

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

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No. 1.

BEAUTY.

There's beauty in a soft reply,
When cruel words are spoken,
And beauty in a faithful heart,
Tho' others vows are broken.
There's beauty in a loving smile,
When others scold and frown,
And beauty in a firm brave heart,
When weaker ones bow down.
'Tis beautiful to see a heart,
That kindly will forbear,
With errors and the faults of friends,
Which they can not repair.
These virtues all are beautiful—
Will meet with just reward,
For every noble act on earth,
God's angels will record.

REBA TOWNSEND.

PRINCE.

AN uncle of the Hopes, who once lived at Nauvoo, used to drive and have the care of a large iron-grey horse named Prince. This horse was raised in the northern part of Missouri, and was wild and skittish, and sometimes quite dangerous to drive, running away as often as an opportunity offered. He was for a little over two years in the sole charge and care of this uncle of the Hopes, who was often much puzzled to keep him under control; and not till uncle had tried several experiments, and run several narrow risks did Prince prove an agreeable horse to drive.

After about one year had passed, uncle—well, we will call him Uncle A,—took a notion that if Prince could see all that was going on about him, so that he could know just how it all looked, he would not kick at everything passing as he did, nor run away so often; so he took the blinders, or blinkers off the bridle. This worked wonders; Prince, a little nettled at first, soon became quiet and in a few weeks was as gentle and kind, as he had before been wild and vicious.

Once, Uncle A., in hauling a load of wood, had to pass through a creek where ice had formed, but which was not strong enough to bear the team and wagon; when fairly on the ice it broke, letting the horses and wagon through. Uncle A. had no ax with him, to cut the road through to the bank; nor could he back the wagon out; nor could he break the ice with a stick of the wood on the wagon. Prince grew very impatient; it was a very cold day, the ice about three or four inches thick, the water about three feet deep; at last Uncle A. climbed up on the wagon, drove Prince and brown Kit, the other horse in the team, up to the edge of the ice, Prince reared up on the ice with his fore feet, it broke and let him down; Uncle A. drove him forward again, and again he broke the ice down; and again and again did this

noble, generous horse break the ice under his feet, till it was broke clear to the shore, a distance of nearly two rods, and then Uncle A. drove them out of the creek, to the farm house where he was going with the wood.

Uncle A. always thought a great deal more of Prince after that occurred; and Prince grew very fond of Uncle A., and would do anything for him that a horse could do. I will tell you more about Prince another time.

PHYSIOLOGY.—NO. VI.

PHARYNX—ITS OFFICE.

IN the act of chewing, the tongue is used to keep the food pressed between the teeth; and finally, when it is thoroughly reduced to a pulp, the tongue rolls it into a little ball and carries it along its upper surface to the back part of the mouth, passes it between the pillars of the fauces and under the hanging palate. These organs form a kind of gate-way from the mouth into the Pharynx; which is a funnel-shaped muscular sack, covered on the inner surface with a continuation of the mucous membrane of the mouth. The Pharynx is a common chamber communicating with the mouth through the fauces, and with the nose by two passages called the posterior nares or nostrils; with the ears by two small funnel shaped openings called the Eustachian tubes; with the larynx or voice-box by the glottis, which is closed by a firm valve, called the epiglottis, that shuts down on it, and over which the food is carried to the opening at the small end of the funnel, where it terminates in the esophagus or gullet.

ESOPHAGUS—ITS STRUCTURE AND FUNCTION.

The esophagus is a tube extending from the pharynx to the stomach, and lies directly back of the windpipe. It is made of two coats or layers—an inner covering of mucus membrane, continued downward from the mouth through the pharynx, and an outer muscular coat, composed of a layer of fibers running lengthwise and a double set of fibers running spirally around the tube in each direction, and consequently crossing each other. The fibers running lengthwise seem to hold the tube steady in the act of swallowing; while the oblique, or those running around, contract behind the little ball of food, partly closing the tube, and the closure extending downward carries it to the stomach.

DIGESTION.

Anatomy of the Stomach.—The stomach, into which the esophagus carries the food, is a curved sack or bag, lying obliquely across the body immediately below the diaphragm, which is a kind of partition, separating the cavity of the chest or

thorax above from the abdomen below. The larger end of the stomach lies in the left side, and its greatest curvature or rounded side is below. On the upper or concave side, a little nearer the left end of the stomach than the right, the esophagus enters it. This is called the cardiac orifice. Toward its right extremity, the stomach becomes narrow, and finally passes into the intestines. At this point there is a band of muscular fibers, which are capable of contracting so as to close the opening entirely. This is called the pyloric orifice.

Functions of the Stomach.—The stomach is composed of three coats. The inner or mucous coat is a continuation of the esophagus, though differing from it in many particulars. It is very delicate and soft, like velvet, and besides the little mucus glands or fascicles, it has a number of more complicated glands, whose mouths, opening on its surface, throw into the stomach a thin acid fluid (gastric juice) as often as food is taken. This gastric fluid, besides the acids dissolved in it, contains also a peculiar substance called pepsin, which, with the aid of a uniform heat enables it to dissolve albuminate food.

PROCESS OF DIGESTION.

A strong sympathy exists between the mouth and the stomach, for as soon as mastication commences and the saliva glands begin to act freely, the peptic glands of the stomach pour out at their numerous mouths the gastric juice, ready to receive the food when it arrives. As soon as this reaches the stomach, the muscular coat of that organ begins to contract, gently rolling from side to side, thus mixing it thoroughly with the gastric juice constantly exuding from the inner coat of the stomach. In the meantime the salivary glands are actively furnishing saliva, which is slowly converting the starchy part of the food into sugar, and thus dissolving it. E. M. WILDERMUTH.

A HUNTER'S PARROT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette sends that paper the following account of a common poll-parrot, which, it is claimed, has not only been trained to hunt, but which has learned to take great delight in the chase. The owner and trainer of this hunting parrot is a boatman, who formerly plied between Little Rock and New Orleans, but who some years since gave up the business of boating and has since led the life of a hunter, living in a snug cabin at the junction of Big Mammelle Creek with the Arkansas River. This hunter-hermit, whose name is Nathan Lask, brought with him from New Orleans, on making his last trip to that city, a fine young parrot, to which he soon became more at

tached than any other thing on earth. Seated upon his shoulders, the parrot attended him in all his walks. To train the bird and talk to it was almost his sole occupation. With the careful training of so loving a master added to its great natural talent for imitating all manner of cries of birds and animals, this bird had become a marvel of cunning, and a great wonder in its way. Taken into the hills bordering Big Mammelle Creek, and the signal being given at intervals, it utters the cry of the turkey so perfectly as to deceive the oldest and most astute gobbler that ever strutted. On being answered by a gobbler, the parrot proceeds to lure him to death in the most fiendishly-coquetish manner imaginable. Seated on his master's shoulders, charily and coyly the parrot replies. Once he has fully attracted the attention of the vain and anxious gobbler, often allowing him to call in a fretful tone twice or thrice before deigning to answer, he then, in a few low and tender notes, lures the proud bird of the forrest within range of the hunter's deadly rifle. Seeing the turkey struggling in the agonies of death fills the parrot with the most fiendish delight, to which he gives utterance in a succession of blood-chilling "ha, ha's," in all manner of diabolical tones and key. Should the hunter miss his aim, however, the parrot ruffles his feathers, croaks and scolds, pulls his master's hair, and long refuses to be pacified. Duck-hunting in Forche and Meto Bayous is, however, the parrot's chief delight. Seated in the bow of his master's boat, snugly ensconced in a patch of tall bulrushes, the parrot bursts forth into such a "quack, quacking," and general duck gabble that there seems to be in the vicinity a whole flock of these birds, all enjoying themselves immensely. Thus are many flocks of ducks lured within range of the gun of the hunter. Geese are in the same way called up by this wonderful parrot; also many other wild fowl, and even deer, as the bird imitates the plaintive bleating of a fawn or doe to a nicety. No money would buy the bird, and Nat Lask, seen strolling through the woods, gun in hand, and with his almost inseparable companion seated on his left shoulder, seems a second Robinson Crusoe. Although so perfect in his imitations of all manner of birds and animals, the parrot is not a great talker; indeed, his vocabulary is limited to a few words and one or two short phrases. He will sometimes sing out, "Nat, you lubber," and when Dan Lanagan (a brother boatman of Nat's living at the head of Bayo Forche, and almost his only visitor), in his dug-out, is seen paddling toward the mouth of Big Mammelle Creek, the parrot—whose name we forgot to say is Bobby—will shout, "Lanagan a-hoy! Lanagan, a-a-hoy!" The moment Bobby sees his master take down his gun he is in a great flutter. He cocks his head on one side, his great red eyes sparkling with delight, and in a low, inquiring tone says: "Turkey? turkey?" "No, Bobby," Nat will perhaps say, "not turkey to-day." Bobby cocks his head the other way, and softly says, "Quack, quack, quack?" "Yes, Bobby," says Nat, "quack, quack!" Bobby then bursts into a loud "ha, ha, ha!" and cries, "Nat, you lubber, quack, quack, quack!" Then he ha ha ha's till the whole cabin rings again.

HOW MUCH IS HE WORTH?

THIS is a common question, which generally receives a wrong answer. A man is worth just as much as he has capacity and inclination to be useful with. The miser is not worth anything. Not the tax-gatherer, but the balances of God, decide a man's value. Neither polished marble nor lying epitaph can preserve a man's memory in the world who was not worth anything to the world.

"He left a large property." Yes, he left it. What a pity he was obliged to leave it! It was all his own. He earned it by dint of industry and economy. But he left it. Might he not have taken some of it with him? Is there no exchange between earth and heaven? The man who

goes to England does not carry his gold with him, but he deposits it here in such a way as to draw its value there. Can a man so deposit his wealth in this world as to draw it in the next? I think so. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Remember the cup of cold water. What we give to the Lord and His cause is safely deposited. The rest may go down with the stock market.—*Set.*

THE PILGRIM FATHERS; OR THEN AND NOW.

'Twas in my easy chair at home,
About six weeks ago,
I sat and puffed my light cigar,
As usual you may know.

I mused upon the pilgrim flock
Whose luck it was to land,
Upon almost the only rock,
Among the Plymouth sand.

Before them lay the forest wild,
Behind rolled ocean dark;
While in the Plymouth harbor rode,
The Pilgrim's little bark.

Imagination penciled then,
That first stern winter painted;
When more than half their number died,
And stoutest spirits fainted.

Their dress was ancient, and their air
Was somewhat strange and foreign;
One civilly returned my stare,
And said, "I'm Richard Warren.

"You'll find my name among the list
Of heroes, sage and martyr,
Who in the May Flower's cabin signed
The first New England Charter.

"I could some curious facts relate,
Perhaps some wise suggestions;
But then I am bent on seeing sights,
And running o'er with questions."

Says he, "First tell me what is that,
In that compartment narrow;
That seems to dry my eyeballs up,
And scorch my very marrow?"

His finger pointed to the grate;
Says I, "That's Lehi coal,
Dug from the earth." He shook his head;
"It is upon my soul."

He then took up a bit of stick,
One end as dark as night;
And drew it quick across the hearth,
When lo! a sudden light.

My guest drew back thereat,
And strove his breath to catch;
"What necromancy is that?" he cried;
Quoth I, "A friction match."

Upon a pipe just overhead,
I turned a little screw;
When forth with instantaneous flash,
Three streams of lightning flew.

Up rose my guest; "Now heaven me save,"
Aloud he shouted then;
"Is that hell fire?" "Tis gas," said I,
"We call it hydrogen."

We took a walk into the street,
A train came thundering by,
Drawn by a snorting iron steed,
Faster than eagles fly.

Rumbled the wheels, the whistle shrieked,
Fast streamed the floating cloud;
Echoed the hills, the vallies shook,
The flying forest bowed.

Down on his knees, with hands upraised,
In worship "Warren" fell;
"Great is the Lord, our God," cried he,
"He doeth all things well.

"I have seen his chariots of fire,
The horsemen too thereof;
O may I ne'er provoke his ire,
Nor at his threat'nings scoff."

"Rise up, my friend, rise up," said I,
"Your terrors all are vain;
That was no chariot of the sky,
'Twas the New York mail train."

We stood within a chamber small,
Men came the news to know,
From Worcester, Springfield and New York,
Texas and Mexico.

It came, it went, silent but sure;
He stared, smiled, burst out laughing;
"What witchcraft is that?"
"Tis what we call magnetic telegraphing."

Then we stepped into the street;
Cried "Warren," "What is that
That moves across the path,
As softly as a cat?"

"I mean that thing upon two legs,
With feathers on its head;
A great big hump below its waist,
Large as a feather bed.*

"It has the form of speech I hear,
But sure it can't be human."
"My amiable friend," said I,
"That's what we call a woman."

"Eternal powers! that cannot be,"
Cried he, in voice that faltered,
"I loved the women in my day,
But oh! they're strangely altered."

I showed him then a new machine
For turning eggs to chickens;
A labor saving hennery,
That beats the very dickens.

Thereat he firmly grasped my hand,
And said, 'Tis plain to see
This world is a transmogrified,
'Twill never do for me.

"Your telegraphs, your railroad trains,
Your gas lights, friction matches,
Your humpback women, rooks for coal,
And thing which chickens hatches,

"Has turned this earth so upside down,
No peace is left within it."
So, whirling round upon his heel,
He vanished in a minute.

Thereat I took my pen in hand,
Wrote off what I had heard,
And here, dressed up in common rhyme,
You have it word for word.

Selected by D. F. COMBS

HARDY AND FOOL-HARDY.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Bertie's foot was well again, we used to go out more, and it was then we fell in again with Joe Booth. We were not inclined to be very friendly with him at first, for we felt that he had got us into difficulty about the fishing, and then left us, and then, too, the colonel had warned us against him; but he was so amusing, and made us laugh so, that we could not make up our minds to have nothing to do with him; and whichever way we went for our walks, he generally made his appearance, and had almost always some new plan to propose for our amusement. He knew every bird and bird's-egg that were to be found in those parts; and though it was rather late in the year, we began, with his help, to make a collection of birds' eggs, and we used sometimes to go quite a long distance to find rare ones, or follow a bird from field to field, to trace it to its nest. Joe could climb a tree like a squirrel and jump like a young deer; and no hedges, ditches, or walls, seemed to offer any bar to his progress if he wished to go forward.

One afternoon we had set off with the idea of reaching an old ruined wall, where Joe said there was a golden-crested wren's nest. Our way took us past the church, and we heard the sound of the organ coming from the half-opened door.

"Oh! do let's stop and listen," said Bertie. "I expect it's Miss Fanshawe practising the chants and things for next Sunday."

So we went into the churchyard, and stood under the yew-tree by the door, while Joe perched himself on a high tombstone, and tried to look in at one of the windows. At last he came off the tombstone head-foremost, and came up to us.—"Here's a chance!" he said, "you've not got a single jackdaw's egg in your lot, and there's heaps of nests up in the belfry. I've seen 'em fly out of them sort of pepper-box windows, scores of 'em, and I've never had a chance of going up before. Come on."

"Shall we ask Miss Fanshawe?" said Bertie.

"No, it's no business of hers, and she need not know nothing about it. If we go in soft like, she wont hear nothing, and she can't see us 'cause of the pews."

"I think we ought to get leave of some one," I said.

"What a feller you are now! It won't do no harm, and it's not proper as there should be such a lot of nests up there. Why! if somebody doesn't

*This verse had been forgotten by the person sending the poem, and is supplied by the compositor, who quotes from memory.

take some of 'em, they won't be able to ring the bells a Sunday, and there'll be a go! Nobody'll come to church, they'll all go to chapel, every man jack of them, and all because of them nests."

Bertie looked at me, and I looked at Bertie. I think we both wished to go, but we still hesitated. "What ill-natured chaps you be!" Jack went on; "you never do nothing as I wants."

"Are you sure Mr. Campbell won't mind?"

"Mind! no! he'll only be too glad to get rid of them nests up there."

"All right then. Come, Bertie!"

Joe went first, creeping quietly in, I followed him and Bertie behind. The music went on, drowning any noise we made. It did once cross my mind that if no one would object to our going up into the belfry, there was no need for taking such care, but still I crept in as cautiously as Joe did. The way up to the belfry was at the west end. There were a few wooden stairs first that led up into a small gallery, on the front of which were painted the different parish charities. I had often read them before service time on Sundays; how John Morton, gentleman, had left three houses in St. Giles' parish, London, the rent of which was to be spent in bread, and distributed to the poor of Silverhill; and how Sir Timothy Oldham, knight, left sixpence a week forever, and a new gown once a-year to six old women. From this gallery a few more steps led into the little room where the ringers went, and the great ropes hung down from the beams above; and from this a corkscrew stone staircase led, winding up to the top of the square tower. The stairs were very worn in parts, and it was quite dark part of the way, but we pushed on, feeling our way with hands and feet. Near the top was an opening into the place where the bells hung, and here it was lighter, for it was lighted by what Joe called the "pepper-box windows," and it was here that the jackdaws' nests were to be found. There was no regular flooring to this place, only great beams across, and a few loose planks laid on them, so that one could see down into the room below. It was not a good place for a giddy head, and Bertie would not venture on the planks, but sat down on the stone steps, and watched Joe and me as we made our way across. There was something rather awful to me about those great silent bells hanging there: and I thought how dreadful it would be if they suddenly began ringing while we were up there; and I wondered how those impudent jackdaws could choose this solemn-looking place for building their untidy nests, and how deafening the noise must be to the young ones. There were not many eggs to be found, but we got some; and Joe took two young jackdaws, with great, big, yellow beaks, and long bare necks, and he put them in his cap, and said he would take them home and teach them to talk. While we were making our way back across the planks, a brick fell through between the boards, down into the room below, with a loud noise; and a minute after we heard the music in the church stop, and we stayed quite still, and presently there was a step on the wooden stairs at the bottom, and presently we heard a voice call out,—

"Are any of you boys up there? If you are, come down directly."

We were all silent, and then we heard another voice say, "Shall I go up, miss, and see?" And then the first voice again,—

"No, thank you, Peter; it must have been my fancy, I expect."

"Or it may have been them daws up there; they do make queer noises nows and thens."

And then the voices died away, and the footsteps too, and there was no more music on the organ, and then there was the bang of a heavy door closing, and a key turned in a lock, and then all was silent down below, and Bertie started up in terror. "O Tom, they've locked us in! What-ever shall we do? And Joe jumped up and down on a loose plank, saying, "Oh my! locked in a church! What a lark!"

I cannot say it struck me as being much of a

lark; for to-day was Thursday, and I knew there was no service till Sunday; and if no one came to the church till then we might all be dead. There were no cotages very near the church, so it was no use shouting, unless indeed any one might happen to be passing in the road; and then if we did make ourselves heard, it would not be pleasant to be found caught in that way, and we should all look so foolish.

"Perhaps the other door is not locked," I said, as we came down into the church; and Bertie and I hurried off to the little door by the vestry, and then back again to the big door under the porch; but they were both fast locked, and all our pullings and pushings were of no effect. Joe did not seem at all disturbed by our situation. He was busy exploring in all directions, up into the pulpit, into the reading-desk, into the big squire's pew, and all we could get out of him was, "It's a jolly lark!" which was not at all consoling.

At last I sat down in despair on the chancel steps, and Bertie, who was half inclined to cry, came down and sat by me, and we tried to think of our best plan of escape.

"I wish Joe wouldn't," said Bertie; "I am sure it's not right to go running about the church like that. Do tell him not, Tom. He won't mind me."

"Well, he won't mind me," I said. "So it's not a bit of use my saying anything."

"What's not a bit of use?" asked Joe, suddenly dodging out of a pew close by. "I tell you what's not a bit of use, and that is, sitting there with such mighty long faces. Come, and have a game of hide-and-seek; it's a rare good place for that, and no mistake."

"O Joe!" burst out Bertie: "how can you be so wicked?"

"Oh, come! if you're a-going to preach, you'd best go up into the pulpit at once."

Bertie was silenced, and got very red, and I turned it off by saying, "But, Joe, however can we get out of this?"

"Get out? why, I never knew a place yet as I couldn't get out of, leave alone jail, which I've not tried yet; and if you won't have a bit of fun here, we'll get out as sure's my name's Joe Booth afore we're any of us ten minutes older."

So he went away, and soon came back, and called us to follow him. Under the ringers' room in the tower there was a large room sometimes used as a vestry, and in this there was a low window, between the bars of which Joe had found he could just squeeze; and as he was the biggest of the three, where he could squeeze we could follow, and there was only a short fall on to the grass outside. It was not at all difficult to do, and it was a great relief to see a way of escape. Joe went first, and Bertie next, and I was in such a hurry to follow, that I pushed my elbow right through one of the panes of glass, which fell out with a crash. This was a disaster, but Joe was ready with a suggestion.

"Oh! look here, let's chuck this here big stone in through the window, and they'll think some one has been a-shying at them jackdaws, and broke the window by chance."

So this was done, and we ran off home in high spirits, with our jackdaws' eggs to add to our collection.

"HE'S BEEN A SOLDIER BY HIS WALK."

THESE words attracted my attention as, awaiting the arrival of my own train, I watched a third-class carriage and its passengers just ready to start for London.

The above remark, "He's been a soldier by his walk," was in reference to an erect firm-treading man who had alighted from the train, and had evidently been an object of interest to his fellow-passengers.

"Ay, and he's been a soldier by the way he carries his pack," said another.

"Ay, and by his politeness," observed a third. "Did you see how he touched his cap, only be-

cause you gentlemen looked at him? Most of us would have said, 'What are you staring at?'"

The train started off, the man left the station, and I followed. "Did you hear the remarks of your fellow-travellers, my friend?"

"He smiled as I repeated them, and said, just as it should be, sir—just as it should be! A soldier in plain clothes should be the same as a soldier in uniform. A true soldier ought to walk so as to be known as such wherever he is."

He again gave me a military salute, and we separated.

He left me full of serious thoughts, that came to me in the form of the following questions:—

"Is my walk such as to elicit from all with whom I associate, the remark, 'He is a soldier by his walk?'"

"I have a burden in the form of a daily cross, to carry. Do I bear it so as to leave no doubt where I learned to carry it? Do I bear it soldier-like?"

"As a soldier of the Lord Jesus I have a character to sustain. Do I sustain it, even in the small kindnesses and courtesies of life, as to make the remark of me true, 'He must also be a soldier by the way he behaves towards all—taking affront at nothing, but supposing the best of our actions?'"—*Tract Magazine.*

GRANDMOTHER.

GRANDMOTHER sits in her easy-chair. She is old and feeble. She is rich. She has treasures laid up in the bank. Yet the world calls her poor. And why? Because one small lot and one little cottage is all she owns of houses or lands. She can also say, like Peter, "Gold and silver have I none." How, then, can we say she is rich, and that she has treasures in the bank? Because she has been laying up treasures for many years. The bank where her treasures are stored is in Heaven. They are where no one can steal them. Nobody can take them from her.

What are her treasures?

They are treasures of good deeds. She used to visit the suffering poor, and give them food and clothing. She went to see those whom others shunned, and by kind words and good deeds tried to make them pure and good. She sat by the bedside of the sick, and helped to soothe their pain. She cheered the hearts of the mourners, who half forgot their sorrows when grandmother mingled her tears with theirs. For each of these acts of kindness she received credit in the bank book of the All-merciful.

Grandfather died a few months ago. He was rich as grandmother is now, and his riches were of the same kind as hers. She loves to tell of his deeds of kindness, and how he has often sat up all night to make boots for the poor travelling elders, who had no money to pay for them. He has gone over to that home where he can enjoy his treasures, though he may never count them.

And grandmother now is waiting. Waiting, as it were, in the evening after a life-long day of toil. But for what is she waiting? Only waiting for the angel-boatman to come and ferry her over to that land where grandfather and all her treasures are. She remembers how grandfather, the hour he died, asked to be carried into the room where she lay sick. How he looked fondly upon her for a few moments; and then was carried back to his bed, and immediately fell asleep in Jesus. She knows that he, among the good and the holy, is waiting for her. And oh! how truly can she say with the poet:

"And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will our meeting be,

When over the river—the peaceful river—
The angel of death shall carry me."

But, little Hopes, grandmother is old and feeble. She cannot get out to visit her friends as she could once. If you want to lay up treasures as she has, go and visit her. Carry some good book you think she would like to read, some little delicacy for her table, or a bouquet of pretty flowers. Do all you can to cheer her and to make her happy. Learn the lessons she may choose to teach you, and remember that:

"There are old and forsaken who linger awhile,
In the homes which their dearest have left,
And an action of love and a few gentle words
Might cheer the poor spirit bereft;
But the reaper is near to the long standing corn,
The weary shall soon be set free;

And ask yourselves the question:

"Will any of these at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?"

There are grandfathers and grandmothers in every village the wide world over. You, too, may sometime be old and feel the need of sympathy. Show them the kindness that you would have others show to you when you are lonely and sad. Be a blessing to them, that you may be blessed both here and hereafter. **UNCLE HARVEY.**

THE CONDOR.

WE can tell you an anecdote about the condor's power of life. A miner in Chili, a very strong man, once saw a condor enjoying his feast on the mountains. He had eaten so much that he could not fly, and the man attacked and tried to kill him. The battle lasted a long time, and the man was nearly exhausted, but in the end he thought he was the victor, and left the condor dead as he imagined, on the field. Some of the feathers he carried off in triumph to show to his companions, and told them he had never fought so fierce a battle. The other miners went to look at the condor, when, to their surprise, he was standing erect, flapping his wings, in order to fly away. A bird with such powers of life continues to exist for years and years. Indeed, the condor is said to live for a century. The Indian tries to catch the condor by stratagem. He employs him to fight in a ring at those cruel bull-fights which are the favorite amusements in that part of the world. He does not attempt to attack the condor openly, for he knows how strong he is, and he wishes, besides, to take him alive. He procures the skin of a cow, and hides himself beneath it. Some pieces of flesh are left hanging to the skin, and are sure to attract the condor. He comes pouncing on the prey, and while he is feeding with his usual greediness the Indian contrives to fasten his legs to the skin. When this is done, he comes out of his concealment, and the bird sees him for the first time. He flaps his wings, and would fly but that his feet are entangled; and more than this, a number of other Indians come running up and throw their mantles over him.—*Stories about Birds.*

"A PRIZE ENIGMA."

10 Chapin Street, Globe Village,
FALL RIVER, MASS.

Joseph Smith Esq.,

Sir:—I again offer a prize to the Hopes under twenty-one years of age. The answers to be written in good faith, without assistance from any one. All the answers to be sent to me on or before the 4th day of August.

Prize to be an elegant Lithograph of "The Lord's Prayer, Beatitudes, Ten Commandments," &c., 28 by 32 inches. Following is the enigma.

Yours truly, **WM. STREET.**

I was with Adam in Paradise before the "Fall," but had no acquaintance with his wife, Eve. When they were "expelled" from the seat of innocence and happiness, I remained behind for ages in the "garden of Eden." I took the lead in their punishment for disobedience, and was the first in their deliverance. I attended David while he was a shepherd, and when on his throne; but was a stranger to Goliath, King Solomon and all his glory. I was once in Chaldea, but had no connection with magicians, soothsayers,

sovereigns nor Egyptians. History records no kingdom in the East where I have not been, though I never visited any of their cities. I have since been in England, Ireland and Scotland, but did not enter into the mountainous principalities of Wales. I was always to be found with children, but shunned the society of men and women. No lady refused me entrance into her boudoir though she will not allow me admittance to her chamber. Without my aid she may be comely, but not handsome; coy, but not modest; polite, but not delicate. Without me the fair sex would never find delight, though I myself was never in a joyful state. I was twice at a royal wedding, but never was at a baptism or a funeral.

"Reader," remember that when you lie on your deathbed, I shall be with you from first to last, but I shall not be with you in the grave. That you may discover who I am, take one hint more, namely, that I have no concern with time, past, present or future. Yet the sun never made a day without me, and should I be sent out of the world you would never find goodness upon earth.

HELP! HELP!!



HOW sadly the cry fell upon my ears as it came up from amidst the wreck that was rapidly sinking beneath the waves. However it is not our purpose to tell you all about the sinking steamer and drowning men; but to call your attention to the wants of our little paper—ZION'S HOPE.

It is said, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," and if we could paint at this time so lovely a picture for the little Hopes, we certainly would do so. But alas! the one we have to paint may not seem so golden and bright.

We are not reduced to a wreck, but still we call for help. With the last issue of the HOPE, the subscription of many of its subscribers run out. From necessity we will have to drop non-paying subscribers from our list: we hate to do so; we trust delinquent subscribers will renew. We will extend the time one month. Readers of the HOPE; shall our appeal be in vain? "Wisdom's" instruction is, "Buy the truth and sell it not." If it is given to you, it will not be prized as if you had bought it.

Correspondence.

BUTLER, Branch Co., Mich., May 27th, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—I thought I would write to the Hope this afternoon, to tell the little Hopes that I love to go to Sunday School and to meeting, to hear the gospel in its purity in these last days. Ma is a member of the Latter Day Saint Church. I am sixteen years old. I have one brother, he is nineteen years old. We have a large Branch here; we have the gifts of tongues and prophecy. May God bless the Saints wherever they are. I can't think of any more now, I will try and do better next time. As ever your faithful friend **FLORENCE E. PERRY.**

PITTSBURGH, Pa., May 19th, 1874.

Dear Brother Joseph:—As I have not written for some time past, I thought I would write to you again. Since I wrote to you last, there has been three baptized; one was a colored woman. We have a nice Sunday School here. Little readers of the Hope pray for me. No more at present, good night, and God bless you all, **JOHN GILLESPIE, JR.**

DELOIT, Iowa, May 4th, 1874.

Dear Hopes:—I have just been reading our little paper, so I thought I would write again, as I love to read the letters of the Hopes. It is quite pleasant today, but it rained yesterday. Father has been up to Cherokee preaching, and was gone about two weeks; he baptized one. We have a nice Branch of the Church here. I ever feel desirous of pressing my way onward, and doing the will of my heavenly Father, and I hope that I may have my lamp trimmed and burning when the Savior comes to make up his jewels. I love to read the letters of my little brothers and

sisters, and hope they will still continue in trying to fill the correspondence column; and also in doing good and trying to roll forth this great and glorious work. Well, I must bring my letter to a close, hoping that you will all pray for me. Yours truly,

ELLEN DOBSON.

Linn Co., Oregon.

Dear Editor Hope:—I am not a member of the Church, but a reader of the *Zion's Hope*. There is not any Sunday School here, nor meetings that I can go to. I am eleven years old. My Pa and Ma and three brothers belong to the Church. My Pa talks of leaving here in the summer, and I hope we will get some place where we can go to Church and Sunday School. I love to read the Hope. This is my first attempt to write for it, but I hope it will not be the last. I will try and do better next time.

SUSANNAH E. YANCEY.

DETOUR, Chippeway Co., Mich.,

May 24th, 1874.

Dear little Hope:—I will try and tell you something of the place where I live. It is away up in the northern part of Michigan; the winters generally are very cold here; this spring is very backward; it was the fifteenth of May before boats could get up the river. The sugar season is just over, the trees are budding out, and the forests seemed alive with little squirrels that play among the branches of the trees, and the little birds were singing and seemed to be rejoicing that spring had come. I walked three miles through the woods yesterday afternoon. I think we would be more contented here if there was an Elder of the Church here. I will try for another subscriber for the Hope. Good-by for the present.

TILLIE C.

BEAR ISLE, Hancock Co., Me.

May 17th, 1874.

Br. Joseph:—I have often thought of writing to the Hope, but have not made the attempt until now. I love to read the letters from the little Hopes. I think some of them would like to come on the Island and see the great wide ocean, and go out on a sail in my boat, and see the steamboats and ships and lots of other things which are delightful in the summer time; you could go out a fishing, and see the lobsters and the traps they are caught in, and go on the adjoining islands and have a nice time. Br. and Sr. Hopes, I must forbear writing so much about fish and lobsters. I love our little paper very much, and we would not be without it. May we all try and sustain the Hope. I think this will do for this time. Pray for me. I remain your brother in Christ,

J. E. EATON.

CLYDE, Jasper Co., Iowa, June 4th, 1874.

Dear Hopes:—This is my first attempt to write to the Hope. We have no Sunday School here, but I hope there will be soon. I love to read the letters that the little Hopes write. My desire is that they may pray for me, that I may hold out faithful. Little Hopes, let us pray for one another. From your brother in Christ,

JACOB D. MYERS.

ANAGRAM.

Hetre si a palm sohow sedatay ghtil,
Duigse het rpoal ralvert ni eth hitgn,
Ist S'ogd nwo wrdo, sti bmyneai yra,
Nca rnut a ghimdtni otin ayd.

TERBRO HITSM.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited \$228	27 Francis Peglen	.. \$0 15
I. W. Peglen	.. 10 Charles Cook	.. 25
Ellen Medley	.. 25 Albert Holasworth	.. 25
Reuben Archer	.. 25 E. J. Street	.. 25
E. Wade	.. 10 Mary Wade	.. 5
Mary Ann Owen	.. 25 John Sutton	.. 50
Jemima Cook	.. 60 Carrie Hanson	.. 25
S. Hanson	.. 25 D. M. Griffin	.. 25
M. J. Williams	.. 50	

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For instance, 15 Jul 74, means that your Hope subscription expires on the 15th day of July, 1874, before which time you must renew. Our terms are payment in advance.

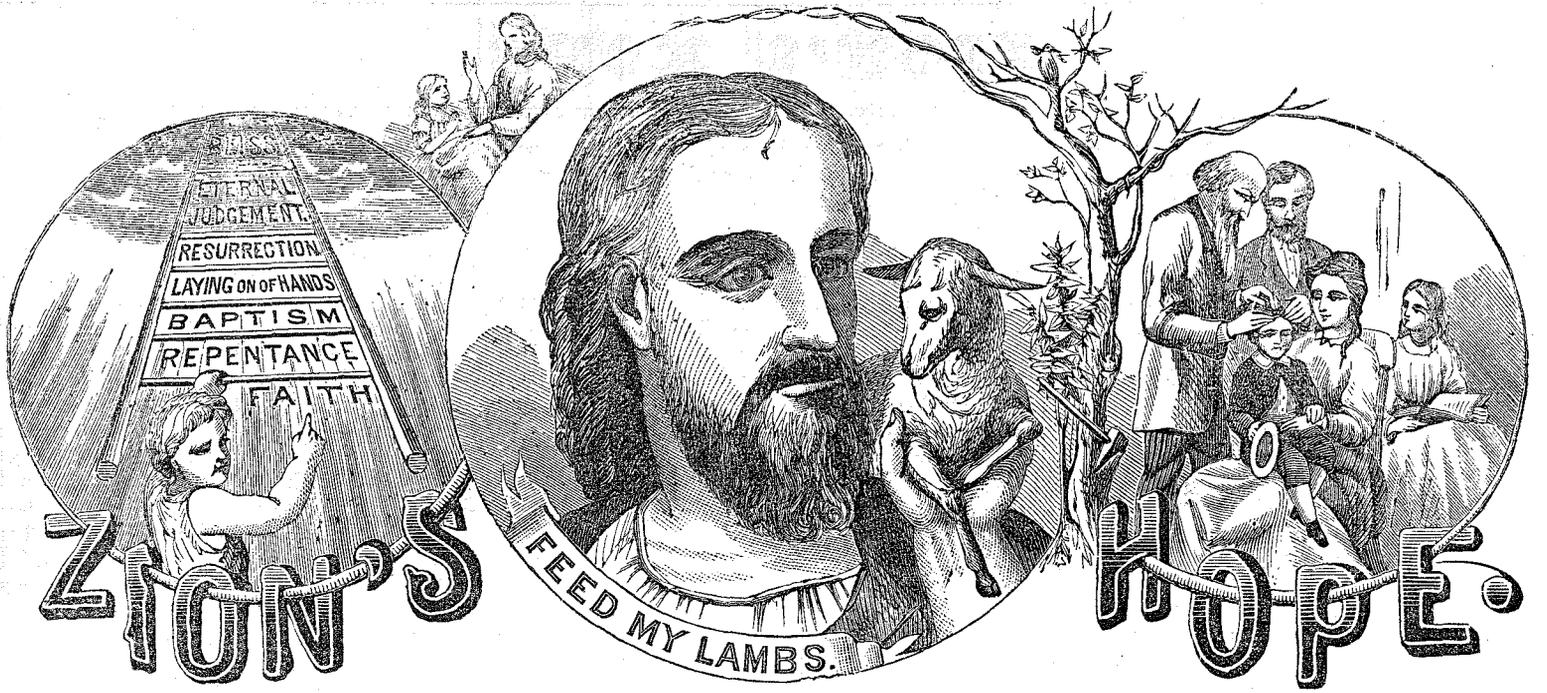
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

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PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JULY 15, 1874.

No. 2.

FAITH IN GOD!

"**W**H^o made you well?" was a question once asked a little six year old Hope, who had been happily restored to health, from a long illness, through anointing with oil and prayer, by Br. Joseph and another Elder. Little Hope, as we will call her, had been taken before the Church, in obedience to the law of the Lord; was blessed in his name, and had been taught to believe his word, where he promised, in the eighteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of the gospel by St. Mark, that they who believe "shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover," and that to observe all things whatsoever the Lord had taught, whether by his own mouth, or by his Spirit, through his servants; is necessary, in order to obtain the promised blessing; therefore she was acquainted with the command and promises recorded by St. James, fifth chapter and fourteenth verse; where the sick are instructed to "call for the elders of the church," and that they be "anointed with oil," and that "prayer" be made "over them," and that through the "prayer of faith," "the Lord shall raise them up"—not man. So after a long affliction, and notwithstanding she had been administered to without the desired effect, she still had faith in the promise of the Lord. So when Br. Joseph came into that region of country she expressed, to her parents, a desire to have him administer to her, which request was complied with, and she restored to health.

Little Hope's father felt grateful for her restoration to health; and desiring to know her mind about her sudden deliverance from disease, asked her the question, "Who made you well?" She raised her eyes gently to his, with an expression of candor and reverence in her countenance, and with a tone firm with confidence and yet mild with meekness, said, "God."

The look, the tone, the answer, all combined, though brief, contained a volume of meaning. And again her parents felt grateful that little Hope had received instruction to her profit, and more grateful still, that her faith reached beyond the means (man) employed to convey the blessing, to God, the giver of life and health; to whom all the praise belonged.

In after time little Hope's faith was again put to the test, and again the blessing was obtained. She did not have to wait till to-morrow or next week for it came presently.

Now, little Hopes, and big ones too, if we all would so live in the fear of the Lord, that we would be willing to deny ourselves, for his sake, the so-called luxuries and pleasures of this world

that are injurious and unprofitable to us, and through the keeping of his commandments obtain grace with increased faith to lay hold on the promises set before us, who can tell the amount of good that might be accomplished in a few brief years, and the great sum of blessings that might be enjoyed by the Saints. Little Hopes, we learn in God's word that he works not among the children of men but according to their faith. Therefore let us try to be faithful, and pray the Lord to "increase our faith." We want a faith that works by love and purifies the heart; the faith that was once delivered to the Saints. Little Hopes, let us contend earnestly for it. If we will, the Lord is just, and will reward us.

UNCLE M.

WONDERFUL RATS.

THE sagacity of the rat in the pursuit of food is marvelous. Indeed, he is so cunning, and works with such almost human ingenuity, that the accounts of his efforts, which are perfectly correct, are sometimes looked upon as mere fables. It is known that rats will carry eggs from the bottom to the top of a house, lifting them from stair to stair, the first rat pushing them up on his hind, and the second lifting them with his fore legs. They will extract the cork from a flask of Florence oil, dip in their long tails, and repeat the maneuver until they have drawn off every drop. Not long ago a rat was seen to mount a table on which a drum of figs was placed, and straightway to tip it over, scattering its contents on the floor beneath, where a score of his expectant brethren were waiting the result of his daring and ingenuity.

Dr. Francis T. Buckland was acquainted with a Mrs. Oke, an old lady residing at Axminster. She was very skillful in converting the fruits of her garden into sweet and refreshing beverages, a barrel of which could always be found in her cellar. On one occasion a barrel of carefully prepared elderberry juice was duly placed on a shelf in the cellar. On the succeeding night she was greatly alarmed by strange noises issuing from the same cellar. She summoned her servants; the cellar, and indeed all the house, underwent a thorough search, but nothing was seen to account for the extraordinary sounds. Next night came, and as soon as the household retired to rest the noises again commenced, more dreadful and alarming than before: there was a screaming and a screeching, a chattering and a pattering, all through the night. Mistress and servants lay awake, but could not stir through terror. Day broke, and the noises ceased. On the following night she called the

assistance of the servants of the neighboring farm, who, armed with spades and pitchforks sat up all night: the watch-dog was brought in from his kennel, and Mrs. Oke nodded and drowsed in her arm-chair at the fireside; but not a sound broke the stillness of the night, except the snoring of the wearied rural guard. Days and weeks passed away without any return of the terror-striking sounds. Mrs. Oke complimented herself on her defeat of the unseen disturber or disturbers of her repose. Two months after her victory she invited some friends to tea. The conversation led to the proper method of preparing elderberry syrup. Mrs. Oke sent the servant to the cellar to bring up a sample of hers from the barrel. The servant speedily returned, almost breathless, exclaiming, "Please, ma'am it's all gone!" And gone it was, with the exception of the cask, one side of which was half eaten away. Mrs. Oke's own family rats had discovered the syrup on the night succeeding that on which it was lodged in the cellar, and had issued an invitation to all the rats in the neighborhood for the next evening, who had duly attended. They had first gnawed out the bung and taken what they could. Then they ate the wood down to the level of the liquid, continuing gnawing and drinking till not one drop remained.

A gentleman traveling through Mecklenberg witnessed a very singular circumstance in one of the post houses where he temporarily halted on his journey. After dinner the landlord placed on the floor a large dish of soup, and gave a loud whistle. Immediately there came into the room a large mastiff, a fine Angora cat, an old raven, and a remarkably large rat, with a bell hanging at its neck. They all four went to the dish, and, without disturbing each other, fed together, after which the dog, cat, and rat lay down before the fire, while the raven hopped about the room. The landlord, after accounting for the familiarity which existed among the animals, informed his guest that the rat was the most useful of the four; for the noise he made had completely freed the house from the mice and other rats with which it had been infested. This traveler was a friend of Dr. Shaw's, a celebrated writer on zoology.

Mr. Neele, in one of his books, tells us that at Bangkok, the Siamese capital, the people are in the habit of keeping tame rats, which walk about the house, and are petted by the inmates like dogs. They are caught young, and, attaining a monstrous size by good feeding, take the place of our European cats, and entirely free the house of their own kind.

The following is one the best recorded stories of a tame rat, and one which is perfectly authentic.

The driver of a Bow and Stratford omnibus was moving some trusses of hay in his hay-loft, when he found a little miserable-looking rat coiled up in a corner. As it happened to be of a piebald color the driver spared its life, and took it to his home, where it became remarkably tame, and grew much attached to the children. At night it exhibited its delight in security and warmth by stretching itself on the rug before the fire, and on nights when the fire was extinguished it would creep into its master's bed. The children named their new pet "Ikey," after their eldest brother, whose name was Isaac. The driver became so fond of his rat that he taught it at the word of command, "Come along, Ikey!" to jump into his great-coat pocket in the morning, when he went forth to his daily occupation. From his master's pocket Ikey was occasionally transferred to the boot of the omnibus, where its business was to guard its master's dinner, and if any person attempted to make free with it, the rat would fly at them from out the straw. There was one dish alone of which it was an insecure protector. It never could resist plum-pudding, and though it kept off all other intruders, it ate as much as it was able. Ten years ago this rat was alive and in good health, and in its old age was kindly attended to by its protectors. It had lost its teeth, and was fed by the children as if it had been a baby and not a white haired old rat.

A saddler during the course of his trade required to use a number of straps, which he prepared for his purpose by soaking them in oil. These straps disappeared one after another in a most unaccountable manner. For a while he suspected the honesty of his shop-boy, until, fortunately for the lad, he discovered that a rat was the depredator. In order to capture it, he placed a sieve in such a position that when the rat came for a fresh supply of oiled leather the sieve would fall down and secure it. The trap achieved its object. The rat was secured. The saddler, armed with a stout stick, went to raise the sieve and destroy the thief. The sieve was lifted, but the rat, instead of attempting to escape, sat still and looked up imploringly into the saddler's face, as if it would say, "Spare my life this once and I won't steal and eat your straps any longer." The saddler did spare its life. Before the hole from which it used to issue he daily placed a dish of food, which the rat duly consumed. The straps were no longer purloined, and the rat gradually grew so tame that it gambolled about the shop like a kitten, and sometimes sat on the bench watching the saddler at his work.

A rat was once the means of saving the life of Mr. Farryman, a Sussex clergyman. He was one night indulging in the dangerous habit of reading in bed, when he unconsciously dropped into a sound sleep, out of which he was awakened by smart pinch on the cheek. Turning round, there sat the rat on his pillow, whose warning pinch aroused him to behold the curtains at the head of his bed bursting into flame.—*Children's Friend.*

QUEER TOM.

FROM FLOSSOFER was the queerest boy I ever knew. I don't think he ever cried. I never saw him cry. If Fleda found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried, as little girls will, Tom was sure to come around the corner whistling, and say:

"What makes you cry? can you cry tulips too? do you think that every sob makes a root or blossom? Here, let's try to right them."

So he would pick up the poor flowers; put their roots in the ground again, whistling all the time; make the bed look smooth and fresh, and take Fleda off to hunt hen's eggs in the barn.

One day his great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tom stood still a moment, and then turned around to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tom," said I, "aren't you sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take mor'n a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' will not bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tom," cried Fleda, "you can't play any m-o-o-r-e!"

"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me; I don't have to do it for myself, and I have a splendid time to whittle. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table; for I say it over and over till it makes me sleepy, every time my leg aches."

Tom Flossofer was queer, certainly; but I wish a great many more people were queer that way.—*Wood's Magazine.*

YOUNG WILLY'S SERMON.

Young Willy, the "Mormon,"

Was called on to speak

In defence of the gospel,

But thought himself weak.

He went to the stand,

With a slow, feeble tread,

As if by poor Willy,

No good could be said.

He opened his Bible,

Read over the text;

And then he stood thinking,

For what to say next.

He looked at the people,

A tear dimmed his eye;

His call by the Spirit,

He could not deny.

He turned to his brethren,

To see what they thought,

And thinking, than teach,

He'd rather be taught.

He saw them in prayer,

In feelings devout,

Which quickly was answered,

And chased Willy's doubt.

The Spirit came on him

In power from above,

And filled his poor bosom

With heavenly love.

The truth he presented

In power divine,

Which made Willy's face

Like a sunbeam to shine.

When he had finished,

Some honest hearts rose,

And spoke with kind feelings,

They would not oppose

The gospel of Jesus

Showed simple and true,

For, by Willy's teachings,

They knew what to do.

Of sins in the past

They felt to repent,

And into the water,

With Willy they went;

The Spirit upon them

In great power came,

And O! how they shouted

Sweet praise to God's name.

Then, dear little Hopes,

Who God will soon call,

The gospel like Willy

To preach on earth's ball;

Keep humble—live honest,

Brave hearted and true,

And then in life's duties,

You'll nobly get through.

WISHFUL.

JACK'S PROTEGE.

NOT far from the vicinity of High street, lived Jack, a dog of no particular claims to noted ancestry or breed, but a good, honest dog, plain and unpretentious. His master kept a greenhouse on the premises for several years, but at length changed his place of residence, still retaining, however, his interest in the greenhouse. Jack, by his kind behavior, soon gained a favorable acquaintance with the new inmates of the house, but never intruded himself over the door sill, unless he was particularly invited; but day after day he would stand at the open door, at the accustomed dinner hour, with a countenance beaming with patience and mildness, would await the coming of the mistress, who generally favored him with what might be termed a

bone, but more strictly speaking was some meat with a bone on it. One day what should the good madam behold at her door but dog number two, also with a mild countenance, and wagging his tail in an expectant manner. Not feeling it to be her particular calling to cater to all the dogs in the neighborhood, as well as some half dozen cats, she declined giving Jack his accustomed rations. After some watching and waiting in silence, Jack proceeded to the bottom of the yard, where he enticed his young friend also, and then came back alone to the kitchen door—expectant, waiting, hopeful. The lady happening to observe this proceeding gave him his bone, whereupon master Jack at once proceeded to the friend under the apple tree, deposited with him his bone, and again stood expectant at the open door. It is needless to add, although the lady was not a life member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Jack got his second bone.—*Hartford Courant.*

HARDY AND FOOL-HARDY.

CHAPTER VI.

HDID not think any more of our adventure till the next afternoon; for we went off with Joe after the wren's nest, which did not turn out well; for neither wren nor nest could we find, though we hunted for nearly two hours up and down a mossy old wall, and round about. I do not think Bertie forgot so entirely as I did; for he was very silent, and he tried to persuade me to go and see the colonel instead of going out with Joe. However, my mind was set on the wren's nest, and we went.

That afternoon, while we were standing watching the milking going on in the straw-yard, we overheard two of the farm men talking, and Bertie called to me to come, and we went over and listened; for a very few words told us that the talk had more to do with us than the speakers knew. One of the men was milking, with his head pushed against Cherry's sleek side, but he stopped every now and then to turn round to Davis, who had been raking out the pig-sty, and was leaning over the garden-wall with a prong over his shoulder.

"And I says, says I," Davis was saying, "as I'd take that boy's word agin any one, and I don't mind who hears me say it, though it be my own lad."

"Well," said Martin the milker, "it's pretty clear as somebody done it."

"Ay, ay! but that's not saying as it's Ben; and I don't see why he's to be flogged if he didn't do it."

"I'd take him away from church school and send him to methodys," said Martin.

"Well, so I says to my missus, but she thinks a deal of church and Mr. Campbell, she do, and she says a flogging more or less don't do a lad no harm."

"Well, she's not far out there, I'm thinking, they always deserves it for something, so if he don't deserve it now it'll go to pay off old scores."

"He's not a bad sort, our Ben, neither," said the father, "he be in a terrible way about it; but he says as he'll go to school to-morrow were it ever so, for he'll not have it said as he was afraid of a flogging; and I don't believe as he cares so much about the flogging but that Mr. Campbell and the Master there should think as he told a lie about it."

"Were the window much broke?" asked Martin.

"No, just one bit like," said Davis, "and there was the stone a-lying inside just as it was chucked."

"How come they to set upon your Ben then?"

"Why, that Miss Fanshawe, she seed him in the churchyard when she came out, and he were a-throwing a stone at a bird then, and she tells him to stop; and so he did, the boy says, and came right away home. But there! his word don't go for naught, and Mr. Campbell's a-coming to the school to-morrow and he'll be flogged. Come over there, Cherry, lass."

I did not like to look at Bertie when the men moved off and the talking stopped, and I did not care to feel that he was watching my face, so I turned away whistling into the house and Bertie followed, but the same subject met us there. The farmer was having his tea, and between large bites of bread and butter, he was telling his wife of a meeting he had had with the clergyman, and he called out to us to tell us about the broken church-window and the punishment that was to take place next morning.

"He was terrible vexed about it, was Mr. Campbell, but more that he should have been so under-hand, and have told such a pack of lies. He says, 'I'd rather,' says he, 'have all the windows broken than one boy's word.' Ben Davis were a favorite of the parson's, but that won't save him, and he'll be made a downright good example of, and no mistake, and serve him right, a young rascal."

I do not know how it was, but tea that evening seemed to choke me. Mrs. Blossom brought out a pot of her new green gooseberry jam, but it was not sweet to me; and she wondered what ailed the boys, and thought the weather was sultry and thunder must be coming. How long that evening seemed! we were glad when tea was done, to get away into the meadows behind the farm; but it did not seem any better there, for we could not play at anything. We had planned in the afternoon that we would give up all the evening to arranging our birds'-eggs and writing the names; but without a word to one another, we gave this plan up, and did not even look into the box where the eggs were. I could hardly bear to think of them, and, least of all, of the jackdaws' eggs that had got us into this difficulty. At last bed-time came, and we went up to bed so silently that the farmer himself noticed the change in us; and we heard him asking his wife if she knew what was wrong with us, and she answered, "Bless their dear hearts! the lads are home-sick." "Yes," I said to myself, glad to find another reason for the weight on my heart, "that must be it. I wish, oh! I do wish, we were at home with mother and father and Eddie again." But it was no thought of mother or home that kept me awake that night, that made my bed hard and my pillow hot, and that made me toss from side to side: it was the tower of the church, the jackdaws' nests, and Joe, and the broken window, and then if I dropped to sleep for a moment, "whish—whish—" a boy was being flogged, and the sound woke me. I smelt the farmer's evening pipe, and I heard the voices down below going on for sometime, and then the closing of doors and shutters, and the ashes raked out in the great fireplace, and then the farmer stumped up to bed with a heavy step that made the old wooden stairs creak and groan, and then the door closed and all was silence, so silent that I could hear the ticking of the clock at the foot of the stairs. I fancied Bertie was asleep, but presently he turned over towards me and said, "Are you asleep, Tom?"

I was half inclined not to answer, that he might think I was asleep, but it was a relief to speak, and I said, "No, are you?" and then he sat up and began, "Oh! Tom, I can't sleep, I'm so miserable. Whatever shall we do? Ben Davis must not be flogged."

"No," I answered, of course he shan't, but how can we prevent it?"

"Oh, dear!" said Bertie, with a sigh, "I wish mother were here, she would tell us in a minute."

"But mother was not there to tell us, and after much talking and tossing about we came to a very painful conclusion, that there was nothing that would do any good except going straight to Mr. Campbell and telling him all the truth. "Oh, dear! where was my bravery?" I was more of a coward even than Bertie. I wished that anything might happen to prevent us from going; that Ben would run away and not get flogged; that Mr. Campbell should guess that Ben was innocent, or anything,—anything rather than that I and Bertie should have to stand up before Mr. Campbell and

tell the truth. But certainty is always less tormenting than doubt, and after having decided what was to be done, we both fell asleep, and only woke when Mrs. Blossom opened our bedroom door, and the sun was streaming into the window.

What we had to do seemed even more difficult in the sunlight than it had in the dark. It was like waking up to a dose of physic, only there was no cake to have afterwards, as we always had at home if we did not make a fuss about it.

"It's no use going too early," I said to Bertie; "Mr. Campbell will not see us before nine, I'm sure."

So after breakfast we loitered about in the garden putting off the evil moment of setting off. My resolution was very wavering during that time, and I think if Joe had appeared, I should have been only to glad to be persuaded out of my intention. I almost hoped we should meet him when we set out, and I walked very slowly and looked down every turning in the road and over every gate on the lookout for his well-known figure. But I think our good angel must have kept him out of the way, knowing how very weak my purpose was.

We did not reach the vicarage till after half-past nine. It was a large red brick house with a drive up to the door, and there was a porch and a loud clanging bell, and everything made us feel very small and young. A servant opened the door, and asked us what we wanted.

"Can we see Mr. Campbell?" I asked.

"No, he's not at home."

Here was a check; but I felt much relieved, and asked in a bolder tone, "Will he be in soon?"

"Can't tell I'm sure, you'd better call again in the afternoon."

I was turning away with great satisfaction, when Bertie spoke for the first time, "Can you tell us, please, where he is gone?"

"Yes, he's at the school now."

"O Tom!" Bertie cried out, seizing hold of my arm, "come quickly, come quickly, we may be too late." And then we ran down the hill and straight to the school, across the playground and right into the school-room, without stopping for a minute to take breath or think what we should say or do, there was a breathless silence there, though the whole school was collected and no lessons were going on.

Mr. Campbell stood at the master's desk, and before him stood a tall boy with a very white face, and bright, dark eyes, and hands tightly clasped together, and the schoolmaster was just taking down a cane that hung against the wall over the fireplace. Our sudden appearance made every one start and look round, and then it was Bertie who spoke and not I, but I do not know whether it was that he was the most brave or the least breathless.

"Don't flog him, sir; he didn't break the window."

There was a murmur all through the room, and all eyes were fixed upon us. Mr. Campbell knew us by sight from coming to the farm, and he called us up to him and sat down, and speaking kindly but very seriously, he made us tell him all the story. We told it between us, and it must have seemed a strange jumble of bells, and nests and broken glass, but he made it all out by degrees.

"Must we tell you the name of the boy who was with us?" I asked, "for we don't want to."

He looked grave. "Why did not he come with you?"

"He did not know we were coming."

"Is he in the school?"

"No sir."

"Then I will not ask you to tell me his name; but I cannot think he can be a good boy or a safe companion for you, whoever he may be."

Ben Davis was still standing in front of the desk, not knowing what to do, but knowing that the truth had come out, and that he was not to have the flogging. Mr. Campbell came forward and laid his hand on his shoulder, and Ben held up his head proudly and looked round the school.

"Ben Davis," the clergyman said, "you have

spoken the truth, and I am glad to shake hands with you, and tell you I am sorry I ever doubted your word."

How the red color rushed up into the boy's face, and the tears ran into his eyes as the clergyman spoke and as the boys broke out in a cheer, which the master did not attempt to check—and then Mr. Campbell went on and told the school in a few plain, simple words what we had told him.

"They tell me," he ended, "that they will gladly bear any punishment I please; but as Ben Davis very nearly bore it unjustly, I think he has a right to name the punishment for the real offenders."

But that ridiculous creature Ben was crying as if his heart would break, and he could not get out a word, and could only rub his knuckles into his eyes and sob. And then Mr. Campbell turned to the other boys and said, "Well, boys, as Davis can't answer, you must instead. What shall it be?"

There was a confused talking and laughing among the boys, but they did not seem to come to any conclusion, and Mr. Campbell said, "I expect the punishment that would satisfy you most would be if they would ask Mr. Raymond to give you a holiday to-day."

Then there was such a shout that it was quite deafening, and we could only ask Mr. Raymond in dumb show, and he in the same way agreed; and in a minute more the boys were all rushing pell-mell out of the school-room, running and jumping, and laughing and shouting, and we were shaking hands with Davis and begging his pardon for all the trouble he had got into through our fault. Mr. Campbell asked us to come home with him; but I had something else I wanted to do, which I felt that I should never do at all if I put it off, for I had something to say to colonel Morris, which this morning's adventure had encouraged me to say out, and cast off a weight that had been pressing on my heart for sometime, though I did not even confess it to myself; and as this was a day for speaking the truth about one thing, it might as well be so about another. So we told Mr. Campbell we were going to see colonel Morris, and he walked as far as the church with us, and we showed him how we had squeezed out of the old vestry window, and he said he must have another bar put in at once, for if boys could squeeze out, thieves might squeeze in, and he must guard against that at once, and then he bid us "Good-bye" and said that all boys get into mischief sometimes; but that as long as they spoke the truth bravely, with God's help, they would not go very far wrong.

PUTTING OUT A PIPE.

THE late Rev. Thomas Collins was a model tract-distributor, being instant in season and out of season. He often traveled in smoking cars, in order to have a wider field for doing good. In his interesting memoir, recently published, are recorded some incidents of one of his journeys.

"In the train I presented a New Testament to a soldier; he received it gladly, and I was pleased to see that he caught my meaning at once when I called it a 'sword.'"

"A cooper got in at an early station, and, without an apology, lighted his pipe. After a little introductory talk, I submitted for his consideration whether the cost of that cloudy gratification would not send a child to school; and whether that would not be a better outlay as it would confer a benefit that would last forever?"

"He said:—'I never thought of that, but it is true. So out goes the pipe, and here's for the child.'"

"Do you mean so? Will you give up the practice?"

"To be sure I will, and send the young un to school."

"I am so glad to have put your pipe out.

Will you oblige me by the gift of the cast off thing?"

"Certainly, sir, here it is." So with joy I brought the trophy home."

Reader, are you a tobacco-user? If so, would not the money you spend on cigars and tobacco go a great way toward increasing the comfort of your family. Will you not "put your pipe out" for their sake?—*The Christian*.

GEOGRAPHY PUZZLE.

LESSON ON THE MAP OF WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA.

In a village called 'an island west of Chili and north of Queen Adelaide's lived a little girl named 'an island of Venezuela. She was playing on the front steps one day, when a man with a 'range of mountains in Cuba, stopped in the street. She was so pleased with his music that she followed him off, and was 'an island N. E. of Cuba way from home e're she knew it. Then she couldn't find her way back, and a big 'river in Brazil came along, and she sat down by the roadside and cried, till a man who lived like 'an Island south of South America came and took her home with him. He had a little black dog and a white cow with one 'cape south of South America, and the little girl had a drink of nice milk, and went out in the garden with the dog to play. It ran barking towards a clump of weeds, and she ran to see what was there and nearly put her foot into a 'a strait N. E. of Venezuela. The good man came and killed the hideous thing, and then he heard the little girl screaming behind him. She had found some pretty fruit and eaten it, and was screaming for mamma. The man saw she had eaten 'a state in South America, and didn't know what to do, but gave her a little 'river in Brazil to drink. This did no good, and he gave her a 'cape north of Brazil to eat, which soothed her till her parents, who had been looking for her, came and wrapped her up, lest she become a 'country in South America, and thanked the good man, and drove home, which was all 'an island south of South America without their little daughter.

PERLA WILD.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

A long enigma you have laid
Before my feeble view;
To see if I could guess aright,
And comprehend it too.

It speaks of a singular creature,
Made by a power divine;
Does it dwell in rocks or deserts,
Far in a foreign clime?

Where would you have me go, sir?
To the bird, or to the bee,
To the little humming insects,
Or fishes of the sea?

'Tis not the prince of darkness,
Who did from glory fall;
Nor yet our Lord and Savior,
Creator of us all.

Can'st thou not spiak, great warrior?
Where hast thou laid thy spell?
On what great orb or planet?
Say not 'tis heaven or hell.

But, methinks I hear you whisper,
"Leave valley, hill and glen,
For it grazes not on either;"
Surely it is a fish, then.

And was Jonah the man of God, sir?
An ancient worthy he,
Who for his sad rebellion
Was cast in the foaming sea.

Had the Prophet gone to Ninevah,
As his Lord and Master bid,
The whale would not have swallowed him,
As so we read it did.

So God prepared a fish, sir,
Now read it for yourself and see;
By it performed he miracles,
And stilled the raging sea.

So did the hideous monster
Possess a living soul,
That cried, "Salvation is of God;"
Oh, now I see it all!

Now is your riddle solved, sir?
I pray you quickly tell;

Does it meet your approbation?
I really hope it will.

My definition now I've given
In answer to your question;
If it's not right I'll try again
To cultivate my reason.

ESTHER ROHRER.

Correspondence.

UNION, Cass Co., Nebraska, June 9, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—It is with pleasure that I try to write a few lines for the *Hope*. I love to read the *Hope*, for it has good instruction in it. Dear Hopes, pray for one another, that we all may be saved for the kingdom of God. I have been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints for two years. I am trying to serve the Lord, and I trust that all the little Hopes are trying to serve him too, for he is good and kind. From your sister,

MARIETTA ERVIN.

DRY HILL BRANCH, St. Louis Co., Mo.,
May 31, 1874.

Dear Little Hopes:—I thought I would say a few words to you. This is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*. I have been slow in writing; but it has been on account of my poor reading and writing. I hope I shall always continue in the Latter Day Work and in the narrow path that leads to heaven. Be faithful, brothers and sisters, and pray for each other. We must love each other before we can be children of God. We must try, before we can do anything, and let that be by prayer. So good bye little Hopes, for this time. May God bless you all, is my prayer.

MARY J. WILLIAMS.

REDWOODS, Santa Clara Co., California,
June 21, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—I will try and write a few lines to the *Hope*. I love to read the *Hope* and *Herald*. I do not know what I should do without them, away out here in the Redwood Mountains, where I do not get a chance to go to church very often. Sometimes we do not get to church any oftener than once in three months; but I am content until there is a better place provided for me. On Sundays I have nothing to do, so I take two or three *Heralds* and *Hopes*, and go and sit on the hay in the barn; and O! how happy it makes me feel to read the letters of my little brothers and sisters. I feel almost as happy as if they were with me. Many a time I wish I could write sush nice, interesting letters as some of them do.

We had four days' meeting over at Watsonville. Father and I started; but, before we got many hundred yards, the horse broke the buggy, but we were determined not to be stopped by that misfortune, so we started on foot. It was twelve miles to Watsonville. We got there a little late for the first meeting. We had a happy time; I never enjoyed myself so well. I shall never forget it. Thanks to Br. Dana, who brought us home in his wagon. Br. Alexander Smith, and Br. J. Henderson also came home with us and remained over night. Good bye, little brethren and sisters.

CHARLOTTE MUNRO.

MONDAMIN, Iowa, June 10th, 1874.

Dear Brother Joseph:—As it has been some time since I wrote to the *Hope*, I will try and do so again. I love to read the letters from the little Hopes, it encourages me to press forward in the great and glorious cause of Christ. I am striving with all my might to serve my Lord and Master, in faith and love. I ask Him every day to help me to serve Him aright, and I know that He does help me. I am assisted or I should be tempted above that which I can bear. I do not always do that which I should, but I try. It is such a comfort to go to the Lord with my troubles. I trust all the little Hopes go to the Savior with their troubles. Pray for me, that I may be an instrument in the hands of God for doing some good, while I may be permitted to stay on this land of sin and temptation, for I do not want to be a drone while others are trying to magnify their calling.

Little Hopes we can all do something toward helping on the good work. 'Tis true we can not go afar off and tell the people of the good news, but we can help in many other ways. Remember me at the throne of grace. Yours in Christ,

CHRISTIE GAMET.

WOLVERHAMPTON, England, May 29, 1874.

Br. Joseph:—This morning, before getting up, I thought I would like to read the *Hope*, and as I was reading my attention was called to the words of a little girl who said she would be glad when Bro. Patterson came home. I am happy to say I have had the pleasure of seeing Bro. Patterson twice. I am a little girl ten years old. My father and mother, and sister and brother, are members of the Church, and when I am old enough to understand the principles of the gospel, I expect to be baptized. There is no Branch of the Church here; but I hope there will be

soon. I trust the little sisters who write for the *Hope* will pray for me, and I will pray for them. I am your ever faithful friend,

ADA WOODWARD.

REDWOODS, California, June 5th, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—I will write a few lines to the *Hope*. We went to Conference on the first of May. We never had a better time in all our life. There were a great many there. Four were baptized on Sunday. How I wish some of the Elders would come here, for I feel confident they could raise up a Branch here. It is very hard for me to be good. My father and mother are the only Saints around here. The people around here do not like the "Mormons," but we do not care. I wish some of the Saints would come and make us a visit. Please excuse this poor letter.

Your sister in the Church, HANNAH E. MUNRO.

STEWARTSVILLE, DeKalb Co., Missouri,
June 13, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—We have no Sunday School here, but I hope there will be soon. I was baptized three years ago. I like to read the *Hope* very much. I always read the letters first. I am glad to see many of the dear little Hopes engaged in the cause. I am trying to serve the Lord and to keep his commandments. From your brother in Christ,

JAMES A. KEMP.

WAHSATCH, Utah, May 21, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—The *Hope* is the only little paper that I have at present, and it is better than any other, as it teaches more than any other, and every time it comes I wish that it would come oftener. There are many very interesting stories in it, which teach very good lessons to the Hopes; and I think it should be supported by all who have an interest in building Zion. There seems to be nothing new to be seen or heard in this place at present. Much love to the little Hopes. Respectfully yours,

HENRY SCHMIDT, JR.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM.

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,—

"Youth, on length of days presuming,
How the paths of pleasure tread,
View us late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead."

On the tree of life eternal,
Lord, let all our hopes be stayed!
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

Given by Louisa Williams, James A. Kerry, and Sarah J. Ballentyne.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM.

[Published in *Hope*, June 1st, 1874].

We all might do good where we often do ill,
There is always a way, if there be but the will.
Though it be but a word kindly breathed or suppressed,
It may guard off some pain or give peace to some breast.
Given by Annie Caffall, Ella L. Street, James Kemp, Jr., Jacob Meyers, Vina Ervin, and Sarah J. Ballentyne.

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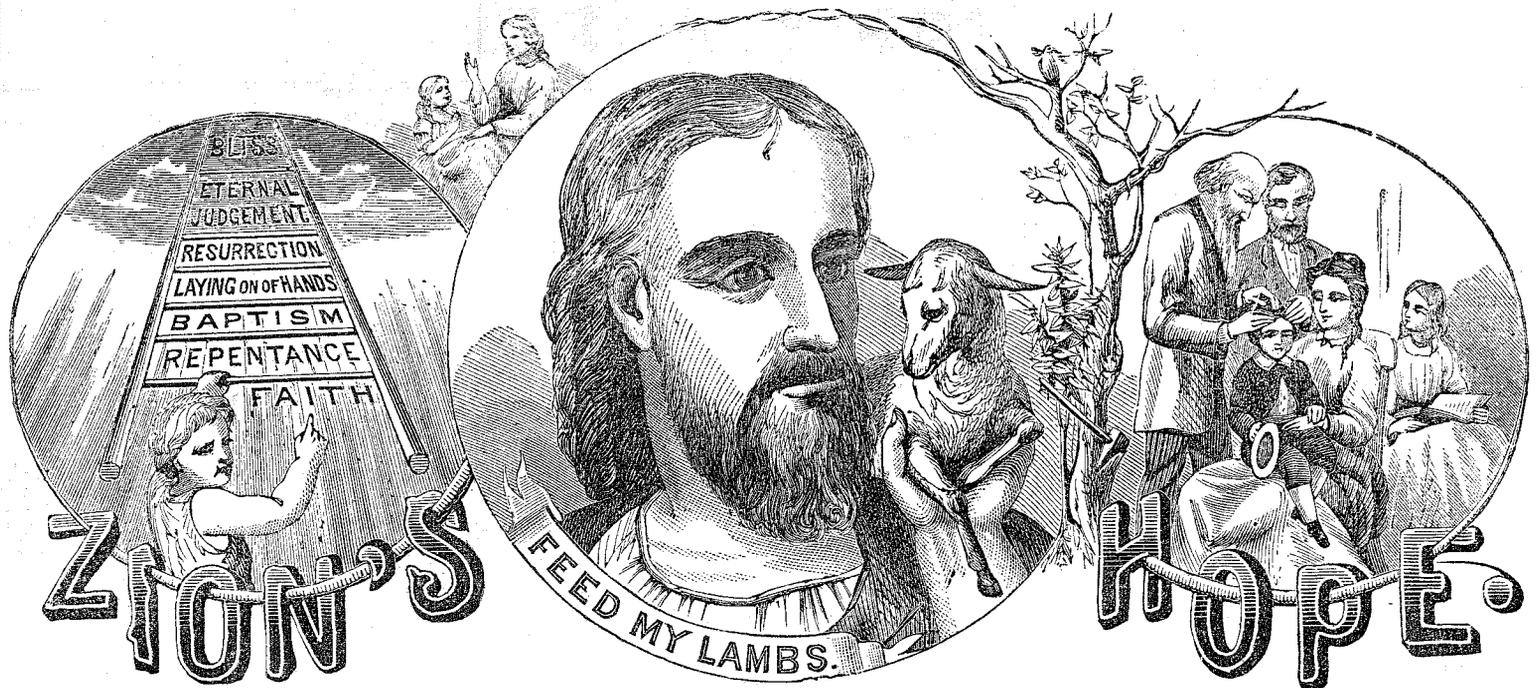
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

WORD OF WISDOM.

THE Latter Day Saints have more of the revealed will of God than any other people; and yet many of them are very reluctant to keep his commandments. He has seen fit to give us "a word of wisdom," with a promise of rich blessings to all who heed it, and yet numbers who claim to be Saints turn coldly away, and say, "it will make no difference whether we obey it or not." The children of Israel were scourged for forty years, and their carcasses fell in the wilderness, to teach them the simple lesson that "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." (See Deut. 8 : 3; also Matt 4 : 4). Now, little Hopes, if this "word of wisdom" "proceedeth out of the mouth of God," is it not "a word" that we should all live by? "Yes, yes!" I think I hear the little Hopes all answer together; so I will proceed to look at some of the lessons taught in this "word of wisdom."

"I have warned you and forewarned you, by giving you this word of wisdom by revelation."

What do we learn from this?

That this word of wisdom is a warning from God, given by revelation.

What are we first warned against?

"That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or or strong drink among you, behold it is *not* good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together, to offer your sacraments before him."

What drink is the best to be used in administering the sacrament?

"And behold, this should be wine; yea, *pure* wine of the *grape*, of your own make."

What further is said about strong drinks?

"Strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies."

Remember this, little Hopes, also that drunkards are numbered with those who cannot enter the kingdom of God.

What is the next lesson?

"And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly and is *not good for man*."

What! tobacco not good for man? So says the Lord, and I believe he knows. And if tobacco is not good for grown up men, it certainly is not good for little boys. Yet how many little boys smoke cigars and think that by so doing they make themselves men! I saw four little fellows on the street a few evenings since, talking, swearing, and puffing away, as if for dear life, and never was I more forcibly reminded of the definition given by a good lady, who said: "A cigar is a roll of tobacco, which is of no possible use, unless

there is fire at one end and a fool at the other!"

But I have heard many a man say, "I know that tobacco is good for me." You know it is good for you? when the Lord himself says pointedly that it "is *not* good for man." Rather say that an evil habit is leading you captive, but don't charge God with folly, or of saying that which is untrue.

Said a Sunday-school teacher: "In my class were two fine lads, of equal abilities; they both promised to become useful members of society. I urged them, on their going apprentice, amongst other good advice, 'to abstain from strong drink and never to smoke.' One of them faithfully followed my advice, and is now a faithful and well-to-do employer, and an active member of a Christian Church; the other *would* both drink and smoke, but he *intended* only to do this *moderately*. He is now a miserable sot."

Neither of these boys had ever read the "word of wisdom," but one of them understood and practiced some of its precepts, and became a useful and happy man; the other *thought* he knew that a *little* tobacco and a *little* strong drink would be good for him. Behold the result! Verily, God is infinitely wiser than we, and "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" therefore, his "word of wisdom," let us ever gladly heed.

With Br. Joseph's permission, I will leave an appointment to "preach" *here* again in two weeks, when, the Lord willing, I hope to be able to consider some of the blessings attending obedience to the instructions given in the revelation under consideration.

UNCLE HARVEY.

A TRUE HERO.

WHEN Lord Cornwallis was in Hanover County, La Fayette, whom he was following, felt desirous of ascertaining his intentions and movements. For this purpose he sent for a soldier in his own army, named Charley Morgan, and requested him to turn deserter and go over to the English camp in the capacity of a spy. Charley consented to undertake this perilous duty, provided La Fayette would vindicate his character (in case he was discovered and hanged) by publishing in a Jersey newspaper that his General had sent him to the English camp. This La Fayette promised to do. Charley accordingly deserted, and on reaching the British army was seized and carried before Lord Cornwallis. "What was your motive in deserting?" asked his lordship. "Well, my lord," said Charley, "while Washington was my commander I was satisfied with the American service; but I have no notion of serving a Frenchman. I never undertook it, and

won't do it." "I commend your spirit. I should refuse obedience myself were I in your place." Charley was a good soldier, diligent in the performance of duty, and never suspected by his new associates. But nothing escaped him. He carefully observed all that was going on. One day he observed Cornwallis walking up and down in earnest conversation with a group of officers. Stopping suddenly he called to Charley, who fancied he was found out. "How long will it take La Fayette to cross James' river?" Charley paused for a few seconds, and then said: "Three hours, my lord." "Three hours!" said his lordship, in astonishment; "if you had said three days you would be nearer the truth." "No, my lord," said Charley; "the Frenchman has so many boats and so many men. If your lordship will be at the trouble of calculation you will find he can cross in three hours." His lordship turned to the officers, saying, as he walked away: "The scheme will not do." Charley deemed it now full time to return to La Fayette. Seated in the guard-room one night, he produced a bottle of rum, which he shared freely with his comrades. He complained as he drank, of the scanty rations and hard and constant duties of the British service, and contrasted it with the American, where the duties were light, the rations abundant, and the grog without stint. "I'm tired of this service. Will you come with me, and I'll desert?" They agreed, and left the camp with Charley. In getting out of the British lines, it was necessary to pass the sentinels. Charley approached the first sentinel in a very friendly manner, gave him a bottle of rum, which the sentinel seized and applied to his lips. The sentinel approved the flavor, and laid down his musket to enjoy the precious nectar, by putting two hands to the bottle. Charley seized the musket, and whispered: "I'll blow out your brains if you don't come with me." The soldier submitted to the necessity, and accompanied Charley to the French camp. When he reached the American army he was brought to headquarters, where La Fayette, on seeing him, cried out; "Ha! Charley, have you returned?" "I have, please, your excellency, and brought seven more along with me." When Charley related what he had seen and why he returned, La Fayette offered him money, but he respectfully declined the gold, and said: "Give me back my musket, and I'll be content." The marquis then proposed to promote him, but he refused promotion, saying: "I have abilities suited to my present rank, and have a good character; should I be invested with command I may not act so well, and thus lose my character. But if you will give my poor comrades shoes, stockings, and warm clothing

you will greatly oblige me, sir; the poor fellows are in very bad plight." Charley was one of those to whom these States are indebted for their liberty, who had not a particle of vanity in their composition, who started from obscurity into the blaze of renown by the sudden performance of some extraordinary action, which was necessary to the success of the cause, and then hid themselves in the shade, fell back into obscurity, and trod the beaten path of unrecorded duty, negligent of glory, and oblivious of their danger. In a word, Charley did his duty as a frank, honest, faithful soldier—did it by night as well as by day, in the absence as well as in the presence of his officer; never missed his aim, and never fired a shot that was not necessary.

