA JANE BARSON.

UNION FORT, Utah, Jan. 8, 1873.

Dear *Zion's Hope*:—Another little boy sends fifty cents to the Roll of Honor; I am glad the little *Hope* is still continued and I hope it will prosper well. May God bless all the children of hope, and may they not forget the people in Utah for the saints in this land are very neglectful. They think too much of gold, and silver, and greenbacks, to serve their God as they ought to. It is very hard for me to be good, there are so many against me, and so many evil things to entice me; but I hope and trust that in the end I may come out conquerer; and I hope you all will remember me in your prayers. I hope that God will forgive all my sins I have done in the last old year, and that this new year may make me better and wiser girl than I have ever been before. May God help all those that try to do right, and I will try to serve my God this year to the best knowledge that I have. I am still your sister in Christ. LUCY A. GRIFFITH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

Dear Uncle Joseph: I must try to write you a letter. I am not old enough to be baptized yet, am only seven years and mamma says I must be eight. I love the *Hope*; it is a very nice little paper and I wish every little girl could have it to read. I am going to send you fifty cents which I have saved; if you know any little girl that has not got the *Hope* will you please send her one for it. MARY F. ANDREWS.

VINCENNES, Iowa, Jan. 12, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I like to read the *Hope* very much. I am about nine years old and am now learning to write letters, I have written four letters before this one. I was baptized last summer and am trying to be a good boy; but I find it up hill sometimes. I have taken the *Hope* every since it has been edited and look forward to its coming. Your young brother. FERDINAND W. GRIFFITH.

Roll of Honor.

Previously Credited	\$153 25	Janet Black	\$1 00
John G. Gillespie, Jr.	50	Nancy M. Ballantyne	25
Anna Simpson	1 00	Netta Mee	1 10
Benjamin Griffin	50	Wm. W. Reese	2 00
M. E. Kyte	1 00	Martha C. Kendall	25
Geo. Worstenholm	3 00	B. F. Raymond, Junior	50
Mary O. Raymond	50	Emma Hart	1 00
Sarah Andrews	50	Mary Andrews	50
Noah Hart	1 00	Two daughters of Sr. J. Gauld	50
Wm. M. Williams	25	Jane Williams	25
Miss A. Moore	50		

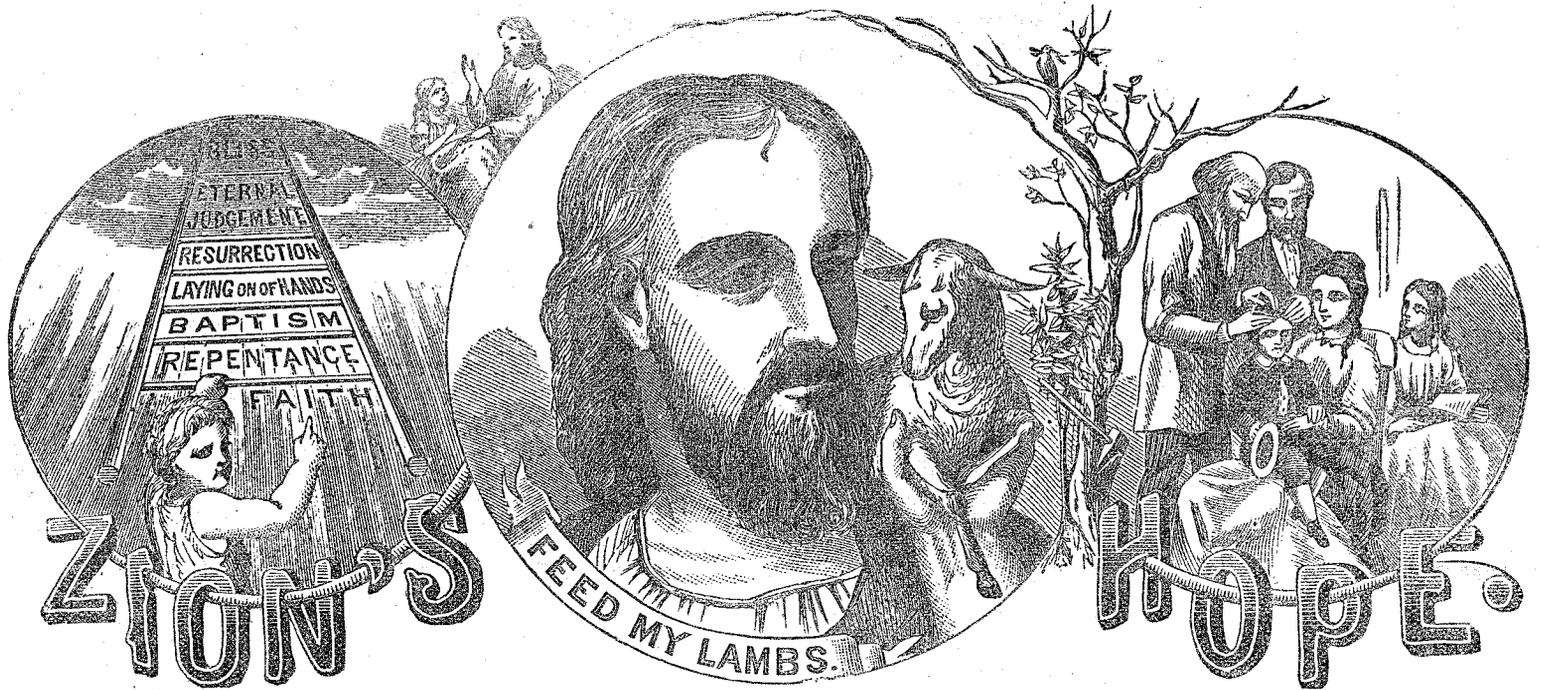
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

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ANCIENT WORTHIES.

IT is ever pleasant to sit and listen to the Elders, when with the tongue made doubly eloquent by the Spirit of the Lord, they are discoursing on the virtues and different characteristics of the men of old.

How many times have our hearts been made to burn within us as we have so sat and listened to the portrayal of some noble trait of character developed in these men, while the silent tear coursing its way down the cheek has borne strong testimony to our appreciation of the same.

Perchance the theme was Joseph and his brethren; how he returned good for evil, by supplying the many wants of his father's family. Or it may have been that tender scene enacted between Jonathan and David in the field, when those memorable words, ("Is not the arrow beyond thee,") told David that he was an outcast from the king's presence, and he must flee for safety, with the only earthly consolation that Jonathan, at least, loved him in his own soul.

These, and the many similar appeals that are constantly being made to us with a view of developing our spiritual character, are not only commendable, but seem to be indispensably necessary; to the end that we may have constantly before us noble examples of those, who, having fought the fight, now cheer us on in the race for the good and true.

In assuming the name of, "Ancient Worthies," as the heading of this article, it is not the intention to continue in the same general theme of discourse as mentioned above, but would rather for the time being divert the readers of the *Hope* from the spiritual to the secular pursuits of life; or in other words, call their attention to those of old who were prominent actors in the same. We are the more emboldened in this diversion, when we remember that God gave great prominence to the secular affairs of life when He said, "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

There is an old saying that "necessity is the mother of invention," whether it was this alone that prompted our early inventors; or whether in obedience to the command given them they went to work or no, we cannot say; but venture a suggestion, that perhaps it was a combination of both that prompted their energies. Be that as it may, we have a feeling of veneration for them and their labors strongly akin to that mentioned in the beginning of this article. By reference to a

few verses found in the fourth chapter of Genesis, beginning at the twentieth verse, we are very briefly introduced to the family of Lamech, and their several employments; which cannot fail to be of interest to those who are curious to learn the beginning of the world's great industries. The scripture account is so meagre on the subject, that we beg the privilege of introducing a connection with it, a portion of an old legend which may be of interest to the readers of the *Hope*. The legend says that the four children of Lamech founded the beginning of all the arts and sciences. The eldest son, Jabal, is represented in the Bible as the father of all such as dwell in tents and of such as have cattle. The legend says that he pursued the science of geometry, and abandoned his flocks and herds to become a builder with stones and trees. The question might be asked here, Did not Cain first build a city? True; the Bible so says; but we are left to conjecture the style of his architecture, and we may assume that it was very primitive, and perhaps his houses were like many we have seen in the West, which are called "dug-outs;" hence, Jabal's improvements on the same when he substituted the tents, and subsequently built with stones and trees.

Jubal, says the legend, was the founder of the science of music. He is scripturally mentioned as the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.

Tubal Cain founded the smith craft, and is the reputed inventor of the plumb, level, and square. He is represented in the Bible as the instructor of every artifice in brass and iron.

We have no account in the Bible of their sister's labors, but it is probable that she caught the inventive spirit of her brothers; hence the legend says that she was the author of the art of weaving.

We are further told in the legend, that having a foreknowledge that God would destroy the earth for its wickedness, they engraved their sciences on two stones. After the deluge, Nimrod, the grandson of Noah, found one of these stones; learned the sciences and taught them to others. In support of this part of the legend, we learn in the Bible that "Nimrod began to be a mighty one in the earth, and the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Cainech, in the land of Shinar." It would be a matter of impossibility to determine the value of the labors of these early inventors. The whole civilized world stand indebted to them. Hence our desire to bring them to the notice of the readers of the *Hope*; and we trust that when they are afforded shelter from the storm king by comfortable houses they will give due praise to

Jabal, for his idea of upright walls; and when they hear the beautiful sweet tones of the organ, chiming in with the praises of God, remember that Jubal anticipated this enjoyment. The innumerable articles wrought in brass and iron, both useful and ornamental, which we are surrounded with, will serve to remind us of the handiwork of Tubal Cain; and surely the sister readers of the *Hope* will ever pride themselves with the remembrance that grandmother Naamah contributed so much to their personal comfort by introducing the art of weaving. ALMA.

SOMETHING FOR MOTHER.

"OH dear, what can I do?" sighed a restless little fellow, after being told he must n't whittle or cut paper on the floor, he must n't put the chairs out of place, he must n't slide down on the lounge, he must n't squeak his fingers on the window, he must n't swing the curtain tassels—in fact, *must n't* seemed to be the principal word in his mother's vocabulary. Meantime the mother, busy with a bit of fascinating work, hardly gave a thought to the little boy whose fingers fairly ached for something to do, and after being checked in a dozen different directions, he finally took refuge in fretting, and was sent to the kitchen for something to eat. Was he hungry? Not at all, but he wanted *something to do*. We want to beg of the mothers to make some provision for their children's amusement, not in the way of costly toys, but by giving them a place to play. It saves time and trouble, it saves your own and your children's temper. In many families a play-room could be given to the children with very little inconvenience. We know of a family where a little six by ten sewing-room, opening from the dining-room, is vacated every winter when the cold drives the boys from their basement workshop. The carpet is taken up, two barrels with a board across them makes a work bench, a dry goods box is a storing place for lumber, and an old bureau is tool chest and depository for finished and unfinished jobs. A board slid across the bottom of the door-way keeps the shavings from being dragged upon the dining-room carpet, and here on their own premises the boys work and play in perfect content. They whittle, they cut paper, they paste, they paint. There are but two rules for the shop: no tools must be left out of their drawer at night, and every Saturday the shop must be put in perfect order, and all rubbish deposited in the kindling box under the bench.

We have no doubt the mother misses the sew-

ing-room, but the gain compensates for the loss a hundred fold. If you cannot do this, and many mothers cannot, still let them work and play. A deep box in the corner will hold a young mechanic and his work, and paper clippings are easily brushed up from a square of oil cloth which may be quickly spread down or gathered up. A big apron of calico is quickly run together, and will keep the nicest little suit tidy, while the delighted artist paints to his heart's content.

Let there be a corner somewhere to store the queer nondescript articles so dear to a child's heart, and teach the children to gather them up themselves. If you can spare neither cupboard, closet, nor drawer, a box neatly covered with carpet or drugget will not injure the neatest sitting-room. But do not sacrifice all the comfort and happiness of your children by a too scrupulous neatness. Why should a home be neat save for the comfort and happiness of its inmates?—*Little Corporal.*

JENNIE VANDYKE: Or the Drunkard's Child.

CHAPTER. III.

THE next morning Jennie awoke with a dull pain in her head, and she lay for some time striving to recall what it was that made her feel so miserable. Soon the events of the past day crowded one after another in upon her mind, and though she could not weep, she felt more miserable than ever she had done before in her life. She rose from her bed and put on her clothes mechanically, not once thinking of what she was doing, but all the time thinking of her father, as she had seen him yesterday; and of her pale, grief-stricken mother, whose sobs she had heard last night by her bed when she thought her asleep. She had not slept for hours afterwards and this morning she had hardly strength enough to dress herself, she felt so utterly miserable.

How could she ever go to school again? How could she bear to meet the curious eyes of her playmates, for they would notice her pale cheeks and swollen eyes! But then she wanted to go. She wanted to ask Miss Libbie why she had given her that song to sing? Did she know her father was a drunkard, and had she done it on purpose? Oh! no! she could not believe that. She would go to school just as if nothing had happened; for must she not get used to it? He was her father, just the same as ever—he would always be her father—and she would always be a drunkard's child. Then she wondered if they would not sometime be as poor as little Bennie's mother was, and if she would not sicken and die like little Bennie, while her father was gone? She could not tell—she felt so weak and weary—there was such a pain in her head. She was cold too and shivering although it was a lovely summer morning. She lay down upon the bed and drew the cover over her and soon fell into a heavy slumber. Her mother came into the room and seeing her asleep and noticing how pale her cheeks were, drew the curtain to shut out the light, and silently praying God to comfort her little girl, left her to her slumber.

It was late in the day when Jennie awoke and found her mother sitting by her bed. Her thoughts were confused and she could not at first remember where she was. She tried to get up but her head was dizzy and she fell wearily back upon her pillow. Her mother bathed her face and gave her some cooling drink, and after a few moments she sat up, feeling better. Her mother undressed her and put a wrapper on her and then allowed her to sit in an easy chair by the open window. She did not talk much for she could not, but all the time her brain was busy thinking of the events of yesterday.

She ate the food her mother brought her, and tried to be cheerful. Her teacher came in the evening to learn the cause of her absence, and

though she never spoke of the song, she tried in many ways to amuse the little girl, and draw her thoughts from what she feared they were dwelling upon. The day slipped by and the lamps were lit for night. Jennie knew that her father had not yet come home. She listened for his footstep but he did not come. She began to grow weary again, and when her mother put her in bed, she soon fell asleep. How long she had slept she did not know when she awoke from a troubled dream. Her mouth was dry and parched—her cheeks were hot, and when she raised her head from the pillow every thing seemed to be turning around, and she fell back sick and faint.

Where was her mother? She saw a lamp burning in her room, and wondered if her father had come home yet? But then the thought came to her that her father was a drunkard! He would not come home until she went for him. She would see if he was in his room, and if he was not she would go for him.

She got up from the bed steadying herself by a chair and stole noiselessly across the floor. Her mother's room was next to hers and the door was open. By the light of the lamp Jennie saw her mother sitting by the table. Her head had fallen wearily upon her open bible, and she was sleeping. She looked in every part of the room in hopes of seeing her father, but he was not there. The bed was smooth and unruffled, and no one in the room but her mother.

Jennie felt her cheeks growing hotter and hotter, and she seemed so much stronger each moment. Yes; she would go for her father—was not her mother waiting for him? Her mother was so pale and weary waiting so long. She should not wait much longer for she would bring him home. She knew where he was. Had not that hateful man told her that he went to Tim Brown's? She knew where that was, for she sometimes passed it on her way to school. She did not often go that way for she did not like to see the men who stood around the door—she was afraid of them. But was not her father there? She would not be afraid now, she was a drunkard's child—her father was a drunkard—perhaps just such a one as Bennie's had been—Bennie's little sister had gone when the clock in the steeple struck one—two—and then three. Yes, she would go and bring her father home.

She turned away from her mother's door, put her cloak and hood on over her night dress—parted the curtains from the window of the room and slipped noiselessly out upon the low balcony. She walked very carefully until the garden gate was passed, and then as swiftly as her feet would bear her, she hastened toward the village; but one thought in her fevered brain—to bring her father home.

"WOODEN SWEARING."

BY BRO. WM. STREET.

I KNOW several little boys and girls who when they are told to do something, they do it with an ill will. They will leave the door ajar, slam it to; stamp hard their little feet; throw down all their playthings; sauce their little brothers and sisters; go out and sulk; commence to hum or sing when they ought not to. This is the same kind of feeling that makes wicked men and boys swear and take God's name in vain.

I know many little boys and girls who do such swearing to the great sorrow of their fathers and mothers. But children who are brought up to fear the rod, and to do better, dare not use awful words, but they take things and give vent to their feelings in a very noisy and troublesome manner, grieving and displeasing their parents, and God, who looks at the heart, and knows what is there, whether it is spoken in acts, words, or deeds. But if you wish never to swear big oaths, the best way is never to make use of little ones.

There are thousands who would not dare to swear by the name of God, think but little of swearing "by George," "by jingo," "by golly," or by something else; others often cry out "good gracious," "mercy on me," and the like. These are the beginning of swearing. They are to profane swearing, what the acorns are to the oak.

Swearing, neither "wooden" nor any kind else, did any one good. It is abominable, insulting to others, degrading to the mind, unprofitable, needless, and injurious to any society, and to christianity at large. It is a strict violation of the commandments; and no man, woman, boy or girl is the richer, happier, or wiser for it. It commands you to no one only the devil. A true man, woman, boy or girl respects the feelings of others, and don't swear. It is mean; it is vulgar.

Do any of the Hopes swear? I hope not. If you do, break the habit now forever. You can; and you must. It has been overcome by many, and I can firmly declare that any one can conquer this vile and sinful habit of taking God's name in vain.

"It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme;
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme,
Maintain our rank, vulgarity despise;
To swear, is neither brave; polite, nor wise."
—Couper.

A BROKEN PLATE.

PART SECOND.

LEAVING the pewter plates and wooden trenchers to the olden times, the mind must pass down through the vista of time to the days when earthenware came into use, in order to take up the history of the broken plate; for I want the little Hopes to learn that plates sometimes have a curious history connected with them; also, that they should be careful how they conduct themselves when their plate is set before them. I hope the little Hopes have learned better than to act rudely at table; and especially when their plate, with such a clean and pretty face, brings them such nice wholesome food upon it.

In giving a history of the plate, it will be needful to go back to the time it first entered the family in which it belonged, which was many years ago. During that time the little ones had their trials to pass through as well as they have now; and in those days a little boy was the innocent cause of his plate being made a prisoner for a whole night; not for any misconduct of the plate, but for the bad conduct of the little boy; although he had used the plate for several years, preferring it to any other, because of the pretty picture on its face, which amused him when a younger child. At the time my narrative commences, the little boy had grown so big that he was sent to school to learn to read and write, as all good boys and girls should do. On that eventful day in which the plate was made a prisoner, the little boy was going to school as usual; when he met with one of those bad boys so often seen loafing in the streets, who, with a show of marbles, ball and top to create a desire for them in the heart of the little boy, promised to give them to him, if the little one would go into the fields and play. Instead of walking on and taking no notice of what that bad boy said, the little boy looked at the marbles, and hesitated what to do, and that set the big boy laughing at him, and the poor little fellow had not the courage to say, no! Away they went together, forgetful of all consequences, until a hurried voice was heard calling the little boy by name; then the painful truth of what he had done flashed upon his mind, and all the pleasure of that day departed in a moment.

It was his father who called him by name, and when the tidings came to that once happy home, that their darling boy had played truant, then the plate was taken from the fire where it was placed to keep his dinner warm, and thrust into a cold dark prison house called a pantry, and

kept it there until the next day; because the little boy was not allowed to eat anything but bread and water until that day; then the plate was brought out of its prison house and quickly cleared by that penitent hungry boy, who had learned a lesson that day, never to do the like again.

You find from this, little Hopes, that there are many things connected with a plate. Why, if you could only take a peep in at the festive board where all its mates were spread to celebrate a nuptial day; or perhaps the one now broken was selected from the rest, to carry something tempting to the appetite of a sick and lovely child; or peradventure to take a little toast and tea to the aged sire; but soon its services in that chamber was done, it had now become the chamber of the dead.

Time goes on and the plate is called again into use, to bear a bowl of gruel to the sick, when two little eyes so bright and cunning peeped from beneath the coverlet; then again to Willie's chair to take a little gruel there that mother left for him. Happy times that plate passed through, and could it speak, you would know what merry times there's been.

In after years, the plate, with others of like pattern, were packed up to take a long and tedious voyage across the mighty deep; for in those days there were no steamships to run against wind and tide in ten or twelve days as there are nowadays; but at the time the plate came over, packet ships brought passengers and freight, and seven weeks were thought a short voyage in crossing the Atlantic ocean.

Since then, travel to those who like it, has become a pleasure; but we are getting away from our history of the broken plate.

After traveling through some of the midland counties by stage coaches, the plate arrived at the Grand Trunk Canal, which leads through the Staffordshire potteries, where the broken plate was made, thence by railroad from Manchester to Liverpool, that being at that time the only railroad in England; now they are spread all over that country as well as this. From there the plate was shipped to America. E.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"BE CONTENT WITH SUCH THINGS AS YOU HAVE."

NOW many of the little Hopes understand and obey these kind words of advice given by the beloved apostle, "Be content with such things as you have," and God will never leave nor forsake you. Just think for a moment, that if we are contented God will never leave nor forsake us. What a happy thought to know this; for by knowing that God will not forsake us, we know we shall be saved in his kingdom.

Well, little Hopes, what is it to be contented; is it to say, "Mother, the fine clothes you got me are very pretty, but Mary C. has so much nicer than mine I want some like hers;" or is it to say, "Mother, this bread and milk is good, but I would so much rather have biscuit and honey;" or is it ever to eat such as you have without asking God's blessing upon it? No, dears, this is not contentment.

When your ardent wish is to go to some place of amusement, and father or mother gives different orders to that of your wishes, you reluctantly give it up; but fret and complain of your lot and wish you were your own master or mistress, so that you could do as you please. I ask, is this contentment? No, it is not.

Another saying you will find somewhere in the New Testament. It is, "A contented mind is a continual feast." O, then, little ones, let all try and govern every discontented feeling that rises in our hearts, and let none of our little Hopes think more of a new something nice that is very inconvenient for parents to get, than they do of having God never to leave or forsake them.

Another evil is apt to separate us from duty, if any of our little brothers or sisters speak harshly or unkindly, (which is not christian), how oft is the case to retort back, instead of being content with our lot and praying for the weak ones, that they too may be content with such things as they have, that God will never leave nor forsake them.

M. A. CHRISTY.

PRAYERS AND PROMISES.

IF there were no promises there would be few prayers. We pray because God has promised to hear us; and every promise implies a prayer. God will have us ask that we may receive, and seek that we may find. And what God teaches us to pray for, he surely purposes to bestow. It is well for us, then, to lay our prayers and God's promises side by side, and bring the prayers to agree with other promises that He has given us. If we do so, we shall not ask or seek in vain. Jesus has taught us to pray, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." And surely that prayer will not be breathed in vain. M. A. CHRISTY.

AN OLD CAT'S CONFESSION.

I AM a very old pussy,
My name is Tabitha Jane;
I have had about fifty kittens,
So I think I mustn't complain.

Yet I've had my full share of cat's troubles—
I was run over once by a cart:
And they drowned seventeen of my babies,
Which came near breaking my heart.

A gentleman once singed my whiskers,
I shall never forgive him for that!
And once I was bit by a mad dog,
And once was deceived by a rat.

I was tied by some boys in a meal-bag,
And pelted and pounded with stones;
They thought I was mashed to a jelly,
But it didn't break one of my bones.

For cats that have good constitutions
Have eight more lives than a man;
Which proves we are better than humans,
To my mind, if anything can.

One night, as I wandered with Thomas—
We were singing a lovely duet—
I was shot in the back by a bullet;
When you stroke me, I feel it there yet.

A terrier once frightened my kittens—
Oh, it gave me a terrible fright!
But I scratched him, and sent him off howling,
And I think that I served him just right.

But I've failed to fulfil all my duties;
I have passed half my life in a dream;
And I never devoured the canary,
And I never lapped half enough cream.

But I've been a pretty good mouser;
(What squirrels and birds I have caught!)
And have brought up my frolicsome kittens
As a dutiful mother-cat ought.

Now I think I've a right, being aged,
To take an old Tabby's repose;
To have a good breakfast and dinner,
And sit by the fire and doze.

I don't care much for the people
Who are living with me in this house,
But I own that I love a good fire,
An occasional herring and mouse.

It was my custom in my youth, says a celebrated Persian writer, to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke. "Behold," said I to him, "thy children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," said he, "it were better for thee to be engaged in irreligious sleep than to wake to find fault with thy brethren."

Be filled with the Spirit, and abound with good works.

The secret of the Lord: is with them that fear him.

ENCOURAGING.

EDITOR of *Zion's Hope*:—I have not written for your very valuable and highly esteemed periodical, *Zion's Hope*, hitherto, for several reasons; one of which is, that I considered that you were tolerably well supplied—until within a few months past—with writers far better calculated to instruct and edify the youthful mind than myself. I have read a great many of their productions with pleasure and profit; being highly entertained, not only with the matter, but the ingenious manner that some have of presenting the jewels of truth to the understanding of the youthful reader of the *Hope*; enlisting their sympathy and affection in behalf of what is noble, virtuous and good. I like to read the efforts made by the "young buds of promise" in writing for their Sabbath School paper.

I would that I could say something to encourage and strengthen them to go on, striving faithfully to serve their God. Youth is the time to begin to serve the Lord, by keeping his commandments. He is worthy of our heart's service from the time we begin to know good from evil, till our latest breath. His character; his mercy; his long-suffering and benevolence extended to the human family, proclaim this fact. But when we consider the great reward that awaits the faithful children of God in the world to come; brought along by the gift of God's best love, even of his dear son, who died that all mankind might live through the plan of mercy, which is the gospel; truly this proclaims aloud that God is worthy of our heart's service from youth to old age.

I have never, dear *Hopes*, regretted that I began to serve God in my youth. I was baptized in the year of our Lord 1838, at the age of twelve years. Before this took place I used to be considered a wild boy for my years; my conduct was a source of great grief to my parents; but at length God heard their prayers in my behalf, and brought their wayward boy to see his situation as a great sinner. I made a resolution to shun all my evil associates; to abandon my wicked practices; was baptized and confirmed a member in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; my parents having for some time been members of the same.

And now came the "tug of war!" My former companions,—who would have been afraid to do before my reform what they did after,—used to kick, cuff, and abuse me in various ways; their courage rose because I did not resent it. I was afraid to trust myself! I went in secret very often and prayed fervently that God would help me to keep my covenant that I had made to serve him; keep me from retaliating; help me to render good for evil, and keep me from bringing a reproach on his cause. I found him a present help in every time of need; through all my trials he brought me off conqueror when I trusted him with all my heart.

Dear children who read *Zion's Hope*, if any there be who feel a desire to begin to serve the Lord by keeping his commandments; and are afraid to begin for fear that you will be scorned, and have to suffer from your former companions or playmates; I have written this small portion of my history for your encouragement. Be not afraid, God will help you; and if you have to suffer, the Savior hath suffered for you.

And you, dear little ones,—lambs in the fold of God,—who have commenced to love the Lord by keeping his commandments, may God bless and sustain you; help you to love, honor and obey your parents; to love your brothers and sisters of the flesh, as well as those in the church; to be kind, obliging, patient, meek, and long-suffering to all. May the Lord be very near to you at all times, and preserve you from all evil; make you useful in helping to advance his kingdom; bold warriors for the truth; strong in mind and body; vigorous, energetic; and as you grow in

years you may grow in the truth, in purity and holiness, until you become men and women in Christ Jesus, owned and accepted of the Lord now, and when he comes to number his Jewels.
E.

THE STRAYED LAMB.

A little lamb, one afternoon,
Had from the fold departed;
The tender shepherd missed it soon
And sought it broken-hearted.

Not all the flock that shared his love
Could from the search delay him,
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

But night and day he went his way
In sorrow till he found it,
And when he saw it fainting lie,
He clasped his arms around it.

Then closely sheltered in his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He took it to its home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

And thus the Savior will receive
The little ones who fear him;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near him.

Blest while they live, and when they die,
When soul and body sever,
Conduct them to his home on high
To dwell with him for ever.

HOW TO PLAY CEKWIK.

WHEN I used to keep school, says a celebrated teacher, my boys would play a game with an Icelandic name—they called it Cekwik. One boy arranges ten or twelve things in the passage, by the door—say a mat, a boot, a brush, a hat, a cane, a broom, a book, a strap, a shawl, and a chair. Then, ten or fifteen other boys form in one rank, single file, and trot "double quick" past the open door, to see what they can see. Some see only two, others ten things; trot by the door again, and so learn to play Cekwik.

Robert Houdin and his son, the celebrated French magicians, had wonderful eyes for Cekwik. One day they passed just once through a library, on their way to a nobleman's drawing-room, where they were to show their wonders. The father blindfolded the son, and then went into the library with him, and asked his blinded son: "What books are these?" The son answered, "The works of Buffon." "How many volumes?" "Nine." "How bound?" "Half calf, gold bands, broad." And so they went on, shelf after shelf—father and son—till the nobleman and his guests thought the son could see when blindfolded. But no! Robert and his son could play Cekwik, that's all.

HELPING MOTHER.

"HOW I love to help mother!" said little Sophie Foster, as with a sigh of pleasure she rose from rocking the cradle. Baby was fast asleep; the gray cat lay winking and blinking before the fire; the sunshine poured in bright and golden, and played with the leaves of the ivy that had been trained over the window. Sophie took a story-book and sat down to read.

Presently mother came in. She was a sweet-looking lady, with soft brown eyes and merry smiles, and she came right up to Sophie and kissed her before she knew it. "So baby is asleep. You have been a great comfort to me, dear. My headache is all gone, and now you may put on your red riding-hood and boots and water-proof cloak, and go out to play."

Sophie's face was very bright as she skipped over the sidewalk that afternoon. She had denied herself a visit to a little cousin that she might help her mother, and she had her reward.

An approving conscience is a better thing to have than great possessions.

Do you love to help your mother, little reader? She has done a great deal for you. She has lain awake by night, and worked and planned for days, all for you. Try if you cannot help her ever so much this week.

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES.

JEFFERSON'S ten rules are good yet, especially so for those who have the training of the pupils in our public schools. They are so short and concise, and embody so much of value, that it would be well if they were printed in very bold type and put where we could see them often. They read as follows:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils have cost that have never happened!
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you talk; if very angry, count a hundred.

Correspondence.

BRYANT, Fulton Co., Illinois,

December 9, 1873.

Dear readers of the *Hope*:—As I had a few moments to myself this evening, I thought I would send a few lines to the *Hope*. As it is my first attempt I will try and do my best. I love to see our little paper come. I would like if it would come every week, for it is so dear to me. I am a member of this church; three years ago this month I was baptized by Elder Gillen. We have no Sunday School here; but we have a very good branch. It is composed of twenty-two members. The Spirit of our heavenly Father is manifested in our meeting; that we have cause to rejoice and give glory to him. It is my prayer that I may remain steadfast in the cause of Christ and do his will that I may yet stand in Zion in its purity, singing glory to God, where sorrow is never known. Let this be our prayers, dear sisters and brothers of the *Hope*; that we may so live that we may be worthy of seeing our Savior, Jesus. Kind love to the readers of *Zion's Hope*. Your sister in the gospel,
JANE H. ROBERTS.

TABOR, Iowa, Feb. 6, 1873.

Dear *Hope*:—I have just been reading the *Hope* this evening. I am attending Sabbath School at the Congregational Church. It is a very interesting one, as most of the students attend. I would like to go to the Saints' Sabbath School, but there is none here. I like going to school here very much. We have lectures on the Bible every Wednesday afternoon, all the students are required to attend. The people here seem to take a great interest in the work of God. The students have prayer-meeting once a week. With this I bid all good night. I am still with you trying to live a Christian. From your friend,
FANNIE E. WILCOX.

LOGAN, Iowa, Jan. 25, 1873.

Dear *Hope*:—I take up my pen as the wind howls through the trees, with that dismal sound which makes us feel that the warm fire is comfortable and pleasant; and the children are running over the floor, laughing and playing, feeling secure and safe. Ah! these are happy days for the little ones. When the storms of life surround them, may they feel safe in the faith of God, while the tempest rages without. Well do I recollect the days of my childhood, and that kind mother whose voice was the sweetest music that greeted me. Dear reader of the *Hope*, those days seem but as yesterday; but when I think closely, it was twenty-five years ago; and many trials and temptations came through the dark and cloudy day, when the tempter lured Zion's children from their God. Yes, little readers of *Zion's Hope*, I was young in those days of darkness; but through kind friends and a faithful mother, I had hope and faith in God; and thanks be to that kind mother who taught me the principles of faith, that have been my safeguards

through the battle of life. Dear little Hopes of Zion, I hope that you have good faithful mothers; for I know when you grow to be men and women you will bless them. May our Father in heaven bless the children of Zion, is the prayer of one that loves them.
D. K. DODSON.

To the editor of *Zion's Hope*:—We are interested in the welfare of and continuance of our little paper, and the welfare of the little Hopes. It is our earnest desire for their welfare and for the cause of Christ, although our talent is quite limited. There will not be much expected of us, yet we are commanded to improve upon our talents. It becomes our duty, in order to gain other talents, to use what we have. If we have but one, it is our privilege to improve upon that one, and God requires it of us.

Dear little Hopes, now is the time to improve; now is the time to cast in your mite: now is the time to remember your Creator, while in the days of your youth; for if we do not make proper use of that which is entrusted to our care, when our Lord cometh to claim his own, we will be weighed in the balance and found wanting. Precious little buds of Zion, may God bless you with his Holy Spirit and keep you in the narrow way; may you be instrumental in the hands of the mighty God of Jacob of doing good; may your lives be spent in his service.

In order to be favored of him you must keep his commandments, love him with all your mind, might and strength, and your neighbor as yourself; shun every evil and keep unspotted from the vices of the world.

We should let our light shine, set a godly example and live godly in Christ Jesus; so that when he cometh we may be like him, is the prayer of one who is interested in the redemption of Zion. Respectfully yours.
S.

STRING PRAIRIE, Feb. 4, 1873.