HARDY AND FOOL-HARDY.

CHAPTER VI.

WE did not feel very gay or lively as we set off towards the Colonel's house; but though we were steady and quiet, I am sure I felt a hundred times happier than I did that morning, and I think Bertie was the same. I think, too, that he guessed what I was going to see the colonel for, though I did not say a word, and he knew I would rather be alone when I said it, for he stopped in the stable-yard to speak to Bersiker, while I followed the sound of the colonel's voice into the stable. He was talking to a man, and standing by the side of Harkaway, who kept putting back his ears, and rubbing his nose against the colonel's arm in a loving sort of way, for he knew and loved his master, and the colonel had a great liking for old Harkaway in a secret corner of his heart. The colonel gave me a nod as I came in, and then went on talking to the man and to the groom who stood near; and the man kept feeling Harkaway's legs, and looking at his mouth; and as I watched and listened, I soon found out that the colonel was going to sell Harkaway, and this man was to be the buyer if they could agree to terms. There was a good deal of discussion about the sum, as the colonel named the price and stuck to it, and would not come down a bit, though the man went on trying to beat him down. It was not even settled when the man left, and the last thing he said was, "Well, good-day, colonel, may be you'll think better of the price in a day or two."

"Good-day to you, Mr. Jones," was the answer; "that's my price, and a day or two will make no difference."

"Well, Tom," he went on when the man was gone, "have you come to say good-bye to old Harkaway? You will not have another chance."

"You won't let that man have him?"

"Yes," he said, smoothing down the horse's sleek, shining neck, "he will come to my price to-morrow morning, and then the old horse will go."

"Why should he go?"

"Ah! Tom, reason enough, I think, and you should be the first to say let him go."

"Don't let him go, colonel—don't!"

"What! keep him, Tom, and let him run away again and perhaps kill some one?"

"But he won't do it again."

"How can I tell that? If he ran away with no reason one day, he may do it again, and do more mischief, and my only excuse last time was, that I did not know he had the trick."

Then there was a silence, and the colonel kept stroking down Harkaway, and at last I said—and my voice did not sound like a brave voice, but very low and indistinct,—“But there was a reason.”

"Eh?" The colonel turned round quickly. He had quite forgotten what we had been talking of: "Reason for what?"

"It was my fault," I stammered out.

"What was?"

"Harkaway."

"Harkaway was your fault! Why, what on earth does the boy mean?"

"I mean Harkaway's running away."

"Was your fault?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I whipped him and teased him."

"Why did you not say so sooner?"

I hung my head and was silent.

"He would have stood quiet if you had left him alone?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what a lie is, Tom?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Telling an untruth," I murmured out.

"Ah!" he said, "but it means something else, and that is, acting an untruth, and that is every bit as bad; and that is what you did when you let me blame myself and praise you. Do you see, Tom?"

But I could not answer. I leant my head against the side of the stall, and tried to keep back the tears out of my eyes, and the sobs from my throat, but they would come. The colonel sat down on the corn-bin and pulled me over to him.

"Tom," he said, "my boy, cheer up. It is something to have told the truth now; for it was not easy, I am sure, and all the more difficult because you put off doing it for a fortnight."

"I'm so sorry," I began—but soon broke down.

"Ah, Tom, you'll never be sorry if you speak the truth, pleasant or not, like a man. 'Speak the truth and shame the devil!' they say, you know. It's a fine thing, to have plenty of pluck in danger, but it is a better thing still to be morally brave, and that is what you must learn to be."

I cannot tell you all he said as he sat on the corn-bin in the stable, with Harkaway looking out of the loose box, with eyes that seemed to understand all about it; but I shall always remember it, mixed up in my mind with what mother said that last evening at home.

As we came out into the yard, the colonel's hand resting on my shoulder, I said, "And you won't sell Harkaway now?—will you?"

And the colonel called out to the groom, "Here, William, just ride over to Mr. Jones, and tell him that I have altered my mind and mean to keep the horse."

A NOBLE REVENGE.

THE coffin was a plain one—a poor, miserable, pine coffin. No flowers on its top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed down the top.

"You can't—get out of the way; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one moment," cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the chariot box; and as he gazed into the rough face, agonized tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which a childish bloom ever lingered. Oh, it was painful to hear him cry, "Only once, let me see my mother only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stopped, panting with grief and rage, his blue eyes distended, his lips sprung apart, a fire glittering through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent screamed, "When I am a man I will kill you for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child. A monument, much stronger than granite, was built in his boy heart to the memory of the heartless deed.

* * * * *

The court-house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any man appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of

strange intelligence blending with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward, with a firm tread and kindly eye, to plead for the erring and friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence;—the splendor of his genius entranced—convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir; I can not."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No; I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible.—*Sunday School Herald.*

ALPHABETICAL LESSON.

A stands for *Alma*, *Amulek* as well; In preaching the gospel few did them excel; With *Ammon* and *Aaron*, whose souls did delight In Christ their Redeemer, defending the right.

B for King *Benjamin*, humble and kind, Who taught all his subjects salvation to find.

C stands for *Chemish*, who little did say, Concerning the people that lived in his day.

D for *director*, a compass to show The people of *Lehi* the way they should go.

E stands for *Ether*, who dwelt in a cave, Escaped by commandment his life for to save.

F stands for *famine* that raged in the land, To humble the wicked, God's prophet's demand.

G stands for *Gideon*, one faithful and true, For which cruel *Nehor* with wicked hands slew.

H stands for *Helaman*, who marched at the head Of two thousand striplings to fight; it is said Their mothers had taught them God's word not to doubt, And so by his power the foe they did rout.

I stands for *Isabel*, whose acts I'll not name, Suffice it to say she was one of ill fame.

J stands for *Jared*, who God did command To come with his brethren the first to this land.

K stands for *Korihor*, who wanted a sign, The Lord struck him blind and left him to pine.

M for *Moroni*, who hid in the earth The record of *Lehi*, by Joseph brought forth, God's latter day prophet, apostle and seer, A witness to all that Jesus is near.

N stands for *Nephi*, a meek, honest heart, Who in the true gospel in life played his part, Appeared to Joseph in visions of night, To cheer him in bringing the gospel to light.

O stands for *Oriahah*, a king truly wise, Who taught by example the gospel to prize.

P stands for *Pahoran*, chief judge of the land, Whom *Kishkumen* slew and fled to his band.

Q denotes *quarrels*, oft ending in blood, From sin that had entered man's heart like a flood.

R stands for *robbers*, infesting the land, Led by *Gadianon*, a strong, vicious band.

S stands for King *Shule*, who fought who with his might, His judgment the writer informs us was right.

T for *Teancum*, a man of great fame, Who fought for sweet freedom and died for the same.

U denotes *union*, a pearl of great worth; Without it division brings misery and death.

V denotes *vision*, a gift unto all That bow to the gospel and on the Lord call.

W denoteth the *wall* strongly laid, Around the great city where *Nephi* oft prayed.

X is a *something* I cannot well say, But leave it for others in some future day.

Y is for *yonder*, the mansions above, Where Jesus is watching our movements in love.

Z stands for *Zion*, a city when reared, Its inmates all waiting for Jesus prepared.

WISHPFUL.

PRINCE, AGAIN.

UNCLE A. used to drive Prince to a double wagon, sometimes with Brown Kit, sometimes with Florence, and sometimes with his first mate, Beler; and with all these he was the same fiery, untamed, proud-spirited horse. Uncle A. used sometimes to put the saddle on Prince and ride him, but it was hard work to stay on his back

when he felt mischievous and skittish. He once stumbled and threw Uncle A. over his head into the dust of the road.

After a time, however, Prince grew so fond of Uncle A. that he would always welcome him with a neigh whenever he came to the stable; whether it were day or night, it did not matter, Prince would always neigh gladly at the approach of Uncle A.

Kindness and steady, calm treatment made Prince a good, serviceable horse; unkind and harsh treatment would have made him a dangerous, intractable animal. Uncle A. always profited by the experience he gained in taking care of and driving Prince.

HOW TO CURE A GOSSIP; OR, LOTTIE AND I ARE IN.

Of course we are in, now-a-days, for our respective husbands are off to the Thousand Islands, drowning their grief at our day's absence in the noble St. Lawrence. We are keeping the hens off our gardens by day and the frost by night. Lottie is getting her cistern repaired, and I our leaky roof. Charming letters we get by every post, breathing of love, high living, and good fishing. The fall sewing and soap making and cleaning are upon us, making things lively between the epistles. It has got out somehow that Lottie and I were out with our sketch-books. All the women in town are sympathizing with John Smith and Fred Boyd—"such nice men, but so neglected!" Lottie has just been in, and says Mother Dibble is around, and busy. She'll find us busy when she calls, if two women are worth anything at planning.

* * * It rained fiercely yesterday afternoon. I put on an old calico dress, John's old coat, and went out to gather rain water, for we have no cistern. I dodged about quite lively, putting a pail under here, a tub under there, a pan over yonder, and boiler somewhere else. Then, taking John's dull axe, I commenced pounding an old, leaky eave trough, to make it leak faster. I saw a large umbrella coming, with a woman under it—Mrs. Dibble; I was glad. She ran in at the front door and I at the back, ostensibly to get out of the rain, both of us.

"What is up Mrs. Smith? You out in this rain?"

"Yes, and you too, I see Mrs. Dibble. Glad to see you! Sit down." (I was glad that time). I proceeded—"I've gathered five barrels of rain water, Mrs. Dibble. I shall need it about my soap and cleaning. I count myself good on soft soap Mrs. Dibble. See there," and I held a spoonful of soap up before her astonished vision, and let it drizzle down into the saucer, the old-fashioned way. John's old coat, yes, and hat, and my bedrabbled skirts, gave me the appearance of a genuine soap-boiler.

"Well, now, I'll give it up, Mrs. Smith. Can you set up a leach, tend it, keep up the fires, thin and thicken, till the soap is just right? I'm astonished."

"Oh, that's nothing, Mrs. Dibble; I'm used to it. But really, I must get off these wet clothes and attend to my bread. My girl is gone to-day." (You see I sent her away on purpose).

I soon made myself tidy, and returned with a nice, warm, white loaf to show Mrs. Dibble—woman-fashion.

"And you make sich bread?"

"Yes, and the butter we eat on it, too, Mrs. Dibble!"

"Can you say, conscientiously, that you can strain, skim, churn, gather, pat, wash down, take up and work over—do the whole thing?"

"Of course, Mrs. Dibble. Is that considered a feat in Tannerfield?"

"No, Mrs. Smith. Most women here know how to do all these things—but then—somehow—well there—we all thought you and that little Mrs. Boyd didn't know nothing but pictures and stories. And now don't be mad, but there's lots

said about it, and I'll blow my trumpet for you hereafter—see if I don't!"

I just laughed, and proposed a walk over to Lottie's as the shower was over, and she was about to go home. What a plight we found Lottie in! Carpet rags a foot deep scattered over the floor. Lottie seated us and kept right on tearing. I had to bite my lips, however, as I saw, sticking out from under the cushion of the lounge—where she had hastily tucked it when she saw us coming—her sketch-book. Lottie saw it too, and throwing the skirt of her dress over it asked me—"Does your roof leak now?"

I took the hint, and complained of the perplexities of a woman being obliged to order shingles and a shingler, sand, lime, and a plasterer. "But," I said, "I hate a leaky roof, and I thought I would do it while Mr. Smith was gone. A man so hates to get at any such thing."

"That woman beats all," said Mrs. Dibble to Lottie, wiping her spectacles.

"She can't begin with with me, Mrs. Dibble," said Lottie laughingly. "I got water lime—think of that—sand, a ladder, and a man, to fix our cistern, and it don't leak a bit now; and we are scrimping on tea, Mrs. Dibble—tea, to make things come out even!"

"Waal, tea is a thing I won't be scrimped on. I'll have my tea—two dollar tea—green tea as long as my name is Dibble," and she looked at the clock, smacked her lips, and went home to put the tea-kettle on. After she had gone, Lottie said, half pettishly:

"Do help me get these rags packed back in Aunt Jane's chest. I don't know what she would say to see her carpet rags strewn around in this manner, she's so old-maidish. They served my purpose well. Guess our reputation is established now; but I do wish we could be allowed to serve God, our families, and ourselves as our conscience dictates, and no fear of being discussed by the Tannerfield tea-party folks."

PHYSIOLOGY.—NO. VII.

Anatomy of the Intestinal Canal.—The intestinal canal is a tube varying in length from twenty-five to thirty feet, or even more in some persons. This tube is divided into two sections, the small and the large intestines; the first section, or small intestines, are divided for the sake of convenience in describing them, into three portions, called the *Duodenum*, *Jejunum* and *Ileum*. The canal in all its parts, has an inner mucous membrane, a middle muscular coat, much thinner than that of the stomach, and an outer coating of serous or watery membrane, the peritoneum, it being a continuation of that which covers the stomach.

The Lacteals and Mesentery.—This peritoneal is reflected off from the back part of the tube, in its whole length, forming a double fold of the membrane called the *Mesentery*, which binds the whole intestinal apparatus firm to the posterior wall of the abdomen. The space between these folds of the peritoneum forming the mesentery is filled with a net-work of blood vessels, nerves, and a class of vessels called lacteals. These vessels communicate with the mucous surface of the intestines, and carry a milky fluid containing the nutritious part of the food, in a dissolved state. The lacteals, in their passage through the mesentery, form clusters called mesenteric glands, in which the lacteal fluid undergoes an important change, by which it acquires many of the properties of the blood.

Colon and Ileo-colic Valve.—The large intestines differ materially in their form from the small. There are contractions at short intervals, making the tube smaller at those points, and forming an enlargement or kind of cell between them. The small intestines do not enter the large in a continuous line, but appear as if the ileum was spliced on the side of the large intestines at a point three or four inches from its end. At this connection, or junction, the lips of the opening are elongated or lengthened inward, so as to form

a perfect valve, which permits the contents of the small intestines to pass into the large, but arrests or stops all passage in the opposite direction. This is called the Ileo-colic valve.

Direction of the Colon.—The closed end of the intestine lying back of this valve is called the caecum, and that portion which lies forward of it is the colon. The colon is divided into three sections—the ascending colon, rising on the right side nearly to the stomach; the transverse colon, extending across the abdomen below the stomach; and the descending colon, passing down the left side to the rectum, which is the last division of the large intestines, and termination or end of the intestinal canal.

We will now talk about the liver and its use. The liver is the largest gland of the body. It is situated immediately below the diaphragm and mostly on the right side of the body. Its office is to separate from the blood a slightly tenaceous or sticky, yellow fluid, called bile, which is collected into the gall bladder, and from thence passed into the duodenum, a short distance below the stomach.

The pancreas is a long, slender gland, lying under the convex surface of the stomach, and secreting a fluid nearly resembling saliva which it throws into the duodenum.

The Process of Digestion.—The food being converted into chyme in the stomach and passed through the pylorus into the duodenum, is mixed with the pancreatic fluid, which serves to dilute it and convert it into sugar. The bile being alkaline from the soda which it contains, neutralizes any acid which the chyme may have brought from the stomach; it also dissolves the oily portions of the food. E. M. WILDERMUTH.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SUNDAY SCHOOL is something we like to see or hear of in every Branch of the Church. A good Sunday School speaks well for the members of a Branch, and is a good index to the interest they feel in the moral training, and spiritual growth of the little Hopes, whom God has committed to their trust. It shows that—parents—Saints, have a conception of their duty, a sense—in some degree—of the obligation under which they rest; to train the children up in the fear and admonition of the Lord, the way in which they should go, namely, to love God, and to speak the truth, for "the words of a tale bearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts." But "A wise man feareth and departeth from evil."

Trusting the Saints in every quarter will fully arouse to a discharge of their duties to the young, we will close by saying; the Omaha, (Nebraska), Saints came boldly to the front on the 21st of June, and organized a Sunday School in their Branch, with Br. Samuel Sylvester as Superintendent, Br. Wm. Rumel, Assistant, and Sr. E. E. Sylvester, Secretary. Saints, you who have not gone, but can, for the children's sake, go and do likewise.

HEAVEN BLESS THE CHILDREN.

SOME way we always feel a little nearer Heaven's door, when surrounded by a group of bright and happy children. Three little sunny heads came to us, with eyes like the summer skies, but they did not linger long. The angels called them to a fairer clime, and our home was left silent. No pattering of little feet to break the silent hush.

There was other work for us—and now we can think of them while the task is being done; secured from every ill—"Our treasures in heaven."

Little bright eyes look in as they are passing, and when we are not too busy, we open the door and invite them in. A happy thought occurred, to dress a lot of dolls and place on the show case or near the window, to linger near.

We like to watch them, and hear their com-

ments. One little blue-eyes would prefer a china doll, "because she can put it on the floor and play with it without the fear of spoiling it." So she wants Little Fairy. A black-eyed sprite would like "Lilly of the Valley," "because her eyes so blue and pretty—and she is dressed so nice." Another wants "Rose," "because she is queen and looks so proud;" and one wants "Lilly" if she could afford it, but would be satisfied with "Violet." Here is forethought and prudence.

Another little Miss says, "I intend to have Lilly or one just as nice—so I shall not trouble myself about the cost." Thus while the children take pleasure in observing the dolls, I study the children and find quite as much pleasure as they. Sunday morning I heard a rush of little feet and then the cry of disappointment, "Oh! the curtain is down, and we cannot see them!" I felt tempted to raise the curtain, but from some word concluded they had stolen away from mama and thought it best to let them return before they were missed. Bless their hearts; I wish I had nothing to do but make them happy. Heaven bless and keep them from harm. MAUD.

LITERAL ANSWERS.

A LADY noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt: "Now, that's benevolence." "No, it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignantly; "it's salt."

So, when a lady asked her servant girl if the hired man cleaned off the snow with alacrity, she replied: "No, ma'am, he used a shovel."

A very polite and impressive gentleman said to a youth in the street: "Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?" "Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully. "Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?" "I have not the least idea, your honor, said the urchin.

"Did you ever see an elephant's skin," inquired a teacher of an infant class. "I have," exclaimed one. "Where?" asked the teacher. "On the elephant," said the boy, laughing.

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" said Flora. Her brother replied: "I think they are going to thunder."

"Halloo there! How do you sell your wood?" "By the cord?" "How long has it been cut?" "Four feet." "I mean how long has it been since you cut it?" "No longer than it is now."

This reminds one of an instance which is said to have occurred recently in Chatham Street, where a countryman was besieged by a shopkeeper. "Have you any fine shirts?" asked the countryman. "A splendid assortment. Step in, sir. Every price and every style. The cheapest in the market, sir." "Are they clean?" "To be sure, sir." "Then," said the countryman, with great gravity, "you had better put one on, for you need it."

WANTED "TO BE IN."

A PASTOR was in his study, absorbed in preparing for the Sabbath, when he heard little feet patter up to the door, and try to knock. At first he took no notice, but by-and-by, thinking there might be some important message, he arose and opened the door.

"What do you want, my little boy?"

"The little fellow looked up and faltered out, "I came,—to be in."

Who could resist that plea? The door was opened wide, the little boy climbed into an easy chair, and nestled down quiet and unobtrusive, perfectly contented "to be in," in his father's presence.

There are Christians, whose delight it is to be in the company of Jesus. Like the child, they come to Jesus wanting "to be in"—in his spirit, in his presence, constantly.

Happy they whose contentment is undisturbed because they abide with him they love.—*ScL.*

THE NEW VERSION.

SOME boys were not long since reading the seventh chapter of Matthew, and one of them read the thirteenth verse: "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wine is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat."

The little fellow blushed at his mistake, but we advised the boys to think seriously of the rendering.—*Little Star.*

PASSING AWAY.

The train of life is passing
Down a steep and rugged way,
And we who on it travel,
Do swiftly pass away.

Are we prepared for the journey?
We passengers of this train?
For after we are all on board,
We can ne'er return again.

We are passing, swiftly passing,
Away from toil and sin.
Are we trying to gain the crown
That the purely righteous win?

Do we try to please the Master?
The conductor of this train?
So when we reach our journey's end
We're free from toil and pain?

I for one am trying;
The train does move too fast;
Before we hardly know it,
We're there all safe at last.

All safely landed at the gate,
Can all of us go in?
Can we all partake the marriage feast,
The supper of the Lamb?

We're all invited to the feast,
And if we start prepared,
And ever keep a watchful eye,
We may this glory share.

To sit down with the Lamb of God,
The marriage feast all spread,
The saints of glory all around,
The Savior at the head.

CHRISTIE GAMET.

Correspondence.

STILLWATER, R. I., June 28, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—It is with pleasure that I attempt to write a few lines for *Zion's Hope*. This is my first attempt I have made to write for our little paper. It is a good one too, and for that reason I think it is worth an effort to send a few lines to it. I have been receiving it for over two years. My father and mother were both members of the old Church in England. But when they began to preach polygamy, father and mother desired to withdraw from the Church, which they did. My mother has been in the Church a number of years, and she tries to keep the commandments of God as well as she can. She rejoices in the glorious gospel; she says it is meat and drink to her, and that she thinks that if she had not been a Latter Day Saint she would not be living now. Father and I were baptized at Fall River, Mass.

A few months ago, we thought we were not going to receive any more *Heralds* or *Hopes*, but we are receiving them all right, and we promise you that we will renew our subscription.

I remain yours forever in the gospel,
ABRAM BREARLEY.

VINSENS, Illinois, July 7, 1874.

Uncle Joseph:—Enclosed you will find thirty cents. It was all I could send at present, for the *Hope*. I had a note written and this money ready when I got the first of July number. I was surprised at it when I first got it; till I saw the call for "help!" then I understood why it was sent. The reason I was surprised was, I did not expect any more papers until I renewed my subscription. From M. M. SHUPE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA,

Dear Hopes:—I have just returned home from Sunday School, and I thought perhaps you would like to hear something of its condition. Our school is prosperous, having an average attendance of thirty, who are divided into five classes. Some of us have lessons in the Book of Mormon, some in the New Testament, and one class of small scholars have the Primer for their lesson book. Though our attendance is small, all those who do come show by their regular attendance, that they are interested in the school. We had a school picnic last Friday, in one of the shady groves near the city, where all seemed to enjoy themselves in the several games and amusements.

We are trying to keep in the way that will secure

us the crown that is promised as a reward to those who keep the commands of our Father in Heaven. While we are in the world, and are exposed to the temptations of it. We are trying to overcome, and keep ourselves free from its evils. For myself, I love our school, and never feel to regret that I am connected with it or the Church. I know that God has blessed me many times, and that too, when I have not deserved it, because I did not ask for His blessing. And if he thus blesses us, should we not always try to be deserving of his blessing, by being kind and obedient to our parents? having charity for the faults of our companions? and for those who wrong us, doing unto them as we would have them do unto us?

"Then let us be pure as the lillies,
And joyous and glad as the rose,
So when Jesus selecteth his jewels,
In Zion we'll find our repose."

That we may, is ever the desire of your brother,
WILLIE.

SHELburn, Sullivan, Co., Ind. July 8, 1874.

Dear Little *Hope*:—This is my first attempt to write to you. I do love to read the letters in the *Hope*. I look for them first. We have no meetings or Sunday-school of the Saints here. There is a nice day-school here, and I go to it. I will try to tell you more next time. Good bye for the present.

BERTA BURNETT.

FARMINGTON, Iowa, July 1, 1874.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am happy to form your acquaintance through the columns of our good little paper. I have been taking the *Hope* six months, and have become so attached to it that I cannot do without it. Little Hopes, let us do all we can for our paper; writing what we can, and in sending good selections, and try to increase its circulation as much as possible. In so doing, good seed will be sown, that will be ready for the harvest in course of time. I am twelve years old; am not a member of the Church, but love to go to meeting with ma and pa. They have been members a few months.

Little readers, Did you ever go to a basket meeting? If you have not, you do not know how nice it is. I attended String Prairie Conference with ma and pa. On Sunday, at eleven and three, meeting was held in the grove, on the banks of the Des Moines. We had a refreshing rain the evening before; all nature was robed in loveliness; the rustic pulpit was ornamented with beautiful bouquet's of roses. Dinner was served in pic nic style; all were invited to partake. After three o'clock meeting, a lady and her little girl were baptized in the sparkling waters of the Des Moines, which added solemnity to the occasion. I think there is no place so suitable for meeting in the summer as a grove. "The woods were God's first temples." But I fear I am writing too much. I will close with best wishes to the Editor and all the little Hopes.

LULA JOHNSON.

ANAGRAM.—No. 1.

Ogd veisg su ruo eedorfm ot cta sa ew cosech,
Uth het iripts fo ghilt eh ilwl evern fseuer;
Hll'e edhe eth ekem icove, atht olwsf omfr hte reath,
Reut sodimw nad wdglneko, eh ehtn iwll ptraim,
Wchhi kaemth raf pipearh, hnat a Ene qu no ehr rothen
Sdhous voretpty, irgub rof erh lowilp a ontse.

KERCAELY.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited \$228	27 Francis Peglen	.. \$0 15
I. W. Peglen	.. 10 Charles Cook	.. 25
Ellen Medley	.. 25 Albert Holasworth	.. 25
Reuben Archer	.. 25 E. J. Street	.. 25
E. Wade	.. 10 Mary Wade	.. 5
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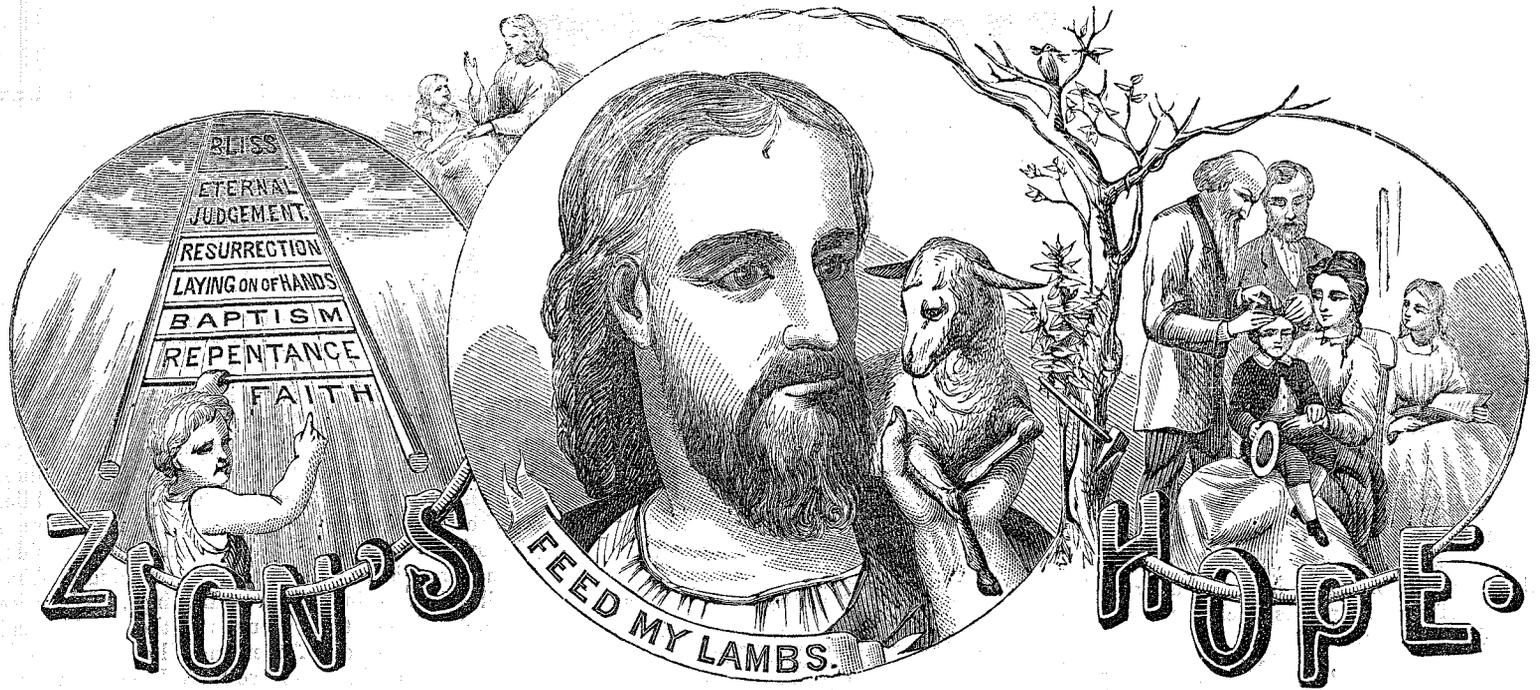
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

ALL along the pathway of life we are liable to meet with trials, disappointments, adversities and afflictions, which when we are passing through, or suffering them, appear to be great evils to us; and we wonder why it is, that we have to suffer such things; why it is that our trials are so great, our disappointments so many, and our afflictions so grievous to be borne.

How often people mourn over their disappointments and afflictions, little dreaming that they are blessings in disguise; and very often, (if we are trying to say, from the heart, "Father, thy will be done"), we find that out of what seemed to be a great evil, great good has come forth to us.

These afflictions are so many chastenings out of which blessings may spring, if we despise them not. The Apostle says, "No chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Those who are exercised thereby, are they who "despise not the chastening of the Lord."

After we have seen our brightest prospects blasted and our fondest and most cherished earthly hopes destroyed, and we left standing in the valley of misfortune. But having been taught in childhood, to look up to God, as the great source of good; we sought unto him, and "in the day of adversity considered," and found to our joy, that disappointment had brought resignation to the will and providence of God, and that through the misfortune, we had been saved from a pursuit that would have led us further and further from the way that leads to life; and that the realization of our cherished hopes might have wrought the ruin of our souls. Often we have been led to thank God for his blessings which came to us, as it were, through clouds and storm.

How bright these blessings have often seemed, when being viewed through tears of gratitude, and enjoyed by a heart, broken with the loss of earthly hopes, but enriched in the inner man with that hope that reaches out and up to the joys of the blest, where we will be secure from clouds, storms, afflictions, and heart-aches to which we are subject here.

Many years ago we learned an important lesson. It was simple, but beautiful and grand in its teachings to us. In substance, it was something like this:—

A couple of artists were frescoing the dome of a large cathedral. They were at work on a staging about eighty feet above the pavement. In the process, one of the painters had completed a

beautiful design, upon which he had expended much time and patience, calling into requisition his utmost abilities. In exhausting the richness of his profession upon the design, and having exceeded his most sanguine expectation, he was wrapped in wonder at his own achievements, and so absorbed was he, in the enjoyment of what he had wrought, and in order that he might drink deeper of the pleasure of his success, and enter more fully into the joys his own triumph was affording, he kept, unconsciously, receding from the picture, feasting his mind upon the variations, and wonderful effects of light and shade, until, in his backward retreat, he arrived near the edge of the staging—one step more would have hurled him to the pavement below, and from the shore of time. But at this juncture his comrade turned, and saw the situation of his friend, his eminent danger and certain death, unless the spell should be instantly broken. So with the thought he hurled a large paint brush at the object of his friend's admiration and worship, utterly ruining the design, upon which so much had been expended. Struck with surprise at such a friendless, ruthless act, (as he thought), he fell forward in horror, at the blasting of his highest earthly hope; only at length to rise in thankfulness to his friend, for the preservation of his life, though it was at so great a cost, to him, of labor, talent and present achievement.

So what seemed to the artist, at first, a great misfortune and evil, proved to be a blessing in disguise.

And so it is with many of the afflictions in life.

At first it may seem strange that our heavenly Father would send or allow such things to come upon us. But how happily we rise, when we learn that the affliction was but an arm of mercy extended to raise us from impending evil.

UNCLE M.

THE BOY AND THE BOATMEN.

A YOUNG lad was once rowing me across the Merrimack river in a boat. Some boatmen, going down the river with lumber, had drawn up their boat and anchored it in the spot where the boy wished to land me.

"There!" he exclaimed "those boatmen have left their boat right in my way."

"What did they do that for?" I asked.

"On purpose to plague me," said he; "But I will cut it loose, and let it go down the river. I would have them know I can be as ugly as they can."

"But, my lad," said I, "you should not plague them because they plague you. Because they

are ugly to you, it is no reason you should be to them. Besides, how do you know they did it to vex and trouble you?"

"But they had no business to leave it there—it is against the rules," said he.

"True," I replied, "and you have no business to send their boat down the river. Would it not be better to ask them to remove it out of the way?"

"They will not comply if I do," said the angry boy, "and they will do so again."

"Well, try it once," said I. "Just run your boat a little above or a little below theirs, and see if they will not favor you when they see you disposed to give way to accommodate them."

The boy complied, and when the men in the boat saw the little fellow quietly and pleasantly pulling at his oars, to run the boat ashore above them, they took hold and helped him, and wheeled their boat around and gave him all the chance he wished.

Thus, by submitting pleasantly to what he believed was done to vex him, the boy prevented a quarrel. Had he cut the rope at that time and place, and let their boat loose, it would have done the boatmen much damage. There would have been a fight, and many would have been drawn into it. But the boy, who considered himself the injured party, prevented it by a kind and pleasant submission to the injury.—*A Kiss for a Blow.*

THE BEAVER.

A WONDERFUL creature is the Beaver. In instinct, peculiar; in aptness, remarkable; in usefulness, as a producer of fur and perfume, of immense commercial value.

The common beaver (*castor fiber*) belongs to the family of Rodents, or Gnawers, and is, in fact, a very superior kind of rat, found in the northern parts of Europe and Asia, and in great numbers in north America. It is generally believed that there is but one species of true Beaver, and that the creatures known by that name in the Old World and New, are identical, though there are certain small differences observable in the color and texture of their fur, and even the form.

The Beaver lives in societies, varying considerably in number, and united together in the formation of works which fairly entitle them to take rank as engineers. They prefer to make their habitations by small creeks and rivers, or close to large springs, or on the banks of lakes—anywhere, so there is plenty of water and small danger of disturbance or encroachment by their great enemy—man.

In one particular they evince something so like

reason, that the possession of that noble attribute can scarcely be denied them. When they find the water too low or insufficient in quantity, they make real dams, and so raise it to the required level. These dams are composed of branches, mud, and stones, and, in order to resist the action of the water, they make them ten or twelve feet in thickness at the base, and gradually narrow them towards the top, where they seldom exceed a foot or two in width. When the different parts of the stream run with varying velocity, the dam is really a triumph of engineering skill; for wherever the stream is gentle, the dam is built straight across it; but wherever the stream runs smartly, the dam is curved so as to present a curved surface to its force. It often happens that when a dam has been made for some years, its dimensions become very large, in consequence of the trees and branches intercepted by it, and in process of time it sprouts thickly with vegetation, and even trees.

In forming the dam, the Beaver does not thrust the ends of the stakes into the bed of the river, as it is supposed, but lays them down horizontally, and keeps them in their place by heaping stones and mud upon them. The logs of which the dam is composed are about three feet in length, and vary extremely in thickness. Generally, they are about six or seven inches in diameter, but they have been known to measure no less than eighteen inches. An almost incredible number are required for the completion of one dam, as a single dam will sometimes be three hundred yards in length, ten or twelve feet at the bottom, and of a height varying according to the depth of water.

Before employing the logs in this structure, the Beavers take care to separate the bark, which they carry away, and lay up for a winter's store of food.

Near the dams are built the Beaver-houses, or "lodges," as they are termed; edifices as remarkable in their way as that which has just been mentioned. They are chiefly composed of branches, moss and mud, and will accommodate five or six Beavers together. The form of an ordinary Beaver's lodge is circular, and its cavity is about seven feet in diameter, by three feet in height. The walls of this structure are extremely thick, so that the external measurement of the same lodges will be fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, and seven or eight feet in height. The roofs are all finished off with a thick layer of mud, laid on with marvelous smoothness, and carefully renewed every year. As this compost of mud, moss and branches is congealed into a solid mass by the severe frosts of a North American winter, it forms a very sufficient defence against the attacks of the Beaver's great enemy, the wolferrine, and cannot readily be broken through, even with the help of iron tools. The precise manner in which the Beavers perform their various tasks is not easy to discern, as the animals work only in the dark.

Around the lodges the Beavers excavate a rather large ditch, too deep to be entirely frozen, and into this ditch the various lodges open, so that the inhabitants can pass in or out without hindrance. This precaution is the more necessary, as they are poor pedestrians, and never travel by land as long as they can swim by water. Each lodge is inhabited by a small number of Beavers, the beds of which are arranged against the wall, each bed being separated, and the center of the chamber being left unoccupied.

In order to secure a store of winter food, the Beavers take a vast number of small logs, and carefully fasten them under the water in the close vicinity of their lodges. When a Beaver feels hunger, he dives to the store heap, carries it to a sheltered and dry spot, and nibbles the bark away, and then either permits the stripped log to float down the stream, or applies it to the dam.

THE appetite for intoxicating stimulants seems to be one that no human power can subdue. "Of 500,000 men who have taken the pledge in the United States," says Dr. Chambers, on the authority of the *Band of Hope Review*, "350,000 have broken it."

THE MAGIC PITCHER.

It was once on a time, as the story books say,
There lived in the Schwarzwald a Baron so gay,
So jovial and hearty, so fond of good cheer,
He spent all his days there in hunting the deer;
His evenings he spent at his Schloss, where, I'm thinking,
But little went on besides eating and drinking:
And old chroniclers tell us—and they ought to know—
That the 'carryings on' there were not *comme il faut*.
It was long, long ago—at a most remote date—
When the matter occurred which I have to relate;
It was long before days of madness and worry,
Engendered with railways with Bradshaw and Murray;
Long before there were tables at which you might bet,
Or could loose half a fortune each day at roulette—
Or they made cuckoo-clocks and those horrid cigars:
Or the 'Fuhrer' was written by Dr. Carl Schnars;
In short, long before we arrived at that line meant
By moderns whenever they talk of refinement.
The depths of the forest were mossy and sodden,
The trees were unwhewn and the grass was untrod
There was scarcely a hut or a human abode,
There was hardly a pathway, and much less a road!
Whilst the glades were so haunted with spirits of evil,
Of good little fairies who played such vagaries—
With sprites ever tricky, and Brownie and pixie—
Who would not be quiet, but kept such a riot—
That the forest itself was a forest primeval!
There the Baron resided—I said this before—
And perhaps this digression you'll reckon a bore.
(But I must introduce this little variety
To show his high status in foreign society).
Now he owned all the laud there—a very good reason—
And lived in a castle ancient and bold,
With cellar beneath constructed to hold
Large vats filled with wine of number untold,
Which served very well to keep out the cold,
When his guests came to see him and hunt in the season.
'Twas hunting one day, that the baron so gay,
And his friends who drank deeply at nights,
Each began to feel dry, and anxious to try,
Any liquor to set him to rights.
The baron spoke up, as he drained off a cup,
And scowled at his friends and he curst—
"I'll give yellow gold, or a butt of wine old,
To him who will quench me this thirst!"
They gave him cold water—he roared like a lion—
It fizzed off his tongue as it would a hot iron;
They filled up the wine cup, filled higher and higher,
But poor Baron Fritz became dryer and dryer,
Till just as he thought he was going to expire,
There rose from the grass a comely young lass,
Whose brightness and beauty none e'er could surpass.
As sweetest music her approach then heralded,
She looked like a picture Mr. Fitzgerald did,
With her long fair hair all rippling down,
Soft gauzy wings and a jeweled crown;
With eyes so blue so wondrous bright,
They made Fritz wink with their brilliant light!
(The baron tried hard then his fears to whistle down
As light she swung on the finest of thistle down),
"I'm good Fairy Ripple," she sung with a laugh;
"And bring you my pitcher and ask you to quaff;
It will moisten your throat and will brighten your eye;
As long as you have it you'll never feel dry.
*Drink, but not deeply, or some day you will rue
Receiving the pitcher I give unto you!*"
Then most sweetly she smiled, and, ceasing to sing,
Soon flew out of sight on a dragon fly's wing.
Then Fritz quickly started, and gave a great yawn,
And looked round for his friends, but found they were gone
Then thought he'd been dreaming, but as he jumped up,
Saw sparkling beside him the gold jeweled cup,
He seized it at once and took a good draught,
He sprang, and he danced, as he shouted and laughed,
'Twas better than iced seltzer water and hock,
And cooler than licking a Wenham Lake block;
'Twas finer than Cliquot, or Soda and B.
It strung the nerves better than strongest of tea,
Baron Fritz, after drinking, hung the cup by a chain
Round his neck, in case e'er he should want it again.
And he very soon did so, for homeward he rolled,
With his lips always touching that pitcher of gold.
Said he 'I'll amuse my guests over their tippie,
With the wondrous tale of the good fairy ripple.'
(He found all the time to himself he'd been talking,
O'er shoes in the water so cold he'd been walking).
Then he wished that his castle was somewhat nigher;
And could not make out why the road was not dryer—
Was really afraid that the water was higher—
When he heard a moan, and an awful groan!
And the baron then found he was not alone!
A fierce gaunt Dryad, with tangled rough ragged head,
He saw there, shaking his ugly old jagged head:
A gnarled old face, a bumpy nose,
Branches for fingers, tendrils for toes;
Out of forehead growing two trees,
To nod and sway in the evening breeze
He shouted at Fritz, and then fiercely he frown did—
"Put down that pitcher, or you're sure to be drowned!"
O horror! Fritz started, for 'neath the moon gleam,
From his pitcher he saw there was flowing a stream;
Then he felt that his blood was beginning to freeze,
As the water came rippling up to his knees!
He tugged at the pitcher, 'twas piteous to see,
For the chain was entangled, he could not get free!
Then reeling and staggering over the boulders,
He found that the water was up to his shoulders.
In a moment he tripped in the current so fleet,
Next he stumbled and fell, and was borne off his feet.
Sure a sturdy swimmer like Fritz cannot drown,
But that pitcher is heavy and weighs him down.
The water closed o'er him and swept him away,
As he thought he heard voices seeming to say—
*"Drink, but not deeply, or some day you will rue,
Receiving the pitcher I give unto you."*

J. ASHBY STERRY.

Such is the long yarn spun by J. Ashby Sterry,
About an old baron, a pitcher and fairy;
And this is the moral, perhaps he is thinking,
The old baron went under from cold water drinking.
But I would say to Mr. J. Ashby Sterry,
That rum, brandy, whisky, gin, and old sherry,
Since Noah raised a vineyard—it is clear as mud—
Have swept off more men than did the heaven sent flood.
So we drink from magic cups filled with cold water,
Without ever a fear 'twill lead to a slaughter;
But the magic gold cup filled by the bar tender,
Is a curse unto all who go on a bender;
But if you'd keep above water, you'll do it quite handy,
While you refuse to put your nose above brandy.
If by the magic pitcher Fritz chained to his neck,
Is meant worldly pleasure, which the baron did wreck.
We agree, then, at once with J. Ashby Sterry,
And would heed the caution of good little fairy—
*"Drink, but not deeply, or some day you will rue,
Receiving the pitcher I give unto you."*—UNCLE HARVEY.

HARDY AND FOOL-HARDY.

CHAPTER VII.

YOU must not think that father and mother had quite forgotten us, or that we had forgotten them and Eddie. Every week brought us a letter from home that was very eagerly expected, and read, though we were not so eager quite in replying; for it was quite a bother when the weather was fine, and we wished to be out, to have to sit down and write indoors. However almost every week Bertie and I managed to get a letter done, though they were generally very short, and told very little of what we had been doing.

Mothers letters brought us good news of Eddie, who only had the scarlatina very slightly, and was soon able to go away with mother to the sea-side, and they soon began to talk of our going on from Silverhill to join them at Hastings. We were much pleased at the thought of the sea-side, and anxious to see our father and all of them again; but we were sorry to leave Silverhill and the people there who had been so kind to us.

But I have one more adventure to tell you about, that we had, or rather that Bertie had, before we left Silverhill, and which brought our visit there to an end in a different way to what we expected.

I am sure after the experience we had had of Joe Booth, and the warnings we had had against him, we should have been much wiser to have had nothing more to do with him; but such is the perversity of human nature, that all the warnings only made me more inclined for his society. Not a day passed without our seeing him, either he joined us in our walks, or we went to his cottage, or he came to find us in the rick-yard; but it generally fell into our going to his cottage; for he always had something to show us. The young jackdaws were flourishing, and we often went to pay them a visit. Then he had rabbits and a hedgehog, and we used to spend much time collecting food so strongly disapproved of by the farmer, that we for the creatures. Joe's visits to the farm were so strongly disapproved by the farmer, that we were obliged to ask him not to come, as we could not be sure that the stout driving-whip behind the door might not be used to some purpose if the farmer caught him there again. So a good deal of our time used to be spent at the odd little cottage on the common. It was harvest-time just then, and every one was busy out in the fields, so that, as long as we turned up at meal-times, no one asked where we had been, or what we had been doing. Joe's father was at home sometimes when we went, but he did not have much to say to us; for he was most often asleep on the grass in front, or smoking in the shed, and we kept out of his way; for when he did speak, he always began with an oath, which made one feel uncomfortable, as if one ought not to be there. Joe, too, used sometimes to let bad words slip out; but he soon saw that we did not like it, and when he remembered, he stopped himself. Joe's mother was hardly ever at home. She was never happy, Joe said unless she was on the gad. She had gipsy blood in her veins, which made her restless and unsettled; and Joe said, he guessed some day she would go right off with some of her people, and leave him and his father for good and all: and a good thing, too, he always added.

Bertie did not like Joe half so well as I did, and I think he would never have gone if it had not been for the young jackdaws, of which he was very fond, and he was quite satisfied to spend hours with the basket in which they lived on his knees, watching them with the greatest interest.

It was beautiful harvest weather that year, day after day of clear cloudless skies and bright sunshine, and it was a fine heavy harvest that the brown sunburnt laborers carried home in those great wagons, and piled up in great round ricks in the rick-yard. The farmer was always hot and out of breath, and good-tempered, and Mrs. Blossom was as busy as possible making ready for the harvest-home supper, which was a great event in the year to the Silverhill laborers, and Bertie

and I watched the mixing of great cakes, and the rolling out of paste for gigantic pies. So all was bustle within and without, and Bertie and I were sometimes looking on indoors, and sometimes following the reapers, and helping the gleaners; for there was no attempt to shut out the poor from Farmer Blossom's fields; for he used to say, "I've never seen no difference in my ricks, because a few poor souls got a loaf from them;" and I heard a poor widow say, "Well, if it makes his wagons lighter, it all goes to the right side of the balance up yonder, God bless him."

Everyone in Silverhill seemed busy, all but Joe and his father, who basked in the sun, and seemed to have nothing to do but look on while other people worked. Bertie could not keep away from the jackdaws, whatever might be going on anywhere else, and I was ready enough to come with him; and, while Bertie hung over his two friends in the basket, I gave Joe a description of the grand doings that were to take place on Friday evening.

"They might have got it all done by Thursday," said I, "but that's market-day, and the farmer is obliged to go in about some cows he's going to sell, so they don't carry the last load till Friday, and have the supper in the evening. Oh! it will be fine."

Joe and I were sitting by the pond on the grass, and Joe's father was lying on his face not far off; but, as we talked, he rolled himself nearer and listened to what we said, though he did not make any remark.

"Where do they have the supper," Joe asked. "Oh, in the big barn, the other side of the rick yard. There would not be room in the kitchen for fifty people to sit down comfortably, and besides Mrs. Blossom says it would upset the house for months."

"Be there fifty a-coming?" "Yes, we counted them up this morning; for the wives come too. Farmer Blossom has them altogether, instead of giving the women a tea separate. The barn is to be swept out this afternoon, and to-morrow Davis is going to nail up a lot of laurels and things to make it look smart. Bertie and I are going to help, and we mean to make a big V. R. in laurel-leaves to stick up at the end of the barn."

"Ah," said Joe considering, be those the letters that stand for Farmer Blossom?"

"No," I exclaimed, "of course they don't; they stand for Queen Victoria. Sometimes our father takes us out on the Queen's birthday, and we see V. R. in gas put over the shops."

"But you said it meant Queen Victoria." "Well, so it does."

"Then the V ought to stand last. I've not been at school for ever so long, but I know as V stands for Victoria. Come now?"

"It means the Latin."

"Oh, it means Latin does it? What next?" "No; but V. R. stands for Victoria Regina, and that's Latin for Queen Victoria."

"Oh, my! you'd better stick up what it means then; for I don't think as folks knows Latin in these parts."

"I wish you were coming to the supper, Joe," I said to change the subject.

"Oh, I wouldn't object much, if the old farmer were to come very humble-like. 'Mr. Joe. Booth,' he'd say, 'Mr. Joe Booth, Esq., if you've not got nothing better to do, we'll be pleased to see you on Friday,' and then I'd make a bow, and say, 'Done along of you, Farmer, I'm not proud,' and I'd come in my coach and six."

I laughed at this, and went on to describe the food that was being prepared. "Two great big bits of beef, weighing hundreds of pounds each, and mutton-pies made in milk-pans, and plum-puddings as big as the garden roller pretty near."

Joe listened in amazement, and Bertie also turned around, and I pulled up; for I knew I was drawing the long-bow.

"Why, they'll want a horse and cart to take the victuals out there."

"It's a pity it's so far from the house but the puddings are all to be boiled in the wash-house, and that's close by the barn, so they will be handy when the meat is done, and all the rest will be carried out before."

"Folks will be busy at the farm that day?"

"Yes, that they will; but Betty and Susan are both to be at the supper if they can get things forward, for Mrs. Blossom does not like to disappoint them."

"Then Mrs. Blossom'll stop and see to the house?"

"Oh, no, the house will see to itself. It's not so far from the barn, and I dare say they'll be going backwards and forwards. Oh, it will be fun!"

"I'd like to see the barn after it's all rigged out," said Joe.

"Well, come to-morrow afternoon and see it." Joe grinned from ear to ear.

"It's not worth a horse-whipping; and the farmer he did look sour the last time he caught me there."

"But he won't be at home to-morrow, and Mrs. Blossom will be too busy to mind, so you may just as well come."

HOPE.

Hope, like an angel sweet, with love,
Bears on its wings our every care;
And rising to the realms above,
Presents them to our Father there.
He smiles on mortal care and griefs,
He soothes our pains and stills our fears;
And sends by hope our sweet relief,
Calms all our sadness, dries our tears.
Thus hope, like silvery streams so bright,
Darts on our darkness and our woe,
Rolls back the clouds, reveals the light
That mortals need while here below.
Hope is the hand of God from heaven,
Held out all bathed with love and power,
And we receive this boon that's given,
Like heated ground drinks in the shower.
A flame thou art in youthful days,
A quenchless fire in old age too,
And infant tongues can speak thy praise,
And sightless eyes thy glories view.
Roll round the world and griefs remove,
Show us the paths by sages trod;
Help us the present to improve;
The future wisely leave with God.

DANIEL F. LAMBERT.

BIBLE AND WORD OF WISDOM.

NO person ever obeyed God's word from a love of it that was not blessed in so doing. In the Bible, there is a beautiful little story about four of the children of Judah, who were among those carried into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. Their names were Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah. They were chosen by command of the king "to stand in the king's palace," and when they had been taught in the "learning and the tongue of the Chaldeans," (the language spoken by the people of Babylon), they were to stand before the king, and be numbered among the "wise men," whom he used to consult upon all important matters requiring counsel. "The king appointed them a daily portion of the king's meat and of the wine which he drank: so nourishing them three years, that at the end thereof they might stand before the king." "But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor the wine which he drank."

My little readers must remember that Daniel and these other men were seeking wisdom. The king thought that meat and wine from his table would make them healthy and fair; but Daniel thought differently, and so persuaded Melzar, whom the prince of the eunuchs had set over them to give them "pulse [that is "seeds" or grain] to eat and water to drink." "At the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat." And at the end of three years they stood before the king, "and in all matters of wisdom and understanding, that the

king inquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm." We also read that "God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams."

Now, little Hopes, we will turn to the "word of wisdom," and make an application of this little story. First, you notice that Daniel and his fellows refused to defile themselves with the king's meat.

Smith, in his *Bible Dictionary*, says, "It does not appear that the word *meat* is used in any one in the Authorized Version of either the Old or New Testament, in the sense which it now almost exclusively bears of animal food." But Daniel refused *all* rich food from the king's table, and it is very evident, from the story itself, that he ate no flesh.

But are we forbidden to eat flesh? No; for, the "word" says, "Flesh, also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man, with thanksgiving." "Nevertheless, they are to be used sparingly; and it is pleasing unto me that they should be used *only* in times of winter, cold or famine."

Will the little Hopes remember what the Lord says is pleasing unto him? That Daniel and his companions did that which was "pleasing" unto the Lord is evident, and it would be better for those who seek knowledge and wisdom to abstain from flesh and all rich food, as they did.

They also refused the king's wine and drank nothing stronger than water; and as we, in the "word of wisdom," are forbidden to use "wine or strong drinks," we would say to all the Hopes:

"Oh! then resign your ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter;
There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,
As the cold and sparkling water."

We have found Daniel and his friends lived on *pulse*, which means *seed* or *grain*. (See Smith's *Bible Dictionary*) And the "word of wisdom" says, "All grain is good for the food of man," also all kinds of fruits. The word then tells us what grain is best for man, and also which is best for all useful animals. And, in conclusion the Lord pronounces rich blessings upon those who "remember to keep and *do these sayings*, walking in obedience to the commandments."

What is promised? Hark!

"Shall receive health in their navel, and marrow in their bones."

"Ah!" shouts a little Hope, "that's what Daniel and his friends in Babylon found, for their countenances appeared fairer and fatter than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat."

True, my boy; but you "put me out." Let me read: "And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures."

"Yes," cries another little fellow, "Daniel found all that too, so he could interpret dreams, tell things that were hidden from the king and all the wise men in Babylon, and write out what was to happen to the nations for many hundreds of years to come."

Yes, yes, little Hope; but let me read: "And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint."

"There, now," says a blushing little girl, with her face half hidden by her fan, "if that isn't just what Isaiah says: 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.'"

True, my child, and we wait upon the Lord by doing what he asks us to do just as a good little girl waits upon her mother by doing what mother asks her to do. But I have just a little more to read: "And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise that the destroying angel shall pass by them as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen."

"Amen, and amen!" exultingly cries a little converted Hebrew Hope; "The keeping of the

'word of wisdom' marks the Latter Day Saints as the blood marked the door-posts of our fathers in in Egypt, so that the destroying angel might pass them by, and not slay their first-born, as he slew the first-born in all the houses of the Egyptians."

I believe our little Hebrew brother, and the others who have helped spin out this yarn, are right; therefore I believe it will pay us all to keep the "WORD OF WISDOM."

And now, if Uncle Joseph scolds because this article is too long, I am going to tell him that so many of the little Hopes had something to say, while I was reading, that I could not finish sooner.

UNCLE HARVEY.

PHYSIOLOGY.—NO. VIII.

DEAR LITTLE HOPES:—I hope by this time you have become interested in the subject of Physiology; but peradventure some of you have come to the conclusion that it is not very interesting, or some one has said something unfavorable in your hearing about it, I will use a portion of the space allotted to this article and digress from my general course, and chat with you a little upon the benefits that may be derived from a knowledge of Anatomy and Physiology. The laws of nature are the laws of God, for he created all things, and made and established the laws that govern them; now if we break the laws of nature, are we not transgressors of the laws of God? You will all answer, "Yes." Then is it not necessary that we should make ourselves acquainted with these laws that we may avoid breaking them?

As I stated in a previous article, that Anatomy describes and tells the names of the different parts or organs of the body, while Physiology tells their uses or functions; therefore if we have a knowledge of these sciences, we may be able, in a great degree to preserve the health of our bodies. I am sorry to say that even many of the Saints break the laws that govern the health of their bodies, and thereby make themselves sick, and call upon God to heal them. We are told that we should make our bodies fit temples for the Holy Spirit. Can we do this when we are daily breaking the laws of nature, causing our bodies to be corrupt with disease?

Now I wish all my little readers to carefully follow me through the subjects of Anatomy and Physiology; I will then take up the subject of Hygiene, which teaches how to preserve the health of the different organs of the body. I once heard a physician remark, that a person could not get a thorough knowledge of Anatomy without becoming a student in the dissecting room. This may be true, in the case of those who wish to become practical surgeons or physicians. We might say that a person could not become a good Geographer without traveling extensively; but I doubt not that many of you can give a very accurate description of Niagara Falls, or the Yosemite Valley, just from the knowledge you have obtained from your Geographies, or the books you have read about them. Now I don't suppose one in a hundred of you will ever become a practical surgeon, therefore you can obtain a sufficient knowledge of the subject from what is written, to enable you, to a great extent, to preserve your bodies. With this digression we will proceed to take up the subject of Digestion, where we left off in article No. 7.

The Formation of Chyme.—This action of the salivary glands is of more importance than is usually attached to it. The poisoning of the saliva by a quid of tobacco or cigar, thus interfering with an important part of the process of digestion, is one of the fruitful sources of dyspepsia, however little the unfortunate victim may suspect it.

The digestive action continues from two to four hours, according to the nature of the food, the healthy condition of the organs engaged in the work, and the general vigor and activity of the body. The food thus acted on becomes a semi-fluid mass, nearly of a uniform character, however various and unlike the original materials may

have been. This substance, called chyme, is now ready to pass through the pylorus, or gate between the stomach and intestines, into the intestines, where it enters on the third and last stage of digestion.

E. M. WILDERMUTH.

INTERESTING TABLE.

Miss Bessie Eveleth, a young friend near Pecatonica, Ill., has diligently searched the Scriptures, to find the number of times God is mentioned therein, with the following result:—

OLD TESTAMENT.		NEW TESTAMENT.	
Genesis	328	Zecharia	13
Exodus	128	Malachi	7
Leviticus	52		2,961
Numbers	37	NEW TESTAMENT.	
Deuteronomy	340	Matthew	53
Joshua	69	Mark	50
Judges	43	Luke	111
Ruth	3	John	79
1 Samuel	90	Acts	167
2 Samuel	61	Romans	165
1 Kings	82	1 Corinthians	93
2 Kings	78	2 Corinthians	72
1 Chronicles	111	Galatians	32
2 Chronicles	177	Ephesians	31
Ezra	94	Philippians	22
Nehemiah	71	Colossians	22
Job	117	1 Thessalonians	39
Psalms	344	2 Thessalonians	19
Proverbs	8	1 Timothy	22
Ecclesiastes	41	2 Timothy	15
Isaiah	115	Titus	13
Jeremiah	132	Philemon	2
Ezekiel	251	Hebrews	87
Daniel	57	James	17
Hosea	28	1 Peter	37
Joel	11	2 Peter	7
Amos	34	1 John	52
Obadiah	1	2 John	4
Jonah	14	3 John	2
Micha	11	Jude	5
Habakkuk	5	Revelations	98
Zephaniah	5		1,316
Haggai	3		

Total number in both Old and New Testament 4,277.

Correspondence.

ALPINE, Kent Co., Michigan, July 24, 1874.

Dear Hopes:—With pleasure I write a few lines to our paper. I have written one before. I thought I would try again. We have no Sunday School here this summer. There are no Saints here but my mother. I wish some of the Elders would come out here, it is so lonesome here all alone, with no one to talk to that believes as we do. I can think of no more to write now. I will bring my letter to a close. Good by for this time.

ALVA NORTON.

CAMERON, Clinton Co., Missouri, July 16, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—We have a nice little Branch of the Church here. We have no Sunday School yet, but I hope we will have soon. There have been four baptized here since I last wrote. I can say with my little brothers and sisters, that I am glad the gospel can be preached in its purity in these last days. I want all the little Saints to pray for me, and I will try to do the same for them. Yours truly,

LAURA C. FLANDERS.

LEANENWORTH, Kansas, July 24, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—As I have nothing to do this afternoon, I thought I could not employ my time any better than to try to write a few lines for our little paper, the *Hope*. I do love to read the letters of my little brothers and sisters, and I thank God daily that I am a member of the Church of Latter Day Saints; and I wish I could do more for the cause of Zion. I will have been baptized a year the twenty-eighth of this month; and I try to serve God to the best of my knowledge; and follow in the narrow path that leads to eternal life. Well, I will not intrude any more upon your precious time. I ask the prayers of my brothers and sisters, that I may do more good in the future. Your sister in the gospel of Christ,

MARY HARNES.

GENEVA, Allen Co., Kansas, July 25, 1874.

Dear Little Hopes:—I expect you will wonder how our little paper found me away out here in Kansas. I will tell you. Some of our friends were at my home on a visit. Aunt Nellie told me about the *Hope*, and said that, on returning home, she would have it sent to me. This promise was fulfilled. She wanted me to write a letter for the *Hope*, but I have neglected it until now. I thank her very much and also thank a young gentleman that paid for two copies, when my cousin was getting subscribers, and told her to send one to some little girl she knew. She told him she

would send it to "Uncle William's little girl." It has been coming regularly for nearly four years, and I am no longer "Uncle William's little girl," but I like the paper more than I did then. I love to read the nice pieces in it, and more especially the letters. There are no "Mormons" [Latter Day Saints] here. Very respectfully yours,

LEOTA E. BANTA.

STEWARTSVILLE, De Kalb Co., Missouri
July 21, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. I love very much to read the *Hope*. We have meeting here every Sunday. My pa, ma and sister, all belong to the Church of Latter Day Saints. I am trying to serve the Lord and keep his commandments. I am glad to see so many of my dear little brothers and sisters trying to run the race which is set before them.

Your brother in Christ,

JAMES A. KING.

SOLDIER VALLEY, Harrison Co., Iowa,
July 25, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—This is my first letter to the *Hope*. I scarcely know what to say. I am not a member of the Church yet, but I hope to be soon. I take the little *Hope*. I like it very much. We have no meetings very close; the nearest are about five miles from here. Love to all the little hopes.

MAT CHASE.

HEALDSBURG, Sonoma Co., California,
July 14, 1874.

Dear Little Hopes:—It has been some time since I wrote to you. I have not forgotten the little Hopes of Zion. I am not a member of the Church, but hope to be e'er long. I am seeking diligently for the crown that's to be won in the eternal home.

CHARLOTTE A. GRUNDY.

GILROY, Santa Clara Co., Cal., July 12, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—I will try and write a few lines to the *Hope*. I feel as though I could not write anything good enough. I have not seen any of the brethren or sisters, since I was at Conference in May. How I long for the third of September to come; so that some of our family, or perhaps all of us, can go to Conference. I have only been at one Conference. I had a happy time. I am thankful that I belong to the Church. My mother, brother and sister have gone to Watsonville to Church to-day. I had to stay at home to take care of the place. It will be my turn next. I am saving up money to give to some of the preachers. They have to bear many hardships; we ought to help them all we can.

From your sister,

CHARLOTTE MUNRO.

FOREST CITY, Holt Co., Mo., July 13, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—I love to read the letters in the *Hope*. We all belong to the Church. My two little brothers were baptized one week ago last Sunday, by Br. Hoyer, and confirmed by Brs. Stiles and Hawkins. We have meeting here every second and fourth Sunday, at one of our brethren's houses. There are only four members of the Church in Forest City besides our family, and we are only five. I must bring my letter to a close, hoping my little brethren and sisters will pray for me, that I may love and do right. I hope my little brothers and sisters never go to bed at night without praying to God in heaven, and thank him for all his goodness. Your sister in Christ,

HANNAH M. JOHNSON.

MACEDONIA, Iowa, July 25, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. We are having good meetings. My father baptized three last Sunday. We have preaching every Sunday, at 11 o'clock, and prayer meeting in the afternoon. I love to read the *Hope*. Yours for Christ's sake,

ALMON D. HOUAGS.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited \$237 62 Laura B. Munns .. \$ 60
George Evans .. 25 Richard Darlow .. 25

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For instance, 15 Sep 74 means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th day of September, 1874, before which time you must renew. Our terms are payment in advance.

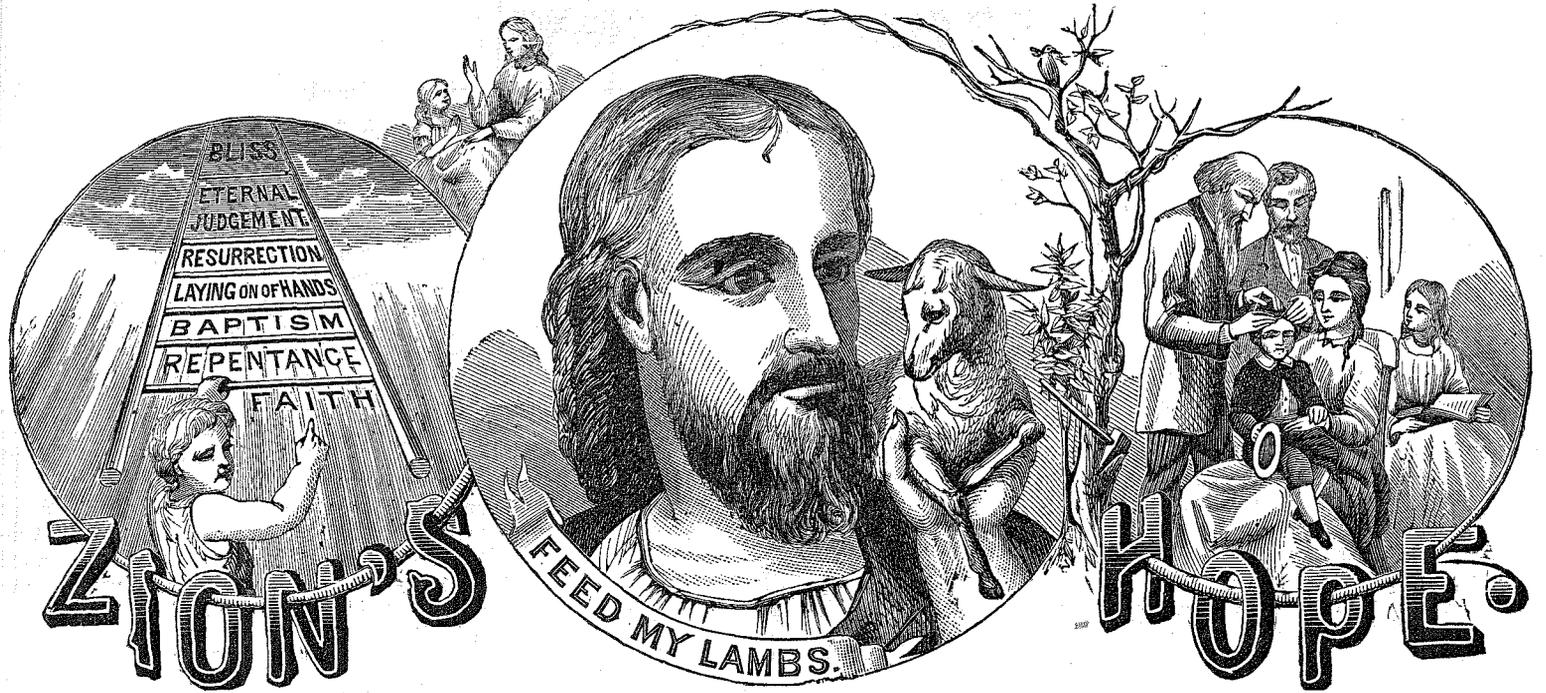
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 6.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., SEPTEMBER 1, 1874.

No. 5.

"THE ARMOR OF GOD."

H THINK some of the young Hopes would like to know what it is, or at least, what is meant by the expression.

"We would, Uncle. Please tell us something about it."

Well, give me your attention; listen, and remember well what I may tell you; for it is not the forgetful hearer of instruction that will be blessed, but it is the hearers and doers of the word, who receive the reward.

But to our text, the "Armor of God."

In the long years ago, before the Savior came to earth in the person of the little babe of Bethlehem, and after his glorious ascension to heaven from Mount Olivet, and in the days of the Apostles, men went to war, and fought under the leadership of captains and kings, much as they do to-day; but their mode or manner of fighting was very different from that of to-day. Knowing nothing of gunpowder, they of course knew nothing about firearms—rifles, revolvers, and the late and highly improved engines of war; cannon and other instruments for dealing death to fellow mortals, by some of which means they can reach them, though they be miles apart; and, in order to shield and protect themselves from cannon balls and other missiles of death, they erect great and strong forts, and construct great war vessels, covered with a heavy armor of iron, so that cannon shot will have but little or no effect upon them.

But it was not so in the long gone by, of which we have spoken, for in those days men fought with bows and arrows, spears, darts, swords and knives, and of course much of their fighting was done in close quarters, or in a hand to hand struggle. Therefore, in order to protect themselves from the messengers of destruction, hurled from the bow or hands of their enemies, they had their heads and bodies protected by an armor composed of different parts or pieces, and called by as many different names. For a protection to their heads, the soldiers wore a steel, or some sort of metallic cap, called an helmet; over their breast, they wore a part of their armor, called the breast-plate. Another piece of their armor was called a shield; it was a broad, oval metal plate, sometimes four feet long, with width length and thickness to suit the bearer of it. Near the middle of the concave or hollowing side of it, was a loop or ring, through which the arm could be passed until the ring would rest in the bend of the arm at the elbow, and at a suitable distance from the centre loop, or ring, was a cross-bar, or handle, to be grasped by the hand. Thus armed with the shield, the soldier could easily protect his body from arrows,

spears and darts that he might see coming against him. So you can see, young Hopes, that the shield was a very important part of the armor of a soldier in those days.

In those days, men, in striving for the mastery, used to wear a girdle about their loins, which you will discover was not without its use. And that soldiers might be fitted for the march over rough as well as smooth roads, it was necessary in those days, as well as in our time, for them to have their feet shod.

But something is lacking yet, before they are ready to enter upon a campaign; they must have a weapon, with which to fight their way to victory; they must have instructions or commands from their leader, that they may know in what direction to move, and how to conduct the war.

Now, the Roman, or any other soldier of their day, being protected by his armor, the helmet, breast-plate, and shield, and having his girdle about his loins, his feet properly shod, a sword in his hand, and the law or commands of his captain or king written upon his heart, or retained in his memory, was fully prepared to extend the conquest of their nation, or him who had called them to be soldiers.

But before we leave the "iron soldiers" of the Roman age, let me call your attention to a particular fact; I want you to notice it well, and keep it in memory, and that is this: their "armor" was made for the protection of advancing soldiers, and not for vanquished or retreating ones. It afforded but little or no protection for the back. Hence the motto "victory or death."

With these remarks about the temporal "armor" of the ancients, let us turn our thoughts to the spiritual armor, or the "armor of God," as referred to by the Apostle.

The Savior, during his ministry in the flesh, often compared spiritual with temporal things, or compared the invisible things of the spiritual life, with the visible things of the natural earthly life.

He came humbly to earth, appearing in the person of the little babe of Bethlehem. Angels told of his birth and sang of his praise. He grew in favor with God and man. And when he arrived near the age of thirty years, he entered upon his ministerial labors, which extended through a period of about three years; during which time he taught the great moral truths we find recorded in the gospel, as given by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, which was taught and written upon by the apostles that journeyed with him during his ministry, and that followed after. And in those Scriptures we learn that the little "Babe of Bethlehem" grew up to be the humble

Jesus of Nazareth, and that in his fulfillment of righteousness, in doing all the will of the Father, he became the Anointed, the triumphant Christ, the Savior of the world. And as such, one of the apostles in speaking of him, calls him the "Captain of our salvation." Some of the poets call him the "Great Captain," which title I feel truly belongs to him, because he gained it "through sufferings," in faithfulness to the commandments he had received of the Father. And since, through faithfulness, he obtained the victory, even over death and the grave; rising triumphant to receive authority, and "All power in heaven and on earth," he is truly our "Great Captain" and King; worthy be such, having won the title, through love for man, self denial, and total submission to the will of the Father.

As our Captain and "head," he invites us through the gospel to follow him—to become his "soldiers." And as soldiers in the armies of nations bear burdens; arms and "knapsacks," while marching against their enemy; so the soldiers of Christ have to bear a daily burden, or cross, but then he promises that the "burden" or service he will require of us, will be light compared to that imposed upon us by our enemy—Satan.

All who have enlisted under the call and banner of this Great Captain, will certainly march from conquering to conquest, even unto final victory, if they clothe and arm themselves with the armor and weapons he has provided for the warfare, because he has made it possible for them, if they "endure as good soldiers," to gain the victory and obtain the reward, even eternal life in the kingdom of God.

In order that his soldiers may be able to withstand the attacks of the enemy, in their warfare to extend the conquests of his kingdom, and to obtain citizenship, with eternal life therein, he has provided for them a spiritual armor, compared in its parts to the temporal armor of the ancients. This armor, like that of the ancients, affords no protection to the vanquished or retreating soldier. Victory is achieved in this warfare, only through a persistent and forward march upon the enemy, and towards the goal to be obtained.

The instruction is to "Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." "For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh." Hence we are commanded to take "for a helmet the hope of salvation," for a defence to our heads. Now, hope is made up of desire and expectation. We desire a citizenship in the kingdom, because the highest degree of happiness is to be obtained there, and we expect it, upon condition of our faithfulness, and the willingness and ability of our Captain

to lead us to a glorious triumph. With our heads thus protected, we are enabled to bear the strokes of adversity that may fall upon us.

It is necessary for us to have on "the breast-plate of righteousness," which serves as a protection for our breast, and causes our inner man to be at peace and rest. It is composed of the performance of that which is right; of virtue, rectitude, purity. In short, it is "the being right in the sight of God." With such a protection, well may our heart be at ease while we retain it. O, that none were so poor as to be without it.

Next in order, we are to "have our loins [or waist] girt about with truth." Our girdle being composed of "the quality of being true" in all things, "given to the practice of speaking the truth," possessing an entire "freedom from falsehood." With such a girdle drawn about our loins, we will be made strong in the spiritual man, fully enabled to withstand the attacks of the enemy. Let us all strive to secure this very important part of the armor of God, because in the evil day we will surely need the increase of strength which this girdle will supply. But even this is not enough to insure our triumph.

At times our enemy is very cowardly, especially when he knows we have our girdle drawn close about us; at such times he will withdraw himself from us, and from behind his refuge, which is often built alone of lies, hurl at us his pointed weapons, even "fiery darts," seeking to wound and weaken, that at last he may fall upon and utterly destroy us.

But the Great Captain, knowing the necessities of his soldiers, has prepared another piece of armor, which is the *shield*. The apostle calls it the "shield of faith." It is composed of belief; the assent of the mind, in the authority and veracity of another, and in this case, confidence in his ability to perform for us, and to bestow upon us all he has promised. With such a shield taken unto ourselves, we will be able to ward off all the "fiery darts" that the enemy may hurl at us in the way of sneers, insults and lies. With this important part of the armor of God, our belief in and the assurance of the enjoyment of our hope, in its rich fruition, we can stand secure amidst the missiles that may be hurled at us. So we can easily see that this part of the armor cannot be dispensed with. How important then that we have this piece of the armor.

That we may be prepared for the march, it is highly necessary that we have our feet "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," which will enable us to pursue our journey without becoming foot-sore when the road grows rough. This preparation may be obtained through a humble obedience to the commands of our Captain and King.