Uncle Joseph:—Since you put my other letter into the *Hope* I thought I would write again. I have not missed but three days of my school this term, and do not want to miss any more. I can't write much, but will try and do my part. I can write on the slate and my mamma will copy it for me. I like to read the little *Hope*. I have learned a great many verses.
E. HILLS.

THRIVING WILLOW BRANCH, Feb. 2, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the little *Hope* to tell them that I am a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I was baptized May 13, 1872, by Elder Richard Groom. I was seventeen years old when I became a member of the church. There is a branch of Christ's church out in this broad prairie where there are all kinds of sects and societies, and all of them are against us. In spite of all the prejudice there are eight righteous souls who have found the right way. I hope that there will be more that will find the right way. The saints meet to pray and read a chapter from the Bible and sing and give our thanks to the God we love and trust. We have the Book of Mormon: I have read some in it, but father has read it through twice, and I heard him. I read the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and I have read the Bible through once; and I intend to read it much, and learn a great deal in it. All of the little saints should pray for Uncle Mark to come home safe. May God bless him on his mission; and not only him, but all that have gone to preach the word of God. I wish that some of the elders would come out here and preach to us and all around here. We take the little *Hope*. I hope it will get larger and all of the boys and girls would write to it. I know all could write if they would. I remain your sister in Christ,
LYDIA ANN EMMONS.

THRIVING WILLOW BRANCH, Feb. 2, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I want to tell all of the saints that I want to see them, but I don't expect to unless we meet in heaven. Let us all try to meet there. We must keep the commandments of God and do his holy will. We must

"Pray in faith, and pray unceasing,
To the God we love and trust;
For our prayers are much availing,
If we walk upright and just."

That is what the poet says. Yours in Christ,

ALLEN ANDREW EMMONS.

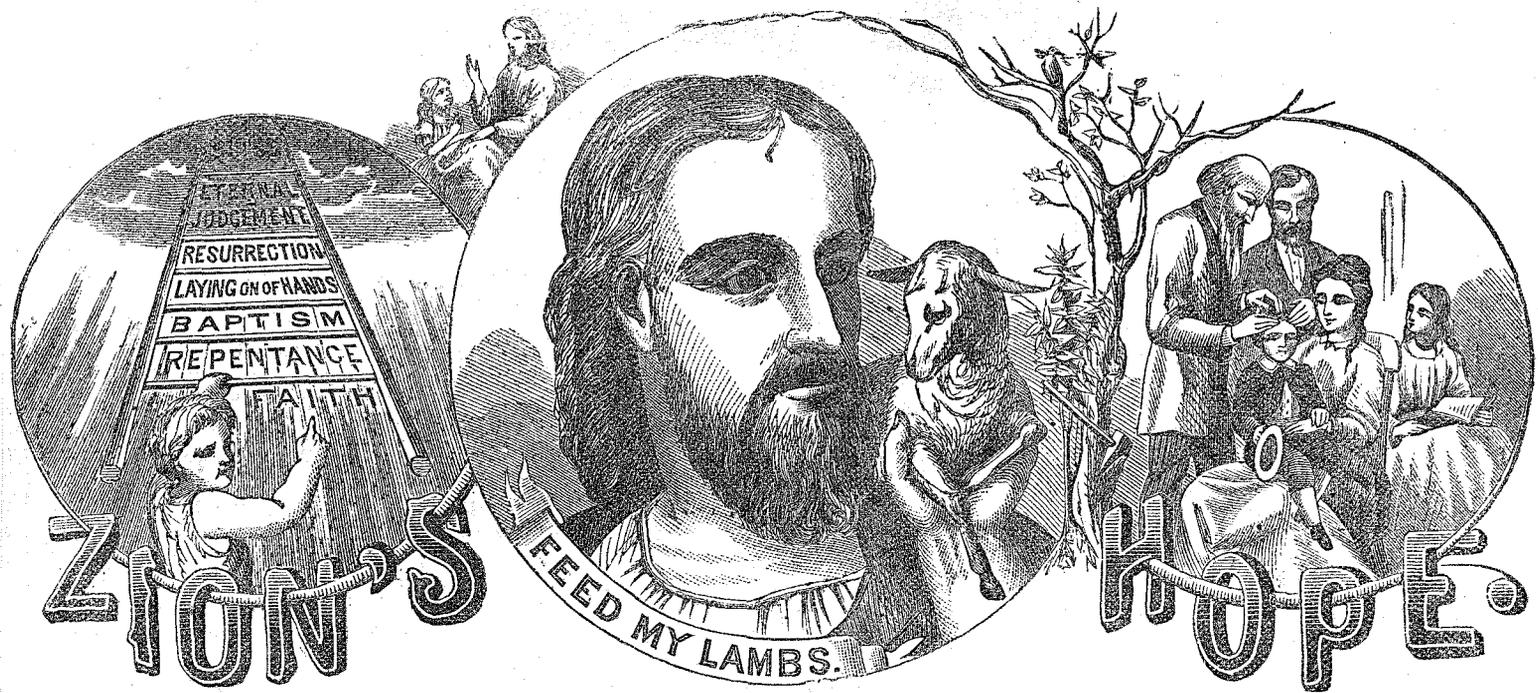
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

AWARD OF PRIZES.

Master William Stuart, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is entitled to the prize worth \$5, offered in HOPE of June 15th, 1872.

Miss Sarah Jane Ballantyne, of Little Sioux, Iowa, is entitled to the Chromos, offered in the HOPE of the same date.

HASTY RESOLUTIONS.

BY PERLA WILD.

"I'll never speak to Will Mason again as long as I live, so I won't. He's a mean little puppy, he is," and Aura Benson drew off her mittens with a jerk, and sank into a chair.

Grandma looked up. "Why, what's the matter, Aura? What has he done?"

"Done enough, I should say. Rubbed my face with snow till it was read as a cherry, and my ears tingled; and he broke one of my earrings, too. The great bear."

"Indeed, that *was* rather rude. But what did you do, child, to provoke him," queried grandma, looking steadily and kindly at Aura over her glasses.

Aura cast down her eyes and was silent a moment. "I, grandma? Why nothing at all,—to provoke him. He wasn't very much provoked, I guess. He didn't get mad. But he was as rough as could be, and I'll never speak to him again, so I won't. Never."

"Stop, child, don't be so hasty. You don't realize what a rash resolution you are making. *Never* is a long time. And you know not what may happen in the long *never* yet to come."

"Nor I don't care; I won't speak to *him*, any how." And Aura threw off her hood and shawl and sat down by the window with her back to her grandma.

Grandma put up her knitting and went over to the window, passing her arm around the young girl's neck, she gently drew the wayward head, with its crown of gold brown tresses, close to her kind old heart, and said kindly, and gently, "Now, darling, tell old grandma all about it. All, every bit. All *you* said and did, as well as what he did. Don't leave any of it out. I want to know all about this affair that troubles my pet so grievously. And you won't deceive me nor tell me a falsehood, I'm sure. You are sometimes hasty and inconsiderate, but you are always truthful, I believe, and I am glad and thankiul

that you are. It is a sad thing to be a deceiver. But come, tell me, dear."

Aura began to sob softly and could not speak for a few moments. But presently she began:

"We were playing forfeits at noon, and Will gave his handkerchief. And when we came to redeem our pledges, he was told to 'kneel to the prettiest girl, bow to the wittiest, and kiss the one he liked the best.' He came right over to me and bowed, then dropped on one knee before me, and jumped up and tried to kiss me, but I wouldn't let him. And then the scholars all began to laugh and say smart things about Will and me, and—and, at last, I got mad, and told him he was always trying to do something or other to bother some one. *He* didn't get mad at what they said, but just laughed with them, and said he 'wasn't going to tell a story even in a play.' And then they laughed and cheered more than ever, and I had to cry, I couldn't help it.

"Just then the teacher came in and inquired what all the noise was about. And Will, he had to tell that he did as they told him to redeem his handkerchief, and they were making a great hullabaloo over it. And then he and the other boys went out to play ball, and some of the tell-tale girls went and told teacher the whole story, and he came over to my seat and told me to cheer up and not cry any more, for my grief was unnecessary. He said I needn't be ashamed nor angry, because Will Mason was a good, noble hearted boy; that I ought to be proud instead. The friendship and esteem of such an one was very desirable, and I ought to rejoice in it, and try to always retain it.

"This made me more provoked, because it was none of his business, and he oughtn't talk that way any way. Had he, grandma?"

Grandma stroked the soft brown hair tenderly, as she replied, "Yes, he had *ought* to talk to you in that manner, for it is right and proper. And it is his business what his scholars say and do when they are under his care."

Aura went on, "Then after school was called, I saw Polly Bell write something on her slate and nudge Jane to read it, looking slyly over her shoulder at me, (I sit on the next seat behind them), but I pretended to be busy studying till she turned round and then I leaned forward and read what she had written. It was something about my being such a simpleton as to believe that Will was in earnest. And *that* again made me mad, to think I *had* been such a dunce. I couldn't half study for thinking, and it was all I could do to keep the tears back all the time till recess. I went out but didn't feel like playing snow ball with the rest. Pretty soon Will

noticed that I wasn't playing, and he had to go and sing part of a silly song about a pouting beauty. And oh! but *I was mad*. I felt as if I'd like to pound the insulting scamp. I said so I guess, or something spiteful, I can't just remember what,—and he laughed and gathered a handful of snow and rubbed my face till it tingled, and broke my earring. Now, grandma, isn't that enough to make me just as mad as can be, and never want to speak to Will Mason again."

"No, darling, I don't think so. Though it was rather rude in him to rub your face so harshly. But no doubt you said something that provoked him."

"I know I said considerable, grandma, but he needn't sing such hateful songs to me, and set all the scholars laughing at me."

"But, child, what was it he sang?" queried grandma. "Can't you tell some of it? I want to find out just how much each of you are in fault, if I can."

"I guess I can think of it in a moment. I've heard him sing that part of it many a time. Let's see. Yes, I remember.

Her lily brow was clouded o'er,
Her blue eye sparkled threat'ningly;
Her cheeks was flushed, her lips compressed,
And oh she pouted charmingly."

There, isn't that insulting.

"No, Aura, not that. It's true there's not much rhyme in the stanza you quoted, but nothing insulting. No doubt you were pouting, though I don't think very charmingly. People don't look very charmingly when they are angry. And I must say I think you have acted very foolishly in this affair, from first to last. It is unlucky, the breaking of your earring, I suppose, but the loss is a trifling one. They are very cheap, flimsy ornaments, and such things are not at all necessary, and in my view in bad taste. Savages may tattoo and hang their ears and noses with rings, but why should civilized people and christians?"

"O grandma! you are just as bad as Will. You blame me for everything, even wearing earrings. I don't care, I won't speak to him again. So I won't. You can uphold him as much as you please. I haven't a friend in the world." And Aura began to cry and sob as if her heart were breaking. Grandma petted and soothed her and kissed the troubled brow, assuring her that she loved her fondly as she had her dear dead son, Aura's father, who had died when Aura was a baby.

"And when your mother died, Aura, I promised to be a mother to you. And I have

loved and petted and cared for you ever since you were a little toddling thing of two years old, and now at fifteen, you don't know whether I am your friend or not. Ah! well, I shall love my little girl just as well, even if she doesn't care for her old grandma."

But Aura did not hear the last words for she was hurrying out of the room muttering, 'she wouldn't speak to Will again,' between her sobs. Up in her little bedroom she sat down in the cold to cry and moan passionately. But by and by she grew calmer and began to think. And then she began to see her own folly, and know she had treated grandma disrespectfully. But her stubborn pride would not let her relent sufficiently to acknowledge her fault.

Presently she grew chilly and went down, and went to work helping grandma with the supper, but she couldn't humble herself enough to say that she was sorry for anything she had said.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Selected.]

CHILDHOOD'S YEARS.

Childhood's years are passing o'er us,

Youthful days will soon be done;

Cares and sorrows lie before us,

Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

O! may He who, meek and lowly,

Trod himself this vale of woe,

Make us His, and make us holy;

Guard and guide us while we go.

Hark! it is the Savior calling,

"Little children follow me!"

Jesus keep our feet from falling;

Teach us all to follow Thee.

TO THE YOUNG ARMY OF ZION.

HAVE just seen in the *Herald*, a reminder from one of the brethren that all who can should speak good words to the little readers of *Zion's Hope*, who are expected in years to come to be some of the brighter lights of the world. Therefore I claim your attention, you romping boys and girls, for a few moments.

As I hurried along a street in New York one evening in last week, a little boy, who was about five years old said to me, "Please, sir, give me a match."

"A match?" I said, as I looked at the little fellow, and then I saw the end of a cigar in his hand. A match! I think I speak wisely when I say, that I would rather see him buried, than give him a match to light that cigar with.

Some of the larger hopes, a great many of whom smoke I am sorry to say, may laugh at this and think it folly. But let me tell you, dear little ones, that God has said through his prophet, that it is wrong for people to smoke tobacco, for he is better pleased with us if we do not smoke, and we all know that what does not please God is wrong.

I have a friend in England, who belongs to a very prominent family in this country, he has been to college, is well educated, he is an excellent musician, an excellent penman, he can write short hand, he can converse in several languages, and he is a very eloquent speaker. He has lectured in New York city a great many times before crowded houses, and if he was wise could soon make a fortune. But he is not wise, and what do you think is the cause of his folly? Why smoke. When he was a little boy like the one that asked me for a match, he began to put cigars in his mouth.

He has twice been confined in a mad house, all through smoking. And when he is not keeping company with the mad men, he wanders about the country lecturing to the people in the streets. He very often has to go without food, and frequently lies in the snow or rain all night, while traveling on foot from place to place. And this

is the result of disobeying God's word of wisdom. He is now so nervous and excitable that there is little hope that he will ever be quite well again. You will not wonder now why I refused to give the little boy a match. I might have caused his eternal ruin.

The young man that I have been telling you about, is only one of many thousands who have suffered in a similar manner through chewing and smoking tobacco.

I have heard him groan, and have seen the tears stream down his face, through the agony he suffered when trying to escape from the sad habit, yet he never succeeded in doing so. How much easier it is to keep the path of virtue, than to return after once leaving it.

Oh! the beastly habit of chewing. It reminds one of a cow chewing her cud. It pleases God that the cow should chew her cud. But he has expressly told us that it does not please him for men to chew tobacco.

If you take good advice my dear little brothers and sisters, you will never buy chewing gum. Because that is just one of the cunning ways that the evil one has of getting children into a bad habit. If, instead of buying chewing gum, you save the pennies and buy an extra copy of the *Hope* to give to some one who may thus be brought into the church, how much better it will be, and you will all become little missionaries.

Good night, little innocents. May God bless you all. From Professor

THOMAS MANWARING.

Feb. 16, 1873.

CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

A FRAGMENT FROM A SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

AMID the rattling of tackle blocks we followed the boats down, and as they touched the water, every man, braced firm in his seat, and stripped for work or a swim, grasped his oar. There was no time to lose, for other eyes had seen the whales, and a score of boats were already on the track. The excitement of the chase had begun, and as we felt the light boat gather headway under us, we laid back with a long, steady stroke upon the ash oars. The "school" of whales just ahead of us were slowly sweeping down the passage, the body of the school close together, the flankers on either board, and led by an old whale, whose barnacled head and huge gray back proclaimed him an old monarch of the seas. The fleecy white spots glistened in the sunshine, drifting away to leeward in the morning air. A light breeze came from the land, deliciously cool and fragrant.

We were now within a cable's length of the nearest whales, a score of boats close in our wake, and another ship's boat lapping upon us. Grim old John Daggett, our first mate, seemed going mad, his eyes starting from their sockets, teeth clenched, and bareheaded. I could see the veins in his forehead and great brawny arms swell almost to bursting, as the fever heat of the chase came on. I pulled the after oar, and as he guided the boat with one hand, his other at every stroke caught my oar, throwing it against my breast, while its long blade quivered like a piece of springing steel. Still the other boat gained—creeping slowly abreast of us.

"Pull men—if you love money, pull! Don't let that boat pass us! A keg of terbaccer among ye, if we get up to this whale! Ah! he blows! What a back—broader'n the old woman's parlor. Steady now, men—not a whisper, if ye want to live! One more stroke—stand up, harpooner. Don't ye miss him, boy! look out when he rounds up—cool, my boy, cool! Give it him!"

Down under my oar-blade I saw a huge black body, and the boat struck something harder than a wave.

"Starn all!—starn, I tell ye!" thundered the mate; and I knew that we were *fast*. Heavens! how the line flew out, as, maddened with pain, the monster plunged downward.

One—two—three hundred fathoms of line out; not a sound in the boat, save the crackling of the line as it runs smoking around the loggerhead, the mate tightening it every pound it would bear—every man braced firm in his seat, grasping his oar and waiting. But now the slender cord slackens; for, tired and breathless, our prey is coming up.

As I leaned over the gunwale, the waters were clear as crystal, and I fancied I could see to immense depths in the calm and tranquil element. Is it possible a more than fabled giant is coming thence to do battle with us? And in a few moments will it be his blood or ours that shall turn this pellucid blue to turbid crimson? A shout startled me; and, looking round, there, lashing the sea to snow drifts, rolled our prey. And what an antagonist! At least eighty feet long, of huge girth, he lay on his back, his head depressed, and a jaw full fifteen feet long elevated in the air, and bristling with sharp, gleaming white teeth. His roaring was fearful. Down to our oars, and in a moment our mate had his lance at work.

Keen as a razor blade, that long thin lance found its way through hide and sinew, past piled-up flesh and rib, burying its head in the very vitals of the monster. His throes of agony were terrible. At every lance-thrust his huge body would quiver along its entire length, and the blood rush in a torrent from his spiracle. In vain he turns upon us—the well-trained crew slip the boat out from under his very jaw as he shuts it down to crush us, and as he rushes by again, the lance cuts its cruel way.

No play, this kind of hunting. No long-range rifle fired from safe distance. A grand hand-to-hand combat, grappling the greatest living animal in a life-and-death struggle. No place in that boat for weak nerves. These be earnest men, snatching subsistence for their families from out of the sea, and conquering its king. He strives to escape, but the iron is galling, and, spouting ten gallons of blood at every breath, he is growing weak. Oh, old fellow—your enemies have closed upon you, and know no fear. It is your life or theirs, and man triumphs over the brute.

But now the *coup de grace* is given, and he is dying. On his side, swimming blindly, he sweeps grandly around in a narrowing circle, until at last, heading towards the sun as vision grows more and more dark, a mighty throe shakes the huge form, a convulsive shudder as in a last vain struggle for life—and a huge unwieldy mass, heaving upon the long swells, attest man's supremacy upon water as well as upon land.

HE FORGOT IT WAS SUNDAY.

A little boy was amusing himself with his play things on Sunday.

"Edward," said his mother, "don't you know it is Sunday?"

"Oh, is it?" said he. "I did not remember."

"That is the very command which God has given us: 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.'"

Children often excuse themselves by saying, "I did not think; I forgot; I did not remember." But they ought to think; they ought to remember.

WAY TO HEAVEN.

"Mother," said Emma, "don't all good children go to heaven?" "Yes," answered mother.

"Not because they are good," said Lucy, "for Jesus says, 'I am the door; by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved.'"

Lucy is right. We can only get into heaven as Jesus Christ opens the door to us. He died for us, that our sins might be forgiven, and we be made pure and holy. That is the way to heaven.

A BROKEN PLATE.

PART THIRD.

HAVING landed the plate on the shores of America, a younger branch of the family became its sole possessor until it was broken, it having been her daily companion for a number of years; even through childhood, and always presenting to her view something nice and delicious to eat.

Again, history repeats itself, and little hands begin to trace after the birds portrayed upon their plate, asking the same old questions over again that had so oft been asked in years gone by. Why the little man does not pass over the bridge, and what is the name of those queer looking buildings represented on their plate, called by the pretty name of willow pattern.

But years roll on, changes again take place, but the plate remains steadfast in the family; never weary of well doing, but always ready with its face clean and shining, to take a morsel of food to the poor and needy.

We will now say to the broken plate, farewell, and may the little Hopes learn by its history to become as useful in their day and generation as the broken plate has been in its time.

Having said so much about the usefulness of the plate, we will trace the manner in which it was made; and in so doing, we will have to select a few of our items from "Pleasant Pages for Young People."

The Staffordshire Potteries is one of the mid-land counties in England, bounded on one side by Worcestershire, and on the north side is the town of Newcastle-under-Lyne, which is the beginning of a district ten miles long, called the "Staffordshire Potteries." This district is divided into many villages, or towns; such as Bruslem and others; but really, the rows of houses are so near to each other, that the towns seem to be all joined together and they form one long street. You would soon distinguish the manufactories from the dwelling houses, by the large, lofty, dark-colored buildings, of a shape something like a sugar loaf, or old fashioned bee hive. These buildings contain the kilns where the earthenware is baked, they are called hovels.

Running through this district of country, is the Grand Trunk Canal, opened about eighty years ago for the purpose of conveying goods to the northern ports, Hull and Liverpool, but this was before the time of railways, during that time when there was but one railroad in the country, grandmother traveled through that part called the Staffordshire Potteries, on the Grand Trunk Canal; and on the banks of the canal, she saw heaps of flint, which had been brought in barges from a place called Gravesend; also, clay and stones from Dorsetshire, Devonshire and Cornwall; and coarser clay from another part of Staffordshire to make cases for the earthenware; and plaster of Paris to make moulds for the different shapes; also heaps of coal for the baking fires.

Perhaps the little Hopes, by this time, will begin to enquire what is going to be done with such a heap of sand and other stuff.

The flints are taken to the kiln and burnt until they are quite white, in this condition they break more easily; they are then taken to a flint mill, where they are broken into coarse powder by a machine with heavy hammers called stampers; the powdered flint is then mixed with water and with some Dorsetshire clay. It is next ground in a number of mills, each of which grinds it finer than it was before, and strains it through a fine silk sieve. After a time the powdered flint and clay become so fine, that with the water, they form a thick, smooth paste, like cream, which is called slip. This slip is heated until the water evaporates, so that it becomes stiff again like dough. It is then passed on to the throwing room, where men shape it into plates, cups, or dishes, upon a wheel called a "throwing wheel."

You would not, by any description, well under-

stand how quickly and well these men work. You must see them do it.

These articles when made are in a soft state, they are then called "green ware."

The green ware is placed in cases in the shape of a drum, and carried to the biscuit kiln, where it is baked until it is very dry and crisp. It is then called "biscuit ware." The biscuit ware must then be colored like the broken plate was, but plates could not be bought so cheap, if each one had to be painted with a brush. Just look, little Hopes, at some of your grandmother's dishes, what a deal of work there is upon them. The plain ware now in use obviates all that trouble.

We will now inform you how the pictures are put on the plates. In the first place, after becoming biscuit ware, it is taken to a woman who knows how to color them. In the next room to her is a man printing patterns for blue plates, on thin paper, from a copper plate press. As soon as he has printed a pattern, the woman takes it from him, and turns it over with the printed surface on the plate. After fixing it on the edge and middle of the plate, she takes a round headed rubber and rubs it violently; then as the "biscuit ware" is absorbent, the rubbing makes it absorb the wet ink from the paper.

The plate is then passed over to a younger girl, who dips it in cold water, rubs off the paper and finds that the pattern on the paper has been transferred to the plate's surface.

After being sent to a kiln for the oil to be dried out of the ink, the plate is then glazed with a preparation of salt, and is ready for use; for you see the plate would not be of much use without the glazing, as the pictures would soon wash off.

I understand that the use of salt, in glazing earthenware was discovered accidentally. A servant in the Pottery neighborhood, who was boiling in an earthen pot some very strong brine for salting pork, happened to leave it on the fire for a few minutes. When she returned, she found that a great part of it had boiled over the vessel, and covered it with a hard shining substance, which when it was cold, she could not rub off. A potter to whom it was shown, immediately saw its great use in glazing earthenware, and it soon became generally used.

FAITH.

NO MAN cannot live without lively faith, and faith is not lively without a holy life.

Faith in Christ must be seconded with faithfulness unto Christ. As we must have faith in Him, so we must keep faith unto Him.

It is the efficacy of faith to believe what we see not: it shall be the reward of faith to see what we believe.

Christ's righteousness is as much ours, to save us trusting in it, as it is His own to glorify Him.

As, when all outworks in a city are taken, the walls sealed, and all fortifications forsaken, then a tower holds out last, and is a refuge to fly to: so, when the devil and God's wrath beleaguer us round, and the comfort of all our graces is taken from us, and we are driven to forsake all our holds of comfort, then we should fly unto the name of the Lord as to a strong tower.

We should so believe in God, as if we used no means; and yet as diligently use the means, even as if our confidence were to be in them.

Faith should be in the soul, as the soul is in the body, which is not there in vain, but is still stirring, and showing itself by motion and action.

As exercise begets health, and by health we are made fit for exercise, so assurance grounded upon the promise enableth, enlargeth, and increaseth sanctification, and sanctification increaseth assurance.

In prayer, it is faith that must make us successful; in obedience, it is faith that must make us cheerful; in afflictions, it is faith that must make us patient; in trials, it is faith that must

make us resolute; in desertions, it is faith that must make us comfortable; in life, it is faith which must make us fruitful; and in death, it is faith which must make us victorious.—*Clarke's "Saints' Nose-gay."* A.D. 1842.

PUT UP THE SWORD.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Put up the sword!" The voice of Christ once more Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar, O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe Down which a groaning diapason runs From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons Of desolate women in their far-off homes, Waiting to hear the step that never comes! O men and brothers! let that voice be heard. War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold, And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit With grave responses listening unto it; Once, on the errands of his mercy bent, Buddha, the holy and benevolent, Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look, Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook. "O son of Peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate." The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace Of fear or anger, in the monster's face, In pity said: "Poor fiend, even thee I love." Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank Into the form and fashion of a dove; And where the thunder of its rage was heard, Circling above him sweetly sang the bird: "Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song; "And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"

WHERE IS YOUR LANTERN?

YOUNG HARRY was sent on an errand one evening in early winter. After giving him his message his mother said, "Be sure you take the lantern with you Harry."

"Bother the lantern!" answered the boy, gruffly and disrespectfully; and he started, muttering to himself, "What do I want with a lantern? I guess I know the way fast enough!"

Very soon Master Harry, in crossing the street, stumbled into a hole which had been made by a recent rain. By this fall he knocked the flesh from his shin-bone and covered his clothing with mud.

On his way back he forgot the fence had fallen in near the edge of the ravine. As he groped his way along the bank, he fell over, and went sprawling to the bottom of the ravine.

With much ado and after many bruising he got into the road once more; but when he finally reached his mother's door, he looked more like a scarecrow than a living boy.

The lantern would have saved him from all this; wasn't he a foolish fellow not to take it?

Certainly he was. But what shall be said of those boys and girls who know the Bible to be the only lamp which can guide their feet safely through the paths of life to their home in heaven, and yet refuse to carry it? Are they not still more foolish? Are they not likely to suffer even more than the boy? You know they are. Take the Bible, therefore, for your life-lantern, and let it be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path.

Like young Timothy, may you be *Bible readers* and *Bible heeders*, first *knowing* God's will, then *doing* it. The lantern must be used to be useful. Not only have it, but bear it with you as a light to guide you.

A PRETTY ORNAMENT.

PRETTY ornament may be obtained by suspending an acorn by a piece of thread tied round it, within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a vase, tumbler, or saucer, and allowing it to remain undisturbed for several weeks. It will soon burst open, and small roots will seek the water; a straight and tapering stem, with beautiful glossy green leaves, will shoot upward, and present a very pleasing appearance. Chestnut trees may be grown in this manner, but their leaves are not so beautiful as those of the oak. The water should be changed once a month, taking care to supply water of the same warmth; bits of charcoal added to it will prevent the water from souring. If the little leaves turn yellow, put a grain of nitrate of ammonia in the vessel which holds the water and it will renew their luxuriance.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Away, away to the Northland,
Where the hours of the day are few,
And the nights are so long in winter,
They cannot sleep them through;
Where they harness the swift reindeer
To the sledges when it snows;
And the children look like bears' cubs,
In their funny, furry clothes.

They tell them a curious story—
I don't believe 'tis true;
And yet you may learn a lesson,
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good St. Peter
Lived in the world below,
And walked about it preaching,
Just as he did, you know.

He came to the door of a cottage,
In traveling round the earth,
Where a little woman was making cakes,
And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting,
For the day was almost done,
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
To give him a single one.

So she made him a very little cake,
But as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.

Therefore, she kneaded another,
And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
As large as the first done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer—
But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem too small
When I eat of them myself,
Are yet to large to give away,"
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good St. Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You're far too selfish
To dwell in a human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And a fire to keep you warm.

"Now you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day, in the hard, dry wood."

Then she went up through the chimney,

Never speaking a word;
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same:
But all the rest of her clothes were burned,
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country school-boy
Has seen her in the wood;
Where she lives in the trees to this very day,
Boring, and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches,
Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,
And try to be kind and good,
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress,
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird, though you
As selfishly as you can; [live
But you will be changed to a smaller thing—
A mean and selfish man.

Correspondence.

Feb. 1, 1873.

Br. Joseph:—I wish to say to you that I am a subscriber for the *Hope*, and one of its constant readers. That I look forward to the time of its arrival with anxiety, and peruse its contents with pleasure. I notice first what Uncle T. T. has to say, then next read the letters from the dear young hopes, whom I feel that I love; after that, peruse the other articles.

I consider the *Hope* a great benefit and blessing to our young people, and think it would be well if all the members of our church took an interest in it.

We have no young Hopes in our family circle, as those who have been with us are married and away, and notwithstanding the companion of my youth and myself have journeyed together in this life, and in this Latter Day Work for nearly forty years, yet at times we feel that our hearts are as young as ever, and we take delight in seeing an effort made for the well-being and elevation of the rising generation; we therefore wish you great success in your noble undertaking, and may possibly occasionally contribute our mite to aid you in this good work. May the Lord bless you and all his children. Respectfully and truly, your friend,
WHILOM.

February 2d, 1873,

Brother Joseph: I sit down to write a few lines to the little Hopes. I was baptized February 19th, 1872, by Elder David Powell. I have read the *Hope*. I am glad to tell you that I am in the church. May God bless all of his saints, that take the *Hope*.

Yours in Christ,
M. F. EMMONS.

St. JOSEPH, Mo., Feb. 17, 1873.

Dear *Hope*:—As it has been some time since I contributed to your columns, and as I see you are in need of matter for the *Hope*, I thought I would cast my mite in with the rest of the friends of the good cause. I have just returned from the land of iniquity, called Utah. I cannot tell you how it grieved my heart to see so many souls groping in darkness; but I hope the time will soon come when they will be led out of the darkness into the divine light of the gospel. The only comfort I had while there was the pleasure of hearing Br. David Smith and Br. Ells preach to the saints. I rejoice that I am one of those that have come out of the darkness and embraced that gospel which leads to life everlasting. And, dear children, let us all try to live so that at the coming of our Lord and Master he may say unto each of us, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

May God bless us all, is the prayer of your brother in Christ.
CHARLES BISHOP.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I love to read the *Hope*. You ask us to help you, and I am going to try. I am eight years old. I am just learning to write, and can't write very well. We live away out on the prairies of Iowa, and burn corn part of the time. We have had a very cold winter so far, and a good deal of snow. We have our meetings nearly every

Sunday, but we have no Sunday School. There are only eight saints living here. I send my love to all the little Hopes.
S. AURILLA WILDERMUTH.

WHITE CLOUD, Kansas, Feb. 18, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—It is the first time I ever undertook to write to the *Hope*. I like to read it very much. I have taken the *Hope* very near two years. I live on the Missouri River, and can see all the steamboats as they pass. The high bluffs are right over us, and the cars run right under them. I was baptized into the church last Easter. I mean to try to live better. Yours in Christ.

M. AMUEBELLA CLEMENSEN.

HEALDSBURG, SONOMA Co., Cal.,

Jan. 27, 1873.

Dear little *Hope*:—I did not expect this evening to write a letter to you; but as I sat here by my fireside, reading your columns, I thought probably some of the young readers of the *Hope* would like to read something I have to write; although I do not belong to the church, my dear mother and Uncle Peter Briggs both belong, and Uncle has taken the *Hope* for me since last February; and I love to read its truths and ponder over the good and wonderful works that is to be done through its columns. I have not much to say this time; I am but a child; I am fourteen years old; but I hope you will give my feeble effort a place.
CHARLOTTE GRUNDY.

OSSEO, Trempealeau Co., Wis.,

Jan. 29, 1873.

Uncle Joseph.—This is the first time I ever tried to put my thoughts on paper; but as father did not send for the *Hope* when he renewed his subscription, and I had twenty-five cents, I thought I would send it for the *Hope*; as you were so kind as to send two copies. I want you to continue it on as before, for me and my little sister do not want to do without it. If this is worthy a place in the *Hope*, I will try and do better next time.
JOHNATHAN W. WHITAKER.

BLAIR, Washington Co., Neb.,

Jan. 28, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph, Plano, Ill.—As the old year is ended, and with it the subscription for my *Zion's Hope* has expired, and I would not like to have it stopped; please find inclosed fifty cents, for which please send us one number of the *Hope*. With all good wishes for the cause of Christ, and the increasing of the subscription for the dear *Zion's Hope*, I wish you and all its young readers a Happy New Year. I send you a piece of poetry called Childhood's Years.

JOSEPHINE FYRANDO.

[There were but twenty-five cents in the letter.]—ED.

HILLSDALE, Mills Co., Iowa,

February 3rd, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph.—It is with the greatest of pleasure that I take my pen in hand to write a few lines to the *Hope*. In looking over the correspondence in the last *Hope*, I saw but four letters, and those from younger Hopes than I. We have a small branch here of fourteen members. We have no Sunday School, the branch is too small for it. From your brother in the church.
W. W. THORNTON.

February 2d, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph: I am very glad to tell you that I am in the church now. I was baptized by Elder David Powell, when I was nine years old. I like the little *Hope* very well. I love to sing and pray. I want to send fifty cents to the *Hope* as soon as I can get it, for I love to read it.
SARAH N. EMMONS.

Roll of Honor.

Previously Credited	\$153 25	Janet Black	\$1 00
John G. Gillespie, Jr.	50	Nancy M. Ballantyne	25
Anna Simpson	1 00	Netta Mee	1 16
Benjamin Griffin	50	Wm. W. Reese	2 00
M. E. Kyte	1 00	Martha C. Kendall	25
Geo. Worsteholm	3 00	B. F. Raymond, Junior	50
Mary O. Raymond	50	Emma Hart	1 00
Sarah Andrews	50	Mary Andrews	50
Noah Hart	1 00	Two daughters of Sr. J. Gault	50
Wm. M. Williams	25	Jane Williams	25
Miss A. Moore	50	Sis. Mason	25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.			6 65
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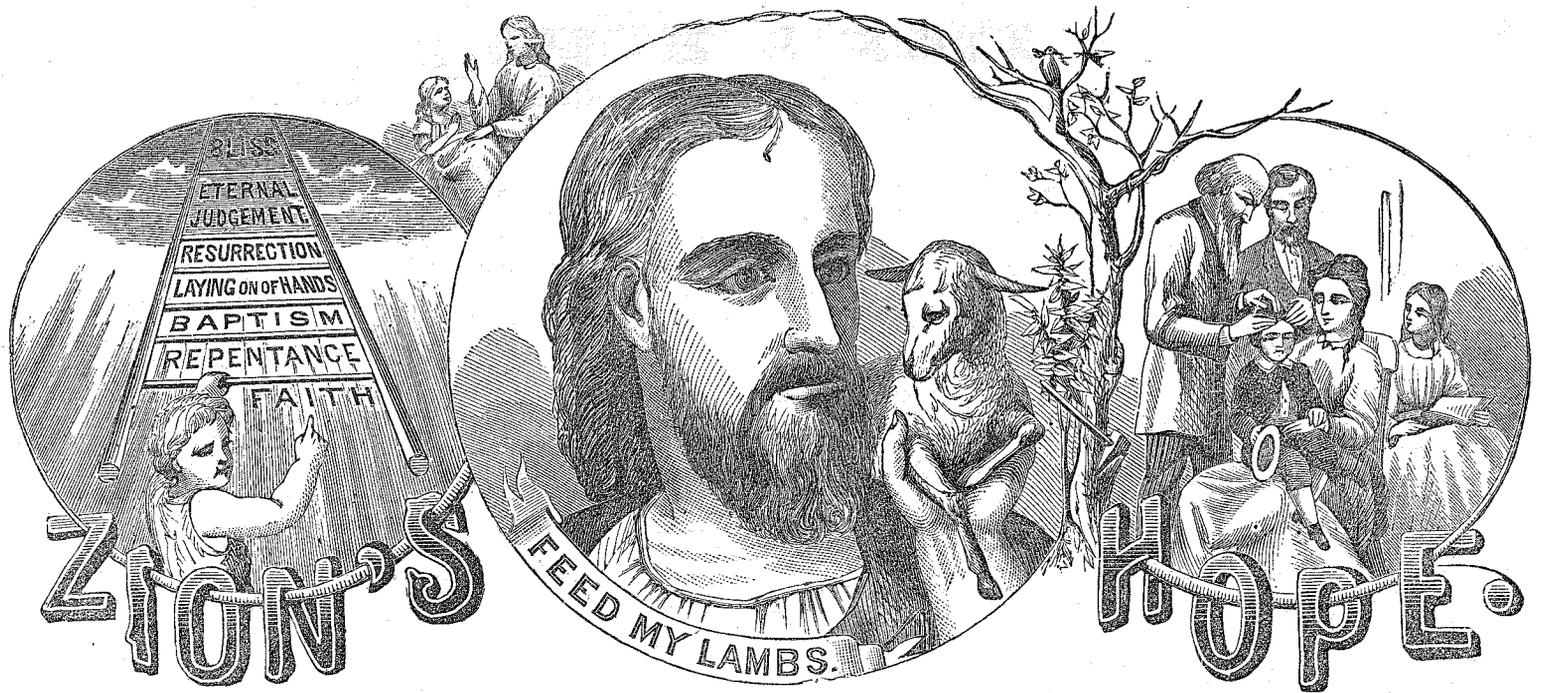
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

"AN UGLY DOG."

"**S**PLISH—splash," went that wretched dog through the mud, his ears hanging down and his tail between his legs.

"Oh! the ugly dog!" cried two young girls who were carrying home clothes from the wash.

"Oh! the ugly brute!" shouted a carter; and he gave his whip a loud crack to frighten him. But the dog took no heed of them. He ran patiently on, only stopping at the crossing when there were too many carriages for him to pass, but not seeming to busy himself at all as to what people said, or what they thought about him.

He ran on so for a long way.

No doubt of it, he was an ugly dog. He was lean and scraggy. His coat was of a dirty gray color, and in many places the hair was worn off in patches. Neither were there any tokens that he had ever been a handsome dog, and that his present state of wretchedness was owing merely to sudden misfortune. He looked, on the contrary, as though he had always been an ill-fed dog, having desultory habits, no home to go to, and seldom anything better to eat than a chance bone or crust picked up in the gutter. Yes, he was certainly a miserable dog.

But I wondered to see him run so obstinately in the middle of the road, when there was room in plenty for him on the pavement. He was a small dog, and by trotting close under the shop-fronts he could have slipped unnoticed through the crowd, and not have exposed himself to be run over by the cabs and whipped by the carters. But no; he preferred the road where the mud was, and he ran straight before him, without looking right or left, just exactly as if he knew his way.

I might have paid no more attention to this dog, for there are enough of whom I take no notice; but I observed that he had a collar round his neck, and that to this collar was attached a basket. This set me thinking; for a dog who carries a basket is either a dog sent out on an errand, or a runaway dog who has left his master, and does not know where to go. Now which could this one be? If he was a dog that ran on errands, why did not his owners feed him better, so that his ribs should look less spare? But if he was a dog who had left his master, and run away into the world to face care and trouble alone, what hardships or what cruelties had he had to suffer, that he should have taken such a step in despair? I felt I should like to have these questions answered, for there was something of mystery in them; I therefore followed the dog.

We were in Oxford Street, in that part of it

which lies between the Marble Arch and Duke Street, and the dog was running in the direction of the Regent Circus. It was a dull wet day in winter; rain had been falling. A gray fog was spreading its vapors along the road, and every one looked cold and uncomfortable. A few shops were being lighted up here and there, for evening was setting in. But the contrast between the glare of the gas and the occasional glow of the red coal fires burning cheerily in the grates of ground-floor parlors, only served to make the streets seem more dark and dreary. And yet the dog went pattering on, going at a sort of quick jog trot pace, keeping his ears always down, and paying no attention either to the omnibuses that rolled by him, the costermongers who swore at him, or the other dogs who stopped at times with a puzzled air, and gazed at him with silent wonder. I had to step out fast to keep up with him. It is astonishing how that squalid dog could trot! I was afraid more than once that he would distance me, but, thanks to the knack he had of always keeping to the middle of the road, I was prevented from losing sight of him. We passed North Audley Street, after that Duke Street, and we then came opposite a small street which forms a very narrow and dirty thoroughfare at the end which is nearest Oxford Street. Here the dog paused for a moment and appeared to hesitate as to what he should do. He made a few steps forward, then receded; but, finally, seemed to make up his mind and entered the street, still trotting. There was no one there. The dim drizzling rain, which had begun to fall again, the cold, and the fog had all scared away the habitual frequenters of the one or two sordid cook-shops that line both sides of the way. There was only a rag-and-bone-man sorting broken bottles at his door and coughing wheezily from old age and misery. The dog went on. The street grows wider as one proceeds, and the houses also become better and cleaner. I asked myself whether the dog could possibly have his home about here, and whether he would not suddenly disappear down an area, in which case the romance of the thing would have ended, and I should have had my walk for nothing. But no, he turned abruptly off at a mews and, after a few seconds of the same apparent hesitation as before, slackened his pace and stopped opposite a public-house.

A mews is never quite empty. There are always grooms loafing about in doorways, or stable-boys going in and out of washhouses. At the moment when the dog and I appeared, a coachman was harnessing two horses to a brougham, and a couple of men were helping him. Opposite, and exchanging remarks with them from the

threshold of the public-house, stood a servant in breeches smoking a long clay pipe; the dog was standing still; but all at once, before I had had time to suspect what was going to happen, he rose up on his hind legs and commenced walking gravely round in circles.

The man with the breeches and the clay pipe uttered a cry of surprise. The two others and the coachman raised their heads, and, upon seeing this strange sight, left their work and clustered up to look. A few more people attracted by the noise came and joined us. We soon formed a ring.

It seemed to please the dog to see us all around him, for he gravely wagged his tail once to and fro, and tried to put more spirit into his exercise. He walked five times round on his hinder legs, looking fixedly before him like a soldier on duty, and doing his best, poor dog!—I could see that—to make us laugh. For my part, seeing the others remain speechless in their astonishment, I laughed aloud to encourage him; but shall I say the truth? I felt more ready to cry. There was something inexpressibly sad in the serious expression of this lonely dog, performing by himself a few tricks that some absent master had taught him, and doing so of his own accord, with some secret end in view that he himself only could know of. After taking a moment's rest he set to work again, but this time on his fore-feet, pretending to stand on his head. And what a poor intelligent head it was, as almost shaving the ground, it looked appealingly at us all, and seemed to say: "Please do not play any pranks with me, for really I am not doing this for fun." When he had walked round on his head until he was weary, he lay down in the midst of the ring and made believe to be dead. He went through all the convulsions of a dying dog, breathing heavily, panting, suffering his lower jaw to fall, and then turning over motionless. And he did this so well that a stout, honest-faced woman, who had been looking on without laughing, exclaimed, "Poor beast!" and drew her hand across her eyes.

The rain continued to fall, but not one of us thought of moving, only the dog, when he had lain dead a minute, got up and shook himself, to show us all that the performance was ended. He had displayed the extent of what he knew, and now came forward to receive his fee. He stood up on his hind-legs again and, walking to each of us separately, assumed the posture that is popularly known as "begging." I was the first to whom he came. He gazed at me inquiringly with his soft eyes wide opened, and followed my

hand patiently to my waistcoat-pocket. The basket round his neck was a round one with a lid to it tied down with string, and a little slit in the lid through which to put in money. I dropped in a shilling and stooped down to read a bit of crumpled paper I saw hanging loosely from the collar. It bore these words written in a shaky hand: "This is the dog of a poor man who is bed-stricken; he earns the bread of his master. Good people, do not keep him from returning to his home." The dog thanked me for my offering by wagging his tail, and then passed on to my neighbor. Human nature must be kinder than people think, for there was not one of the spectators,—not even he with the breeches and clay pipe, whose face had impressed me unfavorably—but gave the dog something. As for him, when he had gone his round, he barked two or three times to say good-by, and then pattered contentedly away at the same jog-trot pace he had come.

He went up the street, and I followed him but when we had reached Oxford Street he quickened suddenly, and began to run hard, as if his day was ended and he wanted to get home. Evening had quite fallen by this time, and I felt it would be useless to go after my four-legged mystery on foot, so I called a cab, and said: "Follow that dog," very much to the driver's amazement.

It is a long way from the part of Oxford Street in which we were to Tottenham Court Road, where the small dog led me. But I should have understood the journey had it not been made at such a furious pace. The dog never once looked round. Twenty times I thought he would be crushed by passing vans or carriages; but some how he got through it. He had an extraordinary tact for finding a passage between horses' hoofs, and, like a true London dog as he was, he showed intimate familiarity with all the intricacies of crossings. Still, it was some relief to me both on his own account and on mine, when I saw him branch off at last. I was beginning to fear that he would never stop, that he had something of the Wandering Jew in him. It seemed impossible that, without taking any rest, without even pausing for an instant to draw breath, such a very lean dog should keep on going so long. Tottenham Court Road (this was about eighteen months ago) used to be a sort of fair at night-time. It is a lengthy highway running amidst a tangled network of sorry streets, the population of which, from dusk until the hour when the public-houses close, used to spread hungry and idle amongst the countless booths which had then not yet been swept away, and where shell-fish, sour fruit, and indigestible-looking meat were sold by yelling costermongers. On the night in question, when I went there in pursuit of the dog, I foresaw that I should be led to one of those sickly nests of fever, where poverty, disease, and misery have their abodes set up in permanence; and I was not wrong.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A GARDEN OF WONDERS.

WHAT California is a land of big things, is now quite well known. One conscientious correspondent of a New England paper admitted that his constant habit of seeing and handling the overgrown prodigies of that fertile country had a tendency to make him tell "big stories." But perhaps we are safe in believing the following, from a recent writer "on the ground," much as the sweet potato and beet will stagger us—

Figs grow abundantly if the trees are planted, and as good as the best from the Mediterranean. The crop is continuous; while some are ripe, others are just forming, and others, still, half or two-thirds grown.

To a certain extent the same is true of oranges. I have seen ripe fruit on the boughs, and green of all sizes, also. In a garden which I visited, I no-

ticed, among other things, the following: Dates, pomegranates, limes, castor beans, English walnuts, bananas, sweet potatoes, lemons, sweet lemons from Central America, China lemon. These were the fruits and vegetables, all of which were flourishing.

The plants were heliotropes, century plant, myrtle, oleander, datura arborea, and roses of numerous kinds which bloomed from December to January.

The proprietor spoke of a sweet potato, which he had raised, weighing seventeen pounds. He put the baby in one scale, and the potato in the other; the baby scale kicked the beam.

THE HOPE OF THE POOR.

Though thy lot be humble,
A toiler for thy bread,
Thou hast God's benediction,
Be not disquited!

Labor brings its blessings,
Contentment, honor, health,
More happiness than crosses,
Rolling in his wealth.

Ye weary ones take comfort,
There's a fairer world on high,
A blessed hope is given
Of that rest in yonder sky!

"I go," so said the Savior,
"A mansion to prepare
In my father's better country,
That ye, too, may be there!"

Thank God for an existence,
And ask him to prepare
Thy soul for that inheritance
The pure in heart shall share
Toil on until the summons
Comes from the Court Above;
Immortality awaits thee
In the Land of Light and Love!

HASTY RESOLUTIONS.

BY PERLA WILD.

THE next day she stayed at home to help Grandma cook, for a regiment of aunts and uncles and cousins were coming to spend the holidays. And the next day was Christmas, and there was no school, and and would be none till after New Year's. It was a busy, noisy, bustling week, and a happy one to all save poor little Aura. She couldn't forget that unpleasant affair with Will Mason. Of course the visitors knew nothing of it, and Grandma had no time to think of it, and Aura hadn't seen Will, so she had all her grief and shame to bear in silence.

New Year's night, after all the visitors were gone home, the family, consisting of Grandma, Uncle John, and Aura gathered round the bright fire burning in the pretty cosy family room; Grandma with her knitting, Aura with her crochet work, and Uncle John with an interesting book to read aloud to the others. And that interesting book was, what one, do you suppose? A pure and good book it is and very entertaining and instructive. It is known as the BOOK OF MORMON. Did you ever read it, children? It is written in simple language, easily understood, and a plain straight forward account of a people who lived on this land many hundred years ago. Well Uncle John was reading this book aloud, every evening reading a little, two or three chapters, or more or less, as he had time. He had been through the book once in this way, and found it so pleasing and entertaining that he was reading it the second time. A little while Aura worked on the little red mitten she was crocheting for a poor neighbor's little girl who had to go to school with bare hands in the cold. A little while she

worked away briskly, but soon her head drooped on her hand, and her work lay idle in her lap.

"Aura," said Grandma, presently, "you'd better go to bed, you are sleepy, and you have not looked well all day; your face is flushed, and your head feels feverish." Grandma had laid down her knitting and placed her hand on Aura's forehead.

Aura opened her eyes and answered wearily, "I have had a head ache all day, and my throat is sore to-night. I must go up to bed, for I feel very dull. I would like to hear uncle read, but I can't keep awake." And she put away her work carefully, and Grandma wound up her ball and laid her knitting down, and Uncle John began that beautiful hymn, for which we are grateful to Bro. David Smith, as well as to the good father above who gave him the sweet gift of poesy,—that beautiful hymn beginning with,

"The saints shall wear robes as the lilies,
When Jesus returning again
Shall bring back the rose to the valleys,
And plant the fruit trees on the plain."

After singing they knelt in prayer, and then Aura went up to bed, though it was only half-past six.

Just after she had retired, Willy Mason called in, and Uncle John closed his book and began conversing with him. Now Willy was a bright-faced, genial-hearted boy of eighteen, Aura's friend and playmate ever since she could remember. "Where is Aura, Uncle John?" All the young people, and many older ones, called these good people Uncle John and Grandma Benson. "Gone to bed with a head ache. She will be sorry to miss your call, no doubt." Uncle John didn't know of the mis-understanding between Will and Aura.

"I'm afraid she won't," replied Willy. "We had a quarrel, didn't you know it? I didn't get mad at her, but I provoked her till she couldn't help getting angry with me. I had no idea of offending her at first, but at last I thought to tease her into a good humor. But I fear I was too harsh. I was careless, surely, for I broke one of her earrings. But I've no doubt you've heard all about it."

"Not a word, before," replied Uncle John.

"Grandma has, of course," said Willy, "and thinks I am a very bad boy. And I suppose it is true. But, indeed, Grandma, I did not wish to displease Aura, for she is a dear, good girl, only when she gets angry. I hoped to see her this evening."

"And I am sorry it is so you cannot," returned Grandma. "But don't think I blame you Willy, I think you were, perhaps, thoughtless; but Aura was the first and most to blame. She told me the whole story truly, no doubt, for she is a truthful girl; and I tried to reason with her, but it was useless. She was so vexed and angry that all I could say did not change her resolve never to speak to you again. That was the evening after the difficulty occurred. Maybe she has got over it by this time."

"Bless your kind soul, you are too lenient with my fault," and Willy took Grandma's hand in both his, looking into her face with a sweet grateful smile.

Then Willy rose to go, begging Mrs. Benson to assure her grand daughter that he was very sorry for his thoughtlessness, and wished to be reconciled with her.

Grandma went up to Aura's room before retiring, but the girl seemed sleeping sweetly, and she did not speak to disturb her repose.

Grandma had told Willy that he would see Aura next day at school, and had best, perhaps plead his own case with the irate little maiden.

[What does *irate* signify, girls? Don't know, eh! well the dictionary does. Search it. If I tell you, you will forget it in a day, I fear.] But she would speak to Aura in the morning, however.

But the morning found Aura quite ill, and Mrs. Benson forgot what she had promised Willy, in her

anxiety for her. The next day she was worse, and the kind old lady did not wish to distress the poor girl by speaking of the unpleasant affair. So it was left to Aura to suffer, not only in body, but in mind, for she felt truly remorseful, now. Felt that she had been in error, and felt grieved and ashamed of her folly and anger.

Mrs. Benson found that Aura was suffering from quinsy, and did all in her power to alleviate the suffering consequent on such cases. But it proved a very severe attack, and Aura could only speak with the greatest difficulty, a very few words at a time, and that scarcely audible.

It was two or three days before Willy Mason learned the true cause which kept Aura away from school. He supposed, at first, that it was her displeasure towards him. But as soon as he heard that she was really ill, he went at once to her Grandmother's.

"How is Aura to-night, Grandma?"

"Very sick, poor child; suffering a great deal. She doesn't get much sleep nights, and she has just fallen asleep in the arm chair up stairs in her chamber. Else you should see her, and speak to her, but she wouldn't speak to you intelligibly."

"Poor girl; is she so bad as that? And I supposed she stayed away from school because she was offended with me. I never knew she was sick till an hour or two ago. But did you speak to her, Grandma?"

"No, Willy; she was quite ill the next morning after you were here, and I forgot it. Then she kept getting worse, and I dreaded to give her any unnecessary pain; so I haven't said a word to her on the subject."

"I am glad you didn't," replied Willy, "since she is sick and suffering; but please tell her I am very sorry she is afflicted, and hope she will soon be better."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"CAPTAIN OF THE RAGGED REGIMENT."

WHAT was what the boys called Robert Freer, and this is how he earned the title.

He went into all the dark alleys and back streets of R—d, and gathered a regiment of six as dirty and ragged boys as were ever seen. He coaxed them, and gave them marbles, and peanuts, and jackstones, and on a sunny, fine Sunday, marched at their head into the Sunday-school.

The boys and girls gazed, and whispered, and looked as if they *must* laugh if they dare, and when Bob and his regiment were seated, his classmates nudged him, and called him "Captain."

Bob's face flushed with vexation, but just then the superintendent gave out the hymn. It was just the song for Bob.

"Dare to do right." That is it," he thought, "dare to do right. I've done right, and I'm not a going to be ashamed of it." So the boys teased him in vain. He took their remarks quietly and not only encouraged his regiment to remain in school, but from time to time added recruits.

How many boys and girls will gather such a regiment. M. F. W.

SPRING WORK FOR THE BIRDS.

THE birds are now building their nests, some in the high trees quite out of sight, some in the hedges, some in the grass, some in hollow trees, and some under a clod of earth in the field. The nests are built of hay, straw, moss, hair, bits of wool, and little pieces of stick. How soft they are inside; how nice and warm. You could not build a bird's nest, nor could I. God taught the birds to build their pretty nests. Sometimes there are four or five young ones in a nest. They open wide their mouths to take their food. Never rob a poor bird of its eggs or its young. It is very cruel to do so. How would you like to be stolen away from your dear home?

LITTLE THINGS.

A thought is but a little thing.

That nobody can see;

Yet a real joy or sorrowing

That thought may come to be.

A word! oh, what can well be less!

And yet by every one

There comes sweet peace or bitterness,

And good or ill is done.

An action! all the little deeds

That ripple through the day,

What right or wrong from each proceeds,

Before they pass away!

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

AND there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."—John 21 : 25.

If John had said this in connection with any other person than Jesus of Nazareth; we should be ready to take issue with him; but as it is, we have not only no desire to do so, but on the contrary would rather join with him in words of praise to the Mighty Prince, than say or write anything that would detract from the influence of the great Redeemer. Our mind has oft times been drawn out in the contemplation of the fact, that the sacred books contain but a short account of the life and character of one so great as Jesus of Nazareth, and we have wished while thus contemplating, that the great curtain of time might be lifted in that way as to give us a glimpse of that period of his sojourn on the earth. We confess too that our mind, (which has an imaginative turn), has seemed to see him in many vicissitudes of life not given in the Bible, but which we as mortals are heir to, hence when stories are told of him not contained in sacred history, we have generally received them as sweet morsels, and treasured them up as further evidences of his divine calling.

In connection with the unwritten history of Jesus of Nazareth, we beg the privilege of giving the readers of the *Hope* a Spanish Legendary story, the value of which each one must determine for themselves.

The story introduces Jesus and his Apostles, hungry and tired; the shades of evening upon them, with but a solitary fisherman's cot in view, at which to obtain rest and refreshments. Approaching the house with some apprehension that they might not all get shelter, Peter was selected to act as spokesman for them, and to see what could be done in the matter.

Nothing daunted, and perhaps strengthened by the Master's assurance that the laborer was worthy of his hire, Peter advanced, and as he entered the house the family were just in the act of sitting down to their evening meal.

Upon making known his desire to get rest and refreshment, he was kindly invited to partake with them of their frugal repast, the host meantime apologizing for the scantiness of the same.

At this juncture, Peter ventured to call one of his brethren in, whereupon the host protested that he could not feed two persons from such a bill of fare. Peter reasoned with him to show that where one could dine two could dine, and seeing his point gained, he ventured to call another in. Again the host protested that he could not provide for any more; and again Peter argued that where two could dine, three could dine; and taking courage by the seeming acquiescence of his host, he called another one in with the same remark, that where three could dine four could dine; and so he persevered till the whole of them were introduced in to the fisherman's cot.

When the apprehensions of the family were quieted, Jesus blest the evening meal, so that all were filled, and refreshed from the apparent scanty board, and though the fisherman was astonish-

ed at the evening's work, he was doubly so in the morning when after serving them again, and they had taken their departure, the good wife of the house reported no loss to their stock of provisions.

We can readily imagine that the family would wonder what manner of men they were. If the readers of the *Hope* will listen attentively to the testimonies borne in their hearing, they will hear many, like the fisherman's wife, testify that their provisions have been lengthened out when administering to the wants of the Elders. And why should it not be so? Jesus of Nazareth, though dead, is risen again. ALMA.

A POLITE BOY.

THE other day we were riding in a crowded railway-carriage. At one of the stations an old gentleman entered, and was looking around him for a seat, when a lad ten or twelve years of age rose up and said, "Take my seat, sir." The offer was gladly accepted, and the infirm old man sat down. "Why did you give me your seat?" he inquired of the boy. "Because you are old, sir, and I am a boy," was the quick reply. The passengers were very much pleased and gratified. For my part I wanted to seize hold of the little fellow and press him to my heart. It was a respect for age, which is always praiseworthy.

JENNIE VANDYKE: Or the Drunkard's Child.

CHAPTER. IV.

EVERY step of the road she was passing over so swiftly, was familiar to Jennie. It was the village road by which she every day went to school, and yet she had never before been over it at night.

She never once thought how late the hour might be. The stars were shining brightly, and gave light enough to guide her way.

As she entered the street of the village, she did not seem to wonder that she saw no lights through the windows; indeed, Jennie did not wonder at anything, did not think of any thing but finding her father, and taking him home.

Far down the street she saw the glimmer of a light, and knew that it came from Tim Brown's window. Her father must be there, and it was there she must go. The sound of her steps was all that was heard in the silent village until she drew near to the lighted window, for there the voices of men in rude song and laughter wandered out upon the still night, and made Jennie shiver and draw her cloak closely around her.

Still she did not once fail in her purpose, not once did it enter her mind that she could do any thing else than to go into Tim Brown's and bring her father home.

At last she stood in the very light of the lamp suspended above the doorway, and pausing for the first time since she had left home, she looked within the terrible room to see if indeed her father was there.

Jennie did not have long to look. The hour was late and there was only two men left in the room. One of these was her father. He was sitting at a round table with a half filled glass before him, while opposite to him sat the man who had spoken so rudely to Jennie the day before, while Jennie stood looking they both raised their glasses and were about to drain their contents, when almost wild at the sight she sprang into the room crying, "Father! O father! I have come for you." If there was one object on the earth to which the heart of Mr. Vandyke clung with undying affection, that object was his little daughter, his sweet, gentle, blue-eyed girl, who in her turn loved him with all the warmth of her clinging nature. Often and often he had felt sincere grief at the thought of the great wrong he was doing his child, but he had given way to the temptation of drink in an evil hour, and the

habit now bound him like the coils of a deadly serpent.

When the voice of Jennie fell upon his ear, he sprang to his feet, and the glass he was just raising to his lips fell from his hand, and was shivering in fragments upon the floor. There before him stood Jennie, her cheeks crimson, and her eyes burning with a strange unnatural light, which sent a sickening fear to the father's heart.

He stood looking at her, unable to move or speak.

"Father, O Father," said Jennie, mother is waiting for you, and she is so sad and lonely. I have come for you father. Won't you come home with me?"

Mr. Vandyke opened his lips to answer her, but at that moment the strength of the sick and excited child gave way, and she sank heavily upon the floor.

The poor father was thoroughly sobered now, and as if he loathed the very sight of the place, he lifted Jennie in his arms and hastened out of room, not even waiting to take his hat. Close to his miserable heart he pressed the form of his child; but she was senseless now, and a terrible fear smote his heart that she might be dead. No pen could describe to you, my little readers, the misery he suffered as he hastened towards his cottage, not knowing whether he carried in his arms the living form of his little girl, or whether it was her cold corpse, which he bore towards the spot where the light glimmered across the road, which he knew came from the lamp his patient wife was burning while she waited his return.

And how was he coming! Did she know that Jennie had gone for him? Would not the sight of her child be more than she could bear? Ah! miserable man,—when death drew so near him, and he thought he might lose both mother and child, like a great billow from the ocean of the past, there swept over his heart the memory of the great wrong, the great injustice which for years he had done them, and in his agony he groaned aloud and cried to God to have mercy upon him.

Jennie was not dead as her father had thought she might be, and the cool night air, together with the swift motion of her father as he bore her along, slowly brought back the life current to her heart; but when her father carried her into the cottage and laid her upon her little bed she knew no one, but kept constantly calling upon her father in wild and plaintive tones to come home with her.

The physician who was summoned pronounced it scarlet fever, and when informed by Mr. Vandyke of what had taken place, he gravely told him that her mind must be relieved from all anxiety, or the chances of her living were small indeed.

Through all that night, and the next day, her mind still wandered, and she sang again the song she had sung in the grove, and asked her father, in piteous tones, if she was indeed a drunkard's child? Would father come home to see her die, or would she be alone with her mother as Bennie was? Then she would seem for a time to forget her troubles, and would be wandering in the garden among her flowers, and prattling to her mother of father who would soon come home.

Reason, however, did not return; and pale and haggard, her father sat by the bedside, each minute seeming like an hour, while he waited an opportunity to assure her he was there and would never again leave her as he had left her before.

It came at last, when Jennie, after a few moments of quiet, opened her eyes, and fixed them on his face; he bent tenderly over her, taking her little hand, burning with fever, into his own, he asked her, "Do you know me, Jennie?"

"Oh? yes, father, I'm so glad you have come." "I will never leave you again my little girl—never taste another drop of liquor so long as I live. Jennie—do you hear me, and believe me?"

Jennie did not answer, but reached her hands up and drew her father's head down upon her

burning cheeks, over which the big tears rolled slowly; and he knew that she understood him.

In time the roses of health again bloomed upon Jennie's cheeks, and happiness came back to their cottage home. The promise Mr. Vandyke made to his sick child he never broke, and no happier family than his can be found in this changing world. "You did not sing that song by accident Jennie," said her mother, "Our Father's hand has been over us, and let us thank and praise Him for His goodness."

FRANCES.

Correspondence.

LAGRANGE, Mo., Feb. 22, 1873.

Dear little Hopes:—I would like to tell you all something about myself, my thoughts, my intentions, and so on. I like the *Hope* very well. I am trying to get my little neighbors to send for it, also. My papa thinks I had better write you one of my old speeches. I have a good many speeches that I have said some time ago. My papa makes them for me, and I speak them at exhibitions and Christmas trees, &c. If they will interest you I can write a great many of them; my papa always makes me new ones, and I expect you would like to learn some of them for such occasions. Here is a nice one I spoke on Christmas, to a crowded house, and it was called the best speech made that night.

"Gentlemen and ladies, I might say a few words concerning an old co-partnership firm, that is driving a great business in the world, and which is still on the increase. A firm that commands its thousands and its millions, and carries more souls to ruin than the butcher does hogs to the slaughter; one that the law fails to notice, and morality patronizes without a shudder; one that the aged beckon, and the youth run after; that is:

Whisky, and ignorance;
Whisky, and poverty;
Whisky, and sensuality;
Whisky, and crime;
Whisky, and degradation;
Whisky, and disease;
Whisky and destruction.

JOHN B. CRANMER.

[Read this carefully, little Hopes.]

ST. LOUIS, Mo., February 23rd, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I have never written to you before. I think our paper is a very nice one. I was baptized in April, after General Conference, by Uncle Mark. I attend Zion's Hope Sunday School, and we receive Roll of Honor cards for punctual attendance, every quarter. I received the second for me to-day.

ISABELLE MOLYNEAUX.

CRAWFORD, Iowa, Feb. 3, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—We have taken the *Hope* ever since it was published. I am eleven years old. I thought I would write as I have never written to the *Hope* before, I was baptized in my ninth year. I am glad the *Hope* has been continued. Yours truly,

DAVID RUDD.

CRAWFORD, Iowa, Feb. 23, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I was baptized in my ninth year, I am now twelve. I sent twenty-five cents to the Roll of Honor. I am glad that the little *Hope* is to be continued, for I think that it is a nice little paper. Excuse all mistakes, as this is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*. Yours truly,

JOHN F. RUDD.

ATCHISON, Kansas, Feb. 24, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—My father has taken the *Hope* for me one year. I have seen Uncle Mark; he has been to our house, and I like him very much. I was baptized by my grandfather when I was eight years old; I am now ten. We have no Sunday School at present, but I hope we shall soon have one. Yours in Christ.

WILLIE WILLIAMS.

[Welcome, Br. Willie. Do not forget to come again.]

STARFIELD, Clinton Co., Mo., March 1, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to our little paper, as I have never written to it before. I love to read the *Hope*. I have taken the *Hope* ever since it has been printed. I am very thankful for such a nice paper. I have been baptized about three months, and I am trying to be a good boy, but it is very hard sometimes. I will pray for all your brother in Christ,

WILLIE E. BINSTED.

[Send us more, Willie.]

ST. LOUIS, Mo., February 23rd, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I thought while I was reading the *Hope* that I would like to write a few lines. I am

a member of the church of Latter Day Saints. I was baptized when I was ten years old by Uncle Mark. I am trying to be a good girl, though it is very hard sometimes. Yours in Christ, SARAH BRADSHAW.

St. Louis, Mo., February 23rd, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I have the *Hope* every two Sundays in a month; but I wish it were every Sunday in the month, instead of every two. I like to read it, because it is such a nice paper; and I should not like it to stop. I was baptized last April by brother Mark, after General Conference. I was nearly twelve years old, and I now am nearly thirteen years old. We have Roll of Honor Cards, and I am trying to get one very hard. My two sisters have got two of them apiece. We have a very nice Sunday School Meeting in the morning at half-past nine; and there are a good many scholars in it. This is all I have to say so good by from,

T. C. MOLYNEAUX.

HARLAN, Iowa, February 16th, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I have never written to the *Hope* before. I am a little over thirteen years old. I do not belong to the church yet, but I hope I soon will. I read the letters from the little folks and like to hear from them. I have been attending a protracted effort in this town. When I saw the penitents at the mourner's bench, I thought something like Elijah did when he told the prophets of Baal to "Cry aloud, peradventure he sleepeth, or has gone a Journey." There is one thing certain he did not come, so the penitents said, for they did not feel any change. I am glad the *Hope* continues coming to me, my time is out for this year; but I will be very thankful if Uncle Joseph will keep on sending it, I will send the money in a short time.

Since writing the above I thought I would try and get up a subscription for the *Hope*, and I got four new ones; their names are, Mary Swain, Mary Cox, Frank Chatburn, William Booth. Direct to Harlan Post Office, Shelby Co., Iowa.