Being thus clothed and shod, and armed with the "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," or the laws and commands of our Great Captain and Head, through obedience to which we may obtain the desired and promised victory. But in order for us to be able to wield the sword of the Spirit, to the discomfiture or vanquishment of our enemies, we must obtain possession of the Spirit, which *will* work in us to will and to *do*, of the good pleasure of Him who called us to be soldiers. The Spirit which he sends upon his soldiers will make them strong in the inner or spiritual man, and will enable them to wield, mightily, the sword (word of God) in defence of his cause or kingdom.

Now, young Hopes, it is only through putting on the whole armor of God, together with securing to ourselves the continued possession of the Spirit, which will guide us in the right, and keep the words of our Savior fresh in our memory, that we may be enabled to "fight the good fight," and gain a crown of eternal life. That we may all be wise, in keeping the commandments of God, and finally obtain the reward, is the earnest desire of

UNCLE M.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

"Underneath are the Everlasting Arms"—Deut. 33 : 27.

He bears me in His arms ;
What have I then to fear ?
Among whate'er alarms,
He holds me ever near.
No danger now can daunt,
Thus guarded by my God ;
No pain, nor care, nor want,
Can hurt his cherished ward.
He bears me in His arms ;
Along life's rugged road,
Among temptation's charms,
Through evil seeming good.
And when I try to stray,*
His hand will hold me fast ;
To keep me in the way,
That leads to rest at last.
He bears me in the arms,
Of everlasting love,—
Love that my spirit warms,
And raises me above.
So shall I be upborne,
Until at last I come ;
Once wanderer forlorn,
Into my Father's home.—*Sel.*

*He bears me in His arms,
But not against my will ;
His love my spirit charms,
And bids my fears be still.
But if I try to stray,
Perhaps too late I'll find,
The God I disobey,
Leaves free the human mind.

He bears me in His arms
While there I choose to stay ;
Protects me from all harms
That cluster round my way.
So let me never dare
Another course to try ;
Lest in the tempter's snare,
My soul be left to die.

UNCLE HARVEY.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

SOME few years ago, a lad who was left without father or mother, of good natural abilities, went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as errand-boy, or otherwise, until he could command a higher position; but this boy had been in bad company, and had got in the habit of calling for his "biters" occasionally, because he thought it looked manly. He smoked cheap cigars also.

He had a pretty good education, and on looking over the morning papers he noticed that a merchant in Pearl-street wanted a lad of his age, and called there and made his business known.

"Walk into the office, my lad," said the merchant. "I'll attend to you soon."

When he had waited upon his customer, he took a seat near the lad, and espied a cigar in his hat. That was enough. "My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad, but I see that you smoke cigars; and in my experience of many years, I have ever found cigar-smoking lads to be connected with various other evil habits; and, if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception. You can leave; you will not suit me."

John (this was his name) held down his head and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, who, upon her death-bed, called him to her side, and, placing her emaciated hand upon his head, said, "My dear boy, I'm going to leave. You well know what disgrace and misery your father brought upon us before his death, and I want you to promise me, before I die, that you will never taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed your father. Promise me this, and be a good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in peace."

The scalding tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks, and he promised ever to remember the dying words of his mother, and never to drink any spirituous liquors; but he soon forgot his promise, and when he received the rebuke from the merchant, he remembered what his mother had said, and what he had promised her, and he

cried aloud, and people gazed at him as he passed along, and boys railed at him. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon his bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house.

But John had moral courage. He had energy and determination, and ere an hour had passed he made up his mind never to taste another drop of liquor, nor to smoke another cigar as long as he lived.

He went straight back to the merchant and said, "Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I had been guilty of; but, sir, I have neither father nor mother, and though I have occasionally done what I ought not to do, and have not followed the good advice of my poor mother on her death-bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar; and, if you, sir, will only try me, it is all I ask."

The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years, this lad was a partner in the business, and is now a rich man. To temperate habits and to diligence in business, under God's blessing, he owes his elevation.

HARDY AND FOOL-HARDY.

CHAPTER VII.

JOE I did not much think would come, and indeed I did not think much of Joe at all, for we spent the whole day in helping to decorate the old barn, and we made it look very fine with "Harvest" in great big letters of laurel-leaves at one end, and "Oatlands" at the other, and Mrs. Blossom found some paper flowers which brightened it up wonderfully. It was a great amusement, too, having unlimited command of hammer and nails, and we were busy as we could be all day, banging away and not minding much if the hammer came down on our fingers instead of on the nail, which very often happened, for we were not expert carpenters. Farmer Blossom was away all day, and Mrs. Blossom so busy that she could hardly spare us a word or a look as she bustled about from kitchen to dairy, and from dairy to wash-house, scolding Betty and Susan in her rough but not ill-natured way. We had nearly done our work, and the men were putting up the two long tables and benches, and were sweeping up the mess of leaves and sticks that the decorations had made, when Joe appeared. He did not seem in his usual spirits, but came and stood looking on in silence while we finished the last S in Oatlands. I thought that perhaps he was wishing he was going to be one of the party, to sit down at those long tables, and to eat some of the good things that were being prepared, and I felt sorry for him, and tried to turn his thoughts by talking of a long excursion we had planned to take together the following week, but he did not seem to brighten up at all.

"Would you like a few apples?" I suggested at last. "They have been picking the early ones in the garden to-day, and I am sure you might have a few if you liked."

"Well," said Joe, "I wouldn't mind an apple or so, if they're handy."

"All right," I said, jumping down from the ladder, and leaving Bertie to drive in the last nail that fastened the S in its place, "I'll get some in a minute."

I met Mrs. Blossom in the garden, and stopped her to ask if I might give poor Joe a few apples.

"Bless the boy!" she answered; "it won't be the first of my apples as Joe Booth has tasted by a long way, but it will be the first as he's been given. Well, there, give him some if you like, and here's a cake he can have too, it has got a little burnt at one corner; and she gave me a hot cake off the dish she was carrying."

Joe Booth received both the cake and apples with great satisfaction, and he was munching away

in one corner of the barn when I heard the farmer's light cart drive up, and ran out to meet him. It was half-past seven, and the sun had set, and the dusk was coming on quickly. The farmer was tired with his long day at Medington, and he gave me his whip to carry in for him, and came slowly after me into the house. The kitchen was only lighted by the big fire, and neither Mrs. Blossom nor her two maids were there. The door into the best parlor was open, and the fire-light shone through on the old fashioned chest of drawers that stood there, with its heavy brass handles and corners, and its sloping top that lifted up like a desk and showed a lot of little drawers and pigeon-holes, where the farmer kept his papers. The farmer took a large yellow canvas bag out of the pocket of his big driving-coat, which he always wore when driving, whether it was hot or cold, and going into the parlor raised the lid of the desk, and dropped the bag in with a loud chink of the money inside; then, he closed the lid and tried to turn the key in the lock, but something was wrong with it and it would not turn.

"Have either of you young gents been up to anything with this lock?" he called out; "it don't act."

"No," I said, "I am sure we have not touched it."

"Well it don't much matter," he said.

I thought I would have one more look at the barn before it was quite dark, and I turned quickly to the door and ran right up against Joe Booth, who was standing in the dark porch. It made me give quite a jump coming on him suddenly standing there so still in the darkness, and I cried out, "Whatever are you doing here?" but he held up his hand, with a sign to be quiet, and went off so quickly through the dark that I could hardly believe the next minute that I had really seen him there. However, I did not think any more about him, for Mrs. Blossom came in just then in a great bustle to get supper; and Bertie and I persuaded the farmer to come out and look at our labors in the barn, though it was little enough he could see, as it was nearly pitch dark in there.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next day we were up with the sun, and had nearly tired ourselves out by breakfast-time. We went over to see the colonel in the morning; for he had promised us a lot of Chinese lanterns to light up the barn when it grew dark, and he drove us back, or rather let me drive his dog-cart, with Harkaway himself in it, much to my satisfaction letting me even pass some carts, and go round corners without taking away the reins, and he came in and admired the effect of our exertions in a highly satisfactory matter.

The last field of wheat was being carried that day, and every one was very cheerful and jolly over the work, and when the last wagon load was brought in, what a shouting and hurrahing there was! The horses all had their manes and tails plaited up with bright-colored ribbons, and the men had most of them clean "slops," as they call their smock-frocks, and the women had brought their Sunday bonnets and shawls to slip on, when work was over; and there was quite a bustle in the rick-yard and stable, with all the people making themselves neat and smart.

The supper was at six, and the tables were all spread when we went in, with white cloths, and knives and forks, and mugs, and great jugs full of dahlias and stocks at intervals down the table. And there were other more substantial things as well; great bits of beef, and mighty pies and big loaves, and bowls of potatoes. The farmer took his place at the head of the first table, and before he began carving, he stood up and said, "Thank God for these and all His mercies," and all the hungry souls round the table said "Amen," and meant it too; for it was not often that they saw such a supper before them. And then the farmer and two or three more began carving, and I am sure their arms must have ached with cutting great slabs of beef and blocks of pie; for how the peo-

ple did eat! If you have never been at a harvest-home supper you can have no notion of how much people can eat. First beef and then pie, and then back to beef again, and then pie to finish. There was not much talking at first; the only thing you heard was, "I'll thank you for a bit more of that, Master Blossom," or "Pie for me, mum; for it's good, and no mistake," but by-and-by, when they had begun to satisfy their hunger, there was lots of talking and laughing, and the noise in the barn was wonderful. We thought the people would never have done with the meat, and as Davis said, "They made the joints look foolish before they left off;" but at last the pudding time came; and Mrs. Blossom, Susan, and Betty went off to fetch them, and we lit up the lamps; for it was beginning to get dark by that time. It made the barn look very pretty and gay; for there was plenty of them, besides two big paraffin lamps on each of the long tables. Just as we had done lighting up, Bertie remembered that we had left one of the lanterns indoors, having taken it in to fix the candle in it, and forgotten it in the bustle.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," I said; "there's light enough without it."

"It's a pity not to have it. I'll run and fetch it," Bertie said; and he ran off.

What happened next, I must tell you as Bertie told it to me; for, just as he went out, the puddings came in, and I was taken up with them, and did not notice that Bertie did not come back at once. He told me that he was very glad to get out of the barn, which was very hot and close. It was bright moonlight outside, and everything quite clear and plain all round. At the barn-door he met Mrs. Blossom with the great steaming pudding, and he told her he was going into the house after the lantern, and she advised him not to go, but to turn back with her. However he had set his heart on the lantern, so she told him that he would find the key in the lock, and she had just turned it as she came out. So Bertie ran on across the rick-yard, and into the garden by the side-gate, and along the path between the espalier apple-trees. This path leads to the brick-path in front of the porch, which was in bright moonlight, while the apple-tree walk was in shadow. Bertie was just going to run out into the light, when he saw some one coming up from the gate, creeping along on tip-toe towards the porch, and in a moment he recognized Joe. What was he doing there? Bertie was on the very point of calling out; but he thought as Joe had not seen him, he would stand where he was, and watch what he would do. Joe went on into the porch and pushed the door; but it was locked; and then he found the key, and turned it, and disappeared into the house. Again Bertie was on the point of calling or running after him, but again something kept him standing there watching and waiting. He said that even then he did not think that Joe was there for any bad purpose. He thought that perhaps he wanted to see some of the fun, and did not know it was all in the barn; or that he had come to find me. A minute he stood there waiting, and he saw Joe at the door again, who put his finger in his mouth and gave a low whistle, and at the same moment, from the shadow of the farm-yard wall, so near that Bertie thought he must have seen it if it had been there before, a man's figure started up and out into the moonlight—a short man, with a slouching way of walking, and a fur cap that Bertie had often seen at the cottage on the common. Bertie said he turned all sick and cold, and felt the damp break out all over his face, and his knees trembled so that he could hardly stand; but he did not lose either sight or hearing; for he heard Joe whisper, "They've been and locked it; ain't you got a driver?"

And the man answered, "I'd best come and do it. It's all safe."

And then they both went into the house, and Bertie was out there alone; at least he guessed that he was alone; for he could not feel quite sure but that another man might start out of the shadows as Joe's father had done. However the spell

seemed broken that kept him standing there quite still. His first impulse was to run straight to the barn, and give the alarm, but the next minute a new idea came into his head. The moon shone brightly into the porch, with the door half open, and the key still in the lock. If he could dart across, and shut and lock the door, the thieves would be caught and safe till the farmer should come and take them; whereas, if he ran to the barn first, they might be off with their stolen booty before any one could get there. (Bertie knew nothing of the money-bag, and of the key which would not turn in the lock. The farmer had set the lock right again before he went to bed the night before). However Bertie could have done it I cannot tell. I had often called him a coward, and said he was afraid of his shadow; but I don't think I should have liked to have done it myself. He said he thought every moment some one would spring out from behind the apple-trees, or that Booth himself would rush out of the door and kill him on the spot; his knees were shaking and knocking together as he stepped out of the shadow, and the moonlight seemed brighter than the brightest sunshine; the sweetbriar caught at him as if to warn him back. It was not more than a dozen yards, and yet it seemed to take him ages before he was at the door, with the moon throwing his shadow straight before him into the room. He had got hold of the handle of the door, and at that very second there was a sudden movement in the room, and Bertie pulled the door quickly towards him, and was pressing round the heavy key with both his small weak hands, when an oath from within showed that he was discovered, and the next moment the door was violently shaken from within: but too late; for the key had turned in the lock, and Bertie was standing outside with the key in his hand, and then running with breathless speed to the barn.

Concluded in our next.

A WORD TO GRUMBLERS.

DON'T be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners, and find out all the disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your share of the troubles and bear it bravely. You will be very sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirk yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about the other boy who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps, and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the job that others leave undone—they are true peace-makers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers."

WATER MAPLES.

WATER MAPLES are so called in contradistinction to the sugar maple trees, which are so named because, I suppose, they look so little like them.

They are of the same species of tree, or rather type, however, with leaves pedate, deeply indented and strongly serrate, opposite and freshly green, with light veins and strong, long stems or foot stalks.

The branches are jointed like box elder, and the growth, in good situations, strong, rapid, of white ground with brown centres; the bark smooth and gray; the contour generally oblate not nearly as compact as the sugar maple, more loosely spreading in the upper branches, and presenting a very choice appearance in landscape.

Their favorite haunts are the sloughs and water tributaries of rivers, growing freely on land partially submerged. The winding course of creeks and borders of lakes are ornamented with them. They are prized for home ornamentation; for this

reason their rapid, strong growth calls them into appreciable size soon enough to be of advantage to the planter. I have seen them far up the mountain sides, along the dashing streams, where their roots were washed by the clear water, sometimes stunted with drouth, and again enameling the wilderness with greenness. In the bowl of a valley, green and smooth, a range of them delights the eye along the winding creek.

The wood is coarsely cellular, and not particularly desirable, merely as wood, above oak or other woods.

The tribe of maples is quite numerous. The silver maples have the under sides of the leaves white as snow nearly; and they generally have winged seeds, or seeds with wanes to them to retard their fall, that, by spinning down in a rounding, spiral manner, they may be spread from the trees in considerable distances.

I observed that the maple trees are jointed. They are the first year's growth; hence they are somewhat removed from the tribes of shrubbery really and fully jointed. D. H. S.

MATTHEW 9:27.

Although I'm very weak and small,
Yet there's much that I can do,
For lo! "the harvest fields are white
And the laborers are few."

And though the "few" have talents ten,
While I but one can claim,
Yet God requires just usury
Of me as well as them.

I may not bind one tiny sheaf
Nor pluck one golden head,
Yet I can bring from way-side springs
A cooling draught instead.

A cooling draught for those who reap,
In the harvest fields so fair,
And God hath said that even such
The blest reward shall share.

O, there are stronger ones, I know,
Who labor with their might,
Still in my weakness forth I'll go
Where harvest fields are white.

NELLIE NEWTON.

"YOU WILL NOT SWEAR."

ONE day a gentleman observed a group of boys bent on play, strongly urging another boy to join them. He was struck with the very decided "No" which the boy gave to all their entreaties. Anxious to see the result, he stepped into an entry, where he could see and hear and not be observed.

"That boy has a will to resist the whole band of them," he said to himself.

A last effort was made to induce him to come with them.

"Now, James, will you not come? you are such a good player."

"Yes," he replied; "but on one condition. Give me your hands that you will not swear, and I will go." They did so, and with joy they ran off to play. We are sure the game lost none of its interest for the want of swearing. Noble boy! not ashamed to show that he was on the Lord's side, even in the face of ungodly play-fellows.

A BOY'S COMMENTARY.

AN old schoolmaster said one day to a clergyman who came to examine his school,— "I believe the children know the Catechism, word for word."

"But do they understand it?—that is the question," said the clergyman.

The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began.

A little boy repeated the fifth commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said almost in a whisper,— "Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw they were bleeding, and they gave me some money

to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

Correspondence.

IONE VALLEY, Amador Co., California,
July 25, 1874.

Dear Editor of the *Hope*:—I love to read the letters in our little paper. I have been thinking of writing a few lines to the *Hope* for a long time, but did not know whether it would be worth publication or not; but I never will know if I do not try. I am not a member of the Church, but hope to be soon. It is my heart's desire to be baptized, for I know that I am a sinner, and if I do not meet with a minister soon, I shall forsake home in search of truth, for the Lord says he that seeks shall find. I am not taking the *Hope* this year, but sister Flora is. Little Hopes, pray for me, that I may continue in the faith.

From your loving brother, WILLIAM N. DAWSON.

SOLDIER VALLEY, Harrison Co., Iowa,
July 26, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am a little girl, eight years old. I live in the western part of Iowa. We have no school now; it was out two weeks ago. We had a Pic Nic, and a very nice time. The name of our teacher was Mary Cornwell. I have not been baptized yet, but I hope to be sometime. This is the first letter I ever wrote to the *Hope*. I love very much to read the letters in the *Hope*.

SARAH VREDENBURGH.

10 Chapin St., GLOBE VILLAGE,
FALL RIVER, Mass., Aug. 4, 1874.

Joseph Smith, Esq.,—

Sir:—I have received 13 answers from competitors for the prize, in July 1st number of the *Hope*, and after giving due allowance for distance, etc., the successful candidate is William Street, Beckville, St. Louis Co., Missouri. Little Hopes, don't be discouraged; there are more prizes to be given away soon. I hope and trust, you will all be dutiful Hopes; pray for one another, so that you may be ready to meet the Lord and Enoch's band, triumphant in the air.

The following are the names of the competitors:
S. A. Green, Leavenworth, 327 Dacotah St., Kan.
William Street, Beckville P. O., St. Louis Co., Mo.
Emma Miller, Millersburg, Mercer Co., Ill.
Mary Carrington, Fulton, Rock Co., Wis.
Adeliza A. Munns, Good Intent, Atchison Co., Kan.
Anna M. Smith, Clyde, Antelope Co., Neb.
Laura C. Flanders, Cameron, Clinton Co., Mo.
Bertie Burnett, Shelburn, Sullivan Co., Ind.
Mary A. Joyce, Washington Corners, Alameda Co. Cal.
Dora Hills, Vincennes, Lee Co., Iowa.
Thomas W. Gilbert, 90 Walnut St., Fall River, Mass.
Julia Frost, Mirabile, Mo.

Hattie R. Rinker, Banta Station, San Joaquin, Cal.
All the answers were correct, with the exception of one. The writing of Emma Miller, Mary Carrington, Adeliza A. Munns, Dora Hills and Hattie R. Rinker was very good. The rest have room for improvement, which I hope they will make in their leisure hours. Should any of the Hopes favor me with a letter, I will teach them what I can. Believe me to be

Yours most affectionately, WILLIAM STREET.

DEER ISLE, Maine, July 20, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—I like to read the *Hope*. I, for one, mean to try to keep the commandments of God, and do all I can to please my heavenly Father, that I may be his child in this world, and in the world to come, and I hope every Saint will be faithful.

ELLEN DUNBAR.

CASTANA, Monona Co., Iowa, Aug. 2, 1874.

Dear Little Hopes:—This is my first attempt to write to our little paper. I am sixteen years of age, but am not a Latter Day Saint. I think I will be baptized this fall, for I believe the Latter Day Saints' work is true. If I am not a Saint, I like to read the *Hope* and *Herald*. I like to go to church and hear the preaching. My father and mother are members of the Church. We have no Branch here, but go to meeting once in a while. I have been wild and wayward, but hope there will be a day when I will be pure and holy through the gospel. Let us all try to be truthful. I'm trying to do right, and I want you all to pray for me. Truly yours,

MAMIE H. THOMAS.

WIRT, Jefferson Co., Ind., Aug. 6, 1874.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am nine years old. I have been going to school to Miss Alice Rector. We have meeting every Sunday, and every Wednesday night. We have no Sunday School, but I hope we will soon. We have a good singing school here. We are looking for Br. Blair here at Conference, on the last of this month. Good bye. Yours truly,

CENIA J. SPRINGER.

SALEM BRANCH, Shelby Co., Iowa,
August 6, 1874.

Dear Little Hopes:—It is with great pleasure I write you a few lines. This is my first attempt. There is no Sunday School here, but I hope there will be soon. I love to read the letters from the little Hopes. May they so continue to write. I think the *Zion's Hope* is a very nice little paper, and very edifying.

Dear brothers and sisters, may the Lord bless you. Little Hopes, pray for one another, that we may be saved in the kingdom of God. I wish you all good bye.

REBECCA WILLIAMS.

SALEM BRANCH, Shelby Co., Iowa,
August 6, 1874.

Dear Little Hopes:—I love to read our little paper; for it has good instruction in it. The *Hope* is the only little paper I have at present, and it is better than any other to me. This is all I have to say at this time.

LOUISA WILLIAMS.

MONTROSE, Iowa, August 1, 1874.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time that I ever attempted to write to you. I am ten years old. I like to read our paper; would not like to do without it. I go to the Latter Day Saints' Sunday School. I have learned one hundred and eighty verses in the Bible this summer. We have a very good Sabbath School this season. A few weeks ago I went across the river to Nauvoo, to hear Br. Joseph preach. I enjoyed the day very much. My pa and ma have been baptized, and are members of the Church.

Yours in the love of Christ,

JOHN WESLEY GREEN.

UNION FORT, Utah, August 5, 1874.

Dear Hopes:—I have not forgotten you entirely. I am still believing in the gospel of Christ, which I have been permitted to obey, and hope and trust that I may be led in the narrow path that leads to life eternal. Since I wrote to you last, I have been up in the mountains, and I have seen rougher places than I ever saw before. It was a curious sight to me, though it would not seem very strange to them that were in the canyons all the time. We picked berries and climbed the rocks until we were tired. When I see those high rocks and such curious looking places, it makes me think more and more about God, and makes me wonder how folks can say there is no God, when they look around and see such wonderful things. My prayer is that I may keep God's commandments to the end of my days.

LUCY A. GRIFFITHS.

ENIGMA.—No. 1.

My 12, 9, 5, we should not do.
My 7, 8, 15, 19, 20, 19, some people are afraid of.
My 12, 25, 14, 24, is a kind of animal.
My 26, 5, 2, 18, 1, is a kind of animal.
My 3, 15, 23, is a useful animal.
My 4, 21, 3, 11, is a kind of fowl.
My 17, 21, 1, 9, 12, is a small fowl.
My 22, 5, 14, 9, 19, 15, 14, is a kind of meat.
My 10, 1, 18, is a kind or crockery useful to women.
My 6, 5, 20, is a boy's nickname.
My 13, 15, 12, 12, is a girl's nickname.
My whole is a study useful to all.—J. W. WIGHT.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM.

[Published in *Hope*, July 1st.]

There is a lamp whose steady light,
Guides the poor traveller in the night;
'Tis God's own word, whose beaming ray,
Can turn a midnight into day.

Given by Robert Smith, Mollie Hilliard, and M. M. Shupe.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited \$237 62	Laura B. Munns	.. \$	60		
George Evans	..	25	Richard Darlow	..	25
Lucy A. Griffith	..	25	D. Faban	..	25
J. Gillespie	..	50			

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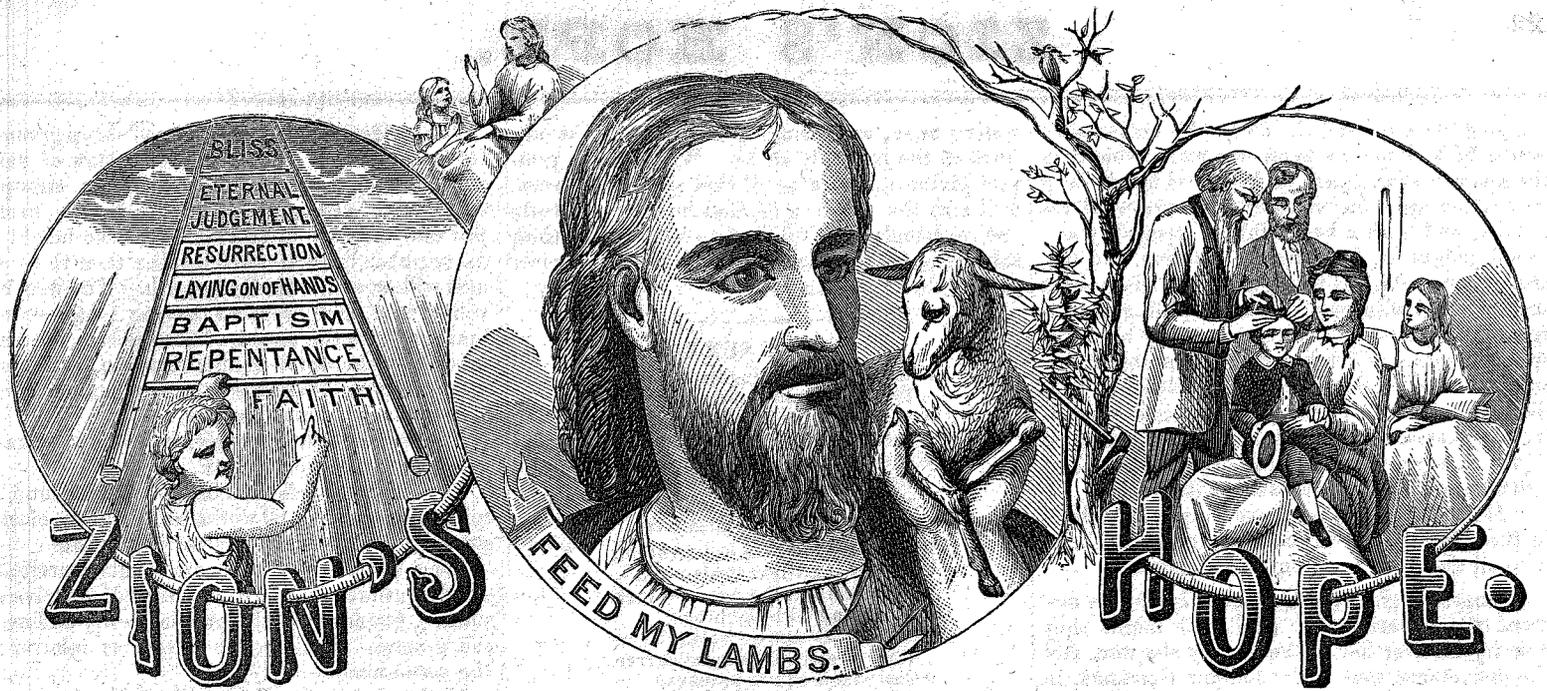
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 6.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., SEPTEMBER 15, 1874.

No. 6.

TRIAL OF FAITH.

"**B**REAK not my commandments for to save your lives," (Matt. 16 : 27, I. T.), is the instruction of the Savior.

"The trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth." 1 Pet. 1 : 7.

Dear Readers of the *Hope*, I want to tell you something about the trials of a true woman, upon whom misfortune had fallen.

Emaciated poverty stalked about her door, and grim want following had entered her humble home. The night was cold, apparel scant, food uncooked, fuel all gone, and the ashes were growing chill on the hearth. Little Willie and Effie were shivering with cold, and crying for bread.

The memories of her bright childhood days and happy youth; the more joyous years passed with a fond and faithful husband, whose strong arm and warm and loving heart, made their home, though not the most princely, yet to her, the most desirable spot on earth, were all contrasted with her present surroundings.

The causes that wrought this great undoing, breathing such blight and misery upon a once happy home, we will leave untold. But let it suffice that her heart was moved; and that the cries of her children demanded action, immediate action, on her part. She felt that it was *do or die*. And in the moment of her despair, she forgot the teaching of her mother, and the instruction of her father, who had pointed her up to Him who "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son" to die for it, and who notes even the "fall of a sparrow," and numbers the hairs of his children's heads, and who had ever taught her to put her trust in that Friend who "sticketh closer than a brother." In the years that were past, her faith had been bright, even in affliction; and her hope was anchored near the great throne of God, the habitation of which are justice, judgment and mercy. But in this moment of deepest trial, when her faith was wavering, and hope's anchorage giving way; the subtle enemy of man, ever seeking to supplant virtue with vice, came breathing his dark temptations, and in the inauspicious moment succeeded in maturing a resolve in her heart, to violate one of God's great commandments—viz., "Thou shalt not steal"—but she did it to save herself and children from hunger, suffering, and possibly death, from freezing.

So, under the prevailing inspiration, though evil, she sallied forth to execute its design, forgetful, for the moment, of all but the *wants* of her children, and a desire to relieve their distress, though it be at the cost of a violation of one of heaven's great laws.

Just a little way down and across the alley, in the rear of Lawyer Goodman's office, was a large pile of wood. To it her thoughts turned, and thitherward she directed her steps—three times she went and came, bringing the much needed supply of wood, that she might drive, at least for the night, grim want from within her humble cot. Now that the deed had been wrought, the law broken, and one step taken downward from the high plane of moral rectitude upon which she had been wont to tread; though of late it had been under clouds and through seas of trouble; the tempter seemed exultingly to withdraw, and being left to herself, with the knowledge and presence of her guilt, the strength of the law pressing about her soul, the solemn reality rolled before her mind, that, unless the evil was put away, sin as a canker, would soon blotch her soul with its foul stains, which tears of grief could never wash away. From destitution and want, she was driven to desperation and guilt, and from guilt to despair. If death had threatened her body, it was now threatening her soul. The memory of the bright and happy days of yore, and of the confidence with which she used to look up to God, and ask his mercy to rest upon her, only deepened her sorrow. In her despair, she stood an object of pity, over which angels might weep, and unto whom the mercy of heaven might be extended.

How precious the promise that the Lord knoweth how to deliver his children out of temptation. For in this moment of her sore trial and deep despair, the Lord sent an angel of mercy to strengthen her, in putting from her the evil she had wrought with her hands, the stain of which had not yet indelibly sullied the purity of her inner life; and feeling the invisible presence warming her heart into its wonted love to God, and inspiring her soul with faith in his neverfailing goodness, and while mercy's voice cried, "Look up, thou stricken and tempest-tossed;" her eye of faith pierced the gloom, and Zion's towers, with her heaven-built walls and pearly gates, through which the pure in heart enter, appeared before her spirit vision, bathed in celestial light. While the scene was passing, earth for the time, with all its ills and cares were lost to memory and sight. And when the vision had passed from her view, and earth's realities crowded about her again, like one of old, she said of God, "I will trust him though he slay me." And in the strength of her renewed faith in him, and hope for his goodness in the "land of the living," she said, "I will restore what I have taken, and trust him still. If he slay me, I will pass hence with my soul unsullied by sin."

With this heaven-born resolve, she gathered up

an armful of the wood, and hurriedly returned it to lawyer Goodman's wood pile. The tempter in the meantime having returned, was now plying his strong arguments to induce her to retain that which she had taken; but, notwithstanding he lingered at her side, she walked in the strength of him who said, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Lawyer Goodman had been detained in his office until a late hour, in the preparation of some papers for a coming suit, in which the rich were endeavoring to prey upon the poor and more defenceless. His great manly heart had been moved in sympathy for the poor and helpless; and after having turned the light out, for some cause he lingered at a back window of his office, looking out into the darkness of a cold winter night, pondering in his heart upon the avarice of man, and the depths of misery his covetousness brings to his fellows, when a slight noise attracted his attention, and peering deeper into the darkness, he saw a human form approaching, and as it drew near, he recognized in it the person of widow Graceborn. Struck with astonishment, he stood as it were transfixed, wondering if it were possible that Patience Goldworth had been reduced to what he beheld. She drew near, gently laid an armful of wood down, and hurried away; but soon returned with another armful, and laying it down in like manner, hurried away.

All this time Lawyer Goodman was wondering what all this could mean. He remembered her fair name and spotless character, her pleasant home and noble husband, his untimely death, and her loss of property through fraud and treachery of those who should have been her friends, and how poverty had cast a shadow upon her life, and that months ago she had been compelled to leave her beautiful, quiet home; and that since then he had lost track of her; and how strange it was that she should again come to his knowledge, under such peculiar and unfavorable circumstances.

"Can it be possible," said he to himself, "that she has been tempted to steal, to obtain the necessary comforts of life? She, once so pure! Lord, can it be?"

Ah! she's coming again. This time she approaches boldly, and with force she dashes down another armful of wood, with the exclamation:

"There! I'll die before I'll steal!"

Thanks and glory to him who giveth us the victory! She had put from her the evil that had never really entered her heart, and now she could look up to God, and once more claim his blessing, and claim it now. "Did she receive a blessing—the needed aid?" She did.

With the trial and coming victory, God had provided the means to bring deliverance to the

tempted, the tried and the true. By his invisible power he had moved upon one more noble than the common sons of men, and retained him in deep meditation upon the treachery and sorrows of his fellows, and with a heart full of sympathy and sound judgment, from deep meditation, and the, at first sorrowful, but finally glorious, triumphant scene he had witnessed, he was a willing instrument in the hand of God, to convey His blessings from the means which had been committed to his trust. And when the poor widow exclaimed, "I'll die before I'll steal!" his great soul comprehending the character of the conflict, and the greatness of the victory won, he opened a door near him, and speaking out, in a gentle manly tone, said:

"Mrs. Graceborn, you have whipped the devil in three fair fights. You are not guilty of theft; take all the wood you want and welcome."

If angels might have wept over her in the moment of temptation and trial, well might they now rejoice over her in the victory she won, and the deliverance sent. For Lawyer Goodman, in the magnanimity of his soul, ever ready to relieve human suffering, was moved in her behalf. He saw that her present wants were supplied; enquired into her cause; pressed it anew through the courts; obtained much of her lost property; and was made glad in his heart, at being the chosen instrument in the hand of God, through which He restored to the tried and the true—the widow and the fatherless—much that had been lost in their late afflictions, and seeing that, with the return of much that was lost, she had obtained greater faith in Him who said, "I will not utterly leave thee nor forsake thee," and with her increase of faith she felt that she had found "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," while her hope being enlarged, and entering fully into that within the veil, she was enabled daily to rejoice, that she had been accounted worthy to escape the snare of the evil one, the temptations and trials that had come upon her. Again, like one who had passed through the furnace of affliction, her latter days were her brightest days, because her affections for the things of time and sense had measurably grown less, while her love for God, the Infinite, the Good, had increased. In her renewed life, strong in the Lord and the power of his might, she could say, "It is no vain thing to serve the Lord," and "in keeping his commandments there is great reward." For we have the promise of "the time that now is, and in the world to come, life everlasting."

Beloved Hopes, remember that pleading innocence and humble contrition, looking up to God with the eyes of faith, are never lost to his sight, nor have passed beyond his reach. The angel of his presence attends them, and employs the means that brings their deliverance.

"Only believe," is the instruction of one who had "fought a good fight," for said he, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Like the slender reed before the blast, let us bow to the providence of God, and when the fierceness of the storm is past, we can raise our heads to rejoice in the gentle calm and joyous sunlight that follows. And as up from amidst the waters vast, rise and come the waves with their crests of spray, lashing, breaking and foaming on the reefs, the rocks, and the sandy beach, unable to pass their given bound; so of misfortune's frown-crested waves that rise in the great deep of futurity, and come rolling in, and break as it were upon the shore of our present earthly life. But, like the waves of the deep, God hath set for them a bound; and if, trusting in Him who set their bound, we humbly bow to meet them, their frowning, threatening fury, will pass harmlessly over, making us stronger to resist the next; and if each wave is thus met and passed, we will ere long find ourselves leaving, as it were, far behind us the rocks and reefs of an unregenerate life, and riding triumphantly on the great deep sea of our spiritual life in Christ, where, if we abide in him, we may with the strong cable of love, and anchor of hope safely outride the storms, with the eye of faith

resting upon, and bringing near the bright outlines of the heavenly shore. With such a prospect giving radiance to all that spreads between, well may the children of God humbly, patiently and rejoicingly wait, till the Great Captain of their salvation bids them enter the bright and heavenly port of the Better Land.

UNCLE M.

DREAM OF SUMMER.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play;
And through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.
The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow-brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze and streamlet free;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So in these winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow,
Lie germs of summer flowers.
The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sun-beams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his Hope with all.

J. G. WHITTIER.

HOME TALK.

HOME talk and influence give cast to the character of the children. If the parents are constantly talking about money, money, the children will imbibe the same spirit and become like worshipers of money. If they talk about fast horses and sporting, too often a crop of gamblers come of that household.

"Like begets like," to a very eminent degree, at least. Hence, the necessity of parents being chaste in their language, prompt with their children, and honest in their dealings with the world around them, walking in the fear and love of God, that their offspring may live to his praise; that in old age and at the judgment they may rise up and bless them, with thankfulness to God for parents who taught them the way of life. Parents let us be wise.

THE YELLOW WILLOW.

THE general appearance of the willow in outline is of feathery, delicate, airy addition to any landscape. No charm could act so fairy-like and refreshing as the clusters of the common willow along the clean and pleasant banks of rivers. They present an attractive shade of emerald green, in its light the undersides of the leaves being very clearly gray, and very delicately green above, and the fibrous nature of the foliage, the shades are densely brown and lovely with every softened gradation. The reflections of willows in the streams is one of the favorite themes of artists; light grays, greens and emerald threads pencilling leafy sprays, with cool dark brown and black shadows, rippled by streaks of silver where the light catches the water.

Their outline is spreading and fan-shaped or almost-spherical when perfect, but crowded together and hampered by neighbors, they wind away in long contortions, and a seat on one of their strong arms, to swing and dip about, is generally coveted by the children. Their growth is even more rapid than the maples; their branches and leaves alternate spirally, the bark sinuous, winding and moderately coarse. The leaves are serate, slender, lanceolate, short footstalk, with rudimentary shields.

The golden willow is a habitat of damp ground. Its peculiarity is a shining yellow bark of very attractive appearance. Its leaves are strongly tinged with yellow also. Its growth is strong and tall in many instances; about the height of its neighbor the cottonwood, taller than the common willow, and of hardier growth. The weeping willow is of note from its having long pendant branches, like the tresses of flowing hair, hanging drooping, like spray from a fountain, it is conventionally used to represent sorrow, and an object of selection by marble cutters.

The willow flowers early, in slender spirals, green and of no floral effect.

The wood is useful in basket making and in tying vines, and in all works where subtle, elastic strength, and slender diameter is requisite.

Some of this salex tribe, are shrubs merely, of slender growth and pattern, very diminutive in stature, flowering on the prairies, lowly and next the ground. Willows are classed as relative to the cottonwood.

Little shrubs bearing willow blossoms, and mousy with woolen coatings. Some that are styled willows are not so, one particularly belonging more nearly to the sycamores.

DAVID HYRUM SMITH.

HARDY AND FOOL-HARDY.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOW well I remember when Bertie burst in, panting and white, and trembling, and almost speechless, with the great door-key clasped tightly in both his hands! Davis was just beginning a speech to propose the farmer's health, and was getting very red and stammering, and I don't think he was sorry at any interruption that helped him out of the long sentence he had got lost in. No one could make out what was wrong at first, for Bertie could only gasp out a word at a time, "Quick—thieves—locked up—go." The farmer was fairly puzzled, but at last it dawned on him that some one was locked up in the house, and calling some of the men to follow him he left the barn, while the women kept behind at a respectful distance, anxious to see what was going on, and yet to be out of danger. I crept out after the men, with a very vague idea of what was going to happen, or what Bertie had done, for I could get nothing out of him, and I left him to Mrs. Blossom, who was doing her best to calm him.

Then there was a slight hesitation as to who should be the first to go in when the door was unlocked, but the farmer pushed aside the others, and seizing the lamp one of the men held, strode in.

There was no attempt at resistance, the thieves were caught like rats in a trap, and there was Booth, leaning against the table in dogged silence, and Joe crouching by the fire, whimpering, and screwing his knuckles into his eyes. I saw Booth's face, as the farmer held the lamp up, and let its bright light fall full on it, and I shall never forget the sight, such a sullen defiance and daring insolence. The farmer caught hold of his collar, asking him, "What he was doing there?" and Booth shook his hand off, saying, "Come, don't go and knock a feller about, for I'm not going to do nothing. I guess I'm in for it now, worse luck!"

One of the men seized hold of Joe and dragged him forward. He was crying and begging for mercy, and looked very different to the daring young hero I used to fancy him. His father took not the slightest notice of him, and did not seem to care what became of him, only he swore at him and pushed him away when the boy clung to his arm. The farmer was half inclined to give Joe a good flogging there and then, and to send him off, but he changed his mind; and both Booth and his son were taken off by a strong party to the village lock-up room, to pass the night there, in preparation of going up before the magistrate the next morning.

This was a sad interruption to the harvest-home supper; but all the people collected again in the

great barn, and the first thing they did was to drink Bertie's health, with three cheers afterwards, and all round the table they were talking of him; how clever he had been to catch the thieves, and how brave, and the men clapped him on the back, and called him a "plucky little chap." I felt quite thrown into the shade, and stood by to see Bertie, whom I had often called a coward and a baby, treated like a hero, which was what I had fancied myself. But he did not look much like a hero, as he leant against Mrs. Blossom, with her arm round his neck, looking more inclined to cry than to be pleased with all the praise he was receiving.

There was not much more merry making that night, for it was beginning to get late, and the fun had been a good deal spoilt by the interruption, so very soon afterwards "Good-night" was said, and the people went away, and Susan and Betty were hard at work clearing away the remains of the feast, and Bertie and I went up to bed. I was dead tired and could hardly keep awake till I got into bed, and was only partly conscious of Bertie tossing and twisting about, and starting up with a cry of terror every time he dropped asleep. I was sleepily aware of Mrs. Blossom coming into the room, and sitting by the bed some time, and of hearing her tell the farmer that the child was quite upset and feverish, but that she hoped a night's rest might set him right. And then I don't remember anything more till I was awake by hearing Bertie laughing in a strange way, and I found him sitting up in bed talking all sorts of queer nonsense, and seeming to see things in the dark room. He did not seem to know who I was when I spoke to him; and I got so frightened at last, that I ran across and called Mrs. Blossom, and she got up and came across, looking so funny in her big night-cap and old shawl, that I should have laughed if my mind had not been so full of Bertie. But I was more inclined to cry than to laugh when I saw Bertie by the light of the candle; his cheeks were red, and his lips dry, and his eyes so bright and restless, and yet when he looked at me I was not sure that he saw me, and he kept talking,—talking on of all manner of things.

"It's a fever, Master Tom," said Mrs. Blossom; "slip on your clothes, dear, and go and ask the master to get up."

How long it seemed till the day broke, and the farmer went off to call the doctor, while Mrs. Blossom sat by the bed, putting back the clothes that Bertie constantly tossed off him, and giving him some cool drink every now and then, and I sat in a corner of the room watching and listening.

They were getting breakfast in the kitchen when the doctor came. He came straight up into the bed-room, and asked lots of questions, and looked very grave and anxious. When he went out of the room, I crept out after him and heard him say, "You had better send for the child's mother at once, he is very ill."

I did not hear any more, for some of my trouble and fear came bursting out in a choking sob, "Oh, mother, mother!" and I could not keep it back or pretend to be brave any longer. Then the doctor called me to him, and told me very kindly, that Bertie was very ill, but that he hoped, with God's help, he might get over it. That the fright and excitement of the day before had been too much for him, and had worked on a delicate, sensitive brain. There was no fear of infection, he said, so I might sit in Bertie's room if I liked, if I would keep very still. And so I did all day, till the afternoon came, and then, quite tired out, I fell asleep in my corner, and woke with a kiss on my cheek, to find mother herself kneeling by my side with her dear arms round me, and half the trouble seemed gone. Bertie was drowsy just then, and mother took me outside the door, and we sat on the stairs, and I told her everything, and sobbed with my head in her lap.

"Mother," I said, "will he die?"
"God knows, Tom, dear," she said. "You must ask God to give us back little Bertie, and make us brave to bear this trial."

"Mother, you're always brave."
"Ah, Tom, you don't know what a coward's heart I have when I see my little ones suffer."
And then she went up, and never left Bertie night or day.

I don't know how the next few days passed, for Bertie was so ill and did not even know mother, which was worse almost than anything, for it hurt her so, for he sat up in bed, calling "Mother, mother, come to Bertie," as he used when he was quite a little child, and he did not know her dear face or gentle voice. It did not seem quite so bad as it did before mother came, but all my boasted bravery was gone, and I was a sad coward, as I sat hour after hour on the stairs listening, for I thought that my little brother Bertie was going away from me,—away from our play, and fun, and laughter, and love, somewhere where I should never see or hear him any more, and that strange, awful thing, death, would be between us.

After some days there was a change and the fever passed away, but the danger did not go with it, for it left him so weak,—oh! so weak; but he knew mother, and would lie for hours holding her hand and watching her face.

I remember one evening when he was asleep and she came out and sat by my side on the wide step, outside the door, and I saw there were great tears in her eyes, and her hands were trembling.

"Is he worse?" I asked.
"I hardly know," she answered, "he is so weak. But, O Tom! if God should please to take him, we must ask Him to make us strong to bear it, brave as little Bertie, for he is not afraid. Just before he fell asleep just now, he looked up at me and said so low, I could only just hear it, 'Yea, though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'"

But Bertie did not pass through the dark valley then; but God gave him back to us and he got well again, very slowly and with many a step back towards the Unknown Land he had so nearly entered, but gradually getting stronger and better, and making us happy again, and oh, so thankful.

I have forgotten Joe and his father in telling about Bertie's illness, and indeed I thought little of them. They were taken before a magistrate the next day, and Booth was sent off to Medington Jail, to await for his trial at the assizes for burglary. As Joe was so young, and it was his first offence, the magistrate would not send him for trial, but sent him to a reformatory, where I hope he learnt better ways than his wretched father could ever have taught him, for, bad as Joe was, there was something that was good in him.

As soon as Bertie was well enough to be moved, we left Silverhill, and went to the sea-side, bidding good-bye to kind Farmer and Mrs. Blossom, and Colonel Morris, with much regret, in spite of this sad ending to our visit at Oatlands Farm.

A LITTLE ACT OF KINDNESS.

ONE dull Saturday night I sat by my window watching the people as they passed to and from the market, where was a store of good things for the Sabbath's eating. The wind blew hard, and the rain was beginning to patter against the window panes, and make large drops upon the pavement.

It was not very pleasant to be out of doors; but food must be had, and all classes of persons were hastening to get it.

Soon I noticed two little colored girls hurrying past with an empty basket, and I heard one of them say: "Oh, be quick, for it is going to rain hard, and the chips will be all wet."

"Yes, I'm coming in a minute," said the other who lingered behind,—for what purpose do you think?

Leaning against the lamp-post at the corner of the street was a poor old woman, bent with age and infirmities. In one hand was her market-basket, in the other a bundle, and she was trying

to open an umbrella. The wind blew against her, the bundle slipped from her poor old fingers, rolling into the gutter, and the umbrella would not come open.

But the quick feet and fingers of this little girl soon set all things right. First, she hastened to rescue the bundle, and restore it to its owner; then opened the umbrella and placed it securely in the old woman's hands. She waited for no more, hastening on after her companion; but, amid the falling rain, I heard the old woman say: "God bless you, my child!"

Ah! it was a little deed, but done so cheerfully and quickly that I knew the child had a kind heart. Was the act not noticed by our Father in Heaven, and will He not bless the child who helps the aged and infirm?

Dear little ones, do not let *one chance* of helping one another, or of doing good, pass by.

If your eyes are open, you will see these opportunities *every day*, and O, how happy you may make your own heart, and the heart of some other, while your dear Father in Heaven will smile upon your efforts.

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in;
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold,
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.
Open the door for the children,
See, they are coming in throngs;
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs.
Pray you the Father to bless them,
Pray you the grace may be given;
Open the door for the children,
Of such is the kingdom of heaven!

IS YOUR SOUL INSURED?

"PA," said a little boy, as he climbed to his father's knee and looked into his face, as earnestly as if he understood the full importance of the subject, "pa, is your soul insured?"

"What are you thinking about, my son," replied the agitated father. "Why do you ask that question?"

"Why, pa, I heard Uncle George say that you had your house insured, and your life insured; but he didn't believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it; won't you get it insured right away?"

The father leaned his head on his hand, and was silent. He owned broad acres of land that were covered with a bountiful produce; his barns were even now filled with plenty, his buildings were all well covered by insurance; but, as if that would not suffice for the maintenance of his wife and only child in case of his decease, he had, the day before, taken a life-policy for a large amount,—yet not one thought had he given to his own immortal soul. On that which was to waste away, and become part and parcel of its native dust, he had spared no pains; but for that which was to live on and on, through the long ages of eternity, he had made no provision. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" was a question he cared not to ask. Now, as he sits in silence, his soul is stirred within him; and he mentally exclaims:

"What shall I do to be saved?"

Wasted years, golden opportunities, unimproved, broken Sabbaths, a neglected Bible, the warnings of friends, and the voice of God's afflictive providence unanswered, rush to his mind; and he found no peace till he threw himself into the arms of Jesus.—*Christian Banner.*

Play not the peacock, looking vainly at yourself.
It is better to be alone than in bad company.
Let your conversation be without malice or envy.
Urge not your friend to discover a secret.
Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth.

THE BOWER BIRD.

MRS. PETERS was sitting in the arm-chair, with her children round her, showing the pictures in a large bird-book. After turning over the leaves for sometime, speaking of these attractive and cheerful creatures, she said at last:

"And here is the bird that builds itself a play-house."

"What!" said Emily, "a play-house? Who ever heard of a bird doing that?"

"Yes, my dear," answered the mother, "it's strange, but it is true."

"Please, mamma, tell us about it," asked little James.

"Well," said she, "this bird does not live in our country, but in Australia. The name is given to it because it builds for itself a sort of covered way, or run, in which it can chase another up and down. Thus they have as much fun as little children at play. These passages are made by bending coarse grass and twigs together in an arched form. The way is carpeted with sticks and grass. And what seems more strange, is that the entrance to these covered avenues or bowers are adorned with small shells, colored stones, bits of broken glass or china, pieces of bone, gay ribbons and feathers, and various other bright things; just as you, my children, like to fit up your play-houses."

"Is not that strange?" exclaimed several of my little listeners.

"It is, indeed," replied Mrs. Peters. She then told them how God had not only given life to the multitudes of creatures he has made, but provided in many and strange ways for their pleasure, and with so many means of becoming happy for this world and the next.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

The following lines composed by a lunatic were found on the wall of his cell, after his death.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made;
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
If stretched from sky to sky."

TWO YOUNG, ragged boys, whose names were Guy and Jack, found an old rope lying in the road over the possession of which they disputed long and loud. Guy snatched one end and Jack the other and both pulled with all their force to get it. Suddenly the rope broke and both fell backward down into the mud, presenting a pitiable appearance. A passer-by said to them, "Behold what happens to quarrelers. For the most worthless trifle they become angry at each other, and what then results? They cover themselves with ridicule and shame before the eyes of everybody, just as you now stand before me covered with mud and dirt." The same results happen to nations when they engage in war. They are like angry boys pulling at a rotten rope, and when it breaks these nations present as pitiable an appearance as the boys in the mud. "Study to keep peace for discord always brings evil in its train."

CHRISTENDOM paid last year for the support of her war system, two thousand millions of dollars. Christians—all who profess and call themselves by that name—paid for missions in the same time, five millions of dollars.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but be modest.

When a man does all he can, do not blame him though he succeeds not well.

Take admonition thankfully.

In your dress be modest, and consult your condition.

Speak not injurious words either in jest or earnest. Gaze not on the blemishes of others.

When another speaks, be attentive.

Be not to apt to relate news.

Correspondence.

CAMERON, Mo., July 23, 1874.

Dear Little Hopes:—It has been longer than I intended since writing my last to you,—but my will is good at any time to offer a word of encouragement to the dear little readers of the *Hope*. I will do so now by sending a few lines of poetry, which are good, and we would do well to heed them. Yours in love,

AUNT LUCY.

Little children, when the evening
Falleth with its quiet shade,
Over tree top, sky and steeple,
Ere your little heads are laid
On your pillow for repose,

'Neath the Father's mighty care
Bow the head and bend the knee,
Low to him in mighty prayer.

Little children, when the morning
Poureth o'er the eastern hills,
Its bright flood of gentle sunshine,
Making glad the fields and rills,
Ere you leave your quiet chambers,
Pause, and kneeling, humbly pray,
To the God who has preserved you,
To behold another day.

Little children, when temptation
Cometh, with its giant power,
Pray to God dear little children,
In that dark and bitter hour.
He will then disarm the tempter,
Turn from you his poisoned dart,
And with grace and strength triumphant
Make his home within your heart.

Little children, when stern sorrow
Lays on you his heavy hand,
Veiling all the world in darkness,
Veiling too the better land,
Go to Jesus, little children,
He will soothe and he will bless;
He'll revive your drooping spirits,
Whisper peace and happiness.

Little children, when his summons,
Calls you from these scenes away,
Ask him to receive your spirits,
Pray, dear little children, pray;
Pray that through the great Redeemer,
You may rise to life and light,
And glad Hallelujahs singing,
Dwell forever in his sight.

FORT SCOTT, Kansas, June 15, 1874.

Editor *Zion's Hope*:—I have been reading in the *Herald*, and I thought perhaps I was not valiant in the army of the Lord. When I think how the Lord has blessed me in various ways, and me so ungrateful, it makes me feel unworthy of the blessings he bestows upon me. But, as a general thing, I endeavor to live an honest and temperate life, but the temptations prove too strong for me sometimes, so that I do wrong. There are no Saints here save my father's family. He lives in the country about three miles east of this place. He does all he can to induce others to investigate the truth. If there was a good Elder here, there would be a Branch started up, I think. I am confident that many people who live in this county will ultimately unite with the Church and form a large Branch here.

I have been sickly for three years, but now am in good health. It was God who rebuked the disease that had been preying upon me. Although I am led away from the fold sometimes, I mean to do better in the future; and all I have to regret is that I have done nothing for the advancement of the cause and kingdom of my Master, but I shall try to do something hereafter, though it be but little, for I know I have to render an account of my stewardship. I hope my brothers and sisters will pray for me, that I may hold out faithful to the end.

M. LEE MIDDLETON.

DO AND DARE.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong,

Dare to walk in wisdom's way,

Dare to give, where gifts belong,

Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right,

Do what reason says is best,

Do with all your mind and might,

Do your duty and be blessed.

I can send many little pieces copied from other papers if they would be acceptable.

Yours in gospel bonds, MRS. L. E. FLANDERS.

[Send them along sister].—Ed.

RIDGE PRAIRIE, St. Clair Co., Illinois,

August 24, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. I love to read all the letters of my brothers and sisters. I am thirteen years old. I

was baptized by my father, when I was ten years old. Little Hopes, "let us pray for one another," and let us all keep our lamps burning and be ready when he says, "Well done." I am trying to serve the Lord, and I hope my brothers and sisters are trying to serve him too. We have preaching and sacrament meeting every Sunday, and prayer meeting every Tuesday, and testimony meeting every Thursday. That we may be kept faithful, is the prayer of your little brother,

JOHN ENNIS HUGHES.

ANSWER TO GEOGRAPHY PUZZLE.

[Published in *Hope* of July 15th, 1874].

In a village called *Honover* there lived a little girl named *Margarita*. She was playing on the front steps one day, when a man with an *Organ* stopped in the street. She was so pleased with his music that she followed him off, and was a *Long* way from home ere she knew it. Then she couldn't find her way back, and a big *Negro* came along, and she sat down by the roadside and cried, till a man who lived like a *Hermit* came and took her home with him. He had a little black dog and a white cow with one *Horn*, and the little girl had a drink of nice milk, and went out in the garden with the little dog to play. It ran barking towards a clump of weeds, and she ran to see what was there and nearly put her foot into a *Serpent's Mouth*. The good man came and killed the hideous thing, and then he heard the little girl screaming behind him. She had found some pretty fruit and had eaten it, and was screaming for mamma. The man saw she had eaten a *Cayenne* and didn't know what to do, but gave her a little *Maderia*. This did no good, and he gave her an *Orange* to eat, which soothed her till her parents, who had been looking for her, came and wrapped her up, lest she became *Chili*, and thanked the good man, and drove home which was all *Desolation* without their little daughter.

Given correctly by Alma D. Houghas, Ma cedonia, Iowa.

ANAGRAM.—No. 2.

Rou lvies aer chri hwit gtfsi mrof Odg ;
Rof su eth threa si rfa dna ghribt ;
Eth lvitoe epsghrti rfmo the ods,
Ot tsoeho uro rtshea dna lgad oru ghist.
Tihw tedfaatss hftai adn ouysjo phoe,
Tsi pest yb epst ew dauirpw artde,
Ltinu npuo het tnaumion tpw,
Gdso ylrgo ehsnsi drunoa uor hdea.

THREE CUBO.

TRUE GENTILITY.—Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner, nor fashion, but in the mind. A high sense of honor, determination never to take advantage of another, and politeness toward those with whom we have dealings, are the essential characteristics of a gentleman.

VERY GOOD ADVICE.—There is a curious Chinese proverb which says, "In a cucumber-field do not stop to tie your shoe, and under a plum-tree do not wait to settle your cap on your head;" which means, if you do so some body may think you are stealing the cucumbers or the plums. Never forget that the Apostle says, "Abstain from all appearance of evil."

HABIT is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited \$237 62	Laura B. Munns ..	\$ 60
George Evans ..	25 Richard Darlow ..	25
Lucy A. Griffith ..	25 D. Faban ..	25
J. Gillespie ..	50	

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For instance, 15 Sep 74 means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th day of September, 1874, before which time you must renew. Our terms are payment in advance.

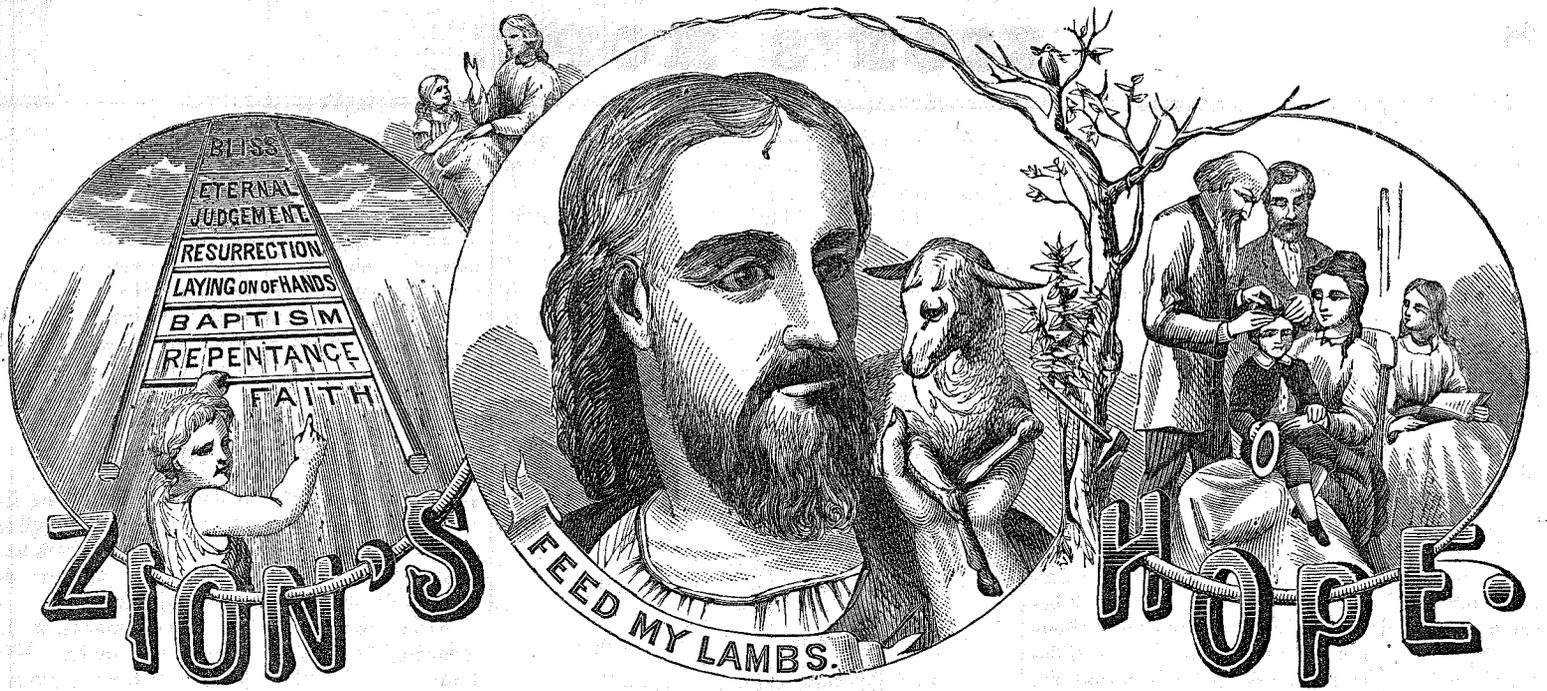
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 6.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., OCTOBER 1, 1874.

No. 7.

THE PRIZE.

LITTLE HOPES, are you trying to obtain the prize? such a prize as the Apostle Paul had in view, when he said, "I press toward the mark for the prize?" He used to be a persecutor of the Saints; but the Lord had appeared to him, and stopped his mad pursuit; and great things being made known unto him, he turned to be a fellow laborer with those whom he had been persecuting; and after he had passed through years of labor, self-denial and suffering in the ministry, to which he had been called by the Lord, he gave expression to the words we have quoted above. It had been shown him what great things he should suffer, and the glory of the Paradise of God had been unveiled to his spirit vision, and the priceless record of a faithful continuance in the service of God to the end of his days was shown him. Therefore, in his great desire to do the will of God and obtain the prize; he was patient in tribulation, seeking for glory, and honor and immortality; the final reward to be eternal life in the kingdom of God, with a "crown of righteousness," that fadeth not away, which the Lord, the righteous Judge would give. And he assures us that a like rich reward awaits all that love the Lord, and his glorious appearing. And by this rule, we may know we love the Lord, namely, "that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous." But the Apostle assures us, that if we would be crowned, we must strive lawfully, otherwise we will not be crowned; and that we may strive lawfully in all things, it is necessary for us to obey another instruction of the Apostle, namely, to "lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us;" that is, we must not let our thoughts and time be taken up too much with the things of this world: we must strive to put from us our besetting sin; that which we are most likely to commit, from time to time. Some people's besetting sins are open, and can be seen, while others are secret. But God sees all. So we must strive to put them away from us, and "run patiently the race set before us," remembering that faithfulness unto death, is necessary to obtain the prize.

After long years of toil and suffering, in pressing toward the mark for which he set out, when he entered upon his service of the Lord, Paul was led to say, "I count not myself to have apprehended," [that is, to have taken hold of the prize], but said he, "I press toward the mark" for the prize. He understood the frailty of man, his liability to fall, or turn away from a life in Christ, and lose the great reward. For he said in

another place, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast away; and knowing the awful state of those who turn away from the truth, after having known the way of life; he urges the necessity of prayer without ceasing.

All through life he kept pressing toward the mark for the prize, being patient in affliction, rejoicing in tribulation, keeping the bright end in view, the glory with which he would be crowned if he could reach the end in triumph. Trusting in Him who said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," he closed his warfare in glorious victory, reached the end triumphantly, and through Christ, exultingly cries, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Little Hopes, would you like to win such a glorious victory? If so, search the Scriptures, learn your duty to God and perform it, ever "pressing toward the mark for the prize;" and like Paul you will, conquering, win the crown that is promised to the faithful.

"Let us pray for one another."

UNCLE M.

ALPHABETICAL POETRY.

From reading the 14th chapter of Revelations.

An angel has flown from heaven above,
 Bringing the gospel of redeeming love;
 Crying, "Repent, repent, and be saved every one;
 Declare these glad tidings to every nation and tongue;
 East, west, north and south, proclaim it to all,
 For it is the last warning, it is the last call.
 Go toil in my vineyard, gather my wheat,
 Heed not the tares, for soon I will reap.
 In the soon coming harvest I'll separate well,
 Join the wheat into bundles, cast the tares into hell.
 Keen is the blade, how angels do weep!
 Loud is the cry, 'Thrust in thy sickle and reap!'
 My judgments are coming, all truly can see
 Nations in commotion, disasters at sea."
 O, then be entreated to watch and to pray.
 Prepare to meet your Judge in the soon coming day.
 Question not the decree that God has sent forth.
 Repent of your sins all ye ends of the earth.
 Soon the next angel in loud tones shall declare,
 "Time shall be no longer! for the harvest prepare."
 Unbelievers, why tarry, that harvest is near;
 Visions in heaven already appear.
 While angels are waiting the harvest to reap,
 Expectant we wait, to be garnered with wheat.
 Yield to the gospel, that with Christ you may be heir.
 Zion's Hopes prove faithful. Soon the crown you
 may wear. FIDELIA CALHOUN.

Labor to keep alive in your bosom that heavenly spark, God's Holy Spirit.

"FOOLISH WATER."

A FRIEND, who was traveling on a stage-coach in Kansas on a cold winter day, was offered by one of the passengers a drink of whiskey, which, by the Comanche Indians, is called "Foolish Water." The friend declined drinking; but four or five other passengers accepted the invitation to drink. At length, under the apparent influence of the "foolish water," the gentleman who carried the bottle suggested that each one should tell a tale, sing a song, or leave the coach. As the friend was the oldest one present, he was called on to lead off; and at once told the following anecdote:—

"Maw-way, a prominent Comanche chief, was arrested, with six other Indians, in New Mexico, in 1868, and sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. On his return he gave to some of his people the following graphic description of his trip: 'I thought that the white people were taking us North to kill us, and when one of our company was taken sick I was surprised that the soldiers should try to cure him and manifest anxiety about him; but he at length died, and instead of being thrown out to the wolves as I expected, they made a nice box to put him in, and also put in his bow and arrows, clothes, and everything he had. He was then buried in the nicest hole that I ever saw dug, and a neat board put at the head and foot of the grave. I began to think that the white people were not quite so bad as I imagined. At length we got to the railroad in the western part of Kansas, where we saw the iron horse hitched to a number of houses, into one of which we were taken, and oh! what a beautiful house it was. I had never seen anything to compare with it before, and we each had a nice, soft seat. We had been there but a short time when the iron horse made a snort, and away it went, pulling all the houses with it. Why, our ponies could not run half so fast as it went, and it did not get tired either; and they only fed it with wood and water. It soon stopped at another white man's village, and so on until it arrived in Leavenworth, where there were so many people, and the land so scarce, that there was not room to build their houses without putting one right up on top of another, sometimes two or three houses high.

"We were taken into one of the large houses, which was divided into little houses; and then we were taken into the house above, which was also divided into little houses. The streets were full of people, and the houses were full, but where they all came from I cannot tell. I had no idea there were so many white people, or that they had so many villages; but I know they were

there, for I saw them with my own eyes. After we were taken through the houses which were built on top of each other, we were taken into one under it, which was dug in the ground. There was nobody living in this, but there was a large quantity of foolish water there. I noticed that it made white people so foolish to drink it that I was afraid to drink, lest I should get foolish too."

Here the friend stopped talking, and soon afterward, when one of the other gentlemen called for the bottle, the one who had it, said:—

"No; it makes white people so foolish to drink whisky, that I think we had better stop."

No more was drank during the balance of the journey.

Maw-way and his companions were sent back to their people in 1869 in charge of a citizen who got intoxicated on the way, when the Indians became disgusted with him, and went on without him to Ft. Sill, and reported themselves to Colonel Grierson as his prisoners, telling him that the man who was in charge of them had drank some "foolish water" and lost his senses. The colonel told them that they had acted better than the white man, and should no longer be regarded as prisoners, but might go to their people.

Here was an instance of some untutored Indians acting more discreetly, and with better judgment, than many white people, by refraining from intoxicating drink when offered to them. Nearly all men who do business have liquor offered to them, and if they were to act like these Indians, not to partake of the first glass, there would be no danger of being overcome with strong drink, which the Bible says is raging, and wine a mocker.—*Olive Leaf.*

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

THEY who are willing to serve God by doing little things well, may serve Him always and everywhere; but they who stand waiting for some great thing to do, will probably never find the occasion they seek, and therefore will never serve him at all. They also overlook a plain Bible truth, namely, that to be faithful in little things is often the best way to our being allowed the use of great things. Those who use one talent well, will often find that God increases the well-used talent. If we would be strong for any service to which God may call us, let us not overlook the means which he generally uses in giving strength. The grace of to-day will not do for tomorrow. The petition which our Lord has put into our lips is this - "Give us day by day our daily bread;" or, as it is in the margin, "give us for the day our daily bread."

Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

ADVANCEMENT TO PERFECTNESS.

THERE is a chief in all things. As God is the chief of all existing beings, so is there a chief duty for all to do that live in an age when the everlasting gospel is preached on the earth, viz., to obey it.

There are three chief things for all who believe and are baptized to observe, in order to be enabled to overcome the world, the flesh and the devil, and to be able to endure, to gain salvation, to receive reward, viz., to grow in faith, progress in righteousness, and do good according to our talent or talents.

By learning evidence, "giving all diligence," to "search the Scriptures," "being swift to hear," [the word of God], whether preaching, whether through the gifts, we can thus grow in faith, even the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, delivered in latter days the same as of old, and to as many as

receive it and neglect to cultivate to do good works, it will prove condemnation. The order of progression is given by Peter: "Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance;" etc. If we can talk, we have a talent to do good. If we can write, we have a talent to do good. If we have money to spare, we can do good to sure reward.

W. C. L.

THE SUN AND THE STAR.

One day when the sun was going down,
He said to a star hard by:
"Sparkle your best, for you see, my friend,
I'm going out of the sky."

Now the little star was old as the sun,
Though rather small for his age,
So he kept quite still in the yellow light,
And looked as wise as a sage.

"I'm going you see!" cried the sun again,
"Going right out of the sky!"
And he slid away, but not out of sight
Of that little star hard by.

The little star, peeping, saw him go
On his gorgeous western way;
And twinkled with fun, as he said, "O, sun!
You're in for another day!"

"And as for going out of the sky,
Your majesty knows you can't;
You're shining somewhere, full and strong,
In spite of your rays aslant."

No answer. Then the star grew bright
And sparkled as neighbors came;
He told the joke to the twinkling crowd,
And they laughed the sun to shame.

One merry star was so amused,
He shot across the sky;
And all the others bobbed and blinked,
To see him speeding by.

But, after awhile, a rosy light
Appeared on the eastern side;
And, one by one the stars grew shy,
And tried in the sky to hide.

"Ho! ho!" the sun broke forth, "Ho! ho!
Just stay where you are, my dears,
And shine away, for you can't be seen
When all my light appears.

"The people below will say you're gone,
Though you're shining. Think of that!
Well, they thought all night I had left the sky,
So it's only tit for tat."

"THAT'S MY PENNY."

AN interesting young lad, who had nothing to give at a country missionary meeting to which he was going, except a solitary penny, was somewhat disconcerted; the more so because he was much teased by his sister on account of the smallness of his contribution. The boy was encouraged, however, by his pious mother, not to mind the taunts of his sister, who happened to have a trifle more to give, but to take his penny and give it with a pure motive; and if it were noticed by man, to remember that it would be known to God, who was well pleased with the poor widow's mite.

Away they went to the meeting at the appointed time. All were interested with the address, and the little fellow frequently wished that he had more to give. At length the collection was made, and the boy, with a heavy heart, dropped in his penny. According to custom, the money was counted in the vestry, that the amount might be announced to the meeting. By and by the secretary announced that the collection amounted to "six pounds, five shillings, and a penny." When the little boy heard mention made of a penny, he was so moved that he could scarcely restrain himself, and he whispered, somewhat loudly, to his sister: "Hear that; that's my penny. You said it was so little it would never be noticed, and the gentleman has told the whole congregation."

Dear little lambs of the flock, do not forget the pennies. If like the poor widow who cast in her "two mites," you give them from the heart, they

will not be overlooked by Him who sees all things, though the secretary may sometimes fail to announce it. Ever remember that our lives are made up of littles. Seconds make minutes, and if we should be deprived of a few of them just now, in which to breathe, we would soon die; therefore, let us "Despise not the day of small things," but by continually adding them, little good deeds, together, make up the grand total of a well spent life, and thus receive the reward of the righteous.

THE SOUL DOCTOR.

"THERE'S the doctor," I heard a little girl say, as she ran up stairs to tell that I was coming. I had been there many times before, and the child knew me very well, and surely she could not be mistaken.

After the usual inquiries and remarks, we had, according to custom, a season of prayer. When I turned and said to the girl, "Why, I am not a doctor," she looked surprised and confused.

But considering the subject a moment, she said: "you're my doctor any how."

"My dear, what makes you think I am a doctor?" I inquired.

When she replied, "Because mother has been sick so long, and many doctors have been here, and I have to go after so much medicine, and, for all that, mother didn't get any better. And she used to be so sad; and, when I looked at her, I always saw tears in her eyes. But since you came, she has been growing better; and now she smiles and sings. I don't know what medicine you've got, but I know you are a doctor."

THE DEVIL'S CROP.

MANY persons are disposed to lessen the gravity of the sins of youth, by the apology, they are sowing their wild oats; forgetting that whatsoever one soweth that shall he reap. The sowing which produces a reaping of bitter fruits, begins at an early period.

Lord Shaftsbury recently stated, in a public meeting in London, that from personal observation, he had ascertained that of the adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that if a young man lived an honest life up to twenty-five years of age, there were forty-nine chances in his favor, and only one against him, as to an honorable life hereafter. Beware of sowing wild oats; it is the Devil's seed, and bears the Devil's harvest.—*Little Christian.*

Little Hopes, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the days draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." And remember I pray thee, "Who ever perished being innocent, or where were the righteous cut off?" "They that plough iniquity, and sow wickedness, and reap the same," perish "by the blast of God."

GOD SEES YOU.

MANY children have read the fairy tales of the Danish writer, Hans Christian Andersen. A pleasant story of his childhood is told in a sketch of his life. Little Hans was one day with his mother and some other poor neighbors, gleaning in the field of a man who was said to be very harsh and cruel. They saw him coming, and all started to run away. But Hans' clumsy wooden shoes came off; the stubble, or short stumps of the grain stalks which had been left by the reapers, hurt his tender feet, so that he could not keep up with the others; and he found he must be caught. The rough owner of the field was very near, and could almost reach him with his heavy whip; when Hans, whose hopeless case now filled him with new courage, stopped and turned, and, looking into the man's face, said: "How dare you strike me, when God sees you?"

The anger of his pursuer was subdued at once. Instead of striking the boy, he gently stroked his cheeks, asked his name, and gave him some money. The truth, of which little Hans had reminded him, when about to do a mean and cruel act, seemed to make him ashamed of it at once, and to cause him to speak and act kindly.

How many wicked words and acts children as well as grown people might be kept from saying and doing, if they could at the right time be reminded, as that man was, of the presence of God. When you are tempted to speak harshly to your little brothers and sisters, or undutifully to your parents; when you are tempted to lie, cheat or steal, to speak a profane or naughty word—ask yourself, "How dare I do this wicked thing when God can see me?"—*Mothers' Magazine.*

WEEDS.

DEAR little readers of the *Hope*:—Most of you know what weeds are. They are all very ugly and repulsive. Some of them have sharp thorns, and others are poisonous; and they are always in the way. They never do any good, but are always giving trouble wherever they grow. They also take away the strength of the soil. This is just the way with bad habits; just as far as we let them grow, they deprive us of the power of doing right.