P. S.—Enclosed you will find two dollars and fifty cents; that pays for my self too. I remain your affectionate friend,

MARIAN TUCK.

[This is excellent sister Marian. We should thrive well if all did so well.]

HANNIBAL, Mo., March 2nd, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am ten years old. I am not yet baptized but I intend to be. I like to read the correspondence in the *Hope*. We are glad to see the *Hope*, for we have no Sabbath School, here. Please put this in the children's column if you have a vacant place. I will try and do better next time. Yours truly,

LIZZIE ANN TAYLOR.

[Very well done Lizzie.]

WHITE CLOUD, Kansas, March 4th, 1873.

Editor of *Zion's Hope*:—It has been two years since I was baptized; I have never regretted, from that day to this. I am not living as I ought; the troubles and afflictions of this world make me falter many times; but I hope by the grace of God to overcome all obstacles and finally be saved in the kingdom of God where affliction and sorrow and death shall be over, and the saints be united to part no more. I pray that all those who have a love for truth may be saved, I pray for all,

MARTIN LUTHER MIDDLETON.

NEWTON, Iowa, Feb. 22nd, 1873.

Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to our loved paper. I am not quite eight years old yet. I am going to join the church when I get old enough. I am going to meeting every Sunday here. We have no Sunday School at present. I hope all of the little readers of the *Hope* will write often to the *Hope*, I love to read the letters, and see the prospect of the Sunday School. From your little sister,

IDA DAVIS.

EMSWORTH STATION, Pa., Feb. 18th, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—As we have just received the last number of the *Hope*, I shall renew the subscription for the next six months. I like the little *Hope* very much. I was baptized the twenty-first of last June, by brother Ellis. I am eleven years old. This is the first letter I ever wrote, but I hope it will not be the last. My desire is to serve God and at last meet all the little Hopes in the Kingdom of God.

WILLIE G. RICHARDSON.

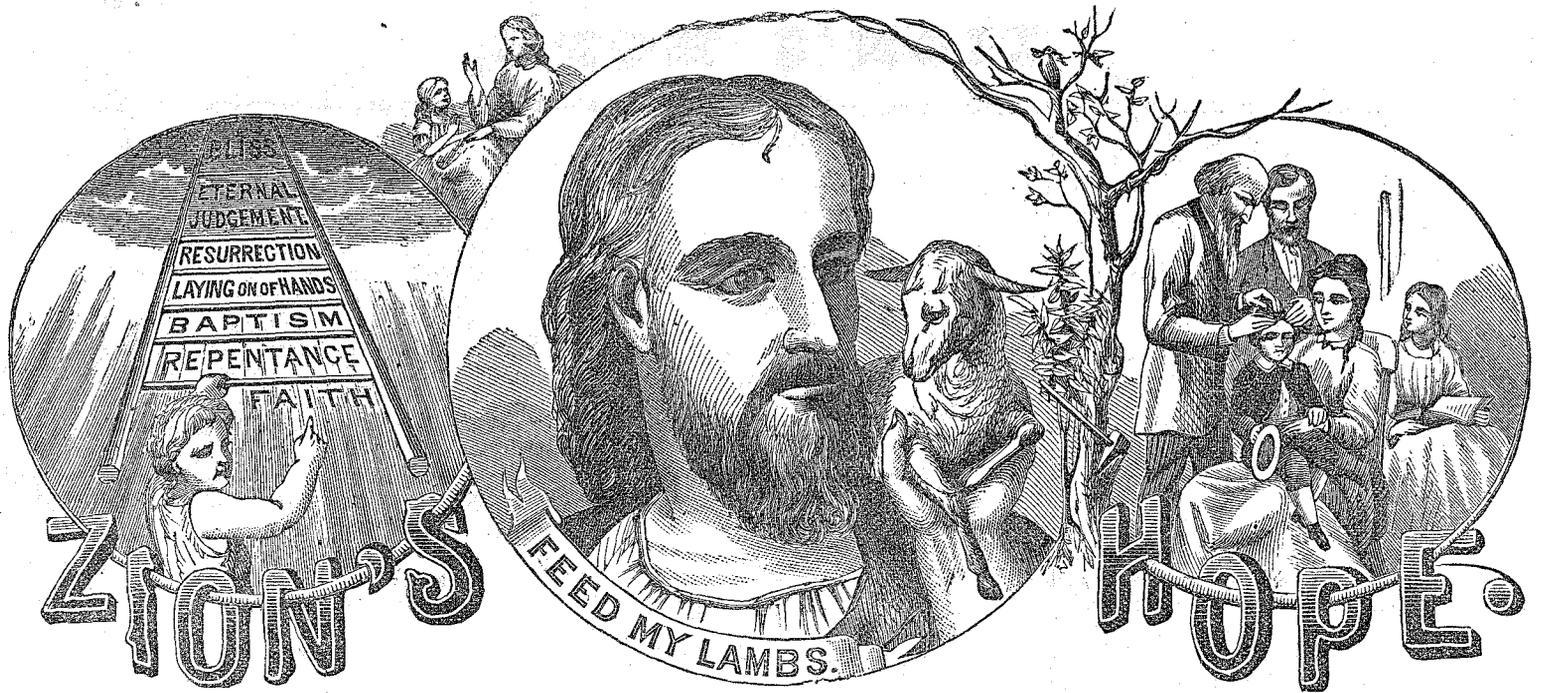
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

SPRING.

COMPARED with the other seasons of the year, we think Spring to be the most worthy of our attention. Its beauties are celebrated in prose, poetry, song, and while we faintly endeavor to write upon its general characteristics, we would couple, with its grandeur the beautiful lessons of instruction that may be derived. First, let us consider its name.

Spring, implies movement, action, life. The winter months have just passed away, leaving every thing dark, desolate, dead and dreary as the grave; but the very word spring causes our hopes to revive. The rays of the sun come to us with increased warmth, and what before seemed to be dead, is now springing into life. The earth so brown and bare has now received new virtue; it is fast growing in beauty, till the whole landscape is covered with a carpet of living green. The trees, those ugly horned monsters of winter, are now dressing in robes of exquisite beauty, such as has long baffled the skill of the artist to show forth in perfection. The birds, those lovely messengers of peace and joy, have returned, and are now filling the air with their varied songs of gladness. The flowers, ornament the landscape. Their rich fragrance fills the air with perfume.

The return of these delicate but lovely creatures, awakens the nobler aspirations of the mind and touches the tender cords of the heart. Hailed are they with delight by the kind, the good, the noble hearted, everywhere.

The young maiden, who has long wished to merge from her darksome, dreary room, is now viewing the beautified landscape, and culling flowers from hill and vale. The air is filled with the sweet tones of her silvery voice. And the aged whose heads seem blossoming for the tomb, are delighted to step forth, feel the balmy touch, breathe in the life giving principle, which envelops our globe. Surely the name, "Spring," is well chosen. And ah! how dumb are they, who see no beauty, no design, in the beautiful works of creation.

Spring is the first season of the year: during its fleeting moments a partial preparation must be made for summer, Autumn and Winter. So, in the spring-time of life," we must prepare for the scorching heat of summer, and the chilling blasts of winter.

In Spring, the farmer must prepare his ground with care, he must sow and plant. As soon as the tender blade springs out of the earth, a proper system of cultivation must be applied: and with all, he must not neglect to pluck out the

weeds without destroying the crops.

The mechanic, too, must improve his time in the Spring, or he and those dependent upon him for support may suffer when the keen blasts of a long and dreary winter overtake them. Oh! there is much to be done in Spring; it cannot, it must not, be neglected.

"Youth is the Spring time of life;" during this period the precious seeds of industry, economy, true politeness, pure love, and every other good principle that will create within us a desire to serve our Creator, and do good to one another, should be carefully planted within the mind and heart.

Then let boys preserve that bold, undeviating course which should characterize their sex. Like the stern oak of the forest, that finches not amid tempest or storm, may they ever stand firm to the principles of right, and bless the world with light and knowledge.

Let girls be ever mindful of those peculiar gifts bestowed by an all-wise providence, and found nowhere, in such perfection, as among their own sex. Be like the lovely flowers of Spring, that are bursting forth into life and beauty—an ornament to society, a blessing to the world.

JOSEPH R. LAMBERT.

THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

HAVE often thought of giving an account of the first Sunday School that was established in England, in the year 1775, in the month of May. A gentleman whose name was Robert Raikes living in the City of Gloucester, in Gloucestershire, while walking out one Sunday saw some children at play; he thought that something might be done to instruct them by learning to read; he made inquires where there was an infant school, and was directed to one; he went to the house and saw the school madam; he asked her if she had any objections to set her forms out on Sunday afternoons to keep school.

She replied she had, for she kept school all the week, and on Saturday she set her forms away and cleaned her room for Sundays.

Mr. Raikes told her that if she would set her forms out he would pay her for her trouble and assist her in teaching.

She then consented and set her forms, Mr. Raikes went where the children were at play and took them to the school.

In the year 1825, there was a Fifty Years, Jubilee proclaimed in England.

Mr. Raikes and the school madam whom he hired were the first two Sunday School teachers. It soon spread about in different parts, that there

was a Sunday school in Gloucester; and the school met with great opposition at first. A great many thought it was breaking the Sabbath Day by keeping school; but that objection wore away in a few years, and the different Congregations followed the example of Mr. Raikes.

I have written this that the children may not forget how Sunday Schools were first established. W. G. JARMAN.

HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF THE ART OF GLASS MAKING.

THE declaration of a successful business man of St. Louis, made recently in a discussion as to the relative importance of iron and glass manufacture in Missouri, to-wit: that the glass interest was second only in importance to that of iron, is not so wide of the mark, especially if we consider the abundance and excellence of the material here and the immense demand for this product east, west, north and south. If Pittsburg with a sand not equal to our own, with coal somewhat cheaper than ours, can afford to keep sixty glass factories constantly in full blast, and reap a large profit from the same, is it unreasonable to suppose that St. Louis will some day stretch up half way, at least, to these figures, and take her place, as she is entitled by position, material, and capital, as one of the leading manufacturers of this great industry in the world? The demand for glass, and especially plate glass, is indeed beyond the conception of most men, and the uses made of the various classes of the article and quantity so used, are actually astounding when put in the form of figures.

With all the facilities for competing with the world in this industry, with all the material for making the most superb quality of glass, foreign manufacturers have been permitted to monopolize the trade, particularly in plate glass, and the millions annually expended for this article instead of enriching us, go to European glass makers. It is not particularly creditable for us to have to confess that only two or three plate glass manufacturing exist in the United States when the demand in our country for the best article made at these establishments is equal to fifty times the quantity manufactured at home.

There is a belt of sand in Missouri, the finest article in the United States, except that in the county of Berkshire, Massachusetts, for the manufacture of glass. This belt takes the form of an ellipse, with St. Louis as a central point, the outer edge extending some forty odd miles North and West, and dipping into the Mississippi a

day's journey south from St. Louis. Franklin, on the Missouri and Pacific railway, is located in the belt, and there the finest, cleanest, and purest article of sand is procured. The supply is inexhaustible.

Glass is derived from the fusion of silica with an alkali, to which lime or a metallic oxide is added.

EARLY HISTORY.

Little is known as to its early history. Glass ornaments have been found in the East, which indicate their manufacture at a date anterior to any historical account extant. Glass beads were found with mummies, which were more than 3,000 years old. This carries the manufacture in Egypt back to a remote time. A specimen of crown glass with the name of an Eastern monarch, who lived 1,500 years before Christ, inscribed upon it, was found many years ago at Thebes, and hieroglyphics which represent glass-blowers at work after the fashion of the present day, are preserved, and which would indicate a knowledge of the business as far back as the period of Israel's sojourn in Egypt.

It is not improbable that the crystal mentioned in the Old Testament was the product of a manufacture similar to our glass making. Cups and some other drinking vessels were formed from this article and used in the houses of the affluent.

In the ruins of Nineveh glass lenses, vases and bottles were found, but nothing to encourage the supposition that window-glass was manufactured in that day. It seems to be well settled that the Egyptians were the first to know the art of glass-making, and from them the Phœnicians learned it and bore the secret in their voyages to other shores and peoples. Glass-works were in operation at Alexandria and Sidon as early as the Pliny epoch, while the process of cutting, grinding, &c., was in use nearly four centuries before the Christian era. Into Rome and its principalities it was introduced by Cicero, and in the third century articles made from this material were in common use in the city of Rome.

CRUSADES.

Utensils of glass were found in Herculaneum, and glass windows in a few cases were found in Pompeii. It appears that mica was used to a great extent in primitive times for windows, hence the absence of window-glass in many ruins where glass vessels and ornaments are found, seem to be common. The secret of the manufacture did not reach some parts of Western Europe until a much later time. The Crusaders brought it from the East to England, France and other countries, and about that period, factories were established in Italy where, at perhaps a later period, the first mirror of glass was made invented and manufactured.

ENGLAND.

Window-glass was made and used in England as early as 1439. The business in that country began to assume larger proportions during the last half century, and in 1865, Great Britain imported \$3,000,000, worth of glass. Belgium, the same year, imported \$4,000,000, most of this being in sheet glass, and a large part of it coming to the United States. France imported a very large quantity, the greater part coming to our country.

UNITED STATES.

Glass making was introduced into this country as early as 1620, a factory having been established at Jamestown, Va. In 1780 a factory was built at Boston by one Hews. It was burned, however, the next year. The first successful effort at glass making was made in 1803, in the state of Massachusetts, that commonwealth agreeing to pay a bounty on every table of glass finished at this establishment. In 1853, the first plate-glass factory was put in operation, in the county of Berkshire, of the same state. The number of glass-works in this country is now pretty considerable, the nucleus being Pittsburg.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SPRING.

Spring is the Lord's sweet dove displayed,
In flowers, birds, and bees;
It smiles in lovely hues arrayed,
And rings through forest trees.

It frolics in the brooklet stream,
And fills the air with balm;
It dances in the sun-light beam
With joy so sweet and calm.

It rolls around the earth a stream
Of joy no heat can tell,
It causes eyes with tears to teem,
With thanks our bosoms swell.

It teaches us to ne'er despair,
But to sweet hope to cling;
For, though the winter's long and drear,
Again will come the spring.

Though clouds may lower and winds may blow,
And snow hide flowers and earth;
'Tis sweet indeed for us to know
They'll in the Spring come forth.

The resurrection is the spring
Of the gospel God has planned;
When friends to whom in life we cling,
Will take us by the hand.

The winter's snow will melt away
Before the rising sun,
And rolling forth, eternal day
Will come with beauty on.

Ah! Spring, delightful, lovely Spring!
Go, walk in beauty forth;
Go, joyous hopes and sweetness fling,
Through earth from south to north.

DANIEL LAMBERT.

RIGHT PLACE FOR "WONT."

"I wont," cried Mary, "I wont."
"Wont is not a proper word for my little girl to use," said her mother looking out of the window, where the children were playing on the grass.

"George was trying to coax me up the ladder, when father told me not to go. Was not that a proper time to say wont, mother?" asked Mary. "I said I didn't want to, and he wouldn't mind that."

It was the proper time for "wont." Mary was right there.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

THE first President Adams wrote: "I have examined all, as well as my narrow sphere, my straitened means, and my busy life would allow me, and the result is, the Bible is the best book in the world. It contains more of my little philosophy than all the libraries I have seen, and such parts of it as I cannot reconcile to my little philosophy I postpone for future investigation."

The second President Adams: "I speak as a man of the world to men of the world, and I say to you, Search the Scriptures. The Bible is the book of all others to be read at all ages, and in all conditions of human life—nor to be read once or twice through and then laid aside but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters every day."

GOD WILL KNOW IT."

"Not one in the whole world will ever know it," said Tom Jones to himself, one day when he was strongly tempted to do something wrong.

"God will know it," promptly whispered conscience; and Tom was afraid to do it.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," says the Bible.

Tom had learned this lesson.

BLUE SKY INSIDE.

"I think the rain is very provoking," said Bessie Jones, looking out of the window with an angry frown upon her brow. "It is very provoking. It always rains when I don't want it. It is spoiling the slides, and there won't be an inch of ice left in an hour to skate on. Now where's my fun this afternoon, I should like to know?"

"You can stay at home and sew," said her aunt.

"I want to skate," said Bessie. "This rain is very provoking."

"The provoking is all in your own heart, Bessie," said her brother. "If you only had blue sky inside, you would not mind the rain outside."

Yes, it is so. Blue sky inside, that is, a sweet, serene temper, takes all the little disappointments of life without fretting.

"AN UGLY DOG."

THE dog, running faster than ever now, as if he felt more afraid for his basket amongst these ravenous crowds than he had at the West End, bolted suddenly up a narrow side street, where there was no room for a cab to pass. I paid the driver, and jumped out.

It was a filthy street, but that was a secondary matter. Where the dog went I would go; and thus I dodged after him, first down a crooked alley, then through a foul court, and lastly up a passage where it was pitch dark. Here I groped my way along a damp wall, and stumbled upon the first step of a staircase. Being a smoker, however, I had some vesuvians about me. I struck one, lit a piece of twisted paper with it, and by the moment's flame I thus obtained desecrated the dog making his way up a creaky flight of wooden steps, battered in places and rotting from mould. He barked when he saw the light, and growled uneasily. But I softened my voice, and cried out, "Good dog! good dog!" trying thereby to appease him. I suppose his instinct told him that I was not an enemy, for he turned round to sniff my trousers, and when I struck a second vesuvian he consented to my accompanying him without doing anything else but continue his sniffing. We went up three stories in this way, until we reached the garret floor. There were two doors face to face, and one of them had a latch with a piece of string tied to it. The string dangled with a loop at its end to within a few inches of the ground. The dog raised one of his forepaws, pressed it on the loop, and by this means opened the door. We both walked in together.

There was a rushlight burning in the neck of a ginger-beer bottle. There was an empty saucy-pan in the grate without the fire. Some tattered clothes were hanging on the back of a broken chair, and some bits of plaster, fallen from a cracked ceiling, were encumbering the floor.

On the splintered deal table was a plate with a solitary bone on it, and next to it a cup with the handle gone. I turned from the sight of these things to a mattress laid in a corner of the room. The light was rendered flickering by the gusts of wind that swept through the window—to which bits of newspaper had been pasted for want of glass—that I could not at first distinguish very clearly where I was, and what I saw. I could only hear the affectionate whining of the dog, and vaguely see him leaping upon some one against whom he was rubbing his head, and whose face he was licking with an exuberance of love. I heard a voice, too—but a voice so husky and broken, that it resembled a whisper—repeat feebly, "Good dog—good Jim!" and then I saw a hand untie the basket, and heard the sound of money poured out on the couch.

"Good Jim!—good Jim!" went on the cracked voice and it began counting, "One, two. Oh, good Jim!—good Jim! here's a shilling. One-and-threepence, one-and-ninepence, two shillings.

Oh, good dog! three and a penny, three and"—
But here followed a terrified shriek.

"Who's that?" cried the man, covering up
the money with his sheet; and he looked at me,
livid and haggard with the ague of fever.

"Don't be frightened," I said; "I am come to
do you no harm. I am a friend. I have follow-
ed your dog home, and I desire to help you if
you are in need."

He seemed to be a man about fifty, for his
hair was not all gray; but the ghastly hollow-
ness of his cheeks, the emaciated condition of his
body, and, above all, the gleam of disease in his
burning eyes, made him older than a man of
ninety, for it told more plainly than words could
have told that he had already one foot within his
grave.

My tone and my appearance seemed to reas-
sure him; but he continued to hide his money.

"I am a poor man, sir," he gasped,—
"a very poor man. I have nothing but what my dog
earns me, and that's nothing. He goes out to
idle; and if he picks up a few pence" (here the
man had a fit of hectic coughing)—"if he picks
up a few pence, sir, it's all he do pick up."

I felt my heart ache, for I guessed the truth.

"He's not an idle dog," I said. "Has he not
earned you more than three shillings to-day?"

"Oh, no, sir—no, sir; it's threepence," pro-
tested the miser, trembling. "It's threepence—
threepence, sir. Look and see."

And he held up three copper coins from out
of his covering.

"You are very ill, my man," I said, approach-
ing his mattress. "You must let me send you a
doctor."

"Oh, sir! no, no; I—I've no money to give
them. Let me alone, please. I'm not ill: I
shall be well to-morrow. It's nothing but a cold
—a—a cold."

His dog was continuing to lick his face. I re-
membered that the poor brute had not eaten.

"Your dog must be hungry," I observed; "shall
I give him this bone? He has earned it well."

"Oh, God!—oh, God! Let that bone alone,"
faltered the unhappy wretch, trying to rise; "it's
my supper for to-night. Jim doesn't want any-
thing: he picks up plenty in the streets. Oh!
—oh! I shall starve if you give him that bone."

"I will buy you something to eat," I answer-
ed, taking up the bone, to which there was no
particle of flesh left. "Here, Jim," said I, hold-
ing it out. But the dog, instead of accepting
the bone, looked wistfully at his master to ask for
leave.

"No! no! Jim," panted the miser fearfully;
and the dog turned away his head, refusing to be
enticed.

"How long have you been laid up like this?"
was my next question. I was growing sick at
heart.

"Ten weeks, sir,—oh, ten weeks," groaned the
man—who had caught the bone out of my hand
and thrust it under his pillow—"ten weeks: and
when I fell ill, the dog went out one morning and
brought me back a penny in his mouth. Since
then, I bought him a basket, and he goes out
every day . . . but he's—he's idle sir—he's
idle; he brings me nothing to what he used to
do when we went out together. Yes—oh, yes!
he's an idle dog!"

But why prolong such a dialogue? Is there
anything more depressing than the sight of mor-
tal infirmity coupled with beddily disease? This
palsied miser was a rich man; at least rich com-
paratively to his station. He had made himself a
small fortune by the intelligence of his dog, and
his sudden illness, instead of reducing him to
poverty, had, on the contrary, only added to his
means. The dog earned more alone than he had
ever earned with his master. Each morning at
the break of day, he went out with his empty
basket, and every night at sunset he returned
with it half full. I learned this from the miser's
neighbors, honest people though poor, who pre-
tended to believe in the fevered wretch's tales of

want, in order that he might not have cause to
dread them, and so refuse their necessary services.

There is a great deal of this innate, unsuspect-
ed delicacy in the hearts of the working poor.
These rough and uncouth, but kindly natures,
tended the graceless miser in his sickness. They
bought his food for him, they washed his linen,
and they asked no payment for anything they
did. As for the unhappy man's gold, it was at
their mercy; but the thought of touching it
never seemed to cross their minds.

"Only," said one with a naive accent, "I
think, sir, 'twill be better when he's laid in the
ground. His money might be good then to some
as would make use of it."

"And the dog?" I murmured reflectively.

"The dog's his friend, sir," was the neighbor's
answer, "and he won't live long when his master's
gone."

And these words were prophecy. I sent for a
doctor, for a nurse, and for nourishing food, to
battle against death; but our efforts were useless.

The miser lived a week, and upon each of the
seven days the dog went out according to his
habit, with his basket round his neck, and re-
mained out for ten or twelve hours, till dusk.
Sometimes I followed him from morning till even-
ing; seeing which, and remembering my face
as that which stood daily by his master's bedside,
he wagged his tail at my approach, and consented
to walk at my heels. One night the miser died,
and on the morrow Jim did not go out. He had
missed his master the night before, and guessed
that they had put him in the long black box that
stood in the middle of the room. When the
men came to carry away this long black box, the
dog went after them, and cried. He followed the
coffin to the cemetery, where he and I were
the only spectators besides the curate, the sexton,
and the undertaker's men. When the earth was
thrown in, he looked at me plaintively to know
what it meant, and when the burial was over, he
wished to remain near the open tomb, waiting
till his master should rise. I took him home
with me, but he would not eat, and next morning
at sunrise he howled for his basket. It was no
use keeping him, so I tied the basket on his neck,
and sent him out.

That evening, foreseeing what would happen,
I went to the cemetery. The dog arrived at
nightfall, with his basket full of pence, and I
turned them all out upon the grave. "Come
home, Jim," I said, with the tears rising to my
eyes; but he whined mournfully, and tried to
scratch up the earth. Twice more he went out
like this all day, and brought back money for his
master; but on the third evening, finding that
the pence on the grave remained untouched, he
suffered me, without resistance, to take of his
collar, and lay down at his full length near the
miser's last sleeping-place.

The next morning he did not go on his rounds,
for he was dead!

LAZY BOY, LAZY MAN.

Lazy boys make lazy men, just as surely as a
crooked twig makes a crooked tree. The great
mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals, in our
penitentiaries and poor-houses, have come to
what they are by being brought up in idleness.
Those who make our great men were trained up
to industry.

It is curious to stand over any cradle where
an infant sleeps; and, as we look on the face so
calm, and the little arms gently folded on the
placid breast, to think of the mighty powers and
passions slumbering there; to think that this fee-
ble nursling has heaven or hell before it; that
an immortal in a mortal form is allied to angels;
that the life which it has begun shall last when
the sun is quenched, enduring throughout all
eternity.—*Guthrie.*

HASTY RESOLUTIONS.

BY PERLA WILD.

When Aura heard what Willy had said she
turned away her face to hide her tears, but said
nothing. Early next morning Will came again,
and this time Aura was by the fire in the room
they called the family room, in a great chair with
pillows and blankets about her. Grandma was
in the kitchen getting breakfast, and Uncle John
out feeding his horses, so Willy went up to Aura
and spoke, as there was no one else present.

"I am sorry to see you so ill, Aura. Are you
any better this morning?" She did not try to
speak, merely shook her head. Grandma came
in just then. Here is a can of peaches, Grand-
ma. Perhaps Aura can eat a few of them. giv-
ing it into Mrs. Benson's hands.

"I'm sorry to say she can't swallow a mouth-
ful of food of any kind. Has only eaten a very
little gruel for two days. Nor been able to drink
any cold water, and she is so thirsty and feverish,
poor dear.

Willy looked the sympathy he felt; but his
emotions choked his utterance. Mrs. Benson of-
fered him the peaches, saying she knew his mo-
ther hadn't many, and as Anra couldn't eat them,
he had better take them to his mother, with
many thanks to her and himself.

"No, no; Aura will soon be able to eat them;
in a day or two, I trust. Keep them; I bought
them of Mrs. Graves on purpose for her. I
bought another can for mother."

"You bought them, my boy, on purpose for
the child," replied Grandma in surprise. You
oughtn't spent your money that way, Willy. You
are poor, and cannot afford to spend your hard
earnings lavishly. John will get her anything
she wishes."

Willy's eyes flashed, and he explained, "If she
doesn't wish to accept of anything from me, or
you don't think it worth the taking, I will take it
back, of course." And he held out his hand for
the glass can of peaches, which Mrs. Benson still
held in her hand.

"No, my lad, you mustn't have it on such
terms. It is just what would tempt Aura if she
could eat, and I don't think she could refuse your
gift from any hard feelings toward you. I know
your mother is a poor widow, and you are trying
to educate yourself, and you work hard for your
money.

"It is my own to do as I please with then, isn't
it?" he asked. "To pay my indebtedness; for I
owe Aura much in recompense for what I said
and did the last day she was at school. I work-
ed through the week's vacation for Mr. Graves,
for which he paid me the money. Last night af-
ter leaving here, I went to Mrs. Graves' and asked
if she could spare a couple of cans of peaches.

Now keep that one for Aura. And," turning
to the girl, "I trust you will forgive me for my
apparent rudeness. I did not wish to displease
you. May I consider you my friend as of old.

Aura held out her hand, and bowed in assent;
her eyes overflowing with tears. If this recon-
ciliation had been affected before, how much pain
it had spared her. But she now could not speak
and tell him how sorry and grieved she was over
her own conduct. So she made no effort to
speak. She had already made peace with Grand-
ma, who had forgotten Aura's ungratefulness,
till reminded of it.

The following morning found Willy again at
Mrs. Benson's front door. "How is Aura this
morning, Grandma?" She had opened the door
for him.

"Thank the merciful Father she is much bet-
ter. But oh she suffered yesterday and last
night.

Willy was rejoiced to hear that his young friend
was relieved from her sufferings, though he said
but little, and, taking a little package from his
pocket, he gave it to Grandma Benson, asking
her to give it to Aura, and then hurried away.

"O look, Grandma!" cried Aura, as she unwrapped the paper which Grandma gave her.

"A new pair of earrings, and I do believe they are good gold. Aren't they beautiful?"

"Very pretty, child," replied Grandma, gravely. "But I'm sorry Willy is so lavish with his money. He is not wise, and lacks judgment, to spend money for such unnecessary things. Besides, your old ones were only cheap jet ear drops. But much as I dislike to see you deck yourself thus, I suppose you must keep them for it would be to bad to wound his feelings by refusing his gift."

Aura was crying softly over Willy's present, and Grandma knew very well that all anger and resentment towards him were gone now.

And Aura did not see Will again till she was able to go to school. Then they met at her Grandmother's gate; he was about to enter, she was going out on her way to school.

She held out her hand, but could not speak for a moment.

"Good morning, Aura; I'm truly glad to see you out again. I was just going to call, fearing you were yet ill."

"O, Willy! I—I—really, I am sorry I was so foolish, and treated you so badly; I am indeed." And she began to sob, so that she could scarcely continue. "I said I would never speak to you again, never. Wasn't that dreadfully wicked? And God sent a terrible punishment upon me, to teach me how sinful I was. I found it dreadful when I could not speak. And you were so good and kind all the time. I thank you ever and ever so much for those peaches. They were so delicious. And the earrings, I don't deserve them."

"O, Aura, you blame yourself too much. It can't be our kind Father would punish you so severely for so light an offense. And you do deserve those rings. I owe you them for breaking your others. I want you to wear them."

"But you haven't said you forgive me, Willy."

"I thought it was all understood that day when you were sick. You know I didn't hold any anger towards you, Aura. I bought those earrings and brought them New Year's night; but didn't see you. Then after that you were so sick I didn't offer them to you, fearing it would make you feel bad some way, till I knew you were better."

"Bless you, Willy, I can never repay you for your kindness," and Aura smiled her own sweet joyous smile, through the tears that still dimmed her eyes.

"Yes you can, Aura, by always believing me your true friend at heart."

Thus Aura learned to trust where she had no reason to distrust, and to make no more rash, inconsiderate resolutions.

"I didn't deserve them, and I hadn't ought to keep them. I never can half repay you for all your kindness."

"Yes you can, Aura, by wearing those earrings; and by being a friend to me, and believing always that I am your friend at heart."

"Bless you, Willy, you are a good boy; but you haven't told me you will forgive me, and she smiled her own sweet winning smile through the bright tears that filled her eyes, as Willy answered, "You know I have forgiven you, though if I don't say so. You knew it all the while. I couldn't be angry with my little friend and playmate."

Aura never made any more rash resolutions, and never fell out with Willy Mason again. They ever remained the best of friends.

EVIL THOUGHTS.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of their way; but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more: keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad ones may find no room to enter.

LOVE THY MOTHER.

NOW faithful and noble the perfected and well regulated love of a father or mother. When fortune favors the efforts of industry, and hope is fair for life and its successes, none so happy and proud of the honors and gifts it brings. Should the reverse occur, and life's ship be wrecked on adverse rocks and sands, still their voices are full of cheer and consolation. Encouraging to renewed effort and determined exertion for the recovery of lost opportunity. Even when the child has for a time deviated from the line of rectitude marked out by the voice of love and truth, the shadow of sin lies heavy and dark across the path, and false friends desert, 'tis their precious privilege to face with their child the storm, and be the shelter and guide of their erring one.

How precious ought they to be held in deserved estimation, and how thankful ought the young to be for the gift of their presence.

There is a custom among the Turks for the son to await the signal given by his mother before he can in politeness be seated in her presence, so that it may sometimes be seen among them that an officer of high rank stands awaiting the permission of a mother before being seated in her presence.

SCRAP BOOK.

HOW THE DEACON DID

In a small town on the Schuylkill river there is a church in which the singing had run down. It had been led by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually failing. One evening the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was in an odd measure, and rather harder than usual, and the deacon led off. Upon its conclusion the minister rose and said: "Brother B—will please repeat the hymn, as I cannot pray after such singing."

The deacon very composedly pitched into another tune, and the clergyman proceeded with his prayer. Having finished, he took up the book to give out the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation:

"Will Mr. — make another prayer! It would be impossible for me to sing after such a prayer as that."

An infidel physician, as his son was about to leave him for college, procured for him a pocket-Bible, frankly stating to a friend that he knew of nothing so likely to preserve him from the seductive influence of vicious associates.

Roll of Honor.

Previously Credited	\$153 25	Janet Black	\$1 00
John G. Gillespie, Jr.	50	Nancy M. Ballantyne	25
Anna Simpson	1 00	Netta Mee	1 16
Benjamin Griffin	50	Wm. W. Reese	2 00
M. E. Kyte	1 00	Martha C. Kendall	50
Geo. Worstenholm	3 00	B. P. Raymond, Junior	50
Mary O. Raymond	50	Enama Hart	1 00
Sarah Andrews	50	Mary Andrews	50
Noah Hart	1 00	Two daughters of Sr. J. Gault	50
Wm. M. Williams	25	Jane Williams	25
Miss A. Moore	50	Sis. Mason	25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.			6 65
Mrs. Hazzledine	2 00		

Correspondence.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, March 8, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph: This is my first attempt at letter writing, and I thought that it should be to the *Hope*. We have a good Sunday School in Council Bluffs, but I live six miles away, so I can not attend it. I am trying to profit by the good teachings of the *Hope*, and the books which God has given us.

Your sister in Christ, EMMA C. PETERSON.

FARRAGUT, Iowa, 22d Feb., 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph: This is the first time I ever tried to write a letter to the *Hope*. I am not baptized yet, but I want to be this spring, when the water gets warmer. I want to be a good boy and go to heaven

when I die. I have two brothers and one sister; they are not old enough to read the *Hope* yet. I have a nice little pony, I rode her every evening last summer, she is as gentle as a lamb. My pa has other horses, but none is as nice as my pony. I was eight years old last December. I love to read the pieces that the children write.

EUGENE L. KASTER.

PLUM HOLLOW, Iowa, Feb. 5th, 1872.

Dear Uncle Joseph: I don't belong to the church yet, but I hope I shall soon. I will tell you how I got the money for the *Hope*. Last spring I read the piece entitled, Who Will Try. I thought I would. My pa and ma gave me about fourteen square feet of ground. I walked a mile and got some sweet potato plants and planted them for the *Hope*. There were two others had potatoes on the same farm, but mine beat theirs so much that it astonished my parents. This shows us God will bless the weak efforts of us little children, if we desire any thing in righteousness. How good it is to be blest of the Lord. We have no Sunday School here. I send you fifty cents for the *Hope*.

MARY A. GISH.

[Well done Alice.]

ALLEGHENY, Pa., 23d Feb., 1873.

Dear Hopes: I have been thinking a long time of writing to the *Hope*. I have tried to get subscribers for the *Hope*, but they all say that they have papers of their own. It is hard to get subscribers here. They all go to some church of their own. I have tried to get some to go to Sunday School; they think it is no use going there. We are pleased to see the *Hope*. I am baptized; am thirteen years old; am not as good as I ought to have been; but I mean to do better in the future. Sometimes I think of the goodness of God; how he gives us warm clothes to wear and food to eat, and if we obey his commandments he will be with us always, and keep us and strengthen us.

Yours truly,

MARY E. HULMES.

[Write Again Mary.]

PLEASANT RUN, Kan., March 26, 1873.

Dear Hopes: This is the first time I ever tried to write my thoughts on paper. I like the *Hope* very much, and I hope that I can always take it. I am eleven years old, so I thought that I was old enough to say a good word for the *Hope*. Enclosed you will find fifty cents for the *Hope* another year.

Yours ever,

LILLIAN CLARY.

[This is a new contributor, and she is welcome.]

GILROY, Santa Clara Co., Cal.,

March 22d, 1873.

Dear Brother: I thought I would write to the *Hope*. I was baptized three years ago by Br. George Adams, in Watsonville. There is a small branch in Watsonville. It is twelve miles from where we live, so that we do not go to church very often; but we are going to try to go oftener than we have gone. I wish we lived nearer to church, so that we could be so much better. I hope some time we will all meet in paradise, never to be scattered again.

From your sister,

CHARLOTTE MUNRO.

GILROY, Cal., March 22d, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph: I was baptized when I was ten, and I am now twelve. I was baptized in Watsonville by Br. George Adams. We live six miles from Gilroy. We are living in the redwoods, there are oak trees here too. We have no Sabbath School near here, I am very sorry to say. We have been taking the *Hope* for almost two years. I hope we all will meet in heaven. I was born in Fairview, in Sanpete County. I wish all of the readers of the *Hope* would write.

Yours in Christ,

HANNAH E. MUNRO.

ADAM'S CENTRE, March 16th.

Dear Readers of the *Hope*: I take the *Hope*, and have been doing so for some time. I am always glad to get it. I think it is a very nice little paper. I have been going to school this winter, our school closes tomorrow. I am the only little girl around here that takes the *Hope*. We live six miles from the Wisconsin River. We have a nice little home, with a great many trees around the house. The snow has nearly all left the ground, it looks like spring. This is the first time I ever attempted to write for the *Hope*. I am twelve years old. I have one sister and one little brother living at home. Your friend,

KATIE SEE.

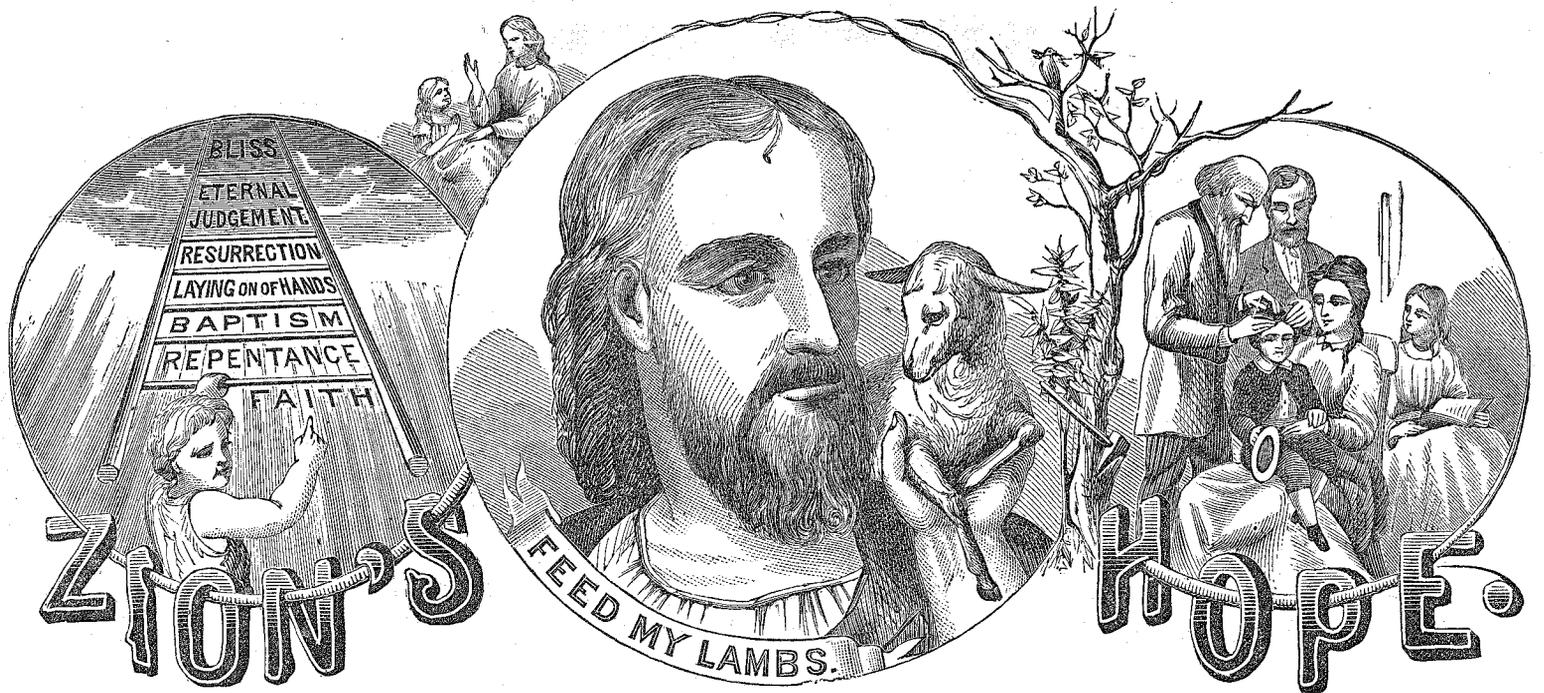
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

Vol. 4.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MAY 1, 1873.

No. 21.

WITH VURDURE CLAD.

SENT BY W. W. THORNTON.

With verdure clad, behold the earth,
Rejoice in bright array;
While grateful shades, in grove and vale,
Refresh the sultry day.
The breezes sing among the pines
With soft eolian sigh;
The ferns fling out their banners gay
The fir trees seek the sky.
No bird there is to build her nest,
Or sing her morning song;
No beast to seek a sheltering lair
The lonely shades among;
But angels see, from heavenly height,
The emerald shining stars;
And God, the maker, with delight
Beholds his work is fair.
God makes a world to please himself,
In fine perfection wrought;
He lavishes on every leaf
The beauty of his thought;
Yet deems creation wanting still,
Without some heart to know;
Some child of his, whose soul may thrill,
To thank God made it so.

[Is W. W. Thornton the author?]-Ed.

DESTRUCTION OF JERICHO.

AFTER the death of Moses, the Lord having prepared Joshua to take his place, commanded him, to arise and lead the children of Israel over Jordan into the land which He had given them, even into the Promised Land. At the time when the Lord spake to Joshua, the children of Israel were encamped upon the east side of the river Jordan, which river they afterwards crossed upon dry land, the Lord having divided the waters to make a passage for them.

Not far from the river Jordan, in that portion of country, which was afterwards allotted to the tribe of Benjamin as their inheritance, stood the strongly walled city of Jericho. God had determined to deliver the people of this land into the hands of the children of Israel, because they had been and still were very wicked, neither fearing nor obeying God.

Before crossing the river, Joshua sent over two of his men, saying to them, "Go view the land, even Jericho." When these men came to Jericho they went into the house of a woman named Rahab. When the king of Jericho heard they were

there, he sent some of his men to take them; for he knew they had come to see the land that they might know just how strong the city was, and where it would be best for them to attack it. They had heard of what wonderful things the Lord had done for the children of Israel, and they stood greatly in fear of them. But Rahab took the two men that Joshua had sent, and hid them upon the roof of her house. She told the men of Jericho who came to take them, that they had gone out of the city just before the gates were shut, and advised them to hasten in order to overtake them before they could cross the river.

Now the men believed Rahab, and accordingly set upon the way they supposed the spies would return. When they were gone, Rahab tied a cord or rope around the spies and as her house was upon the wall of the town, by opening her window she let them safely down to the ground outside of the wall. Before they went however she made them promise that when Joshua should take the city, they would spare her and her father's family, in return for her kindness unto them. They told her to bind a scarlet thread in her window and gather her family into her house and for her kindness unto them they would spare the lives of her kindred. After hiding three days in the mountains, the men got safely back to the camp and told Joshua all that had happened.

When they had crossed the river and encamped near Jericho, Joshua was walking alone by the city. It may have been that he was arranging his plan for attacking it, or he may have been wondering how he was to take a city apparently so strong. Suddenly he looked up and beheld a man with a drawn sword in his hand, standing just before him. Joshua was not frightened, but going up to him asked, "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries!"

The man answered, "As captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." Then Joshua fell on his face and worshiped him saying, "What saith my Lord unto his servant?" Then the Lord told Joshua all that he must do in order to take the city.

For six days, once each day, all the men of war in the camp of Israel were to march around the walls of Jericho. Seven priests were to go before the ark of the Lord, blowing upon trumpets of ram's horns.—The ark was to be borne after these priests and the men of war were to go before and after the ark. In obedience to the commands of the Lord, Joshua instructed the people and when they had gone around the city the first day they went into their camp and remained there quietly until the next day, when rising up early they

went around the city again in the same way that they had done before.

This they repeated for six days, but upon the seventh day they went around seven times. Joshua had commanded the people that they should not shout nor make any noise until he told them to shout. Upon the seventh day, when they had gone round the city seven times, the priests blew loudly upon the ram's horns and Joshua commanded the people to shout, for the Lord had given them the city. Then the air was rent with a mighty shout from the children of Israel and immediately the wall fell down flat upon the ground and the warriors of Israel marched in and utterly destroyed the city.

It was a terrible destruction, for neither man woman nor child was saved alive; even the cattle were destroyed and nothing living escaped destruction except the woman, Rahab, and her family. The two young men whose lives she had saved, went into her house and brought her out with her kindred and afterwards they lived with the children of Israel.

Dear children when you think upon the sad fate of these people, let it teach you how offensive to God sin is. It was not Joshua who commanded the people at Jericho, but the Lord. He had borne long and patiently with the sins of this people, but at last even He could bear no longer and a swift and terrible destruction came upon them. Remember children that "God cannot look upon sin with the last degree of allowance."

CORA.

GIVING SINS, AND TAKING RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"What?" asks Dr. Owen, "shall we daily come to Christ with our filth,—our sins? Shall we be always giving sins, and taking righteousness? Yes; for the very essence of Christianity is,—man, the sinner, getting all the *good*; and Jesus, the Saviour, getting all the *glory*."

MY MOTHER'S DREAM.

MY mother dreamed that she and my father went to take a walk, and as they walked they came to a narrow path. On the left hand side as they walked along was a high hill covered with green grass, beautiful to look upon. On the right hand was a beautiful, clear, limped stream of water, in which she could see the pebbles on the bottom. As they continued to walk in this beautiful country, she saw beautiful flowers, some of which she plucked and showed to my father; every one she picked was

more beautiful than the one she picked before. After they had walked some distance she looked back on the path they had traveled over, and saw her cousin and husband walking in the same path, and traveling the same way. After she saw them she would pick the flowers and show them to my father, turning the leaves over one by one pointing out the different beauties of the several parts of the flowers, and then go back to her cousin and show them to them in the same way, admiring together the beautiful colors and shapes of the flowers. After traveling some time she looked back and could see nothing of her cousin and her husband. They then walked on and came to the end of the hill and path; but the stream wound round the end of the hill and where it bent round it was wider than at the other places, and in the middle of the wider part she saw a cluster of flowers more beautiful than any she had picked. She determined to have them and walked upon the water and picked them holding them triumphantly up for my father to look at. He said he could do the same and started, but there seemed to be a hindrance in the shape of a rail fence, which at first was very low but when he would try to step over there would be another rail laid on till it was very high. My mother was so anxious that he should come that she arose and seemed to float on the air still holding the flowers up and beckoning my father to come. He got over the fence and began to walk on the water, when she awoke, and behold it was a dream.

Now when I heard mother tell this dream I thought it beautiful, and I concluded to write it and send it to the *Hope*, thinking that perhaps it might interest the readers of our interesting little paper, which I love, and hope will continue to prosper.

I am a member of the church and have been since a year ago last September, and am trying to live in accordance with the teaching of the Holy Scriptures and Book of Mormon and the Commandments and Covenants.

I remain, as ever, your sister in Christ,
LELLIA M. ALLEN.
Decatur, Mich., March 30th, 1873.

WHAT SOLOMON SAYS ABOUT IT.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath wounds with out a cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. xxiii, 29-32.

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

He that overcomes evil with good, overcomes three at once, namely, the devil, his adversary, and himself; and the self-conqueror is the greatest of all conquerors. By taking revenge a man may be even with his enemy; but by rendering good for evil he becomes his superior.

A DUTCH HOME.

IT was a very quiet and pleasant home, and very often in my wanderings a picture of it was called to mind by the German prints or chromos in the shop windows.

A lot of two or three acres surrounded this home, fenced in with a well kept, though old picket fence. An humble cottage with white walls and small windows, a flower garden in front; and not far off a frame barn with its yard for the hens, its pens near at hand for the plump white shoats.

Father Kniefer, as we shall call him, was the head of the household, and with his kind, neat old lady, and a young niece, made the house a pleasant place for one attuned to the gentler

charites of life, and unbiassed by pride of appearance or wealth.

There was always an air of content and christian peace about the home that many a nobler mansion might envy. Early in the morning the old lady was up, bright was the fire she built, cheery was her voice as she called at the bedroom door for Agnes, and every one knew their duties and each was willing and happy in them.

Father Kniefer was out soon to continue the cleaning of the long rows of springing pea vines began the day before, for his work was that of a gardener, and no garden in that neighborhood was so well seeded, so early in produce, so cleanly kept and well ordered, or contained so many frames for early salads, and sets for all the vegetables transplantable. Mrs. Kniefer was by this time preparing to visit the white cow in the barn. A sun bonnet of gingham shaded a round plump merry face, wrinkled a little it is true, but they were funny quaint little wrinkles after all. A blue loose sack tied about her waist with a large blue and white check apron, a stout homespun dress of flannel, completed a picture of this christian worker. She usually put on a pair of wooden shoes of light make on starting on her morning rounds.

An apron full of shelled corn for her group of white Shanghai hens, and a large tin bucket on her arm, and she was ready. The white fowls came running to surround her, and, the cow was evidently glad to see her, the box at her head soon contained a feed of bran and slop, or chopped vegetables, and the tin pail was soon overflowing with milk. Aunty always found time to slip eight or ten ears of corn in the manger of the sleek brown pony and to hunt every nook and cranny for the shining eggs of the white hens ere she returned to find breakfast half prepared.

Anges was up, her yellow hair was braided in two long braids and tied with a blue ribbon, she usually wore a plain red and blue plaid flannel dress, to be sure, and the waist was wider at the band than at the neck. Her shoes were coarse to be sure, but then she was modest and innocently polite in an old fashioned way; had wonderfully large blue eyes and very pretty red lips, and no pen could overwrite her unswerving faith and goodness to her Aunt and Uncle.

And now breakfast is ready, a large loaf of sourish bread, made sleek on top with egg and sugar while baking, a pink edged plate, with a large roll of butter, coffee half filled with boiled milk, and some times a yellow dish of fried sausage, made the morning meal.

But stop—the old bible is taken down, a chapter of John's gentle teaching is read from a hundred years old text, but fresh in its cheer and truth; a quaint old hymn is sung in three parts, a fervent prayer sent up to God in simple faith—and then the board is surrounded.

Not much of science it is true is discussed and very little eloquence of learning intersperses the meal, but much of home incidents; of the Sunday School; of the meeting Sunday, of the market prices of the new brood of yellow chickens, of when the butcher shall take the calf, poor thing; Agnes is anxious for a week longer of life for it; of Agie's school, and the prospects of the year. Then Agnes washes the dishes, and donning her hat, with a large satchel with book and slate is off to school. While Aunty and Uncle devote the day to the garden. It is their paradise of peace. Many the long rows of early potatoes, and green corn; of beets, radishes, and celery. All perfectly free from weeds the loose damp earth drawn round them contrasting with their freshness and greenness. Well trimmed, and thrifty the clustering apple trees and berry vines, in fact, a pleasant and peaceful home.

Not without its sorrows be sure, but they consisted chiefly of disappointments in the market, an invasion of the potato bug, the plundering of the melon patch, and sometimes the fear and sorrow of a nature more grave, the troubles of Agie's

brother in the army in the distant father land, or the death of some friend of their youth announced by letter from across the sea.

Mother Kniefer was a christian worker as well as a temporal laborer; no one could be any way sick near her without a visit, comforting and availing she was always befriending the poor and more needy than herself; a constant attendant at church, with ever a ready word at prayer meeting for the master she served, and a hopeful word for the erring her goodness became proverbial; and her one fault was readily forgiven, a cherished affection for a quiet smoke in the chimney corner.

WANDERER.

THE TRY COMPANY.

THIS great company must not be dissolved. Its work is not finished yet. The enemies of "the true, the beautiful, and the good" are numerous, defiant, and well armed. But we shall not be able to put so many new names into our column as heretofore. The little "loves of letters" that come to our box from so many gallant knights of the cross all over this land must go unprinted. We are sorry for this, but cannot help it. Send on your names. Write your letters. Fight faithfully and fearlessly. Be brave soldiers of Jesus Christ. If your names do not appear here they will appear up in heaven—which is far better.

Now, Corporal Try, you need not resign your place. Keep a full and accurate list of all the gallant little soldiers who report themselves to us!

MOTHER'S WORK.

Mother, watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, Oh keep, that young heart true;
Sow with good and precious seed,
Keep it clean from every weed;
Harvest rich, you then may see,
Ripening for Eternity.

CHRIST KNOCKING.

Christ is knocking at your door and saying, "If any man hear my voice, I will come in." Oh, think of the guilt of letting the Son of God stand at your door!

HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF THE ART OF GLASS MAKING.

COMPONENTS.

GLASS is a chemical compound of variable ingredients, different substances of similar character replacing each other to produce its varieties. The bases are classed as fluxes. The important requisite in all the varieties of glass is a fusible compound which solidifies on cooling into a transparent mass without assuming a crystal structure. It results from the earthy matters of the ores and fluxes being of the composition and proportions to melt together into a fluid cinder, leaving the metal de-oxydized by the carbon of the fuel, free from foreign admixture and in a condition to drop readily through the glassy fluid.

The sand used is a disintegrated quartz rock, a member of the metamorphic group. The lumps are easily crushed in the hand, and in most cases the sand is washed in order to separate the talcose impurities. The washing process is not required when the Missouri sand is employed. The excellent quality of our sand has induced eastern capitalists to come to Missouri and establish works for the manufacture of plate glass. The new works are now in process of completion, and are located at Platon Rock, on the river

south of the city, and about four miles east of Pevely, a town on the Iron Mountain road. The deposit of sand in that locality is inexhaustible and the article unsurpassed.

ST. LOUIS GLASS FACTORIES.

The first attempt made in this city was some time in the year 1837, the leading spirit of the enterprise being the great engineer and bridge-builder, Capt. James B. Eads, while his associates in the business were Nelson & Case, the company being known as the St. Louis Glass Works company. The factory was on the site of the present glass works of Mr. J. K. Cummings, corner of Monroe street and Broadway, and after an unsuccessful run of several years, with many difficulties to contend with, in the way of procuring workmen, the proprietors disposed of their interest in the concern to Page & Sells, who continued for some time in the same place with meagre encouragement. The works next passed to Holmes & Taylor, and then to G. W. Scolley & Co., under whose administration the concern ran for a term of ten years, the difficulties pertaining to the inauguration of such an enterprise in the west still presenting themselves. The business was still not a paying one in St. Louis, and we next find the works operated by Bone-steel & Co., who continued the business for some time, when, in 1861, the establishment came by purchase into the hands of two practical men, Baggot & Cummings, who were thoroughly posted in all the details of the business, and who, having had many years' experience here and elsewhere, then began, for the first time, since the establishment of the works, to reap a fair profit. In 1864 the ground was purchased by this firm and the business rapidly increased, the large demand for glass bottles during the war having also materially assisted them in the permanent establishment of what has now, indeed, become a very important industry. In 1868 the senior partner died, when Mr. Cummings succeeded to the business, and is now the sole owner of the only glass factory in St. Louis.

WINDOW GLASS WORKS.

Some time prior to 1840 a window glass factory was started near Concordia park, Blow & Barksdale forming the firm. This establishment was operated for some time but we understand did not prove a financial success, although old glaziers and painters declare that the glass made at these works was better and superior in every way to any made in the United States. The great difficulty then was to import men, skilled workmen from the East. Work having ceased for some time, the establishment was leased by a manufacturer of glass who converted it into a flint glass factory. This was carried on with ill success for some years, when the Missouri Glass Company, with such men as O'Fallon, Bredell and Gamble as stockholders, was organized, and the business carried on with varying success for some time; when about 1859 the company ceased operations, leasing the works to Wallace three years after, and who, in turn, a year subsequently, sold out to Cates, LaSalle & Co., eastern glass men. Barry, LaSalle & Co. succeeded to the business, at which time, or perhaps prior to this, a green and black bottle house was added. In 1865 the name changed to the Planter's Glass Company, and in 1867 the works were sold to an agricultural manufacturing company, the apparatus and paraphernalia for glass-making being purchased by the Cummings establishment.

Five or six other smaller factories, owned by different persons, were opened here during the last twenty years, none of which met with any great success.

From this it would seem that the obstacles in the way of perfect success in these undertakings were a want of skilled workmen and experience in the business. A score of difficulties were in the way then that could have no existence now.

In addition to the Plate Glass Company establishment down the river, another company has

been organized recently, the object of which is to manufacture glass in most of its varieties, and the site of the proposed works will, it is understood, be in or near Corondelet.

In view of the interest now concentrating upon this important industry in Missouri, a *Republican* reporter visited the works of J. K. Cummings in this city, and witnessed the various processes, besides learning much of the foregoing history of the rise and progress of glass manufacture in St. Louis.

MELTING POTS.

These are employed for melting the sand and fluxes combined, to produce glass. The pots are made of fire clay, produced in this country, and are most elaborately prepared. Seven or eight of these crucibles grow up under the hands of a skilled workman during a period of ten weeks, and in that time, or before, are ready for the furnace. Each pot holds about 1,800 pounds of melted glass, and is furnished with an opening or neck at the side. The clay is prepared with great care, a certain portion of burnt clay being added, which the operator lays down piece by piece at regular intervals, permitting the walls of the pot to dry sufficiently as it grows, in order to support the new layers of clay. When dry, the pots are taken to a furnace and the heat applied gradually, after which they are passed into the large central furnace where the melting process goes on, then exposed to more intense heat, and when complete are filled with the sand and accompanying fluxes, without removal from the furnace, and there they remain as the glass melting pots, until the sulphur of the coal from the outside, and the destructive operations of the glass on the inside, produce an embasure in the walls of the pot, when the contents flow out and the crucible in a red heat is pulled out and wheeled into the yard to cool off and be broken to help form other pots.

The average age of a good melting pot is about ten weeks, while they succumb to the elements operating upon them sometimes in a week. A well finished crucible, holding 1,800 pounds of glass, when ready for use, costs about \$100. The lead in the crucible frequently eats its way through the sides, and the glass combines with the clay forming a solid mass of the two.

Old crucibles are ground up in a mill and again go into new pots, and so on indefinitely.

THE SAVIOR'S LOVE.

How great is the love
Which Jesus hath shown.
He came from above,
From heaven's bright throne.

That he might deliver
His children from hell;
And take them for ever
In glory to dwell.

He died on the cross,
And poured out his blood.
To bear their dread curse,
And fit them for God.

For love so amazing,
His name we adore;
And would him be praising
With saints evermore.

MARIA SIMMONS.

SINNER, THINK!

By a law of human nature, every time you sin the habit becomes stronger, so that the unconverted are every day becoming more completely like the devil.

Dr. South says: "The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be hanged up both together, the former by the tongue, the latter by the ear."

CRUMBS WORTH SAVING.

A smile recures the wounding of a frown.

A little stream of quiet kindness will greatly calm a troubled household.

A family without prayer is like a house without a roof—it has no protection.

Greatness of itself makes no noise; even so noise of itself does not make greatness.

Joseph Joubert says: "Instead of complaining that roses have thorns, be glad that thorns are surrounded by roses."

There are three things comprised in a truly great man: 1. Largeness of mind. 2. Strength of conviction. 3. Force of will.

I have had many things in my hands, and I have lost them all; but whatever I have been able to place in God's, I still possess.

A Chinaman, on his examination for membership, in response to the question, "How he found Jesus?" answered, "I no find Jesus at all; he find me."

Prayer is ever profitable; at night it is our covering, in the morning it is our armor. Prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night.

A certain successful teacher, who had been greatly blessed in bringing in and retaining young men, was asked what the magic spell of his influence over them was. He replied, "*Putting my arms around them.*" It was the power of a *loving* faith.

A boy who early smokes is rarely known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and muscular as well as mental energy. I would particularly warn boys who want to rise in the world to shun tobacco as a deadly poison.

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, and the most steadfast happiness.

Brain-work costs more food than hand-work. Accordingly to careful estimates, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. Another evidence of the cost of brain-work is obtained from the fact that though the brain is only one fortieth the weight of the body, it receives about one fifth of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain-workers, therefore, require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food, than manual laborers.

It is not high crimes which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies, and bickering neighbors, meddlesomeness and tattling, are the worms that eat into all social happiness.

BONNIE CHRISTIE

TWO boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fire-works, contrary to the master's express prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Bonnie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again—

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real delinquent.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Bonnie.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted—Bonnie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk and said, "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs," and burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his schoolmate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if they paired in the confession, the master walked down to where Christie sat, and said aloud with emotion:

"Bonnie, Bonnie, lad—he and I beg your pardon, we are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still, as older schools are apt to be when anything true and noble is being done—so still they might have heard Bonnie's big-boy tear drop proudly on his copy-book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as the rest; and when, for the want of something else to say, he gently cried "Master forever!" the glorious shout of the scholars filled the man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before resuming his chair.

FOUR GOOD HABITS.

Punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes, the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be done well; and without the fourth, opportunities of advantages are lost which it is impossible to recall.

WELL COME UP WITH.

PERHAPS there is no harm in smiling, once in a while, at the fulfillments of Scriptures in the smaller events of life. We can hardly help smiling at the singular "coming home" of justice to the merchant told of here, who seems to have forgotten the text, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

An enterprising merchant runs both a grocery and a fish market, the latter by a deputy who every night makes returns of the day's proceeds to the proprietor. A day or two since, the grocer found in his fish market returns a counterfeit five dollar bill. He didn't like to lose it, and he did not quite want to take the chances of trying to pass it.

"Sam," said he, to a fifteenth amendment citizen hanging about the premises, "here is a five dollar bill that is a little doubtful; if you will pass it I'll give you a dollar out of the change."

"Berry well," said Sam, and he took the bill and went off. Later in the day he returned, having accomplished the feat, and handed over four dollars in good money to the grocer.

That night in looking over the cash returns of the fish market, the grocer was more surprised than delighted to find the identical bill in the pile.

"Look here," said he to the market clerk, here's a bad bill. Who did you get it of? Didn't you know it was counterfeit?" "That bill," said the clerk, "I took of old Sam the nigger. I thought it looked suspicious at the time, but he said he got it of you, and of course I concluded it was all right."

THE FATHER'S FACE.

AT a rehearsal for a Sabbath School entertainment, some time since, a little five-year-old, Bessie, was placed upon the platform to recite a short poem. She commenced bravely, but her eyes wandered all around the Church, gathering more and more of disappointment into the face. Soon the lips began to quiver, and the little form shook with sobs. Her father stepped from behind a pillar, from whence he had been watching her, and, taking her into his arms, said:

"Why, darling, what is the matter? I thought my little girl knew the verses so well."

"So I do, papa; but I could not see you. Let me stand where I can look right into your face, papa, and I won't be afraid."

And is it not so with our Heavenly Father's children. We stand too often where we cannot look into His face. Darling sins and our pride, like pillars, rise up between us and God, and disappointment and tears are ours until, casting these behind us, we stand in the light of our Father's face.

EDUCATION.

IN England there are many schools, both Charity, National, and Academical. Although I am but young myself, I find the use of learning very profitable. It is one of God's blessings to allow us to be educated, I think that we ought to heartily thank him. What should we do if we were all ignorant, and there were no schools to go to. We should not have any nice Hopes to read, nor any nice and pleasant pages to look to for instruction. One would feel so desolate. So I think we ought to most gratefully thank Uncles Mark and Joseph for first proposing to publish that beautiful paper called *Zion's Hope*, and we ought to help them the best we can, by writing pieces to it. It does not matter how small it may be, Uncle Joseph would be pleased with it; now Uncle Mark is away from America it is difficult for him to get enough pieces for the *Hope* without using some out of other journals; and we ought also to help him by trying to get some subscribers for it. I try the best I can to get some, but there are not many Saints in our branch, so that I cannot get many to subscribe. I pray that there may a time come when we shall have a great many more, both to subscribe and in the branch, so that is the reason why we ought to write something to help it, not wait until there are quite a number to do it; but now, now is the time that we most need it. Write now, to show that we do not neglect it, but try to keep it up the same as other children do to keep up their papers. Let all the Hopes that can spell or write in the least, do it. It does not matter how it is written, as long as it has some sense in it. I am afraid that is the reason why some of the Hopes do not write; but it would be better to see some of the pieces written by some of the Hopes than those out of other books. So dear Hopes, do try. I now close my short epistle, hoping that in the future we may do better.

MARCINE.

TALK AT HOME.

Let parents talk much and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house may be in many respects a wise man, but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company they are in, silent, uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household.

SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

You teachers in the Sabbath-schools, hold to calling. It is a noble one. You are greatly honored in being permitted to take so distinguished a post of service as that of training young children for Christ.

Infants count by minutes; children by days; men by revolutions of ages; nations by revolutions of systems; the Eternal is in a perpetual present.

Nothing is troublesome that is done by a willing hand.

"That life is long: which answers life's great end. Repent, believe: love, and obey the right way to Heaven.

Correspondence.

WHITE CLOUD, Kansas, April 8th, 1873.

Will some of the little Hopes answer the following questions through the *Hope*.

Who was the great chieftain and warrior, who was known from the hill Cumorah, on the Eastern sea, to the Rocky Mountains, who was under the great Prophet Ommandagus?

Who was the exceedingly curious man who built an exceedingly large ship, and afterward built other ships, and the first ship returned from its voyage?

Answers found in the printed works of the Church to the foregoing questions.

Search and answer.

H. L.

HANNIBAL, Mo, April 6th, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—It makes my heart glad to read the *Hope* and find that there are so many of the Hopes prospering. We have neither Sabbath School nor preaching here at the present time. There has been a cave discovered in what is called Morse's Hill, near our school grounds. There were five boys lost Friday morning in the cave. Half an hour after they entered the cave their light gave out. They wandered about for some time trying to find their way out; but still going father into the cave. Three parties went into the cave to search for the boys. The last party that went in found them at half past twelve that night. The teacher had forbidden the boys to enter the cave, so their being lost was the result of disobedience.

SARAH E. TAYLOR.

PRINCEVILLE, Ills., April 13th, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I have received the *Hope* for the first time since it has been published. I think it is a very nice paper. My father and mother both belong to the Church, but have not been able to take the *Hope* for me. I have a good aunt who is so kind as to send it to me, this year, for which I am very thankful. I am nearly ten years old. I have not been baptized yet, but I hope to be some time. I have two brothers; one older, and one younger than myself, who love to read my paper. I love to read the letters from the little Hopes. This is all I can think of this time. Please put this in the Children's column if you have a vacant place. Yours truly,

ELLA BRONSON.

[Ella, this is a very good letter. If you continue trying, you will do the Hopes great good.]—ED.

GREEN'S LANDING, April 7th, 1873.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—While reading over the Children's column I feel a great desire to write to the *Hope*, we have taken the *Hope* almost two years. I like it very much, and think that there are many good instructions therein. I have been in the church three years and over, I have not got tired of serving God although I live in a hard place. The people here are mostly wicked people. We live in a hard country, where the winter is dreary. I was baptized by Bro. T. W. Smith, I have not seen him since the day after I was baptized. My brother and I have had a number of letters from him. He expects to come east this Spring, I hope that he will; for all would like to see him again. We don't have any Sabbath School here. We have meetings about every Sabbath here. I feel thankful to God for sparing my life to hear the sound of the Latter Day Gospel, and that I had a willing heart to obey. May God bless all the little Hopes in my prayer. From a sister in Christ,

LAURA E. KNOWLTON.

[Welcome Laura. We like to hear from the far east].—ED.

Roll of Honor.