The other day I was passing through a garden which was very weedy. In some parts the weeds had grown so thick and strong that it was very hard to tell what had been planted in it. While looking at this garden, it seemed to me to be very much like childhood, and I thought I could not do better than tell the readers of the *Hope* what I saw, and what I thought.

Some gardens have very poor soil, and have to be cultivated with great care; others have richer soil, but the weeds will grow all the stronger, if care is not taken to keep them down; but there are none too poor to bear weeds.

A good gardener will be very careful not to let the weeds grow much, for he knows if he allows them to get big, they will be all the harder to pull up or cut down. Just so it is with you, children. Your bad habits and faults may look small now; (and if they are, it is all the better); but if you do not get rid of them while they are small, by and by they may become so large that you will not be able, without a great deal of earnest and diligent effort, to get rid of them at all.

If any of you are cross and fretful when your parents ask you to do anything for them, just remember that you are letting the weeds spring up in the garden; and go right at once to pulling them up, by promptly doing what your parents desire, and as you go, ask your Father in heaven to help you *keep the weeds down*, by giving you his Holy Spirit to strengthen you in all that is good and right. Try and think also that your parents are older than you, and know better than you what is right for you to do.

You should not forget to read the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and what you do not understand, you should ask your parents or Sunday School teachers to explain it to you. Then if you do anything that is wrong, you will know that it is not right; and if you tell your father and mother what you have done, and are truly sorry for it, and ask your Father in heaven to forgive you, he will do so, and help you to do better in future.

I hope you will try and remember what I have written. If you do, and will try and be better boys and girls, I will be glad, and will write to you again sometime.

UNCLE BOB.

"MOTHER KNOWS."

A YOUNG lad was sick. His mother was at the dining-table, and a servant girl came from the room of the sick boy, and the mother inquired of her, "Does he wish some of this?" referring to certain kind of food which

was upon the table. The answer was, "I asked him, and he said, 'Mother knows.'" I took notice of this, because I knew that the child was recovering from a fever, and was just in that state in which his appetite was craving, and he could have eagerly partaken of every dish that was upon the table. It is happy for a child, if he has a mother who knows what is best for him; and in respect to food, dress, company, books, employment, and amusements, if he has confidence that "Mother knows," we may be assured that he will in manhood cause the heart of that mother to rejoice.

WHICH WAY!

Ye little Hopes of Latter days,
What course are you pursuing?
Eternal bliss? thy Savior's praise?
Or the broad road to ruin?

What are your hopes, ye little ones,
About the judgment hour?
Thy sphere may be a type of the sun,
Where Satan has no power.

If so, you must your Lord obey,
And pray in times of trouble;
Then God will hear you, and the day
Nears when your joys be double.

Pray the Lord that he will guide
You to present oblations;
Pray for strength that you may abide
The storms of sore temptations.

Call on the Lord in mighty prayer,
By wisdom be directed;
Pray for Zion with beauties rare,
That she may be erected.

Don't get discouraged, little folks,
Though assailed by temptation;
Resist all evil with firm hopes,
Christ will bring exaltation.

Although in trials you shed tears,
Weighed down by tribulations;
Your joy with Christ a thousand years
Will surpass expectations.

UNCLE RICHARD.

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 punished 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 eye 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 he resumed his chair.

THE BOOK OF THANKS.

"FEEL so vexed, and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must—"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Celia.

"No; look over my book of thanks."

"What's that?" said Celia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writing in a round text hand.

"Here it is," said Mark. Then read aloud,—

"March 8. Ben lent me his hat."

"Here again: 'Jan. 4. When I lost my shilling, Ben made it up to me kindly.' Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy, after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" said Celia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me; you would wonder how many they are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do, if I only trusted to my memory; so I hope I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross and out of temper, I almost always feel good humored again if I only look over my book."

WATCH YOURSELF.

"WHEN I was a school-boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching boys. One day he called out to us 'Boys, I must have close attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to his case.' 'Ah,' thought I to myself, 'there's Joe Simmons, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell.' It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master. 'Indeed,' said he, 'and how did you know that he was idle?' 'I saw him,' said I. 'You did; and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' I was caught, and I never watched for the boys again."

Just so. Whether in or out of school, if we are watching for other people's faults, with a view to mentioning them, we are very likely to expose our own. If we keep a close watch over self, we will not find time to search out and expose the faults of our comrades. Let us seek to be wise, but "harmless as doves."

TO AVOID CALUMNY.

"If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, 'Ay,' said he, 'then I must learn to sing better.' Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said: 'It is no matter; I will live so that none shall believe them.' Hearing, at another time, that an intimate friend had spoken detractively of him, he said: 'I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it.' This is the surest, as well as the best way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny—a good conscience."

How true! If we would have a conscience void of offence, we must be swift to hear, slow to speak; seeking to have charity for all, the exercise and practice of which will lead us to observe the golden rules of Him, than whom none are greater.

If we would attain unto the highest degree of moral excellence, we must first descend to the beautiful and quiet vale of humility, and then, through walking in obedience to Heaven's great laws, we will learn to govern self, and realize the truth of the words of Solomon, "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

The Savior said, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor." This, little Hopes, is the way to attain unto *true* greatness, and who would not rather receive honor of God, and the love and esteem of the righteous, than the popular laudations of the wicked—or lovers of this world and its influences.

Little children, let us be wise in seeking after greatness; that it may be known by our love and fidelity to right, in a faithful service of Him who has merited our love and praise.

THE BROKEN THREAD.

IT is a bad sign when age is too proud to learn a useful lesson from childhood. If in my walks and friendly cottage calls, I can do any good to others, I am thankful; but the amount of my services is very small. Often, however, does it occur, that when I do no good to others, I get good to myself.

This morning, a little child, at the house where I called, came weeping to her mother in great grief. She had been sitting very quietly for some time on a little stool, sewing a piece of clean rag for practice. When I inquired the cause of her trouble, it was a broken thread; the poor little girl seemed overwhelmed with the conviction that all her work was ruined.

"Did you think, love, I could not fasten it on again?" asked the mother, wiping away the streaming tears.

"Yes," sobbed the child.

"Oh! but I can though, in a minute," said the mother. "See, love! see!"

Dear little child, thought I to myself, thy grief and thy simplicity are just like mine. How often and how long have I sat weeping and sobbing with, as it were, a broken thread in my hand, not considering how easy it was for my Heavenly Father to fasten all the broken threads, and to heal all the broken hearts of his children.

A GOOD TRADE.

SEE what a good trade I made to-day," said Lucius to his uncle. "I traded my old knife with Jamie Niel for his nice two-bladed one, that cuts twice as well. One of the blades of my knife was broken, and the other would not hold an edge five minutes. But Jamie took a fancy to it because of the handle, and I was glad enough to make the trade."

"I am very sorry, Lucius, if you have cheated him," said his uncle; "but more sorry for you than him."

Lucius hung his head a little, and asked: "Why so?"

"Because one success of this kind may lead you to try it again, and nothing can be worse for a boy's prospects in life than to get into the habit of overreaching."

"But, uncle, in all trades, don't each try to get the best bargains—and don't all merchants make their fortunes by being sharp in trade?"

"No trade is sound that does not benefit both parties. You may lay that down as a foundation stone, if you intend to become a merchant. The exchange should benefit the buyer as well as the seller. The great merchant, Gideon Lee, abhorred a man who practiced this system of petty cheating. Such a person was once boasting of his smartness in his store, and ended by saying that he had just got the better of Mr. Lee himself.

"That may be," said the merchant, "but if you will promise never to enter my store again, I will give you that bundle of goat skins."

The man made the promise, and took them. Fifteen years afterward he walked into the store again. On observing him, Mr. Lee said instantly: "You have violated your promise. Pay me for the goat skins."

"O," said the man, "I am quite poor. I have been very unfortunate since I saw you."

"Yes," said the merchant, "and you always

will be poor. That miserable desire for overreaching others must keep you so."

"Remember this when you are tempted to take the advantage of another boy in trade. The Lord will not bless it, and without his blessing, you will be poor indeed."

"FRIENDS OF FOES."

DEAR BROTHER JOSEPH:—I thought I would send a few lines for the readers of *Zion's Hope*, taken from a paper that I took up while the breakfast was being got ready. It was called "*Friends of Foes*."

"There are many interesting instances told of animals of strangely antagonistic natures living peaceably together. Cats, rats and canaries have been known to live together like loving members of the same family.

"There is an interesting account of a cat, which was a famous rat killer, who, one day, either to amuse her family of young kittens, or for her own dinner, carried in a young rat. From some cause it was not killed, and soon began to feel so much at home that when the kittens took their dinner it did the same. The strange circumstance was witnessed, and the kittens and rat were removed to another apartment. The mother cat followed them, as she was sure to do, licked them all over, the rat among the rest, and then carried them away, cat fashion, in her mouth, treating the rat with just as much tenderness as the kittens. This experiment was often repeated.

"If those of the brute creation, of widely different natures, with but little reason to govern them, may, by giving up, to some extent, their special peculiarities, live together peaceably, is it not a shame for those of a higher order to go through life wrangling with one another? Though members of the same family may exhibit natures as diverse as are the habits of the dumb creation, yet when each yields just a little to the other, it becomes easy to live together peaceably, making the home like a happy family." JOSEPH SQUIRE.

HANDLING COALS.

SOPHRONIUS, a wise teacher, would not suffer his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda—"dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter.

"It will not hurt you, my child, take it."

Eulalia did so, and behold, her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, will blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

Little children, and large ones too, be not forgetful that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and that a good name with humility is better than great riches with pride.

MOTHER-BOYS.

OF all the love-affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a love noble and honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a son to "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother.

Correspondence.

MT. Ayr, Iowa, September 13th, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—I have often thought of writing, but I thought I could not write good enough; but we will never know unless we try.

Dear Hopes, as this is Sabbath, and as it is so that I could not go to meeting, and as we have had the privilege of reading but one letter in the *Hope* from Lamoni Branch, I will write one. It will be four years in October since I was baptized. Br. Z. H. Gurley baptized six others besides myself. One week ago today we held our Conference. One was baptized. We had the pleasure of hearing Br. J. C. Clapp, Br. H. A. Stebbins, and Br. M. H. Forscutt preach to us. We had a splendid time.

We have Sabbath School every Sabbath, and preaching every Sabbath, and prayer meeting twice a week. I think we have some good faithful members here. There are many trials and temptations to endure.

Dear Hopes, let us live faithful and "pray for one another," that we may be a light to the world, showing by our good works that we are just what we profess to be. It is my whole heart's desire to live so that I may be ready at any time; have my lamp trimmed and burning, for we know not the day nor hour He may come to gather his sheep. Let us live so that we may be worthy to be called Latter Day Saints. Br. Forscutt is to preach here to-morrow evening. I think I shall get to go out and hear him. I am twenty-four miles from our Branch. Well, I will not intrude on your precious time any more now. Little Hopes, let us be up and doing, and live nearer to God day by day.

I remain your sister in Christ, SUSAN DENNIS.

DEER LODGE, Montana, Aug. 27th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. I love it very much, I will tell you. I am twelve years old. I have not been baptized yet. There are no Saints here but mother and brother. My father is dead, and has been for seven years. Yours truly in Christ,

AGUSTA ELIASSON.

LESSON ENIGMA.—No. 2.

The first letter of the names in answer will tell what Jesus said.

1. The name God gave Jacob.
2. He whose rod was turned into a serpent.
3. The name of the waters that were sweetened.
4. The name of the first duke of Edom.
5. The name of him whose life was lengthened.
6. The name of him who prophesied to the dry bones.
7. The name of that which Paul told Timothy to take for his stomach's sake.
8. He who did Paul much harm.
9. The manner the Savior said our conversation should be.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM.—No. 1.

God gives us our freedom to act as we choose, But the spirit of light he will never refuse; He'll heed the meek voice, that flows from the heart, True wisdom and knowledge he then will impart, Which maketh far happier than a queen on her throne, Should poverty bring for her pillow a stone.

ACKERLY.

Answered by Sarah J. Ballantyne, Henry Schmidt and James A. Kemp.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.—No. 1.

Lie, Ghosts, Lynx, Zebra, Cow, Duck, Quail, Venison, Jar, Moll, Fet, Moll—A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z.

Answer by Sarah J. Ballantyne.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others. Speak no evil of any man, but especially if he be absent.

When you speak of God, let it ever be with reverence.

Read This.—The small colored label with your name printed on, on the margin of your paper, if it is one of a package; or on the wrapper, if it is sent separately; also tells the date to which your subscription is paid.

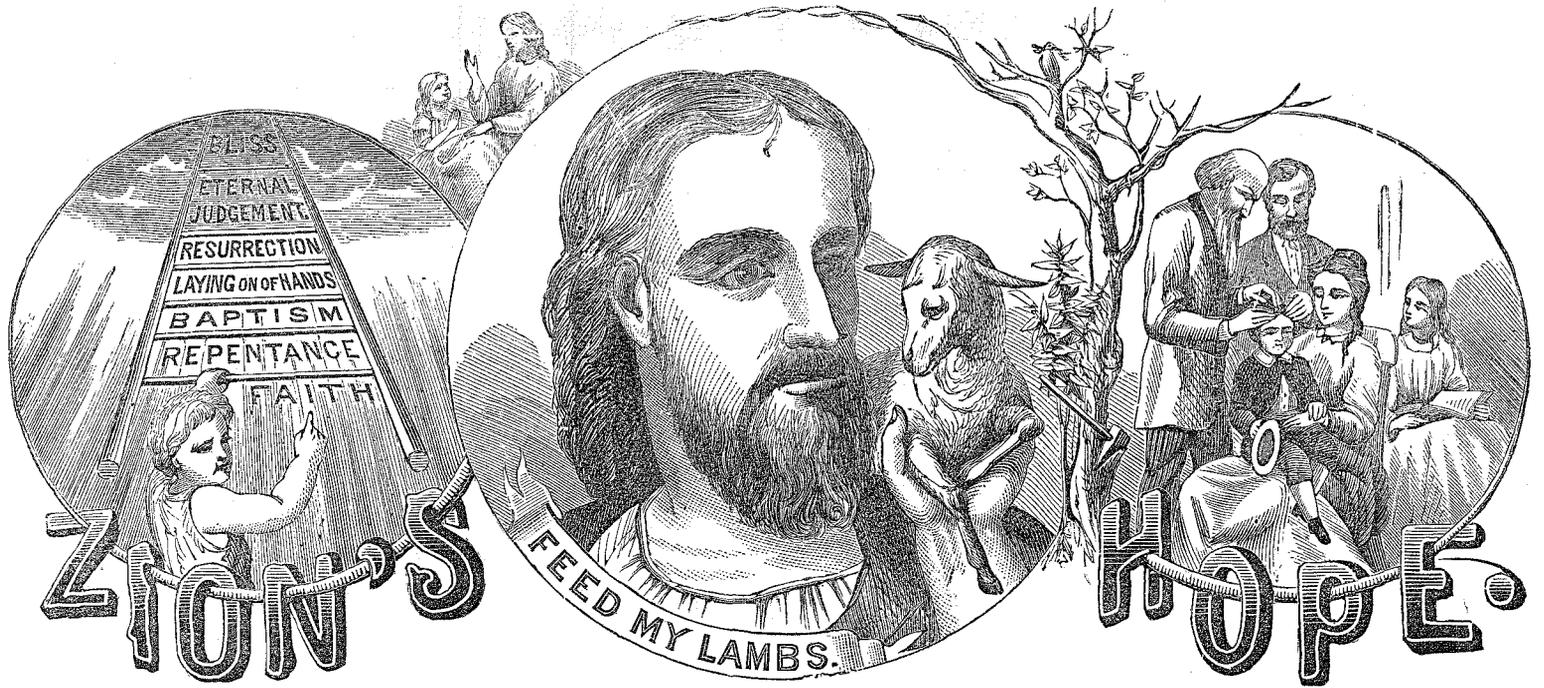
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

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No. 8.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER I.—LYSS BAKER.

"GIVE us an apple, Puss, cried farmer Baker," stepping into the open door of the kitchen where his wife sat peering apples. "Give us an apple, Puss, the very nicest you have there, and I'll name it Pussy Allen and see if she cares as much for old Joe Baker as she did for young Joe, fifteen years ago."

Mrs. Baker looked up with a sweet smile as she tossed him a great rosy cheeked Benona. She was a pleasant though pale faced woman of thirty-five, with intellectual brow and firm decided mouth, softened with gentle outlines, a clear blue eye and soft sunny hair. Just the woman often seen as the wife of a rough, careless but good-hearted man like farmer Baker. Priscilla Allen was her maiden name, abbreviated to Pussy in her youth, and Pussy she was still called by many of her friends. Mr. Baker rapidly munched his apple, retaining the seeds as he cast aside the dissected core. "Let me see, one I love, two I love, three—I say, puss what next? what's three? I've forgotten."

Mrs. Baker smiled and blushed like a girl as she replied, "I don't remember. Don't think I ever knew it."

"Yes you did, too, Puss; you ate an apple I gave you, once upon a time, and some one named it for that young lawyer, and it came out 'He loves,' and you said you hoped he did, and I nearly got jealous over it. You went over the lingo then, but I can't think of it."

"I can tell you," piped a small voice behind him, "It's three I love I say,—and—but how many apple seeds are there."

"You here Lyss? Thought you went to school."

The boy hung his head as he replied, "Did but got the stomach ache and come home." Then he took the apple seeds and began to count them. "Six, he loves, that's it, but pshaw, old folks like you," and he began to snap the seeds one by one at the old black cat, hitting eye, ear and nose alternately.

"He loves, hey?" remarked Mr. Baker. "Only he. She has outlived her love," smiling mischievously, "like Hyacinth in Fanny Fern's book, you're sitting opposite the same face three hundred and sixty-five days in a year and three times a day, are you? Well, give me another apple Pussy if you don't like me."

"No wonder if I don't, you've hectored and teased me so much," replied the wife with a smile

that transformed her face into one of beaming beauty. "Here's the last one left," tossing him another lucious apple, "all the rest's pared." "Thanks Puss, but I'd as lief have a pared one."

"Pare it then," she retorted.

"Stop, Ulysses, don't torment the old cat, he's a clever old fellow."

"Aint a goin' to daddy," and Lyss snapped the last apple seed, (he'd chewed half a dozen cores for ammunition), and hippy te hopped away to find some other mischief.

"He's an awful boy, ain't he Puss."

The mother sighed as she proceeded to slice the apples into the sauce pan. "Better send him back to school, he's not sick, he's a very bad boy truly, Joe," replied Mrs. Baker. "I don't know what to do with him. He went up stairs when he came home from school and was very still a while, but I think he was not lying down, for I saw a few little chips when I was up there soon after he came down. Whittling at some of his machinery I'll warrant. Well, pretty soon Grandma began to sneeze and rub her eyes and cough, till I feared she would strangle. 'Whatever ails my snuff; it nearly strangles me?' asked she, hoarsely. Just then I heard a smothered 'te he' and hurried out in time to catch Lyss by the arm, as he was dodging round the corner. I asked what he'd been doing. 'Nothing,' he said, and hung his head, as he always does when in the wrong. 'Yes, you have,' I persisted."

"Nothing only doin' as granny said I'd ought to be served this morning. She always says I'd ought to 'be peppered,' the old sinner," he said doggedly.

"I reproved him sternly. His only reply was, 'We're all sinners; granny says we are.'"

"But can't you say grandma?" I asked.

"'Spose I can," said he; "but granny's ever so much shortest. I didn't 'spect she'd make such a fuss jest 'cause I peppered her snuff a little. Be good for her like enough. She says she's got the guitar," and he jerked loose and ran away, and I couldn't follow him just then, for I heard grandma calling me. Lyss never come 'round again till just now."

Mrs. Baker sighed, as she set her saucepan on the stove.

"What's to be done, Joe?"

"Why, wallop the little rascal like sixty," replied the husband.

"Why won't you correct him. It's your son, and your mother," pleaded Pussy.

"Haven't time," and Mr. Baker suddenly remembered his work.

"At dinner time, then," pleaded his wife. "Do speak to him, Joe."

"Don't want to get mixed up in your squabbles."

"Mine, Joe. Now you're too bad," and a shadow flitted over Pussy Baker's face.

"Yes, yours, Puss. Lyss is your boy, and you're mother's favorite. She always says you're too good for a great rough fellow like me. And her head's about level," and he playfully threw his arm round her neck and kissed her audibly, and then went whistling away to his work.

There was a weight of sorrow on Mrs. Baker's mind that brought pearly tears to her eyes, as she went back to her work.

A light, uncertain footstep, and a pitter patter of little feet, and grandma and baby Frank entered. "We've had such a sweet sleep, haven't we? Frank. Now we'll help mamma"

"He'p mamma," repeated baby, as he sat down by kitty, and grandma drew her old cushioned chair near the table where Pussy was rolling pastry, and insisted on helping her.

"Now, Puss, don't look so disconsolate. I'll fix that little scallawag. Don't say anything to him about it. Leave it to me," and she nodded her old head knowingly.

Nothing more was said about the 'pepper' affair for some days. One Sunday, as the family were seated on the porch, Ulysses stole away to the table in the sitting-room, where grandma's glasses and snuff-box lay. She usually kept her snuff-box in her pocket, but sometimes left it where Ulyses could find it, and when that happened, he always took a little snuff on the sly. Of course grandma had thrown out the peppered snuff, for he had seen her use the box as usual. So he carefully lifted the lid, and took as large a pinch as his small thumb and finger could convey, and slyly applied it to his nose. He winked, he coughed, he strangled, he sneezed.

"Tewitch! towahoo! Oh! ah! Ahem! Humph! Ouch!" and he ended his exclamations with a regular Indian whoop and war dance.

Father looked up from his paper in surprise. Mother hurried into the room, both she and baby in her arms, open-eyed with wonder Sister Mary hastened to his side to learn the cause of such unusual demonstration. Little Nell dropped Dolly. Only grandma seemed composed, as she drew another box from her pocket and took a pinch of snuff.

"This was grandpa's box. Thought I'd let Lyss have mine to keep his new-fangled snuff in. Guess he finds it rather penetrating."

"That's your game, is it," cries Ulysses. "Guess I didn't pepper amiss. Dad says I'm tricky. I didn't take it from no more distant relative than a granny. And I'll look out for her after this."

Mr. Baker leveled a play-ball at the boy's head, but he was out of doors and out of reach, and papa had to hunt the ball in the grass for baby again.

To be Continued.

THE SEASONS OF OUR LIFE.

Dear children, sitting all alone
Thinking of things past, and things to come,
Memory and fancy, intertwine
As do sunshine, and shade in summer time.

Dreaming, this hazy afternoon
I sit, until the resplendent moon
And stars come forth, and the soft wind sighing,
Plainly tell us that day is dying.

Those Autumn winds, how they sigh and weep
Like a weary child, that cannot sleep;
And as they pass they seem to say
The summer of beauty is passing away;
And winter will soon be here.

So it is with our lives, I ween,
Spring and summer, at first are seen;
Then comes autumn and winter on:
And we think our work is nearly done.

Or we might say our lives were like
Morning and noon, and eve, and night;
Now is the morning cool and bright
Just breaking forth in golden light.

Now is the spring, while we are young and gay,
Now is the time for us to watch and pray,
Now is the time for us to part
The good seed from the bad (at heart).

Now is the spring, the morning, let us learn
To tend with care our every precious germ;
For if in spring the evil weeds should start,
It will be hard to root them from the heart.

And then in summer, long and warm
As we watch for the flowers and fruit to form;
And when the noonday sun is hot
Let us not faint nor idly stop.

Let us press on with a steady aim
And truth and wisdom will surely gain;
Still shunning evil and vice and sin,
And walking the narrow path within.

And then in the autumn, the eventide,
We, with our friends close by our side,
Will press on, with steady gain,
To garner up the ripening grain.

And then through the winter of life, the night,
O may we have that steady light,
The light of thy smile, dear Lord above
To guide us home, to that land of love.

SISTER ADDIE.

GOOD INTENT, Kansas

IN THE STOCKS.

NO be placed in the stocks is a very uncomfortable punishment. With the ankles shut in between two planks, and no way to rise, or walk, or sit, or stand, or do anything but lie flat on the back, surely this must be enough to discourage almost any one.

And yet I have heard of two persons who were so happy with their feet fast in the stocks that they prayed and sang praises to God at midnight, in an inner prison. They were two poor travelling preachers, who had preached the gospel in a Grecian city, and who prospered very well, till a certain woman who was a "spiritual medium" followed them in the streets and bawled out after them: "These men are servants of the most high God, that show us the way of salvation."

This was almost too much to bear.

It was hard enough to be abused by the Devil, but to have him praise them, was more than they could endure; and so they cast out the unclean spirit in the name of the Lord, spoiled the little game of fortune-telling and divination, ruined the speculation, and so maddened the keepers of the medium who stirred up the people, mobbed the preachers, had them arrested, whipped, and pushed into the inner prison, and their feet made fast in the stocks.

The Devil thought he had done something then; but he aimed so high that he missed his mark, and lost his arrow, too. For at midnight these prisoners prayed, and got so merry that they began to sing psalms, and the other prisoners

heard them; presently an earthquake thundered along; the prison tottered, doors flew open, bands were loosed, the jailor was frightened, the preachers calmed him, preached to him, and had him converted and baptized, he and all his that same hour of the night; then took an early breakfast and went out of jail next morning with glad hearts and flying colors to preach the gospel in some other place.

A religion that will make a man sing when in prison with his feet fast in the stocks must surely be worth having. Those who wish to read more about it will find something interesting in the sixteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

Little Christian.

KEEP THEM OUT.

"DON'T want to hear naughty words," said one little fellow to another who had uttered words unfit to come from any little boy's mouth. "Never mind him," said a third; "It's no matter what he says. It goes in one ear and out the other." "No, no," rejoined the first little fellow; "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in they stick. So I mean to do all I can to keep them out."

That's right keep them out; for it is sometimes hard work to turn them out when they once get in.

CHARLIE AND JACK.

"BACK! Jack! here, sir! hie on!" cried Charlie, flinging his stick far into the pond. Jack didn't want to go; it wasn't pleasant swimming among the great lily leaves, that flap against his nose and eyes, and get in the way of his feet; so he looked at the stick, and then at his master, and sat down, wagging his tail, as much as to say, "You're a very nice little boy; but there was no need of your throwing the stick in the water, and I don't think I'll oblige you by going after it."

But Charlie was determined. He found another switch, and by scolding and whipping, forced Jack into the water, and made him fetch the stick. He dropped it on the bank, however, instead of bringing it to his master; so he had to go over the performance again and again until he had learned that when Charlie told him to go for the stick, he was to obey at once.

Charlie was satisfied at length, and, with Jack at his heels, went home to tell his mother about the afternoon's work. He seemed quite proud of it. "It was pretty hard work, mother," he said. Jack wouldn't mind at all until I made him; but now he knows that he has to do it, and there will be no more trouble with him, you'll see."

"What right have you to expect him to mind you?" asked his mother, quietly.

"Right, mother? Why, he is my dog! Uncle John gave him to me, and I do everything for him. Didn't I make his kennel my own self, and put nice hay in it? And don't I feed him three times every day? And I'm always kind to him. I call him 'Nice old Jack,' and pat him, and let him lay his head on my knee. Indeed I think I've the best right in the world to have him mind me."

His mother was cutting out a jacket. She did not look up when Charlie had finished, but, going on steadily with her work, she said, slowly, "I have a little boy. He is my own. He was given to me by my heavenly Father. I do everything for him. I make his clothes, and prepare the food he eats. I teach him his lessons, and nurse him tenderly when he is sick. Many a night have I sat up to watch by his side when fever was burning him, and daily I pray to God for every blessing upon him. I love him. I call him my dear little son. He sits on my lap, and goes to sleep with his head on my arm. I think I have the 'best right in the world' to expect this little boy to obey me; and yet he does not, unless I make him, as I would have to make a dog."

"O, mother!" cried Charlie, tears starting to his eyes, "I knew it was wrong to disobey you, but I never thought before how mean it was. Indeed, I do love you, and I'll try—I really will try to mind you as well as Jack minds me."—*Sel.*

Little children, when you are tempted to do wrong, remember the story of "Charlie and Jack;" and that it is your duty to obey your parents, for dutiful children make glad the hearts of their parents. Let your acts of obedience win smiles from the faces of father and mother, rather than to wring tears from their eyes, and pierce their hearts with your disobedience and disrespect.

THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD.

PSALM xxiii. 1.

Commit thou all thy ways, and all thy grief and care,
To Him whom heaven obeys, whose love is everywhere.
For air, and clouds, and wind He findeth pathways
meet;
Shall He not also find the pathway for thy feet?

Thy trust must be in Him, if thou wouldst be at peace:
If His work is thy theme, thy work shall have success.
With labor of thine own, with sorrowing and with care,
No blessing can be won; God giveth all to prayer.

Ways through all dark distress, all means to Him are known;
He worketh but to bless; His path is light alone.
And none can stay His arm, nor bid His work be still,
When He will save from harm His people Israel.

To thy most loving will, O Father, all is plain;
Thou knowest good from ill, Thou measurest both to men.

And all Thou hast decreed that wilt Thou surely do,
By ways unknown wilt lead thy blessed purpose through.

The Lord will not retreat, nor change His glorious plan,
Should all the devils meet to aid rebellious man.
When once His word is past, when He hath said, 'I will,'
That thing shall come at last; God keeps His promise still.

Trust, oh! thou sorrowing heart; hope on, be not afraid;
God sees thee where thou art, in darkness and in dread.

And He will lead thee on, trust God to lead thee right,
Thou yet shall see the sun arise in glorious light.

In His great strength arise, cast all thy cares away,
Leave fears, and griefs, and sighs to such as cannot pray.

If thou art not a king, Almighty to compel,
Thy God rules everything, and He can rule them well.

Him do thou ever trust, the King who rules aright;
His ways are true and just, though hidden from thy sight.

How wilt thou wonder soon, when past are fears and doubt;
Thy darkness turned to noon, His purposes worked out.

And though His comfort stay, His help be slowly wrought,
As though He turned away, as though he loved thee not:

And though thou sink awhile in darkness and in pain,
As though He would not smile, nor show thee light again:

He will not always chide, but when the hope seems least,
If still thy faith abide, then shalt thou be released.

And when thy trust is proved, the grief that harmed thee not,
Shall wholly be removed, thy full deliverance wrought.

Will God forsake His own; His own—His child art thou;

The glory and the crown by faith are given thee now.
Our God shall set the palm within thy hand at last,
How sweet shall be thy psalm when all thy grief is past!

Act, word, and thought shall praise the Lord who goes before,
To guide us in our ways, our Shepherd evermore.

Oh keep us faithful, God! still faithful to Thy love;
So earth's dark, rugged road shall lead to heaven above.

PAUL GERHARDT.

The company in which you will improve most will be least expensive to you.—*Washington.*

TAKE THE OTHER HAND.

ON a lovely day, in the commencement of spring, a young lady, who had been anxiously watching for some weeks by the sick-bed of her mother, went out to take a little exercise and enjoy the fresh air, for her heart was full of anxiety and sorrow. After strolling some distance she came to a rope-walk, and, being familiar with the place, she entered. At the end of the building she saw a little boy turning a large wheel. Thinking this too laborious employment for a mere child, she said to him, as she approached,—

“Who sent you to this place?”
 “Nobody, ma’am; I came myself.”
 “Do you get pay for your labor?”
 “Indeed, I do. I get nine pence a day.”
 “What do you do with the money?”
 “Oh! mother gets it all.”
 “You give nothing to your father, then?”
 “I have no father, ma’am.”
 “Do you like this kind of work?”
 “Oh! well enough, ma’am; but if I did not like it I should still do it, that I might get the money for mother.”

“How long do you work in the day?”
 “From nine to twelve in the morning, and from two until five in the afternoon.”

“How old are you?”
 “Almost nine.”
 “Do you get tired of turning this great wheel?”
 “Yes, sometimes, ma’am.”
 “And what do you do, then?”
 “Why, ma’am, I take the other hand.”
 The lady gave him a piece of money.
 “Is this for mother, ma’am?” asked the well-pleased lad.

“No, no; it is for yourself, because you are a good little boy.”

“Thank you, kindly, ma’am,” returned he, smiling; “mother will be so proud and happy.”

The young lady departed, and returned home, strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in true practical philosophy by the words and example of a child. “The next time duty seems hard to me,” she said to herself, “I will imitate this little boy, and take the other hand.”
 —*Kind Words.*

What a noble little fellow that was! I love all such little children. Little boys, love your mother. She is your truest earthly friend.

“HARD WORK.”

ON going down a steep hill, it requires some strength and skill to keep from falling. If we do not mind our feet, we may tumble to the bottom heels over head. If we have a stick, we thrust it out on each side to help brace ourselves up. If the way is smooth and slippery, we are scarcely sensible how fast we descend. Boys who have “coasted” down a steep, icy hill, know the difference between riding on a sled down and pulling a sled up. So it is when we fall into foolish and sinful habits. Passing from one act of indulgence to another without thinking of it, we do not see our danger till it is too late to avoid it. And yet the farther we go down, the longer is the way up. The boy who has been guilty of but one act of dishonesty or deceit, will find it much easier in the end to confess and repent of that, than when he adds two or three other acts to it, though it may seem easier just now to do three wrong things than to confess one and do so no more. The sacred Scriptures tell us that the “heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.” This does not mean that there are some or many hearts to which this description applies, but that it is the natural state of all hearts. Now, it is not surprising that, with such evil hearts, we should easily fall into evil habits: and that when these evil habits once begin, they all the time become stronger.

To indulge them is like slipping down a steep descent—we scarcely note our progress, however

rapid it may be, because it is so easy and natural. To resist and correct them, is like climbing up a rugged and almost perpendicular declivity. Every step is taken with labor. Oftentimes our foothold slips, and away we slide back again, losing all we had gained. Discouraged and irresolute, we toil on uncertainly, knowing that to yield is to be lost. By the gracious aid of an Arm of infinite power, some are enabled to persevere and to regain safe standing. But many (and all who trust in their own strength) becoming disheartened by vain efforts, submit at length to the iron yoke, and carry it on their necks to the grave.

I know a young man who, twelve months ago, was a true member of the Latter Day Saints, hopeful and promising, possessing a fine intellect, one whose soul panted for communion with God’s people and crowned with the halo of success; but to-day he is in the world; seeks worldly things; chews, smokes, drinks, and attends the opera and theaters. Like an express train with broken brakes on a declining grade; swift and fearful is his end, if he does not withhold his downward course.

May God, in his infinite mercy, give him sufficient grace to bring him back to the fold, never more to stray away. WM. STREET.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE IN RHYME.

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 records the tribes enrolled—
 All sons of Abraham’s blood.

Moses in Deuteronomy
 Enrolls God’s mighty deeds;
 Brave Joshua into Canaan’s land,
 The hosts of Israel leads.

In Judges, there rebellion oft
 Provokes the Lord to smite;
 But Ruth transcribes the faith of one
 Well pleasing to 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,
 Whilst Esther saves her people
 From plots of wicked men.

In Job we find how faith will live
 Beneath affliction’s rod,
 And David’s Psalms are precious songs
 To every child of God.

And Proverbs, like a goodly string
 Of choicest pearls appear;
 Ecclesiastes teaches man
 How vain are all things here.

The mystic Songs of Solomon
 Exalt sweet Sharon’s Rose,
 Whilst Christ, the Savior and the King,
 The “rapt Isaiah” shows.

The warning Jeremiah
 Apostate Israel scorns;
 His plaintive Lamentations
 Their awful downfall mourns.

Ezekiel tells in wondrous words
 Of dazzling mysteries;
 Whilst kings and empires yet to come
 Daniel in visions sees.

Of judgment and of mercy
 Hosea loves to tell;
 Joel describes the blessed days
 When God with man shall dwell.

Among Tekoa’s herdsman
 Amos received his call;
 Whilst Obadiah prophecies
 Of Edom’s final fall.

Jonah, the fearful prophet, who
 From duty would have fled,
 Enshrines a wondrous type of Christ,
 The risen from the dead.

Micah pronounces Judah lost—
 Lost but again restored;
 Nahum declares on Ninevah
 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 Zachariah 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.

Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John,
 The Holy Gospels wrote,
 Describing how our Savior died,
 His life, and all He taught.

Acts prove 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.

Ephesians and Philippians tell
 What Christians ought to be;
 Colossians bids us live to God,
 And to eternity.

In Thessalonians we are taught
 The Lord will come from heaven;
 In Timothy and Titus too,
 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
 On judgment, wrath, and hell.

The Revelations prophesy
 Of that tremendous day
 When Christ, and Christ alone, shall be
 The trembling sinner’s stay.

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

“ONE of my first lessons,” said Mr. Sturgis, the eminent merchant, “was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was a shepherd boy, and it was my business to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said:

“Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep you will have the sheep.”

“What does Grandfather mean by that?” I said to myself. “I don’t expect to have sheep.” My desires were moderate, and a fine buck was a hundred dollars. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge and had been to Congress in Washington’s time, so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday’s lesson; ‘Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.’ I began to see through it. ‘Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward.’

“I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said: ‘Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.’ I took this

meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.

"Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geery, the old tea merchant, called to congratulate me, and he said: 'You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you. Be careful who you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three."

And what valuable lessons they are! Fidelity in all things; do your best for your employers; carefulness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success.

THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.

HERE is a rare flower, found only in the East, that has excited a great deal of interest on account of its mystery. Botanists have found it very difficult to classify it, because it has properties belonging to different classes. It was brought to this country by Dr. Deck, who procured it from an Arab, to whom he had rendered medical aid in Upper Egypt. As compensation, the Arab handed him a stem which held what seemed to be two bulbs of dried seeds. The Arab said he had taken it from an Egyptian mummy, and that the flowers were very highly esteemed.

The peculiarity of the plant is that, though apparently decayed and worthless, after being immersed in a glass of water for a moment, its leaves begin to expand slowly, but steadily, and a beautiful star-like flower appears to view, something between a passion-flower and a sun-flower, but more beautiful than either. After the flower has remained open for more than an hour, its petals close just as gradually as they expanded, and then nothing is visible but the dried-up bulb.

Dr. Deck says he saw the same flower go through this process at least a thousand times, and each time with the same result. He presented one of his flowers to Baron Humboldt, who considered it one of the greatest marvels in the vegetable kingdom. Professor Torrey owned a specimen, and Bishop Wainright obtained two during his tour in Egypt.—*Selected*

THAT LIE.

AT THE close of a busy day a weary mother tucked her three little ones snugly in their beds, and then retired to a quiet room for a little rest and reflection. Very soon the prattle ceased, and she thought the children slept, until she heard a low sob, and listening closely, she discovered that Charley was crying. She went to his room at once.

"What is the matter, dear? Are you sick?"

"No mother; it's that lie I told!"

"You told a lie, my child! Tell mother about it."

"Don't you know a great while ago, you gave me two pennies to play with?"

"Well, what about it?"

"When we come to put up the things," said Charley, we didn't find but one penny. You asked me where the other was, and I said I didn't know. But I did know, for I had dropped it down behind the flour barrel in the pantry."

"And have you had this in your heart ever since?" asked the mother, in a sad voice.

"Yes, ma'am;" and the little fellow burst into tears again. "Won't you ask God to forgive me?"

"You must ask him yourself, Charley."

"I did try, but I didn't know what to say."

"Well," said his mother, "if you feel really sorry, and mean never to tell a lie again, you may repeat after me this little prayer. But you must be sure you feel it all, or you must not speak the words."

"O ma, I am sorry," sobbed Charley. "And besides, I called my baby brother a fool. I don't know what made me, only he plagued me, and wanted my playthings."

"Don't you know what Christ said about calling one's brother a fool?"

"Yes, I read it, and I couldn't go to sleep until I told you."

"Then you may repeat this prayer:

"Dear Father in heaven, I ask thee to forgive the lie I told, and the wicked word I spoke, and make me a Christian child, and help me not to be wicked any more, for Christ's dear sake. Amen."

Charley repeated the words slowly and reverently. Then he lay down, and was soon fast asleep, at peace with God and man.

There is no other way, children, to find peace, or to lie down in safety, but to confess our faults, and seek the Lord's forgiveness.—*Morning Light.*

Just so. Little children, you may look up to God and ask for peace and rest in the name of Christ, expecting to receive it, if you ask in earnest, and if you are old enough to understand the teachings of the Savior—the gospel; you must obey it from the heart, if you are guilty of sin, before you need expect rest and peace. May the Lord help all to do their duty.

INSECT TACTICS.

INSECTS do not entirely rely on the sting and the jaw for the purposes of warfare.

Some wear, as we know, armor; but it is supposed that others dazzle the eyes of their enemies, or prey with the brilliancy of their colors: certainly some scare away children and nursemaids with their ugliness. Others imitate death when touched, with such perfect success as to deceive both the collector and the bird. Others elude capture by the fitness of their color to the place they live in, or to the peculiarity of their shape, which makes them resemble leaves, twigs, or pebbles. The dung-beetle will sham death capitally. It is said that rooks will not eat them unless they are alive; the presence of mind of these insects is thus remarkable, which leads them to stick out their legs and stiffen themselves when their great black enemy hops up and investigates. But some beetles show fight, and struggle hard. Any one who has caught a cock-chaffer knows how it fights and wrestles in the hand, and with what tremendous strength it will force itself out between the fingers. The earwig, too, makes a great display of the nippers at the end of his tail, but they are more formidable than effective, the nip from them being anything but severe for an insect. But about beetles, commend me for military effect to the famous "Bombardier," as it is called, which defends itself with a report and a little puff of smoke, banging away at its enemy like a gunboat, up to twenty rounds. A full account of this natural artillery is given in Kirby and Spence.—*People's Magazine.*

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

ONE beautiful spring morning a merry-hearted shepherd boy was watching his flock in a blooming valley between woody mountains, and was singing and dancing about for very joy. The prince of the land was hunting in that neighborhood, and seeing him, called him nearer, and said, "What makes you so happy, my dear little one?"

The boy did not know the prince, and replied, "Why shouldn't I be happy? Our most gracious sovereign is not richer than I am."

"How so?" asked the prince; "let me hear about your riches."

"The sun in the clear blue sky shines as brightly for me as for the prince," said the youth; "and mountain and valley grow green, and bloom as sweetly for me as for him. I would not part with my two hands for all the money, nor sell my two eyes for all the jewels in the royal treasury. Besides, I have everything I really need. I have enough to eat every day, and good warm clothes to wear; and get money enough every year for my labor and pains to meet all my wants. Can you say the prince really has more?"

The kind prince smiled, made himself known, and said, "You are right, my good boy. Keep fast hold of your cheerful spirit."

Contentment makes one happy as the richest king.—*Christian Weekly.*

Correspondence.

BIRMINGHAM, England, Sept. 23rd, 1874.

Dear Brother Joseph:—While feeling well and desirous in the work of God, I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*, for it is a dear little paper. I have taken it this year, and have learned much from it, for it does me good when I can hear a little from the Saints. My heart rejoices in the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. I feel thankful to God for his goodness and mercy to me. My desire is to go on, as our little hymns say, "When the Saints meet in air in their robes of perfection," there will be a glorious time.

Beloved Saints, let us pray that we may be kept faithful till Christ comes to make up his jewels.

Dear brother, I feel my letter will be long, but I feel better to day than ever in the cause of Christ. Knowing that the Spirit of God is round about me. I am living with two sisters. I owe to God all the gratitude and praise for all his blessings, for I am able to attend my meetings twice on Sunday.

I must draw it to a close. I could write more concerning the work which we are, as a people, engaged in. Praying that the Spirit of God may always be in our midst, now and for evermore, may God bless us all, is my prayer. From your sister in the cause of Christ,

ANNIE HEMMING.

SAN BENITO, Cal., Sept. 20th, 1874.

Dear Little Hopes:—This is my first attempt to write to you. I have long wanted to write to you, but I am a poor writer. I am nine years old. I was baptized last June, by Br. Mills. I love to read the letters in the *Hope*. We have a good Branch here. There was a wedding to day after Church. Br. Joseph Burton united the happy couple. We have no Sunday School here. All the Saints rejoice in God's holy work. I know too that it is God's work. I cannot say any more at present, so I will close by saying good-bye.

Your sister in Christ, LOTTIE MATTHIS.

CAMERON, Clinton Co., Missouri.

Dear Little Readers of the *Hope*:—I have been pleasantly engaged in reading the *Hope*, and now will write you a few lines. This Branch is getting along very well. There has been one baptized here lately. We rejoice that one more has promised to follow Jesus. I have lately been sick, but was administered to, and the good Lord healed me. I love to read the letters of the little Hopes, and love to hear that so many are trying to do right. I am trying to do right, but sometimes get off the path of my duty, and then I am very sorry, and ask God to forgive me; to pray makes my heart light and makes me very happy. I want the little Saints to pray for me, and I will try to do the same for them. Your sister in Christ,

LAURA C. FLANDERS.

ENIGMA.—No. 3.

Ey Iansts eb listl nad wnok hatt Ogd si sjut;
Thwi deatsafs uopersp ni shi siperom urstt;
Dredig hitw kalhotsee, won ish githmy nahd,
Dan taiw sih mudtgjens on isht liguity ndla.
Het blone Tryrms won vaeh noge ot evmo
Eth sacue fo Nioz ni het routse vobea.

Canyon Kgatamrs, Sabynatnle.

Let every young American remember that Abraham Lincoln's success in life was largely owing to his unflinching abstinence from the stimulating cup.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$237 62	Laura B. Munns	.. \$	60
George Evans	..	25 Richard Darlow	..	25
Lucy A. Griffith	..	25 D. Faban	..	25
J. Gillespie	..	50 D. M. Griffin, Utah	..	25

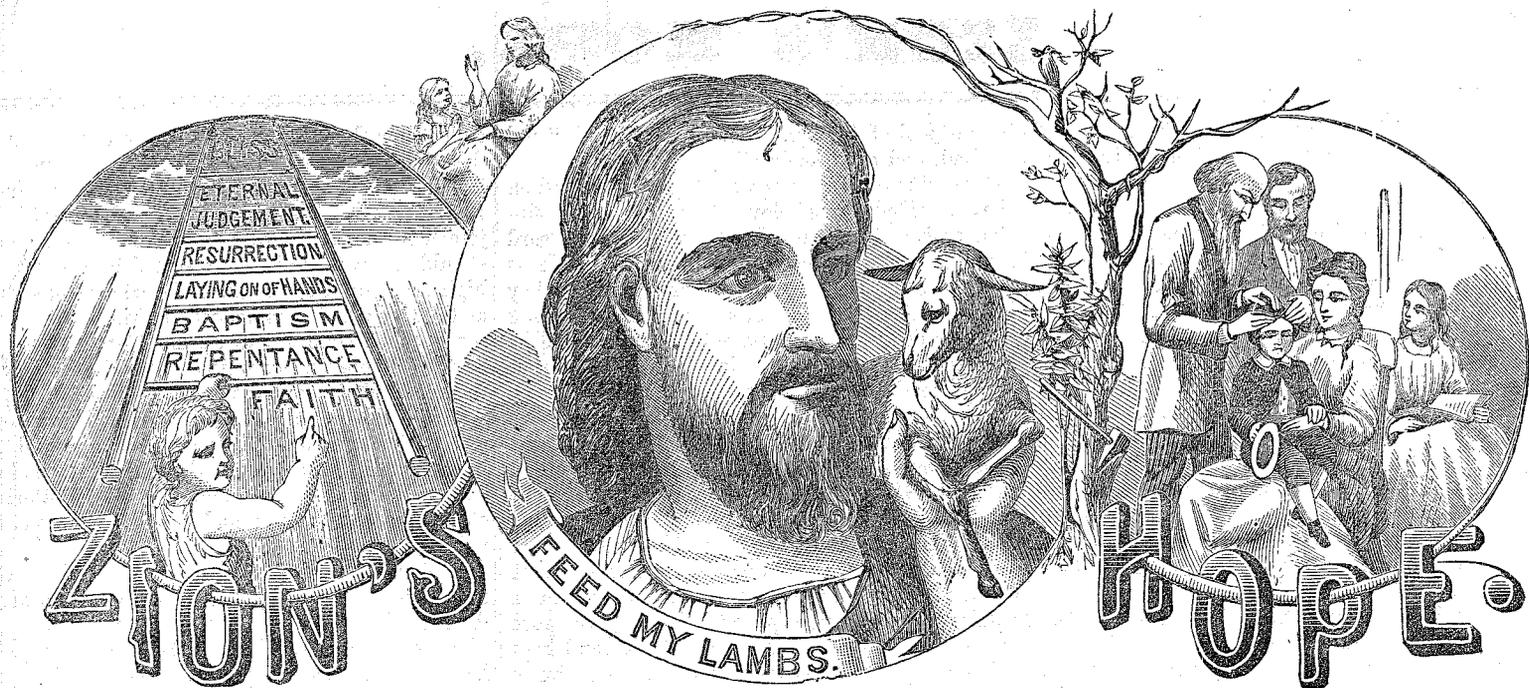
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

BE KIND.

Oh! do not hurt a single thing
 However weak and small—
 The beasts that graze, the birds that sing,
 Our Father made them all;
 Without whose notice, we have read,
 A sparrow cannot fall.

'Twas but the other day
 I met a thoughtless boy,
 Bearing a pretty nest away;
 It seemed to give him joy;
 But oh! I told him it was wrong
 To rob the little feathered throng.

I passed another by,
 It seemed a saddening thing
 To see him seize a butterfly,
 And tear away its wing,
 As if devoid of feeling quite.
 I'm sure that this could not be right.

The patient horse and dog—
 So faithful kind and true,
 And e'en the little leaping frog,
 Are oft abused too—
 By thoughtless men and boys who seem
 Of others' comfort not to dream.

But surely in our breasts
 A kindlier soul should dwell,
 For 'twas our blessed Lord's behest
 To use his creatures well;
 And in his blessed book we find
 A blessing given to the kind.

ADVENTURES OF A RAG.

YOU'VE seen, no doubt, a miserable wretched girl picking dirty rags out of the gutter, putting them into a horrid-looking bag she has, and carrying them off.

Well, the history of one of those rags, its adventures and wonderful changes, is more marvelous than any fairy story. And the best of it is, every word is true.

I think you will agree that it is marvelous when I tell you that, nice and neat and dainty as you may be, you may yet put that horrid rag among your choicest treasures.

You don't believe it! Well, haven't I already told you lots of things you never heard of? And do you think I've told you all I know? Wait a bit and see.

Let us follow the rag, going off on the back of the poor girl. Having filled her bag, she goes at once to an odd, dismal-looking shop, that you wouldn't put your foot into, where a wretched-looking man buys old iron, rags, bottles, and, in fact, nearly everything that people throw away.

He weighs the rags, looks them over, counts out her pay, (generally a few pennies), and she takes her bag and goes out. Here we must bid her good-by, for from this moment the rag goes up in life, while she, poor child, will pick rags to-

morrow, and perhaps all her life, and there'll be very little going up for her.

When the dealer has enough rags he puts them in a bale, and sends them off to a paper mill.

Oh yes! you knew paper was made of rags, didn't you.

Well, the first thing that happens to them in that big noisy place is to be taken out of the bale, pulled over by a lot of girls, and assorted. Silk rags go to one corner, bits of woolen to another, white cotton to a third, and colored cotton to a fourth. To follow the rag we see taken from the gutter, we should have to go to the colored cotton corner.

From the sorting-room our dirty rag will be carried with lots of others, to the cutting-room. This is a terrible place, where unfortunate girls sit at a sort of bench, on which are fixed sharp knives. The girls cut the rags in shreds, splitting open hems, and taking off buttons. This, as you can guess, is fearfully dirty work. The room is full of dust, and the girls look like quite respectable dirt-heaps themselves. As soon as the rag is shredded it goes through a trap-door in the floor, and falls into a big tub.

There! Aren't you glad it has come to a washing-place? It fairly makes one feel dusty to think about handling such things.

In that tub, with plenty of lime-water, it boils half a day, and I'm sure it needs it. Lime-water, perhaps you know, takes not only dirt, but every bit of color out of things.

You girls who have made "skeleton leaves" know all about it.

From this very thorough bath the rag goes, white and clean, into the cutting machine. This wouldn't be a very nice place to fall into—and it's right on a level with the floor too. It is a large round vat, with sharp knives revolving all the time. They cut the rags into threads, while clear water runs over them all the time, for five or six hours.

Don't think it's clean enough yet. After all this cutting and rinsing the water is drawn off, some chemical stuff put in, and left for two hours. Then the water is turned on, and the knives begin again, and cut and grind for five or six hours more.

Of course by this time, after all these knives and chemicals and washings, there's not a rag and hardly a thread left. It is a mass of pulp, looking mere like milk than anything else. Now it is ready for a most wonderful change.

It is far more wonderful than any fairy story to see this pulp go in at one end of a machine, and sheets of paper come out at the other. Let me tell you how it goes: the machine is all open, and you can see the whole operation.

The pulp goes from a box through a fine sieve—to catch any remaining threads—and falls on a belt of wire gauze, which is all the time moving on. Of course it spreads out as thin as it can, and the water begins to drop through the gauze as it moves on.

But there's too much water with the pulp, and to draw it out suddenly they have a curious arrangement. The water and pulp move on very comfortably together till they come to a certain box they must go over. The moment they reach that mysterious box every drop of water tears itself away and disappears in the box, leaving the pulp nearly dry, and looking very much like paper.

You won't be surprised at the funny behavior of the water when I tell you that a steam-pump is all the time pumping the air out of the box, and the water is sucked in to fill the vacuum.

Right here is put in the water-mark. If you don't know what that is, hold a sheet of paper up to the light. You'll probably see straight or zig-zag lines all over it, or the name of some man or paper-mill. That is the water-mark, and it is made on the paper by a roller on which the pattern is cut.

Now, the pulp, having become paper, runs off the gauze belt on to one of felt, which takes it between a pair of heavy rollers. The rollers squeeze it so dry that it don't need carrying any more, and it goes on alone between six or eight big rollers, which are hot, and which makes it smooth and almost perfectly dry.

As it comes out from the last roller it runs against sharp knives which are set there, and is split into long ribbons just wide enough for the kind of paper it is to be.

Now comes another bath. Not to clean it, for it is white as snow, but to make it stiff and glossy. The bath is of gelatine. The paper ribbons run through the box of gelatine, and between rollers to dry them. On coming out they are chopped off into sheets by a knife, and hung on a frame to dry. Here they rest for some days, and it is the first rest since the rag came out of the gutter and started on its travels.

After this the sheets go into a press for a few hours. Some kinds of common paper stop here, but the nice note-paper you are so fond of has another journey before it, through the hands of a string of girls.

The first girl feeds the sheets of paper to a string of rollers, which makes them beautifully smooth and shining.

The second girl piles them up, and hands them to the third girl, who puts them through a cutting-machine, which makes them perfectly regular in size.

The fourth girl puts them through the ruling-machine. That is a droll machine; only a row of pens fed by an ink-trough.

The fifth girl looks at each sheet and puts them into piles, perfect and imperfect.

The sixth girl folds them. It's funny to see her snatch up six sheets, double them over with one hand, and press them down with a block in the other. She never makes a mistake in the number, and, working so fast, she almost looks like a machine.

The seventh girl takes one of these packages of six sheets, puts it under a snapping little hammer that runs by steam, and in an instant it is ornamented with the little oval or square mark you see in commercial note-paper. The most elegant papers are not stamped here, for every one prefers his own initial or monogram, and this is done to order at a stationers.

The eighth girl puts the packages into reams and half reams, and seals them up.

Now did you ever hear in any fairy story of a transformation more wonderful than from a disgusting dirty rag to a dainty sheet of note-paper? And if that sheet of paper contains a letter from your "dearest friend," wouldn't you put it among your treasures?

But I want to tell you another thing. Do you know what droll things they used to write on before paper-mills were invented, or cotton rags thought of?

The first writing was on flat stones, the words cut in. I don't think many letters were written in those days.

After that the skins of animals were used—dressed and prepared of course. But that grew inconvenient in time, and then leaves were used. You think that is funny perhaps; but some people use leaves to this day. The Chinese do, and the Hindoos use dried leaves, like our palm-leaf fans, with the letters pricked in.

But the first thing made to write on was papyrus. Papyrus is a water-plant, and was prepared for use by soaking the stem until it would unroll in layers. These thin layers being dried, were pasted over each other, and the whole smoothed with polishing-stone.

That made a very good paper for the first attempt, and gave us a name for our elegant "super-super," "cream-laid," etc., which fills our desks, and which some of us (not you or I) waste dreadfully.—*Selected.*

This is a pretty story, and a long one too, is it not, little Hopes? You remember, do you not, that this "rag" of which you have been reading was boiled a whole half day in lime-water to take not only the dirt but "every bit of color" out of it. And this puts me in mind of reading a statement made by some writer, that paper-makers cannot, by any process known to man, take the color out of "turkey-red" or "scarlet-colored" rags so as to make white paper from them. Snow-white paper may be made from any other rags, because the boiling lime-water takes all the color out and leave the rags white and clean.

Scarlet, then, is the strongest of all colors. Yet God says to Israel, when urging them to repentance, "Wash and make you clean," and, in the same connection, he adds, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Read Isa. 1:16-18. Man cannot wash a scarlet rag white, but when a sinner is washed according to God's command, his scarlet sins become "white as snow.")

Let me try to make this plain. Leprosy is a loathsome disease. Man cannot cure it. Yet when God, by the mouth of Elisha the prophet, told Naaman, the Assyrian captain, to dip seven times in Jordan, he did so, and was immediately cured of his leprosy, "his flesh [which had been eaten away by the disease] came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."

Poor Bartimeus was born blind. Man could not give him sight. Yet Jesus anointed his eyes with clay, and told him to go and wash

in the pool of Siloam. The man obeyed, "and washed, and came seeing."

The sins of the Jews were "as scarlet" when they crucified God's beloved Son; they were sin-sick, and spiritually blind; yet some of them heard Peter preaching, and were convinced that Jesus was the Christ. They were sorry for what they had done, and cried, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter answered, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." That same day three thousand obeyed; and though their sins were as scarlet they were made white as snow, by God's "washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." Their hearts became like the beautiful white paper, pure and clean, so God could write his law therein by his Spirit.

Little Hopes, may your hearts not only be changed as the "dirty rag" is transformed into a "dainty sheet of note paper," but may the pure precepts of Jesus be written thereon, and kept "among your dearest treasures," is the desire of
UNCLE HARVEY.

ONLY A WORD.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A parting in angry haste,
The sun that rose in a bower of bliss,
The loving look and the tender kiss,
Has set on a barren waste,
Where pilgrims tread with weary feet
Paths destined never more to meet.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A moment that blots out years,
Two lives are wrecked on a stormy shore,
Where billows of passion surge and roar,
To break in a spray of tears—
Tears shed to blind the severed pair,
Drifted seaward, and drowning there.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A flash from a passing cloud,
Two hearts are scathed to their inmost core,
Are ashes and dust for evermore.
Two faces turn to the crowd
Masked by pride with a life-long lie,
To hide the scars of that agony.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
An arrow at random sped,
It has cut in twain the mystic tie
That had bound two souls in harmony,
Sweet love lies bleeding or dead.
A poisoned shaft with scarce an aim,
Has done a mischief sad as shame.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! for the loves and lives
So little cause has rent apart,
Tearing the fondest heart from rive,
As a whirlwind rends and rives,
Never to re-unite again,
But live and die in secret pain.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort—
Alas! that it should be so—
The petulant speech and the lying tongue,
Have wrought more evil and done more wrong;
Have brought to the world more woe,
Than all the armies age to age
Records on history's blood-stained page.
Selected.

"STOP THIEF."

"**T**HROW down your book and get ready for school, Matty."

"Yes, mamma, in a minute."

"My child, your 'in a minute' is the secret of all your school troubles and disgraces."

At this, Matty languidly pulled herself up from the large rocking-chair in which she was lounging and reading the last pages of a story-book, and began to hunt up her geography, and hurry her mother to prepare her lunch and tie her shoes, and peep into the neglected spelling-lesson, while the long hand of the clock pointed fifteen minutes before nine. Harry was calling, "Come, Matty!" at the front door, and her seat-mate waving a beckoning hand to her as she hurried by the house.

Just as Matty shut the gate, her Uncle Harry came along, his face ruddy with exercise in the frosty air. Seizing Matty's hand, and taking her dinner-pail and books, he cried out, "Stop thief! stop thief!" and before she could have time to

collect her thoughts, he was running with her so fast that her little feet seemed hardly to touch the ground. The loitering children, seeing Uncle Harry's speed, and hearing the cry of "stop thief!" joined in pursuit, hardly daring to look over their shoulders for fear of being seized by a pursuing highwayman. They reached the school-house just as the clock had commenced striking nine; and, for the first time in two weeks, Matty sat in her seat at the opening exercises, instead of standing in the vestibule among the tardy ones.

Uncle Harry remained sitting in the visitors' seat at the opening exercises; then rose and left in haste, as he said, for fear that the thief who had been chasing his niece and the other loitering children would waylay and rob him of what he valued most.

Before leaving he said in a few words to the eager-eyed little ones, with his watch in his hand for fear he should overstay his time.

"He is a terrible enemy, dear children, who has been after us to-day. If he gets hold of you he will keep you unhappy, and what some people call unlucky all your days. What is worse than all, he will try to steal your opportunity to make your peace with God. Dear children, fear him more than you do rattlesnakes when you go berrying on Round Hill, or mad dogs, or ugly bulls, for after all they can only destroy your body. This thief, after he has destroyed character, home, and business, will prevent your entering heaven, just as he tried to keep you from entering the school-room in time for prayers."

The children looked at each other and at Uncle Harry with a gaze of great curiosity and surprise. But Uncle Harry soon relieved their suspense. As he borrowed the teachers chalk to write the name of the thief on the blackboard, the boys and girls could hardly be kept in order by the frowns and signs of their teacher.

"Now, children, see the name of the thief who is always at your heels! Look out for him! Don't give him a chance to look at you."

As Uncle Harry took his leave, the children saw printed in large letters, "Procrastination is the thief of time."—*American Messenger.*

LANGUAGE OF INSECTS AND ANIMALS.

OUR notice was lately attracted to the labors of a colony of small black ants, which has taken up its abode in a chink in the wall outside our office window. A solitary ant, evidently on a private foraging expedition, suddenly encountered a scrap of bread which had fallen on the sill several feet from his home. Instead of nipping off a fragment and carrying it away, the insect evidently made an examination of the entire piece and then turned and ran at full speed back to the hole. In an instant hundreds of ants emerged and marched directly to the bread which they attacked, and very speedily, morsel by morsel, transported to their dwelling.

Another good instance is that of a terrier dog belonging to a friend from whom we obtained the facts. The animal somehow, it seems, excited the ire of a larger dog, and accordingly received an unmerciful shaking. Shortly afterward the terrier was seen in close consultation with a huge Newfoundland. The result was that both trotted off together, and found the terrier's assailant, which then and there received a furious thrashing from the Newfoundland, while the terrier wagged his tail in high glee.

The last case which came under our own observation was that of a brood of very young chickens, which, losing their parent, refused to go with another hen, but manifested an extraordinary affection for a pair of turkeys almost as juvenile as themselves. The turkeys have assumed all the parental functions, scratching worms for their charges, and gathering them under their wings, while the chickens seemed to comprehend the turkeys' "peep" equally as well as they did the clucking of their natural mother.

In the case of the ants, it is clear that the sin-

gle insect must have imparted the news of his discovery to an entire community of his fellows; in that of the dogs, the terrier must have made the Newfoundland understand the circumstances of his misfortune and so secured sympathy and assistance; lastly, between the chickens and turkeys, apart from the singularity of the relation, it is curious that the language of one fowl was understood by another of a different species.—*Scientific American.*

BEGGING FOR WORK.

“CAN you give me any work, sir?” said a travel-worn lad one day to a Cincinnati merchant.

“Got all the help I want,” was the short but kindly-spoken reply of the busy merchant.

“It’s hard,” rejoined the lad, “that a fellow who is willing to work can’t get a job. I’ve been all over this city, and into all the stores, and nobody wants help.”

“Why did you come to Cincinnati?” queried the merchant, looking askance at the desponding lad.

“Because I want to earn enough to help my widowed mother and sister, who live in Illinois. They depend on me mainly for their support.”

This reply, with the peculiar manner of the lad, somewhat moved the merchant’s feelings and he asked:—

“What are you willing to do?”

“Anything, sir. Anything in the world that I can do.”

“Well, go and take hold with the men,” replied the merchant, pointing to the hoistway, up which the bags of coffee, barrels of rice, and other heavy packages were ascending.

Without hesitation the lad pulled off his jacket and began pulling lustily at the rope. Clearly, he meant to do the best he could. Toward night the merchant asked the foreman,—

“How is that strange lad working?”

“Like a beaver, sir. He is killing himself,” responded the man.

When the work was over the merchant offered the work-worn lad a dollar. He pushed it back, saying,—

“No, sir. I’ve not earned a dollar. Give me a half dollar, sir. It’s all I’ve earned, and it will buy me a supper and a lodging.”

This was uncommon honesty. It pleased the merchant. He bade the lad come again in the morning. He did so. During the day, in the absence of the foreman he wrote down the weight of several packages as they were weighed off. His figures were so beautifully formed that the merchant noticed them and enquired who wrote them. Finding them to be the work of the stranger, he called him into his office, and bade him write a line as specimen of his handwriting. The writing was so beautiful that the merchant readily admitted him not only to his employ, but into his confidence and affectionate regard. So that this poor boy through his faithfulness and diligence became, successively, his servant, carrier, clerk, book-keeper, partner, and heir.—*Selected.*

What an important lesson! Charley had evidently been instructed in the Scriptures which were able to make him wise. When he started out into the world to seek his fortune, he remembered the “first commandment” with which a “promise” is connected and remembering he obeyed, namely, to “honor his parents,” or parent, a widowed mother. In so doing, he expected his days to be “prolonged,” as the Scripture saith, and that it would be “well with him” so to do. Not forgetting the words of the wise, he was willing to perform with all his “might,” “whatsoever he found for his hands to do.”

According to the instruction of the Savior, he was willing to take a seat in the “lowest room,” or to accept an humble situation, and labor and wait for promotion, not forgetting that “the thoughts of the diligent tend to plenteousness,” and that e’re long success would crown his efforts and

gladden his heart, if faithful in striving for the object for which he set out; a fortune honorably gotten, with the assurance that “the hand of the diligent maketh rich,” while “the soul of the slug-gard desireth and hath nothing;” his course was steadily onward.

Charley’s was a noble ambition, founded upon right principles, which would commend him to the respect and esteem of honorable men. For, while his memory turned in dutiful affection to his mother and sister at home, and to their recurring wants, and the anxious solicitude with which they waited for the dawning of his success, and the joys it would bring; and while his thoughts were running out into the unexplored future, and his eye of faith, perhaps catching in the distance fitful gleams of triumph, and while his feet were tending towards it and his hands reaching out after and laboring for it, he was mindful that it is the “faithful that will abound with blessings,” and that “he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent,” that prompted him to refuse to take that that was not his own, that which he felt he had not earned; and thus revealed to his employer that his heart was not sullied—corrupted—with that monster evil, *avarice*, a greediness to obtain wealth. While he was diligent, he sought to be honest, keeping the golden rule before him and walking accordingly, namely, to “do unto others as he would they should do unto him.”

In so doing he showed that he was not ashamed of Jesus’ teachings, and that he had been instructed out of them, and that an exercise and practice of the virtues and teachings contained in the Bible—the word of God—is the surest road to fortune, and that in following the teachings of God’s word, he must shun the sin of “covetousness,” or he would become an “idolater,” a worshiper of something that is not God. Worshipers of gold instead of worshiping God, are “idolaters.”

Another prominent feature in the life and character of Charley, (and all the little Hopes would do well to imitate him), is, that during the joyous hours and sunny days of childhood and early youth he improved the golden moments in the cultivation of his intellect, and the improvement of his mind; and for this reason; when he had gained the stepping-stone—secured a situation—though humble; he was prepared to ascend to higher and more honorable stations in life.

Young Hopes, begin now to make preparation for the battle of life, in which you must soon enter, remembering that it has been said, “Man is the architect of his own fortune.” If so, how important then that you get a correct start, in the direction of fortune and fame, and for them (fortune and fame) to be enjoyed in the highest degree, it is necessary that they are come into possession of honorably; and how can that greatly to be desired end be attained unto, or arrived at, better than by being guided by the principles of virtue and right revealed to our understanding, in the volume of God’s word.

But stop a moment, little children, and let us think a little deeper, and let our thoughts rise a little higher. Will fortune and a good name among our fellows, obtained through faithfulness and diligence in rising step by step, from the position of servant boy to that of heir to a lordly estate, with the praises of men greeting our ears and our eyes as we pass along the great highways of life, or scan the public journals of the day? Will all this fill the measure of the wants of our being? Flocks and herds, houses and lands, fortune and fame, are needful to some degree, to relieve our wants or satisfy our necessities, and the possession of them may greatly increase our happiness here, if possessed and used honorably. But, beyond the enjoyment of them all, even to their fullest earthly extent, there is yet a want in our being that is unsatisfied, a want that reaches out after something higher, something more enduring than the fleeting joys of mortality. Even in the midst of their enjoyment thoughts of sadness will flit across the mind, telling us they are

short-lived and uncertain, and that death and judgment are certain. For us to enjoy all that earth and time have in store for us, through the merciful providence of a kind and heavenly Father, we must observe all the conditions that lead to that highest degree of happiness in time. In so doing, the longings of our inner or spiritual man will be satisfied, as well as the outer or natural man; and in order to attain unto this highest degree of happiness, the conditions of life as revealed in the gospel of Him who taught the way of life, even Christ, must be observed; which will bring us into relationship with Him (Christ) and God. Through which relationship, (which is obtained by faith in God through Christ, repentance, a turning away from all sin, a burial with Christ in the waters of baptism for the remission, or forgiveness of sins, and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, by which our hearts are filled with love) all fear is cast out, and the “monster death,” while we are enjoying this relationship to the extent of our privilege, has no power to pierce the heart with gloomy thoughts of his coming and of judgment; for the soul being at peace with God, enters lawfully into the enjoyment of every pleasure, knowing that if called behind the veil it is only to rise to higher and purer joys with Him who holds the power of life. Such is the life and expectations of the righteous.

Little Hopes, we have a good Guide. Try hard to follow him in all righteousness, ever seeking to be profitted by the truth of this scripture:

“Riches profit not in the day of wrath; but righteousness delivereth from death.”

UNCLE M.

A VERY ODD LADY.

THE Rev. B. Jacobs could, when necessary, administer reproof very forcibly; though the gentleness of his character was always seen in the manner in which it was done. Some young ladies at his house were one day talking about one of their female friends. As he entered the room, he heard the expressions “odd,” “singular,” &c., applied to her. He asked and was told the name of the young lady in question, and then said very gravely, “Yes, she is an odd young lady; she is a very odd young lady; I consider her extremely singular.” He then added, very impressively, “She was never heard to speak evil of an absent friend.” The rebuke was not forgotten by those who heard it.

THE BEE’S WISDOM.

Said a little wandering maiden
To a bee with honey laden,
“Bee, at all the flowers you work,
Yet in some does poison lurk.”
“That I know, my little maiden,”
Said the bee with honey laden;
“But the poison I forsake,
And the honey only take.”
“Cunning bee, with honey laden,
That is right,” replied the maiden;
“So will I, from all I meet,
Only draw the good and sweet.”

FISTS AND CANDY.

TWO brothers named Thomas and Gerald lived in Rhode Island. One cold day, when the ground was frozen, they were out driving hoop. Both boys were following and driving the same hoop. This is rather dangerous, as the boys, running one behind the other, and both driving the same hoop, are liable to run out to each other, and fall.

As they were driving their hoop down the street, running as fast as they could, Gerald, the younger, being behind, Thomas hit his foot against a stone, and fell headlong upon the frozen ground—coming down with violence upon his bare hands and face. Gerald, being close behind, and running fast, could not stop, but came down with his whole weight on Thomas. This hurt Thomas still worse. He was angry at Gerald for falling on him. They

both rose. Thomas, in his wrath, began to scold and storm at his brother, and beat him.

What did Gerald do? Did he cry out, and strike back? He did no such thing. He put his hand into his pocket hurriedly, fumbled about, and soon drew out a stick of candy, and thrust it into his brother's mouth, as he was scolding and beating him. Thomas instantly stopped, and looked confused and ashamed. His brother urged him to take the candy. He took it and began to eat—sorry enough that he had struck his affectionate and generous brother.

Thus his wrath was disarmed, and his blows stayed, by the love and kindness of his gentle-hearted brother.

A stick of candy is a better weapon to fight with, and more sure to gain a victory, than a stick of wood, or a fist, and he who can rule his own spirit when struck and provoked by others, may overcome evil with good, and turn his foes to friends.—*Little Christian.*

DESTROY YOUR ENEMIES.

IT IS recorded of a Chinese emperor that on being told that his enemies had revolted in one of the distant provinces, he said to his officers, "Come, follow me, and we will quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted on his approach.

All now thought that he would take revenge, and were surprised to see the captives treated with kindness and humanity. "How!" said the chief officer, "is this the manner in which your majesty fulfills his promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold, you have pardoned them all, and even caressed some of them!" "I promised," replied the emperor, "to destroy my enemies; I have fulfilled my word, for see, they are enemies no longer; I have made friends of them."

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him * * * for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Romans 12:20.

JIM SMITH'S MENAGERIE.

A PARTY of boys at Jim Smith's house, were playing a game that they called "menagerie." All the boys who never played it before were turned into the hall, and then being called into the sitting-room one by one, asked to tell what particular animal they most wished to see. One boy wished to see a hippopotamus, another, an elephant, others, tigers and lions; but they were one and all led up to the looking-glass and pointed to their own reflection, and told that there was the animal they had expressed a desire to see. This game the boys thought very funny; and they laughed heartily at the last boy who was admitted into the menagerie; for he asked to see a monkey, and looked very much "taken down" when shown his own self.

"Out here is old drunken Tom Cathbone," said one of the boys, looking from the window; "Call him in, and let him have a peep at an ugly-looking animal."

So poor old Tom, the drunkard, was called into the room, and told to tell what animal he wanted to see.

"Oh! show me the worst looking wild beast you've got," said he. "Come, show it to me; show me the beast!"

"All right, then," said the boys, and pushed Tom right in front of the looking-glass. He stood for a moment, looking into the glass with a silly drunkard's smile; but presently such a look of horror and sorrow passed over his face, that the laughter of the boys was checked; and they could not help pitying him as he sank into a seat and covered his face with his hands.

"We didn't mean to hurt your feelings," said Jim. "We did the same to all the boys. And just before you came in, Dick Willoughby asked to see a monkey; and we showed him himself."

But the poor fellow looked up with a mournful

look in his bleared eyes, and said, "I am worse than a beast; worse than a beast!"

And after he had left them, the boys watched him going down the street, and from their hearts did they pity poor old Tom Cathbone; and so do we; and much hope that none of the dear boys whom we now know and love may ever come to be such as he is to day.—*The Gem.*

JUDGE NOT.

WE HAVE no right to judge others until we know all the circumstances that influence their conduct. In many cases we might act like those we condemn under like circumstances. A young man employed in a printing-office in one of our large cities incurred the ridicule of the other compositors on account of his poor clothes and unsocial behavior. On several occasions, subscription papers were presented to him for various objects, but he refused to give his money.

One day a compositor asked him to contribute for a picnic party, but was politely refused.

"You are the most niggardly man ever employed in this office," said the compositor, angrily.

"Stop," said the young man, choking with feeling. "You have insulted me."

The other compositors gathered around the excited man. The young man looked at them for a few minutes with a famished look, and a strange fire in his large eyes.

"You little know," he said, "how unjustly you have been treating me and accusing me. For more than a year I have been starving myself to save money enough to send my poor blind sister to Paris to be treated by a physician who has cured many cases of blindness similar to hers. I have always done my duty in this office, and have minded my own business. I am sacrificing everything in life for another. Would either of you do as much? Could any one do more?"

He had been judged without a knowledge of circumstances.

Be slow to censure and condemn. We cannot read the hearts of others, and, in many cases, to know all is to forgive all.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."—*Youth's Companion.*

IDLE WORDS.

JESUS says, "But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment."—Matt. 12:36.

These, dear children, are the words of the blessed Savior, when he was upon earth. He was never known to speak an idle word; never did he indulge in a spirit of levity; but was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He often wept over lost and fallen man, and bore our sins.

View him in the garden of Gethsemane, while he poured forth his soul in agony until he sweat great drops of blood, and then reflect: this suffering was all for us. Yes, dear children, for you, that you might have eternal life. Did you ever think of this, and realize that if you would be his disciples, you must walk even as he walked? Christ is our pattern. He left an example for us that we should follow in his steps; and it is said of him, "He did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; and when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him who judgeth righteously." Are you ever tempted when you are insulted or abused, to retaliate, or even to be angry? O, think of the blessed Savior extended upon the cross, suffering all the malice that an enraged multitude could inflict; and hear his prayer, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." O, what pure, what boundless love! Would you dwell forever with this lovely Savior? Would you forever enjoy his smiles, and with apostles, prophets, and saints of all ages, live eternally upon this earth, when sin and all its

effects are forever done away? O, then give your hearts to the Savior, and follow him in all things. Die daily to the world, to sin, and to self, and live alone for the glory of God. Jesus says, "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

Selected for the *Hope* by MARY H. CHRISTY.

THE SAVIOR.

Jesus from heaven came down to die,
For little children young as I;
So great his love, his life he gave,
Our guilty souls from hell to save.

Oh, may I love and praise his name,
Who once for me a child became;
Help me, O Lord, thy will to do;
My sins forgive, my heart renew.

CONFESSION AND FORGIVENESS.

A LITTLE boy not seven years old, in the absence of his parents, carelessly broke a valuable dish. When his father returned at evening, he told him what he had done, said he was very sorry, and would not do so again, and asked his father to forgive him. This his father cheerfully did, and told the child he loved him, and did not mind the loss of the dish because he had told him the truth about it.

The next morning one of the family asked the little boy if he had told his father what he had done the day before. "O, yes," said he, "and father forgave me, and I knew he would; for the Bible says, 'he that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy.'"

At the Temperance Hotel, Leominster, may be seen the following announcement:—

"Weary traveler, step within;
No temptation here to sin;
Wholesome viands here are sold,
Quite refreshing, hot and cold;
Tea and coffee, water clear,
Lemonade and ginger-beer,
Books and papers, too, you'll find,
To cheer and elevate the mind."

Correspondence.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, Oct. 12th, 1874.

Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. I do not take the *Hope* but my sister does. My eyes are weak, so I cannot sit down and read the *Hope* through, but I can read a little at a time. My eyes have been weak ever since one year ago last winter, when I had the measles. I will write the answer to the Anagram, and then I must close for my eyes are giving out. I will try and write again sometime. So good-by. MARY H. BALLANTYNE.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—No. 4.

Verse 1.—Dihcerline ybeo ryou prtsnea ni eth ordl: orf tshi si htrgi.

2. Ohruon yth tfahre nda mrothe: hwchi si eth rtsif mmmndenaco tiwh pomsier.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM.—No. 2.

Our lives are rich with gifts from God.
For us the earth is fair and bright;
The violet springeth from the sod,
To soothe our hearts and glad our sight.

With steadfast faith and joyous hope,
'Tis step by step we upward tread,
Until upon the mountain top,
God's glory shines around our head.

HESTER COBB.

Answered by Sarah J. Ballantyne, Mary H. Ballantyne and James A. Kemp.

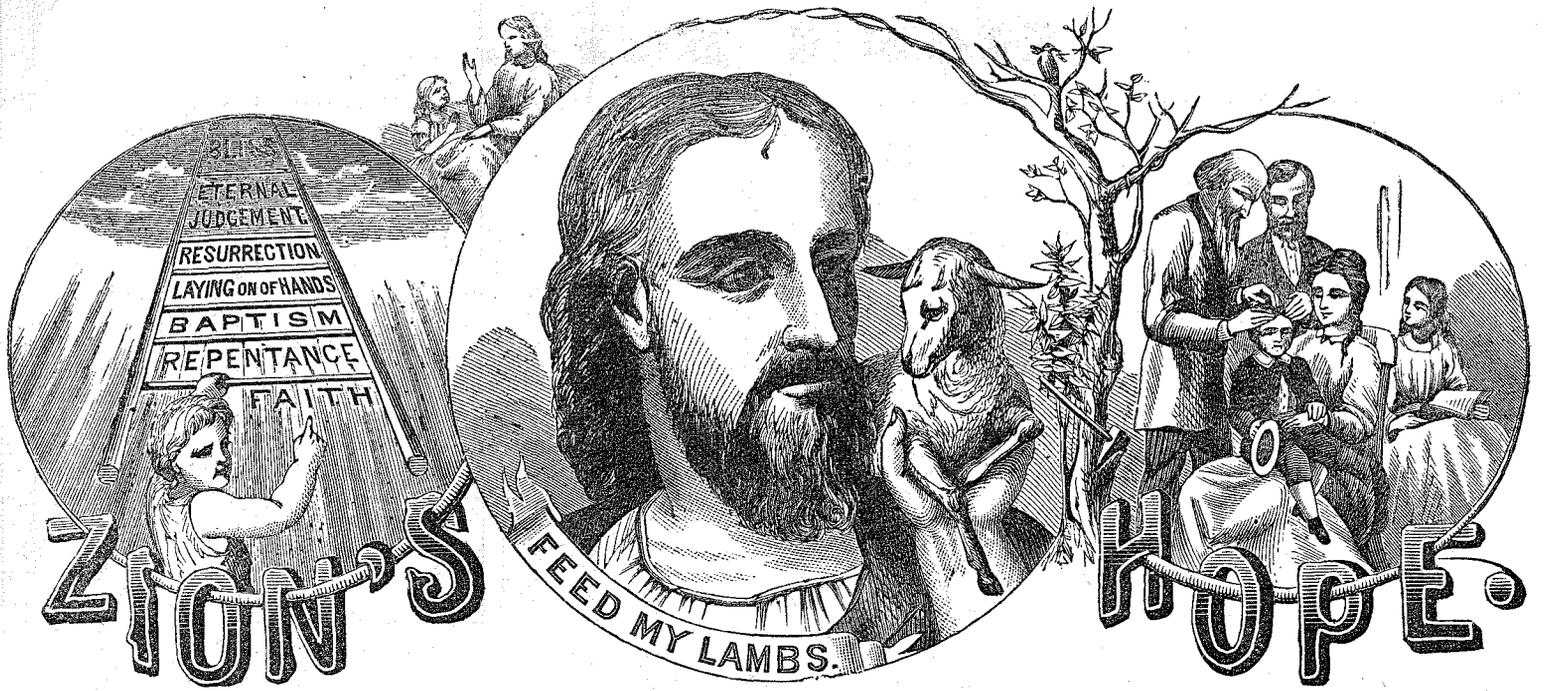
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For instance, 15 Nov 74 means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th day of November, 1874, before which time you must renew. Our terms are payment in advance.

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

WHISKY vs. TEMPERANCE.

NEAR twenty years ago I knew an "old sailor," scarcely beyond the meridian of life, by the name of Jack M—, who was a very honest, industrious man, when sober; but, like a great many sailors who found their way into the mines, he was given to the habit of drinking; and whenever he raised a "stake," or got money ahead, he was very apt to go on a "spree," and have a "good time," as the boys used to call it, as long as his money and credit would last; and then he would go to work and make another "raise." For in those days it was not hard, if a man had a little of what is called "luck," to make a "raise" of a few hundred dollars; and, what was better for Jack, and more profitable to the saloon keepers, he was one of those fellows that was called "lucky;" that is, it seemed, that wherever Jack might dig, he was sure to strike "pay dirt," which was almost sure to yield him a rich reward for his labor. Men were frequently known there as "lucky Tom," or "lucky Bill," on account of their good fortune in striking rich claims; but I don't remember that ever Mr. M— gained the sobriquet "of lucky Jack." But, at any rate, he was known to be very successful in his mining operations, and of being very liberal about the saloons, in treating his comrades, and in giving oyster and champagne suppers; which were generally served up under the direction of some saloon keeper, at a moderate outlay, with a handsome income from Jack's well-filled purse; for when whisky was in, Jack's wit was out, and he "booked for a good, time" (?) without regard to expenses.

Always, at such times, Jack was, to all appearance, the most popular and highly favored patron Mr. Saloonist had. Jack's ears would be saluted at the door of every "deadfall," (a very proper name for a saloon or "whisky mill,") with a hearty "Good morning, Mr. M—; come in, What's the news, Mr. M—?" In short, he would be treated as one of the most important personages in the "camp," or town. And when once he had "got steam up," under such demonstrations of friendship—though hollow, and false—he never allowed it to go down as long as he could find any "dust," (gold), with which to feed the flame.

But his purse, though long, had a bottom, and more than once, with it well filled, did Jack enter those gilded haunts of sin and vice, only to find, when too late, that it was his gold that Mr. Rum-seller respected, courted and sought, without regard to the disgrace, shame and destitution its profligate expenditure might bring upon its owner.

More than once did Jack drink the bitter, bitter dregs of the cup he had so wantonly placed to

lips. More than once he found, that with a collapse of his purse, came a collapse of honor. For then it was no longer "Mr. M—," here, and "Mr. M—," there, but it was "Old Jack," or even worse. It was when money was gone and appetite raging Mr. Saloonist would say, "You old drunken fool, get out of my house," etc.

After being treated in that manner two or three times, and at the last, getting a free ride through a saloon door into the street on the toe of Mr. "Barkeep's" boot, Jack left town for the mines, to replenish his purse again. And again dame fortune smiled upon him; for soon the "shining dust" was being deposited in his purse, and ere the mining season had closed, Jack found that his purse, though long, would not contain the glittering "oro" that was falling to his share. At the close of the season, it could be said, that "if the fickle dame, Fortune, had smiled upon him hitherto; this time she had bestowed a hearty laugh."

Through the entire mining season, Jack had stuck close to business, and kept sober; in fact he had been a *tetotaler*. And now that he was out of employment, many were the conjectures as to whether he would again make a fool of himself in, and squander his fortune, as in times past. So with anxious solicitude he was watched by his *friends*, who were pleased to see him pass and repass his old haunts without stopping to enter, or even in the least yielding to the overtures and solicitations of his former friends (?) of the *bar-room*, to indulge in even a social glass; and finally, when questioned by a Mr. Saloonist, as to this strange freak he was exhibiting, said:

"I remember that twice I made small fortunes, and spent them foolishly, and I have not forgotten that while my money lasted, it was 'Mr. M—' here and 'Mr. M—' there, and more especially with you whisky-sellers, and that as soon as my money was gone, it was 'old Jack' here and 'old Jack' there, and that finally I was kicked out of a saloon. So when I 'cleaned up' after 'working my claim out,' and counted my present fortune, I gave 'old Jack' a talking to. He and I talked the matter all over between ourselves. I said to him,

"'Jack,' now don't go and make a fool of yourself again. Remember you are getting along in years, at or past the middle of life. You will soon be old. You have no one to care for you, and you know that you have spent two fortunes already, and that as soon as your money was gone, your friends (?) were gone too. And don't you remember that only a few months ago, when your money was gone, they kicked you out into the street, calling you a 'drunken old fool?' All they care for is your money; they don't care whether you live or die after they get it. Is it not so?"

"'Y-e-s, i-t l-o-o-k-s like it.'"

"Now, 'Jack,' I want you to make me this promise. (You know you have made a nice fortune this season; enough to live on if you take care of it; and you know that all that them whisky sellers want is your money. And you know you are respected now, by respectable men, and that you have once more gained the title of Mr. M—). Now, what I want you to promise me is this, That you *will not* drink any more, but will respect yourself, *retain* the respect of your *friends*, save your money, and have something to live upon when you get to be old. Now, 'Jack,' will you promise!"

"'I WILL! in memory of my mother and my former manhood, and in the hope of the triumph of what remains.'"

"'Good! good!! good!!!' exclaimed my whole being, and with the *resolve* came the power of will to say NO! to all who would tempt and lead me into the way that leads to poverty, shame, and endless ruin.

"These, sir, are my reasons for what you are pleased to term 'strange freaks' in me. Be they strange or not, my purpose is that they shall continue."

Years afterward, Mr. M— was at my cabin, on one of the tributaries of the Yuba River. And he was still faithful to the promise he had made to himself, and men respected him for his integrity and fidelity to self. He was a man, honorable among men, and rumor had it that he had *thousands* of dollars worth of gold dust buried—how true I cannot say—but his credit was *good*.

Now, young readers of the *Hope*, I trust you may be able to see something in this brief history of real life, calculated to warn you against the evils of intemperance and a prodigal use of the means which a beneficent Creator may commit to your trust, and also to stimulate you to an inward reasoning with self, when you are tempted to do wrong, or even after you have done wrong, should you be so unfortunate as to be overtaken in sin.

Young Hopes, be in *earnest* in your life-work, like "old Jack"—otherwise Mr. M— in his *resolve*; and though you are young—perhaps gambling along the quiet stream of childhood and youth, or treading the table lands of early manhood, *remember* that the temple of triumph stands away on yon glory-crowned height, and that those looking down from its corridors once stood where you are now standing. They climbed the rugged height, and entered; so may you. Fix your eyes upon the mark of your aspiration, and struggle for it. Be in *earnest*, not for a moment forgetting the importance of sincerity in *all* your undertakings.

O, sincerity, thou—among the chiefest virtues.
Pursue thy onward, upward course,
"Though from beneath, destruction cry;
To take dissimulation's winding way."
UNCLE M.

[Selected.]

AN ALPHABET OF THE TITLES OF CHRIST.

- A** is for Advocate, Alpha, Amen,
All titles of Jesus the Savior of men.
1 John 2 : 1; Rev. 1 : 8; 3 : 14.
- B** is for Bridegroom, for-Bishop, for Bread;
the soul that receives him with manna is fed.
Matt. 25 : 1; 1 Pet. 2 : 25; John 6 : 35.
- C** is for Captain, for Chief Corner-stone,
And safe is the man that buildeth thereon.
Eph. 2 : 30; Heb. 2 : 10; 1 Pet. 2 : 6.
- D** is for Day-Star, Deliverer, Door;
Who enters this way shall have life evermore.
2 Pet. 1 : 19; Rom. 11 : 26; John 10 : 9.
- E** is the Everlasting Father, who stands
Inviting his creatures with wide, open hands.
Isa. 9 : 6; 4 : 1.
- F** is for Faithful, and true is the name,
For He who doth bear it is ever the same.
Revelation 19 : 11.
- G** is for Governor, Lord over all,
Who offers salvation to great and to small.
Psalms 22 : 28; Romans 9 : 5.
- H** is for Holy and Harmless High Priest,
Who bids us by faith on his flesh and blood feast.
Hebrews 7 : 26.
- I** is Immanuel, bringing God near,
The Son whom we worship and serve without fear.
Isaiah 7 : 14.
- J** is for Jesus, for Judge, and for Just;
Happy are those who in him put their trust.
Matt. 1 : 21; James 5 : 9; Acts 3 : 14.
- K** is for King, and as such he shall reign,
When death is destroyed, and his enemies slain.
1 Tim. 6 : 15; 1 Cor. 15 : 25.
- L** is for Lamb, for Lord, for Lion,
The meek Galilean, the ruler of Zion.
John 1 : 29; 20 : 13; Rev. 5 : 5.
- M** is Me's'ah, the promised of old,
By good men expected, by prophets foretold.
John 1 : 41.
- N** is for Nazarene, humble the name,
But glory shall crown it, and scatter its shame.
Matthew 2 : 23.
- O** is for Omega, the End, and the Last,
For he shall endure when ages are past.
Revelation 22 : 13.
- P** is for Passover, Prophet, and Priest;
May peace the world o'er and good-will be in-
[creased.]
1 Cor. 5 : 7; John 7 : 40; Heb. 8 : 1.
- Q** is a Quickening Spirit, we read,
The Second Man Adam, the woman's pure seed.
1 Cor. 15 : 45.
- R** is our Refuge, our Rock of defense;
Not sorrow nor Satan shall drive us from thence.
Jer. 26 : 19; 1 Cor. 10 : 4.
- S** is for Shepherd, for Savior, for Shield,
With the sword of the Spirit the Saint takes the
[field.]
Titus 1 : 4; 1 Pet. 2 : 25; Prov. 30 : 5.
- T** is for Teacher, whose lessons are Truth;
Unto him let us cry as the guide of our youth.
John 3 : 2; 14 : 6.
- U**'s the Unspeakable Gift from above,
The Father sent down in his infinite love.
2 Cor. 9 : 15.
- V** is for Vine, and its branches we are,
If, abiding in him, much fruit we shall bear.
John 15 : 1.
- W**'s for Wonderful, for Witness, for Word,
The Way to be saved, but from which we have
[erred.]
Isa. 9 : 6; Rev. 3 : 14; 19 : 13; John 11 : 6.
- X** our eXample in trial or pain;
With him if we suffer, with him we shall reign.
1 Peter 2 : 21.
- Y** is the Yoke that his followers wear;
By his help we are able the burden to bear.
Matthew 11 : 29.
- Z** was his Zeal, and it wrapped him around,
May we put it on, and in goodness abound!
Isaiah 59 : 17.

Congress passed a law requiring all postage to be paid in advance at the office where the papers are mailed, from Jan. 1st, 1875. It is necessary for every HOPE subscriber to remit us Ten cents at once to pay the postage for next year.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE

JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER II.—POPPY.

LYSS BAKER sat on the topmost rail of the old orchard fence, swinging his bare feet leisurely, and tossing up an apple with one hand, while the other supported a big old-fashioned musket, singing the Little Indian song. Just as he had trilled the stanza:

"Two little Indians fooling with a gun,
One shot the other, then there was one,"

flash! bang! and down tumbled the boy, backward into a clump of tall weeds outside the fence, while the old musket toppled over out of sight in the orchard grass.

"Ha! ha! ha!" rippled a sweetly shrill voice. "One shot himself, then there was none, I should say," pursued the same voice. "But get up; what are you lying there for? You aren't hurt a bit."

Ulysses slowly arose, scrambled out of the weeds, rubbed his face and eyes, and looked himself over from soiled shirt front to dirty bare feet for wounds, finding none. Again the merry laugh rang out, and for the first time he looked at the intruder.

"Umph! A girl! I thought so! Nobody else would act the fool so. You didn't know whether I was hurt or not. You must feel awful smart; a little hop-o'-my-thumb like you."

At this the little girl, who stood in the road, swinging her 'slat' bonnet by the strings, fairly shook with laughter. "Don't we feel big! What a giant Lyss Baker is. 'Stonishing?'"

The boy turned away scornfully, remarking, "Wonder where you get such wonderful knowledge."

"Don't get it no where," she chirruped, "just know it naturally, 'cause I'm a girl. The way I knew you wasn't hurt I saw you sitting on the fence, holding the gun straight up, so it couldn't hurt you when it went off. And I've seen you go by Auntie Hale's several times, and she told me your name. I thought then you looked like a pretty sensible boy, but you've acted mighty silly about this affair."

Ulysses looked at the girl in astonishment.—"You are a queer chicken. And so you're Auntie Hale's girl, hey? I heard she took one out of the *poor-house*;" with a tinge of conscious superiority in his tone, which the girl's quick ear readily detected.

Tossing her head and straightening her tiny form, she replied:

"Yes, out of the *poor-house*, Lyss Baker, and her name is Poppy."

"Poppy! Ha! ha! ha!" laughed he. "Poppy? That's a name, I declare."

"Laugh as much as you please. It don't hurt my name nor my feelings nuther. I've got used to it. But I ain't to blame, and I don't believe my mother was, for she was too good and lovely ever to give me such a name as that. But it's good enough for me."

"Poppy? Poppy what?" queried Lyss. "That wonderful nice mammy of yours left you some other name, didn't she?"

"No-o," hesitatingly. "Nothing but Poppy, as I know of. But there's something strange about —" She stopped suddenly.

"But what, Poppy? I like to hear strange things."

"I'm going after Auntie Hale's cows now," and donning her bonnet, she started down the road. "Stop, Poppy," he cried, "and I'll go with you. You're a cute little girl, and I'd like to talk with you."

Poppy paused. "No, you wont go with me nuther. 'Taint proper. You'd better take your gun home, for I'll warrant you took it without leave."

Lyss stared at her. "How do you know that? You must be a little witch."

"No, I ain't. But you go and take that gun home, and sometime you may come and see me at Auntie Hale's. You are a pretty smart boy after all, I guess. And I'd like to talk with you. Good by."

"Humph!" mused Lyss Baker, as he climbed the fence and started home, dragging the old gun after him. "She's a girl such as is a girl. I'll go and see her of course. Why not? Big boys go to see *big girls*. Why can't little boys. And I'm not so *very little*."

The soft, luxuriant orchard grass gave back no sound from the passing foot-fall, and his father's stern voice was in his ear and his hand grasping Lyss' collar ere the boy was aware of his presence.

"No, I think you're *not very little*! Big enough to sneak off with your dead grandfather's gun." And Mr. Baker shook his son till his knees smote together and his teeth chattered. "Say, sir, how did you get that gun, unbeknown to any one, and what was you shooting at?"

"Ugh-h-h! Sto-o-pshakin' and I-I'll tell ye!"

Br. Baker let go his collar. Lyss picked up the gun, which he had dropped, and replied:

"You see, I poked the gun out of the chamber winder on to the porch, then scud down stairs and out door, and clum up the grape vine and got it"

"Well, what was you shooting at? You're not big enough to handle a gun, and you might kill yourself, you careless scamp."

"I tell you what, dad, I thought I *had* just now. I was sittin' on the fence, a holdin' on to the gun and swinging my feet, when all of a sudden my toe caught the hammer, and *bang!* she went. I thought I was done for sure enough."

"Good Lord! what a narrow escape! Never be caught in such a scrape again. But how could you fire the gun by hitting your toe against it?"

"Why, you see, I'd sot the hammer back ready to shoot if I should see a squirrel or anything, and my toe brought her down ke-chug! But I say, pa, aint that are swearin'?"

"Ain't what swearin'?"

"Why, sayin' '*good Lord*,' like you did jest now. It sounds mighty like it to me. And I should think anybody 'twas a deacon fifteen year and one of the pillars of the church, oughter be kind of circumspect, as old Peligrew says."

"Lyss Baker," cried the father, angry and surprised. "Aren't you ashamed to talk so? What do you mean?"

"Nothin', pap, only our Sabbath-school teacher said, last Sunday, that swearin' was taking the name of the Lord in vain. And didn't old Peligrew say, when he got up to talk in meetin', after he'd snuffed and sniveled awhile, that he wanted to keep on in the narrer way and—and—well, he told about *dear* brother Baker, who'd been a deacon fifteen year, and one the pillars of the church, and I don't know what all."

"Lyss Baker! you are the worst boy I ever saw. You're enough to make one forget reason, religion, and everything else;—but vexation for such conduct."

"Law! pa, I'd think *you'd* find it jist as easy as falling off a log to be good, you've been tryin' it so long. Then you'd ought to get used to me by this time. You've had me around some time."

They were walking slowly homeward, side by side. "I never *can* get used to your wicked, naughty ways. When *will* you try to be a good boy?"

"I don't know," returned the boy. "I ain't anxious to be so awful good. Guess I'm about as good as the common run of boys. And I don't care about being *extra* good, 'cause you know all the *real good*, religious boys that never do nor say nothin' wrong, always *die* and go to heaven 'fore they're very old, 'cause the Sunday-school books say so. It may be an awful nice place, but I aint in a hurry to get there. This here world's a good enough place to live in, I'm thinkin. And I'm not goin' to snivel around afore folks about it, if I aint quite as good as I'd like to be, as old Peligrew does."

"Ulysses, why aye you so rude and disrespect-

ful? Why don't you say *Mr. Pelegrew*, and *crying*, not *sniveling*!"

"Cause," replied Lyss, "he is old, and nearly every body else calls him so but you and some few as belongs to the meetin', and you call him *brother* when you see him, and talk about him behind his back like sixty. Then when my feelings gets hurt and I cry, you say I'm *snivelin*."

"Well, well! Let's hear no more of it. But I want to know who it was you were taking about going to see, Lyss? Some girl?"

Lyss drew himself up as tall as possible, as he answered:

"Yes, *some girl*. Aunty Hale's girl. And a smart one she is too. She said I might come and see her sometime. I'm a goin', too."

"You wont. You go to see the girls. Scandalous! A little scrub of ten years old. You must be a fool." And Mr. Baker regarded his son in astonishment.

"I still think I shall; cause —"

A rousing box in the ear from his father's hand cut short his remark. The boy was thoroughly aroused at this. He always took a blow on the ear as an insult. And who can blame him? It is a bad and dangerous habit which some parents indulge in.

"I tell you what, dad, it allers gives me the headache for you to do that, and I don't like it. I was goin' to say I guessed you'd think it over, and conclude to let me go, as I didn't mean nothing only visitin' jest like I go to see Jim Welsh once in a while. 'Taint no worsor to visit a girl than a boy as I can see. I should a done as you said about it, if you hadn't hit me *there*, but now I shan't ask ye."

And he ran swiftly on, fearing another blow. Putting the old gun in its place, he skulked out in the shade of the trees till his father went toward the barn to feed the horses. Lyss hurriedly performed his part of the night chores, and then ran out on the lawn in front of the house, wishing to keep a little distant from his father, and hoping to see Poppy on her return from the grove, whither she had gone to search for the cows belonging to Widow Hale, who supported herself from the proceeds of a small garden, odd jobs of needle-work, and a few pounds of butter which she sold every week.

Poppy was a pretty blue-eyed, bright-looking little girl, apparently about nine years old. One whose face attracted more than a passing notice. Her countenance bore a sober, thoughtful expression when in repose, but when lighted with animation, and more especially a smile, it was beamingly beautiful to behold. And Ulysses could not forget her. Her pert, outspoken frankness pleased, while it vexed him. Any how he wanted to know more of her. There was some thing mysterious about her past life, which she had undertaken to tell him and stopped. He must know *that*. Mystery always has a charm for young people, and Ulysses was not an exception to the rule. If he could only see her he could coax her to tell him all her story.

There! she was coming. The cows plodded leisurely by, with Poppy behind them. She never turned her head, though she must have seen him standing just inside the gate, waiting for a word from her, and he was not even favored with a glance.

"Pesky proud little critter! She thinks she's powerful smart. But I don't. I won't look at her next time, if I can help it. See if I do. *Whooit! whooit!* Come, Towser, let's go to the house. I don't like girls, any way."

That night, as Lyss was going up stairs to bed, his father called him back.

"See here, Lyss Baker. Don't you disobey me, as you threatened. Don't you let me catch you going to Aunty Hales without permission."

"I won't, papa," he replied, adding as he shut the door behind him, "I'll be plaugy clear of lettin' him catch me goin' there. So he 'lows me to go if I can and not let him know it. Te! he! he!"

After he went to bed visions of guns spouting fire, rosy apples, green grass, and blue-eyed girls with tumbled, sunny hair, floated before his eyes, whether he opened or closed them. And he lay awake a full hour, thinking how she had slighted him—which wounded his native pride a little—and how he would treat *her* with scorn on their next meeting.

To be continued.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM HOME.

THE young man just starting in life, or who is about to leave his parental roof, separating from all those dear by nature, will fully realize that "every man is the artificer of his own fortune."

He is now about leaving "the home of his childhood," that home with all its pleasures and benefits, and above all, the influences of that kind mother, who was ever diligent in instructing and guiding him in the way he should go, and who had a balm for every grief his heart was heir to. And that kind, devoted and caressing sister to whom he is indebted for the finer feelings of his nature, now clasps both his hands, the tear sparkling in her eye, and now, probably for the last time, exhorts him to cherish warm in his heart the influences of home, and fix firmly his heart upon "the God of his father," assuring him they shall bear lights by which he may guide his bark safe from all the shoals in the troublesome voyage of life. But he tears himself from their embrace, and launches out into the broad sea of life. He must now make new friends and associates; form new habits, and mingle with new society. Truly this is the most important period of his life. He is now thrown entirely upon his own resources, and his future success and happiness depends entirely upon the course he now pursues. The society he now keeps; the habits he now forms will follow him to the grave.

It is necessary then, since so much depends upon his present actions, that he refrain from all bad and loose company, and frequent not the fashionable drinking and gambling saloons, though he be jeered and scoffed at by those who mostly infest these dens of vice and wickedness. He should entirely refrain from the use of ardent spirits. "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging," and nothing so unfits a man, not only for business, but for pleasure, and even decent society, as intoxicating liquors. By it he loses the friendship, the society and esteem of all good and worthy citizens. "He that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich." "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Abstain from all profane and obscene language for, "By a man's words and not by his inches is he measured." There is in the eyes of all good and great men, none so mean, so abject, as the openly profane man, who, in order to give his words weight, must back them up by a volley of wicked oaths. Such a man can be no Christian; no good citizen, and by no means a gentleman. No Christian, because he openly violates and condemns the laws of God; no good citizen, for the laws of our country are founded on the laws of God, and no good citizen will violate the laws of his country, and no gentleman, for a man of gentle nature will not be rude or impolite. You may as well talk of good devils, or white crows, as to expect to find a Christian a good citizen or a gentleman, classed with the vulgar or profane. Abstain, also, from the use of tobacco, that filthy weed. The use of tobacco is not only a practice of grave impoliteness, but it is injurious to the health. All experienced people will tell you that the habit of using tobacco in any shape will soon render you emaciated and consumptive; your nerves weakened and shattered; your spirits depressed and moody; your throat dry, and demanding stimulating drinks; your person filthy, and your habits those of the swine. When the habit grew so strong in England that James the

1st could get no one to speak against it, he took the pen in his own Royal hand and wrote a treatise, the substance of which is as follows: "It is a custom which is loathsome to the eye; hateful to the nose; harmful to the brain; dangerous to the lungs, and the black fume thereof resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." These may appear to be but small matters in themselves, but, remember, "Every little makes a mickle." "A small leak will sink a great ship." So every habit, every trait which we possess, contributes to form the general character, be it good or evil; but by carefully avoiding the many evils of youth, and strictly observing the laws of virtue and prudence, with a fixed principle to be noble; generous; kind; frank; manly, and true, you will steer your bark safe from all the shoals and breakers in life's troubled main, and you will crown the hoary head of that good old father with a crown of honor that will outshine the most glittering gold, and cause the heart of that kind, benignant mother to leap for joy, and the eyes of that devoted sister again to moisten with tears of joy that speak louder than words, and the benediction of God will rest upon you. Your last end shall be peace and your heaven glorious. I. N. W. C.

PIGMIES OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

BAYARD TAYLOR, in a communication to the *New York Tribune*, gave a very interesting account of a tribe of Lilliputians or Pigmies in Central Africa; from which we glean the following:

"The Khedive spoke of a race of pigmies which had been discovered in the very heart of Central Africa, beyond the land of Nyam-Nyams, and advised us to look at two natives of the tribe, which had recently reached Cairo. On leaving the Palace of Abdeen, therefore, we drove immediately to the Palace of the Nile, near Boulak, where they are now kept. On making inquiry, the soldiers in the inner court immediately pointed out two small boys, apparently), wearing the fez, and dressed in jackets and trowsers of white wool. I should have taken them for children of some Ethiopian tribe at the first glance, and was not satisfied, until after a close inspection, that one of them was a full grown man.

"Dr. Schweinfurth saw some of the natives of the tribe among the Nyam-Nyams, but he did not reach their country, which lies beyond that of the latter, and therefore south of the Equator—probably from 300 to 500 miles west of the central part of Abert Nyanza. * * * The soldiers brought the pigmies forward for our inspection. They came, half willingly, half with an air of defiance, or of protest against the superior strength which surrounded them.

"A tall Diuka, from the White Nile, blacker than charcoal accompanied them. * * * He spoke a little Arabic, and I was thus enabled to get a little additional information from him. He assured me that the pigmies were called Naam. * * * The taller of the two pigmies, Tubbul by name, was twenty years old—the younger, Karal, only ten or twelve. The little fellows looked at me with bright, questioning, steady eyes, while I was measuring them. Tubbul was forty-six inches in height, the legs being twenty-two inches, and the body, with the head, twenty-four—which is a somewhat better proportion than is usual with savage tribes. Tubbul measured twenty-six inches around the breast; his hands and feet were coarsely formed, but not large—only the knee joints being disproportionately thick and clumsy, the facial angle was fully up to the average, there was a good development of brain, fine, intelligent eye, flat nose, and lips projecting. The nostrils were astonishingly wide, complexion that of a dark mulatto.

"The boy, Karal, was forty-three inches high, with the same general proportions. Both had woolly hair, cut short in front, but covering the crown with a circular cap of crisp little rolls.

"Tubbul had no beard, but was evidently of virile age; he weighed about sixty-five pounds. Neither

of the two had learned more than a few words of Arabic, but they talked a great deal to each other in their own language. When ordered to speak, Tubbul turned and walked away. A soldier seized and drew him back, whereupon he stood still and sullen in his former place.

"The country of Naam, or Takkatikak, or whatever may be its correct name, is reported to be an equatorial table-land covered with low, dense thickets, in which the pigmies hide. The Khedive told me that they were quite warlike, and by no means despicable foes to their larger negro neighbors, since they are active as apes and difficult to find among their native jungles. Dr. Schweinfurth supposes them to be the pigmies mentioned by Herodotus. The Darwinians will hardly find an intermediate race between man and monkey in them. Their curious physical peculiarities, especially the curvature of the spine, the wide mouth, with flat but distinctly marked lips, and the squareness and breadth of the nostrils, are not of a simian character. In fact, they look less like the chimpanzee than several of the tall and athletic negro tribes.

"When I was on the White Nile, in 1852, the Nyam-Nyams were spoken of by the people as a frightful race of cannibals, with tails. No one had ever seen them; the very name was a terror to the natives of Soudan, and an obstacle to the traveler. Now their country has been reached and partially explored, and specimens of the race have ventured even as far as Kartoum. The pigmies proved to be far more interesting than they, from an ethnological point of view, and we shall certainly soon learn more of them. I am not aware that any account of the race has yet been published in Europe or America."

RIDDLE.

Here and there we go,

Yet do not quit our place,
In winter's ice and snow,

Or in the summer's chase;

We toil away, or drove, or led,

Or sentry keep around our bed.

We "Jockey at the Fair,"

We play upon the stage,

We sniff the dusty air

To swell the racer's rage;

So hie we through the stormy years,

Disdaining both their smiles and tears.

In summersaults we plunge,

Yet ever stand upright,

Now making luckless lunge,

Now flying like a kite.

Thus "bobbing round," or drowned, or fired,

In jaded span bemoiled and tired.

We fight the war of life,

Its battles and alarms,

Treading through each strife,

Bearing still our arms.

Now what we are and whence we came—

Our riddle tell, and what our name?

PLANO, Ill.

H.

SKETCHES.

SOME thoughts were presented to my mind about the parable of the "ten virgins." The virgins represent the church of Christ in the last days; because the parable is to be fulfilled at his second coming.

They all had lamps. David testifies that God's word is a lamp. Then the lamps represent the Scriptures. "The wise took oil in their vessels." The oil is the Holy Spirit; the vessels, the bodies or members of the church. When the Bridegroom was coming, "the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out."

Now let us reason. A lamp is useless without it is trimmed and burning, with oil in it. The Scriptures are the lamps; all who obey the gospel of Christ, by repentance, baptism, etc., receive the oil in their vessels according to promise. We all have lamps. By a little action, with our understanding of the lamps, we can pour in the oil, trim them and keep them burning. But by negligence of duties, the oil leaks out of our vessels,

our lamp burns out, we cannot see our way, and are lost in the darkness that is covering the earth. Let us be diligent to search the Scriptures, trust in God for light, and meet oft together, that we may be wise.

GOOD INTENT.

PLAN OF STUDY.

SOME people wish instruction as to the best mode of studying the Scriptures. A Sunday School laborer in his New Year's pastoral address says, "We recommend to you all, and especially to Sunday School teachers and scholars, the following plan for Bible study:

"**R P E R A A D Y .**
S P T R U A D Y Y .
T P H R I A N Y K ."

Mix your praying through all your reading, study and thought. Remember each member of your class by name in your closet. "Tell Jesus" what you would have for each. Expect glorious results.

Correspondence.

INLAND, Cedar Co., Iowa, Oct. 27th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I have not written to the *Hope* for over a year. But I thought I would write a few lines now. We had a very good time at Conference, last week. There was a very large turn out to our meetings. Br. John Adams, our President was here. We think he is a very good man. Two weeks ago it was almost as cold as winter. There were very hard frosts, that killed all the pretty flowers. Nearly ever since that, there has been warm and pleasant weather. I am only ten years old, but I want to learn to cook and do house-work. Whenever mother tells me how to cook a new dish, I write down the recipe in my memorandum book.

Now, Uncle, would you let us have a corner in the *Hope* for useful recipes; to be called the "Work Shop," or any thing you please. I would like to see some of the other folks' recipes. Good by, little Hopes, for this time.

S. AURILLA WILDERMUTH

REDWOOD, California, Oct. 25, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—It has been some time since I have written to our dear little paper; but I have not forgotten it. Our Conference is over. We had a time long to be remembered by all. I do love the Church and its members; and I pray that I may ever be a faithful member. I know that this is the true Church of Christ. I love to go to church and hear the glad tidings from God. There are several families who have expressed a desire to hear a Latter Day Saint preach. We could get a house, we think, for any one who would choose to come. We live six miles west of Gilroy. I was sorry to see so few letters from the little Saints in the *Hope*. I love to read the *Herald* and *Hope* very much. We would like to welcome Br. Alexander Smith back to California again. Pray for me, dear little Hopes, and I will do the same for you.

Your sister in Christ, HANNAH E. MUNRO.

SHELBY Co., Iowa, Nov. 2, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I rejoice in the gospel of the Lord; for I know without his aid and assistance I can do nothing. I still hope and trust I shall be a child of God. I know that it is in and through him that I have my being here upon the earth, and I trust I shall live to the end, to gain an inheritance with my Father in heaven. So, dear little Hopes, let us rejoice in our privilege in these the latter days. I know these are perilous times we now live in; but if we are faithful, we shall receive that glorious crown which is in store for all the children of God. Good by, till I write again.

REBECCA WILLIAMS.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Oct. 7, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—I have often thought of writing, but I thought I could not write good enough; but I will never know unless I try. I will tell you I am thirteen years old. I have been baptized eight months. Let us try to be faithful, that we may please our Heavenly Father. Yours truly, in Christ,

CHARLES FALES.

Dear Editors of the *Hope*:—While sitting here, looking over some of our little papers, and reading the letters from so many different places, my thoughts at length wander afar to the "dear Hopes" who are scattered about throughout the world, and these questions arise in my mind: What are they all doing? Are they ALL improving their time in a right and becoming manner? A'as! I fear not. While some may be pressing on in the good fight, being taught and learning wisdom from all that is good and beautiful,

there are others, I fear, who are wasting the precious moments in idleness and play.

Dear Hopes, should we do this? Has not God given us kind friends and teachers who are ever ready and willing to instruct us? Has he not given us books wherein we may read his precious promises? And we must learn to trust in him and his words. But we cannot do this, neither will he bless us with his Spirit if we are idle and indifferent. That we may live watchful and prayerful, so that we may have God's Spirit to be with us to the end, and by so doing keep our lamps trimmed and burning, that when the Bridegroom comes we may be ready to enter into the marriage supper, is the prayer of

SISTER ADDIE.

BRYANT, Fulton, Co., Ill., Nov. 1, 1874.

Br. Joseph:—I take my pen in hand, to let you know a little about an old friend and myself. We made partnership early in the year 1844; but we were not very good friends for the first twelve months, but when that time came around, we were very good friends, and so we did keep on for eighteen long years; never had any thing to cause any hard feeling between us at all. However, I felt that I could not live very good without him, being he was such a good friend, as I thought, and I, in my ignorance, did not know any better. But in the year 1861, I obeyed the gospel, which did enable me to know that my friend (?) was an enemy to me; but for all that, after I did come to know that he was my enemy, we did not part from each other for twelve years more. Ever since I joined the Church of Jesus Christ, my friend and I did not have the same looks one toward the other; and twelve months ago to-day I made my mind up to dissolve partnership, being that the gospel did enable me to know that he was my enemy. I made my mind up to sacrifice my friendship for him to the Lord, upon this condition, namely, if it was well pleasing in his sight to help me do so.

And by this time I am thankful to my Master for his help that he gave me to overcome, and sacrifice the friendship of the one that had injured me for thirty years. It is true that it has been very long before I was enabled to see and leave this deceiver or false friend, yet it is better late than never. But at the same time I do not mean to say there is no good in my old friend, but if his acquaintance is sought in the right manner, he may render the needy timely assistance; but I do mean to say that when a man makes his acquaintance in any wise, he should guard well the "door of his lips," and set a watch before his mouth, lest with it (his mouth) he should be led to do perverse things.

There are many of my brothers deceived with this old friend (?) of mine; and at the same time are walking in the light of the gospel. Does not that still, small voice of the Spirit point us to Isa. 55:2, where the Lord asks by the Spirit, through the prophet, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread: and your labor for that which satisfieth not!" That old friend (?) of mine satisfieth no man, neither in filling the stomach nor warming the back. My wish is that my brethren may escape him, and cleave unto that which is good.

My "old friend's" name can be found out by adding together the following characters:

"Three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,
A perpendicular and two semi-circles to meet,
A right-angle triangle standing on its feet,
Two semi-circles, and circle complete."

T O B A C C O

is the name of the old foggy friend whose acquaintance I cut twelve months ago to-day. T. T. THOMAS.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited \$237	62 Laura B. Munns	.. \$	60
George Evans	.. 25 Richard Darlow	..	25
Lucy A. Griffith	.. 20 D. Faban	..	25
J. Gillespie	.. 50 D. M. Griffin, Utah	..	25
Margaret Parks	.. 25 Sandy Parks	..	25
Wm. Parks	.. 25 Rosna Parks	..	25
John Parks	.. 25 James Parks	..	25
Agnes Parks	.. 50		

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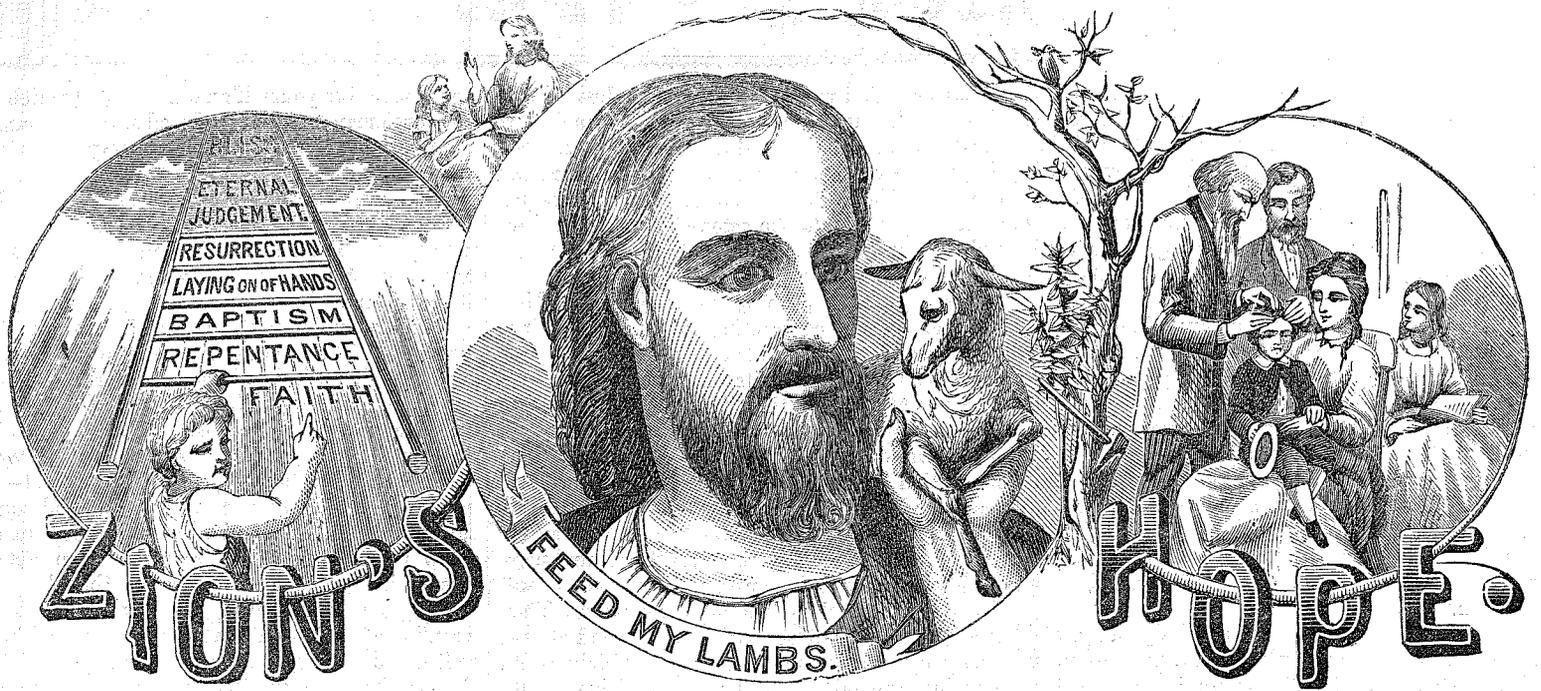
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

THE STRANGE PLACE.

IT WAS a simple old cabin in the borders of the woodland. There was no one in it; so I, being ever of an impulsive disposition, raised the latch of the half-tumbled-down gate, and entered. The fences were in moderate repair; here and there a rail had dropped out, and a post was in a decayed and splintered condition, leaning northward where the breezes from the river swept up, or the draught from the cool ravines swept down. The walk of gravel was clean; sunken in the dry, brown earth and washed white by the rain; its pebbles were shining lustreously, and the chips were old and clean all about under the bushy cedar trees. The road wound around past one corner, and led up over the hill into the depths of the shadows.

A cart with a solitary old driver, with brown clothes, and driving a lean pony, came out on top of the hill and rumbled down past the premises; a stick or two of wood fell off from the top of the load, so he stopped the pony and picked them up, loaded them on, and passed on down the river not of sight. I was nervous for a moment for fear that solitary looking driver would stop and ask my errand, but he never looked up.

It was towards evening and the woods were remarkably silent, not even the call of a jay, nor the syllabic warble of a songster disturbed the tranquil quietude. I felt a peaceful quiet stealing over the place as I walked up the pathway, and sat down on the porch. Over the orchard hung the shadow of a cold, crapey cloud with bronzed edges that lined the north.

Going to the door, I essayed to open it, and found it broken and leaning against its sills, so I moved it and entered.

The little children had been there, and made the place a play-house; all was cleanly, and the floor swept and dry; a shred or two of their bright colors lay on the floor. There was a cupboard in one of the corners, of brick with boards laid across. The faint impression of their little feet imprinted the carelessly swept corners, but for the rest it was a broken, empty habitation. A sly old wasp entered with a spider in his mouth, and toned about the premises, pretending not to know where his nest was. I half suspected his intentions were to reconnoiter me; however, after wheezing round the whole place and back again, he zigzagged about, a little dizzy with his own importance, and tumbled into his neatly built nest against a rafter in the corner.

The shades lengthened across the corner slowly as the hidden sun passed down the west behind the hills, and the bands of pale white light vari-

egated them through the tops of the trees. There was no bark nor boat in sight on the river and no personages on the road; so I sat and called to memory the former inhabitants of the house; how they wended about laughing and talking on their various energies; the stooping mother at the stove and baking bread; the man frequenting the bank, fishing in idle, silent meditation; a younger and cleaner form, occupying an upper room, silent and serene; floral tributes on the stand, and clean, fair cloths on table and stand and chairs, with the well used school books and time-honored pictures, small and rude; a little cross and books of devotion; small bottle of pomatum and perfume; a mirror and scraps of memory in shape of gay little ribbons, what-nots and pressed flowers. A lout of a boy on one side of the fire, dozing with care-worn, school-weary expression; a table, apparently well laden and covered with a plain repast—they came and went about it awhile—and then faded from my mind. I remembered the plain maple stand of drawers that stood in one corner, with an old, old Bible on it, in which I was used instead of s, and plain, grim old wood prints lauded the beauty of Abel, and described the majesty of the prophecy of Isaiah; it was so full of them from end to end; so very quaint and uninteresting that they always considered it a valueless treasure, to while away a long day's tedium.

I imagined a fine string of sunfish hanging by the log, where the old man sat speculating on the chance for a load of wood to town and its returns, or bins, or barns, for winter's safe-guard.

So night came on and the pale stars shone through the windows and a bar of moonlight crept in across the floor; I went out and crossed the orchard, weedy and rank with vegetation, and dim with undergrowth, resting without care, in peace from former culture. A long walk between the rows of shadowy trees brought me to a stile, over which I passed, and entering the road, wended homeward, over a plain, level and shrubless, with a sweeping line of young willows crossing it, in the center of which arose a large stately elm.

D. H. S.

To be continued.

A GOOD MOTHER.

Sometimes one hears it said of a good wife and mother that "she's a regular home body." the phrase is simple, but what a world of ennobling qualities it indicates, and what a universe of frivolities it excludes. The matronly home-body is indeed "Heaven's best gift to man." Dashing ladies, whose mission it is to set the fashions, won't you look in upon your gentle sister as she sits in

her well-ordered nursery making the children happy with her presence? Note how she adjusts their little difficulties, and admonishes encourages, instructs, amuses them as the case may require. Do you think any nursemaid could produce such harmony in that little circle? Is she not an enchantress? Verily, yes and her charms are "love stronger than death" for those sweet young faces, where you may see her smiles and frowns (though she seldom has occasion to frown) reflected in glee and sorrow like sunlight and cloud-shadow in a quiet pool. What she is, she will teach her daughters to be; and blessed are the sons that have such a mother.

"A BASKET OF CHIPS."

IT WAS a mellow eve in September; the grass was of a bronze color; and the leaves that all summer had been green and beautiful, were now brown, with some bright red, while others still were the color of pure gold; and, indeed, all nature seemed fading, and hardening, as if preparing for bleak old winter; that Ira Bell returned from school, looking not altogether so bright and well composed as usual. And on being asked what progress he was making at school, he gave an evasive answer.

"Ira," remarked Mrs. Bell, gravely, "how is it? Till of late you have been but little behind the very chiefest of your class, and now you seldom occupy even an intermediate position."

"You see, mother, the lessons have been so hard of late. I can't conceive why they put such hard lessons in the books," quoth Ira.

"You have been doing but little for sometime," was the calm rejoinder of Mrs. Bell.

Now Ira possessed as much genius as lads of fifteen summers generally do; and although he knew not the real cause of his retrogression, he would have liked to have persuaded his mother that he was not censurable.

"You see, mother," he remarked, "the way it is at this school, if one ever gets a backset, there is always some one to chuckle. And the teacher will scold also; and you know how I am when I get confused."

Here farmer Bell stepped in from an adjoining room, and holding in his hand a small book, entitled "Frank and Melissa," enquired:

"Whose book is this?"

Ira readily recognized the book, and being willing to change the topic of conversation, replied: "It's a present to me from George Lee, and it's so nice! I read it every evening this week. And here's another, almost as interesting," drawing a small pamphlet from his jacket pocket; "Mattie's Village Life" "But I like that one the best."

George Lee has several, and he has agreed to lend me another as soon as I am through with these. He says no one can read it without shedding tears. He has a joke on Ida almost every day about crying over it. Now there's no use of crying over novels, although they give some very touching accounts. Cousin Belle says novel reading is an excellent thing to polish one's manners and conversation.

By this time Ira's appearance had greatly changed; his former discomposure had disappeared; and a contented and happy expression shone from his sun-brown cheeks and youthful brow, while his sparkling black eyes were fixed upon his father's care-marked face.

Here, however, his father interrupted him; and pointing to a basket that stood near by, full of apples he said:

"Ira, empty those apples out of the basket, and run and fill the basket half full of chips, and bring them in."

Ira, although he had acted unwisely lately, was not one of those naughty boys, that have to know all the whys and wherefores; but he considered a command from his father sufficient grounds for action. So away he went merrily, and very soon a basket half full of chips was set before farmer Bell.

"Now," remarked the farmer, "gather up the apples and put them into the basket on the chips."

Ira went eagerly to work, asking no questions, and soon the basket was full, and only half the apples were picked up. Of this Ira informed his father; declaring that in his opinion no basket could be expected to contain half its fill of chips and its fill of apples at the same time.

"Now," remarked the farmer, gravely, "you say that no basket can contain half its fill of chips and its fill of apples at the same time; and just so it is, my son, with your mind. If you crowd it all the time with vanity and fictions, it will afford but little room for useful knowledge."

"You remember," continued the farmer, "that a few months ago, you were petted and praised for being apt, and not unfrequently at the head of your class. Lately, you are fast losing ground: your class-mates are outstripping you; and this you are unable to account for. You attend school regularly, and study, so you say. Now allow me to explain this matter to you; and show you the real cause of your retrogression. It is because your mind is constantly occupied with something else than your studies. It is filled with trash—novel trash, to the exclusion of useful knowledge. If the time you have wasted in reading fictitious stories, and sorrowing over phantoms, had been spent in studying your lessons at school, you would not only have escaped the censure of your teacher, and the shame you have felt before the school, but your mind would have been better informed; you would have been wiser. And not only this, but your intellectual powers would have been strengthened, and you prepared to ascend higher in the scale of intelligence. Solomon, 'the wise man,' recommends the getting of wisdom, in the following terse language: 'Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding. Exalt her and she shall honor thee; she shall bring thee to honor; she shall give to thine head an ornament of grace, and a crown or glory shall she deliver to thee.'—Prov. 3:19. Some of the blessings of the priceless jewel—wisdom—are here vividly portrayed by the very highest authority. And there is nothing truer than that, he that would be wise must apply his heart to wisdom. As the husbandman plants in the spring and toils through the heat of summer, to obtain a plenteous harvest; so must he that would be wise diligently apply his mind to study. And as a plenteous harvest blesses the diligent husbandman, making glad the hearts of his family, and raising him far above the slug-gard; so will wisdom exalt those who possess it far above those who neglect to obtain it. Hence it appears that time spent in novel reading is worse than wasted, and is an irreparable loss."

Farmer Bell was no philosopher, but he was able, in the use of common sense argument, to convince Ira that the real cause of his retrogression was novel reading; and after that there was not a novel found at Farmer Bell's; and Ira progressed at school to the astonishment of teachers and scholars, for they knew nothing of the "novels" and "basket of chips."

Now, youths of Zion, how is it with you? How many of you are contracting the hurtful habit of novel reading? Let such remember that "no basket can contain half its fill of chips and its fill of apples at the same time." And, oh! blush for the inconsistency of novel reading culture. Better no cultivation, than cultivation in falsehood. For cultivation and improvement, read histories of people and countries, with souvenirs of actual travel. These will enlarge the intellect, enlighten the mind; and in every way make you better and more useful. And as for sorrowing, there is actual suffering enough in the world for all your tears. Then don't grieve over false stories, but spend all the time you would waste thus in sympathizing with suffering humanity; and trying to alleviate their sufferings.

DISOBEDIENCE.

By the gate of the garden, near the wood,
A brother and sister together stood;
"Beyond the gate you are not to roam,"
The mother had said as she quitted home;
But tired of playing within the bound,
Frank opened the gate and they looked round.
"O! Ada," he cried, "how I long to go,
And play awhile in the wood below."

"But, Frankie, what did our mother say?"
As the little one was tempted to go astray;
"She said in the wood we might get harm."
Said Frank, "You need not be alarmed,
There is nothing to hurt us, and O, just see!
That beautiful squirrel on yonder tree."
And away ran Frank to the green retreat,
While Ada followed with flying feet.

They chased the squirrel with laugh and shout,
They gathered the flowers and played about,
And then, as they feared it was getting late,
Returned, in short, to the garden gate.
No questions were asked, and nobody knew
What Frank and Ada had dared to do,
Till Saturday night, as they sat alone,
Frank to his mother the truth made known.

"But, mother," he said, "tho' we went in the wood,
We got no harm as you thought we should;
In the water we did not fall,
Nor did we injure our clothes at all."
"My son," was the answer, "it may be so,
Yet something you lost in the wood below;
Think well and then tell me," the mother said,
As she laid her hand on Frankie's head.

"My knife, my ball, my pence," thought he,
I have them all safe, and what can it be?
I know," at length he said with a start,
"I have lost the happy out of my heart."
"I have not felt easy since then," he sighed,
"And I could not be merry although I tried;
Mother, I'm certain not all my play,
Made up for the loss I suffered that day."

C. W. DILLEN.

RESPECT AGE.

YOUNG Readers of the *Hope*:—Nothing is lost by being polite. Little acts of kindness or courtesy, shown to strangers, and especially the aged, will win the respect of all true ladies and gentlemen; and often material rewards that may not be looked for, or in any wise expected.

Many years ago a gentleman told me about a young man or youth, that was riding out of one of our eastern cities in an omnibus, which was crowded; when an old gentleman with a cane entered: none near offered him a seat; but the young man at the further end of the "bus," rose and politely invited the old gentleman, though an entire stranger, to take his seat. The old man thanked him for his kind offer, remarking that he could stand; but the youth insisted that the old gentleman should occupy the seat, remarking, "It will afford me more pleasure to stand and see you sit down, than to occupy the seat and see an elderly

gentleman like yourself stand." Upon which the old gentleman took the proffered seat, and thanked the donor very kindly for the courtesy shown him, and remarked, "I trust you may be rewarded for your kindness to the aged;" and then entered into conversation with his young friend, learned his name and place of residence, and some little about his circumstances in life, when occasion called them to part.

Their acquaintance was brief, but its effect lasting. Their meeting was, as it were, the meeting of ruddy spring and hoary winter. With one the battle of life had been fought alone, and he was drawing near its close. With the other it was but fairly beginning. Alone he was entering the conflict, and pressing toward the west—his capital consisting of a sound body, a good constitution, parental instruction well treasured up, and a few timely suggestions received from his old friend, the stranger he met in the "bus."

Our young friend made his way to the "broad west," and with a cultivated intellect, and heart well stored with good home instructions, and with the proffered suggestions he received while en route, his course was upward to a fortune. But scarcely had he laid the foundation of a good name in the vicinity selected for his new home when he was informed by letter that a nice fortune had been left him by an entire stranger, and requesting him to take possession of it.

To his surprise he learned that his benefactor was none other than the old gentleman to whom he had extended courtesy in the 'bus, when en route for the west; the act of courtesy already referred to.

The poor old man; poor, other than his gold, because he had none to cheer his declining years, and none to mourn his afflictions and departure from time, was moved upon by the courtesy and kindness of the young man, and bequeathed his fortune to him as a reward for the same. How great a reward for so little!

Little readers of the *Hope*, remember that as little sins and grosser crimes may be charged against you; so will little kindnesses and nobler deeds be placed to the credit of them that try to be good.

Dear children of Zion, "cast thy bread upon the waters," though it be but little crumbs of kindness scattered here and there; for you shall find it after many days. UNCLE M.

A WORD TO THE HOPES.

DEAR LITTLE HOPES:—I love good boys and girls, and love to have them around me and talk to them, and to hear them talk. I like to watch them play, because I know they will not use naughty words in their talk, or fight and quarrel. It is wrong to get angry and quarrel with your schoolmates, or friends, or brothers and sisters. If you do, your friends will not love you; you will make your kind parents sad; and, worst of all, Jesus will not be your friend. If you want him to love you, you must try to obey his precepts. He has given you a golden rule. Perhaps you have learned it; if not it is time you should do so. Here it is:

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." And he has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Now don't you see how he must have loved you, to have said these beautiful words? And don't you think you should be good, and try to deserve all the great love he has given you, and all mankind?

I think none of us can be half good enough, half grateful enough, for all God's goodness. But we can try; we can live honorable, upright lives. We can try to make others happy. The little Hopes can make each other happy. They can please their father and mother, by always doing as they are told; and if they do anything wrong, they should strive to be brave and acknowledge it, and ask forgiveness of God and those they have

injured. By so doing, every one will know they are brave, noble boys and girls.

There is another thing you can do, that is very important. It is this: Before you go to bed, ask God to protect you through the night and all your lives, and bless you with his Spirit, and help you in your studies, if you are going to school, and help you to be good. He will do it, and he loves to hear your prayers, and answer them in blessings. Hoping you will all strive to be gems in Jesus' crown, I remain yours,

SISTER ALICE.

POPULATION OF HEAVEN.

A Persian Vision of the Future.

ABOU BEN ADHEM was annoyed one morning by an elderly gentleman, who desired to learn the ideas the Persian sage had of the hereafter; particularly as to the style and quality of people who would be likely to reach a future bliss.

Abou removed his chibouk from his lips, and moistening his throat with a long draught of sherbet, spoke to him as follows:

My friend, many hundred years ago, when I was comparatively a young man, I dreamed one night that I had shuffled off this mortal coil, and was in the land of the hereafter. Methought I was decently deceased, had been genteelly buried, and a tombstone had been erected to my memory, on which was inscribed enough to furnish a dozen. I blushed a spirit-blush when I read that tombstone and discovered what an exemplary man I had been, and I likewise wept a spirit-weep when I thought what a loss the world had sustained by my death.

I ascended and was knocking at the outer gate of Paradise for admittance. The season had been a very healthy one, for a national convention of fifty physicians had been drowned while taking a steamboat excursion on the Persian Gulf, so the doorkeeper had but little to do while my case was being decided. I whiled away an hour or two ascertaining the whereabouts of my old acquaintances, who had deceased during the ten years previous.

"There are a large number of my friends up here?" I remarked inquiringly.

"Not very many," was the reply.

"Ebn Becar is here, I suppose?"

"Not any Ebn Becar," was the answer.

"I am surprised," I answered. "Ebn Becar, the date-seller not in Paradise! Be chesm, no man in Ispahan was more regular in his attendance at the mosque, and he howled his prayer like a dervish. He was exceedingly zealous in keeping the faithful in the line of duty."

"True," says the door-keeper, "true. But you see, Ebn kept his eagle eye so intently fixed on his neighbor's feet that his own got off the road, and when he pulled up it wasn't at the place he calculated. His prayers were pleasant to every true believer, but as they were not backed up by doing things in proportion, they failed to pass current here."

"How fared it with Hafiz, the scribe? He was charitable—no man gave more to the poor than he."

"Hafiz did give many shekels to the poor each year, but it was the way he gave it that spoiled the effect of his charities. He gave not for any love for his kind, but because it was a part of his system to give. He was afraid not to give. So he said, 'I will answer the demands of the law of the prophet by giving so much, which will assure me a Paradise,' and fancied that was charity. When the widow of Selim, the mule driver, employed him to save her inheritance to her children, from the wicked brother, he required all that the law permitted him to exact, so that she said, 'Lo! I might as well have let my brother have the land.' He answered, 'The law gives it to me—go to!' He would oppress the poor in a business way, and compromise with his conscience by subscribing a tenth of his profits to charity. Compromising never did work in such matters. The comprom-

iser gives the devil something of value, and receives in return that which damns him. The oppressions and graspings of Hafiz were exactly balanced in numbers by his charities, but he died worth a million; the oppression side was the heaviest in quality. We keep books very accurate, you observe."

"Abdallah, the maker of shawls, is—"

"No, he isn't. He was an ardent teacher of the rules the prophet gave for the faithful, but he was the worst practitioner I ever had any knowledge of. The strong waters of the Giaour ruined his prospects. He preached abstinence from wine, but he constantly partook of the forbidden drink. He loved wine, and immediately proceeded to deceive himself with the belief that he had dyspepsia, and had to take it. Hearing once that strong liquor was an antidote for the bite of a serpent, he absolutely moved into a province where serpents abound. He talked loudly about gluttony, but excused himself for eating five courses by holding that he needed it to keep himself up. He succeed in deceiving himself, but he couldn't deceive us."

"Kahkani, the poet, whose songs were all in praise of virtue, is here. The fervent goodness that produced such morality must be safe?"

"Quite wrong, my dear sir. Kahkani's poems were beautiful, but, bless you, he never felt the sentiment in them. He had an itching for fame, and writing spiritual hymns happened to be his best hold. If he could have written comic songs better than hymns, he would have written comic songs."

"Who have you here, pray?"

"Saadi, the camel-shoer, is here."

"Saadi! Why, he was constantly violating the laws of the prophet."

"True, he would even curse the camels he was shoeing. But he was always sorry for it, and he would mourn over the infirmities of his temper, and strove honestly and zealously all the time to live better and be better. He did not make a grand success, but he did the best he could. He gave liberally of his substance without blating it all over Ispahan. When he gave a dirhem, he didn't pay the newspapers two dirhems to make the fact public, which is my definition of genuine charity. Then there's Firdusi, the carpet-cleaner—"

"He never gave anything."

"Certainly not, for he had nothing to give. The prophet never asks impossibilities. He would have given it if he had it, and he tried hard to get it. Then there's Jellal-ed-din—"

"He couldn't make a prayer."

"True, but he said 'Amen' to those who could, and he meant it, which was more than half those who made the prayers could say."

"And Wassaf, the teacher—where is he. A more pure and blameless life no man ever led."

"He is here; but occupies a very low place."

"A low place."

"Verily, Wassaf did not sin, it is true, but it was no credit to him that he did not. A more egregiously deceived man never lived or died. He obeyed the laws of the prophet because he could not do otherwise—then crediting himself for what he could not avoid. He could not be a glutton, for his stomach was weak—he could not partake of the strong waters of the Frank because his brain would not endure it—he was virtuous because he was too cold-blooded—too thin blooded to have any passion. He had not moral force enough to commit a decent sin, and this inability to be wicked he fancied was righteousness. He was a moral oyster. He, an iceberg, plumed himself upon being cold. Now, Agha, the flute-player, who was at times a glutton and wine-bibber, and all the rest of it, is several benches higher than Wassaf; for Agha's blood boiled like a cauldron—he was robust, he had the appetite of the rhinoceros of the Nile, and a physical nature that was constantly pushing him to the commission of sin; but Agha, feeling, knowing that it was wrong, fought against it manfully. He fell

frequently, for the evil one knew his weak moments, but he rose and fought against himself and managed to come out victor at least half the time. There was no more merit in Wassaf's virtue than in an iceberg's being cold. But for a burning volcano, like Agha, to keep himself down to an even temperature, that was great.

"My friend, it is not worth while to enumerate, but—well, you will know more when you dodge inside. You have seen the sky-rockets of Jami. They ascend with much fizz and make a beautiful show, but, alas! before they reach the skies they explode and disappear in a sheet of flame. Precisely so with many men. They soar aloft in their professions, but they, too, (to use a vulgarism), burst before they attain Paradise, and go down in a sheet of flame."

"The true believer, who practices what he believes, feathered with works—death shoots him off, he pierces the clouds, and lands on the right side of the river."

At this point, continued Abou, I awoke. My ideas of the future I got largely from that vision. My opinion is that in New Jersey, as in Persia, there are many people deceiving themselves. Go thy way. Be virtuous and be happy. I would rest me.

THE BOOK OF MORMON.

WHAT a precious boon it is to this generation! So full of invaluable instruction, to guide us, with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, into the way of righteousness and true holiness, and to direct our feet in treading the paths of pleasantness and peace. What a wondrous store of knowledge it discloses to the mind of the true believer. To those who have believed, obeyed the fullness of the gospel, and received a testimony of the truth of the Book of Mormon, is unlocked an inexhaustible mine of useful information. While others conjecture, philosophize and doubt, concerning the history of this vast continent; the true Saint takes the rejected history, the Book of Mormon, which God, in his great mercy and in strict fulfillment of other Scriptures, bestowed upon this nation and generation; and reads understandingly, of the early peopling of this mighty land, away back in the post-deluvian morning, not many generations from the day of Noah. In that book they learn of the rise, prosperity, decline and overthrow of great and strong nations on this continent; they learn in that book, of the building of cities great and fair, on this land; of their wealth and of their sin, ruin, overthrow and destruction, including their princely temples and public edifices, the relics of the grandeur, magnificence and glory of which, as exemplified in the achievements of architecture that existed in the long gone by, can be found in various portions of the "New (?) World," this land of America.

But notwithstanding the priceless wealth of knowledge contained in the Book of Mormon, concerning this land, this generation, and the salvation of our race; men will, even those professing godliness, seek to destroy its efficiency for good. When they cannot meet its claims with sound argument, by raising some petty objection, which, frequently, their own want of information leads them to urge: thinking that, by so doing, they can make it appear to a credulous public that the book bears a false witness of things and facts on this continent.

But, God being able to take care of his own, has, ever and anon, caused the onward roll of time to unfold to our gaze, and lay open to our understanding, facts and evidences sufficient to confirm his word as revealed in the Book of Mormon.

The last objection I have heard of being urged against the veracity of the Book is, that it makes mention of the ancients on this land having had horses, when no fossil remains of the horse have been found on this continent.

But let us inquire, and see what are the facts in the case; probably the objection can be met, with reliable testimony, drawn from the opposite side.

Prof. Cooper, in a lecture delivered recently before the Academy of Science in San Francisco, on the "Geology of California," which was illustrative of the "Pliocene period," said, among the many important things uttered the following:

"A species of wolf, larger than any now living in North America, howled to the sea from the summit of Telegraph Hill. Through the luxuriant forests roamed a lama as large as a Bactrian camel. Herds of huge Buffalo disported in the meadows along with wild HORSES of a giant race."

In further proof of the truth of the statement in the Book of Mormon, that horses existed on this continent before its discovery in modern times by Columbus, we give the following extract made from a report of Prof. Hayden's Explorations in the West, and concerning the fossil remains found there:

"Seven species of rhinoceros existed on the plains of Colorado; twenty-seven species of HORSES also cropped the herbage of those vast savannas, varying in size from that of our domestic variety, down to that of a New Foundland dog."

UNCLE M.

A PUZZLER.

HERE'S a puzzler for the scholars. Get a dozen together, have one read, or give out the following for the others to write down, and see how many will spell the words correctly. It is a good one; try it.

"The most skillful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poinard, who drove a peddler's wagon, using a mullein stalk as an instrument of coercion, to tyrannize over his pony shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee and had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and a bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain Sibyl, with the sobriquet of "Gipsy," went into ecstasies of ecchinnation, at seeing him measure a bushel of peas, and separate sacharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes, without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting his eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the Capitol to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment; making a rough courtesy and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying and stupefying intendoes, she gave him a couch, a bouquet of lillies, mignonette and fuschias, treaties on mnemonies, a copy to the Apochrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerrotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidroscope, a drachm-phial of ipecacuanhas, a teaspoonful of naptha, for delebe purposes, ferule, a clarionet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian, of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a moveable balance-wheel, a box of dominos and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and a Parishioner of mine, preferring a wooden surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating occasionally occurring-idosyneracy) wofully uttered this apothegm: 'Life is checkered, but schism, apostasy, heresy, and villainy shall be punished.' The Sibyl apologizingly answered,—'There is ratably an allegeable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and a trysyllabic dieresis.' He replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion."

CIVILITY.

COURTEOUS manners not only convey happiness in large measure to the recipients, but also to their possessor. Every one who does a gracious action feels its reward immediately in a conscious satisfaction that can never follow a gruff, haughty, or repellant mood. Children trained to be polite and gentle are always happier than if suffered to disregard the feelings of their companions. The pleasure that follows the exercise of power is always heightened when directed into beneficent channels; and this power, so often thought to be confined to the rich, is in truth possessed by every one of us. It is also eminently *expansive* in its nature. Justice and generosity can at most be exercised only on a limited scale;

even patriotism concerns a single nation, but the virtue of civility knows no exceptions. Every one we meet, from the dearest friend to the utter stranger, may claim some tribute at our hands. Good-will may be shown in countless ways, and carries with it a cheerfulness and animation that more than compensate for the effort it costs

The Workshop.

THE "Work Shop," is a name suggested by little S. Aurilla Wildermuth, of Inland, Iowa, to be given to a "corner," or children's department, in the *Hope*, to be used by the little folks in the publication and exchange of *useful* recipes. We endorse the idea, and will set apart a "corner," under the name suggested.

Now, young Hopes, do not let this trial prove a failure. Let your recipes prove "useful" and brief, for if too lengthy, we cannot publish enough of them to make the "Work Shop" present the appearance of thrift, and of having any great number of workmen.

The "Shop" will be open for all the little workmen to try their skill, and what they can produce for exhibition therein. And as they live in nearly every portion of this vast land, the Islands of the Sea, and many of the countries of the Old world, they will have wide-spread opportunities for gathering *useful* information, which, by application and close study, may be condensed to *useful* recipes, not only for the kitchen and the farm, but for every department of industry.

And further, any little recipes, valuable on account of the instruction they furnish for the improvement of the dispositions and morals of the little employes of the "Work Shop" will be thankfully received by the Superintendent.

GOOD COOKS.—The way to make good cooks of girls is to set them to do the work; reading about it won't answer. Good books may be useful, but it is exercise in the art that gives skill. Every woman who would feed her family well, should study the science of food in the best books and put in practice her knowledge. It is said that schools for cooking are being started in New England. The best school for this art is the home, and the best teacher the well-informed mother.

TO MAKE POP CORN BALLS.—While popping your corn, put some sirup on the stove, the nicer the better, and boil it down quite thick. Put your corn, while hot, in a dish-pan, or any large vessel convenient, pour the sirup over it and stir it well with a spoon. It only needs enough to make the corn stick together. Butter your fingers and make up the balls quickly any size you wish. Lay on a plate until cool, and they are nice.

Correspondence.

Santa Clara Co., Cal., Nov. 9, 1874.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I have just finished reading the *Hope* and the *Herald*, and as there is only one letter from the Hopes, I will try to throw in my mite.

The place where I live, is a small flat, among the mountains, in a very pretty place, I think. About fifty feet from our house, runs a beautiful stream of water, and three large trees, of about equal size, are growing on its bank. A little further up, in a canon, there is a nice, cold sulphur spring: it is so refreshing in summer to take a nice cool drink of sulphur water, when the water in the creek is warm. About a mile from our house, there is a soda spring, so that those who do not like sulphur water can have soda water. We are surrounded with mountains and beautiful trees, and in spring the mountains are covered with green grass and beautiful flowers.

I hope we all may inherit this world in its beautified state, in our next life, and we all will, if we live faithful. Let us try, brothers and sisters; let us not say, "wait until to-morrow," but let us begin to-day. I have been trying to quit using tea and coffee; I would quit for awhile and then begin again, and I would say, "I will quit to-morrow," and when to-morrow came, it was harder to leave off than before: so I am determined to quit to-day, for I know that it is very unhealthy.

We are all so glad that Br. Alex. H. Smith is coming back to California; I was afraid when we parted from him at Conference, that we should not see him again. Enclosed in this letter I send twenty-five cents, to help the *Hope*; it is all I have at this time. So good by. From your sister,

CHARLOTTE MUNRO.

DELOIT, Crawford Co., Iowa, Oct. 2, 1874.

Dear *Hope*:—It is with pleasure that I write a few lines, as I see that there are not many letters in the "Correspondence" column. Little Hopes, let us be faithful and prayerful; let us try and live in that way and manner that our bodies may be fit temples for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. It is time we were all up and doing, for the day is near at hand when the Lord will come to make up his jewels; and may we not be as the foolish virgins, but may we have our lamps trimmed and burning. May I be one of that happy number that shall wear the crown that is laid up for the faithful and obedient.

Uncle Mark H. Forscutt has been lecturing here a week; we like him very much. He and father went to Lake City to-day. We have a nice Sunday-school now. Uncle John Dobson is Superintendent, and Br. Whiting, Assistant. Let us not forget to write to our dear little paper, for I love to read it. Well, I must close, hoping that you will pray for me, that I may be always found doing the will of God.

From your sister,

ELLEN DOBSON.

DEER LODGE, Montana, Nov. 2, 1874.

Uncle Joseph:—I take the pen in hand to write a few lines to the *Hope*. We are preparing for the winter, and as it is getting close to December the first, I will put fifty cents in for the *Hope*. This is all for this time; so good bye. From yours truly,

AUGUSTA ELLIASSON.