Previously Credited	\$153 25	Janet Black	\$1 00
John G. Gillespie, Jr.	50	Nancy M. Ballantyne	25
Anna Simpson	1 00	Netta Mee	1 16
Benjamin Griffin	50	Wm. W. Reese	2 00
M. E. Kyte	1 00	Martha C. Kendall	25
Geo. Worstenholm	3 00	B. F. Raymond, Junior	50
Mary O. Raymond	50	Emma Hart	1 00
Sarah Andrews	50	Mary Andrews	50
Noah Hart	1 00	Two daughters of Sr. J. Gault	50
Wm. M. Williams	25	Jane Williams	25
Miss A. Moore	50	Sis. Mason	25
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.			6 65
Mrs. Hazzledine	2 00	Robert Cameron	25
Charlotte Matthis	50	Maggie Matthis	50
Leonora Matthis	50	E. F. Cadman	25
S. E. Cadman	25	A sister	5 00

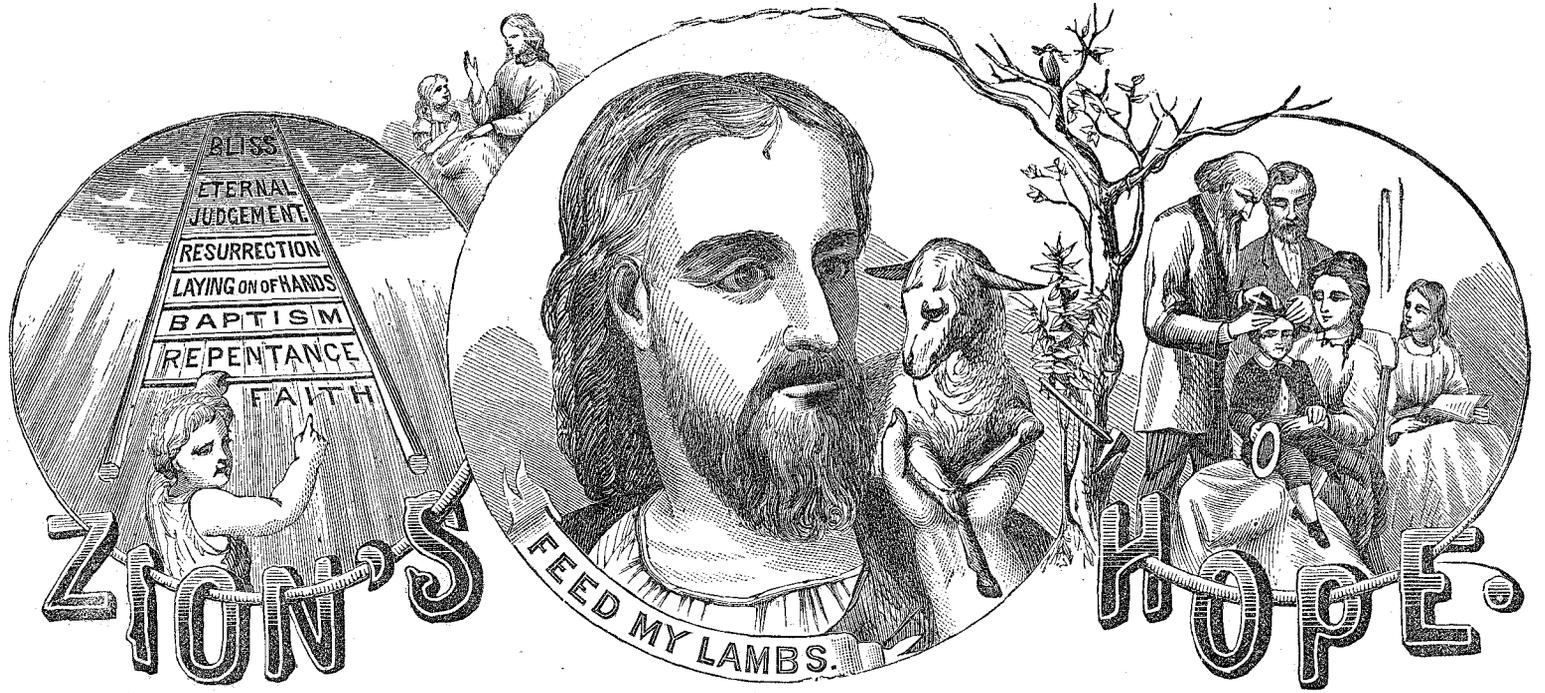
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

Vol. 4.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MAY 15, 1873.

No. 22.

HOPE EDITORIAL.

DEAR CHILDREN.—In looking over the broad fields of good laid open before us, and to which we are directed by the kind Savior whom we serve, there is no portion that presents to the mind so pleasant an idea of delightful work, as that which pertains to the lambs of Christ, the little ones of the fold. To the mind they appear at their varied occupations, employments and amusements.

One happy group is busily engaged, over a long bed of well spaded and crumbled mould; the strong hand of their father has heaped and leveled. The oldest daughter has a wide board with which she marks the bed, while a little boy and a younger girl place the bead like seed of the radish. Plain and soiled are their garments, they are the happy working children of busy parents. A cheerful light is in their eyes, and their happy songs and merry laughter ring through the garden pleasantly.

White bowls stand round in the black mould, full of shining beans, and round peas for the planting, and a pan full of onion sets, ready to be placed in long rows for the summer's table.

Happy group and worthy work, aid the father, help the patient toiling mother, play in its time; but such toil will soften the heart, ennoble the spirit, and open up a communion with nature never to be interrupted.

Another group, but ah, a different scene this time. A rich parlor, a shining rose wood piano, silken and soft, rosey, and rich the room. Richly, but neatly dressed are the members of this group. What is their employment? To-morrow dawns the Sabbath, and the girl is seated at the piano, one brother older, and two younger than herself, with her are practicing hymns and have just been learning verses to be recited in the Sabbath school, of which they are members, and teachers. These also are lambs of God's fold and commune with the others aiding them in their endeavors, oft hindered by the toil that these do not feel so urgently the necessity for. They are not haughty, therefore neither do the others envy or despise them because the efforts of a strong brained father has placed them above want.

Their toil also is holy, they employ their abundant time for the Sunday school, and Branch where they reside; the oldest a clear eyed, thoughtful lad writes for the *Hope*, and they carry ever a liberal donation for their class subscription. God give us many such.

And many such as we see next, poor, poor is the place where we see him. Low and ill lighted the room, in the brightest corner he sits; a

blue eyed, high browed boy. Finely are his features chizzled, honest and frank his look. His clothes are old, faded, blue in color; he sits on a reversed broken rimmed half bushel measure, on his knees spread out a copy of the *Hope*; reading, spelling, blundering through; crying over Jennie's trials with her drunken father, or laughing over, the one who preached so loud a sermon for Peter. An old grey cat lies curled up on his bare feet to keep them warm. One grimy hand, small and brown, rocks a large oaken cradle, in which slumbers his baby brother, a very picture of loveliness. Long silken lashes lie on round velvety cheeks, like leaves of roses in their pinken fullness. Thickly clusters the yellow rings of hair round the white brow, one dimpled wonder of an arm lies over the plain coverlid as sleeping lies the little wonder. Poor little Ben, hard is thy lot, poor thy faithful mother, while a green mound covers thy father. Courage, however, little Saint, the light of God is on thee; thou shalt conquer; before thee lies a noble pathway. March on, thy toil also is holy, thy work commendable.

Ah, would all that we see could be alike commendable, but alas it is not. Others aside, in cruel sport, idle mischief, or more criminal thefts; vicious haunts where vice holds school, do we see many little minds learning that which must be unlearned in sorrow and tears. Doing that which must be undone or forever regretted. One soils the carmine of beautiful lips with a foul cigar, another vents his indignant importanee in blasphemy. Enough; not many of such do we see in the homes of the Saints. Turn to a brighter one. A young girl writing, what writes she? A letter to an absent father, who preaches the gospel in a foreign land.

Fair is the long bright hair, fair the full brow, rosey the, cheeks, lowly she bends over the good work. Write on, happy heart, cheer the absent father, and comfort the present mother.

Many more might we name, but unto all we say; Courage, young Hopes; among the flowers, among the books, in the garden, in the fields dropping the golden grains of corn, or in the school, or the meeting, labor for Christ and his glory; thus enhancing your own eternal welfare and blessing.

Oh! the shadows of sin are sad, sad; and dread, dread are they, and keen their chilling misery. Peaceful is the light of goodness, and it shines even in the darkness of poverty and sorrow, only keep this light in your hearts and you are all right.

A family without prayer is like a house without a roof—it has no protection.

THE PET PIG.

OH! it was such a funny—funny—cute, pretty little pig; it was so very white where it was white, and so very black where it was black, and that was in spots across its shoulders and just one half its ridiculous little nose. And its nose was a short nose, I must tell you, for it was a very respectable china pig, and no prairie plow with a nose like an alligator; it knew it too, this remarkable little shoat did, for it was always very important. In fact, it was very much so generally, being very little, very short, and at the same time very fat.

Its tail was just long enough for four very short turns.

At the time of its introduction to the home circle, it was very cold, having been picked up as it was running about hunting a convenient place to freeze.

A large box was secured, a bed made with great care, by curly headed Jim, while his aunt Sue, eight years old, got a bottle of sweet milk with a small quill wrapped in a rag for a stopple, and then they laughed to see that little pig lay hold and take his fill out of that bottle rapidly assuming the outline of a large pumpkin seed as he drank, and they declared that he was not as big as the bottle when he had emptied it; but I always suspected some mistake about that you know.

At last he slept, O, important event, what if he should not wake up, O! O! that would be awful. But he did wake up and grew and thrived. By and by, it grew warm, piggy was put out box and all, but was still a great pet; they had a great time naming him. Mother suggested Nebuchadnezzar; but Sue thought it too long for so short a pet.

Jim shook out his curls and could make nothing out of it but, No—but—you-dont—neither. Mother must give it a shorter name. She said Dot was a short name. Dot, O, delightful; just the thing. So Dot it was, and he was put in a pen.

How funny he was, how he did follow them every where when out; and jump in a pan, feet and all, for his dinner; and caper and frisk after he had had enough. How he would fight the end of a cane or one's foot or hand, sidewise, and graceful as only he could be. How he fell in the cistern, chasing the cat, and had to be fished out in a basket; how he was put under the stove to dry, and how he returned there next day by stealth to warm himself, and eat unawares a great hole in a pan of bread the cook had put there to raise. How Jim raced him out with a stick, and how he

turned on Jim and upset him in the door, would take time to tell. How he got large enough to sit up on his haunches and suck the cow, who never by any means resented this familiarity; how he eat up the lettuce and tore Jim's hat; and how he got so big, Jim could not cross the yard for fear Dot would charge out of some unsuspected corner and upset the young gentleman without ceremony, and make off in great glee if Sue came with a rod.

One day Dot got through the garden fence and eat up part of a fine large melon Jim had been watching, and when Jim went to roust him Dot roused Jim and bit him quite sadly in the leg. This was too much, Dot was voted a nuisance and penned up. He was fed so regularly and petted little after that, that he grew in to a fine large hog; and like the Darkey's Massa, in the war song, "weighed three hundred pounds," and Sue thought him large enough to call No-but-you-dont-neither.

One day the children were treated to nice fresh pork, and when they said it was excellent, and were told it was Dot, they, contrary to all expectations, had a great laugh and said they were glad.

AORIUL.

A LESSON FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUNG readers, do you know the little animals—birds, beasts and insects, are good mechanics, skilled in business and building operations? This is true; and what they do is done systematically, with neatness and dispatch. Nor do they idle, lounge about, or stop to play till the work is done, and well done.

The Otter and the Heron are the fishermen, though they use neither line nor net. The Otter we seldom see, for he works his traps mostly under water; but the Heron may be often seen standing with his long, thin legs in the shallow part of the stream, suddenly plunging his long bill beneath the surface and bringing up a fish.

Ants are the day-laborers, and very industrious in their calling; they always seem in earnest at their work. Catch them asleep in daytime if you can! They set us an example of industry.

"Ants freely work, without disguise,
Their ways consider and be wise."

The swallow is a fly-catcher; and the number that he catches would astonish you. You often see him in his vocation skimming along the surface of the brook or pond.

The beaver is a wood-cutter, a builder and a mason; a very good workman at all these trades. He fells the small trees with his teeth, and after he has built his house, he plasters it carefully with his tail-trowel.

The wasp is a paper-maker, in his building. His paper is water-proof, and made of materials that no other paper-maker would use. Look at the curious wasps' and hornets' paper dwellings—not patented are they.

Singing birds are amateur musicians, and excel all others in harmony. Hardly can we decide which of them excels—the lark, the robin, the thrush, or the nightingale.

"On the feathery wing they rove,
And wake with harmony the grove."

The fire-fly, and the glow-worm are lamp-lighters. The bee is a professor of geometry; for he constructs his cell so scientifically, that the least possible amount of material is formed into the largest spaces, with the least waste of room. Not all the mathematicians of Cambridge could improve the construction of his cells. Nor can the best hermetical sealers among us preserve provisions so well.

The caterpillar is a silk-spinner, far excelling any other in his line of business; indeed we could not learn an art that would supply any silk worth the name without him.

With what wonderful properties and powers has it pleased our Heavenly Father to endow the lowly creatures!

Young friends, is not this wonderful, marvel-

ously wonderful? Who endowed these animals with wisdom? God! Who of us could make cells for honey, like the bee, silk like the silk-worm, or music like the singing-birds? Truly the goodness of God is seen in all his works.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION.

We're the daughters of Zion;
Our Master is Judah's Lion;
We his every word rely on,
In these latter days.

We know our Lord is coming;
For the Spirit in us burning,
Tells us Jesus is returning
In these latter days.

We unite with one accord,
To sing and praise the Lord;
Which great happiness affords,
In these latter days.

We bow to God in prayer,
And our testimony bear;
That his blessings we may share,
In these latter days.

Ye halt, ye blind, ye lame,
O, ye sinners, do the same;
Come, praise his holy name,
In these latter days.

Believe the wondrous story
Of the Prophet and Cumorah,
And give to God the glory,
In these latter days.

We want to save our Mothers;
Fathers, Husbands, Sons, and Brothers;
Our neighbors, and all others,
In these latter days.

For we know the end is nigh;
As the signs are in the sky;
And the scourges passing by,
In these latter days.

The Prophets who were slain
Are coming back again;
A thousand years to reign
In the latter days.

The Lord is coming too;
And with all this in view,
We have trimmed our lamps anew,
In these latter days.

The half we cannot tell.
Of the love our bosoms swell,
As we bid a short farewell,
In these latter days.

FRANCES A. ERNST.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ARMOR.

PERHAPS it may be interesting to the youth, to say something about the Christian's Armor.

We have lately seen armed men and even boys, about our streets; they had weapons and were drilled to fight for the United States Government; but those who have the armor we are about to speak of, are to fight for the Government of the Kingdom of God.

Theirs was a carnal warfare, but ours is the fight of faith.

Our armor is called the *panoply*, or complete armor of God, and is composed of six separate pieces.

An exchange enumerates them thus.

1. The *breast-plate*, or coat of mail. This was the principal part of the armor of ancient warriors. It was made of metal, and consisted of parts, covering nearly the whole of the body. You who are spiritual warriors, are to have for your covering and protection a breast-plate of *righteousness*. It

will prove stronger than brass, and cover all those weaknesses of your mortal nature where you might be liable to attack from the enemy.

2. The *greaves*, or boots. These were to cover the legs and feet, and were also of metal. This part of your armor is to be of "the preparation of the gospel of peace." To prepare means to get ready. To be prepared, is to be ready. Having your feet thus shod with obedience, you will always be ready to march, whither your captain orders, and to do whatever he directs.

3. The *girdle*, or belt. This is to bind the armor together, to hide the joints at the waist, and to hold the offensive weapons.

Yours is directed to be of *truth*. So long as you are thus encircled, the whole panoply will fit easily and securely, and give you freedom in action.

4. The *helmet*, for protecting the head. You are to wear the *hope* of *salvation*. With such a helmet, wrought from God's unfailing promises, all the fiery hail satan's rage may rain upon you, cannot make you bow your head.

5. The *shield*. This was a defensive piece of armor made of wood and leather or brass, to be held in the left hand to ward off the blows of the assailant, and was so brightly polished that arrows would glance and rebound from its surface.

You are invited to take the shield of *faith*. Behind this you will be safe from every death-dealing dart of the adversary; for God has promised to shelter those who trust in him.

6. The *sword*. This is an offensive weapon. Yours is to be the *word* of *God*. With that sheathed in your girdle you will be well armed, and may rest in security among a host of enemies. Drawn in your hand, and well practised in its use, you may fight bravely, and conquer all things.

As it was customary for heathen warriors to offer prayer to their god, before going out to battle, so you are enjoined to go forth not in your own might, but by praying always with *all prayer*, to depend on *Him* who is your strength and the Captain of your salvation.

Selected by

M. A. CHRISTY.

ENIGMA.

[The following enigma is from Mary Swisher, Brighton, Iowa. It is quite simple, but on that account it may be better, for many of the children can study it out.

First, you must find a correct answer to the first question in the enigma, and write the word that gives the answer; then find the answer to the second question, and write it in the same way, and so on, till you have found the answer to each question. Then take the first letter of each of these answers in order, and, when put together, they will make the words that tell what Jesus did.]—Ed.

Who came to do his father's will?
What priest was buried in a hill?
Who was accused of lying by his wife?
Who in the front of battle lost his life?
Who set the foxes tails afire?
Whose son did Solomon fetch out of Tyre?
What prophet restored the Shunamite's son?
Which is the first book of Solomon?
Whom did St. Paul call his son?
Answer.—Something by Jesus done.

A WORKING WORLD.

THIS is a working world. Most people in it are called to be active in some employment, if they would live and prosper. Some time ago a young man wrote to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, asking him to obtain for him a situation in business in New York City,—a situation that was *easy*. Mr. Beecher said in reply: "Don't be an editor if you would be 'easy.' Do not try the law. Avoid school keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops, and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep

away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither a soldier [nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. Oh! my honest friend, you are in a very hard world. I know of but one real 'easy' place in it. That place is the grave!"

BROTHERLY LOVE.

BRROTHERLY Love! Beautiful Words! how the yearning human heart is affected by their gentle sound. What a volume of love bound up in that sentence of thirteen letters, it is a whisper caught from the upper world: a term borrowed from the speech of angels, a synonym of affection, tenderness, devotion, and trust.

To condemn the obligations which it enjoins, is, to sin against God and humanity, destroy Brotherly Love, and the virtue, happiness, and all the choicest, of earthly blessings will be obliterated from among us. Pure and incorrupted Brotherly Love is the prime mover for joy, and happiness to all fathers and mothers, and it should never be suffered to be destroyed by hatred, nor malice of any kind. Love is the ruling power of all animal creation, "for brutes untamed will love, and cherish, each other or will perish."

Truly has it been said that love is strong as death. True love is an offspring of God, for God himself is love; and you might as well try to find a living man without breath as a christian brother without love.

We are told in the Scriptures "to let Brotherly Love continue, and be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained Angels unawares."

This love is not to be taken in the sense of the christian love to his fellow men, and in the common relations of life only; but that love to the christian as a member with him of the body of Christ; for if the christian will exercise it towards those who are strangers, how much more should they towards suffering brethren who are known and acknowledged as such.

There is no other food for Brotherly Love than goodness; and love can no more burn without goodness than the flame without fuel: but it cannot be borne on without the help of God's Holy Spirit.

Let us be less severe then; and do unto others as we would like to be done by. Cheer the weary, encourage the faint, and disappointed, and give kindness to the aching heart; by so doing we may reclaim the erring wandering ones, and reap a reward from Him who sitteth high above the heavens.

If a man says he loves God and hateth his brother: he tells a falsehood, for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen: how can he love God whom he hath not seen.

Saint Peter in his second Epistle and first Chapter, gives a little exhortation to the Elders, and Saints, and what might be termed an addition sum: The first is—

- | | |
|----------|---|
| FACTORS— | <p style="margin: 0;">Faith,</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Virtue,</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Knowledge,</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Temperance,</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Patience,</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Godliness,</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Brotherly Kindness,</p> <p style="margin: 0;">Charity.</p> |
| PRODUCT— | <p style="margin: 0; text-align: center;">C h r i s t i a n .</p> |

Now, dear Hopes, may you and I practice the above; and we shall neither be barren nor unfruitful: but may the blessing of God be with us all is the prayer of
BR. WM. STREET.

COMMON FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

No. 1 EUROPE.

APPLES, PEARS, AND PLUMS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

It gladdens my heart to see,
 The bloom on the orchard tree,
 For I know that Summer will soon be here,
 And then comes Autumn brown,
 With apples, and pears, and plums,
 All laden the season comes;
 And merry it is for the children then,
 In country and in town.

They laugh, they shout, they run,
 All tanned by the Autumn sun;
 They catch the ruddy-streaked apples,
 And the sweet and luscious pears;
 On the plum-strewn ground they play,
 There are none so merry as they;
 No fruits are half so pleasant and sweet
 As those of our early years.

Could we have a more pleasant subject to talk about than this—the fruits of the earth? How grateful to the taste, and how beautiful to the eye are they, hanging singly, or in clusters, upon the laden boughs of the orchard or the garden. The good God has given them for our pleasure and sustenance, and we do well to admire and value them, as among the greatest of His gifts.

No doubt all our readers are fond of fruit. We purpose, in these short papers, to tell them something about the fruits which are most common in the four quarters of the globe, and we begin with that quarter in which we live—viz. Europe; and we take first a very favorite fruit with us,—

THE APPLE.

The apple is not always agreeable to the taste; cultivation has made it so, and produced that variety of kinds which now abound in our orchards. Codlins and pippins, nonpareils, rennets, and a host of others, have all come from a very few original stocks; one of these stocks is the wild crab, with its small sour apples, which sets one's teeth on edge to bite them, and make the eyes water, and very likely the stomach ache: from this, and others equally unpromising in their wild state, have come seedy, yellow-rinded, golden-streaked, russet and rudy fruits, so good for A—Apple-pie, B—bit it, C—cut it; or that delightful spread of all things, fair to look at and nice to eat, called dessert, where we see the ribstone pippin, that choicest of English apples, the summer nonpareil, the golden Rennet, the delicate Fair Lady, and other varieties. And there, too, we have the juicy pears, large and small; and golden and green and purple plums, about which we shall presently speak.

From apples we make cider, that agreeable drink which is so much used in Devonshire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, and other English counties; and from pears is made perry, which is also extensively used as a beverage—as much as seven hogsheads of this drink was yielded by a single pear-tree growing near Ross, in Herefordshire, in 1675. Can any of our readers tell us how many gallons that is?

The varieties of apples are produced by grafting a young shoot of one kind upon the stem of another; this is done by making a slit in the stem, and inserting the shoot, then binding up the two closely together; sometimes a piece of soft clay is kneaded round the part where 'the join' is made, and left to harden. In this way, and by what is called *hybrid-i-zation*, the best qualities of different kinds of apples, as of other fruits, are combined in new varieties. The stem of the wild crab is commonly used for grafting on. It is the custom in Devonshire, our greatest cider county, for the farmer and his men to go out at midnight, on the eve of the twelfth-day, and perform a sort of an incantation under an apple-tree, drinking the favorite beverage, repeating a rhyme, and then they fire off guns (loaded with powder only) into the branches, and return to the house as satisfi-

ed as if they had performed a religious duty, although they do not know in the least what it all means.

The men we call costermongers, who cry fruits and vegetables about the streets of London were originally known as costard-mongers, or apple-sellers, the costard being the name of the kind of apple in which they dealt.

THE PEAR.

The pear belongs to the same order of plants as the apple; its Latin name is *pyrus*, a flame, because the tree mostly grows in the form of a pyramid. Some think that the name refers more to the shape of the fruit, which generally tapers off to the smaller end, and so somewhat resembles a tongue of fire.

Like the apple, the pear is of great antiquity; it is mentioned by the early writers as growing abundantly in Syria, Egypt, and Greece. The early cultivation of this fruit in the neighborhood of Worcester is, probably, shown by the pears, which are part of the arms of the city.

It is said that King John was poisoned by the monks of Swinsted by means of a dish of pears.

From an account of the expenditure of the household of Henry VIII., we learn that a woman who gave the king some pears was rewarded with twopence a considerable sum in those days.

As many as 700 different sorts of pears were enumerated by the French growers at the close of the 17th century. How many are there now. It would be difficult to say. Perhaps the very finest of all is the Jargonelle, than which nothing in the way of fruit can be more delicious; it makes one's mouth water to think of it.

THE PLUM.

The plum is also an ancient fruit, and one of which there are many kinds, or varieties, differing greatly in flavor, size, and color.

'The mealy plum hangs purpling,
 Or displays an amber hue.'

The Orleans, the Egg-plum, the Greengage, and the Damson, are well known varieties. Some plums are large and some are small, some sweet and some sour: the biggest of all is the *Magnum bonum*—large and good: the smallest is the wild sloe of the hedges, which is no more than an uncultivated plum.

Damascus in Syria is the original home of the Damson or Damascene plum. There is no more sweet and agreeable kind than the Greengage, which was named after a member of the Gage family, who introduced it into this country.

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

One day a lazy farmer boy
 Was hoeing out some corn,
 And moodily had listened long
 To hear the dinner horn.
 The welcome blast was heard at last,
 And down he dropped his hoe;
 But the good man shouted in his ear,
 "My lad, hoe out your row!"

Although a "hard one" was the row,
 To use a ploughman's phrase,
 And the lad as the sailors have it,
 Beginning well to "haze"
 "I can" he said, and manfully
 He siezed again his hoe;
 And the good man smiled to see
 The boy "hoe out his row."

The lad the text remembered long,
 And proved the moral well,
 That perseverance to the end
 At last will nobly tell
 Take courage, man! resolve you can,
 And strike a vigorous blow;
 In life's great field of varied toil,
 Always "hoe out your row."

HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF THE ART OF GLASS MAKING.

MOULDS.

THESE are made of wrought iron, outside of the works, and cost from \$15 to \$50 each. These are used to make tumblers, bottles, dishes, and many other articles in the glass line. There are many varieties of these moulds; such an establishment as that of Mr. Cummings possessing and requiring no less than \$20,000 worth of designs and moulds.

MATERIAL EMPLOYED.

The material used for glass making are sand, soda ash, oxide of lead, lime, saltpeter, manganese, bones, arsenic and chemicals for coloring. Soda ash enters largely in the composition of glass; say 40 pounds to 100 pounds of sand. The soda ash is imported from England.

THE PREPARATION.

The sand used at the works in St. Louis is brought from Franklin in this state, and when delivered costs the manufacturer about \$3.50 per ton. Two hundred tons of this article are used per annum. The sand is very pure and white, requiring no chemical preparation to drive out impurities. It is exposed to a moderate heat in order to expel moisture and any vegetable impurities; then passed through a sieve, and the larger particles ground up. The sand is then weighed out, and put in layers, alternating with the alkalis, into a large bin or trough, holding several thousand pounds. The mixture, which is composed of proportionate parts of sand, soda ash, oxide of lead, lime, and other articles, is thoroughly worked with shovels, until the composition is well mixed, when it is conveyed to the large central furnace, containing seven or eight melting pots, which are then at a white heat, and shoveled into these pots, which, when full, are hermetically sealed. These crucibles are then plied with an intense heat for a period of thirty-six hours, when the flint glass is thoroughly melted, and is about ready for use. Green bottle glass will melt in the same fire in twelve hours. During the melting process, or during the latter part of it, the workmen use their iron rods to test the advance and completion of the fusion. A homogeneous product which becomes transparent on cooling indicates that the most refractory ingredients have been dissolved. The metal is next freed by increasing the heat and keeping the contents in a state of fluidity for some hours. The bubbles disappear and the insoluble matter, if any, sinks to the bottom. When the furnace is somewhat cooled the metal becomes viscid, so that it may be taken out and worked, and it is kept in this condition so that it may be used when required. The pots, seven or eight in number, employ the hands most of the week.

BRANCHES.

The production of each kind of glass is a separate branch of the business, involving many curious details, too numerous to be mentioned in this article.

The blowing-tube, made of wrought iron, is five feet long, one inch in diameter and larger at the mouth-end than at the other. The workman inserts this into the crucibles of melted glass, gathers a small quantity on the end, which, when sufficiently cool, he blows into a mould ready for him. A pantz is a solid rod which is employed to receive the glass from the pipe or tube. Spring tongs are used to take up bits of glass. Shears are used to cut the glass from the top of the bottle, and used in other parts of the business.

PROCESS.

The manufacture of each article requires a process distinct from that of any other. The tube-glass is made as follows: The workman introduces the red-hot end or nose of the blowing-pipe into the pot, and gathering a portion of the metal, takes it out and suffers it to cool a little, then blows into it to make it swell. He makes another dip, which accumulates more, and so on till

enough is gathered. This being blown into a globular form with very thick walls, the pontil by means of a lump of glass at one end, is secured by another workman exactly opposite the tube, which passes through the center of the globe. The two men then separate. The globe immediately contracts across its center, which being drawn out to the size desired, cools, so that the hotter and softer portions next yield in their dimensions, and so on until a tube of one hundred feet in length hangs between the two men, sagging in the middle like a heavy rope. It is kept constantly rotating in the hands, and is strengthened as it cools, and sets by placing it on the ground. It is cut into suitable lengths while hot by taking hold with cold tongs.

BOTTLES.

The operator having dipped the heated end of his tube into the melting-pot, withdraws it with a small quantity of glass clinging to it, and turning round blows into the tube, swelling the glass in the form of a globe. He then steps to a little iron table, called a marvel, and rolls it gently on the surface of the marvel, lengthening and leveling the glass globe, and then taking it up, blows again, swelling the glass to the desired size, when he drops it with an easy movement into the mould opened ready for it by a boy in attendance. The mould is at once closed up, the blower still holding to the tube and blowing as he draws it away, the glass growing thinner at the sides as the length increases, when the breath of the blower bursts the frail glass with a sound like the crack of a whip; the whole process consuming but a half minute, when the operator turns to the crucible for another quantity of metal to form a new bottle. The boy who operates the mould then lifts the bottle out and lays it aside, when a second boy takes it up, slips the bottom into an open tube or clamp, and stepping back inserts the upper end of the bottle into a small furnace, called in glass-maker's parlance the "glory hole," where it is heated to a red heat, when a workman removes it with his left hand, and, rolling it round on a frame, applies with his right an instrument which operates upon the unfinished top, forming the neck and rim above, completing the work in a half minute. It then goes to the annealing furnace, which is hard by.

LAMP CHIMNEYS.

A blower gathers the metal on the tube and gives it to a second operator, who blows and marvels it, and by manipulating in this way swells and extends the glass globe in the form of a lamp chimney. He then passes it to a third man who continues the rolling process, inserting it into a furnace to soften it, and, putting it into a clamp, turns it with his left hand and, shaping the closed end, breaks off the superfluous part, with a jerk, then fashions the other end, when the completed article goes to the annealing furnace.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Correspondence.

VIOLA, Mercer Co., Ill.

Dear Little Hopes:—This is the first time I have ever undertaken to write to the *Hope*. I am nine years old. We have no Latter Day Saints' Sabbath School here; but I hope the time will come when we can all go to one. Enclosed you will find fifty cents; twenty-five cents each for my sister Ella F. and myself. Ma gave us this for doing the work whilst she was sick.

S. E. CADMAN.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., April 23d, 1873.

Br. Joseph:—Being fully persuaded of the utility of the *Hope*, I wish once more to add to its columns a few words, which I hope will be beneficial to my young readers. I can say with truth that its matters are edifying to young and old, and tends to enhance the mind and creates a desire in them to read and ponder the laws of God, and Nature. Hence, I say to one and all, go on in the good work, which will finally elevate all to the throne of God. Cry aloud, *Hope*, and proclaim the eternal principles of salvation, that all the earth may be blessed.

Now my young brethren and sisters, stay not your voices; but be diligent in well doing, that you may

be crowned with immortality at His coming,—the day is at hand, and it behooves us to be prepared, in order that we may have His Spirit at all times. We are not like the great mass, without knowledge. We know in whom we believe, and it is all safe with us, as long as we will keep his commandments. Hence we ought to use all diligence in subscribing to its columns largely.

May God bless us all in the same.

Yours in the gospel.

CHARLES BISHOP.

HILLIARDS STATION, April 27th, 1873.

Dear little Brothers and Sisters in Christ:—I thought that I would try and write a few lines to the *Hope*. I am trying to live the life of a Saint. We have no Sunday School here now. It has been so sickly here that we could not get together even to hold meeting, once a month. I have an anxiety for the welfare of the Hopes in Zion. I like to read the little *Hope* very much. I hope that all the little brothers and sisters will pray for me. This from your affectionate brother in Christ,

CHARLES J. F. CHURCH.

BOX COLLIERY, LLANELLY, Wales,

April 14th, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—As it is Easter Monday, I will try to write to the little Hopes of Zion. I wish to encourage them to go on in the good work. I like to read their letters very much, they have a very good desire. Thank the Lord I had the same desire when I was young as I have now, when I am in my sixty-third year. I have been in the Church of Jesus Christ since June, 1847, and did not leave the old till I found the new in December, 1863. We are many in this Branch, but very few attend the meeting.

I want all the young Saints to learn the story in Exodus, about the passover of the Lord, how he commanded Moses, saying: they shall take to them a lamb, your lamb shall be without blemish, a male of the first year, and kill it in the evening, and with the blood of the lamb they were to mark the side posts and upper posts of the door. The Lord said the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are. When I see the blood I will pass over you. The Lord in his mercy in general gave a good reason in connection with commandments. The day of deliverance is kept among many of the Jews as a memorial they were to eat the lamb with bitter herbs and unleavened bread.

But our passover is to behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. We as the ransomed of the Lord, in this great and glorious dispensation are commanded to take the bread and wine, or water, in remembrance of Christ our passover who gave himself for us. Jesus took bread and blessed it and brake and gave to them and said as oft as ye do this ye will remember this hour that I was with you. He also took the cup and said it was the last time for him to drink of the fruit of the vine, until that day I drink it new in the kingdom of God. They all grieved and wept over him, because he said, it was the last time. Read the 26th section in the Doctrine and Covenants, then you will see who his company will be at the table in the kingdom.

Dear sisters and children, I hope we shall always remember in meekness and love the pure body which was laid down for us, and the pure blood that was shed for the remission of our sins. Let us be humble and faithful while we are in this state of probation. I had been a methodist for twenty years.

Now I must wish you good bye, as I am such a poor writer; but I think it will look better when it has gone through brother Joseph's hands. My English is at an end, as the Welsh is my mother tongue. Your sister in the covenant of peace.

RACHEL W.

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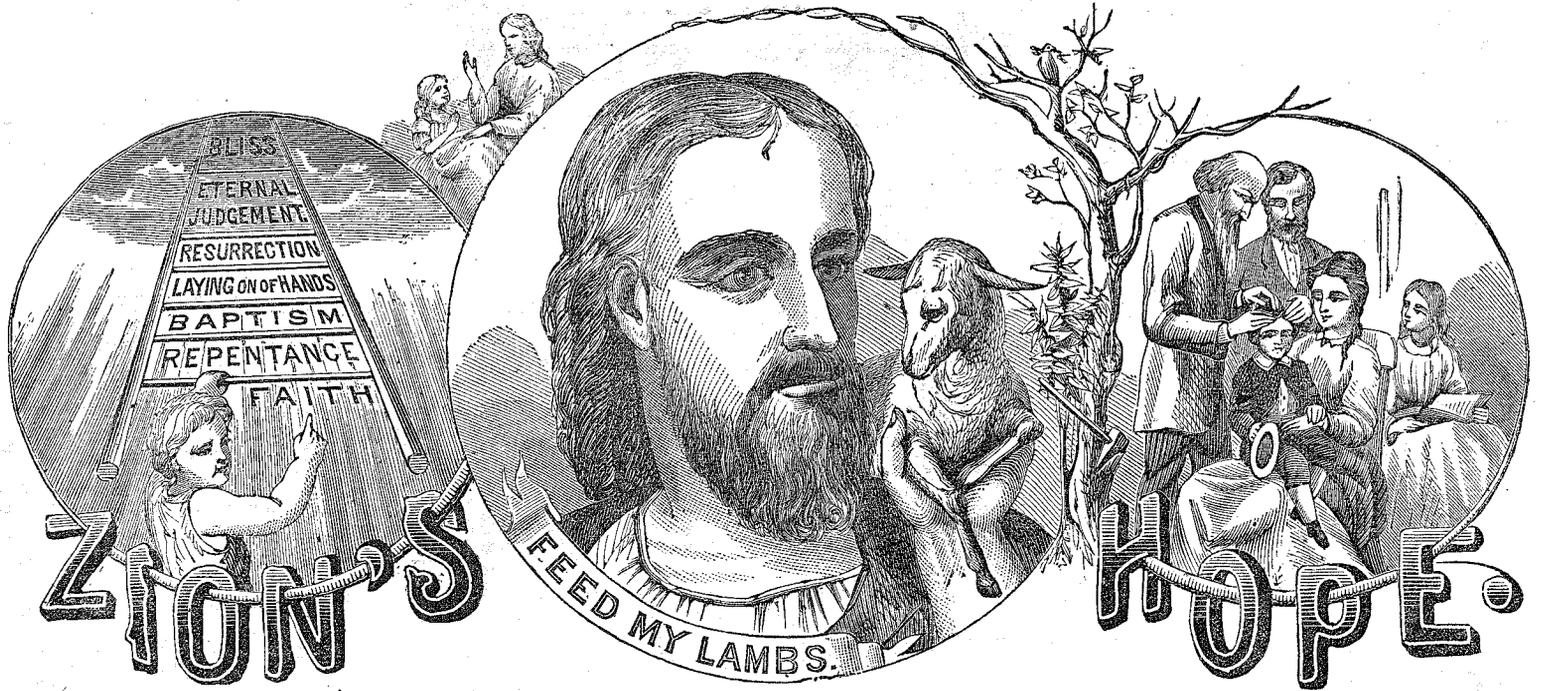
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 4.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JUNE 1, 1873.

No. 23.

THE GOOD ALONE ARE FREE.

The God of mind made all minds free,
Their birthright then is liberty,
The thoughts of man no power can bind,
Limbs may be chained but not the mind.

The mind that loves the good and right
Is free all chains and bars despite
That which deceitful; acts the knave
Becomes by its own act the slave.

Such noble minds to God alone
Bow down, and own no other throne
When God enjoins His claim and cause
They bow to rise above all laws.

Transferred from Phonography by Bro. Wm. STREET.

FRUITLESS BUSHES.

THE other day while digging in making garden, where some wild-gooseberry bushes had been dug up early this Spring as cumberers of the ground, I could not help reflecting upon the lesson afforded by the planting; removal; and after labor caused in endeavoring to rid the ground of the broken roots left there at the time the bushes were removed.

It occurred also to my mind that the reflections guided by God's Spirit, if penned for the *Hope*, might be the means of doing some good to its readers, especially the young, in warning them not to take to themselves evil habits, which would need so much labor, anxiety and care, to eradicate in after life. I had planted these bushes in the first place, thinking that in the absence of tame fruit they would benefit us by giving us some wild fruit; some other small considerations operated upon the mind of my wife and myself in their favor, causing them to be planted.

I do not distinctly remember how long they remained in the ground; but sufficient time to allow them to take deep root, and grow rank and tall, and spread out their branches widely. After considerable labor and care in pruning, they bore but little or no fruit; took up a good deal of ground, and finally judgment was pronounced; they were decided an evil, and that out of the ground they must come, and it be used for other and more useful plants. They were dug up therefore as an evil; But then came the war! What labor and sweat, and toil it cost to get them out of the ground! If this had been the end of the matter it would not have been so bad; but there were roots, large and small broken off and left in the ground.

These if left alone would come up, grow, and, spread wider and so become a greater evil than at

first. In digging to make garden in this place, we had great trouble in getting the spade into the ground, among the tangled mass of broken roots. Some were cut, and portions still left in the ground; while some would come up entire. We had to exercise great patience in digging, and great care in taking out all the roots that were turned up by the spade, so as not to leave them covered with earth lest they should grow. There were many small roots left in the ground, which will spring up and check the growth of the good seeds planted, if not carefully watched and cut down or plucked up, when they appear. By so doing they may be entirely eradicated and subdued. But O what labor, toil and perplexity of mind might have been saved had they never been planted.

Now for the application. There are many evils which, both old and young take to their breasts, or plant in their hearts; which at the time are thought productive of happiness, comfort and joy. We will endeavor to notice one or two notable ones. We cannot enumerate all it would carry this article to an unwarranted length. When a young lady or gentleman first begins to go into evil company, they think that the attractions of that company are charming; will be productive of pleasure and happiness to them.

They plant in their hearts [although it is small in the first place] that which, unless they pluck it up while young, will take deep root and grow rank and tall bearing fruit of shame and infamy.

For instance a young gentleman goes with what he calls sociable company, to the saloon to enjoy himself. He is enticed to take the first glass of intoxicating drink. He takes a second, a third, and thus the plant is set, is nourished and grows; the ground that ought to have been planted with good seed is entirely taken up with bad.

After a while his time is wholly taken up with his evil companions to the exclusion of nearly if not quite all good, and will at last send him to a drunkard's grave, and he will in the next world receive a drunkard's punishment, unless he should by some good fortune see his error and with a firm determination pluck up that evil bush or tree and cast it from him. Then there are a great many small roots, as well as some larger ones, left in the ground, which, without great watchfulness and care will grow and spread; witness the hankering appetite that so often overcomes a great many after plucking up the old bush. The man that overcomes will have to have great perseverance; great patience.

But it can be done. I would not discourage any one, in the least, from trying. No! No! But O! what heart-rending scenes of family

wretchedness and misery; what labor; what anxious moments; what doubts and fears; what perplexity of mind and suffering of body might have been saved if the bush had not been planted in the first place. Boys and girls; readers of "*Zion's Hope*" flee evil company as you would the bite of a poisonous serpent; as the fury and appetite of the wild beast. Never touch the first glass! Let the ground be occupied with good seed which will produce fruit for your good and God's glory.

All the evils which the human family imbibe, or plant in their hearts are susceptible of the same application as that we have been describing. Lying, stealing, swearing, bearing false witness, backbiting, evil speaking, hatred, envyings, wrath and strife, are all evil bushes or plants, which had better never be planted, but if any have been planted pluck them up by the roots, and work faithfully to root out all the small fibrous roots that may be broken off until none are left. Youthful readers of "*Zion's Hope*, do not give place in your heart for the evil plant of disobedience to your parents. If you do it will grow upon you. If you begin to disobey your parents in small things, you will, by and by, disobey them in larger ones: you will be in danger of being led into evil company and suffer all the misery here, and here after, which such conduct will entail upon you.

I have lengthened out this article to a degree greater than first anticipated, but would like to show your readers dear *Hope*, the self-examination the wild gooseberry bushes caused me. I have one particular evil which has been planted within me which I would to God was entirely eradicated, and that is impatience. I have tried to pluck it up by the roots, but I had to acknowledge when I was digging them that there were broken roots of impatience left in the ground, and that I needed to have the same patience, and labor diligently with all my powers, that was required with the broken roots of the wild bush till every root was entirely eradicated from within me. My dear children are you impatient when your parents want you to do anything? O pluck up the plant while it is young before it grows strong and overcomes you entirely.

Be patient with your parents, with your brothers and sisters, in the flesh and in the Spirit, be patient with everybody and everything which you have to deal with, and as the apostle says "let patience have its perfect work."

And now dear *Hope* if I shall have succeeded in making an impression for good upon the minds of any of your readers; to God be the glory.

Yours ever

E.

COMMON FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

No. 2 EUROPE.

PEACHES, MELONS, GRAPES, STRAWBERRIES.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Here be soft and downy peaches,
With the bloom upon them,
Here be smooth-skinned nectarines
Here, too, for the hand that reaches,
Where the golden sun hath won them
Unto ripeness, hang the clusters
Of the gushing vines.

Here be globes of richest flavor,
Melons do we call them;
Here be berries red and yellow,
Fragrant, and of sweetest savor;
Balmy days and nights befall them,
May the warm sun shine upon them,
Till they're sweet and mellow!

THE downy peach! who does not admire its delicate tints and beautiful bloom, and enjoy the sweet taste of its delicious pulp? Think of feeding pigs on peaches! this is the way they do sometimes in some parts of America, where the fruit is very plentiful; but really it does seem something like throwing pearls to swine. What a paradise for our young Chatter-boxes would be one of those peach-orchards of the West, containing, perhaps, a thousand standard trees, the produce of which has yielded, when fermented and distilled, one hundred barrels of peach-brandy! We do not mean to say that the boys and girls for whom we are writing would like the brandy, or that it would be good for them, but they would greatly enjoy the peaches before they were converted into the dangerous spirit.

The peach, like its relative the nectarine, came originally from Persia; it was at one time thought to be poisonous, and it does belong to the almond family of plants, all the members of which contain more or less of a very strong poison called prussic acid; but this is found chiefly in the leaves and kernels, and not in the fruit, so we may eat this without fear, and be thankful that it is so delicious.

An old Latin writer named Pliny says that the Romans had great difficulty in rearing peaches, which were brought from Egypt into the Island of Rhodes, and from thence to Italy; he considers it the most harmless fruit in the world, and declares that it has the most juice, with the least smell of any fruit, and yet it cannot quench the thirst of those who eat it. Boys sometimes say of anything pleasant to the palate, that it is 'morrhish,' meaning that they would like more of it; perhaps this is what Pliny meant.

A person named Wolf, who was gardener to Henry VIII., first introduced the peach and nectarine into England; he got them from Italy, in whose gardens the poet Virgil says:—

'Myself will search the planted grounds at home
For downy peaches and the glossy plum.'

All over Europe the melon is eaten when it can be obtained, and is much esteemed for its rich and delicate flavor. But melons are not to be obtained every day in this country, where they are difficult of cultivation, and so are expensive. One of the choicest kinds of melon is the *Cantelope*; it has been grown in and about Rome many centuries, having been brought from Armenia by the Roman general Lucullus. One kind, called from its musky smell and taste the musk melon, is a native of Tartary, whose people eat it much as an article of food. This kind too, has been cultivated in Italy, from whence it was brought to England as long ago as 1520.

The melons love heat, without which they cannot be grown; and so in this country we see them only in hot-houses. Water-melons so called from the quantity of fluid which they contain, are found by God's good care in most hot countries; and the parched traveller is delighted to find them, for they quench his thirst, and cool and refresh him wonderfully. The wild animals, too, seek them out, and feast on them eagerly. All melons belong

to the cucumber, or rather the gourd family. There are bitter melons, as well as sweet; and it is related by Madame de Genlis, that one of these having been given by a master to his slave, the latter ate the whole of it, and replied thus to the master, who expressed his surprise at this; 'I have received so many benefits from you, that it cannot be strange I should have eaten, without complaint, the first bitter fruit you ever presented to me.' The master was so touched by this reply, that he at once gave the slave his liberty.

The clustering grapes appear in our picture, therefore we must say a few words about them, and 'the gadding vine,' as it is sometimes called, of which they are the fruit. Truly, this tree is a great gadabout, sending its branches hither and thither in all directions. Everybody knows the vine, with its grey, ragged stem, and long, lithe branches, that wander over the garden walls, yards and yards away from the trunk, through which they draw refreshment from the earth: with its deeply indented leaves of delicate green, that look so beautiful when the sun shines through them, and its slender tendrils that curl and twist about as if they did not exactly know what to do with themselves; and its bunches of delicious grapes, purple, and greenish white, that when fully ripe, have a golden tinge. And everybody, too, likes grapes; the pity is that they are not more plentiful, so that poor people might sometimes get a taste of them. In the south of Europe, as in Eastern and many other lands, the vine is one of the most important of all trees, for is it not,—

'The mother of mighty wine,
That maketh a man divine?'

So the song says, but very often, alas! it makes him,—

'More like the senseless swine.'

A beautiful and animating scene is the vineyard at the gathering of the grapes: they are carried away in baskets upon women's heads and men's shoulders; sometimes slung upon poles, like those we see in the Scripture picture of the Israelites bringing home the grapes of Eshcol, or in carts and wagons. They are crushed in the wine-press until the juice flows out by the hogshead; then it is fermented, and refined, and colored, and flavored, and put into casks and bottles, and sealed and labeled, and called this or that, according to taste and quality, and then sold all over the world, and does a great deal more harm than good.

It seem likely that the vine was cultivated in England as early as the tenth century; when the Romans, who first planted it here, had possession of a great part of the country. Anciently, there were many vineyards in Britain, almost every monastery had one attached to it, but now the best grapes are grown in vineries, in which the trees are kept at a high temperature, so that they produce much and large fruit, and sometimes yield bunches of grapes weighing twenty pounds: think of that for a feast!

But we have yet said nothing about the blushing strawberry. Its common name is derived from the practise of putting straw beneath the berries, when they begin to swell, to keep them clean and unbruised. Some say, however, that the threading of wild berries, found in the woods by children, upon a straw, gave rise to this name, by which it appears the fruit was known long before it was much cultivated; it was sometimes called the Ground Mulberry, because its fruit is somewhat like that of the tree so well known to young silkworm breeders.

About four hundred varieties of the strawberry are now known to cultivators, who by care and attention have produced them of immense size, very different from the little wild berries which grow in the woods. In the northern parts of the country the raspberry is also found in the woods, and is a native plant; in old English words it is sometimes called the Hindberry.

Of blackberries we have but little space to speak; they are the fruit of the bramble-bush. Every boy who reads this will remember pricking his fingers when hunting in the hedges for these

juicy berries, and perhaps he will recall to mind the pathetic story of the Babes in the Wood,—

'Whose little lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed.'

THE "LEGEND OF THE WHITE CANOE."

OF the many interesting stories, and legends, connected with the history of Niagara Falls, none interested me so much as the "Legend of the White Canoe."

It is related that many years ago the Indian tribes who inhabited the region of country round about the falls, offered yearly human sacrifices to the Spirit of the great waters, and the following is an account of the sad, but to them most sacred religious rite.

A beautiful small, white canoe was prepared expressly for this purpose; in it were placed the fairest of flowers, and finest of fruits, then lots were cast among a certain number of the most beautiful maidens of the different tribes who had attained a certain age, and the one upon whom the lot fell was considered the most fortunate, and highly honored, as the loved, and chosen of the Great Spirit above, as it was her lot to enter the little boat and give herself in sacrifice by passing over the fall.

Upon a certain occasion, as the legend informs us, when all the tribes had assembled according to this custom, to offer up the yearly sacrifice, the lot fell upon the beautiful and dearly loved daughter of the chief of the Senecas. She was his only child. His wife had been slain by a hostile tribe, and from the hour of his great loss, the stricken warrior had taken no interest in life except to care for his child. Upon no other object was he ever known to cast a thought. Across his stolid features no expression of joy or sorrow ever passed except when looking upon his beautiful child.

When the lot fell upon his own loved Mo-ne-ta and the triumphant shout of her admirers rent the moonlit air not a sigh escaped him, not a tear dimmed his eye; but it was known afterwards how his great heart was bleeding. On the ensuing night, when the moon was in her full splendor, this beautiful maiden was to guide her light canoe out into the rapids, and down over the fearful cataract. The feasting, and rejoicing, with all the necessary preparation for the sacrifice went on, and at the appointed time the bride of death, decked for her bridal, was escorted with songs and shouts to the river side.

Into her little boat, laden with fruits, and flowers, she calmly stepped,—and out into the swift current she guided the frail barge as the wierd worshippers upon the shore mingled their songs with the roar of the cataract. Suddenly another canoe speeds from the shore, guided by the powerful arm of the Seneca Chief. It overtakes the first. Will he snatch his treasure from the jaws of death? Can he not give up his all, for the faith of his fathers? No, he cannot be separated from his child, but he will go with her to the Spirit Land. Side by side they speed on, with the fleetness of the wind towards the cataract's fearful brink, and over it they plunge together.

Great had been the bravery, and great the religious fervor of this warrior chief, but human love conquered both. He had not the fortitude to endure existence, when deprived of the object of his dearest affections.

How different from his dark creed, is our faith in Christ, which can support and cheer us under the loss of all things, and make life a song of praise even in affliction. Who were these Indian tribes, whose legendary lore has come down to us in such strange fragments, and whose significant, and beautiful names have been given to the mountains, lakes, and rivers, all over this broad land, from the Atlantic, to the Pacific shore. I had asked this question many and many a time, and the learned could not tell me whence they came, when lo I chanced upon a book, that told me their whole sad history.

It was written by their own people, and translated from their language into our own, in the Book of Mormon.

This most wonderful of books informs us that they are a portion of God's Covenant People, and that in the "Last Days," in the "Fullness of Time," when the Jews return to Jerusalem to rebuild their glorious Temple, and receive their *Messiah*, and King, who will rule over them in the City of David, then these remnants of vanquished tribes will be gathered, for they also are Jews.

But the question arises. How are they to hear the glad tidings that pertain to them? Who will go to them as our Prophet did, showing them the record of their fathers, and telling them the glad news it contains?

I would that the poor terror-stricken Modocs hidden away in the Lava bed in the desert, where their wives and children are perishing with starvation and fear, knew that the eye of the "Great Father" is over them, and that in the great future they will have the justice that is denied them now.

I would that the revengful Sioux, of the North-West, who are mixing their war paint, and sharpening their tomahawks for the last desperate invasion, could hear of the Gospel of Peace.

We need a thousand home missionaries. "The harvest is great, and the laborers are few." Shall we have to wait until our boys are able to take the field? March on then, all true, brave young hearts, there will be a grand army of you some day, if you all make good soldiers of the Cross.

Dear boys of the Church whose letters I read with so much delight, let this thought stimulate to good endeavor from day, to day, that you are indeed to be the Hope of our Beloved Zion.

I.

ONE DROP OF EVIL.

DO not see why, you will not let me play with Will Hunt, pouted Walter Kirk. 'I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears, just a little. But I have been brought up better than that. He will not hurt me. I might do him some good.'

'Walter,' said the mother, 'take this glass of pure water, and put just one drop of ink in it.'

'O mother? who would have thought that one drop would blacken a whole glass so!'

'Yes it has changed the color of the whole, has it not?' It is a shame to do that. Just put a drop of clear water in it and restore it to its purity.'

'Why,' mother you are laughing at me? One drop nor a dozen, nor fifty will do that.'

'No my son; and therefore I can not allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him.'

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S MEXICAN PARROT.

WE cannot vouch for the truth of the following story, which appears in a Leipzig periodical; it is, however, too good to be passed over, so we translate it for our readers.

On their return from the expedition to Mexico, some years ago, the French soldiers brought with them a number of parrots; among them was a specially handsome bird, with brilliant feathers, which answered to the name of Montezuma.

Count Castlenau, the Emperor's adjutant, who had for a long time been with the noble and unfortunate Maximilian in Mexico, had himself instructed the beautiful bird in talking; during the passage on board the steamer. When he arrived in Paris, the General certainly could not place any laurels at the feet of his Imperial Mistress, but he brought her the parrot Montezuma, who cried out to the Empress directly in a shrill voice, '*Vive l'Imperatrice!*'

'Long live the Empress!' How gladly Eugenie heard these words, whether they proceeded from

the grateful people in the streets of Paris, or from the throat of Montezuma. The bird sat in a gilded cage in the Empress's boudoir; she herself gave him biscuit and fruits with her delicate fingers, she stroked his beautiful feathers, she gave him sugar from her own lips. Montezuma was the Empress's pet: when she returned from a journey, one of the first things she would do was to hasten to Montezuma's cage to caress him, and then the bird would cry out to her, '*Vive l'Imperatrice!*'

Then came the evil days of September, 1870. The 'grateful' populace of Paris drove away the Empress: only at the risk of her life did she escape from the fierce mob. At last she sits in Sr. J. Burgoyne's yacht in the Channel, and finds a refuge in England, not far from the spot where the wife of Louis Philippe, her predecessor on the French throne, at a good old age closed her weary eyes in exile. But the Empress had scarcely established herself in Chislehurst, when she remembered her parrot, who had for six years been her pet, and had often cheered her and amused her in dull and anxious days. Montezuma had been forgotten in the haste with which she made her escape.

The Empress was sorry for the loss of her pet; and one of her servants traveled back to France, in hopes of bringing it to her, but he only brought back the news that Paris was invested on all sides by the German: Montezuma therefore was among the besieged.

After a nearly five months' seige, Paris capitulated, and immediately after the first tidings of this reached Chislehurst, the same servant was again hurriedly dispatched, charged with the commission to search out for Montezuma, and bring him back to his mistress.

The mission with which the faithful servant was entrusted was not without danger. Disguised in a working man's blouse, he made inquiries in the Tuilleries about the bird. But what did they know here about Montezuma? Here all is changed; every trace which might remind one of the splendor of the former Empire has vanished; hospitals and ambulances fill the proud halls which are now national property. Where is Montezuma?

Occupied with these thoughts, and fearing the wrath of his mistress in case he should return empty-handed to Chislehurst, he wandered through one of the narrow, dark streets, which had escaped Baron Haussmann's rage for improvements, and still reminded one of the Paris of olden time. There the servant stood still before a shabby shop for the sale of second-hand goods and furniture, and there he saw many a piece of furniture, which only half-a-year before had adorned the Imperial apartments of the Tuilleries. But above everything else the eyes of the faithful man were riveted upon a gilded cage. Yes, there he was, climbing merrily about, and cracking a nut, the pet of the Empress,—Montezuma, the parrot of Mexico! He had not been eaten during the siege; he who never concealed his Imperial sentiments, had escaped the fate to which horses, dogs, cats and rats, even the animals in the Zoological Gardens, had fallen victims. Quickly does the servant show himself ready to buy: he pays without bargaining the sum demanded, jumps with the cage into a cab, and hurries off at once to the Northern Railway Station, to Ostend, then to Chislehurst. Quickly he stands before the Empress; 'Your Majesty, my mission has been successfully accomplished, here is Montezuma!' The Empress went up to the cage, as it stood on the table, she again caressed the handsome bird; and as in the Tuilleries she held out biscuit and sugar to him.

But Montezuma put on a cross and unpleasant face. Did not the English climate agree with him? Did he feel that his former mistress had not the same rank as before, that she had descended from the throne, that she was an exile? 'Say *Vive l'Imperatrice!*' said Eugenie, as she petted the bird. The parrot remained silent and ill-tempered.

Again Eugenie caresses him; now her persua-

sions seem to be working upon the bird. Montezuma begins to plume himself, lifts his head, and opens his beak. Every one listens eagerly. Then resounds in a shrill voice through the room, '*Vive la Republique! Vive la Republique!*' Surprised and disgusted all retreat from the cage, but in the eye of the Empress a tear glistens. 'The ungrateful bird!' she sighs, and goes into the adjoining room.

We have no further information as to what has become of Montezuma. But can the bird be reproached? Is he worse than many others?—than the great mob in Paris which a short time ago cried, 'Long live the Empress?' Montezuma has lived in the Parisian atmosphere, and it has had a bad effect upon him. Now that we know his latest political creed, it is clear why Montezuma did not find his way into the saucepan like so many other animals during the siege. No one would eat a Republican bird!

J. F. C.

OLD SCHOOL SONG.

Higher, higher let us climb up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time in our country's story.

Happy when her welfare calls, he who conquers he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us delve in the mines of knowledge,
Natures wealth and learnings store, win from school and college,

Delve we there for richer gems than the stars of diamonds.

Onward, onward will we press on the path of duty,
Virtue is true happiness—excellence true beauty;
Minds are of celestial birth, let us make a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit, in the wildest weather;

On they wander wide who roam seeking joy of life from home.

Nearer, dearer, bonds of love draw our souls in union,

To our fathers' house above, to the Saints communion;
There shall every hope ascend—then may all our labors end.

HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF THE ART OF GLASS MAKING.

JARS.

These are more difficult to make and require more skill, and a vast deal of good judgment. The blower takes out a quantity of melted glass on his tube, and when it is cooled by a few moments' exposure, he adds another portion, and then moves rapidly to the marble where he rolls it and blows it until it swells to the dimensions of a jar somewhat elongated. A second man now takes it, puts it into a glory hole until it is brought to a red heat; then it is further blown and dropped into a mould which forms the outside, when it is lifted from this and thrown upon a table where it is finished, except the top. The jar is treated to another heating process, and the top formed to receive the lid of the jar, when the article is complete and goes to the annealing furnace.

OTHER ARTICLES.

There are many articles made by means of dies; and indeed, this new method is peculiarly American. The material is pressed into the moulds or dies, and the inside die forced down upon the metal requiring great pressure for large articles. Each operation the die must be kept furnished with the exact quantity of metal necessary to fill it, a feat that requires skill and long practice.

Twelve gangs of men and boys, that is to say three men and five boys to each gang, can produce in one day about 10,000 lamp chimneys; and, when the whole force is concentrated upon the manufacture of bottles, can finish about the same number. The scene in and about the blowing room is an exceedingly interesting one. The

operators as busy as bees, good-humored and active fellows, while the boys, some sixty in all, fly hither and thither, happy as June robins, and singing, betimes, in concert, some simple ditty, keeping time as they trip to the annealing furnace, or swing the unfinished bottle into the glory hole.

ANNEALING

Passing from the hands of the blowers all the work goes at once to the annealing furnace. Here the glass is exposed to a high heat, and then gradually permitted to cool, requiring a period of twelve hours to make the circuit of the annealing room. This process toughens the glass, for if not so treated a glass article, when cool, would break almost with the touch of the hand. After this tempering operation the glass is taken to the washing room, where it is cleansed and selected, and each separate article placed in its appropriate box.

The packing is done in a separate room, while those articles requiring to be ground are finished upon a flat circular stone revolving on a pivot.

THE ST. LOUIS GLASS WORKS.

The establishment of Mr. J. K. Cummings, from which the foregoing description was in the main taken, is located on a lot of 140 by 300 feet, and is in every sense extensive. There are many points of interest in and about the works that must remain unnoticed in this article. In addition to the buildings already occupied and in use, it is the design of the proprietor, before the close of the coming summer, to erect a commodious building exclusively for the manufacture of bottles. The bottle department is already very extensive, and the trade in this line of ware immense. The works, as we understand it, embrace, first the flint glass works, secondly the bottle house, and lastly the window glass department. The pay rolls numbers 140 operators. The capital invested is something over \$150,000.

These works have been in operation for many years with varying success. The partial failure to make glass blowing profitable in St. Louis was owing to various causes, not by any means the fault, at all times, of the pioneers in the industry. One of the chief obstacles in the way of success was, perhaps, the inability to procure good workmen. Mr. Cummings has had the benefit of all these years of experience, and being a practical glass-man, himself, he has, to a great extent, educated most of his men in the business, and up to a high standard in their several departments.

The business in St. Louis is no longer an experiment, but a complete triumph in the art of glass-making. To Mr. Cummings must be conceded the credit of pioneering this industry to a paying success. And this triumph is a most important and flattering one. It is not improbable this one successful experiment will form the nucleus for future similar enterprises, and that during the next decade a vast number of tall chimneys will rise from as many factories, making every class of glass, enriching the city in the consumption of material, inexhaustible and all our own, and stretching up in importance and practical interest, to a high place among the great and vital industries of St. Louis.

TRUE FRIENDS.

Some souls there are that never change,
Some friendships that endure;
That neither time nor years estrange,
Some hearts divine and pure—
And as we meet them here and there
About the world, how dear they are.

And were it not for friends like these,
To bless our cheerless fate,
The life we live on earth below
Were more than desolate,
And this dark, lonely world of ours
Were like a garden void of flowers.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

A CHRISTIAN man was dying in Scotland. His daughter Nellie sat by his bedside. It was Sunday evening, and the bell of the Scotch kirk was ringing, calling the people to church. The good old man, in his dying dream, thought that he was on his way to church, as he used to be when he went in his sleigh across the river; and as the evening bell struck up, in his dying dream he thought it was the call to church. He said:—"Hark, children, the bells are ringing; we shall be late; we must make the mare step out quick!" He shivered and then said:—"Pull the buffalo robe up closer, my lass! It is cold crossing the river, but we will soon be there!" And he smiled and said:—"Just there now!" No wonder he smiled. The good old man had gone to church. Not to the old Scotch kirk, but to the temples in the skies—just across the river.

PRAY FOR ME.

ONE of our papers last year stated that a Sunday-School in one of the Western States made arrangements to close for the present winter on the last Sunday in October. On that day, a lad ten or twelve years of age, came to the superintendent and said, "You are now going to close the school for the winter, but I want you to pray for me before you close up, for I am anxious about my soul." Of course another session was appointed for the next Sunday, and there were four scholars asking, "What must we do to be saved?" After that nothing more was said about closing.

In the schools that closed last winter how many secret inquirers may there have been who had not, like this boy, courage to tell it? What became of their serious impressions? Did they last through the winter without the encouragement of the faithful teacher? Let this question be asked in the schools that expect to close for the coming winter. If the school cannot be kept up in the church, can it not be continued in one or more private houses?

THE TWO FRIENDS.

IN the depth of a forest there lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day, in the politest fox language, "Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other; "as you please dear friend. But how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said fox one; "two-legged people fall out; why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last number one fetched two stones.

"There!" said he; "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now I'll begin. Those stones are mine?"

"Very well," answered the other, gently, "you're welcome to them."

Correspondence.

WELLSVILLE, Ohio, April 28th, 1873.

Dear Editor:—This morning as I was busy at work I felt the heavenly influence upon my heart, so that it did swell with love to Jesus and His cause in this world; but alas! what could I do to help its progress. I am of the poor in this world's goods, and worse than that, overshadowed by debt for the home we live in. For seven years we have labored to remove the troublesome burden with but little progress, still we are accumulating some stock, and implements to farm with, so that we endeavor to look beyond these dark clouds. The fact that He hath commanded His people to live honest in the sight of all men, gives me help to trust that God will help us in our endeavor. It seems that my mind has been led to give the explanation of our circumstances, because we have not been able to remit for the *Herald*, and *Hope*, both of which we dearly love. For several months past the appeals for subscriptions for the *Hope* have touched my heart, and I wished that I could respond but I did not feel that I could write anything that would be instructive or interesting;

but many times I thought I could express my gratitude to those who do labor in this department, and I think I express the feelings of all wherever the *Herald* and *Hope* go, and if every one sent a letter to this effect your office would be flooded with letters, still the thought that if every one did, it would be too much, should not prevent me from sending a word of encouragement to our benefactors and fellow laborers. I believe there is no field more worthy of our eager attention, than that presented by the rising generation. Let us notice through how many hands they are to pass to receive a touch of refinement, or to the contrary. The parents first; and as I am one myself, I can well sympathize with all such. How are we as mothers tried from day to day, with the waywardness of our children in general, though there are some sweet exceptions; and if this occurs in a family how difficult it is to manage without exciting the jealousy of the others.

I think the very best advice I can give to all parents is let us try so to live, that ourselves are blessed with the Holy Spirit's influence, then will we succeed best to train our dear little ones in the way they should go. Next comes the influence of the Day and Sabbath School teachers. Great and glorious is their work; would to God they were ALL such as loved and feared Him, so that they might turn their great power in one channel with the parents, to bring the rising generation, without exception, to love and fear God. May the Spirit of the Lord be upon all teachers in Zion, to redouble their diligence, and continue in the faithful discharge of their important duties. Next and not least in importance, come those who sustain the little *Hope*. May the same blessing rest upon you, one and all, and add to your number, for great is your influence for good, in every family where you go. For there is not a father or mother who peruses your pages, but does so with pleasure and interest; particularly among the poor, who have but very little of such things as amuse and comfort.

Could you, my friends, behold the light-heartedness and joy you shed upon many a humble home, you would feel more than repaid, for the time and trouble you spare not, for the good of others.

Oh! forget us not, but keep faithful to the end, I mean all for the dear little Ones whose letters are as highly valued as any, for they stimulate others, both young and old to follow their example. May God's blessing rest upon His prophet and people, is the prayer of your sister.

C. LLOYD.

CASEVILLE, Ill., April 8th, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I love to read the *Hope*, and I wish that all of the brothers and sisters did also. I was baptised when I was nine years old. I am now thirteen. I have been a pretty bad boy; but I intend to try to be a better boy from this time out. This is the second time I have written to the *Hope*. But I intend that it shall not be the last. My subscription for the *Hope* was out the 15th of March. My brother Thomas gave me a dollar, and I enclose it for one copy of the *Hope*, and you can use the other fifty cents for what you think best. So no more, from your truly, a brother in Christ.

GOMER D. LEWIS.

EAST TAWAS, Mich., April 21st, 1873.

Uncle Joseph:—I love the little *Hopes*, and would like to hear from the Michigan *Hopes*. I am six years old.

LETTA CONAT.

DELOIT, Iowa, April 26th, 1873.

Uncle Joseph:—I have been thinking a long time of writing to the *Hope*. I love the *Hope* very much. We have no Sunday School here now, but I hope we shall have soon. I was baptised the second day of last December, by Elder Ira A. Goff; and confirmed in the Church by the same. I hope that you will excuse all mistakes, as it is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*. Pray for me that I may live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. From your sister.