PLANO, Kendall Co., Ills., Nov. 22, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph: I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. I am almost eight years old. I have been going to school for four years. My papers in the office. There is a good Sunday School in Plano,—I like to go. I like the *Hope*, and always read the letters first. If Uncle Joseph thinks this is good enough, I will try and write more next time.

M. ANNIE SCOTT.

MILLERSBURG, Mercer Co., Ill., Nov. 1874.

Brother Joseph and Little Hopes:—It has been sometime since I have wrote to you. I still love our paper very much, and hope when this year's subscription runs out I can subscribe for another. Little Hopes, let us strive to be faithful, that when our Savior comes to make up his jewels, we may be numbered with the righteous ones. I will close my letter by asking you to pray for me.

I remain your sister in Christ, CARRIE EPPERLY.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM.—No. 3.

Ye Saints be still, and know that God is just;
With steadfast purpose, in his promise trust;
Girded with sackcloth, own his mighty hand,
And wait his judgments on this guilty land.
The noble martyrs now have gone to move
The cause of Zion in the courts above.

Given by Wm. Stuart, Nancy Margaret Ballantyne, and Sarah J. Ballantyne.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM.—No. 4.

1. Children obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.

2. Honor thy father and mother: which is the first commandment with promise.

Answered by John H. Hinds, Wm. Stewart, Jennie Delano, Minnie E. Lockerby, Ella B. Lockerby, Mary H. Ballantyne and Carrie Epperly.

A rich old man on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said: "True, I do not give much, but if you only knew how it hurt me when I give anything, you would not wonder."

Read This.—The small colored label, with your name printed on, on the margin of your paper, if it is one of a package; or on the wrapper, if it is sent separately; also tells the date to which your subscription is paid.

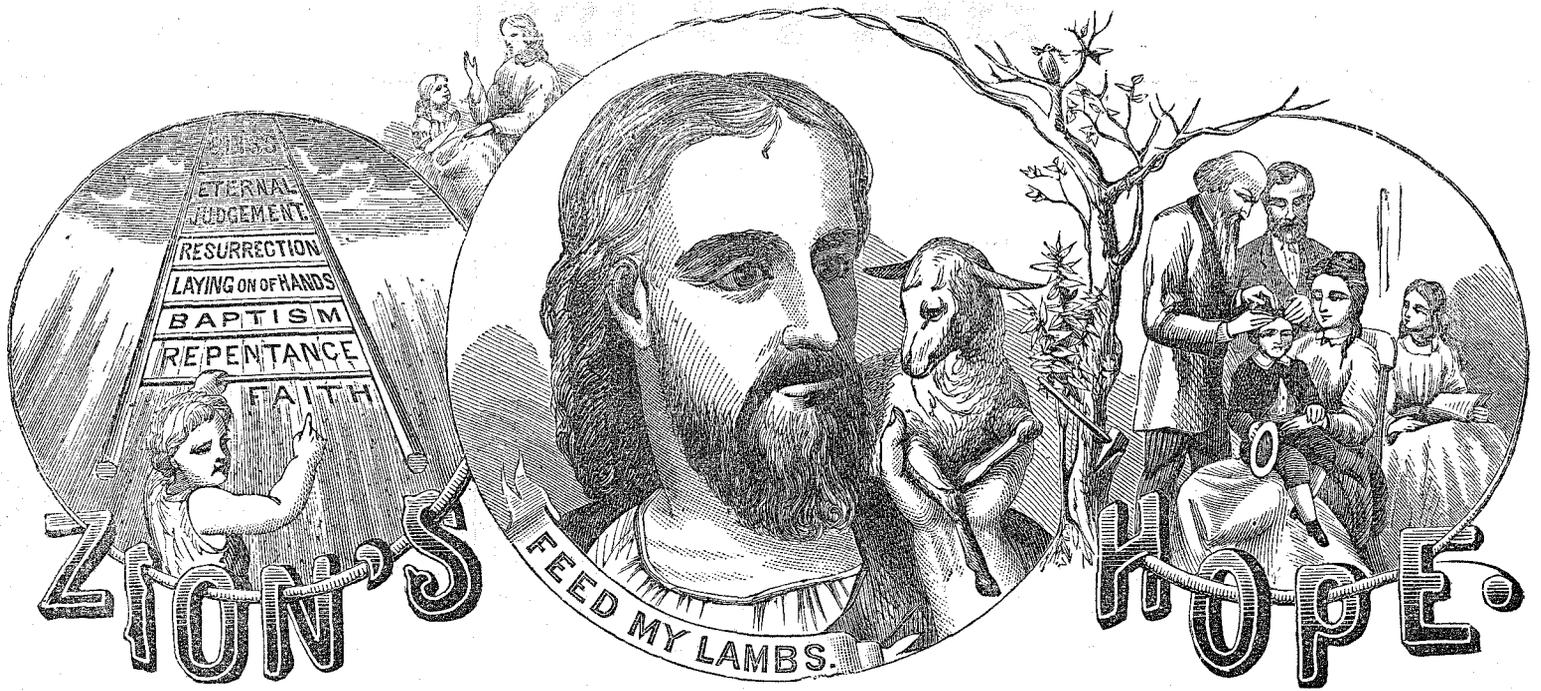
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

"WHAT will you give me?"
 "We'll really, Horace, I hardly know. It will take such a little while of your time; and Judson will not know anything about it."

"That is true, Mr. Barnes; but you know that there is some risk of being caught while doing it; and a chance of being detected afterwards. Now, what is it worth?"

"What do you mean? Is it the risk you ask me of; or is it the work you do that you want to know the worth of?"

"I was thinking about the risk; but as I see Mr. Judson coming this way, I will bid you, good morning, Mr. Barnes, and go on with my plowing. Get up, Pet."

"Well, Horace, I will see you again; but do not say anything to Mr. Judson about it. He has such queer notions of honesty; he might ask you some troublesome questions."

Mr. Barnes went on along the road leading to the village; but, as if changing his mind, he turned at the bend of the road in the hollow by the pasture bars, and went back to his own house through the woods, stopping near the place where Horace was plowing, to see whether Mr. Judson was talking to the boy. He might have saved himself the trouble; for Mr. Judson had passed on, and he could see him away down the road nearly to the pump that stood by the village tavern. He seemed satisfied and went away muttering. "If I can only get that boy to do what I want him to, I'll venture that Judson will be sorry that he told Benson that he did not think me an honest man. I am as honest as he is, I reckon."

The boy, Horace, had been at work for Mr. Judson nearly a year. He would be sixteen at his next birthday; and Mr. Judson had said to him that if he found him faithful, true and kind, he should make him a suitable reward besides the wages he was to receive for his labor. The boy had tried very hard to be faithful. As to being true, he hardly knew what it meant. He had been born in a great city; in a rough, wicked corner of it; had never been to school, and had found his way to Mr. Judson's from the house of correction, where he had been sent with others, for a boyish riot on the streets in the night. He was as kind as a passionate, headstrong boy could be when quiet; but was very cruel when angry.

Mr. Judson had spared no pains in telling Horace what he was to do and how to do it; and so uniformly kind had he been, that it was a puzzle to the boy. Whatever the boy did that was wrong or cruel, Mr. Judson did not scold, nor swear, nor

get angry; he would wait till he found a good opportunity, and then in a few kind words, he would point out to the boy where he had done wrong, and tell him how much better he would himself feel, and how much pleasanter it would be for all if he did not give away to his passion, and ill-tempered cruelty.

Only that morning Horace had heard Mr. Judson say to his wife, when he supposed that the boy was out of hearing, that he "believed Horace was really trying to be worthy of the promised reward," and that he "hoped that he would gain it."

This had set the good influence in the mind of the poor boy at work; and he had been earnestly thinking of it when Mr. Barnes had stopped him at the turn in his plowing to talk to him.

This Mr. Barnes had been a neighbor of Mr. Judson for some three years, having bought out a Mr. Chustic, who had "sold out and gone west." From some transaction in their early acquaintance, Mr. Judson had become satisfied that Barnes was not strictly honest, and had so stated in a chat which he had with Mr. Benson, which remark had been repeated by Mr. Benson to Mr. Barnes; and from this enmity had been engendered in Mr. Barnes' mind against Mr. Judson; and he determined to be revenged.

For a long time he had waited for an opportunity to gratify his revenge, but none had offered; and nothing had been suggested to him until a day or two before the time when he had had the talk with Horace which we have recorded. That which he had thought of was this. Mr. Judson had a pair of very fine young oxen, of which he was quite proud. These oxen were running in a lot adjoining the sugar orchard; in which he knew that Mr. Judson would be at work in a few days, tapping the trees, catching the sap and boiling it down into sugar. He knew that cattle would drink the sap if they could get to it, and that if they did drink it, it was likely to kill them. So he thought, if he could only manage to turn Mr. Judson's fine team of oxen into the sugar orchard when the troughs were full of sap, that he would have his revenge.

But he did not dare to go upon Mr. Judson's premises to turn the oxen out of the lot they were running in into the one where the sap was; so he thought that he would use Horace. His plan was to get Horace to leave the bars down, as he passed in or out, as if by accident; and this was what he wanted Horace to do. But he had not told him just what he wanted him to do, thinking that if he could get the boy to promise to do some little job for him, he could then entice him to do what he wanted; for he had learned how much Mr. Judson was paying Horace by the month for

his work. Mr. Barnes measured all others by his own nature, and supposed of course, that he could hire Horace to do anything, if he once obtained his consent to do something for him.

We will see in the next chapter how well he succeeded

To be continued.

UNCLE S.

TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

WE DO not want our little correspondents to take any offence at anything we may say with a desire to benefit them; but we would have you remember that it hath been said, by one of olden-time: "Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser; teach a just man, and he will increase in learning." And remembering that the wise and just are willing to receive instruction, and to profit by teaching; you will be willing to listen to the following suggestions, and to profit by the instruction that may be offered. We want to hear from the little folks in every quarter. And we propose that you observe the following rules in writing for the *Hope*; not that we are tired of hearing from you; no, not by any means, but because we want to hear from you oftener, therefore offer you some assistance, that you may be enabled to write pleasing and instructive letters.

In the first place, we will suppose you all understand that it looks well, when you write, to have nice, clean paper, a good pen, and ink, *not too pale*, for it is never very pleasant, and especially when we are in a hurry, to read a letter written with *p-a-l-e* ink or with pencil; worn so dim that it is with difficulty that much of it is understood.

In the next place, "head" your letters at or near the top of the page, from near the centre to the right hand side; giving name of post office or town, county and state, with *date*.

Put your salutation, or greeting, such as "Dear *Hope*," "Dear Brother," etc., at the *left* side of the page, *one* or more lines below the ending of address and date. Now you are ready for the subject matter of your letter.

In the outset, study brevity. Express your thoughts in as few words as you can, to make yourself understood. Avoid verbiage, that is, the use of many words *without necessity*.

What you have to say, let it be your own, as near as you can. Use no set forms in beginning your letter; such, for instance, as "I take my pen in hand to write," etc. They to whom you write will know all that, without your telling them, for you could not write without taking pen in hand.

Do not copy after other letters, but tell about places and things as they appear to you. Each

little correspondent of the *Hope*, can tell about what they see, know and enjoy, in their own country, or district, speaking of things in their season. And as the little Hopes are scattered over a great portion of the earth, not only east, west, north and south, on this continent, but are to be found in Europe and on the islands of the sea; they of course live in very different climates, and enjoy different fruits and pleasures at the same time, with, I might say, one exception, and that is the kindly admonitions and comfortings of God's Spirit, and its teachings of the way of life, through the authorized servants of God, which is the same in every land and clime, to whom the gospel is presented.

With so many correspondents, dwelling in different countries and climes, we may, if our little letter writers will labor with us, make our little paper still more interesting to them than what it may be at present.

After you have told about your Sunday School, your studies of the word of God, the preaching, and all the good things about the meetings, or as many of them as you may feel like mentioning at one time, it will increase the interest of your letters to say a word about the season, whether 'tis cold or warm, and whether you are having flowers and fruit, or whether you are having winter and sleigh rides. A letter from Southern California, Texas or Alabama, telling how they are enjoying the pleasures of flowers and early fruits, and another of equal date from Michigan or Canada, telling how they are enjoying the pleasures of merry sleigh rides, where all around is yet wrapt in winter's cold embrace; and others of corresponding dates from the English Isles, New South Wales, and the Islands of the Sea, mentioning the scenes of opposite seasons, would increase the interest in the "Correspondence" column of our little paper. You can tell whether you live in a shady dell by a babbling brook, or in the broad valley, where flows the silent river, and where in their season wave the fields of golden grain; or on some beautiful nature-terraced mountain side, where from your quiet home you can overlook the broad savannas, on which graze the lowing herds and bleating flocks; or whether you live along the lake shore, or near the sandy beach, where rolls in the ever restless waves of the mighty deep; or on some rocky height, where, far below, "old ocean," with sluggish swell or storm-tossed-fury, beats against the "iron bound" shore; or whether in the quiet village or great city, with its thousand objects of interest that might be mentioned.

Now, little Hopes, I do not mean that one of you should tell about all these things at once, but merely suggest them as objects and scenes of which interesting mention might be made. But our desire is that you write in your own way, and tell what you have to say; not copying after any one. By so doing, we will have a variety of information contained in our "Letter Department" of the *Hope*.

Now send along your letters from every country and clime, written in as plain and legible a hand as you can give them, observing the general rules of letter writing, some of which are to spell correctly, begin sentences, the names of persons, towns, rivers and countries with capital letters; observing, as far as you can, the rules of punctuation.

Hoping you may be profited by the few suggestions offered, I leave the matter with you, to say whether the *Hope* shall be more interesting next year than what it has been the present one. Desiring to hear from every quarter, I remain

Yours for good,

UNCLE M.

"GOD IS NOWHERE."

ANON INFIDEL was one day troubled in his mind as he sat in his room alone, while his little Nellie was away at Sunday-School. He had often said, "There is no God," but could not satisfy himself with his skepticism, and at this time he felt especially troubled as

thoughts of the Sunday-School, and of the wonderful works of creation would push their way into his mind. To quiet these troublesome thoughts he took some large cards and printed on each of them, "God is nowhere," and hung them up in his study. Nellie soon came home, and began to talk about God; but her father pointed her to one of the cards, and began eagerly to spell it out: "G-o-d, God, i-s, is, n-o-w, now, h-e-r-e, here; God is now here. Isn't that right, papa? I know it is right—God is now here." The man's heart was touched, and his infidelity banished, by the faith of Nellie, and again the word was illustrated, "A little child shall lead them."—*Little Christian*.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A merry Christmas to the boys and girls, to whom these lines appear,
A pleasant Christmas holiday, with many a happy year;
May your hearts be light and cheerful, with smiles upon your brow,
Think not of gloom or sadness, sharing in pleasures now—
The wintry breeze is blowing and icy ponds are seen,
The meadows are disrobed, once clothed in living green,
All nature seems retiring; but ah! it is so sweet,
To meet around the fireside and share the Christmas treat.
With grandpas, grandmas, uncles, aunts, and cousins not a few,
Relating pleasing stories, something strange and new.
Then it is so delightful to join in some merry game,
Dressed in the nicest costume, to run and skip about,
Were it not too rude and vulgar, would scream, hurrah and shout.
Now with the choicest service the dining table's set,
And great great grandpa's silver-ware we will not forget.
Arranged in style and beauty, plum-pudding and roast beef,
Mince pies, geese and turkeys, which soon will give relief.
The gifts with love and friendship, are jewels to the heart,
Tokens of affection, till from this life we part,
A star to cheer you onward through this rugged path of life,
Where all is transient pleasures mingled with woe and strife.
More honor due to him who holds all power on high,
Who gave the lovely Jesus for sinful man to die;
No pomp or scenes of splendor, no gay or giddy throng,
But from a humble manger went fearlessly along,
Born in Bethlehem of Judea, a city of the Jews,
Whose hearts grew hard and proudly beat when came the joyous news.
With many a sore temptation his pathway was beset,
But mortal man's salvation he did not once forget;
He sought no princely power, no proud or kingly fame,
But in the depths of meekness he taught Jehovah's name.
Sing aloud, all ye forests, ye mountains, ye hills,
Ye streamlets and ye fountains, ye valleys and ye rills!
Let every voice re-echo, every heart unite and say,
We thank thee, O! our Father, for this a Christmas day!
C. ACKERLEY.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.
BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER III.—THE NEW SCHOOL TEACHER.

THE next evening near sunset, Ulysses Baker with his sisters, Mary and Nell, were in the orchard picking up apples near the road, when Poppy went for Auntie Hale's cows. Though she must have known they were there, she never turned her head.

"Who's that, I wonder?" cried little Nell.
"Hush," replied Lyss. "It's only Auntie Hale's girl."

"Why, Lyss, she haint got any-girl."
"O! Its one she got out of the poor-house," he replied, with a knowing toss of his head.
"How did you know," asked Mary. "She don't go to school."

"I found it out same as other folks do, of course," returned Lyss, not willing to relate his adventures with the old gun when he first saw Poppy.

And Lyss felt annoyed that Poppy didn't speak to him. When she returned with the cows, he was just crossing the road to the barn yard. He paused at the gate, but she never seemed to notice him.

"Evening, Poppy," said he. Still she went on. She was clear past him, when he called out sharply: "Hey, Pop!" ("Now I'll strike her," he thought). "Hey, Pop! you mad?"

She paused and turned towards him, a severe look on her bright face.

"Yes, I am mad at you. You are a very naughty boy, and I don't like you half as well as I thought I would."

"You don't, hey?" said Lyss. "Well, who cares? I don't! I haint done nothing to make you get mad at me, as I know of."

"Yes you have, Lyss Baker! I heard you talking to your father last night, and you did say some awful wicked things. I didn't s'pose you were so bad. You needn't come to see me, for I don't think Auntie would want me to 'sociate with such boys. And I'm sure I don't want to."

"Whew! you needn't put on so many airs," returned Lyss. "I don't s'pose you're any better'n other folk's."

"No," replied Poppy, "but I try to be good."

Lyss took up the basket of corn, which he had put down to speak to Poppy, and exclaimed loftily: "I don't try to be so awful good, and I guess I get along as well as them that do. And I don't care about coming to see any body that feels so mighty good, and preaches so much to a body." And he started toward the barn yard. Poppy stood looking after him. As he seemed determined to go without further remark, she said slowly:

"Well, you may come once, if you will try to be real good."

"I shan't promise to do any such thing," he said spiritedly. "I come jest as I am, or I don't come at all. And I tell you I don't care about coming at all."

"Well, stay away then," Poppy replied; "I don't care to have you come, if you're so cross and snappish;" and she went on her way sadly, for she was a tender hearted little creature, and felt that she had hurt Lyss' feelings, and didn't know what to doin thecase.

He didn't go to see her. However, every evening, when he could do so unobserved, he stationed himself where he could see her as she passed. But they seldom met, and did not renew their acquaintance until the winter school opened.

The first day was bright and sunny, and a score of boys and girls were grouped in and around the little red school-house, waiting the arrival of the new teacher. The boys made a fire, while the girls swept the floor, and dusted the window-sills and benches. The smaller boys and girls were out playing. Lyss Baker and Jim Welsh, his crony, stood in the door of the ante-room, looking at a group of ball players, when Poppy stepped up, and paused.

"Hello! if here ain't Poppy," Lyss cried in delight; then he stopped, remembering how they had parted.

"Poppy!" exclaimed Jim Welsh. "Well, she's a decided purty Poppy. Nice as a pink ain't she?" And he stared at her, while she pulled her little blue hood over her face, and drew back.

"Shame on you, Jim Welsh, to talk so to a strange little girl. I didn't think you were so rude. Come in Poppy; he shan't trouble you any more," and Lyss moved out of the doorway, to give her room to pass. She walked swiftly by him, giving him a grateful glance from her tear-filled eyes as she did so.

"Hain't you ashamed, Jim Welsh! You scared the poor little thing till she cried," said Lyss, as the two boys stepped out of doors.

"Look a here, Lyss Baker, I want to know who put you in boss over me. It's none of your business what I say to that girl. I s'pose she's the one Auntie Hale got out of the poor-house. She's used to bein' snubbed, I'll bet."

"That's no reason why you should," replied Lyss. "She's used to it may be; but there's so many of us here, all strangers to her, that she feels kind of frightened, and we ought to be good and friendly to her."

"You better mind your own business, Lyss Baker," returned Jim, walking moodily away. "I'll say what I please."

"May be you won't, now," thought Lyss, as he turned toward the door. Entering the school-room, he found Poppy and his sister Nell, (who had seen Poppy once or twice), arranging a wreath of autumn leaves, which the latter had brought in her basket, having found them somewhere on her way to school. A little tasteful wreath was made and hung beside the little school clock, which ticked away above the teacher's desk, and pointed fifteen minutes to nine. Then Poppy drew a bunch of evergreen twigs from her pocket.

"If we had something to put these in, they'd do for a nosegay to put on the teacher's desk."

"I know where's something," cried Nell, "wait a minute;" and she went into the ante-room, returning in a moment with a little dusty vase which she had seen among the tattered books on a shelf in the corner.

"That's just the thing!" exclaimed Poppy, clapping her hands, "if we can only clean it."

But rubbing and brushing wouldn't remove the dust and fly specks, and Poppy looked around for some water.

"O, dear! there isn't a drop of water. It's nearly nine o'clock. The teacher will soon be here, and we want this ready for him before he comes. How far off is the water, Nelly? Can't we get some in time if we hurry?"

"I can," interrupted Lyss, coming up and taking the pail from Poppy and hurrying out.

"Your brother is a good boy," said Poppy, in a half whisper.

"Do you think so, really," asked Nelly, wistfully. "He is good, though most of 'em call him a bad, rough boy. But I know he don't mean it. And I'm so glad you think so."

"I don't think, I *know* he's a good hearted boy. He's been very kind to me.—But, Nelly, where did you get this vase?"

"In the ante-room. It's one some of the scholars brought last summer for flowers. But the teacher didn't care for them, and we didn't bring many."

In five minutes Lyss was back with a pail of water. Poppy moistened a piece of paper and began to clean the vase, speaking to Ulysses as she did so without looking at him: "You are very kind," she said in a low, sweet tone. "And—and"—she wanted to say, "I'd like to be on good terms with you," but faltered and stopped.

"Nobody else ever says that, and I don't know what makes *you* think so. 'Taint 'cause I've been good to you, for I hain't. And I do feel sorry for how I talked to you. Be you mad at me now, Poppy?"

Poppy, poor, tender-hearted little creature, with no one to love and care for her, was so much affected by this that she bit her lip to keep back a burst of emotion, and bent down over the evergreens she was arranging in the little vase, and walked over and placed it on the teacher's desk before she could speak. Then she came back to Nell, who stood near her brother, and put her arm round her waist, and laid her cheek on her shoulder as she replied, "No, Ulysses, I'm not mad at you, and I hope I never will be."

Lyss thrust his hands into the pockets of his little roundabout, and said nothing. Just then Jim Welsh peeped in at the window, and whooped and laughed mischievously. Then ran around to the door and entered, followed by two or three other boys.

"Eh! Lyss Baker, playing with the girls. He likes poor-house girls better'n any others, too," cried Jim thoughtlessly, and the other boys laughed. Poor little Poppy blushed and bit her quivering lip, and turned away her face, only to meet the grinning visages of half a dozen other

boys at the window. Then she pushed by Jim Welsh and into the ante-room and out of doors, merely pausing to catch her shawl and basket as she ran.

Lyss Baker straightened up at least the eighth of an inch taller.

"See here, Jim Welsh, you've gone a little mite too far. Say another word about poor-house girls, and I'll pound you, if you are the biggest."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Jim, scornfully. "Poor-house girls! Poor-house girls! And Lyss Baker likes 'em! Poor—"

But he never finished the sentence; for Lyss planted his fist under Jim's nose, and down he fell, all the boys cheering and laughing this time for Lyss Baker. Lyss stood a moment looking at Jim, and then started out in search of Poppy. She was just turning the corner of the lane.

"Oh, Poppy! come back here. I knocked him down for his sass, and I'll do it again, if he says any more afore teacher comes."

"You will, hey?" cries Jim Welsh, coming up behind and giving him a sudden push, which landed him on a pile of ashes, face downwards.

"Hold on there, boys, till I come and I'll see fair-play," called a cheerful voice from the wood, and in another minute, and before Lyss had fairly regained his feet, a tall, dark man, with a plain, massive face and sparkling gray eyes, with a soft, smiling mouth, stood before them.

He looked the two combatants over, then remarked, "Now, boys, pull off your coats and sail into the fight boldly, and don't come up in the rear of the enemy and strike him unawares."

Neither boy stirred.

"Come," he urged; "why don't you fight? I'll stand by and hold your coats, and here's a handkerchief that will do to bandage any common wound, and if one of you kill the other, I'll see that the corpse is carried home to his mother."

Jim half wanted to fight, but this was too much. He loved his mother fondly, and at the mention of that name he slunk off around the school-house. Lyss looked up and replied:

"You're the beatonest schoolnaster ever I see. But I didn't want to fight. Only that sneakin', good-for-nothing puppy!"

"Stop!" interrupted the teacher. "Let the matter alone, or pitch into him and take your satisfaction in fighting."

Lyss wouldn't do this, and assuring himself that Poppy had returned, he entered the school-room and took his seat.

With a pleasant greeting to each pupil, the teacher passed into the school-house, and a bright smile illumined his face as he saw the cheerful appearance of the room. Then, as he noticed the vase of green and the wreath of autumn colors he exclaimed, "Thanks to the kindly heart and artist hands that have been working magic here."

Poppy bent her head, as a pretty pink flush stole over her cheeks; and Nelly Baker crept shyly up to the teacher's side, and whispered, pointing to Poppy, "She done it, mister. And they're making fun of her, cause"—and she paused instinctively, dreading to utter the name of poor-house.

"Never mind, little one," he replied, "we'll inquire into this affair presently. And he stroked the glossy brown curls and sent her to her seat, while he rung the bell. When all were in their places, the teacher stepped to the front of the platform. "I am Charley Long at your service, my young friends. Now for your names." And he opened the register and began to write down their names. Lyss Baker and Jim Welsh generally occupied the same seat, but now Lyss sat on the vacant seat back of Jim.

"And what is *your* name?" asked the teacher of Lyss.

"Ulysses Lycurgus Baker."

"Ah! that's a high sounding name. You'd ought to be a great man."

"Guess *pa* thought so when I was a baby, but he's give it up long ago," replied Lyss innocently.

Across the aisle sat Poppy on the only seat she

had found vacant on the girls' side of the room. She was the last.

"And what's *your* name, my thoughtful little friend?" for he remembered what she had done for him. She hung her head, as she answered in her sweet childish voice, "Poppy, sir."

"Poppy? Well, what else?"

"Don't know, sir," she replied, twirling her pencil, "'thout it's Hale. I'll ask Aunty to-night, and I guess she'll let me call it Hale."

"Why, how is this? Have you no parents?"

"No, sir," she replied, raising her blue imploring eyes to his face. "I—I—" and then she glanced at Jim Welsh, who was giggling knowingly.—"I come from the poor-house."

"Well, Poppy's a pretty, quaint name, and a sweet, kind-hearted little girl who wears it." And he wrote down *Poppy* in a clear round hand.

"Now I want to hear the story of the fight. You, little Nelly, can tell me something of it. You have an honest face, and truthful brown eyes."

Jim Welsh, raised his hand. The teacher bowed assent, and Jim rose.

"I tell you what, Mr. Long, that are ain't fair. She's that are feller's sister, and she won't tell straight." And he sat down again.

"It doesn't matter whose sister she is. I believe she'll tell the truth. Nelly, will you tell us all you know of this affair?"

Nelly blushed prettily as she proceeded to give a clear, concise and correct account of the disagreement. When she had finished, the teacher looked around and asked, "Has she told the truth?"

Every one nodded, or answered "yes," but Jim and Poppy.

"Now, James Welsh," said the teacher, sadly, "I want you to make a confession to that little girl. *She* is not to blame for coming from the poor-house. She is none the worse for it, and you are none the better for not coming from there, if you are no more civil than it seems you have been. Now ask her to forgive you, and tell her you're sorry."

"But I ain't sorry, and I shan't tell a lie about it," snarled Jim.

"Very well," replied Mr. Long. "You can keep your seat until you consider the matter. While the rest are playing, you must stay there until you change your mind."

For three days Jim stayed in at recess and noon, and then he gave in, and tearfully acknowledged his fault to Poppy in presence of the whole school. And to show how fully she forgave him, she was especially kind and cordial to him for some time after.

Everything passed pleasantly for several weeks, and the teacher began to think his a model-school. Then a spelling-school was talked of. At first he opposed, but finally consented. That evening he saw Mary Baker for the first time, and was much pleased with her modest womanly sweetness of manner, and determined to cultivate her acquaintance. Another spelling followed. Mr. Long drew on his gloves and offered Mary his arm at the close, wishing to converse with her and exchange friendly thought, for he believed he had found one who had a true and faithful heart. Jim Welsh stood outside the door as the teacher and Mary came out, and whooped and jumped and capered, in derisive merriment.

"I say, boys, we'd ought to follow teacher's 'zample. He's goin' home with a gal, and why can't we. Come!" and he laughed aloud at his own speech, and turned toward the nearest girl, poking out his ragged elbow, and whining, "May I 'scort you home to-night?"

Poppy was the girl addressed, and she pushed his arm away, telling him to "*hush*."

"Dear me, Miss Poor-house! you needn't be so uppish. You ain't no smarter'n common folks." Jim spoke sneeringly.

"James Welsh, stop your insulting language, and go directly home." Jim hesitated.

"Go," repeated the teacher, sternly, and Jim sneaked off, muttering something to himself, which no one else heard.

Lyss stepped up to Poppy as Jim left. "Take hold of my hand, Poppy, and nobody shall bother you. And he gave the other hand to Nelly and started off with an air of conscious pride.

Mary was about to call him back, when Charley Long interrupted. "Please don't, Mary. He's only acting from a kindly impulse." And they two followed on toward home.

To be continued.

THE BACHELOR'S WISH.

And oh! If I had a hammer,
A sledge to break the coal;
Roughly and stoutly hearty,
I would content my soul;
To measure it up in bushels,
Shining so black and bright,
Thinking about my wages,
So rich and crispen at night.

Coarse, fleshy, dark, hard and brawny,
Down in the dusky mine,
With a drunken overseer,
And nothing to repine;
Putting the coal in a rail car;
Sending it over the road;
Mad as a rain-beaten hornet
At the heaviness of my load.

And if, to my home returning,
The fire were clear and bright;
With a wife, clean-aproned, smiling,
To be my glad heart's delight,
A basket of good provision,
Of bread, or fruit, in a can,
And O! If our happy greeting
Were "hail good wife,—and man."

If she had plenty of stockings,
And I had plenty of beds;
With a roof of some, kind leakless,
Above our humble heads;
I would never sit here repining,
Watching the sooty snow,
Drifting about in the corners,
Where e'er it chance to blow.

I would hardly be here repining,
Watching the storm-clouds roll;
Watching them roll and gather
Like sad thoughts over my soul;
Watching them break and scatter,
This gloomy autumnal day,
With Satan getting the better,
Whatever I do or say. !!!

A VISIT TO THE MOON.

PUT on my old shawl and went. It was a quiet evening, and the town seemed hushed to stillness. The noisy, monstrous machinery was still, and the pavement looked tempting for a walk. I was in some consternation for fear that I should not find the house, but I started. My old shawl attracted some attention; that, however, I soon avoided, by selecting a round about pathway, and reached my destination. My friend opened the door and brought out a telescope. *That*, you see, was what attracted me.

We set it in focus near the gate, and eyed the moon. It appeared large, round and fair. However, I must confess that at first it appeared less than it did when first ascending above the horizon, magnified by the eastern haze, or the wide, deep level between us and its rising. Of a pure white color, like iron at a white heat, with cloudy patches of darker lines, and of several shades. These appeared to me to be vallies of different colored clay or land, and one large vale towards the higher surface that had to me the appearance of water. It shone with a glacial light or liquid reflection.

It was a bad night to investigate, for, the light being full on the face of the moon, we could not see the vales and mountains clearly, as I have read we might. These places shone with a gray tone, and not of a red cast. They seemed clouds, save that they were stationary; appeared depressions in the moon's surfaces.

Sometimes the moon presents herself as a globular body to the unassisted eye. It is seldom, however, that it can be so seen; it generally presents, a flat even surface, of a pure white, silvery

color. It is hardly silver in tone, but is of a faint white flame color.

Over Utah the moon presents the most grand and brilliant appearance. On account of the pure air, it even shines to excessive lustre in the seasons of the full moon; the "moon of bright nights," as the Indians call it.

The light and dark of the moon are caused by the shade and light of the sunshine, and as the light goes round the darkness follows it. It is sometimes difficult to trace the angle, with precision, while standing on the earth. But ever, by careful ideality, we can trace the line of the light from the sun and the crescent caused by the roundness of the moon. I have stood lately on the brow of a hill and seen the great ball of the sun going down, and realized the earth beneath me and the moon rising in the east, and comprehended the lines between them. Sometimes the crescent is turned so far from us, and we see the sun low down in the west, and can hardly understand how it really is the sunlight, and desire it to shine on the dark side of the moon. When, however, we consider the great distance of the sun, and that we have to turn from one to the other to see them, we rejoice in the knowledge that the light of the sun is really the cause of the crescent of the moon.

We finished our visit pleasantly, and I returned home through the night and was much amused at the happy groups of young Americans in the streets, shooting at a target. My old shawl again attracted attention, but being serviceable and ample, when hung on the nail it subsided, and I retired: !!!

A VERY ODD LADY.

THE Rev. B. Jacobs could, when necessary, administer reproof very forcibly; though the gentleness of his character was always seen in the manner in which it was done. Some young ladies at his house were one day talking about one of their female friends. As he entered the room, he heard the expressions "odd," "singular," &c., applied to her. He asked and was told the name of the young lady in question, and then said very gravely, "Yes, she is an odd young lady; she is a very odd young lady; I consider her extremely singular." He then added, very impressively, "She was never heard to speak evil of an absent friend." The rebuke was not forgotten by those who heard it.

Correspondence.

CASANA, Monona Co., Iowa, Nov. 15, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—I again make an attempt to write to the little *Hope*. I have only written once, and I wish I could say fifty times instead of once. I promised to write often, and would like to have written before now, but have had so much writing to do and have been from home all summer, which must account for the silence. I am from home now, but I will make one more promise. I will try and write oftener.

I was at the Fall Conference. I enjoyed myself splendidly. I was baptized, and that was best of all. I can now have the pleasure of thinking and saying that I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. It is a great thought to me. Do all our little *Hopes* think of the Church as I do? If they do, they have a happy time with their thoughts, all alone.

I don't get the *Hope* now. My father gets it, and I long to go home and read it. Its name is just right for it is a *hopeful* little paper; and I would not know what to do without it.

I can hardly bear the thought of being the only child that is a member of the Church, when there are ten children in our family. I often cry to think of it. If I could have the thought that they would ever be members, I should be happy; but I don't know that they ever will. I pray very earnestly for them. Young brothers and sisters in Christ, think of them in your prayers, not forgetting me. I will close, remaining your young sister in Christ, MARY H. THOMAS.

ARCHISON, Kansas, Nov. 22, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—I have not written for some time. I thought I would write a few lines, informing you that I rejoice that I have obeyed the gospel of Jesus Christ. We are yet young, little readers of the *Hope*, and I trust that we may all remember this verse of

Scripture: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them." Eccl. 12: 1. And follow the example of Josiah, to seek the Lord while we are yet young. See II. Chronicles 34: 3.

We have a nice little Branch here, of forty-four members. We have meetings twice every Sunday, and on every Wednesday evening. I hope all the little readers of the *Hope* will pray for me. So good by. Yours in Christ, WILLIE WILLIAMS.

NYESVILLE, Park Co., Ind.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I now take pleasure in writing for the first time, to our dear little paper. I write to let you know that I have become a member of the Church, on the 26th of August, 1874. I was just past ten years old when I obeyed the gospel.

I wish to let you know I had a dream on the 18th of this month. I thought I was going into a big room up stairs, and there I saw Jesus Christ, and the Father, and lots of the Saints, some that I knew well, and I was talking to Jesus, and I was so happy! All the Saint's were dressed in white, and there were lots of people below, and they were dressed in black, and they were trying to come where the Saints were, and every step they would give to come up, they would fall back, and then I woke. I would like to have the interpretation of it. So I will close by saying, good by.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

WOODBINE, Harrison Co., Iowa, Nov. 27, 1874.

Dear Editor of the *Hope*:—I have often thought of writing to the *Hope*, but thought I could not write good enough, yet; but I will never learn how unless I try. I am ten years old. I am expecting to go to Council Bluffs with pa and ma, next Saturday and Sunday, to Quarterly Conference; and, after Conference, pa expects to go on a mission to Kansas, to stay about two months, and ma and I will have to return home alone. I have not been baptized yet, but I hope to, sometime. NETTIE PHELPS.

MISSION SAN JOSE, Alameda Co., Cal., Nov. 1874

Dear Brother Joseph:—In the *Hope* of Oct. 1st, 1874, I find an Enigma, No. 2, which I have answered the best I can.

1. The name God gave Jacob was *Israel*. Gen. 32: 28.
2. He whose rod was turned into a serpent was *Aaron*. Exo. 7: 12.
3. *Marah* was the name of the waters that were sweetened. Exo. 15: 23-25.
4. *Timnah* was the first Duke of Edom. Gen. 36: 40.
5. *Hezekiah's* life was lengthened. II. Kings. 20: 5.
6. *Ezekiel* prophesied to the dry bones. Ezek. 27: 4.
7. Paul told Timothy to take a little *wine* for his stomach's sake. I. Tim. 5: 23.
8. *Alexander*, the coppersmith, did Paul much harm. II. Tim. 4: 14.

The manner the Savior said our conversation should be, was "Yea, yea; nay, nay." Mat. 5: 37.

The answer is, "I am the way." LIZZIE MILLS.

LOST SUNSHINE.

"I wonder where have ye sunshine don,"
Mused brown-eyed Bennie at tea one day
"It have been don away so lon',
What make it stay such whiles away?"

Two little wrinkles crossed his brow,
He thoughtfully tapped his silver cup:
Then joyous cried, "O I know now,
God have take it to heaven to shine it up."

I caught my pet from his willow chair,
And showering kisses on his head,
My tears were hid in his flowing hair,
"I had need of this, my child," I said.

Zion's Herald.

It is good to be able to remember, but it is no less desirable to be able to forget. Happiest among men is he whose will exercises the strongest control over his memory, for he can bury his cares in oblivion, and record the pleasant incidents of his life where "every day he turns the leaf to learn them."

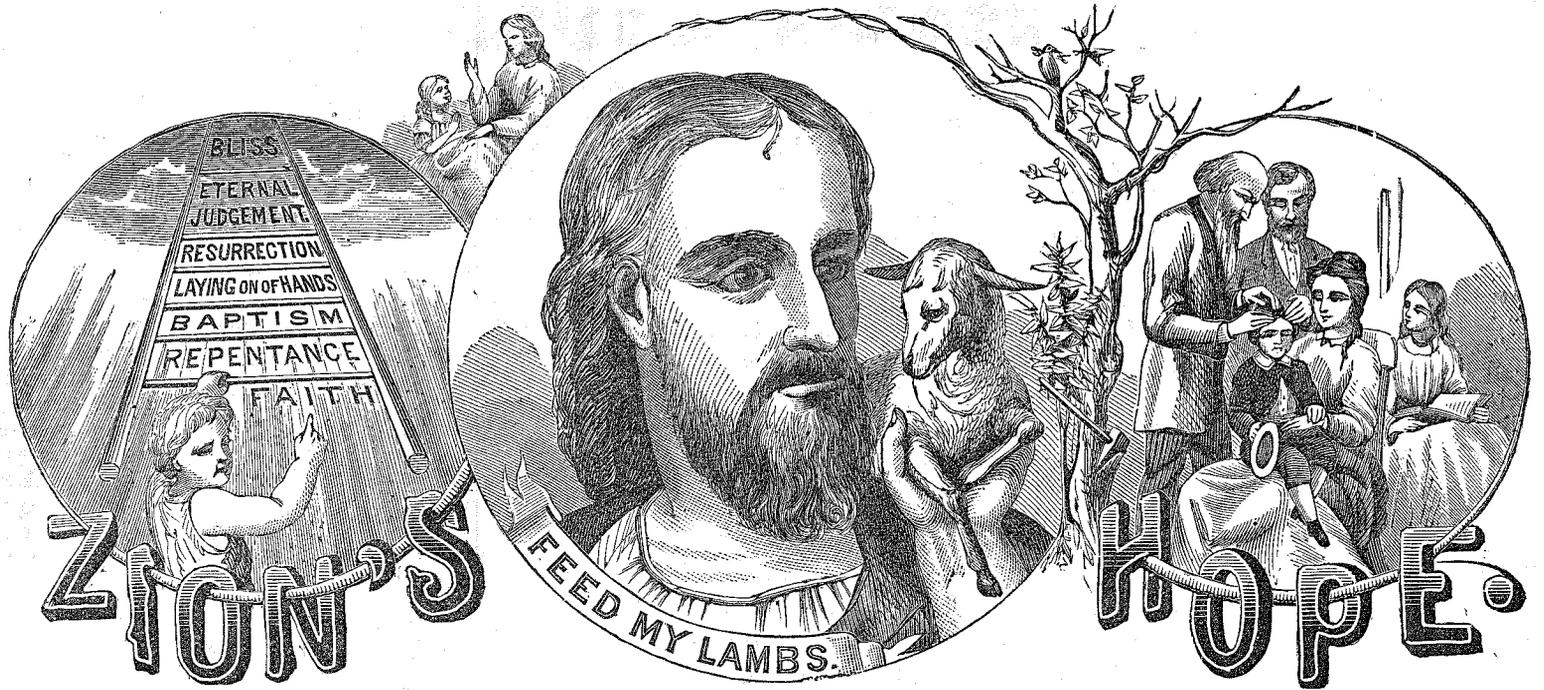
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

TAD'S MINCE PIE.

IT isn't often that one eats his pie and has it too; but Tad declares to this day that his mince pie has never fairly digested so to speak. He was living with Rev. Simon Beach, who, out of his small farm—so small that you might almost have carried it off in your wheelbarrow—and his salary of one hundred dollars a year devised means of preaching a cheerful gospel, sending his son to college, and adopting Tad from the almshouse.

One day when he went to visit the almshouse he saw a little woe-begone figure sunning itself on the doorstep.

"What are you doing there, my son?" he asked.

"I's thinking, sir," said Tad.

"And what about, may I ask!"

"About—about—a lot of things, sir."

"Couldn't you tell me what things? Were you thinking of anything you'd like to have now?"

"Yes, sir; about a heap of 'em."

"Couldn't you just mention one or two?"

"Yes. I was thinking of that little chap as went by just now, when I was a peeking out at the gate, a holding on to his dad's hand. And I stole out after 'em, and seed 'em go up to a big house yonder, and a lady as pooty as anything come to the door, and kissed the little chap on both of his cheeks, and pulled off his mittens, and rubbed his hands. Nobody rubs my hands," he broke off.

"Are they cold, my lad?"

"I dunno. Feel of 'em. They're used to it, I reckon."

So when Mr. Beach went home he led Tad along by the hand, just as the fortunate little boy's father had done.

"You're going to be my boy now," said Mr. Beach.

"Be I?" questioned Tad. "That's jolly."

"But do you know what my boy is expected to do?"

"Live on gingerbread and doughnuts?" guessed Tad.

"Well, not exactly. He's to weed the garden, and pick over potatoes, and bring the water, and run to the store; he's to eat what's set before him; he's to wear warm, clean clothes, and to have a best suit for Sunday; he's to go to meeting all day and learn the catechism, and say his prayers every night; and he's to keep his tongue from telling fibs, and his hands from taking what does not belong to him. He's to go to school week-days, and to hang up his stockings on Christmas eve. That's a good deal for a small boy. Do you think you can do it all?"

"I can try," said he; and so the bargain was made.

And Tad kept his word. In the summer he was out of bed with the sun, and sometimes before. He weeded the strawberries in the fresh morning, and heard the birds setting in everyday affairs to music. Then he went into breakfast, where the sunlight was capering over the white cloth, and making the bread look as if it was buttered, and frolicking among the teaspoons and shining upon the flowers on the old-fashioned china till they looked as if they had just bloomed out under its influence. After that he kissed little Becky, who seemed just a little bundle of smiles and dimples—and went off to the district school, and felt as big as a castle when he got to the head of his classes. Sundays he put on his best suit, with buttons so bright that you could see your face in them, and looked in the glass and said to himself, "Who would guess now, that you'd ever seen the inside of an almshouse?" and, indeed, he might have forgotten that he had, if the boys at school had not sometimes entertained themselves with unseemly allusions to it when he spelled above them.

"I wonder if they'll ever forget it!" he was thinking one day so hard that he thought out loud.

"Forget what?" asked Mr. Beach.

"That I came from the—the—from down there, you know," answered Tad.

"It isn't any matter whether they forget it or not, if you do right."

"But I hope I shall never go back."

"I hope you never will. It will be your own fault if you do."

"What makes the folks ever go there?" asked Tad.

"Idleness and wickedness drive them there," answered Mr. Beach, half intent on his next Sunday's sermon.

After this, Tad didn't let the grass grow under his feet, I can assure you.

He was just turning over a new leaf, when behold! one of Mrs. Beach's convention mince pies was walking up through the cellar window, as it were the renowned pie in which four-and-twenty black birds were once baked, and therefore about to take wings and fly away. Mr. Beach quietly picked it up, put it on the table, which was already spread for tea, and resumed his book. By and by Tad sneaked up from the cellar on the same errand. Mr. Beach looked up. Tad quailed and wished the pie was in the oven.

"There's your pie, Tad," said he; "go and eat it." He returned to his book.

Nothing more. No reproaches, no scolding.

Tad sat down before it and took a bite. It wasn't half as nice as he had imagined. It stuck in his throat when he began to wonder what Mr. Beach thought of him. The others drew up to the tea-table. Nobody had any pie but himself. He pushed it aside and took his bread and milk. But the next morning at breakfast the pie reappeared before his place and the next meal and at the next for a week or more. But Tad couldn't eat more than a mouthful at a time. He had lost all relish for pie; a bushel of them wouldn't have tempted him.

"We have never had a pie last so long," said Mrs. Beach, one morning, as she placed it on the table again.

"No," said her husband; "that pie is going to last Tad his lifetime."

"Tad wicked; steal mamma's good pie? Naughty Tad. Go to the bad place, Tad will," lisped little Becky, with her baby frown.

Tad's heart gave a great plunge in his bosom, and sank like lead. The "bad place," no doubt, meant the almshouse. What he dreaded had come to pass. They were going to send him back! Mr. Beach was put out with him, and no wonder. He had not kept his part of the agreement, which had been to keep himself from picking and stealing, as well as to busy himself about the chores. They would send him back to that dungeon of a house, where the shadows were lying in wait all day; where the porridge was burned and the fire was scant, where he should be out at the elbows and out at the knees. He should sit in the poor-pews henceforth, and bid good-bye to his reader and his geography, and to all the little ambitions. Yes, the bargain was broken, and he might as well go without waiting to be sent off. So after he had done up the chores, he went to his room and donned his bravery once more, and dropped a tear on the beautiful bright buttons. Then he put on his old clothes again, and went down stairs.

"Good-bye," said he, standing in the doorway, and averting his head. "I'm sorry; but it's all up now, I s'pose."

"Where are you going, Tad?" asked Mr. Beach.

"I'm going back, sir."

"Back where?"

"To the bad place—there—to—"

"Oh, I wouldn't go yet, Tad!" Mr. Beach was really laughing.

"Oh! Oh!" cried little Becky, putting out her arms and clinging to him. "Don't let Tad go! Take me too, Tad! Take me too!"

"You see you will have to take Becky too if you insist upon going."

"But I can't; they won't have her there, she's got a home."

"And so have you, Tad. This is your home, Tad. Do you think I should send Becky away because she was naughty? I took you both for better or worse, and now I guess it will be all the better. Come, there's the school bell, and here is your satchel."

"And the pie?" demurred Tad. "I can't bear it—"

"It shall be thrown away. You shall never see it or hear of it again."

But Tad never forgot it.

A CURIOUS LAKE.

THE scene that arose upon my mind was stranger than fiction. It was a lake in a mountainous country; but how to go to work at a description is more than I can tell you.

It was far from being a pleasant situation; level and smooth lay the body of the lake among the rocks. The nature of the water was brackish and slimy near the banks and full of rocks, sunken, and in bold relief along the shore; one or two stood out bold and formed a lonely and imposing foreground.

The peculiar character of the hills was that of sandstone and beds of gravel, with waving outlines, morions of sand, there were many. They were not without some peculiar beauties, their round outlines showed two delicate hues, a yellow sunlight and a delicate bluish shadow; the softened contrast of these two shades was the only charm that nature presented.

Over the side of a bald rocky cliff, were sprinkled, here and there, gaunt cedar trees, quaint and old fashioned, with a few pines, old and all but decayed, leaning in all directions and of every shape. It is suggestive of a strange depravity that those trees assume such uncanny shapes; like lonely sentinels with arrowed bosoms leaning with draping robes, silently resting after battle, as if they had been cheated of vengeance and had returned to watch the scene of their departure, entering in and assuming the grotesque shapes of the cedars, or pines, with their wounds banded, standing or reclining in restful contemplation.

Now when I first looked in on this scene, nothing living or personal presented itself; its sands were so clearly and sharply sparkling, so long and so steadily rained on, and then so long dried with the sun, that they appeared unsuitable for the feet of man; it seemed that it had never been occupied, that it was created to be silent and cleanly, lonely and inaccessible,—a sanctuary for the express purpose of symbolizing the silence and peace of eternity. As if the eternal one had designed it merely to be a hall,—not for council; not for voices; not for melody nor rejoicings,—but for silence.

Now, it was not an ear, and yet it seemed an ear; an ear that had listened, and listened until it held one great secret,—silently and knowingly held it,—refusing ever to tell it, and forever succeeding. To learn what it was, seemed to actuate me in looking at this strange landscape, and it was guessed in a measure only, and that was what it had indeed been; once an abode of health and strength, and having lived its time it had been strangely taken out of existence, and had been made to represent the ear that was deaf, or asleep; the eye that awoke and rested; the hair that flowed down, white and placid, as the sunshine fell aslant across the slopes of the hills, leaving the bluish shades for the complexion of a reverend strength among the hills; and anon a reverend aged, fair, smooth forehead arose, garlanded with shells and beads and strange plaited wampum, and leathern surfaces, feathered and fringed, and slowly and silently murmured, "Go not into this valley; neither sit down in any of its borders; intrude not within it, for it is barren and silent and dedicated to sleep. I died in it, and rest

therein; my friendships and warfares are ended, and I occupy this valley now in peace; and it is so made and fashioned that I can never leave it and no one else can ever occupy it."

I gazed a long time on this valley. It was a portion of the Yo Semite Valley. Not being able to visit it in person, I had contemplated it as I saw it in a stereoscopic view. D. H. S.

FANNY AND LITTLE WILLIE.

"Oh! tell me sister, Fanny dear,
Is poor Mamma gone away?
For sure the night is dark and drear,
Why will she from us stay?"

"She always said she loved me;
How cruel it doth seem,
That she don't come to kiss me,
And on her bosom lean?"

"When last I saw her on her bed,
She said she soon should die;
She pressed her hand upon my head,
And bade me not to cry."

"What did she mean? Now pray do tell;
She looked so strange and sad;
Kissing my cheek, said 'Fare thee well!
God bless thee, dearest lad!'"

"Why, Willie, our kind mother dear,
Is called from earth away;
Dry up your tears, be of good cheer,
God would not have her stay."

"Her body lies in yonder grave,
All covered o'er with clay;
Her spirit went to God, who gave
The life he took away."

"The little birds, in accents sweet,
Sing lovely through the dell;
But nature claims a short retreat,
In some dark, lonely cell."

"So we must toil and labor hard,
Our passions to subdue;
To gain the safe and rich reward,
Prepared for the good and true."

"There no dark clouds can ever rise,
Or storms disturb our rest;
But joy will overwhelm the wise,
And love fill every breast."

"There we shall see poor mother dear,
When raised up from the sod;
In beauteous robes she will appear,
Filled with the light of God."

"Then will you strive, my darling boy,
Her counsels to obey?
Ask God to guide thy feet aright,
Though she is gone away."

"He loves to hear thy gentle voice,
Yea, more than tongue can tell;
'Tis sweeter far than angel's choice,
Who in his presence dwell."

Then Willie raised his loving eyes,
And answered with a tear,
'I'll pray that God will make me wise,
And better every year."

"And then if I should ever live
To be a useful man;
As Mamma said, 'I'll try to do
The very best I can.'"

C. ACKERLY.

LITTLE GRAVES.

MER. GRAY had not long been minister of the parish before he noticed an old habit of the grave-digger; and one day coming upon John smoothing and trimming the lonely bed of a child which had been buried a few days before, he asked why he was so particular in dressing and keeping the graves of infants. John paused for a moment at his work and looked up not at the minister, but at the sky, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"And on this account you tend and adorn them with so much care?" remarked the minister, who was greatly struck with the reply.

"Surely, sir," answered John, "I cannot make too nice and fine the bed covering of a little innocent sleeper that is waitin' there till it is God's time to waken it and cover it with a white robe and waft it away to glory. When such a grand-

eur is a waitin' yonder, it's fit it should be decked out here. I think the Savior will like to see white clover spread above it, do you not think so too, sir?"

"But why not cover larger graves also," asked the minister, hardly able to suppress his emotions. "The dust of all his saints is precious in the Savior's sight."

"Very true," responded John, with great solemnity, "but I cannot be sure who are his saints and who are not. I hope there are many lying in this churchyard, but it would be great presumption to mark them out. There are some I am pretty sure about, and I keep their graves as neat and clean as I can. I plant a bit of flower here and there as a sign of my hope, but dare not give them 'the white skirt,' referring to the white clover. 'It's very different, though, with the children; 'Of such is the kingdom.'"

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER IV.—CLOUDS.

THE next morning after the spelling-school, the teacher rang his bell, and when the pupils were all seated he drew a paper from his pocket.

"I found this in the road this morning, and as there was no address, I opened and read it. It is short and sweet. I will read it, and if any of you claim it you can have it."

"You're a coward and a sneak, and I'll lick you within an inch of your life if you ever do such a thing as that again, Lyss Baker! You know what I mean. Now mind."

"That is all. There is no signer's name. Now, whose is it?"

"Why, it's Lyss Baker's, of course!" exclaimed Jim Welsh, "'cause it's writ to him. Likely he lost it."

Lyss raised his hand for permission, and rising answered, "I never saw it Jim Welsh till now, and if you wrote it, you'd better not give me any more of your sass, for I shan't take it."

The teacher tapped on his desk, and Lyss sat down.

"Enough of this, boys. It's no time or place to discuss the matter. Now, Jim, if you want to whip Lyss Baker, take him out and do so. Only I shall stand by and see it well done."

Jim looked at Mr. Long out of the corner of his eyes and muttered:

"You wouldn't let a body if they undertook it. You don't mean it."

"Yes, I do. If you think you'd feel any better and happier for misusing and causing another pain, in this case I say go on and do it. Lyss is able to defend himself. I don't approve of fighting among boys. But if there's so much of the canine in your natures that you won't be satisfied without, why, just go to work, and bite, and scratch and tear like any dog would."

He waited awhile, and then, as both boys remained silent, he set about the day's duties.

Nothing more was said on the subject of the fight for some time, and every one but Jim seemed happy and content. He was sullen and silent, but obeyed the rules of the school and nobody interfered with him.

December came in cold and stormy, and for a week the number of scholars was somewhat limited. Then fair weather gladdened all hearts, and a new sensation brightened the eyes and quickened the tongues of the young people in the vicinity of the little red school-house, better known as Oak Grove Centre. In a gloomy old house, half a mile beyond the school-house and in the very centre of the grove, lived a sober-faced man, who was reputed an old bachelor, and whose only companion was an aged mother who managed his meagre household,—how, not many knew, for this singular couple never invited the friendship of any.

Mr. Kendall was little known, and how he ob-

tained a livelihood was a matter of conjecture. He cultivated a few acres of ground surrounding his residence, but this would not support him. Some suspected him of being connected with a gang of counterfeiters. But most of his neighbors believed him to be an honest citizen.

One day as little Poppy was feeding Aunty Hale's chickens, a tall man with a slouched hat drawn over his eyes, came up to the garden fence and leaned on the upper board, regarding her, prattling to the chickens and calling them by name, as she scattered the bright yellow grains of corn on the crisp white snow.

"Come, Antoinette and Eugenie," she called in her sweet, bird-like voice. "And, Nicholas, don't you strike Gregory so hard; he's as pretty as you and better natured. And where's Lycurgus?" Her voice dropped lower as she spoke the name, though she did not know any one was listening. Lycurgus was Lyss Baker's second name, and Poppy had given it to her favorite, a little black and white chicken with a top-knot and muffler of glossy black. "Where's the little fellow gone? There he comes! Hurry, sir, or you'll lose your breakfast."

As she turned toward the house she saw Mr. Kendall leaning on the fence, looking at her. As he caught sight of her bright face, he started as if shocked or greatly surprised.

"Say, little girl, come here and let me see your sweet face, and tell me your name."

His tone was so sweet, and sad and appealing, that Poppy drew a step or two nearer, timidly, and answered that her name was not a pretty one. Not nice and sweet sounding, like other little girls'.

"Well, what is your name?" he urged.

"Poppy, that's all. Only Aunty Hale, the kind old lady I live with, says I may call my name Poppy Hale."

"How is this? Have you no other name? What's your father's name? He'd be a heartless wretch to deny his name to a dear little girl like you."

"Hain't got any father, and never heard as I ever had. I had a mother once, a dear, kind, beautiful mother, who"—she paused and blushed, glancing up into the stranger's face.

"Well, what of her? Tell me, I beg of you, child." His eyes burned, and his clasped hands clenched tightly together as he spoke eagerly, almost savagely.

"Did you know her, sir? O, you must have loved her if you did, for she was so good and lovely."

"Me? No! But tell me about her. May be I've seen her, if she looks like you. I saw a woman once, a bad, wicked woman, but winning and beautiful. And you look like her so much, so very much. Her name was Henrietta. What was your mother's name?"

"I don't know. It begun with H though. I've got a little handkerchief of flowered muslin with two H's on one corner, that was hers."

"Well, little one, I'll see you again, and then you must tell me all you know about her. I'm in a hurry now."

"I've told you all I know sir, only, only—I can't tell you any more, indeed I can't." And away she ran into the house. Mr. Kendall walked away, muttering something to himself about "Henrietta's child."

Two days after Mr. Kendall chanced to meet Lyss Baker on his way home from school. Lyss had been kept in a quarter of an hour for some misdemeanor, and was trudging along, whistling cheerily, when, on turning the corner of the pasture opposite his father's house, he met Mr. Kendall.

"Hey, my boy! You're Mr. Baker's son?"

Lyss nodded.

"Well, how long is it till Christmas?"

Lyss stared at this question from a stranger, for he did not know Mr. Kendall, but answered, "Ten days, sir, 'cause I was just counting it on my fingers."

"Well, there's time to invite all the old ladies and all the young people in the countryside, and give them time to prepare to come up to my house to a merry making Christmas day."

Then he told him his plans, and authorized him to invite all the young people,—*every one*,—and the grandmas. Lyss ran home swiftly to tell the exciting news. His mother was holding little Frank, Nelly was washing potatoes for supper, and Mary was making biscuit.

"O, Mother! Nell! Molly! I've got *such* news for you! But where's Grandma? It's for her too. Where is she? Say! Why don't you tell me quick."

"Why, Ulysses, my son, you're getting beside yourself. What ails you?"

"Where's *granny*? I say. Mary, you might tell a feller."

"You're so crazy you wouldn't know a minute after, if I told you. She's gone to Aunty Hale's. Now, what do you want of her?"

"Consarn it all, I wanted to see her, and I'm goin' to. *I must*. But you girls are invited too."

"Invited to what, Lyss? You *are* crazy I believe," exclaimed Mary, pausing with the cake-cutter in one hand and an unbaked biscuit in the other.

"Why, Mary, I thought I told you. It's a Christmas party at the old brown house in the grove. A dinner, and a play for us young ones, and a tea party for the old ladies, 'cause you see Mr. Kendall's got an old mother there, and *they're* to be *her* company. O, it'll be grand! We're to stay all day long. And Mr. Kendall says I'm to invite all I see. But whatever made granny go over there? She never went afore."

"Why," replied Mrs. Baker, "Aunty Hale has called several times. And grandma thought she'd go over and sit awhile with Aunty, and have a chat about old times and manners. She went with your father this morning and intends coming with him when he comes home from the mill."

"Well, I'm goin' over there to ask both them old ones and the little girl," cried Lyss; and out he ran, and went like a bird skimming over the snow, in the direction of Aunty Hale's cottage.

To be continued.

THE STRANGE PLACE.

HAD a marvelous history, that vacant house. I remember it when its inhabitants were all happy and prosperous, as above stated. I remember it when its acres were freshness, and wheat, rye, corn and clover.

There was a deal of thrift about the elder lady, she was forever about the house, making the best of the strings of fishes, scaling off the round and golden scales from their fat little sides, snipping off their conceited little heads and dividing them asunder, cleaning and clearing; selling every bit of available produce and property, and hiving in every available scrap of woven articles; drawers of woolen clothes and fragrant linen, cedar-wooded and lavender-scented.

They were very simple people; the produce of the woodland chiefly supported them through the winter. Hay was a good article with them; they sold it at the tavern in the village. As to the wheat, late drifting snow and prevailing north winds swept the earth off the roots and left it bare, hence the spring wheat caused them considerable trouble.

In the fall, however, the fields were laden with grain sufficient, and barn and bin were well filled; and then they made traffic thrive. A load of hay in their hands was a picturesque object. Full and large, loaded up compactly, it generally held a sack of marketables, either wild berries, or a cheese or two; a basket of eggs; and a large crock of butter, very marketable butter at that, golden, clean, sweet, sufficiently salted, and in clean crocks; or, more marketable yet, a box of honey with the hexametrical cells loaded with sweets.

The horses, one white and one bay, oddly harnessed, the little old gentleman in brown clothes, trudging along side, or with his wife, calicoed, with a white sun-bonnet, sitting carelessly on the top of the hay, while the girl staid at home and minded the house. The boy at such times sauntered to the school, some quarter of a mile away, and engaged in studies in their droll, old fashioned way. Reading, writing and spelling, in a book a generation behind date, and rudimental arithmetics. This load of hay marching regularly from home to town was an important trip with the inmates of the home. Linens, calicos, books now and then, with fresh spices, shoeing and clothing were their returns.

One time a comfortable black shawl for Lina, and another time the snuff brown clothes. So used did he get to this color that he was called Snuff Brown, a name he finally would not resent, but persistently expected to be so styled. One would hardly expect much romance to be culled from the life of Snuff Brown, he was so steady, so old fashioned and odd.

Now, although he was called that, he himself was far from being brown, but was blue eyed, and fair haired, of withered, queer, old fashioned ways. At first one took a strong repugnance to him, so stooped and bent with toil; and alas! he himself was scarcely ever conscious of any import whatever, and put on an exterior of rough and sorrowful demeanor, yet there was ever a vein of tranquil humor that now and then displayed itself to advantage.

The old lady superintended the marketing, for fear that Snuff Brown should be cheated, as his eyesight was not so good as hers, nor his arithmetic so subtle; but for the rest, his hand was everywhere, without and within; all produce was sown and reaped by him, craftily and carefully garnered and husbanded; Brindle and Sorrel, fleece and hoof, looked to him for food, shelter and culture. He found time also to attend to the boy, and aid him in the gathering of nuts from the woodland; overlooked his books, and one sweet, good, secret idea, he forever stood between him and any little fault or folly as long as possible before committed, and forever stepped in between him and the old lady in case of punishment and scolding. Good naturedly enough at first, firmly, untiringly, persistently at last. This at first spoiled the lad, and made him arrogant and assuming, but the presence of the daughter spoiled this, or counteracted it, for she quietly told him every fault without any hatred or arrogance, and she was the one who prevailed with him. The old gentleman had an abundance of good heart, displayed not at every turn, for he was of that idealism that believed in showing such an exterior and now and then using such proof as left no doubt of sincerity and good faith; and although he seldom ever noticed him or looked at him, one could see at a long run that he was the jewel that shone in his eyes—his fair prospect that he never mentioned.

Snuff Brown was also a good cattle doctor, and never passed a lame ox or cow, without binding up, splintering, relieving or anointing. The neighbors thought a great deal of him on that account; they were after him on all such mournful occasions, and his was the hand that ever drew the sheep out of the briars and the oxen out of the pit.

The old lady took no pains whatever with him. She never noticed him, and indeed considered herself of considerable importance; sharp at a bargain, and wise in worldly manners, particularly in money matters, and whenever her old man was from home there was mourning and tribulation, sweating and sorrow, for the sake of this consideration that positively she was afraid he might get cold, or else cheated of money or of price; for she was the better proviso on such occasions. She could deliberately clinch a bargain better than any one for miles around, so soon that a customer never was so astonished as when they awoke up and found themselves in possession of her wares;

and heard her departing thanks. I need not tell you that sometimes her spry feet grew weary, nor how many summers they had traversed the earth in happiness, nor that it was weariness that caused that wiry spring and the swift frown that came over her comely, withered features. The steady instinct that caused her to provide for loved ones gave her that asperity in temporal providence.

IN THE GARDEN.

NONE of the best places for children is in the garden. Here they may dig, plant, and weed, and do good while gaining health and strength, rosy cheeks and bright eyes.

I heard once of a silly little girl who would sit in the house reading novels, or in bed in the morning, till she became so weak that her parents feared she would die. Finally they called the doctor.

He felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, said, "Humph!" studied over the case, and prescribed that she should work in the garden weeding the strawberry-bed every day, unless it rained, for two weeks, when he would call again.

She said she was not strong enough, and talked about bugs, and dirt, and said, "You are a hateful doctor," and left the room, quite displeased.

But the doctor did not mind that, and at length the delicate little lady concluded to try the medicine, and she soon came to love the work; and at the end of a fortnight was so much healthier, stronger, and happier, that she followed it up till winter, and so learned such useful, helpful ways, that she was able to make home pleasant, and to do good to all around her, and finally grew up to be a useful and active woman.

Let the pale-faced children learn a lesson. Afraid of the dirt? Why, you are made of dirt yourself, and must return to it again. Do not like a garden? Why, God planted the first garden. Do not like to work there? Why, the first man and woman that ever lived had to work in a garden, and it was a sad day for them when they were turned out.

But remember, the Tempter, the Serpent, gets into gardens sometimes. Watch against him. The first sin was committed in a garden. See to it that you watch against idleness, strife, envy, hatred, and every wrong way, and if you work in peace and in the fear of the Lord the great God will bless you, and you may find him so near you there that it will seem as if he himself was walking "in the garden in the cool of the day."

All the beauty and fruitfulness of the garden is the work of God, and in laboring to plant the seed and till the soil, you may be workers together with him, obeying his command and rejoicing in his favor.—*H. L. H. in Little Christian.*

WATCH YOUR THOUGHTS.

LITTLE children, be not deceived; as you think, so will you act. If your thoughts dwell on vain and foolish things, so will you speak and act, for, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." If your thoughts dwell upon things of worth, you will ever be able to draw from the treasury of memory, gems of worth, that will yield comfort to yourselves, and impart instruction and afford entertainment to your associates, that will tend to lead them on *and up*, to higher plains of usefulness, to nobler manhood and greater heights of wisdom; which, in its developments, will reach out after the Infinite, the good, the peace and joys that are to be obtained in the world to come. UNCLE M.

"I LEFT HER TO GOD."

In West Africa, a society in England has a school for poor native children. One day, in that school, a little girl struck her school-mate. The teacher found it out, and asked the child who was struck—

"Did not you strike her back again?"

"No, ma'am," said the child.

"What did you do?" asked the teacher.

"I LEFT HER TO GOD," said she.

A beautiful and most efficient way to settle all difficulties, and prevent all fights among children and among men. We shall be struck by others, when they know that we shall not return the blow, but "leave them to God." Then, whatever our enemies do, or threaten to do, to us, let us leave them to him, praying that he would forgive them, and make them our friends.—*Uncle Henry.*

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child;
For a look so warm and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her,
With kindly look, yet keen,
"Is"—"Mary McGuire, if you please sir."
"And your age?" "I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You're charged here, I am sorry to say it,
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me
Are you guilty of this, or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first the sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you how it was, sir;
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brothers and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow times were hard, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold.
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnny's but four years old)
So what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn,
I took—oh was it stealing?—
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court room—
Grey bearded and thoughtless youth—
Knew as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spoke the truth.
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprang tears,
And out from old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study—
The strangest you ever saw.
And he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the law?
For one so learned in such matters—
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed on a single question,
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at last, these words they heard:
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, deferred!"
And no one blamed him or wondered
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court room
Mary, the "guilty" child.

The Workshop.

TO COLOR COTTON GREEN.—To four pounds of rags, take one and one-half ounces oxalic acid, two ounces of Prussian blue; let each soak over night in one quart of rain water; then put together in as much warm rain water as you want to color with. Put in the rags and let them remain in twenty minutes. Wring out, and dip in yellow die, made as follows: Take six ounces of sugar of lead, four and a half ounces of bichromate of potash; dissolve in a pint of hot rain water; take as much hot rain water as you want to color

with. Dip first in the lead, then in the potash several times; rinse in cold rain water. Use tin or copper—no simmering is needed. The first makes blue, the last a beautiful yellow, and both a durable green. SADIE E. CADMAN.

Correspondence.

FORT SCOTT, Kansas, Dec. 12th, 1874.

Dear Hope:—I am still striving to serve the Lord. I am the only one here that belongs to the Church, my father having moved away.

Dear brothers and sisters, let us still persevere in doing right, though temptation surrounds us on every hand. I often do wrong by being surrounded by wicked people, but never have forgot there is a just God in heaven, who will give honor to whom honor is due. I falter many times, but to-day I feel impressed that it is wrong for me to go to shows, and witness performances that are not moral. Dear little brothers and sisters, I do ask an interest in your prayers, that I may become a better child of God, and be among that number that will enter into the marriage supper. I can but thank my heavenly Father for preserving my life and giving me plenty. I mean to serve the Lord, that he may continue to bless me; the only road we can follow safely is that narrow one. O! I do wish I could attend preaching by some good Elder. I ask an interest in the prayers of all.

I remain as ever your brother in the gospel,

MARTIN L. MIDDLETON.

VIOLA, Ill, Dec. 7th, 1874.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—It has been sometime since I wrote to you. I love the little Hope. I was baptized in September, (27th day), by Br. John M. Terry. We have prayer meeting here every Sabbath and Wednesday evenings. I think if we keep on trying to serve the Lord, we will be blessed. Little Hopes, remember me, that I may hold out faithful.

Your sister,

SADIE E. CADMAN.

SHELBY STATION, Iowa, Dec. 5, 1874.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I seat myself to write a few lines to *Zion's Hope*. I think it is an excellent paper. I have taken the *Hope* ever since it first started, and intend to keep on taking it. Father, mother, and all of the family that are old enough, belong to the Church. We have no Sunday School here now, but hope we soon shall have. We have splendid meetings here every Sunday. Father has been the President for a number of years. About one month ago Uncle Mark H. Forscutt came through this part of the country, and preached one evening. He had a pretty good turn out; the Meeting House was crowded.

This letter will not be a very nice one, but I hope the next will be better. MELLIE HALLIDAY.

VIOLA, Mercer Co., Ill., Dec. 14, 1874.

Dear Little Hopes:—As there is no school to-day, I thought I would write to you.

I was baptized on the 27th day of September, 1874, by Br. John M. Terry. There are not many Saints here. We have prayer meeting here every Sunday and on every Wednesday night. There are only six of us that meet together; Br. Sturgis and our own family. We have no Sabbath-school here, but hope there soon will be one. We are looking for Br. Bronson and Br. Mark H. Forscutt to come and preach here, and also at Aledo. I hope that the time will soon come that we may see them.

I remain your brother in Christ,

WILLIE R. CADMAN.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$237 62	Laura B. Munns	..	\$ 60
George Evans	..	25 Richard Darlow	..	25
Luey A. Griffith	..	25 D. Faban	..	25
J. Gillespie	..	50 D. M. Griffin, Utah	..	25
Margaret Parks	..	25 Sandy Parks	..	25
Wm. Parks	..	25 Rosna Parks	..	25
John Parks	..	25 James Parks	..	25
Agnes Parks	..	50 Mell Halliday	..	25
G. Watson	..	25		

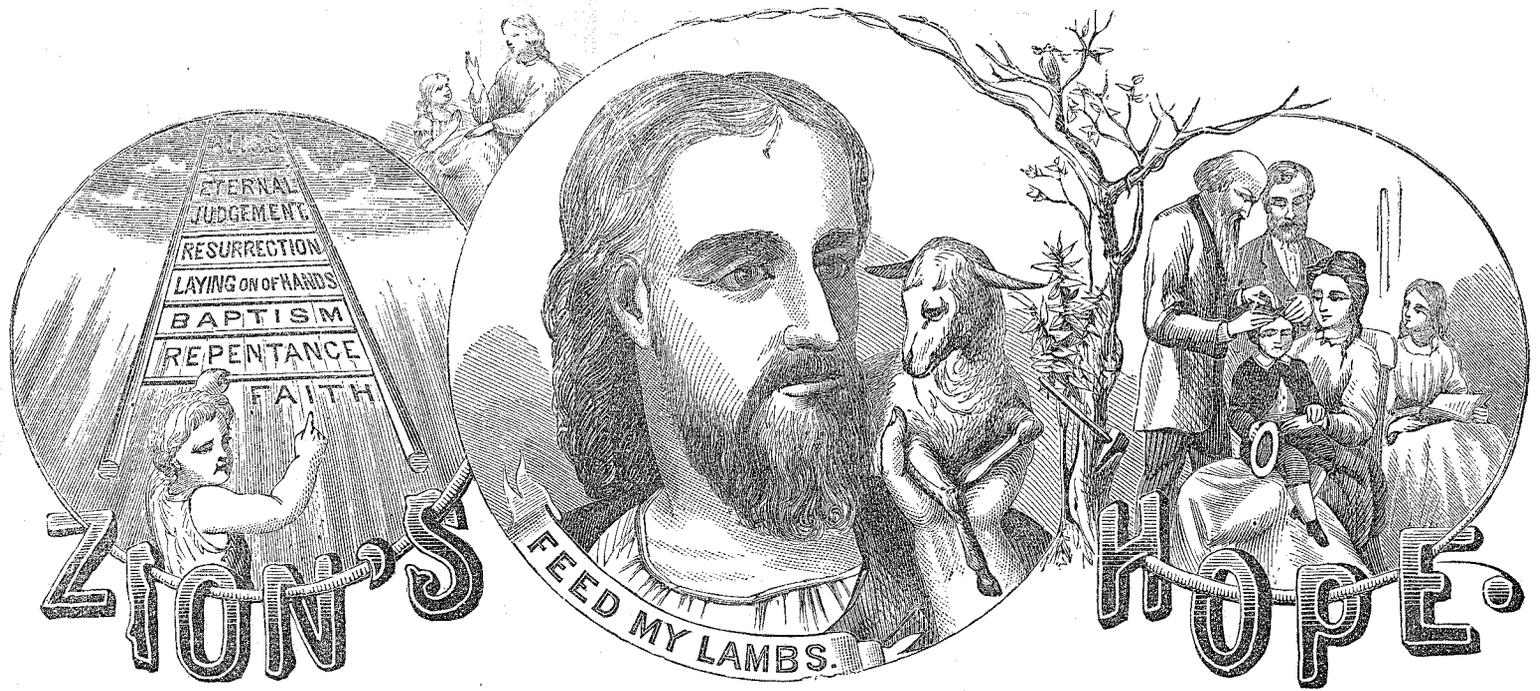
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 6.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JANUARY 15, 1875.

No. 14.

"ONLY CURRANT WINE."

TWO little boys twelve years old, cousins and constant companions, trudged up a steep hill together, carrying between them a great basket of apples. They were to deliver them to the landlady of the "Cross Keys" tavern, and they had carried them over a mile from the farm where they lived. First they had crossed the bridge over the Sowden run, a narrow plank, without railing, where they had to walk carefully, for the run, though narrow, was very deep. Then came a long, steep hill, and the boys were very tired when at last the "Cross Keys" was reached, and the basket of apples deposited on the porch. Mrs. Morrison, the rosy-cheeked, pleasant-voiced landlady came out to pay the boys and have the basket emptied. "Come in," she said kindly, "and rest awhile. That is a heavy basket for young arms, and a long walk for young legs."

So the boys went into the bright bar-room, and sat down by a stove, for the air was sharp, though it was only October. Pretty soon Mrs. Morrison came in with a great slice of cake for each one, and a glass of red wine, sweet smelling and tempting. Walter Lennox, the older of the cousins, took the cake with a "Thank you," and Harry took his also. But Mrs. Morrison said:

"Drink the wine. It will warm you."

"Thank you," Walter said, "mother does not like me to drink wine!"

"Oh, but this is only currant wine, home made. It can't hurt you. Drink it up!" and the landlady set down the tray and went to see about the apples, leaving the boys alone.

It was in the middle of the afternoon, and there was no one in the bar-room. Harry ate his part of the cake, and said:

"I don't believe that it will hurt us, Walt. It smells as if it was very nice."

"I dare say it is nice, but I'm not going to taste it. Currant wine now, may lead us to rum and whisky, when we are men."

"Nonsense! I'm going to drink mine."

It did taste good, being spiced, sweetened and warmed. So good indeed, that after Harry had finished his own glass, he concluded he would take Walter's too. It was there and it was a pity to waste it.

When the boys were rested and warmed, they took up their empty basket, thanked Mrs. Morrison for her kindness, and started homeward. But Harry had very red cheeks and bright eyes, and Walter had never heard him talk so fast. He was rather a quiet boy, but now he bragged and shouted, sang and talked so strangely that Walter was amazed.

"See here, Harry," he said, when they reached the foot of the hill, "I don't think currant wine is good for you."

"Yes, it is though!" cried Harry, "I never felt so splendidly in all my life! I'm as warm as a toast. My head feels big to be sure, but who cares for that?"

"Take care!" cried Walter, as he reeled against him, "your legs are shaky."

"Shaky! Not a bit of it. I'm going to run across the bridge."

"No, Harry, no!" said Walter, now really frightened, "you must not. Don't! oh, don't," he cried as his cousin shook him off impatiently, "O, Harry, you will fall in!"

But Harry was already half way to the bridge, running, but in a zigzag fashion, that showed only too plainly that he was dizzy with the unaccustomed drink. Walter ran, too, but before he reached his cousin, Harry was at the bridge. "Come on!" he shouted, "who's afraid?" and with the last word in his mouth, he made a false step on the narrow plank, and fell headlong into the run. With loud cries for help, Walter threw off his hat and boots and plunged in after him. The current was strong, and the water very cold, but Walter tried bravely to find his cousin, calling loudly for help, till several men came running from the fields.

"What is it? are you hurt?" they asked.

"No! I am all right. Harry fell off the bridge, and I can't find him. I'm afraid he's struck his head."

Strong arms came to the lad's assistance, and the men ran down the sides of the stream, shouting Harry's name. Walter swam after them, now really fearing they would find only a dead body.

They found Harry at last, senseless, and to all appearance dead. A couple of men lifted him in their arms, and carried him to the farm-house, poor, dripping Walter following them, sobbing as if his heart would break.

A doctor was summoned, and all night the family watched beside Harry, who was many hours unconscious, and then came to life in a burning fever.

Chilled and soaked when his blood was heated by the wine, the poor boy was ill for many long weeks with rheumatic-fever, suffering the most severe pains, and often entirely helpless. All the long winter he lay upon his bed, unable to move without pain, and when the pleasant spring-time came, he could sit up and look out upon the green fields, with the doctor's words in his heart: "I must tell you, lad, though it pains me. Your life has been spared by our kind heavenly Father,

and you may be an old man. But, Harry, you can never walk again."

Never again! Oh, little children, who can run and play, can jump upon the soft grass, climb the great cherry-trees, slide upon the frozen ponds, think of the little boy, who could never again raise his poor, crippled feet, never again move, even from room to room alone, and all for one act of thoughtless folly.

You have seen men reeling in the streets from the effects of vile liquor, whisky, rum and other poisons that steal away sense and reason, and you have thought, many of you, "When I am a man, I will never touch drink." But the boy in this story, every word of which is true, was but twelve years old, and the liquor which he drank was only sweet, home-made currant wine. And yet in the foolish excitement of his brain, he committed the rash act that cost him the use of his limbs for life.

Think of him whenever you may be tempted to taste any liquor but the pure water God provides plenteously for us all, and take lesson from the story of the effect of "only currant wine."

Selected by BURTIE BURNETT.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE

JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER IV.—CLOUDS.

Continued.

WE HAD made half the distance when he met his father face to face, driving leisurely along, but no grandma was with him.

"Where you going, bub?"

Now Lyss detested the appellation of 'bub,' and he answered rather curtly, "To Auntie Hale's, sir."

"No, you're not," replied the father, and springing from the sled in which he was riding, he drew his whip and asked, "Did any one send you?"

"No," promptly replied the youth, "but I've got business there."

"No you hain't!" cried the excited father, "and I told you not to let me catch you [a lash from the great cruel whip] a going there, [another lash], or I'd lick you [another] till you howled! Didn't I?"

"No, you didn't," answered the boy, biting his lips, while the tears rained down his cheeks.

"I didn't, hey? [Another stinging blow]. Take that, for your lying to me."

"You didn't say you'd lick me till I howled. And you hain't nuther."

"I hain't, eh?" cried the angry father. "You need another dose, I reckon!" And down came

the blows, hard and heavy, till the boy withered and moaned with anguish, but he didn't howl.

Bidding Ulysses to the seat beside him, he got into the sleigh and drove rapidly on till he reached the great gate opening into the carriage-drive leading up to the house.

"Get out and open the gate, sir, and see if you can do what you're told to *once* in your life."

Lyss sprang to obey, but his feet caught in the loose portion of the lines lying in the bottom of the sleigh, and he fell head first into a big snow-drift, his feet up against the side of the sleigh.

"Confound the careless scamp!" cried the father, giving him a blow across the legs with the ends of the lines, that helped him scramble out of the snow faster than quick. "When you get that gate open, if you ever do, put your good for nothing self back to the barn, and go to work at the chores."

Lyss walked slowly across the road to the barn and began his work, but most unwillingly. He felt indignant and rebellious. He felt as if he had been misused shamefully. And don't you feel that he had been? I do. And how often, how very often, children are provoked to wrath by their parents, and driven from bad to worse, till there is no more power for good in them. Fathers and mothers, think of this! It is too common in every day life. The poor boy felt grieved and humiliated, and he bit his lip occasionally to prevent its quivering, and the tears would fill his handsome eyes in spite of all his efforts to repress them.

"What's the matter with you, my boy?" asked his mother kindly, coming up to him and stroking his hair as he stood by the window looking out into the darkness, after supper.

"O, nothing," he replied curtly; then he burst out crying, and went swiftly from the room, and up to his own, where he threw himself on his bed, and wept and sobbed for sometime. Then he arose shivering with cold, for there was no fire there, and went to the window and gazed out over the moon-lit expanse, and thought if he were dead, and cold as the snow before him, he wouldn't feel so bad and lonely and friendless. Then he thought he would go to bed and try to sleep and forget his troubles. But it seemed as if he *never* could sleep any more. And he felt oppressed and stifled, and longed to be out in the free air.

"Joe, don't you know what ails Lyss?" inquired Pussy Baker, turning to her husband, after Ulysses left the room.

"Hump!" he muttered, absorbed in his newspaper.

"I say, what's wrong with Lyss?" persisted Puss.

"O, I don't know; pouting because I licked him I s'pose. He done what I told him not to, repeatedly, and I punished him, that's all."

"He's a very bad boy, I know; but you hardly ever try to correct him unless in the very severest manner. You are either too lax in your government, or too boisterous in punishment," sighed Pussy.

"I'll warrant you," snarled the husband. "I'm something mean and detestable, *whatever* I do. I can't please you, no matter how much I try. I declare you're the strangest woman I ever saw."

And he threw down his paper, kicked the old cat, and went to bed.

Mrs. Baker sighed again. Though kind hearted and well meaning, her husband was hasty and boisterous and passionate. It was so hard to be resigned, and cheerfully endure such stormy changes. Yet she loved him still.

That evening Auntie Hale, Grandma Baker and little Poppy sat around the cheerful wood fire, the two old ladies knitting and chatting, and the little girl studying her map lesson, when the front door slowly opened, and Lyss entered.

"Why, land sakes!" cried grandma, "what brings you here this time of night? Anybody sick? Do tell us!"

Lyss was so choked with emotion that he could not speak, but running to grandma, he sank on her footstool, and hid his face on her knee.

"Why, what on earth ails the boy? He's fairly shaking with the cold or something. Can't you tell us what's the matter, sonny," said Auntie Hale.

After a few moments Lyss looked up, brushed away his tears, and briefly but truthfully told the whole story. Grandma's eyes flashed angrily, and she shook her head decisively. "He's too rash, too rough, Joe is. I'll talk to him, I will. And you come alone away here to old grandma, did you. So you don't think I'm so dreadful, after all."

"O, grandma," sobbed Lyss, "you're ever so good to me, and you know I love you. I didn't know what I was going to do when I came out doors, and I had to go awful still along the hall to get out, for fear they'd hear me, and *then* I thought I'd come over here. I felt like I'd like to be dead, I did. As I come along I had a mind to try to see if I couldn't die and be out of the way; just lay down and hold my breath. Wouldn't that do it?"

Now grandma didn't drop her work and throw up her hands, and roll up her eyes in horror at such wickedness, as some would. Nor assume a face like a tomb-stone, and preach a sermon on the subject with various nods and airs of sanctimoniousness, as others would. She merely patted his tumbled hair, and said, softly and soothingly, "No, no, Lysess, we can't spare you. You will live and be a good man, I believe."

Simply these few cheering words did that unhappy boy more good than all his father's whipping, his mother's sighing entreaty, or a puling sermon on the wickedness of mankind or *boy* kind. When one is in trouble, even if that trouble is merited by his wickedness, he doesn't want a harsh censure or a canting lecture, no more than a sick man wants something to aggravate his pains. Either needs an opiate, something soothing and quieting. *If* we could and would only remember this, and live by it every day, there would be more happiness and less misery in earthly life, and a better, surer hope for the *bright* hereafter.

Poppy laid down her book, and looked over at Lyss, sadly and seriously, as she remarked:

"You didn't think the way you do now that day when you had the gun out in the orchard. You told your pa you didn't want to die and go to Heaven, like good little boys did. You thought this was a pretty good world to live in *then*."

"I didn't feel like I do now, if I *had* been in mischief," replied Lyss. "Depends on how a body feels whether things look pretty and good."

"Yes," said Auntie Hale, "that's true. And the sooner we put away our grief, and begin to help others in trouble, the better and happier we make ourselves and those around us."

"Dear," sighed Poppy, wearily, "I've looked and looked to find Feather river. Can't you help me Auntie?"

"Yes, if you'll bring my glasses. But I don't know much about learning. Had no chance to go to school when I was young."

"Here's a chance to help somebody," thought Lyss. Wonder if 'twould make me feel any better."

He went over to Poppy and showed her Feather river; and then there was Hoboken she couldn't find. And they looked awhile till they found it, and went on with their lesson for the morrow, (Lyss and Poppy were in the same Geography class), and Lyss soon forgot all about his troubles, and was merry as usual. The two old ladies said nothing, but winked knowingly as they saw Lyss go to Poppy's assistance. They knew he was taking the right course. But they said nothing. If they had *said anything* about it, it would have spoiled the good result. Lyss would have been reminded of himself and his sorrow. But after awhile it came back to him, when he thought of going home. But both ladies assured him of their protection from blame if he staid over night. First he thought he would. Then he thought he had run away, that was bad enough, but staying away was worse.

"That's so," said Poppy. "We're all sorry for you, but you'd better go home. They didn't

give you leave to stay." And he went, whistling and light-hearted, and slept soundly.

To be continued.

ATTRACTIONS.

The waters of the ocean,
The mountains and the plains,
The rivers in their windings,
The falling of the rains;
The beauties of the evening,
At the going down of sun,
Paint the clouds in golden splendor,
When his daily work is done.

These wonders of attraction,
We view them with delight,
With also many others.
Attractive to the sight;
The rose in blooming beauty,
Is pleasant to our view,
A bright summer morning,
The glittering of the dew.

In woodland and in meadow,
We often love to be,
And climb upon the hill-tops,
To see what we can see;
We hear the little birdies,
The echoes of their song,
They are very fond of singing,
We hear them all day long.

Zion's little children,
Are happy in their glee,
This attractive beauty
We also love to see;
No untoward actions,
Can long with them remain,
So long as love and goodness,
They're seeking to obtain.

Let us cherish all that's lovely,
Let us not forget to pray,
That the Lord may help us onward
In the good and holy way.
Then our course will be attractive,
And our star a shining bright,
While others led to see the beauties
That is found in Zion's light.—C. G. L.

THE BREWER'S DOG.

A gentleman taking an evening walk along the road near Grantown, saw two men supporting a third, who appeared unable to walk. "What is the matter," he inquired, "Why," was the reply, "that poor man has been sadly bitten by the brewer's dog." "Indeed," said I, feeling rather concerned at the disaster. "Yes, sir, and he is not the first by a good many that he has done a mischief to." "Why is that dog not made away with?" "Ah, sir, he ought to have been made away with long ago, but it wants resolution to do it. It is the *strong drink*, sir,—that's the BREWER'S DOG."

Beware of the Dog!—*Little Christian.*

THE STRANGE PLACE.

THE temptation of the old gentleman was secret air-castle building, and most of his idle time was spent in this manner, and though it is strange, truth compels us to state that it was only romance of the choicest kind that actuated him. Dry old stories of ancient manners, at close of day, a smudge of lawn and garden; a glimpse of England; something of fays and fairies; castles and knighthood; together with a hundred little stories of plant and brake, about which he knew nothing orderly or classically, but a great deal by rote or item. He could garden a little, according to a curious old fashioned style. His cedars were invariably trained to a cone, precisely rotund, and trained to a most acute terminus. A hedge of white thorn he thought a necessity, not to be dispensed with. Of course, written out, his castles were never of proper order of architecture, of faint breath of cathedral grandeur, just enough to frighten him with its coldness.

It was curious at such times to see him awakened out of his dream, by the old lady quietly recalling him to the present. It was strange that her vivid grip never relaxed. How much of this was due to her knowledge that he needed

such a balance-wheel, and that she had no taste naturally for such things, and that she feared them, nobody can tell. However, she kept that hold to the last, and saw no poetry in the clover blossoms but that they would bring a price; and beheld no beauty in the honey but that it was thirty cents a pound; and beheld a sum of money at the bottom of every golden store of butter. There is no doubt but that her policy was the best one, and resulted in the most peculiar store of profit in solid remuneration; her head-piece was more set in that direction.

It was a sight to see her romance express itself. It was generally merely a clean linen respectability, a soft-eyed, sacrament feeling, an assembling together of lambs, the meeting-house feeling. She forbade the gathering and cracking so many walnuts, and the popping of so much corn; she was for sending hither and thither and being industrious; that was the amount of her romance.

The young girl's influence was of an entirely different nature; her respectability of an entirely different character; it was of a purely lavendered order.

Soberly quiet, she looked after the welfare of all present, and kept them straight; the exhortations to sobriety and well doing fell from her lips, strange to say. Very direct was the line she drew; no mistake followed her equipose; dust and disorder hid away from her presence, and cleanliness followed as by magic. In the first place, although she shrank from no responsibility, yet she had learned to hoard her strength, so that on a principle she set things to rights; she carried everything before her quietly on such an expedition, all tidied up firstly; all made up the second place; then swept and dusted with no apparent exertion, in short order. Then proper rest. The result was, her arms were pictures of development and strength her righteous consistency was a theme to consider. Of course the drawbacks in her character were that she went in society; led many festivities; dressed in flowing robes of rather a quiet order, and a full determination seemed to possess her to be of first ability, and she possessed an allowable pride that never abated, that amounted to a stupid passion, that always secured respect, to the right hand corner she always clung. She held this right hand corner so persistently that it became proverbial. The fact was, she was a strange piece of humanity; odd, to a degree that became noted. She was more persistent than any of them in her line of character.

There was a scrap-book in her desk, containing a mass of garnered literature, that was generally of a rare political type. A strange taste for history, that made her reticently acquainted with all the principal people of her time, and a great many noted facts in ancient narrative. She never cared particularly to distress herself in regard to the more abstract lines of thought, for her memory, particular and retentive, retained facts more than theories. A rare, strange mind, in a body nowise unbecoming. Her letters were few, and generally surprises, letters that none could have guessed that they came from her, so strangely old fashioned and dictatory were they. Her piety was an inner hidden type that expressed itself more by long continued, steady civility than in any other way. Society owned her very slightly as something they had no right to, no especial claim upon. She never followed its dictates, never followed its fashions; she dictated to such a remnant of it as came near her.

There was one old volume of history that she perused, at first with determination, and then with a steady thirst that showed that the frivolity of her heart was conquered, and that steady basis of strength left or established, that delights in real solid attainment; the volume was one of ancient English history. There was also one of the early christian martyrs, that she never would read, considering that these poor sufferers had afflicted humanity long enough. These, with a small book on the language of flowers, dry and stale enough, gilded, and used to show the cover, constituted her library.

It was during the time of the demure expression of that neighborhood in which the form of gathering was quilting and sewing, with the usual amount of husking, haying and providing, that is so superior in reality to the more violent dance. At these she very often appeared, and was ever a medium of restraint, that made her decidedly unwelcome at first; but which so adjusted and evened everything, that her absence was regretted, and her being remembered. How peculiar a light shone on her at home never was fully demonstrated. They shaded that light, averted it, never mentioned it, one of the chief stays at home that came and went, an unseen benediction—the key of 'G,' of great service, but all unseen. Her mother regretted the lack of one element yet unformed; that was the aforesaid meeting-house tendency, a character very suitable to after life.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

Though error reigns with an iron sway,
And the gospel found hard to obey,
Yet come what will and come what may,
O! find the will, then comes the way.

Would you have visions and blessings in store,
And your lamp as bright as the day,
Take hold of the plow with one accord;
For where there's a will there's a way.

Be not ashamed of God's holy cause,
Though marked whate'er you say,
Seek for the gem of endless life;
For where there's a will there's a way.

Have the Spirit of God as a shield always,
Be watchful ever, and pray,
Let not temptation overcome;
For where there's a will there's a way.

Go, blow ye the trumpet, ye heralds go,
That the honest may learn and obey,
While the angels from God's eternal throne
Lighten the victor's way.

Atchison, Kan. ESTHER ROHRER.

ASHAMED OF HER FATHER.

"CLINKERTY, clankerty, clink!" sounded out the hammer of worthy Giles Hardy; as the sparks flew, and the red gleam brightened the smutty timbers within the shop, and shone across the greensward over the way, where the village boys played with kite and ball. You might think his lot a hard one, toiling as was his wont, from morning till night, did you not hear his glad song rising high above the sound of the iron he was welding. "I'm going home," and "Happy day," were ever on his lips, and music and gratitude dwelt in his heart; therefore he was one of the happiest men in W. Giles lived in a little house so near the shop that it was covered with the soot and cinders from the forge. From its door might often be seen his little Sallie running over to admire the sparks which she called "soldiers," or to lead her father home when the day's toil was over and the evening meal was waiting. She was not ashamed of his smutty face, his bare, brawny arms, or his soot-begrimed clothes; not she! In her loving eyes, Giles was the most beautiful man alive. She was not old enough to know that men are too often honored in this world for their garments rather than for their worth; so she imagined that everybody esteemed him just as she did.

A new house had been erected on a high hill near by a fine gentleman from the city; and Sallie was quite delighted to see in his carriage, drawn by two bay horses, a sweet little girl about her own age. Once when she was in the shop, they stopped to say something to Giles about shoeing the horses and Sallie smiled at Lucy, who in return threw her a great red apple. She caught it so nicely that they both laughed heartily and became friends; for little children have none of that mean pride which we sometimes see among older people, till they are taught it.

One day, when Sallie was dressed very neatly, she asked leave to take a walk, and bent her steps towards the mansion on the hill. She did not know how to go round by the road, so she

climbed over fence and wall till she reached the grounds. There, to her delight she saw Lucy on a little gray pony which the coachman was leading carefully by the bridle. She drove up to the wall and asked in a kind voice, "Have you berries to sell, little girl?"

Sallie laughed, and said, "No, I'm Sallie; don't you remember me? I came to play with you a little while. May that man open the iron gate for me? It is very heavy."

"I should like to play with you, and to let you ride on my pony," replied pleasant little Lucy, "but I know mama would not allow me to play with you."

"Why not?" asked Sallie, in wonder. "I never say naughty words, and I'm all dressed clean this afternoon."

"Oh," said Lucy, "it is because your father works with his shirt sleeves rolled up, and has a smutty face and hands."

"Oh, the smut washes off!" replied the innocent child. "He is always clean in the evening; and when he has his Sunday clothes on, he's the handsomest man in the world! Mother is pretty all the time!"

"Oh, but—mama would not let you in, I know because your father shoes the horses," added Lucy.

"That is no harm is it? Don't your father want his horses shod?" asked the wondering Sallie.

"Yes; but he won't let me play with poor people's children," answered Lucy.

"We're not poor; we're very rich," replied Sallie. "Father owns the house and shop; and we've got a cow and a calf, and twenty chickens, and the darlinest little baby boy in the world!"

But after all this argument little Lucy shook her head sadly, and said, "I wouldn't dare to ask you in; but I'll give you some flowers."

So Sallie went back over fence and wall, wondering much at what had passed! Then for the first time in her life, she wished her father would wear his Sunday clothes all the week, just as the minister and the doctor and Lucy's father did. She almost felt ashamed of him—so noble and kind and good—as she entered the shop to wait for him. She stood by the forge trying to enjoy the sight of the sparks, as they danced and fought each other after each stroke of the hammer. But her thoughts were so troubled that she could not see them, nor the beautiful pictures which she always found before in the blazing fire;—mountains, castles, churches, angels, all were gone, and there was nothing left in the black shop but a coal fire, hot sparks and a smutty man! Tears came into Sallie's eyes, but she crowded them back because she could not tell why she shed them.

The fire was out; the blacksmith pulled off his apron, laid aside his hammer, and took the soft hand of Sallie in his own hard and smutty one. For the first time in her life she withdrew it to see if the black came off. Just then the cars came in, creaking and whizzing, and to her joy she saw little Lucy on the platform waiting for her father. The conductor helped him from the steps, and he called out to Lucy, "Take my hand, child;" but she put both hands up to her face to hide it, and sprung back into the carriage, alone: while the coachman, with a blushing face, almost lifted the finely dressed gentleman into it. Oh, what a sad, sad sight! He had been drinking wine till his reason was gone, and he could not walk; so his own dear child was ashamed of him.

Then Sallie grasped the hard hand of Giles, not caring now whether the smut rubbed off or not, and told him all that was in her heart. "Oh father," she cried, "I was so wicked that I was just beginning to be ashamed of you because your face was black, and you did not dress up like a gentleman all the time! I'm so glad you are a blacksmith instead of a drunken man! Poor, poor little Lucy! She is ashamed of her father, although he has on a fine coat, and has gold buttons in his shirt!"

"Ah, my child," said the good blacksmith, "God deals justly with us all; every one has sorrow, a black spot somewhere. Some have it as grief in the heart, some as sin in the life, and others as poverty which forces them to toil hard and live poorly. Thank your Heavenly Father, dear, if all the blackness you see about your father is on his face and hands; for the fine gentleman, whose child I fear you have envied, has a black heart, which shows itself in a wicked life. He has money, but that cannot make one happy or honored who does not fear God or respect himself."

"Oh, father dear," replied the child, "I shall never, never be ashamed of you again as long as I live, for there was never such a father as you are to me; I don't care how black your hands and face are."—*Child at Home.*

TO THE RESCUE!

NOW many will come forward with their subscriptions, to prevent what seems to be a great decline in the circulation of the HOPE. The time of over seven hundred subscribers expired with the year 1874. We hate to strike so many at once from our subscription list. And lest many have overlooked the matter, we publish this notice.

The readers of the HOPE may all know exactly how long their paper is paid for, by consulting the little colored label on the margin of the paper, on which their name is printed. For instance, 1 Jan 75, means that your subscription runs out on the 1st day of January, 1875. We trust that many who are behind will renew, and that those who have already renewed, will seek to obtain new subscribers, and labor with us to prevent a falling away in the circulation of our little paper. Kind readers, let us hear from you before the next issue of our paper. Let us make the new year one of profit and advancement in the good work of building up the kingdom of God.

"THE WORK-SHOP."

MY DEAR LITTLE HOPES:—I am in joyous glee in seeing a corner of the *Hope* set apart for a "workshop." I had told the little Hopes, in and out of Fall River, that I would never write again for the *Hope* or *Herald*. But this suggestion has put new life in me; and I am determined to open my treasury (scrap-book) of useful recipes to the Hopes, which contains scores of recipes for all kinds of jellies, jams, pies, puddings, summer beverages, cakes and candies, &c. I only want to do my share; and if all the little Hopes will try and do the same we shall have a paper the world cannot erase. One may dig; another sow; but except God gives the increase our work is vain. Then let us all put our trust in God, "pray for one another;" be faithful, and God will crown our efforts. WM. STREET.

PRIZES OFFERED.

MY DEAR LITTLE HOPES:—Conscience reminds me of a promise I made to you, a few months ago; therefore I sit down to obey the mandate. I have composed another "Scriptural Enigma," and offer for the most successful competitors the following engravings, as prizes:—

First prize—a life size engraving of three young ladies in white robes, entitled "The Christian graces," or Faith, Hope and Charity; 34 x 24 inches.

Second prize—a life size engraving of a young lady in a white robe, entitled "Meditation;" 30 x 17 inches.

Third prize—an engraving entitled "My Sweet Little Darling;" 24 x 19 inches.

Fourth prize—an engraving entitled "Going to Work;" 24 x 19 inches.

Fifth prize—an engraving entitled "A Lesson in love; 30 x 20 inches.

Sixth prize—an engraving entitled "The Deserted nest;" 18 x 18 inches.

The prizes are open to all the little Hopes; and I hope and trust you will all be good; pray for one another; send Bro. Joseph your little recipes for the "Workshop," and your dear little paper. Try to get new subscribers, and help roll Zion's ball along.

I have just received a letter from a little Hope in Missouri, and she says she has had the opportunity of seeing, and hearing Uncle Mark preach, which is a privilege I have not had. I would like to see both Bro. Joseph and Uncle Mark.

Good by, for the present. From your affectionate well-wisher and friend, WM. STREET.

THE BOY THAT NEVER TOLD A LIE.

Once there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye,
A boy who always told the truth,
And never told a lie.
And when he trotted off to school,
The children all about would cry,
"There goes the curly-headed boy,
The boy that never tells a lie."
And every body loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
And every day, as he grew up,
'Twas said, "There goes an honest youth."
And when the people that stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this:
"Because he never tells a lie."
Selected by DAVID MCBIRNIE.

Correspondence.

SODA SPRINGS, Idaho, Dec. 9th, 1874.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I feel an impression upon my mind to write a few lines to the *Hope*. We are all alone out here, but the Lord is merciful to us, and blesses us, and thanks be unto Him for his goodness and kindness to us, time after time. We should strive to do as much good as we can, and as little wrong as possible. It is hard to overcome evil, but we must pray to the Lord to lead and guide us always, and keep our feet in the right and narrow path.

We have nothing to cheer us up except the good papers, the *Hope* and the *Herald*. O, little readers of the *Hope*, if we could live so that we could all meet in Zion how happy we will be. Let us all try to be faithful unto the end. We have no meetings here, and we have had no Elders to visit us, but I hope we will soon have a change. Dear little readers, let us be watchful and prayerful always. This is my prayer: May the Lord bless us all. Good by for this time.

From your sister in Christ,

CAROLINE ELIASSON.

ELKHORN CITY, Neb., Dec. 21, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines. We live on a farm of eighty acres. We do not belong to the Church, but we are going to join. Pa and ma belong to the Brighamite Church. We have heard Br. Hatt preach. I must close this time.

FREDERICK J. CURTIS.

STARFIELD, Clinton Co., Mo., Dec. 20, 1874.

Editors of the *Hope*:—I have often thought of writing, but never before made an attempt, so now I will try. I am but twelve years old, but I have seen letters from younger persons than myself, so I will try. I love the *Hope*, and I love to read the letters of my little brothers and sisters. I have been in the Church about two years. We have no Sunday School here. I wish we had one. We have a Church here, and meeting almost every Sunday. I will bring my letter to a close, with best wishes to all.

KATE E. BINSTAD.

Sodom, by Church Hill, Trumbull Co., O.,
Dec. 26, 1874.

Br. Joseph:—I take this opportunity to write you a few lines, to let you know that I am a Sabbath School Scholar. I am not baptized yet, but hope I will be soon. I am a member of the Good Samaritan Sabbath School. My father and mother are in the Church, and that I may be soon is my prayer in the name of Jesus. I am fourteen years old.

DAVID MCBIRNIE.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa, January 2, 1875.

Br. Joseph:—I cannot write with a pen, so I thought I would try to print a little letter for the

Hope. I am only seven years old, but I take the *Hope*, and I like to read it very much. I go one mile to school with my brother Frank. He is almost five years old. It is pretty cold for us sometimes, but we want to learn to read and write, so that we can read the *Hope* better. I will try to do better next time. So good bye.
CORA M. BADHAM.

The Workshop.

TO FASTEN HANDLES TO KNIVES, ETC.—The following mixture is recommended for this purpose in the *Scientific American*: Mix together one pound of rosin and eight ounces of sulphur, and keep it either in bars or reduced to powder; mix one part of this powder with half a part of iron filings, fine sand, or brick-dust, and the cavity of the handle is to be filled with this mixture. Heat the stem of the knife or fork and insert it hot, and when cold it will be found tight.

SICK HEADACHE.—Dr. R. H. McKay, of Tennessee, writes to the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*: For the benefit of those who suffer with headache, I ask you to publish the following formula, the efficacy of which I have tested time and again: Granulated muriate of ammonia, one teaspoonful; morphia acet., gr. j.; water, lb. ss Sig. Dose for an adult, two teaspoonfuls every ten minutes (precisely) till relief is obtained.

PRIZE SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

- Who had thirty sons that rode on thirty ass colts, and governed thirty cities?
 - Who was the father of Jehu?
 - Who had a vineyard at Baalhamon?
 - Where were twelve wells of water?
 - Who was Joseph's father-in-law?
 - What shall be written on the horses' bells?
 - Who was Elisha's father?
 - Who was the mother of Jesus Christ?
 - Who was Daniel's father?
 - Who was Abram's father?
 - What shall an idle soul suffer?
 - What hill did David hide from Saul upon?
 - Who was the son of Nagge?
 - Where did the Israelites murmur for water?
 - Who was David's oldest son?
 - Who was Paul's first convert at Phillipi?
 - What noted personage sat at a king's gate?
 - Who was the son of Jehiel?
 - What Roman governor's wife was a Jewess?
 - What did Jesus Christ call Herod?
 - Who was Isaac's half brother?
 - Who was the queen of the Ethiopians?
 - Who was the mother of Timothy?
 - Who did Paul send his salutation to at Rome?
 - Who was the grandmother of Timothy?
 - Where were the disciples first called Christians?
 - What man dipped in Jordan seven times?
 - What king's bedstead was of Iron and nine cubits in length?
 - Who had thirty sons and thirty daughters?
 - What man in Bethany was raised from the dead?
 - Who was Jacob deceived by?
- The initials of the answers, put in their proper way, Will give the name and address of a prophet in the latter day.
WILLIAM STREET.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$237 62	Laura B. Munns	..	\$	60
George Evans	..	25 Richard Darlow	..	25	
Lucy A. Griffith	..	25 D. Faban	..	25	
J. Gillespie	..	50 D. M. Griffin, Utah	..	25	
Margaret Parks	..	25 Sandy Parks	..	25	
Wm. Parks	..	25 Rosna Parks	..	25	
John Parks	..	25 James Parks	..	25	
Agnes Parks	..	50 Mel Halliday	..	25	
G. Watson	..	25 W. H. Bradley	..	25	
J. C. Springer	..	10			

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

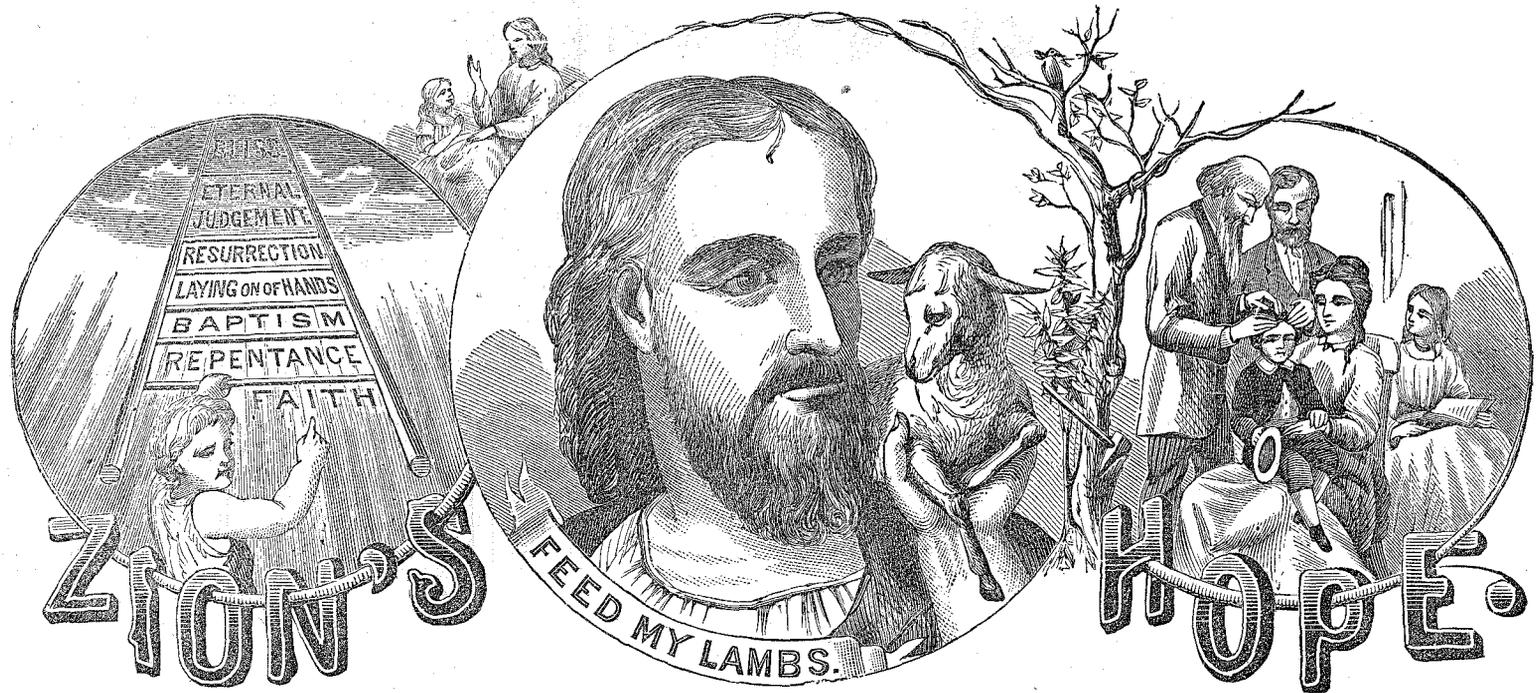
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Read This.—The small colored label with your name printed on, on the margin of your paper, if it is one of a package; or on the wrapper, if it is sent separately; also tells the date to which your subscription is paid.

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

Vol. 6.

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No. 15.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER V.—SUNLIGHT.

NEXT morning at breakfast, Mr. Baker said to Lyss, "You may take the team and drive over for your grandma, when you get done eating."

Father and son went out together, and as they parted at the gate, one to go to the barn for the horses, the other to the stock well below to water the cows, Mr. Baker said, "I was rather rough yesterday, bub, but you're so naughty and disagreeable."

Somehow the boy did not feel any better reconciled after this concession on the part of his father. It was eight when Lyss arrived at Widow Hale's, and grandma was ready wrapped up, and little Poppy prepared to ride as far as Farmer Baker's on her way to school. Lyss drove round to the kitchen door when he reached home again, and helped grandma alight. Then out came pappa, and Nelly with the dinner pail, and got into the sled, and away they sped, the bells jingling and the horses prancing, and soon Mr. Baker drew rein at the little red school-house, and then away to the timber lot for a load of fire-wood.

Then such chattering and questioning and wondering when Lyss, with a tinge of natural pride at the importance of his mission, communicated his joyous news and gave a sweeping invitation to all to Mr. Kendall's party.

"Everyone of you. And, Jim, tell your mother, and Tom Bangs tell your grandma, and all the rest that's got old ladies to home, ask them to go to Mr. Kendall's Christmas day, to drink tea and eat dinner with his mother. Now remember, all the young people and Grandma's."

"I shan't go if you do!" snarled Jim Welsh.

"For shame, James," exclaimed the teacher. "Haven't you overcome that bitterness in your heart yet?"

"No, I hain't, nor never will!" he growled, and walked into the ante-room.

Nell Baker was just entering from without, nibbling a big snow-ball. She was one of those sweet-tempered, loving-hearted little women we sometimes meet with,—and they are always just so sweet tempered, and loving and womanly when little children, often numbering among their firm friends the naturally vicious and evil disposed, and searching out and bringing to light the good in many a careless, wayward heart.

Now Jim Welsh was in reality the worst boy in the school. Though Lyss Baker had the reputation of being a hard case. And perhaps he

was. But those who understood them both, knew that Jim was the surliest, most revengeful, while Lyss was pleasant and merry, but full of mischief, and hard to manage.

"What's the matter Jimmy?" asked Nelly. "You look as if somebody had been 'sulting you."

"Lyss has. He wants me to go to the Christmas party. And I won't, and he knows I won't, if he does."

"O, Jimmy!" cried Nelly, in her sweet persuasive way. "Now, don't say that, please don't. For you don't want to tell a wrong story, and we want you to go."

She put her little dimpled hand on his sleeve, and looked up pleadingly into his face, but he jerked his arm away, replying, "I don't care anything about what I tell. There's no use of my trying to be good, for nobody cares for me, and I don't care for them neither."

But Nelly came up to him again and persisted, "I don't want you to tell naughty stories, for it's wrong. And I want you to go to the party, Jim, for you're one of the best players, and we won't have half so much fun if you don't."

This was true of Jim when he was not in the sulks, but no one save Nelly would have thought of it at such a time.

"Go away, Nell! You don't care nothing for me. Don't nobody like me but mother, and she lectures me so much I don't know whether she does really or not. I am just as miserable as a dog!" And Jim turned away his face to hide his tear-filled eyes.

"Be you, Jimmy? I'm real sorry. I wish you wouldn't talk so. Folks will like you if you are good. You're a real nice boy when you try. And won't you go? Say yes, now, and I won't tease you any more."

"Shan't do no such thing, I say," cried Jim. "You are jest trying to palaver. You don't care no more what I do than the rest."

"Yes I do Jim, and I shan't feel happy at all if one of us stays away and all the rest go and have a good time," pleaded Nell.

"I tell you I don't want to go. No use of my tryin' to be good nor happy. I can't. Cause everybody is down on me."

"Now, Jimmy, you're mistaken. We all like you ever so well when you're good. And you can be real good. Now be good, and say you'll go."

"Go away, and hush, and I'll promise anything to please you," he growled, but in his heart he treasured the kind words of little Nell, and repeated them to himself long after, to console his spirit in time of trial.

Christmas came bright and frosty. By eleven o'clock a respectable throng was collected in the

old gloomy house of Mr. Kendall. Not gloomy now, but hung with evergreens and bright hues, with every blind thrown back to woo all the sunlight possible. The last sleigh was driven by Charley Long the teacher, who was accompanied by Grandma Baker, Mary, Lyss, and Nelly, and Aunty Hale and Poppy. A serving man assisted Charley to put away the team, and the others entered the house by the great hall door, where they were met and welcomed by Mr. Kendall and his mother. He ushered the young people into a reception room on the right, where they found a score of their playmates and acquaintances assembled, while his mother, a sweet faced, loveable matron of sixty-five, conducted Aunty Hale to another room on the left. Mr. Kendall knew all the old ladies slightly, and had introduced them to his mother. Till the last, Grandma Baker whom he had not met with. He and his mother turned to her, and as she raised her face, they both uttered a cry of surprise.

"Mary Holmes," exclaimed Mrs. Kendall. "What planet did you drop from." And Grandma Baker cried, "Dolly Carson! my dear old friend!" and they shook hands and they smiled and wept in the same breath. Then grandma turned to greet Mr. Kendall, but he had disappeared, and the two friends went smiling and happy as children, to join the other ladies. Mr. Kendall looked grave and troubled after seeing Grandma Baker, as if some old sad memory was aroused in his heart. But he went and told the young people to repair to the room beyond the one they were in, as soon as they had removed their wrappings, and so desired, leading the way himself, and leaving the door half ajar behind him. And the children and young people soon followed him, and found him standing by a great window looking dreamily out into the winter splendor. He turned to meet their eager faces and said, "Here, now you may enjoy yourselves, an hour or two till dinner time. I have no children, (there was a sad cadence in his voice as he said this), but you know how to amuse yourselves. Here are books, birds, flowers, pictures and music. All are for your use and entertainment." And then he excused himself for a short time and left them.

Continued.

When young men and young women are once taught that they are not their own, that their bodies are given to them for a purpose, as well as their intellects, their souls, they will no longer feel at liberty to abuse them. They will neither poison them with ardent spirits and tobacco, nor cramp, restrain, or despoil them by the adoption of injurious fashions. They will respect the body as the vehicle of thought, feeling, desire and aspiration, and try to make it and keep it beautiful, in the best and truest sense of the term.

THE WISE CHOICE.

I am thankful, little Hopes, and it makes my heart
rejoice,
When I think how wise you were, when you made
your righteous choice,
And if you try to live upright, and shun all roads that
lead to vice,
God will by his Spirit lead you, if you will but heed
its voice.

To those who will receive the call, even though they
should be small,
God receives the little ones, and extends his arm to all.
So you see, my little friends, the call extends to every
one,
So there are none who have excuse, all can be saved
through his dear Son.

Then let us our prayer unite, that we be not through
sin compelled
To live in darkness on the earth, and after death be
cast in hell.

But trust in God for all we need, his word we surely
can rely on,
And if we live a righteous life, he will gather us to
Zion.

VICTORY, Mason Co., Mich.

MYRON F. BEBEE.

AN ANGEL IN A SALOON.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

ONE afternoon in the month of June, 1860,
a lady in deep mourning, followed by a
child, entered one of the fashionable sa-
loons in the city of N—. The writer happened
to be passing at the time, and impelled by curi-
osity, followed her in to see what would ensue.
Stepping up to the bar and addressing the prop-
rietor, who happened to be present, she said:

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no
friends, and am unable to work."

He glanced at her, and then at the child, with
a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently
he was much surprised to see a woman in such a
place begging, but, without asking any questions,
gave her some change, and turning to those present
he said:

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress. Can't
some of you assist her a little?"

They all cheerfully acceded to the request, and
soon a purse of two dollars was raised and put in
her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman who gave her
the money, "why do you come to a saloon? It
isn't a very proper place for a lady, and why are
you driven to such a step?"

"Sir, I know it isn't a proper place for me to be
in, and you ask why I am driven to such a step.
I will tell you in one short word," pointing to a
bottle behind the counter labeled "whisky," "that
is what brought me here—WHISKY!"

"I was once happy and surrounded by all the
luxuries that wealth could procure, with a fond
and indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he
was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist
that temptation, fell, and in one short year my
dream of happiness was over, my home forever
broken and desolated, and the kind husband and
the wealth, once called mine, lost, lost, never to
return, and all by the accursed wine cup.

"You see before you only a wreck of my former
self, homeless and friendless, and with nothing
left me in this world but this little child," and
weeping bitterly, she affectionately caressed the
golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite love-
liness. Regaining her composure, and turning to
the proprietor of the saloon, she continued:

"Sir, the reason I occasionally enter a saloon
like this is to implore those who deal in the dead-
ly poison to desist, to stop a business that spreads
desolation, ruin, poverty and starvation. Think
one moment of your own loved ones, and then
imagine them in the situation I am in, I appeal to
your better nature, I appeal to your heart, for I
know you possess a kind one, to retire from a
business so ruinous to your patrons.

"Did you know that the money you receive
across this bar is the same as taking the bread from
out the mouths of the famished wives and children
of your customers? That it strips the clothes

from their backs, deprives them of all the com-
forts of life, and throws unhappiness, misery, crime
and desolation into their once happy homes. Oh,
sir, I implore, beseech and pray you to retire from
a business you blush to own you are engaged in
before your fellow men, and enter one that will
not only be profitable to yourself, but to your fel-
low creatures also. You will excuse me if I have
spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when
I thought of the misery and unhappiness it has
caused me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered in a
voice husky with emotion, "but thank you from
my heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the child—who meantime had
been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present
—taking hold of the mother's hand, these gentle-
men wish me to sing 'Little Bessie' for them.
Shall I do so?"

"Yes, darling, if they wish you too."

They all joined in the request, and placing her
in a chair, she sang, in a sweet, childish voice the
following beautiful song:

Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam,
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;
No one cares for me, no one would cry,
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Weary and tired I've been wandering all day,
Asking for work, but I'm too small they say;
On the damp ground I must now lay my head,
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.

We were so happy till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew pale and wept every day—
Baby and I were too hungry to play;
Slowly they faded, till one summer night
Found their dead faces all silent and white;
Then with big tears slowly dropping I said,
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead!"

Oh! if the temperance men would only find
Poor wretched father and talk very kind;
If they would stop him from drinking, then
I should be so very happy again!
Is it too late, temperance men? Please try,
Or poor little Bessie will soon starve and die;
All the day long I've been begging for bread—
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead!

The games of billiards were left unfinished, the
cards were thrown aside, and the unemptied
glasses remained on the counter; all pressed near,
some with curiosity, some with sadness, and some
with pity beaming from their eyes, entranced with
the musical voice and beauty of the child, who
seemed better fitted to be with angels above than
in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day,
and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still
rings in my ears, and every word of the song, as
it dropped from her lips, sank deep in the hearts
of those gathered around her.

With her golden hair falling carelessly around
her little shoulders, her face of almost ethereal
beauty, and looking so trustingly and comfortingly
upon the men around, her beautiful blue eyes
illuminated with a light that seemed not of earth,
formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy
the genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping;
men who had not shed a tear for years now wept
like children. One young man who had resisted
with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother, and
the entreaties of friends to strive and live a better
life, to desist from a course that was wasting his
fortune, and ruining his health, now approached
the child and taking both her little hands in his,
while tears streamed down his pale cheeks, ex-
claimed with deep emotion:

"God bless you, my little angel! you have
saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty
and a drunkard's grave. If there were ever angels
on earth, you are one; God bless you, God bless
you!" and putting a bill into the hand of the
mother, said, "Please accept this trifle as a token
of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has
done me a kindness I can never repay. And re-
member, whenever you are in want, you will ever
find me a true friend," at the same time giving
her his name and address.

Taking her child by the hand, she turned to go,
but pausing at the door, said:

"God bless you, gentlemen! Accept the heart-
felt thanks of a poor, friendless woman, for the
kindness and courtesy shown me." Before any
one could reply, she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued, which was
at last broken by the proprietor, who exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, that lady is right, and I have sold
my last glass of whisky; if any of you want more,
you will have to go elsewhere."

"And I have drunk my last glass of whisky,"
said a young man who had been given up as ut-
terly beyond the reach of those who had a deep
interest in his welfare as sunk too low ever to re-
form. "There is a temperance organization in
this city called 'the Temple of Honor,' and at their
next meeting I shall send up my name to be ad-
mitted. Who will go with me?"

"I—I—I, and I" several exclaimed in chorus,
and fifteen names were added to his.

True to his word, the owner of the saloon where
this strange scene was enacted, disposed of his en-
tire stock the next day, and is now engaged in an
honorable business. Would to Heaven that lady
with her little one could have gone into every
hamlet, town and city throughout our country, and
met with like results.—Selected.

MY PICTURE.

IT WAS anything other than what I ex-
pected. I had been imagining myself for-
gotten as waste timber, and so forth; that
there remained little for me; that times were out
of joint with me, and a host of other dismal
reflections were after me, when there came to me a
notice of the arrival of a box at the office con-
taining something for me. Putting on my best
white straw, of the latest fashion, but of course of
cheap material; it was a plain affair, but of simple
taste, being fine, fair, and of close texture; its
ribbon broad and brown; its lace crisp, black and
scant, and its one rose bud a little blown open on
one side; a very bewitching, enticing affair; tying
it on closely over my banded hair, I made my way
thither.

The way was cleanly and dry; brown silk skirts
and gray overcoat becoming me, I passed along
gaily, and entered the office. There was quite a
number present, and being somewhat embarrassed,
I hastily ordered a porter to shoulder the box and
take it home.

The box was a large one, three feet by four, or
such a matter, and the porter was a large one too,
so my box fared along quite rapidly as I led the
way. When the box was deposited in the porch-
way near my gate, in a secluded spot, I secured a
hatchet out of Uncle Racket's kit of tools, and
proceeded to open it. Being quite expert with
the hatchet, I took out the nails readily and re-
moved three slats from the top, and out the picture
came. Now I stood by that box, looking at that
picture in this wise: Whence came it? I never
knew, and yet the thing disappointed me. No
one knew it. It was my own secret. I had every
reason to be thankful; the frame was deep and the
gilding golden. How I trotted round that picture
and gazed at it, you may guess.

Then there were several points to be adjusted
in my mind. First, Did I admire it? Well, to
be sure, I quite fancied it. This settled, I took
it up stairs, with a half dozen people in waiting,
and two or three men watching round the corner
to see what Miss Prim had really found.

When alone in my room, I dared not pay any
attention to it for a long time, for several reasons.
One was that I desired it to be a real pleasure,
a real gift, I desired it to be a perfection. My rea-
son for this was that many would see and look at
it, and criticise it, and marvel that I possessed
the same; where it came from; who sent it, and
so forth. To any one fully accustomed to the re-
ception of presents rare and costly, such an inci-
dent would amount to but little; but to one alone,

accustomed to hours of solitude and days and days of loneliness, with hard fact to stare them forever in the face and no great amount of attention, a shy, hidden creature—"Is that porter gone?" "Yes, miss;" "Very good;"—such an accident or incident would really be a rarity. My case being just that and no more, of course my desire was that it be as above stated.

Selecting the best chair, I placed the picture on the wall draped and tassled, without examination as yet and sat down, took my work-box—this work-box was of my own manufacture, made on an impromptu model—impromptu is a large word for me—but before it was complete it took on several shapes of afterthought, and all the little glittering litter-a-ture of my room and grew tired and subsided into a Japanese four-legged griffin, one of those that I just hate, that never could stand still, in any position,—(lawyers I despise also), taking this aforesaid work-box, I began to examine the picture. My needle was threaded and busily employed;—it began to puzzle me. It dawned a little,—though indeed, "Now," said I, "you are not going to get familiar; I will judge you clearly." But the picture would not admit of it; I saw that plainly. It was precious; a farm house, an old country farm house; the dove cote, in the pure sense of the word. There was Hans, and Gretchen, and the three little girls, Margaretta, Magdalena, Causetta; and the poor, dearest, best of all, the orphan boy, whom they in their abundance of heart and determination, and lack of a male scion, had adopted, and of course named after Hans, and "Hansly" was always suited after the "ly," became attached. I have been writing too fast.

Concluded in our next.

MY UNCLE PETER.

I WILL tell you the story of my Uncle Peter, who was born on Christmas day. He was very anxious to die on Christmas day as well; but I must confess that was very ambitious in Uncle Peter. Shakespear is said to have been born on St. George's day, and also to have died on St. George's day. He thus fulfilled a cycle. But we can't expect that of any but great men, and Uncle Peter was not a great man, though I think I shall be able to show that he was a good man. The only piece of selfishness I ever discovered in him was his self gratulation at having been born on Christmas day, and the ambition before mentioned in regard to his death.

The first remembrance I have of him is his taking me one Christmas eve to the largest toy-shop in London, and telling me to choose what I pleased. He little knew the agony into which his polite, coaxing request threw his astonished nephew. I wandered about, staring in a distracted way. Uncle Peter followed me with patience, and I believe with pleasure too; for when I looked round to him for sympathy, I found him rubbing his hands and smiling to himself, but he would not help me in my perplexity. As soon as, in despair of choosing well, I had made a desperate plunge at decision, my Uncle Peter, as if to forestall any supervention of repentance, began buying like a maniac, giving me everything that took his fancy or mine, till we and our toys nearly filled the cab which we called to take us home.

Uncle Peter was a little round man, not very fat, resembling in feature and limb an overgrown baby, and I believe the likeness was not only an external one; for though his intellect was quite up to the par, he retained a degree of simplicity of character and of tastes, not only childlike, but sometimes bordering on the childish. To look at him, you could not have fancied a face or figure with less of the romantic in them. This imagination was the most distinguishing feature in his character, and to hear him defend any of his little extravagancies, it would appear that he considered himself especially privileged in that respect.

"Ah! my dear," he would say to my mother, when she expostulated with him, for giving some

present far above the means he at that time possessed. "Ah! my dear, you see I was born on Christmas day." Many a time he would come in from town, where he was clerk in a merchant's office, with the water running out of his boots, and his umbrella tucked carefully under his arm, and we would know he had given the last copper he had for omnibus fare to some beggar or "crossing sweeper," and had then been so delighted with the pleasure he had given that he forgot to make the best of it, by putting up his umbrella. He was quite poor then, as I said. I do not think he had more than a hundred pounds a year, and was about five and thirty years old. But Uncle Peter lived in hope of some unexampled good luck befalling him; "For," said he, "I was born on Christmas day."

He was never married. When people used to jest with him about being an old bachelor, he used to smile—for anything would make him smile—but I was not a big boy when I began to observe that the smile on these occasions was mingled with sadness, and that Uncle Peter's face looked as if he was going to cry. But he never said anything on the subject, and not even my mother knew whether he had a love story or not. I have often wondered whether his goodness might not come in part from having lost some one that was very dear to him, and having his life on earth purified by the thoughts of her in heaven. But I never found out. After his death—for he did die, though not on Christmas day—I found a lock of hair folded in paper, with the date on it—that was all, in a secret drawer of his old desk.

He lived in lodgings by himself, not far from our house, and when not with us, was pretty sure to be seated in his easy chair, for he was fond of simple comforts, beside a good fire, reading by the light of one candle. He always had tea as soon as he came home, and buttered toast or a hot muffin, of which he was sure to make me eat three-quarters, if I happened to drop in at the right time. He dared not order another, as I soon discovered, but yet I fear that did not abate my appetite for what there was. You see I was never as good as Uncle Peter.

But Uncle Peter's luck came at last. At least he thought it did, when he received a lawyer's letter announcing the death of a cousin from whom he had heard but little for years, although they had been warm friends at school together.

To be continued.

WHAT HAS CHRIST DONE FOR US.

WE learn from the Bible that "God is love," and that he so loved the world, that he gave his only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." We learn also that the Son of God, was as a "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." He (Christ) laid aside all the glory which he had with the Father "before the world was," and "for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich." In his great love and condescension, in leaving the courts of glory and coming to earth as the Savior of man, "he took not on him the likeness [nature] of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham," and appeared among men in the person of the little "Babe of Bethlehem," born under the law, subject to all its requirements, which included temptations in all points like unto ourselves, resistance to all evil, ever walking uprightly in all things, ever doing the will of the Father in teaching and practicing the commandments and doctrine he had received of him; and finally to offer himself a ransom for man's redemption, in calmly surrendering himself and his life into the hands of his enemies, that the will of the Father might be done, the Scriptures fulfilled in all things, and man's redemption completed, with all the conditions that open the way from thralldom and guilt, to liberty and eternal life as brought to light in the life of our blessed Lord. And as he kept the commandments of the Father and triumphed, so he re-

quires us to keep his commandments, that we may triumph with and through him; and since love ran through all his actions, so must we love. Love God, love the Savior, love one another, "for love is the fulfilling of the law." Said our dear Savior, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you. * * This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you."

We may enquire, How did he love us? Why, he saw us in our lost and ruined state, as we appeared under the fall, or transgression of Adam, and in his great love for us he bowed to the will and mandate of the Father in all things, that he might work out that perfect atonement, designed of God for the salvation of man, which required of him a life of trial, self denial, sorrow, and a painful and ignominious death; but in view of the joy that was set before him, he "endured the cross," ever pressing toward the joys and glory his triumph would bring.

We learn, in the 5th chapter and 6th paragraph of the Book of Helaman, as recorded in the Book of Mormon, that "He [Christ] must die, that salvation may come." We further learn that it "behooved" him and that it became "expedient" that he should die, "to bring to pass the resurrection of the dead, that thereby men may be brought into the presence of the Lord; yea, behold, this death [of Christ] bringeth to pass the resurrection, and redeemeth all mankind from the first death; that spiritual death for all mankind, by the fall of Adam, by being cut off from the presence of the Lord, or considered as dead, both as to things temporal and to things spiritual. But behold, the resurrection of Christ redeemeth mankind, yea, even all mankind, and bringeth them back into the presence of the Lord; yea, and it bringeth to pass the condition of repentance, that whosoever repenteth, the same is not hewn down and cast into the fire; but whosoever repenteth not, is hewn down and cast into the fire, and there cometh again a spiritual death, yea, a SECOND death, [or banishment from God], for they are cast off again as to things pertaining to righteousness;" "having counted the blood of the covenant * * * an unholy thing;" having "done despite unto the Spirit of grace." Hence the command is, "Repent ye, repent ye, * * lest ye are brought down to this second death." If ye truly seek God, believing on the name of Christ, "ye will repent of [turn from] all your sins, that thereby ye may have a remission of them through his [Christ's] merits." And Christ's merits secured to Adam's race the conditions of salvation; obedience to which will bring us to the enjoyment of eternal life. This is what Christ has done for us. Praise His holy name! UNCLE M.

The following came too late for earlier insertion.—Ed.

A' HAPPY NEW YEAR!

DEAR CHILDREN, a happy New Year to you! Last night, at twelve o'clock, the old year breathed his last, and the new year was born, and to-day old blustering Boreas is welcoming him in with bluster and storm. Such a stormy day for the young year! I only hope that it may not be a forerunner of a stormy year in your young lives. I pray that your lives may be made happy, through doing good, for in no other way can you find true happiness. When Santa Claus came on Christmas eve, and filled your stockings full of nice presents, you all felt glad; but those who sacrificed a little that they might give to others, who needed worse than themselves, are much the happiest. "It is better to give than to receive." God loves those who sacrifice their own happiness for others. There are numerous ways in which you can help others, so trifling perhaps that you may not think it worth your while to try, but you will find greater pleasure in performing the little duties assigned you in life than wealth can give.

I will tell you a few ways in which you can make others happy. If you have a grandpa or

grandma, you must treat them respectfully. Don't talk angrily to them. Remember they are old and need your care. Then speak kindly to them, and they will love you and remember you in their prayers to the Lord God. I think there is nothing more beautiful than to see the young kind to old age.

Then there is another way in which you can show your kindness. Be good to the poor. If you have not money to give them, say a kind word; it will not hurt you. A loving word was never yet lost. It will bear its fruit some day, both in the pleasure it brings to your heart, and the good it does to others; and it will make you no poorer.

Again, do a good deed whenever you can. If you can help a schoolmate in his studies do so. If you can help any one in distress, always do it; you may need help yourselves sometime. Remember we are placed here to help each other. This is our mission, to love one another and do good. If you can be of service, always be ready. Render aid willingly, and you will get your reward from Jesus. We must give our hearts willingly to the Lord, or our service will not be acceptable.

Little girls and boys, let us begin this new year to try and serve God, and not let our service be Sunday service, but an every-day, earnest, faithful worship of God, so that when we come to die, as the old year did last night, our lives may begin again in another world brighter and happier than this. Your well wisher.

SISTER ALICE.

HIS MOTHER WAS RIGHT.

"WISH I had an income of a dollar a day," were the words of a boy in his "teens" to his loving and pious mother, with whom he was conversing on one bright summer afternoon. Feeling the need of a few dollars at the time was what called forth the remark. His mother was busy plying her needle when the remark was made; in answer to which she merely raised her head, and gave her son a gentle look, such a look, that it seemed to penetrate his very being, and kindly said:

"My son, you had better wish for pure and undefiled religion;" and resumed her work. But the look she gave her son penetrated to the inner chambers of his being, and her words fell upon his heart like "lead in the rock;" for although she passed away nearly a quarter of a century ago, her words still live in the memory of that son; and to-day he is striving, as he has been for years, to have pure and undefiled religion, that he may be able to join the glad throng and greet his fond and sainted mother in the "bright over yonder."

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver," and such were the words of that mother; for they were worth more than apples of gold would have been to her son, for her instructions saved him, through grace, from accompanying many times with evil doers. Boys, love your mother—remember her instructions. Mothers, fail not to give instruction, under the prayer of faith, to your boys—leaving the result with God.

OUT OF THE FOLD.

TWO YEARS ago, when a couple of shepherds of Christ were passing through one of the small valleys of Amador County, California, in their love for blood-bought souls, halted and raised the warning voice in proclamation of the gospel of Christ; and while some heard and obeyed, the sweet refrain fell upon the ears of one, who not fully comprehending the sound, caught the sweet sounding echo, which entered and touched a tender cord of her inner heart, awakening a love for truth, a thirsting after righteousness, and a longing for security within the fold; and the re-echo of that refrain is breathed forth—after years of silence, with no sound of

shepherd's voice to greet her ears—in the following strain:

Far over the mountains, barren and cold,
Far from the pasture, far from the fold;
Christ, the great shepherd, loves to behold
Lambs of his flock secure in the fold.

Signed, A SISTER OUT OF THE CHURCH.

We trust such an one may early find a willing porter to lead her through the door, into the fold and family of Christ, where she may find the still waters and green pastures, which only those in Christ can know.

WATER AND LAND.

This world on which we live is round
As any apple ever found;
And as the flies o'er apples crawl,
So men pass round this earthly ball;
But 'tis a task, and takes a year,
To go quite round this mighty sphere.
The land is formed in many a shape,
As island, continent, and cape;
And the great ocean all in one,
Is still by different titles known.
That mighty sea which rolls between
Our native land and Europe seen,
Is called the Atlantic; and you know
The largest ocean that doth flow
Beneath the sun, and separates
America from Asia states,
Is called the Pacific, just because
It has few hurricanes and flows.
Of gulfs, bays, straits, I need not tell,
You know those parts of ocean well.
And I will but repeat in rhyme,
That if at any future time,
You'd wish to take a pleasure trip
Around the world, get in a ship
From Boston forth to China bound.
A place you'd know 'tis half way round,
O'er the Atlantic she will steer;
Around Good Hope she takes you clear;
Across the Indian Ocean tide;
She will bear you safe to Canton's side;
And there awhile your troubles o'er,
With silks and teas your ship you'll store.
Then you can take another track,
O'er the Pacific to come back.
Stormy Cape Horn with caution clearing,
O'er the Atlantic once more steering,
You will reach the home that gave you birth,
Having been round this great big earth. [Sel.]

TOBACCO.—Here are five reasons why you should not use it. 1. It will injure your health. 2. It will injure your mind. 3. It will waste your property. 4. It is a filthy and offensive habit. 5. It is a poison, creating an immoderate thirst, and may lead to drunkenness.

Correspondence.

LOWER LAKE, Cal., Dec. 28th, 1874.

Dear Hope: We have had a good deal of preaching in these parts lately, by Elders H. Green and Parks. They think of organizing two branches up here; one at Middletown, and one here at Lower Lake. I do hope that they will organize a good large branch here, so that we may enjoy ourselves as Saints ought to, and meet as often as we can, and have Sabbath School, which I dearly love to attend. I wish Uncle Joseph and all the brothers and sisters a Happy New Year, and may we strive to do better in the coming year, and let our daily walk and conversation be such that the worldly people may see the example that is set before them, and lay hold on God's own word, before it is too late. We are having very fine weather here now. We had very nice times at Christmas, and I hope it was the same with all the Hopes. Little brothers and sisters, remember me in your prayers, and I will do the same. So good bye.

Your sister in Christ, HESTER E. COBB.

WEST BELLEVILLE, Jan. 3rd, 1875.

Dear Broth'r Joseph:—I now take pleasure in writing for the first time to our dear little paper. When New Years came in I began a new rule. I joined the Church in May, 1874. I was nineteen years old on Christmas day. I thought I would not write to the little Hope, but I love to read the little letters. I shall come to a close by saying, good bye.

EMELINE SHINTON.

MONDAMIN, Iowa, Dec. 31st, 1874.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—As it is sometime since I wrote to the Hope, I thought to do so now. I love the Hope very much. I like to read the pieces from the little ones. Although I cannot class myself among the little ones any longer, I feel that I am as one of the least. I

wish to be as a little child, pure and innocent. Since I have left Magnolia, where I have been attending school, I cannot get to church regularly, as I live some seven or eight miles from any church, but I pray God to help me to be like Jesus. This work is truly of God, and if we are faithful He will not deny us the blessing of his Holy Spirit to help us to serve him aright. Pray for me, little Hopes and all, that I with you may receive the crown of righteousness which is laid up for all who endure to the end. I remain as ever your sister in Christ,
CHRISTIE GAMET.

SOLDIER, Monona Co., Iowa.

December 31st, 1874.

Dear Hope.—I again attempt to write a few lines to you. I am sorry to say that I have been so negligent in writing to you, but I shall try to write oftener in the future. It is snowing to-day and cold, and as Uncle M. wanted us to give a description of our homes, I now attempt to give you a very brief description of mine. I live away up here in the western part of Iowa; it is a cold climate, and thinly settled, but it is a healthy climate, and I like to live here. It is true that timber is scarce; but go where we will, we cannot expect to find a country perfect in all things. Therefore I think that I have no cause to grumble. There is a small stream within about three-fourths of mile of us, call the Soldier. So good bye for this time. Yours truly,
J. W. WIGHT.

WEST OAKLAND, Cal., January 5, 1875.

Dear Br. Joseph: This is my first attempt to write to the Hope. I was baptized four years ago, by Bro. Herve Green. My little brother died about two months ago. I feel very lonesome without him. We have had as cold weather in California as I ever saw it. We have pinks in bloom, and other kinds of flowers. The brethren and sisters made a new year's party for the Sabbath School children; we all met at Br. Anderson's—they set the table; we had candies and nuts, we had a nice time. I am trying to be a good boy, and I ask the little brothers and sisters to think of me in their prayers.
WILLIE BRYAN.

The Workshop.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—A simple, healthy, and tasty dish.—Put equal parts of sweet milk and water in a pot to boil; wash thoroughly a small quantity of dried currants, and drop them into the boiling milk and water, then stir in graham flour slowly, as you would corn meal, and make it about the same thickness as mush. To be eaten with sugar and cream, or milk. This is also very nice made without currants.

SPONGE CAKE.—six eggs, three cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one cup of water, one teaspoon full of soda, two of cream of tartar, a little salt,—flavor with lemon.
HESTER E. COBB.

CHRISTMAS COOKIES.—One cup of sour milk, one and a half cups of lard, one cup of sugar, one teaspoon full of salt, one scant teaspoon full of soda, two even teaspoons full of ginger, the yolks of two eggs. The whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and a little white sugar added, make nice icing for the cookies when cold.

This receipt is good, for I tried it. AURILLA.

[I wonder if Aurilla put any flour in her cookies].—ED.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited \$241 97 Mell Halliday ..	\$ 25	
J. C. Springer ..	10 W. H. Bradley ..	25
G. Watson ..	25 Mrs. Anna Johnson ..	50
Hannah Johnson ..	50 N. Johnson ..	1 00
James Johnson ..	50 Johnny Johnson ..	25
Mary Kyte, St. Louis	3 00 Mary Sims ..	25

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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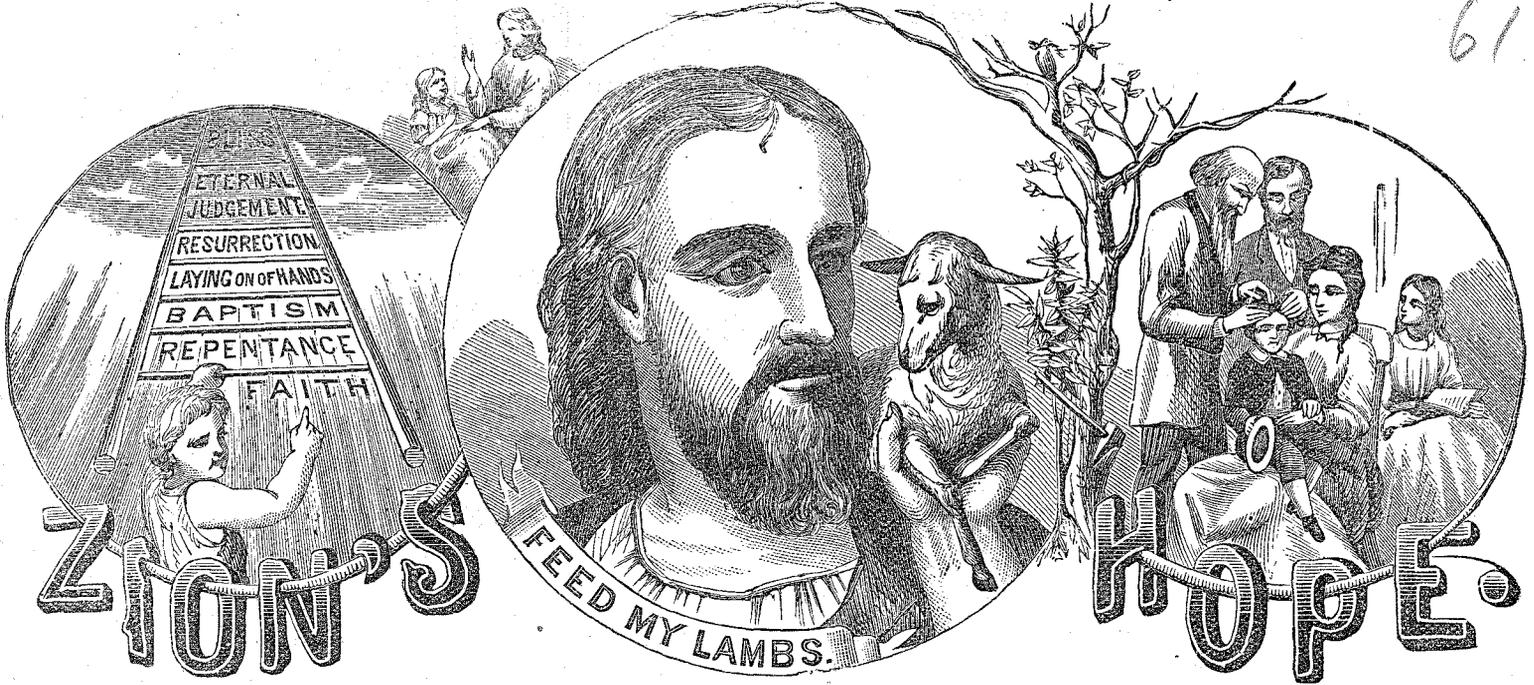
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

Continued from p. 45.

MR. BARNES did not get an opportunity to talk with Horace until the following week; he then met him late in the afternoon on Wednesday, on his way to attend an evening preaching meeting in the school-house, some two and a half miles from Mr. Judson's house, where it was said a Mr. Jones, an elder of a new religion was going to preach. When Mr. Barnes met him, Horace was feeling a little sad and troubled. The horses had been restive and playful during the day; Horace had been angry at them, and had tried to compel them to be quiet; but had only made them worse. Mr. Judson had seen his trouble and had come and driven the team until they grew steady, and then turned them over to Horace, with the remark, "Keep your own temper even, my lad, and your team will always be steady and faithful." This was all he had said to him, and Horace felt the rebuke very keenly. He was, as Mr. Barnes thought, just in the mood to make him agree to what he was wanted to do. So he at once accosted him.

"Well, Horace, have you made up your mind to do that little job for me?"

Horace replied, "What is it, Mr. Barnes, that you want me to do?"

"I want you first to agree not to tell any one."

"Why, Mr. Barnes? Would there be any harm in my telling it?"

"No, I suppose not really;" says the plotting Mr. Barnes, "but then I do not care to have anything said about it."

"Well, Mr. Barnes, before I can either promise to say nothing about it, or to do it, I must know what it is; and also what it is worth, or what you will give me to do it."

Mr. Barnes was silent for a few moments, evidently thinking the matter over. He seemed finally to come to a conclusion, for he said: "I will give you five dollars if you will consent to do what I want you to do."

By this time Horace began to be curious and surprised, but was determined to know what it was that he was wanted to do before he consented. So he said, "I must know what it is that is to be done for the five dollars, to see whether it is worth so much."

Mr. Barnes saw that he must tell what he wanted done, or the boy would not consent, and so he determined to run the risk. He then told Horace how Mr. Judson had abused him, how he was determined to get even with him; and finally how he wanted Horace to help him, and in what way; and closed by saying, "I'll give you ten dollars,

in good bright silver half dollar pieces, if you will do it, and if you ever tell on me I'll kill you."

Horace was frightened. He scarcely knew what to say; the ten dollars looked tempting, and the threat of Mr. Barnes was terrible. He thought how easily he could leave the bars down, and how difficult it would be for Mr. Judson to tell whether they were left down by accident or design. He felt badly distressed and perplexed; but thought it best to take time to answer, so he told Mr. Barnes that if he would meet him the next day at the upper end of the lot where he was plowing, that he would give him a final answer. They then separated, Mr. Barnes to go home, and Horace to go to meeting.

When the hour for service came Horace was in a very disturbed frame of mind. He had about concluded to take Mr. Barnes' offer and do the work he wished him to do; for he was to receive only fifty dollars for his whole year at Mr. Judson's, and ten dollars would be such a prize to him; besides he would not get the fifty dollars for some time yet, and he wanted many things that he could think of as he sat waiting for the preacher to begin. But the risk of being caught, the hard task he would have to keep his face and eyes from telling of him, and the fear that Mr. Barnes would not pay him when the work was done were presented to his mind, and he half inclined not to do it. He was still a little doubtful about it, though nearly decided to do it, when Mr. Jones rose and called the people's attention. There were but few present. The night was only a trifle chilly, although the first days of December had come; no freezing had stopped the fall plowing, and the beautiful weather had continued to this late date; but when Mr. Jones rose abruptly and said, "Let us pray," Horace felt suddenly warm and uncomfortable. He managed, however, to avoid any observation, and was relieved when, singing omitted, the preacher began by saying: "How much is it worth?" This was his text. As it might not be interesting to read all of Mr. Jones' sermon of that night, that part only which made the deepest impression on Horace is given. He said:

"It is written in God's holy word, that only the faithful and obedient shall be found worthy to have peace of mind while in this world and everlasting life in happiness and joy hereafter."

"And this is what is meant by being faithful. If one man hires another to do work for him and agrees to pay for that work, and afterwards hires to another without fulfilling his time with the first, he is unfaithful."

"And if a man hires another to work for him, the one who is hired should look after the good

and welfare of the one who hires him: and should neither injure the property of his employer, or suffer any one else to do it; if he does this he is a faithful man, and if he does to the contrary, injures his employer or suffers another to do it, he is an unfaithful man.

"God wishes man to serve him, and to induce them to do so, promises to give them peace on earth and happiness in heaven; if men do wrong against what God commands they are unfaithful men."