ELLEN DOBSON.

The following advice is given to the readers of *Zion's Hope*, who use coal as fuel.

When the grate is putting:
Those who can not read it, will find the translation in the next issue.

SANCO PANZA.

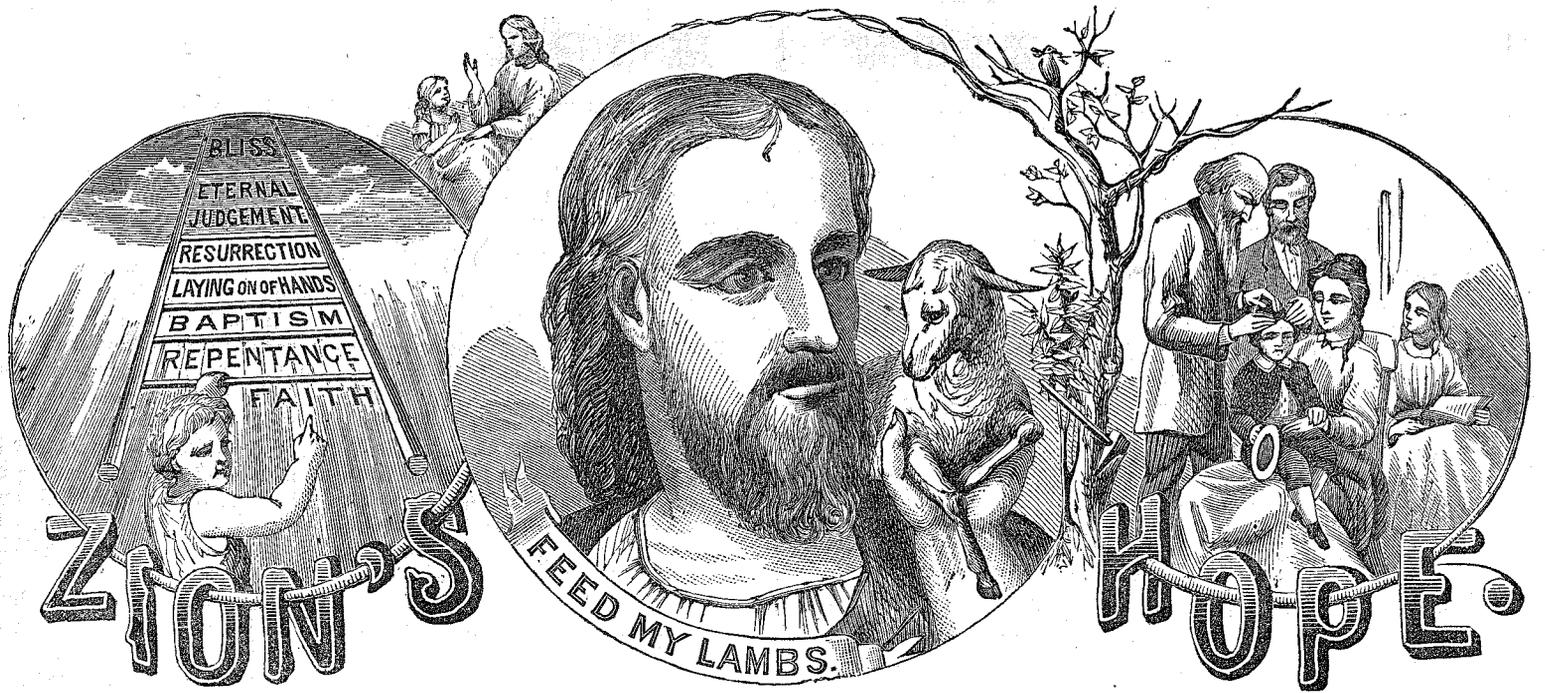
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

CLOSE OF VOLUME.

This number finishes the fourth volume of the HOPE. We have not asked the usual question, "Shall the HOPE be continued," for the reason, that it is more nearly self-supporting than for the first two years of its publication.

Quite a number of the old contributors have renewed their efforts, and we have gained a few, a very few new ones; but it is surprising to think how very soon a few weeks pass. It is nothing unusual for us to receive a letter stating that the writer had, a few days before, sent us an article for the HOPE, when it had not only been a few days, but a few weeks, and sometimes months, since the article was received; so silently does time go forward on his untiring march.

If our friends, the Hopes, and their good parents, appreciate the "ZION'S HOPE," to the extent of doing them good, and the trouble and pains incidental to its inception and continuance, are amply repaid, so far as we have been individually instrumental in accomplishing that object; and we presume we do no violence to the sentiments of others engaged in the same work when we assume that such are their feelings also.

We bid a cordial welcome to all the little letter writers, who have heretofore sent us their letters; and as many more as will choose to favor us will also be just as welcome.

When the Hopes have all written for "the first time," we are in hopes that they will tell us, and all the readers, something nice about the things which interest them at their homes, and in their lives.

We also ask our friends, the contributors to the HOPE, to keep active their brains and pens, for the children need mental food. Thankful for their past help, we ask a continuance of it.

WINA, THE CHILD OF FAITH.

IT was a dark, cold night; the snow fell fast, and the wind rattled the loose glass in the windows of little Wina's house; there was but little fire to warm the room, and Wina seemed chilled through; but all regardless

of herself she wrapped the blanket more closely around her sick mother and younger sister, for little did she think of herself, if her dear mamma was warm.

"There, mamma, you will be warmer now; so try and sleep; keep dear little Ettie close by your side, for she will be warmer."

"O, Wina," said the feeble mother, "I can not see you sit there, you will freeze."

"No, dear mamma, do not think of me, only try to sleep. With me all will be well, for I do not get so cold as you and sister do," and Wina took her little Testament and tried to read.

Now I will tell you who this little girl was, she was the daughter, and almost the only comfort of a sick mother, and, alas, a drunken father. She was only eleven years old; so young and yet so ready to do good; ever gentle with her little sister and never tired waiting on her mamma, and very kind and affectionate to that father who caused them all to suffer so much; what wonder then that all who know Wina, loved her.

Now as she watched mother and sister, and saw that they were sleeping, she dropped down upon her knees by the bedside and cried, yet so softly for fear that mamma would hear her. Then she thinks, "Why do I cry? for if God does take dear mamma from us, I know, O, I know that he will care for dear little Ettie and me, and perhaps, if we trust him, he will make poor papa good again, for oh he once was good, and then how happy we were. Mamma was not sick, we had warm clothes, a good fire, and, oh dear, if it was only so now."

Then the dear child prayed so earnestly, that her papa might become a good man again. She could not find it in her little heart to pray for that gentle mother to live, for she felt that she would be happier in heaven. And now in the midst of her prayer her mother called her. She quickly arose, and stood beside her. Her mother's eyes looked strangely bright. She took her child's hand, but said nothing for some time. "Wina, my darling, what would you say were I to tell you that I cannot stay with you much longer? Although you need a mother's care so much, and my heart aches to leave you motherless; and, alas, I might as well say fatherless; yet God has called me, and we must be willing to obey his summons; and were it not for you and Ettie, my precious lambs, oh how happy I would be to leave this world of trouble, for one so bright as that beyond."

"Oh, mamma, you are not going to die now; you look much better than you have for some time; but should you at any time be taken from us, I would have this dear mamma to think of that you at least will be happy, and that would be a com-

fort, and do not fear for Ettie and me. God will not take you from us, and then forget us. No, he will take care of us—and, yes I know he will yet make papa a good man. I will trust him mamma, and all will be well, and papa will yet meet you in heaven."

"Thanks, my dear child, for those words of comfort in this hour of trial, and I feel that you have spoken truly, and that my children will yet be happy in the love and care of a kind father. Wina, always live as you have commenced; and never never go astray, and should you yet see darker days than these, always remember that God is watching you, put all your confidence and trust in him, and he will carry you safely through.

"Mamma these are our darkest days; for although I am little and sinful too, I know God will hear and answer my prayers. But, mamma, if you could only stay with us a little longer; 'tis hard to give you up," and Wina wept bitterly.

"Hush, darling, do not make it harder for me to go. And now, my dear, you are too young to stay alone with me to-night; go into the other part of the house and ask Mrs. Everfield to come in."

Wina obeyed and quickly brought the woman spoken of. Who insisted on taking the two children in her room and putting them in her warm bed. This done, she went up another flight of stairs to a room occupied by a poor woman, who came down with her, and together they watched the approach of death.

Now let us take a peep at little Wina. Ah, poor child, now that she is alone with her sister she is no longer a woman, but a little child, sobbing as if her heart would break. The thoughts of losing that dear kind mamma, even if it is only for a little while, is almost more than she can bear; but, child-like, she cried herself to sleep, and then she dreamed that Ettie, her papa, and herself, were in a boat on a pleasant stream of water, whose banks were covered with a soft carpet of green, trimmed with flowers of every color; and away off she could just see mamma, looking so bright and beautiful, beckoning to them; and then before she knew it, she said, "mamma, we are happy." When she awoke it was morning, and Mrs. Everfield was preparing their frugal meal. "Oh, Mrs. Everfield, how is mamma? is she—"

"Yes, my dear child, she is dead."

Wina took little Ettie in her arms, saying "dear, dear Ettie, we are orphans, and mamma is dead." but oh, Mrs. Everfield, God will take care of us, I know he will; and papa—has he been home yet."

"No, we are looking for him now; so get yourself dressed, and bring him in this room."

Soon Wina heard her father's heavy foot-steps; he had, as usual, been drinking the night before, and was not yet quite sober. Wina ran quickly out in the hall to meet him.

"Come in this room papa dear, Mrs. Everfield has got breakfast ready for us."

Now Mr. Linwood dearly loved this gentle little daughter, and noticed that she had been crying, and quickly asked what it was, "Wina is your mamma worse? but Wina did not wish to tell him just yet, so she persuaded him to come and eat breakfast, and then they would go and see her. After he was through eating, she took him by the hand, and softly opening the door of their room, they stood beside the corpse of her mother.

If I were to try I could not describe the feelings of that sorrow-stricken man, who was now quite sober. Quickly his mind wandered back to the time when he took his girlish wife from her country home, and brought her to the city; at that time he would have given his life to protect her but ah what had he now become.

It was the love of strong drink that had changed him; he sank down by the side of his wife, and wept tears of sorrow.

After a while Wina went to him, and said, "Papa, do not grieve, she is happy.

"Oh, Wina, can you look on *her*, and call me *father*. It is *I* your *father*, that has killed her; I blasted her fondest hopes, and the money that should have kept her from cold and hunger, went to buy whiskey. Oh, I am fit for nothing but to lie down and die."

"Dear papa, then you are surely not fit for that; it is God that has taken mamma, and he will take care of us. Would you like to hear what mamma most wished for when she died?"

"Yes, yes; Oh that I had only been here."

"Well, it was this, that we with *you*, dear Papa, might some day meet her in heaven."

"In heaven! Me in heaven. No, they do not have such as I am there.

"Oh, papa, you once was good; we were so happy then. Try, oh try, to be so again, God will help you for mamma said he would."

"My child, I would promise, solemnly promise never to drink any more, but I am so weak, that I fear to do so."

"Do not promise anything papa, dear; but come kneel with me by the side of my mamma, and let us ask God to help you. He will do it, I *know* he will."

"The poor man bowed in prayer, with his almost angel-child; and wicked as he had been, he prayed earnestly to have strength to do right; and when he arose, we trust he was a better man."

The funeral was over; kind friends, though poor ones, had done all they could for the little girls, and had them dressed quite decently and comfortably.

The father, being steady, had found some that were willing to give him work. So when spring came they were getting along nicely, and had saved a little money.

One evening as Mr. Linwood sat in their pleasant, but quite lonely, room, with a little girl on either knee, he asked Wina if she would not like to go to the country to live, where they could see the green grass, the bright flowers, and where their cheeks would become the color of the rose."

"Oh, yes, papa; do take us there, they both at once cried.

"Well, Wina, I have been thinking of taking you to your aunt Ettie's; she, I know, will love you for your mamma's sake, though I fear she will never forgive me, for the way I have done; but I will not think of that, and as we have not much to do before we are ready, we can start in the morning."

Two more days and we find our little travelers at as pleasant a farm-house as we have ever seen. It had not taken the steam engine long to carry them miles and miles from their lonely city home. And now they are before their aunt Ettie, a pleas-

ant looking woman of twenty-five; who was glad to have the children, reminding her of her dear sister. But aunt Ettie looked frowningly on their papa. Wina, seeing this, grasped her aunty's hand; and sank down before her saying, "Oh aunty, do forgive him, mamma did; and he is so sorry he did wrong."

"Arise, dear child, I see in you the same disposition of my dear sister, Wina."

"Brother, forgive me, I will do all I can to help you; and my husband, I *know*, will love these two sweet children, and now let us try to be happy."

The next morning Mr. Linwood asked his two little girls to go and take a boat-ride. Little Ettie was afraid to go on the big river at first; but she thought if papa was with her she would be safe.

It was a beautiful day, the flowers were in full bloom, and *everything* looked lovely. And as they were gliding along, Wina said, "oh papa, this is splendid," then as she glanced at the green banks, the bright flowers, the sparkling water, she said, "My dream, oh my dream; and looking up as if to see her mother, she whispered, 'Mamma we are happy, and some day we are coming there, too, *papa* and *all*.'"

And as Mr. Linwood's brother-in-law would not let him go back to the city, after a few years of industry, he bought a small farm, and continued to be a good man.

Let us hope that Wina was right, and that some day they will meet that loved-one again.

LENA.

TOO LATE.

A child sat on the bank of a river,
His lap filled with flow'rets so gay;
He stopped not to smell their sweet fragrance,
But carelessly threw them away.
And watched the swift flowing water,
As it bore them forever from sight;
Nor heeded the fast flying moments,
Nor the darkness and gathering night.

As his last flower fell on the water,
He rose, as if homeward to go,
Then he thought of his kind loving mother,
Who with fever was lying so low;
When she asked him so early that morning
To go by the stream on the lawn,
And bring her some lilies and roses,
And to hasten lest she should be gone.

He had spent the whole day in amusement,
His flowers he had thrown on the tide,
A kind mother at home was forgotten,
And during the day, she had died.
As he wept by the tomb of that mother
Whole worlds would he give, to recall
Just one day of his life, spent so idly,
Just one day he did nothing at all.

But time that's once gone ne'er returneth,
Nor stoppeth for idlers to play;
Then each should be up and be doing
His work in the light of to-day;
For if we are idle and careless,
We'll discover when it is too late,
That *worlds* given just for one moment
Cannot alter our lives nor our fate.

WILL. W. GIRTON.

TWO STORIES.

YOU have doubtless all heard of the cruel oppression of the Israelites in Egypt. Hard tasks were imposed upon them; each had to make a certain number of bricks per day, and task masters were appointed by the king to compel them to work. They built fortifications and treasure-cities also. Their tasks were made severe so as to destroy their energies and keep them from becoming numerous and power-

ful, and for this cause their children were ordered to be strangled, also to be thrown into the river Nile.

The Lord had long before this time made a covenant with Abraham that his posterity should possess a goodly land of their own, and be particularly blessed and favored of him, and of course he could not be unmindful of their sufferings; and we can see that the fulfillment of the promise made it necessary for him to interfere in their behalf. What I wish you to notice is the method to which he resorted.

The land of Midian adjoins Egypt. It is a land of deserts and mountains, suitable for pasturing flocks. There lived a man who followed the humble occupation of herding sheep. His sheep one day wandered farther than usual to a mountain called Horeb. While there alone with his flock, the shepherd saw a strange sight—a bush all encompassed with flame. Watching it he saw that the bush was not burned. He thought he would go nearer to see the great sight, and why the bush was not consumed. And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God spoke out of the midst of the bush, calling his name. The shepherd replied, "Here am I." Then the awful voice continued, "Put off the shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." Then the shepherd hid his face in fear, and was again thrilled by these words, "I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their task masters; for I know their sorrows. The interview was continued, but I have given enough of it to show the beginning of some of the great events of ancient time.

Three thousand years pass before the time of my second story begins, and the promises to Abraham still unfulfilled. God's chosen people were scattered to all parts of the earth, oppressed, despised, a by-word, and a hiss, as the prophets foretold. The greater part of the tribes were unknown to mankind and called the "Lost Tribes." Nearly all the people of the earth disbelieved the promises of God concerning the Israelites and were divided into sects warring against each other, teaching conflicting and false doctrines.

In the back woods of New York was a boy fifteen years of age, working on a farm, poor, and consequently "unlearned," as the prophet Isaiah said he should be. He went often to meetings of religious people and wished to know what he should do to please God and secure his salvation. He heard conflicting doctrines and was persuaded in different ways, and became perplexed and troubled.

It is a terrible experience to have the conscience aroused by the Spirit of God and not know what to do. Finally while reading the Bible he came to these words, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." Having a conscientious regard for the will of God, he obeyed the injunction, and went to the woods so as to be alone. When he first kneeled down to pray, a fiend from the dark world seized hold of him to prevent him. By a great effort he called upon the Lord and was released. And as he prayed he saw a light like a great body of flame descending toward him.

It came down among the leafy branches of the trees without consuming them, and rested upon and around him.

Then he saw two brilliant persons standing above him in the air. Their brightness and glory were such that he never attempted to describe them. One of them pointed to the other and calling the youth by name, said, "This is my son, hear him." Then the youth, remembering his trouble about the sects, asked which was right and which he should join, and was told not to join either of them, that they were an abomination in the sight of the Lord; and these

words were repeated, "They draw near me with their mouth and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their hearts far from me. They teach for doctrine the commandments of men, having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

At a subsequent period an angel came and stayed with him all night and told him about God's designs concerning scattered Israel, and other things of exceeding beauty and great importance.

This was the small beginning of the work that is still spreading and destined to bring about the greatest events of time, as prophesied by all the holy prophets since the world began.

I couple the two stories together because they show that God's methods are different from men's. I think the little children will say that as God called the shepherd to his aid in ancient times, it was reasonable he should raise up a prophet in the last days to carry forward his great designs. But the wise men of the world are the very last to understand God. They have to become as little children before they can enter the kingdom of heaven.

You will find persons in all the denominations that you may dearly love. SIGMA PHI.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

See the works of God around,
Up above, and on the ground.
In the clouds above our heads,
In the grass on which we tread,
In the blue ethereal sky,
Up above the world so high.
Where the Planets ceaseless roll,
Far beyond all man's control.
Where the sun his beams display,
Which mark the hours from day to day,
Shedding heat, and life, and light,
In all his beams so clear and bright.
See the Moon with borrowed light,
Shining forth night after night.
And the Stars with ceaseless round.
Our God hath wisdom how profound;
Who guides them all with constant care,
That none should wander anywhere;
But all should keep their proper sphere,
And travel on from, year to year.

Look now upon this world below
How many wonders it doth show.
It now is winter see the snow,
I wonder how it freezes so
That water should become so strong
To bear us up to walk upon.
The woods now stripped of all their dress
Look barren like a wilderness.
The grass and flowers now all seem dead,
And cease their fragrance pure to shed.
I wonder how their tiny stem
In spring should sprout and bloom again;
And corn and wheat from year to year
And fruits on trees and twigs appear.
This may bring a sweet reflection
We too shall have a resurrection.
See the River softly glide,
And the Ocean's mighty tide
Abounding with their many fishes,
Which sometimes doth supply our dishes.
The horse, the cow, the sheep, now heed
That thickly in our pastures feed.
And all the beasts that round us rove,
Made and kept by God above.
Now think upon the feathered tribe,
While some upon the water glide,
Others arise upon the wing
To cheer us with the songs they sing.
And see their dress, how fine, how fair,
Surpassing all that ladies wear.

Now think of insects by the score,
And you will wonder more and more.

Their wondrous forms, their tiny size,
Are marvelous to human eyes.
In earth, in air, in water dwell,
There myriad numbers who can tell.
The more we strive and seek to learn,
The more of God we shall discern.

But while we see him in creation,
O let us seek for his salvation.
O let us search his sacred word
Which greater wonders doth record;
For there we can our state discern,
And of Christ's great atonement learn.
So we may have our sins forgiven,
And dwell at last with God in heaven,
When all the toils of earth are past;
How sweet to have a home at last.
How blest on that eternal shore
To meet with those that went before;
No sin is there, nor grief, nor pain,
Nor death, thank God; their power is slain.
So all that reach that happy shore.
Shall dwell secure for evermore.

J. A.

POTATOES.

What a Grandmother Thought of Them.

EVERY English boy or girl has, I suppose, a pretty correct notion of the early history of that very useful plant, the potato. They know that its real home is America, and that Sir Walter Raleigh first brought it over to our country, or rather to our sister isle, Ireland, in 1684, nearly two hundred years ago! So that there is now no very old person still living who can remember to have heard from father or grandfather what was thought at first of this now all-important vegetable.

The other day, however, I met with an amusing account of how it was received in Germany, into which country it did not find its way for more than a hundred years later. It is told by one Nettlebeck, a respectable citizen of Colberg, a seaport on the shores of the Baltic. He begins with recording his recollections of a terrible famine which distressed Germany at that time. When he was a little fellow of five or six, he remembers the streets crowded with starving folk from the country, so ravenous for food that they snatched from his hands the dishes of boiled cabbage which his grandmother cooked daily for the sufferers. I will tell you the rest pretty nearly in his own words:—

"The year after the famine, the care of Frederick the Great provided Colberg with a gift the like of which had never been known before in our part of the country.

"A large wagon, laden with potatoes, took up its station in the market-place, and an announcement accompanied by much drum beating, was made in our town and in the neighboring towns, that every owner of garden land should repair to the Town-hall at a certain time named, as it was the intention of His Majesty the King to confer a great boon upon them.

"You can easily fancy what a commotion this announcement created, all the more as people could not guess what this boon could possibly be.

"On their arrival at the Town-hall, the Mayor showed the assembled multitude the new vegetable, which, till now, they had never cast eyes upon. Then, clear and plain directions were read aloud, as to the planting, tending, and cooking of the stranger. It would have been better, I think, if printed or written instructions had been bestowed with the gift, for in the confusion no one paid the least attention to the reading.

"The good people took the highly-praised brown knobs up in their hands, wondered at them, smelt them, licked them, tasted them, then shook their heads and passed them to a neighbor. Some broke pieces off and threw them to the dogs. These sniffed them over, and left them untouched. Then judgment was pronounced.

"The things," said they, "have no smell, and

no taste; and even the dogs will not touch them; how then can they benefit us?"

"It was the opinion of most of the people that if planted they would grow to a tree, from whence in due time like fruit would be gathered.

"This scene took place in the market-square, close to the door of my grandmother's house, and was so deeply impressed on my memory, that I do not believe I have forgotten a single word that I then heard.

"However, in spite of all these murmurs, the king's command was obeyed, and his gift distributed in due proportion to every land and garden owner in the neighborhood, so that the most humble departed with at least a peck of potatoes. Hardly any one had properly understood the directions read as to the cultivation of their new possession: those few who in their disappointment did not fling them straight into the dust-hole, set to work to plant them according to their own fancy. Some stuck them here and there in the ground, and troubled themselves no more about them; others—and among this class was my old grandmother—thought the things would be more comfortable collected in a heap and covered with earth. Then they sprouted, all stuck together, and to this day I seem to see that spot in the garden where the old lady first bought her experience of potato-growing.

"Presently, however, it came to the ears of our town official that among the recipients of King Frederick's bounty were some wanton despisers, who had not even taken the trouble to bury their treasure in the earth.

"Therefore, in the summer months a Potato-Show was commanded to be held; any objecting to contribute were compelled to pay a small fine. This as you may fancy, did not give the poor potato a better repute with those who already despised it.

"Next year the king renewed his well-intentioned gift by sending another cargo of potatoes to our town. But this time things were managed better. A man from Swaba, a part of Germany where the potato had for some time flourished, came with this supply, and showed the people how to plant them.

"So the new vegetable took root in the land, and year by year increased so rapidly that never since have we had occasion to bemoan a famine time like the one I have told you of."

Nettlebeck dates this account so late as 1744.
H. A. F.

COMMON FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

No. 3 EUROPE.

CHERRIES, CURRANTS, AND GOOSEBERRIES.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

"Cherries so ripe and so round,
Only a penny a pound,
Who'll buy? who'll buy?"

"Gooseberries yellow and red,
That have on sunbeams fed."
Hear the musical cry!

"Black and red currants and white,
That glisten and gleam in the light,
Sweet to the taste—come, try!

"Buy of the bountiful store,
Feasting-time soon will be o'er!"
Hark to the musical cry!

THE commonest of all common fruits with us, and perhaps the most pleasant and refreshing, are those in the present picture; the poorest children have now and then a chance of tasting them, though this does not happen very often.

A beautiful sight is the cherry orchard, as it is seen in the country of Kent, the trees covered with their silver-white blossoms, or with the red and glistening fruit showing amid the thick foliage; and cherry-picking is a pleasant employment for the young people, especially if there is no limit laid down for them as to the number of times the

hand may go up to the mouth instead of down to the basket.

Cherries were introduced into this country very early indeed. The old naturalist Pliny says, "It was in the sixty-eighth year before Christ that the Roman general, Lucullus, found the cherry-tree growing in Ceracus, a city of Pontus in Asia, now possessed by the Turks, and called Keresoum, from whence the fruit derives its scientific name, *Ceracus*. He brought the tree home to Italy and planted it there, and it thrived so well, that," as Pliny tells us, "in less than twenty-six years after, other lands had cherries, even so far as Britain beyond the ocean."

There is little doubt that Kent was one of the first of our English counties in which cherry-trees were planted, some of them most likely by the soldiers of Julius Cæsar, and it is in this county that we still find the largest cherry orchards. The particular kind, called the Kentish cherry, is that most esteemed for making pies and puddings: this is said to be the original stock of many varieties. In no county is the rich Morelin, and the firm and sweet Bigaroux, so abundant. The May Duke is one of the earliest cherries to ripen, but even before that is fit for the market, Knight's Early Black cherry comes into use.

Who does not like cherry pie and pudding? All children do, we are sure. But better still is that made with a compound of cherries, currants, and raspberries.

At Hamburg the folk celebrate every year a feast of cherries, when children in troops parade the streets, holding up green branches of the tree, from which the fruit has not been plucked. This is to commemorate the saving of the city from the attack of an enemy, whose chief was so touched by the spectacle of the young Hamburgers who came out to meet him clad in mourning, and supplicating his mercy, that he gave orders that the city and its people should not be injured. He regaled the children with cherries, and other fruits, and they returned to their anxious parents waving their green boughs and shouting "Victory!"

Currant and gooseberry bushes are found in almost every garden where fruit is grown at all; the former is perhaps the most wholesome of all fruits. There are currants, red, white, and black: the latter is some times called the gazel, so good for jam to be taken by those afflicted with colds and sore throats. The name "currant" has a round-about derivation; it seems to have been taken from the likeness of its fruits to the small Zante grapes which are commonly called "currants." From growing very abundantly near the city of Corinth, these grapes took the name of the city,—they were "corinths," afterwards corrupted into currants. Very different as they are in growth and appearance they were in early times considered a small kind of gooseberry.

A small berry in its wild state, the gooseberry, under the influence of cultivation, sometime becomes enormously large, measuring five or six inches round and weighing twenty-two pennyweights. Above 300 varieties of gooseberries are known to cultivators; they are among the earliest of our native fruits and are very wholesome. In the warmer parts of the world they cannot be cultivated successfully, hence the fruit was not known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. Those who come to England from the south of Europe and other warm parts are astonished at the size and flavor of English gooseberries, which have also been sometimes called dew-berries, or wine-berries,—the latter because they make good wine. The more common name is said to be derived from the practise which formally existed of making sauce for young geese of these berries.

THE DOG ALMOST WITH A CONSCIENCE.

HMUST relate a few more stories of Mumbo, the handsome bull-terrier.

He knows it is quite against the rule to go beyond the garden and premises, but one day my daughter met him in the village. He immediately

scudded home at full speed by the back way, and then came out at a quiet, demure pace to meet my daughter as she walked up to the front door, wagging his tail and greeting her as if he had not seen her for some time, in the hope that she would forget their recent meeting.

But the most remarkable of the dog's proceedings happened on one Sunday. All the family had gone to church, leaving him alone in the house. On my return he greeted me less joyfully than usual, and then disappeared. Soon afterwards the servant called me to look at Mumbo, and I found him in a remote part of the scullery, standing quite still, with his head in a corner and his tail down. I pronounced at once that he had been doing something amiss, and ere long the housemaid discovered that while sole guardian of the house, he had been lying on three of the beds in succession, making snug places for himself, by dragging and scratching about the bolsters and pillows.

The large, strong animal was dragged tremblingly upstairs, and there received a slight flogging, after which he rushed downstairs, and again placed himself in the corner, and continued in this penitent attitude, only looking now and then over his shoulder to see if he was noticed.

The servants at last pitied the poor repentant animal, and called him to the fire as it was a cold night, but he would not move till his bed-time. The next morning Mumbo was in excellent spirits, evidently feeling that he had fully punished himself for his misdeeds.

I could not have easily credited this curious fact had I not seen it with my own eyes.

C. E. M.

Correspondence.

WHITE CLOUD, Doniphan Co., Kansas,
May 12, 1873.

Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would try to answer the questions in the last *Hope*. I found the answer to the first question in an old *Times and Seasons* in my father's possession, in vol. 6, January 1, 1846; and his name was Zelf.

The answer to the second question is found in the Book of Mormon, book of Alma, chapter 30, par. 3, and his name was Hagoth.

Here is a question my father gave me to answer, if you will put it in the *Hope* for the rest of the Hopes to find out. What was the name of the first man that was burned to death for the gospel sake? Answer to be found in the church books.

Another one. What ancient found honey in a lion's carcass?

I may not have worded them right. If they are good, I will send some more; it will cause us to read and search our good books. I remain your sister in the gospel.

M. A. CLEMENSEN.

[Well answered. This will do for the readers of the *Hope* to study out.]—Ed.

SOLDIER, Iowa, May 15, 1873.

Uncle Joseph:—I now sit down to write a few lines to the dear little *Hope*. I love to read the letters of all my brothers and sisters. We have no school-house here now, so I cannot go to school or Sabbath-school. I am rather a poor writer, but I am trying to learn at home. I will try and answer the questions that were in the *Hope* as well as I can. The name of the exceedingly curious man who built the large ship is Hagoth. You will find it recorded in the Book of Mormon, page 263. I have a brother by the name of Omandagus. I have heard my papa tell the story of the great commander by the name of Zelf, who fought under the great prophet Omandagus, who was known from the sea east to the sea west, for whom my brother was named.

Please excuse mistakes and poor writing, for I am but a little girl yet. From your little niece,
NANCY MARGARET BALLANTYNE.

[This is a charming little letter. We are glad to give it room in the *Hope*. There is room for others.] Ed.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—This is the first time I have tried to write to the *Hope*. I love the *Hope* very much, and wish all my little brothers and sisters could have it to read. I have taken the *Hope* two years. I am eleven years old, and was baptized two years ago by Elder Roberts. But I feel sorry for losing my dear father, although I know he is better off, as he was a sufferer for a long time, but I am happy to say that he died in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

MARY A. BONNER.

WIRT, Indiana, May 15, 1873.

Dear little Hopes:—We think you have recommended our little welcome visitor, the *Hope*, quite heartily. We now as heartily urge and recommend its circulation, and also that it be as earnestly sustained, both by our means and talent. You do not know what may be accomplished by your efforts. There is a capacity suited to all grades of workers, and this is one, and the one in which you must begin to improve your talent and work for good. The injunction is, "Occupy till I come." Perhaps you are not aware of the effect that the letters even of the least in the correspondent's column has on the heart of the reader sometimes, when they express their desires and determinations for good and to do good in the work of God. Be diligent therefore with your might.

COLUMBUS SCOTT.

April 24, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I do not belong to the Church, but my twin brother and I are going to be baptized next Wednesday evening, if the Lord is willing. I am eleven years old, and this is the first time I have ever tried to write to the *Hope*. I will tell you how I got money to send for the *Hope*. I stayed with my sister and she sent for the *Hope* for me. I am an orphan; my father died a year ago last November. We have been very lonesome without him, and I want to live right that I may meet him again when I die. I like to read the *Hope*. I will try and write again.

FANNIE M. GREEN.

LINN, Osage Co., Mo., May 19, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—While reading over the children's column I feel a great desire to write to the *Hope*. We have taken the *Hope* almost ever since it came out. I am much pleased with it and think that there are many good instructions therein. I have been in the Church for some time and have not yet tired of serving God. We have no Sunday-School here. We have meetings sometimes. I feel thankful to God for sparing my life to hear the Latter Day Work and that I had a willing heart to obey.

Brother Joseph, you will excuse me for writing such a small letter. Dear little brothers and sisters, pray for me, and I will pray for you all; for we are nothing ourselves without God helps us. May God bless all the Saints and little Hopes is my prayer. From a sister in Christ,
MARIA WILSON.

UNION FORT, Utah, April 29, 1873.

Dear *Zion's Hope*:—I thought I would write to you again to let you know I had not forgotten you; but I began to think this last week that you had forgotten us. I some times think this is a hard place to live in, it makes me feel bad to think that I can't live in a place where the people are united. There are so many evils here and so many temptations, and it seems so hard for me to live right here, for the place gets worse instead of better. They make fun of me and call me religious; but if they all are against me, I am sure if I do right that God will be for me, and I would rather God be for me than all the people in the world. I hope you all will remember Utah in your prayers, for you do not know what the Saints have to put up with here. I hope God will bless you all. I remain your sister in the gospel of Christ,

LUCY A. GRIFFITHS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 22.

Jesus came his Father to obey;
Elezar doth in the hill of Ephraim lay;
Samson was accused of lying by his wife;
Uriah in the front of battle lost his life;
Samson set the foxes' tails on fire;
Widow's son was brought out of Tyre;
Elisha restored the Shunamites son;
Proverbs, the first book of Solomon;
Timothy, St. Paul did call his son.
The first letter of these lines tell what Jesus did.
I Answer, "Jesus Wept." DELIA CALHOON.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN LAST HOPE.

When the grate is full, stop (.) putting coal on. (:).
SANCO PANZA.

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