This set Horace to thinking, and after the meeting was dismissed, he walked slowly home with the text ringing in his ears, "How much is it worth?" He tried to think of all that the preacher had said about the soul and what it was worth, and how a man would give all he had to save it, and wondered if it applied to him. He kept asking, "Have I a soul?" and "Is it worth anything?"

From this he was led in his thought to his talk with Mr. Barnes, and the leaving the bars down, and the ten dollars. After that he thought of the question he had asked Mr. Barnes at the outset, half playfully, half seriously, "How much will you give me?"

These thoughts confused the boy. He had been passing through some strange experiences for a boy, and somehow had been roused to think about his daily affairs, his acts, work and desires; and now when the first great struggle between his selfishness and his duty came, he was at a loss how to think properly, and was consequently confused. He had no one to consult with. Barnes' threat kept him from going to any one else; and he was certain that he could not tell Mr. Judson. What to do he hardly knew. He had by this time gone about half way from the school-house home, and was passing through a little hollow over a creek, and just as his feet struck the little bridge he heard the voice of some person in the distance, singing; he stopped to catch the words, and recognized the voice of the preacher and heard the words as the music was borne on the breeze over the hills and through the woods:

"As children of Zion
Good tidings for us,
The tokens already appear;
Fear not, and be just,
For the kingdom is ours,
And the hour of redemption is near."

This stirred a new emotion in the mind of Horace and he was enabled to decide what he should tell Mr. Barnes.

The next day, punctually at the hour, Mr. Barnes met Horace at the upper end of the lot where he was plowing. There had been a sharp frost the night before, and Mr. Judson had told

Horace that as it was getting so late, and winter would soon set in in earnest, he need only plow that day and finish the field in which he was at work. Horace was turning the corner for the last round, and as he stopped the team Mr. Barnes spoke to him.

"Well, my boy, will you take the ten dollars?" "No sir, Mr. Barnes, I will not. I have been thinking the matter over, and have decided that I will not. Mr. Judson hired me to work for him, and I feel that I am interested in the welfare of his property; and that it is worth more than ten dollars to run the risk of being caught and punished; besides, Mr. Barnes, it would be unfaithful, and Mr. Jones, the new preacher, said that God would have only those who were faithful in his kingdom."

Here Mr. Barnes grew very red in the face and spoke very sharply:

"What! have you been talking to that pale faced preacher, Jones? I'll make it too hot for him in this country if he don't leave soon. And now, Mr. Horace, if you won't earn this ten dollars; (showing Horace the bright half dollars); I will fix you if you ever say anything to old Judson about it."

Horace was looking at the money, and for half a moment he wavered; but the music of the preacher's voice and the words, "Fear not and be just," seemed to ring faintly in his ears; and looking steadfastly at Mr. Barnes, he said:

"I shall not betray you Mr. Barnes, and I shall make no promise not to tell what I know, if any harm comes to Mr. Judson's property." Horace said this because he seemed to think that Mr. Barnes would not injure Mr. Judson except by damaging his property.

Mr. Barnes then left, muttering threats against Mr. Judson, and Horace, if he should tell any body of the attempted injury.

To be continued.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE

JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER V.—SUNLIGHT.

Continued.

LYSS BAKER was the first to begin to act. He spied a large slate hanging by the book case, with *Fox and Geese* marked out on it, and grasped it at once. The rest stood gazing with curiosity and admiration at the beauties and novelties around them. Diving deep into his best pants pocket, Lyss fished out a hand full of shelled corn, and placing the slate on a round table between the stove and window, he began to arrange the corn for a game. "Come, Jim Welsh, let's have a game of Fox and Geese. Here's a fox for you."

"Shant do it," growled Jim.

"O do, Jim," urged Lyss. "It's Christmas, and we ought to be all good friends to-day."

Jim made no reply, but turned away to look at a beautiful shell, which Nelly had found in a little cabinet of curiosities. "Isn't it pretty, Jim," she cried. "And it roars just like the sea." And she placed it close to his ear. "Don't it? I think it does."

"How do you know how the sea roars? You never saw the sea," he muttered peevishly.

"No, but grandma has, and she says these shells always do." Then in a whisper she said, "Do play with Lyss, Jimmy, just once. It would be so nice to be all good friends to-day."

"I ain't a going to, and you needn't tease me," and Jim turned to a picture that two or three were admiring. Poppy stood near Nelly,—they were the best of friends,—and as Jim turned away, Poppy put down the spray of coral she had been examining, with a little *bang*, and cried in an excited whisper, "Guess I'd coax such a crusty fellow as that, and then again I wouldn't." Nelly raised her eyes soberly. "Somebody's got to try to keep Jim from being such a bad boy. No one else won't, and I'm going to." And she

drew near Jim urging timidly, "Come, Jimmy, let's have a game of Fox and Geese." And to Poppy's surprise, who stood watching them and thinking how foolish Nell was, Jim went with Nelly to the little table where the slate lay, and they sat down to their play.

Lyss had gone to another part of the room, to quiz a Poll parrot, who hung in a fanciful cage in front of a sunny south window. Some of the children were admiring books of engravings, others were reading, or going into raptures over some rare window-plants. Two or three of the girls were timidly touching the keys of a grand piano in one corner, and two of the larger boys, having discovered a handsome inlaid board, settled down to a game of checkers.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Jim presently. "Its no use playing with you, Nell. I can beat you with my eyes shut."

"I can't play good," replied Nell meekly, "but Lyss can. He's a splendid player. But I don't think he could beat you."

"Nor I neither," replied Jim, straightening up a little. "I don't mind playing one game with him, if he will come round here."

Nelly joyfully hastened to bring Lyss, and the two boys were soon so interested in their play that they forgot their former disagreement, and were on the best of terms all the rest of the day. And Nelly was as happy as the birds in their cage, singing and warbling with their prattle, as if rejoicing. She delighted in her mission of peacemaker, and noted with joy the reconciliation she had effected between Lyss and Jim. Charley Long could play, and as soon as he came in he was conducted to the instrument and requested to favor the waiting youngsters with some music. So he played several good old tunes, and the older of the company accompanied with singing. Mr. Kendall came in and looked on approvingly.

Nell and Poppy were sitting on the carpet, turning the leaves of a picture book, and did not notice the entrance of Mr. Kendall, nor the fact that he came and stood by the farther side of the book-case against which they were leaning.

"Say, Nell, did you notice how sorry Mr. Kendall seemed when he said he hadn't any children? I wish I was his little girl."

"I wish you were, Poppy," replied Mr. Kendall, and the two little girls stared, and then dropped their eyes bashfully.

Mr. Kendall came and stood beside them. The music prevented others from hearing their voices, and he went on gently: "I had a little girl once, who would be about your age now;" then he paused.

"Is she dead?" queried Nelly, pityingly.

He shook his head sadly. "I don't know, little one. Seven years ago she went away and I never heard of her again."

Both girls opened their eyes in wonder. Nelly spoke: "She was too little to go very far alone, wasn't she?"

"O, she didn't go alone; she was only two years old, a mere baby, and she went in her mother's arms. God knows where they are. Maybe He will take care of them."

There was so much sadness and misery in the man's voice that both little girls felt like weeping for him.

"Do you ever pray for them, Mr. Kendall?" asked Poppy, looking up timidly into his face.

"Who learned you such things, child?" he asked sternly.

"My mother, sir."

"Your mother! In heaven's name tell me what you know of her. You look so much like the mother of my little girl, and so much like my child did, that it almost drives me mad to see you."

The little girls were fringed at his vehemence, and Poppy shrank away from his gaze, for he kept his eyes on her face almost constantly.

"Forgive me, children, if I frightened you," he exclaimed tenderly. "But I was so happy with my wife and baby that my heart is full of bitterness when I think of them, now."

Nelly looked up again pityingly. "What made them go away, then?"

He sighed, and answered, "My wife was young and very handsome, and, after our marriage, her grandfather died and left her ten thousand dollars. A young man from the south, a cousin of hers, was with us on a visit at the time. He coveted the money, and my wife too. And he went to work secretly to make a separation between us. And he succeeded. He won her heart away from me, and one night when I came home from town, I found the three had gone, wife, baby and the false-hearted man. I never heard of them more, only once I had a slight evidence that my baby was somewhere in this vicinity. That is why I am living here."

"Do you ever pray for them?" asked Poppy again.

"Yes, child, every day, and often every hour. For awhile my heart was too full of bitterness to pray for myself even. But that wore away, and I trust God will take care of them, and bring my little girl back again sometime."

"And her mother too," said Poppy.

"No, not her mother; she went away with the bad man, and she had money enough to keep her, if she took care of it. Only I wish she'd left little Constance."

Poppy started at the sound of the name, and smiled winningly.

"Why do you smile, little girl? Is it a strange name think you?"

"No, no; not that. Only I dreamed when I was a very little girl that my mother took me in her arms and called me her sweet little Constance. I used to dream of it so often, after I came to the poor-house, and—"

"And what, child? Why do you stop?" he gasped with white lips.

"I—I didn't mean to tell that. Aunt Becky said I mustn't tell anything about my pretty mamma. Though I don't know very much about her."

"Who is Aunt Becky? The old lady you live with?"

"No, she was a negro woman who brought me from way off somewhere, and got sick, and we had to go to the poor-house. She died, and I staid till I went to live with Aunt Hale last summer."

He mused awhile in silence. Then he passed his hand lovingly over Poppy's glossy, bright tresses and murmured, "I wish you were my little girl. If I only knew."

"O, but I ain't. I'm only Poppy."

Just then they were called to dinner. And such a dinner. Such nice, crisp, plump roast turkeys, and the stuffing crammed with raisins, and such nicely dressed vegetables, and bread as light as a puff, and sweet, golden butter, cream cake and apple pie, frosted and iced with candies till one's mouth water to look at them.

Then the young people returned to the room they had left, and began some parlor games, while the "smaller fry," as Lyss termed them, himself among the number, betook themselves to the room they had first entered on arriving, where they had their plays and games. They saw nothing of the old ladies till three o'clock, when they came and told the young people it was time to go home. So they went to their several homes, well pleased with their day's amusement, and cherishing in their hearts sweet and lingering memories of Mr. Kendall and his pleasant home.

To be continued.

SUSY'S GOLDEN RULE.

When Susy was five years old, and first went to Sabbath School, her mother taught her, or thought she taught her, these words: "Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," and told her that it was the "Golden Rule," for everybody to live by.

Susy's mother repeated it over and over, and made Susy do so too, till the little one was sure

she could "speak her verse." When she stood up before the whole school, she could not remember how it began, nor how the words came; but after thinking a minute she promptly said, in a clear voice, so that they all heard her: "What you don't want other children to do to you, you must never do to them."

I like the mistake Susy made, for it shows she understood the rule, and had applied it to herself.

MY PICTURE.

Concluded.

THE picture was enjoyed at a slower pace, at a wiser rate than that; and for a wiser reason. There was a little vanity about it. It would not be concealed, and made itself apparent. What in the world Hans wanted the artist to draw the horses for was more than Gretchen could tell. She wanted him and the children taken. (You see I read the picture). He must have the place and the horses too; so he drew the cart up in front of the house, filled it with provender, fresh I guess. Not knowing much about it, I have decided that it was hay; and Gretchen filled a bushel basket with weedings, sickled from the fence corners and garden rows, and stood by the cart. The horses were turned round so that they could eat out of the cart and the basket, while Hans took the pitchfork, (a wooden one by the way), and put more hay in the cart, and so the artist caught them. They added to the picture; the white one especially, its dappled splendors and and snowy rotundity constituted one of the ornaments to the picture, and complimented Gretchen's round and fair loveliness. The other was more irony and more naggy, darker and more active looking, and formed a quiet background to its more perfect companion. Hans ruddy and bronzen with sunshine and labor; Gretchen rosy and round with happiness and gratitude. The three girls were on a portion of the rude fence, making believe they had a nice cart also, and were jouncing along, to and from the hay-field. Hansly was occupied in feeding the poultry, (I am an English old maid), which consisted of a rooster and two beautiful bramahs; and the cat, with a tumbling, furry, funny little family of kittens. Hansly had also the cart whip in his hand to take care of.

The state of feeling between Hans and Hansly was a puzzle to me; I could scarcely settle that to suit me; (but I kept on sewing); however, the conclusion was that Hans had witnessed something of the kind in youth. Not being much acquainted with the Teutonic disposition and tradition however, I could scarcely decide, until I raked up some old tradition about Kris Kringle, or somebody like that, and then I knew that Hans managed it, and the rest being girls, before God it was a happy family.

Hansly's forehead was pretty full, and his hair very fair, and a little laxity about him told me he was bound for a higher range, a scholar first; O dear! a writer, a Bohemian; and then—worse than nothing. (But I have some doubts on that subject). Gretchen seemed to vow that it should never be; that he should be recorded well sponsored, and Hans knew he could have no severe trade, such as he himself had borne; and I, before I knew it, I realized the picture to that extent that I found myself begging Hans to excuse him severe catechism and studies, as I saw the investigator in embryo. (Mister Professor, is that correct?)

My thread being exhausted, I find myself oblige to replenish; the needle, by the way, is short and the eye long, the thread flossy and fibrous, the work a mass of tucks and flounces, and ten thousand little floral wreaths, leaves, buds, sprays and rootlets, in white embroidery, and white material; a thing utterly shapeless and unrecognizable, and unsuitable I presume for a person like myself, but very suitable for the grand person destined to wear, adorn and be subservient to its beauty.

To resume my subject, back of the house stood

a tree, large, well depicted and of any well-deserving German species; an aspen of coarse species, or an apple tree; and another of smaller size stood over the pump, near where the children were. The background told the time; it was an autumnal afternoon; a hazy atmosphere, of very lovely type, but not a sunset,—congratulations, not a sunset scene,—a sort of grey-blue with yellow light mellowed throughout.

The house, well it was of the usual German cottage type usually seen in pictures; I will not say conventional at all; for it was really an old fashioned Swiss or German dwelling, peradventure Danish; with a strip of a river or the seaside, bedimmed and excusable at the right, and simply an evanishing perspective on the left. There were a few doves on the roof; and a few grass flags, and some lilly blades for a foreground.

Something whispers that I have studied it too long a time and withheld judgment; my judgment was that it was a very sweet reality, though humble as a picture, and very suitable as a present; it is very loveable and worthy of cherishing, as coming from the lovely source it did; and looking up again, I prize it; and being so much alone, to me it is so loveable that I will have it that it is a satisfaction. So I will fold up my work and put it in the above named Japanese work-box, and beg leave to retire. UNCLE D.

THE EVENING STORY.

No, we are not sleepy mother,
See how wide-awake they seem;
Tell us something sweet to think of,
Tell us something sweet to dream.

Tell the very sweetest story
That you ever heard or read,
And you'll see that we'll remember
Every single word you've said."

Then I told them of a midnight
In the very long ago,
When the sky was full of angels,
And from every shining row,

In a voice of heavenly music,
Came a loving message, given
For the sake of one sweet baby
That had come that night from heaven.

"Now please tell us just another,
Tell the saddest one you know"—
And I told of one who suffered,
As he wandered to and fro,—

Doing good to all around him,
Without fear, or sin, or pride;
Blessing those who most ill-used him;
For whose sake at last he died.

"Now, please, just one more, dear mother,
Tell us now the strangest one"—
So I told them of a journey
On a mountain-top begun;

Through the azure, in a body,
Just as here on earth he trod,
Up through shining ranks of angels,
To the very throne of God.

Four blue eyes and two sweet voices
Waited till my tale was done;
Then they cried,—"Why that was Jesus;
These three stories are but one.

Selected.

WHERE FLOWERS CAME FROM.

SOME of our flowers came from lands of perpetual summer, some from countries all ice and snow, some from islands in the ocean. Three of our sweetest exotics originally came from Peru; the camelia was brought to England in 1839 and in a few years afterward the mignonette and heliotrope. Several came from the Cape of Good Hope; a very large calla was found there in the ditches, and some of the most beautiful geraniums, or pelargoniums, which are spurious geraniums. The marigold is a native African flower. A great number came from China and Japan. The little Daphne was taken to England by Captain Ross from almost the farthest land he visited toward the North Pole.

Some of these are quite changed in form by cultivation; others have become larger and bright-

er, while others fall short of the beauty and fragrance of the tropics, despite all care of florists and shelter of hot houses. When the dahlia was brought to England, it was a very simple blossom a single circle of dark petals surrounding a mass of yellow ones. Others were, a short time after, transplanted from Mexico with scarlet and orange petals, but still remained simple flowers. Long years of cultivation in rich soil, together with other arts of skillful florists, have changed the dahlia to what it now is—a round ball of beauty.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

"OUR BABY."

WHAT is sweeter than a darling little baby? How innocent they are; but, O, what a bother! I have often heard young people making their brags, and setting their stakes, telling how they would have their children do, if they should ever have the good luck to have any; but I think it is much easier to lay plans than to carry them out. A baby, the divinest piece of work of creation, is the pearl of the human heart. We were all babies once, and demanded the care of a loving mother; yet, how many babies, friendless and motherless, are cast adrift, into this wide world, to shift for themselves, with no one to pity or care for them but God, who never forgets His little ones. Poor little half-starved, half-frozen babes! Oh, who could be hard hearted enough to cast adrift a poor, little innocent babe, God's dearest treasure.

A fond, loving mother will pride herself in her little child. She will bring it up in a kind, gentle manner, hoping some day to see it become a good man or woman. How then must she feel to see it take to drinking, or learn that it has taken to gambling, stealing, and a great many other evils, thus running to destruction. Oh! just imagine the feelings of a mother, who has worked, hoped and prayed in his behalf, to know that her efforts to make him a good man had utterly failed. But any child, who has any regard whatever for his parents, will never pain them by thus running to ruin. The death of a child in a family causes a gloom to rest upon it; but to lose a child by way of sin and vice, is even worse than death. There isn't a woman that is a good, sensible mother, but what would rather, a thousand times, follow her child to its grave than see it go to ruin; for she would thus console herself with the thought that she would, at sometime, have the pleasure of seeing him in heaven; but otherwise she would be deprived even of this consolation.

See how a little girl will protect her little dolly-baby; how tenderly and lovingly she nurses it; how she cries to see it injured, or to see its neck broken. What mother would not? How many mothers have sat up all night long, with anxious loving heart, by the bedside of her little sick child.

Children, how can we ever repay our mothers? We can never repay her, short of a life of dutiful affection for what she has done for us. The only pay she ever expects, is to see us become good, virtuous men and women; to grow up in the fear of God; to love, honor, and obey Him. Let us then honor and obey our parents, and grow up in the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom, that they may not say, "our efforts were all in vain."
PAULINE BROWNING.

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH A STONE.

WRONGLY is Flint compared with the miser. You cannot, to be sure, skin him; but you can melt him; can make him absolutely flow into liquid,—flow, too, for use and beauty, and become light into your eyes, goblets to your table, and a mirror to your beloved.

Bring two friends of his about him, Potash and Soda, and Flint runs into melting tenderness, and is no longer flint. You look through him; you drink out of him; he furnishes you beautiful transparent shutters against the rain and cold.

You shave by him; protect pictures with him, and watches and books; are assisted by him in a thousand curious philosophies; are helped over the sea by him; and he makes your cathedral windows divine, and enables your mistress to wear your portrait in her bosom.—*Leigh Hunt*, ("On a Pebble.")

OUR PRIZES.

 We want to increase the circulation of our little paper, ZION'S HOPE, to three thousand, if we can, before the middle of next summer; but how can we induce our young readers, and old ones too, to labor with us for so desirable an end? While we in the meantime strive to make it more desirable to the young, and none the less instructive to those of riper years.

While thinking upon this matter, we matured the idea of offering a few small prizes, varying in value from twenty-five cents to two dollars each, to be given out to getters up of clubs of yearly subscribers, ranging from *three* to *twenty* subscribers, or twice that number of *half* yearly subscribers to one address, which idea we submitted to brethren Joseph Smith and John Scott, and obtained their sanction to the proposed effort to secure an increase of subscribers. And we invite all who feel willing, to aid us in making our child's paper a success, both in securing subscribers, and furnishing suitable matter for its columns. A little earnest effort on the part of all will amount to considerable in the aggregate.

The Prizes, which we offer for an indefinite length of time, will be furnished from the subscription money sent, and are as follows:

GROUP PICTURES, ALBUM SIZE.

- No. 1.—Consisting of the First Presidency, and the Bishop and his Counsellors.
- No. 2.—Elders J. Smith, J. W. and E. C. Briggs, A. H. Smith, Gurley, Kelley, Lake and Lambert.
- No. 3.—Elders J. Smith, Blair, Ells, E. C. Briggs, A. H. Smith, Kelley and Patterson.
- No. 4.—Elders J. Smith, Blair, Gurley, T. W. Smith, Hanson, Chute and Stebbins.
- No. 5.—Single picture (album size) of President J. Smith.
- No. 6.—Single picture (album size) of First Counsellor W. W. Blair.
- No. 7.—Single picture (album size) of Bishop I. L. Rogers.

For three subscribers one year, to one address, we will give *one* picture, choice out of the seven.

For six subscribers two pictures.

For nine subscribers three pictures.

For twelve subscribers four pictures.

For fifteen subscribers five pictures.

For eighteen subscribers six pictures.

For twenty subscribers seven pictures.

Choice to be made in every case by those sending clubs.

For twenty subscribers one Book of Mormon, gilt edged, valued at \$2.00.

For sixteen subscribers one Book of Mormon, imitation morocco, plain, valued at \$1.50.

For twelve subscribers one Book of Mormon, roan, valued at \$1.25.

For twenty subscribers one Hymn Book, gilt, valued at \$2.00.

For sixteen subscribers one Hymn Book, imitation morocco, \$1.50.

For twelve subscribers one Hymn Book, roan, valued at \$1.25.

Those sending clubs are to elect which they will receive, pictures, or one of either sort of books.

In every instance the money must accompany the list to secure a prize.

Hoping for a concert of action, I remain your humble servant, laboring for the success of our little paper.

UNCLE MILTON

P. S.—Bro. Henry A. Stebbins, of Sandwich, De Kalb Co., Illinois, supplies us with pictures, from whom parties wishing to, can purchase direct, upon application, at the above named place.

TOO MUCH CREAM.

THOUGH the incident set down in this article is a real experience, the readers thereof need not look upon every lad who comes in from the country and answers to the name of Thomas as being the hero of the cream-jar. On the contrary, the boy of the story, like a gay masquerader, has slipped into the new character for the occasion.

Now, the real boy passing under the name of Thomas, had such an extraordinary appetite for cream, and such an aggravating way of slipping the surface of broad pans of milk down between his saucy red lips, that an edict had gone forth that never again must he be guilty of such an offense.

Tommy, on most occasions, stood in wholesome awe of parental authority; but cream was his weak point, and on passing by the milk-room one morning, finding the door open and a large jar of cream ready for the churn, he suddenly grew so hungry for the forbidden dainty that, his mamma's command to the contrary notwithstanding, he slyly crept up in a chair, and, spoon in hand, commenced treating himself to most delicious mouthfuls; but between his haste and his fears he made a sorry spattering on chair and shelf. Hearing at last some one coming, he made such haste to run away that his foot slipped on the spattered chair, and over he plunged head first into the cream-jar. The boy was small, and the jar was large, and down sank his head to the very bottom while his legs protruded above, and kept up a most vigorous kicking, but nothing could they do towards freeing him from his unpleasant position; and poor Tommy would have perished in cream had not a pair of strong hands caught him by the feet and pulled him out "before his breath was stopped out of him intirely," as Bridget phrased it. But the boy with cream in his hair and eyes and nose and mouth, and dripping from every angle of his clothes, was a spectacle that would have caused even Dominie Samson to lift up his hands and cry, "Prodigious! prodigious!"

Correspondence.

ALTON, Illinois, Jan. 25th, 1875.

Dear little Hopes:—This is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*. I love to read the little letters in it. I do not belong to the Church yet, but hope to some day soon. The Saints here are in a scattered condition, and not many of them, but they hold meetings at Mr. Perks' most every Sunday. Father and mother belong to the Church. I wish to have the prayers of all the little Hopes.

MARY A. RICHARDSON.

COFFEEVILLE, Kansas, January 17, 1875.

Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would write a line or two for the *Hope*. It is five years next Spring since we moved to Kansas. I was twelve years old the third of last November. I was baptized three years ago, and am trying to serve the Lord and help mamma all I can. I am learning to knit and sew.

This is a pretty country, with beautiful flowers in summer, of every hue. There is a beautiful creek, only it makes me feel so sad when in sight of high water, when I think about my poor, dear father and my sweet little sister being drowned; but I intend to be good, so that in heaven we shall meet again. We have no Sunday School here. That makes me feel very lonely on Sundays.

This is my first letter, and you must excuse me for all blunders. I don't know whether it is worthy a place in the *Hope* or not, but I intend to "Try, try again." I close with love to you, Uncle Joseph, and the Saints. Your sister in the Church of Christ,

LORINDA ALICE HART.

HARLAN, Shelby Co., Iowa., Jan. 9, 1871.
Dear Bro. Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. Bro. Daniel Lambert has been here, and has done a great deal of good preaching. We have a Union Sabbath School here. We had a Christmas tree here on last Christmas eve. The Latter Day Saints hold meetings in the Court House,
EDDIE REYNOLDS.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Illinois, January 15, 1875.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—I seat myself to write a few lines for *Zion's Hope*. I am taking the paper. We have prayer meeting here every Thursday evening. I am only nine years old. Bro. Mark H. Forscutt is here now, preaching. This is the first letter I ever tried to write to the little *Hope*; and I trust the next one will be better than this. SARAH B. HILLIARD.

BELLEVILLE, Illinois, Jan. 25, 1875.

Derr Bro. Joseph:—I now take pleasure in writing to you and the little Hopes. We have a good Sunday School and meetings in this town. We have a good Superintendent of the Sabbath School—John Thompson. None of our family belong to the Church but me, and I pray God that they may enter in. Our Superintendent gave us presents on New Year's Day, which were books; and I pray that God may bless him and all the Saints. May the Lord bless us all. Good by for this time. From your sister in Christ,
EMELINE SHINTON.

PLANO, Ill., January 23, 1875.

Little Hopes:—My Pa works in the Office. I will be six years old [next birth-day]. I am quite a big boy.
WILLIE SCOTT.

WEST BELLEVILLE, Illinois, Jan. 18, 1875.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—With pleasure I write these few lines, to let the little Hopes know that I have become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I was baptized by Bro. Nathaniel Miller, on the 12th of June, 1874. I was confirmed at the St. Louis District Conference, on the 14th of June, by Bro. Wm. W. Blair. I am twelve years old, and am trying to be faithful, and wish the little Hopes to pray for me.
AGNES BEAIRD.

The Workshop.

WATER-PROOF BLACKING.—Mix lampblack and molasses first, and after putting it on your boots, mix one ounce of alcohol and six ounces gum shalac, and then rub it on your boots with a piece of brown paper. It makes a beautiful polish.
WILLIE R. CADMAN.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—Three cups Graham flour, three heaping teaspoonsful Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, mix dry, half teacup molasses, half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon ground cinnamon; add sweet milk to make stiff batter. Steam two hours. After taking it out of the steamer set it in the hot stove oven ten minutes.

Ma has tried it; we know it is good.

PLANO, Jan. 21.

M. ANNIE SCOTT.

NEVER GO BACK.—What you attempt, do with all your strength. If the prospect be dark, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$241 97	Mell Halliday	..	\$ 25
J. C. Springer	..	10 W. H. Bradley	..	25
G. Watson	..	25 Mrs. Anna Johnson	..	50
Hannah Johnson	..	50 N. Johnson	..	1 00
James Johnson	..	50 Johnny Johnson	..	25
Mary Kyte, St. Louis	3 00	Mary Sims	..	25

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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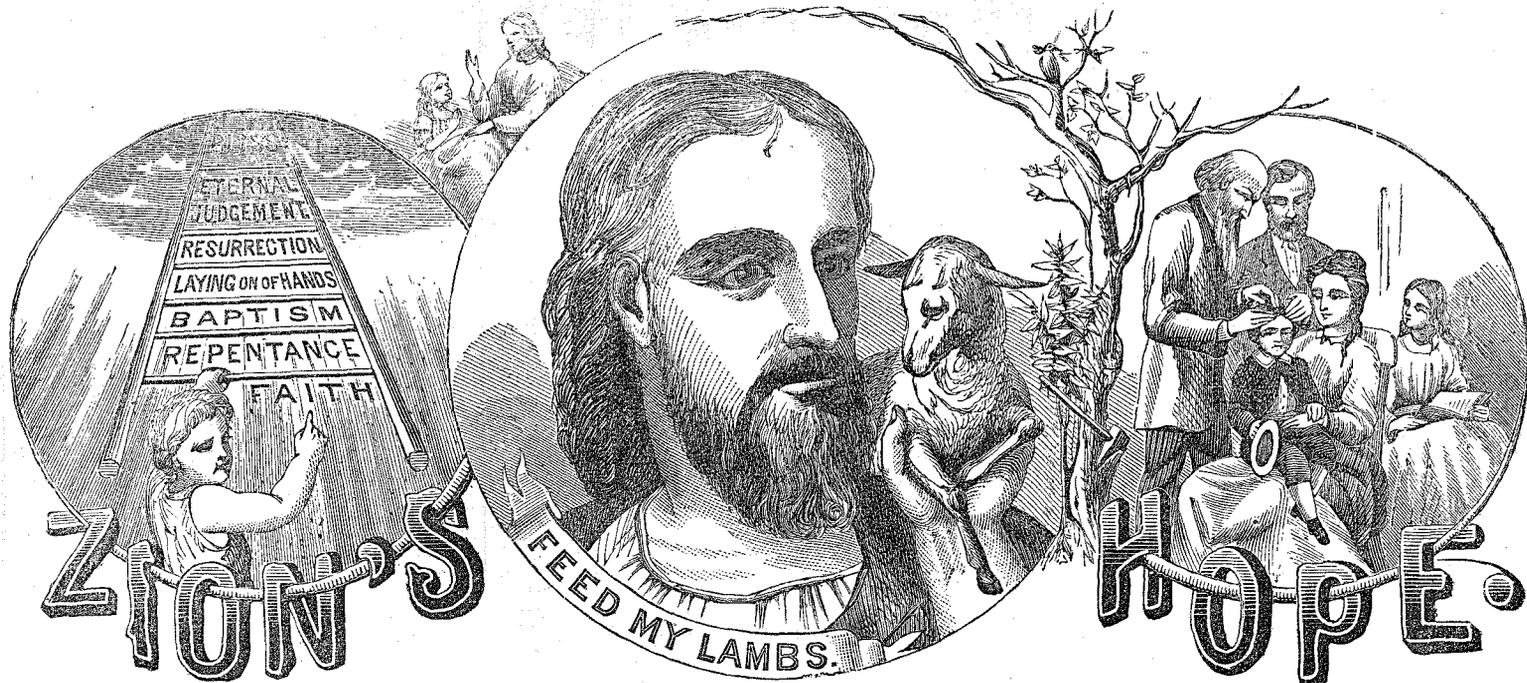
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For instance, 15 Feb/75 means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th day of February, 1875, before which time you must renew. Our terms are payment in advance.

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

Vol. 6.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MARCH 1, 1875.

No. 17.

"IT WAS MY MOTHER'S."

A COMPANY of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for the starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment.

The superintendent stepped up to him and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. "Come, John, come!" said the superintendent, "what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it to take with me. My dear dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I shall have to remember her by." And as the poor boy thought of that dear mother's love, and of the sad death-bed scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom, "to remember his mother by," hurried into a car, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow and distress.—*Little Christian.*

Upon reading the above story of true love, for a fond and loving mother, my eyes somehow grew dim, and a silent prayer escaped from my heart, and upon the wings of love soared away to ask the heavenly Father's blessing to be with that boy in his new home, and that the memory of his mother might never depart from him. Such a boy surely loved his mother, and we cannot help believing he was a faithful and obedient child. Many an eye has moistened at the reading of the above story and many a prayer been offered, that He whose eye never slumbers nor sleeps might watch over him, and that to bless.

Young reader, do you love your mother? Remember it is one of the highest marks of nobility of spirit to see a boy—or girl either—deeply in love with their mother. Children that grow up with a deep love for their mother, and a high regard for her happiness, are to be trusted when they enter the "battle of life," far above those who have been disobedient, wayward and willful, because it will be beneath their sense of honor to do a mean act, while the wayward are more easily engulfed in sin and wrong doing. "Children, obey your parents."

UNCLE M.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE

JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER VI.—POPPY TRUSTS MR. KENDALL.

"Come, Lyss, do hurry," cried Nell the morning after Christmas. "It's nearly school time, and there goes Poppy."

"Yes, in a minute," replied Lyss, stumbling down the cellar stairs, two at a time, in his rash haste. A moment after he returned with his hands full of great tempting apples. The biggest and reddest he thrust in his pocket, the rest in the dinner basket.

"I know who that's for," smiled Nelly as they went out. Lyss said nothing but led the way down to the gate, where Poppy was waiting.

"Let me carry your dinner pail, Poppy. 'Twill make even balance."

"Not quite," laughed Poppy. "I don't eat as much as both of you. But I thank you, I'll carry it myself." So little Miss Independence carried her own dinner pail.

"Say girls," began Lyss, in a low, confidential tone. "I've got something to tell you. Something strange. Let's walk close together, so nobody can hear us." And he stepped between the two little girls; but Poppy drew away.

"May be its something you hadn't ought to tell us," said Poppy.

"Why Poppy," cried Nell, "you don't think Lyss would tell us anything bad, do you?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. How can I tell?" and she looked at Lyss with a quizzing smile.

"Now, Pop, you're too bad!" He was vexed, and it was the first time he had called her "Pop" before, since they had been good friends.

Poppy came up to him and murmured penitently:

"I didn't mean all that, Lyss. 'Deed I did'nt." Then she walked near his right, while Nell was near his left. And he began again:

"You know, Nell, they hurried us off to bed mighty early last night and —"

"Why, Lyss, 'twas nearly eight o'clock," interrupted Nelly.

"Wal, that was too early, for I wanted to crack a lot of butternuts. But granny said we'd eat goodies enough, you know. 'Twas all her work. She hain't got teeth to eat nuts, and she don't care whether any body else ever has any or not. Then dad, 'cause I didn't start in a minute, up with his bootjack and threatened to pound me if I didn't go, so I went."

"Lyss Baker! I'm ashamed of you!" cried Poppy. "To say *dad* and *granny*. If they was *mine* I wouldn't call 'em any such names as *that*."

"They *ain't* yourn, so you just shut up now or I won't tell you," returned Lyss.

"I don't care whether you do or not. I didn't ask you to tell," was Poppy's resentful answer.

"If you don't want to hear, shut your ears," exclaimed Lyss. "I'll tell Nell any way. You see they wanted us out of the way so they could tell some secrets. I couldn't hear all they said, but I heard a good deal, and nearly froze my ears a keepin' 'em uncovered to listen."

"Pity you hadn't," said Poppy who had stepped a little way from them, but was yet in hearing distance.

Lyss never seemed to hear her but went on: "They said that Mr. Kendall *wasn't* Mr. Kendall at all. I can't remember what his name was. They had known him afore, and he had married grandma's girl, and she was awful pretty, and good, and then she'd run off from him, and they never heard of her any more."

"Why Lyss," cried Nell, "grandma didn't have any girl. Just two boys, pa, and Uncle John that died."

"I guess your folks wouldn't like me to hear it," remarked conscientious little Poppy. "I'll walk on faster," and away she tripped.

"Don't, Poppy," called Lyss. "There is something about *you* in it. You needn't tell anybody; wait now."

When they had overtaken Poppy, he took up his story again.

"Grandma—does that sound any better than *granny*, Pop?" and Lyss glanced at Poppy mischievously. "Grandma didn't have any girls of her own; but after grandpa died, she married another man that had a little girl, and granny raised her, and she married Kendall, only that ain't his right name, and then she run off with somebody, they don't know where. He felt awful bad about it. But don't nobody round here know anything about it, 'cause it was all afore we moved out here to Iowa. Pa hain't never seen Kendall close, or he'd a known him, he said."

"That ain't nothing about me," exclaimed Poppy.

"Yes 'tis; you wait; that ain't all. Grandma's girl's name was Henrietta, and when she run off she had a little girl that would be about as big as you, and they say you look lots like grandma's girl. And Mr. Kendall and his mother thinks maybe you're Henrietta's girl, and if you are he'd be your pa. Wouldn't that be nice. You see granny and old Mrs. Kendall went to school together when they was girls. I never heard of granny's girl afore, and I think they've been awful private about it. But I know all about it now without any of their help."

"But I think you *didn't* find it out without their help after all. If they hadn't told it you wouldn't have heard it," remarked Poppy. "But 'taint much about me. Jest a little *guess so*."

"What was your ma's name, Poppy?"

"I don't know; and what I *do* know I daren't tell you, cause —"

"Cause what?"

"O, I don't dare tell that nuther! I'm going faster," and away she ran, and was out of sight in a few moments round the corner. She kept the main road, knowing that Lyss and Nell would go by a foot-path that led through the wood, which was a trifle nearer. She dared not permit herself to be questioned. She heard their voices as they hurried by, endeavoring to overtake her. She went slowly along, a sad, hunted look in her blue eyes as she looked intently forward, yet noticing nothing, till another turn in the road brought her face to face with Mr. Kendall. His sombre face lighted up with a smile of rare loveliness as he came nearer and extended his ungloved hand. She had been drawn toward him at their first meeting. Now she felt unusually sad and lonely. Felt as if she was nobody's girl, and longed for some one to claim her as their own, some one who had a right. Her eyes filled with tears as she laid her little hand in his, and she could not find voice to return his friendly greeting.

"I'm glad I met you alone, Poppy,—though I can't reconcile that name with your sweet refined face."

Poppy withdrew her hand. "You mustn't talk that way to me. I'm going on. Little girls mustn't talk to strangers all alone." And she started forward.

He had been going the other direction, but he turned and followed her. When he reached her side, he spoke to her in a kind, soothing tone.

"Don't run away from me again little maiden. Heaven knows I wouldn't cause you sorrow, or wrong you if I knew it. I cannot rid myself of the idea that you are *my* little girl. *O, if I only knew!*" And he clasped his hands and was silent a moment as if from a weight of anguish and longing. Then he went on. "You are alone in the world, and you can sympathize with me. My life is all dark and dreary. I'd be willing to die in an hour, if I could see my own little girl and hear her call me papa, and feel her dear arms around my neck, *just once*."

To be continued.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

A RICH man, in answer to the question how he became so very successful, recited the following story:

I will tell you how it was. One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to pick blackberries. I wanted to go with them, but was afraid father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, and he at once gave me permission to go with them, I could hardly contain myself. I rushed into the kitchen, got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out at the gate, when my father called me back. He took my hand and said in a very gentle voice: "Joseph, what are you going to do?" "To pick berries," I replied. "Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to seek a better one. The other boys and girls will run about, picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time, and getting few berries."

I went and had a capital time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places and ran off to the newly-found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries. My father's words kept running in my ears, and I "stuck to my bush." When I had done with one I found another, and finished that; then I took

another. When night came I had a large basketful of berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half so tired as they were. I went home happy. But when I entered I found my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basketful of ripe blackberries, and said, "Well done, Joseph. Was I not right when I told you to always stick to your bush?"

He died a few days after, and I had to make my way in the world as best I could. But my father's words sank deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the blackberry party; I "stuck to my bush." When I had a fair place, and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months seeking one a little better. When other young men said: "Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head, and "stuck to my bush." Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I staid with the old house until the principals died, and then I had everything I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me and gave me a character. I owe all I have and am to this motto: "Stick to your bush."

Remember, children of Zion, that in our warfare against sin and error, striving for victory and eternal life, we must be diligent, ever abounding in the work of the Lord, continuing faithful in keeping his commandments, ever mindful that it is not they who run well for a season that will win the prize, but they who through a faithful continuance unto the end of their days, shall win a crown of righteousness, and enter into eternal life. Remember that as the hand of the diligent maketh rich, so shall faithfulness of soul lead to fullness of joy. Let us "stick to *our* bush"—our covenant.

OUR WEIGHTS.

FROM the London *Medical Record* we glean the following respecting our weights. At birth, boys weigh a little more than six pounds, and girls a little less. For the first twelve years the sexes continue nearly equal in weight; after which the males exceed. At twenty the average weight is, males 143 pounds, females 120 pounds. Upon an average men reach their greatest bulk at about thirty-five, and weigh about 152 pounds; women increase until fifty, and weigh about 128 pounds. The two sexes taken together at full growth, weigh about twenty times as much as at birth. We have heard it said, and as far as we have tried it, the rule has proved true, that a child at two years old is half as tall as it will ever be.—Ed.

HEBREW LADIES AT THEIR TOILET.

THE first thing that would have struck us in examining the garde-robe of a Hebrew lady, would have been the quantity of dresses. In this great age of simplicity such a thing would naturally astonish us. Hebrew women were, indeed, fond of dress, and the luxury amongst them manifested in the richness and variety of dresses, and the quantity of ornaments and jewelry, was soon carried to such an extent that it became necessary to protest against it. There is no doubt that as the intercourse between the Jewish and other nations increased the ladies felt no longer satisfied with the primitive simplicity. The fashions of the clever Egyptians, the elegant Phœnicians, and the luxurious Persians, were soon eagerly sought after and reproduced. Even patient Job got impatient at the dresses, and all of us have read that magnificent, bold denunciation of Isaiah, as with withering sarcasm he denounces the "women of the period" living for nothing else but dress and flirtation, and having but one desire, "to see and to be seen." Now, look first at the under garment: Ketonet tunica. It was worn by men and women, but, of course, women had things made of the very best material. It was made of wool or linen, white or blue, now and then striped—and afterwards—thanks to the Per-

sians—of a silky material. It was worn on the naked body, and a person wearing it is often described as naked, which, in the language of the nineteenth century, means that she was "*en negligé*."

The Eastern dresses are very far from being close fits, and the Ketonet was at first a loose garment, without sleeves, reaching down to the knees. But the Ketonet became gradually tighter. The Persians, who were the dandies of the old world, wore them of considerable length, but not every one could afford this additional expense. It is supposed that the poor wore no other dress except the Ketonet. The second article to be found in the garde-robe of wealthy people was the *sadijn*, translated fine linen in our version of the third chapter of Isaiah. I suppose that it was worn over the Ketonet. In the fourteenth chapter of the Book of Judges the same Hebrew word is translated differently. Thirdly, some ladies wore a second under garment, a long wide tunica, with or without arms, known among the Greeks and Romans, and worn also by the Phœnicians. It was made of costly material, and richly interwoven with flowers and figures. The part around the neck was covered with ornaments, the flowers were generally of the darkest purple, and the borders were trimmed with gold and brilliant colors. Next came the girdele to keep up the dress, so much thought of amongst all the nations of antiquity, as I need hardly remind the readers of Homer. It was made of different materials, according to the taste, or rather the purse of the owner. The common girdles were of leather, and very narrow. Some were of silk or gold, and ornamented with silver buckles; they were worn round the loins: women wore them lower and more loosely than men. Small bottles with scent were often fastened to the girdele, and sometimes also an elegant pocket, in which money or things of value were kept.

The last piece of clothing I shall mention is the upper garment, a long wide mantle with a train that would delight our Western ladies. It seems to have been originally a square piece of cloth, somewhat like a big shawl. At first it was made of camel's hair, afterwards it was made of cotton. Those worn in the summer were of a light material, like our muslin, whilst for those in use during the winter a thicker material was generally chosen. The *simlah* was useful and ornamental. It was often used as a carpet or as a covering during the night. Hence the law of Moses, which regulated several things—for instance, that no mixture of cotton and wool should be used in the making of materials—commanded that if a man through poverty pledged his mantle it should be restored to him after sunset. The *simlah* was fastened with golden pins to the shoulders, whence it fell in graceful folds over the other garments. Some of the mantles must have been splendid; as I said before, the garde-robe of a Hebrew lady was well filled. In the book of Judges the then living girls are thus described by Deborah, "a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needle-work." "Her clothing is silk and purple," says Lemuel. The Phœnicians excelled in weaving and dyeing, and were well noted for their dark blue and their purple. The Persians were noted for their silk. There is no doubt that the Hebrew ladies owed to them some of their most magnificent dresses.—*Saint Paul's*.

USE OF THE CAT'S WHISKERS

EVERY one must have observed what are usually called whiskers on a cat's upper lip. The use of these in a state of nature is very important. They are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of close glands under the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt more distinctly by the animal, although the hairs of themselves have no feeling. They stand out on each side of the lion as well as in

the cat, so that from point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him through the nicest feeling any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of its body; they prevent the rustling of the boughs and leaves which would give warning to its prey if it were to attempt to pass through too close to a bush, and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet, and the fur upon which he treads, they enable him to move towards his victim with a stillness even greater than that of a snake, which creeps along the grass, and is not perceived until it is coiled around its prey. These animals are all beasts of prey, and thus we see how even these, seemingly useless hairs become great helps to them, and how wisely God prepares every creature for its work.—*Labor Journal.*

NEVER GET ANGRY.

Never get angry when you are at play,
 Good temper gains many a friend;
 But sour looks and words drive companions away,
 And lead on to many a sad end.

Never get angry when you are at school,
 If you would a rich reward earn;
 Be cheerful, and practice each wise golden rule,
 And soon every lesson you'll learn.

Never get angry when you are at home,
 Let love and affection there reign;
 Where angry words enter, oft quarrels will come,
 And these lead to sorrow and pain.

Never get angry when you are abroad,
 Strive wisely right habits to form,
 For better is he who can thus obey God
 Than he who can great cities storm. S.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

Continued from p. 62.

ABOUT two weeks after Horace had so successfully resisted the attempts of Mr. Barnes to aid him to "get even" with Mr. Judson, as he called it, there was a rumor started to the effect that Mr. Judson had improperly used a certain trust fund, of which he had been made the trustee; and it was said that Horace had told that he had overheard Mr. Judson and another conversing together about this fund, and that the two had so fixed up a plan to defraud the real owners of the money, that it could not be traced to them and would be lost.

The story was well told. Horace had overheard a conversation between Mr. Judson and another about the fund; and Mr. Judson knew that he had heard, or could have heard the two as they talked. So, when the tale finally came to Mr. Judson's ears, he was quite angry, believing that, as he had had the opportunity to hear what was said, he had told it; and had added enough that was not true to make the story a mischievous one. He was further convinced that his belief was right, when on meeting Mr. Barnes on the road, that deceitful fellow had said to him, "Well, Judson, that boy of yours is a nice boy to talk over business before, eh?"

Mr. Judson, on reaching his home, summoned Horace before him, and at once charged him with setting the ugly story afloat.

Horace denied. He not only denied having told the untrue part of the story; but he also denied ever having told any part of the conversation.

This Mr. Judson would not believe; and so he continued to cross question the lad; until he obtained what he thought was a clue to the whole story. He asked Horace if he had ever told any one that the man with whom he had conversed had been at the house; and if so, who it was that he had told. Horace looked thoughtful for a little time, as if debating some point in his mind; he finally said:

"Mr. Judson, I did tell one man something about this affair; and it was this. The next

morning after the man was at your house, as I went up to the pasture to let the bars down, so that the cows could pass in, a man who was passing asked me who the gentleman was that was visiting you the evening before. I told him that I did not know. He then asked me if I knew what his business was with you. I told him that I knew something about it; but that I supposed I had no business to talk of it to him, or any one else. He then asked me if it was not in reference to some money which you held as trustee, for somebody—and I told him that I would not answer. He then went away."

During the recital of this tale by the lad, Mr. Judson had thought the second thought, his anger had begun to cool; and he was better prepared to be just. Still, he asked Horace who this man was, who seemed to be so interested in his affairs; but Horace declined to tell him. This Mr. Judson thought strange; but as the boy seemed firmly to decline, he did not press him.

A circumstance which occurred during the hour of nooning the next day, justified his forbearance, and made the clue he received from his interview with Horace available. Just before the family sat down to dinner, one of the little children dropped her mug out of a broken pane in the sitting room window. Mr. Judson desired Horace to go out and get it; but as Horace rose to obey, some impulse seized Mr. Judson, and he said, "Stop, Horace, I prefer to go myself." He accordingly went, was out sometime longer than was necessary to get the mug; and when he came back, he was very quiet, thoughtful, and abstracted in his manner. The family sat down to dinner, the little one who had dropped the mug, chatting and laughing to think how papa had to go after "Kitty's cup." At the conclusion of the meal, Mr. Judson turned to Horace and said:

"Horace, I have reason to think that you told me the truth yesterday. I believe I know who the man was who was questioning you in regard to my affairs. I am sorry that I became angry and was made suspicious of you, and I also respect your motives for not telling who your questioner was. I shall take steps to discover the mischief-maker in this case; and I hope you will always be as faithful, as I think you have in this matter."

As the family rose from the table, a near neighbor's boy came in, seemingly in a hurry, and told Mr. Judson that his father sent him to tell him that his cattle were in the sugar lot. Mr. Judson put on his hat and started at once for the lot, thinking only of his darling yoke of steers; and this hurry was opportune for Horace, who, in the general excitement was not noticed. He had started violently an changed color, when the boy stated his errand; and all the circumstances of his talk with Mr. Barnes; his threat upon refusal to comply with his request, and all the struggle of mind he had had before deciding to refuse, rushed through his thoughts, and he felt that he should faint, so close and stifling seemed the air. He ran out of doors after Mr. Judson, and was just in time to help drive the cattle out of the lot into the pasture, after Mr. Judson had gathered them to the bars. The favorites had escaped, but a likely heifer died from drinking the sap.

Mr. Judson was so pleased that his beautiful pets had escaped, that he did not then stop to make inquiry about how the cattle happened to get into the sugar lot; but telling Horace to keep a good look out during the rest of the sugar season, and that day, especially, he started for the village.

Horace was glad to be left alone again. His heart throbbed painfully; his thoughts, so it seemed to him, were trying to get out on his face, or into his eyes; and he felt sure that if he could not have time to think he must speak out, and his sense of what his duty was forbid his betrayal of Mr. Barnes. He was quite restless all the afternoon. It seemed as if he must tell Mr. Judson, and he had almost made up his mind to do it, when the words of the hymn he had heard Mr. Jones, the preacher sing, vibrated in his memory.

He grew calm directly; and when Mr. Judson returned from the village, late in the afternoon, he was free from excitement of mind, or apprehension of trouble. He had concluded not to tell Mr. Judson anything about Mr. Barnes talk and offer, unless compelled to; and he did not then know any way by which he could be compelled to.

To be continued.

HAPPY LIKE THE REST.

OUR Savior had two natures,—heavenly and earthly, human and divine. In his divine life he was high above all our thoughts, in his human nature he was our brother and our friend.

Two little Scotch girls one day were playing, and the more timid of the two started the deep question whether play was a quite right thing for Christian children to be engaged in? A certain minister preaching in the kirk she attended had said the previous Sunday that Christ was nowhere described in the Bible as having laughed. "You see, Katie, the minister said he was a man of sorrows."

The other girl replied in a most practical fashion by stopping the play at once. "But," she added, "I dinna ken, Maggie, but I think surely that minister was saying more than he had any right to say. We read that Jesus went to a marriage in Cana, of Galilee. The marriage folk would be, like other marriage folk, happy and laughing. Do you think the Lord would sit glooming at them without ever a smile upon his face? No, no, Maggie. I would not like to say 'laughing,' but I'm quite sure if he went to a wedding he would be happy like the rest while he was there. I think we might finish our play now."

AN INDIAN STORY;

OR, "SING IT AGAIN."

AT one of the annual meetings of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. Dr. Stowe gave an account of the way in which the Gospel was brought to a tribe of North American Indians. The story was received from the Son of a chief.

"One of the earliest things," he said, "which he recollected, was the suffering he had to bear. When he was about fifteen years old, he went with his father and a number of warriors to fight against and rob another tribe. They were very successful, and when they had murdered a number of their enemies, they got a small cask of whisky, and sat down under the shadow of a high hill, on the shore of one of the beautiful American lakes, to drink it.

"First of all, they poured out some of the whisky to one of the evil spirits they worship—the god of war. They were just going to drink the rest, when an Indian, whom they had sent to watch against enemies, came up in great haste, and whispered something in the old chief's ear. On hearing this he started, and then told some of his people to cover the barrel with a blanket, to hide it. On looking round he saw two grave and venerable men coming along the shore of the lake. He knew that they were Christian missionaries. They came up and spoke to him. They told him the story of Jesus Christ who came from heaven, not to destroy, but to save His enemies—not to kill them, but to give His life for theirs.

"The old chief threw his blanket over his head, and his son could see that he was trembling very much. He looked under the blanket to see what was the matter with his father, and, to his surprise, he saw big tears rolling down the poor old man's cheeks. He had never seen his father weep before, and he could not understand what made him do so now. Oh, it was the idea of the Great Spirit coming down to earth as a man that brought tears into the eyes of the chief and his companions. The missionaries said to the chief, 'Will you go to our station, that you

may there learn more about the love of the Great Spirit?" The tribe agreed to go.

"And now," said the old chief, 'take that barrel of whisky and pour it into the lake.' He knew that whisky and the Gospel could not go together; he knew that such liquor had been the destruction of many of his countrymen. The order was obeyed; the whisky was poured into the lake. It was about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and the sun was rising with beautiful clearness over the surface of the lake, when the old chief, his son, and the two missionaries got into the first canoe, and then the whole war party followed in another. As they were rowing over the lake, one of the missionaries began singing the hymn beginning—

'Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.'

The Indians knew enough of the English language to understand most of it. No sooner had the missionary sung the hymn, than they lifted their paddles, and said, 'Sing it again.' This was done, but even then they were not satisfied, and so the missionaries, as they were crossing the lake, again and again were obliged to sing—

'Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,' &c.

When they came to the other side of the lake, the dealers, who used to get a good deal of money by selling to them whisky, gunpowder, &c., met them, and said to the Indian chief, 'Where are you going?' 'I am going,' he replied, 'to hear about Him who came from heaven to save His enemies.' 'You fool,' said the whisky-dealers, 'do you know what these missionaries mean to do with you? They have a large enclosure close to their house, surrounded by a stone wall; you can only enter by one narrow gate, and, when you have got in, they will burn you to death, and take possession of your territory. That is what they mean to do with you.'

"This rather frightened the old chief; however, he said he would go and see if this were true. It took them two days to get to the missionary station. When they came to it, to be sure, there was only a large enclosure, and there was only one gate by which they could enter. The old chief, believing the missionaries rather than the wicked traders, made up his mind to do so; but before he did so, he called his son aside and said to him, 'Do you and the rest lie down in yonder swamp, and if anything happens to me, hasten back to the village and take care of the women and children; but come here every afternoon to see, if you can, what is going on.'

"The chief entered the missionaries' house. The tribe came for two days as he had directed, but all was quiet. When they returned on the third day there was a sound of distress.

"Oh!" said the young chief, 'I heard my father's voice as I never heard it before, crying earnestly for mercy—I thought they were burning him. I rushed in with my companion, and found him on his knees in prayer—praying to the Great Spirit to send converting grace into his heart. As soon as he saw me, he clasped me in his arms, and began to pray with me to the Great Spirit, and we rejoiced together in the hope of mercy. We then went back to the village; and oh! what a scene was produced! The women and children were all gathered round us, and we told them the story of him who came down from heaven to save His enemies. We had the hymn, 'Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,' translated into our own language; we had portions of the Testament also translated: and all my recollections of life from that time are recollections of joy, while the prospect of the future became bright to my soul.'"—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

TO-DAY, (Feb. 18th), we forward to William Street, Fall River, Mass., the answers we have received to his "Scriptural Enigma," published in HOPE of Jan. 15th. Prizes "will be forwarded as soon as decision is given." We presume distance and time will be considered, in awarding the prizes, which we trust will soon be forwarded to the successful competitors

Correspondence.

PITTSFIELD, Illinois, January 31, 1875.

Dear Editor:—I am a little girl only eight years old, and I cannot write very well, but I have thirty cents that I want to send to the *Hope*. First I wanted to buy a new slate with it, but mamma thought my old one would do for me a little longer; then I thought I would send it to some of the poor folks in Kansas, but mamma sent some there; so I thought I would send mine to the *Hope*. JESSIE WILLIAMSON.

WEST BELLEVILLE, St. Clair Co., Illinois, January 26, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am not yet baptized, but I hope I soon will be. My father, mother, brother and elder sister are members of the Church. I am twelve years old. I love to go to Sabbath School and meeting, and I go as often as I can. So no more at present, but I remain yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH ARCHIBALD.

MENTOR, Ohio, February 5, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I have often thought of writing to the *Hope*, but thought I could not write good enough, yet I am ten years old. I thought I would not write to the *Hope*, but then I love to read the letters. I mean to be a good Saint, and seek the Lord early. I must bring my letter to a close by saying good bye. EDITH BROWN.

JEFFERSON, Green Co., Iowa, Jan. 4, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—I thought I would let you know how the Saints are getting along here. Elders Clothier and Montgomery came December 12th and left on the 29th. They preached six times. The people were greatly interested with them.

J. B. HATCHER.

FORT SCOTT, Kansas, February 3, 1874.

Dear *Hope*:—I am living in the above named place. It is a town of about six thousand inhabitants; and a very thriving place, and doing well. I thank my heavenly Father for blessing me and giving me plenty, and I feel bad sometimes because I have not served him as I should. I want my brothers and sisters to pray for me that I may be more faithful. I am surrounded by all kinds of wickedness and vice, and am the only one here that bears the name of "Mormon." I desire to do right; pray for me and I will pray for you. Let us press on that we may meet in heaven. Your brother,

M. L. MIDDLETON.

JEFFERSON, Green Co., Iowa, Feb. 3, 1875.

Dear Little *Hope*:—As there is no school to-day, I thought I would write to you. We have prayer meeting here every Sunday night. There are only four members of the Latter Day Saints here. There has been no Elders here for about eight weeks. It is very cold to-day. I am but ten years old. This is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*. Our Sunday School will commence on the third Sunday in May.

"Speak gently; it is better far,
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently; let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here."

ELLA A. THATCHER.

BRUSH CREEK, Cherokee Co., Kansas.

Dear *Hope*:—I am thirteen years old. I am going to school. We have a Sunday School too. I like to read the *Hope* very much. I have learned a great many pieces out of it to speak at school. The weather has been very cold—the thickest ice ever known here. They take wagon loads of fish out of the river here. I learn verses out of the Testament.

Yours, HANSON DOCKERY.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., January 30, 1875.

Dear Little *Hope*:—I will, for the first time, try to write to you; although I do not expect to interest you much, as this is my first attempt. I have often thought I would like to write to the *Hope*. We have a very pleasant Sunday School; though small, it is prospering. Our Sunday School had a Christmas tree on Christmas eve, and had a pleasant time.

Dear *Hope*, I am always glad when you arrive, and I assure you that you are always perused with interest. I love to read the letters from my little brothers and sisters and from the big ones too. I will now say good night to the readers of *Zion's Hope*.

MATTIE E.

ELKHORN CITY, Neb., January 9, 1875.

Dear *Hope*:—This is my first attempt to write. I trust it will not be the last. I live about ten rods from a little brook. In the summer I can fish, and in the winter I can skate.

Bro. Hatt came to visit us on New Year's Day and he got caught in one of our Nebraska breezes, and it would have made some of the little Hopes laugh to see a Hatt running after a hat.

I do not belong to the Church, but I hope to sometime. Bro. Hatt preached here on Sunday, and I wish he could preach every Sunday, for I think there is nobody like Bro. Hatt.

My thoughts come faster than I can write them down, but before I close I would like to say a word to the young Hopes. I would like to see a letter from all parts of the country. As I have not seen many from Nebraska, I thought I would add one to the number. Well, I must close with my love to all.

B. F. CURTIS.

PETALUMA, January 11, 1875.

Bro. Joseph:—I have never written to you before. I will tell you how we spent Christmas. We had a Christmas tree and many nice presents on it. We have no Sunday School here. I live in a neat little cottage between the hills and valleys. There is a small lake in my father's farm. We have had a nice winter here. I have been a member of the Church for five years. We have no school here now, but I hope we will have soon. I remain yours in Christ,

THOMAS M. ADAMSON.

FRANKTOWN, Nevada, January 26, 1875.

Dear *Hope*:—As I have never written to you, I thought I would make a trial. We have no Sunday School; I should like it if we could have one. I have not been baptized yet, but hope soon to be. I was ten years old last June. We have meetings sometimes. I hope you will look over my imperfections.

JAMES E. TWADDLE.

COLUMBUS, Cherokee Co., Kansas, January 8, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I take the opportunity of writing a few lines to you. We live on the prairie, four miles north-west of Columbus. My pa is the President of this Branch. I am glad that I have obeyed the gospel. There is no Sunday School here but the Methodist. I commenced this letter in time to renew my subscription, but was taken sick with the spinal fever. I was administered to and got well. "It is good to be a Saint of latter days." I remain your sister in Christ,

MARY W. DUTTON.

The Workshop.

FOR SICK HEADACHE.—"Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."—Jas. 5: 14, 15.

DIED.

At the residence of her mother, near Nechesville, Anderson Co., Texas, December 14, 1874, of typhoid pneumonia, Miss MARY E. MORROW, aged 12 years, 10 months, and 27 days.

The golden bowl is broken. The silver cord is loosed. Like a lily fair and pure she passed away. A mother's fondest and most cherished hopes are crushed, and lie buried low in the grave of her darling Mary. Possessed of many noble and endearing traits of character, she leaves a multitude of warm and devoted friends and appreciative relatives to mourn her untimely death. But alas! for all earthly hopes and human ties. We have naught left us but her sweet memory to remind us of her bright and pure career. Herself a flower, born in this world where flowers of fairest hue first fade away, she lived as flowers do but, as it were for a day. Weep not, dear mother, as those that have no hope, for soon you'll meet your darling on the other shore, where there will be no more parting.

M. S. WAGNER.

TEXASKANA, Texas.

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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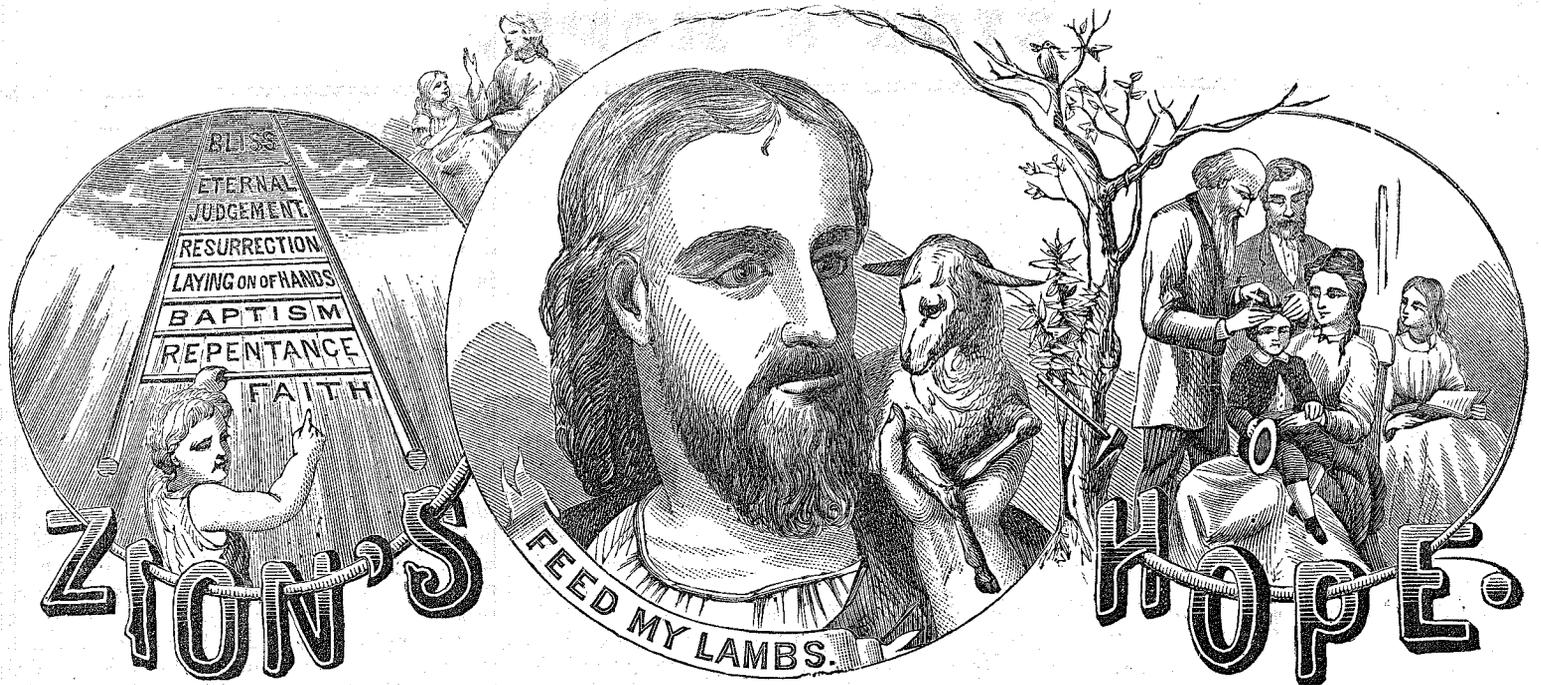
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

Vol. 6.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MARCH 15, 1875.

No. 18.

OUR CORESPONDENTS.

Just now we have on hand about four times as many letters as we can publish in this (15th of March) issue of the HOPE. So we trust our little folks will not feel slighted if their letters are cut a little short this time.

Space has failed us, but we have letters from Nancy M. Sutherland, of Sedgwick, Iowa; Eugene Caster, of Faragut, Iowa, Albert Van Brunt, of Sugar Grove, Mich; Mrs. H. C. Bronson, of Princeville Ill., and Alice C. Lawn, of San Benito, Cal., all as good and interesting as those published. We hope to hear from all parties again.

BOTH SIDES OF HEAVEN.

MR. WILBERTON, of the city of S—, after the labors and busy cares of the day, sought the retreat of his quiet home, once so full of light and happiness, but now shadowy and sad, rendered so by bereavement. After partaking of the evening meal and when the sun had sunk behind the hills, he laid aside the volume of God's word from which he had been reading, and taking his hat, called to his little daughter Mary, (his only child), as had been his custom since the departure of his much loved wife for the "Better Land," and said, "Come, Mary, darling, and let us take our evening stroll."

With childish glee she ran to join her father, and looking up into his face, exclaimed with all the love that the musical voice and deep-blue eyes of any little four-years-old could give utterance and expression to, and said:

"O, papa, I'm so glad when you come from the store! It seems like a long time from noon till evening, since mamma went to heaven. I get so lonely here with Aunt Ethel and Mrs. Meriweather. They are as good to me as they can be, but the days didn't seem so long before mamma left us."

Mr. Wilberton took her by the hand, and they started for the lawn. The presence of her father always dispelled her loneliness, and as they walked down the avenue to where they turned out on the lawn, her sweet voice was heard like charming melody floating out upon the gentle breeze that made pleasant the evening. But a tender chord had been touched in the heart of Mr. Wilberton, by little Mary's reference to her gentle mother, and while she was prattling about birds and flowers, and the many objects of interest which attracted her attention, her father walked silently by her side; and in memory of her who was all to him that wife could be, he let fall a silent tear, which, rolling down his manly cheek fell upon the hand

of little Mary as they were turning out upon the lawn. Upon looking up, she marked the sadness that had o'erspread her father's face. Suddenly her prattling ceased and she said:

"Father, what makes you cry?"

Stooping down, he kissed little Mary, and said, "Darling, I was thinking of your dear mother, and her happy home in heaven, while we are left to wander, oh! so lonely here on earth."

But memory, true to her trust, rapidly rolled before his mind in brief array, the duties and responsibilities of the present life, and some kind agent whispered to him, "If you would gain the victory and enter the heavenly city, to join the loved one, you must fight the battle of life, and fight it in the ever-present now."

He seized upon the inspiration and set about his life work to gain an entrance in through the gates into the city. Although he had thought much of heaven before, he felt more related to that "better land" now, and its attractions seemed multiplied, while time with its uncertain riches and short-lived pleasures seemed to lose their hold upon him. He gathered his child in his arms, and walked rapidly away to a quiet retreat on the lawn, where, in the deep shade of a wide-spreading fig-tree, hitherto he had bowed the suppliant knee, but never as at this time. With a new strength and a humble submission to the Divine will, he poured out his soul to God in earnest, fervent prayer for himself and child, as he had never done before. In placing his all upon the altar of consecration, his spirit vision was increased, and his inner man gained such a glimpse of the "better land" that all which was spread between seemed to be lit up with its glory. And as he and little Mary walked away toward an eminence in the lawn, even the night seemed light about him. Presently they reached its height, upon which grew a favorite bunch of rose-bushes, planted by direction of "dear Constance," his late wife, near which was situated a rustic seat, upon which he had frequently sat since his bereavement, and attempted to instruct his Mary out of the great book of nature, as its varied pages unfolded to his mind in the undulating hills and the grand old mountains in the distance, with their thousand buried wonders, and in the trees, the waving grain, the varied fruits, the flowers, with the blushing rose as their queen, the bleating flocks and lowing herds, and from the bee on the rose, the birds in the trees, the eagle that soars aloft, and as far out and up as his child seemed to grasp with her young mind. But now, like her father, in one brief hour she seemed to have spanned a lapse of years in her increase of knowledge and understanding of God, his good-

ness, the beauty of his mighty works of heaven and of its exceeding brightness, in all its mansions rendered so by the light of the Lamb and the glory of God.

And while her father, under his new inspiration, sought to instruct her young mind, in relating the mission of Christ to earth, his precious teachings, his glorious transfiguration on the mount, his sorrows in Gethsemane, his betrayal, crucifixion, burial and triumph over death and the grave, and of his glorious ascension to heaven, where he was seen of one standing near God the Father, and of the precious promises he made for the comfort of all who love and obey him, and of how he has fulfilled those promises in the gifts of the gospel, and how he will come again and take all the faithful to himself. She caught the inspiration, and while her little being was all aglow with the worship of God and the admiration of His wondrous works, she raised her little eyes again towards heaven, sweeping them around over the broad azure tent of the firmament all spangled over with stars, twinkling forth the praise and glory of God, and understanding that heaven with its glories is hid from mortal vision, she turned to her father and said:

"Papa, if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"

This remark brought the conversation to a close, for when with its deep meaning it waded through the soul of Mr. Wilberton, he arose with the strength, edification, and courage it imparted to him, and taking little Mary by the hand, said, "Daughter, let us return to the house."

Little Hopes—and large ones too—let us be active soldiers in the army of the Lord, so that when this mortal life fails us, we may live and reign with our Savior, in the glories of the "right side of heaven."

UNCLE MILTON.

TEN WAYS TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

Wearing thin shoes and stockings and insufficient clothing in cold and rainy weather. Leading a lazy, excited, theatre going, dancing life. Sleeping on feathers in a seven by nine room. Eating hot, stimulating food, too fast, and a great deal too much of it, and at improper times. Beginning with tea and coffee in childhood, and adding tobacco and spirits in due time. Marrying in haste and living in continual ferment thereafter. Following unhealthy occupations to make money. Taking bitters and confections and gourmandizing between meals. Giving way to fits of passion, or keeping in perpetual worry. Going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon, and eating when you catch it. To which may be added

a recipe for killing children: Paregoric, cordials, candy, and rich cake; and when they are sick thereby, mercury, tartar-emetie, castor-oil, and sulphur.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER VI.—POPPY TRUSTS MR. KENDALL.

Continued.

HOPE you ain't my father then, 'cause I wouldn't want you to die jest as soon as I found it out. Then 'taint right nuther."

"No, child, I was wrong. But tell me, dear little girl, all you know about your mother."

"O, no! no! I mustn't, 'deed I mustn't."

"But *why* mustn't you. You may at least tell me *that*."

"No, I daren't. But I wish I might. If somebody else knew it 'sides me, I wouldn't be so 'fraid."

"Do tell me, little one! No harm shall come to you if you do. I'll protect you. No one shall hurt you. *Will you, Poppy?* If you are my child it cannot be wrong, and if you are not, no one seems to have any claim on you."

Poppy looked all around in a frightened sort of way. "O, sir, you won't let that bad man take me way off and shut me up in some awful place if I tell you, will you?"

"No, no; I'll let no one hurt you, dear child."

She grasped Mr. Kendall's hand and clung to it, while she spoke in a low, hurried tone. "Aunt Becky, the good old black woman that took care of me till she got sick and we went to the poor-house, she said I mustn't ever say anything about my mother, or *he* would come and take me away off and shut me up in a dark place. Won't he?"

"No, Poppy, they don't allow such things to be done now a days. What else? Tell me all."

"O, there ain't much to tell. I can remember, oh, so long ago, a pretty woman that I called mamma, who used to hold me in her arms and kiss me and cry. Then one night I waked up and found I was away off, I don't know where, but I was in a carriage and Aunt Becky a holding me. I asked for my mamma, and she told me I mustn't never say anything about mamma again, or that man I was afraid of would carry me off. I heard him outside just then talkin' to the driver, I s'pose, for we were riding after that, and rode a long time. I didn't say any more, 'cause I was 'fraid of him. Then we comed here and then went to the poor-house, as I told you. That's every bit I know."

"But who was that man. How did he look?"

"He had come to see mamma once and talked awful cross and scared me so. I don't know how he looked, only he had yeller whiskers."

"Yellow whiskers! Are you *sure*?"

"Yes, *sure*; 'cause he tried to take me up, and I was so scared I pulled his whiskers when he held his face down near me to lift me up."

"He dared touch you! The villain!"

"Did *you* know him too," asked Poppy. "Wasn't you afraid of him?"

"I knew a bad man with yellow whiskers, who took my wife and child away. I'd like to see him now!" A fierce look came over his face.

"Why, what would you *do*?" asked Poppy.

"Kill him, I'm afraid!"

"O, no! no! I hope you won't be my father then, 'cause I couldn't love you if you'd kill somebody."

"Dear little reasoner, you're right and I'm wrong. I wouldn't do that. I only want my little girl. Won't you come and live with me, Poppy?"

"Yes, if you find mamma to live there too, and you *know* you're my papa."

"I don't know where she is. And she wouldn't come back any way. But you said something once about a handkerchief."

"O, yes, I'd forgot that. When Aunt Becky was sick, just before they said she was dead, she told me to look in her black silk reticule and find a little handkerchief. I did, and she said it was

my mother's, and I might keep it, but repeated what she'd often said about my not saying anything. *That's all.*"

"So little, and yet so much! You said there were two *H's* on the kerchief. That goes to prove you my child. My wife's name was Henrietta Holmes. Yes, I'll search for her, and force her to tell me why she sent you away, and if *you* are my baby."

"But I ain't a baby now. I wasn't much more'n that though when I was with mamma. I can tell you where to find her!" exclaimed Poppy, her eye suddenly brightening. "There was lots of trees with bunches of pretty pink flowers there, just like the one those rich Mr. Wilson's had on their parlor porch last summer."

"Oleanders," replied Mr. Kendall. "But they grow many places South. But I'll go directly."

"It takes lots of money if you go on the cars. And Aunt Hale said folks thought you must be pretty poor, 'cause you hain't got only a garden."

Mr. Kendall smiled. "Two years ago my older brother died without any family, and left me a large farm. The rent brings me all the money I wish to spend. *Tell people this* if you wish. But there is the school-house. I must go home."

He turned into a narrow wood path, and Poppy hastened on and was soon in the ante-room hanging up her little dinner pail and wrappings and then into the school-room to be sweetly chided by brown-eyed Nelly for leaving her and her brother. The moment that Poppy left the ante-room Lyss Baker entered from without, and taking the big red apple from his pocket he dropped it into Poppy's dinner pail. He thought he heard a *snicker* from without, but wasn't sure, for school was just then called, and the boys all came trooping in. Jim Welsh looked at Lyss very knowingly, but said nothing.

To be continued.

Continued from p. 67.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

WHAT discovery the dropping of the child's mug through the broken window had enabled Mr. Judson to make; what he had done in his visit to the village; and what followed that visit, we must leave to another time.

That Horace had, or had not done right in not telling Mr. Judson the injury which Mr. Barnes intended to do him, of course the readers of the HOPE cannot tell till the story is all told; but if any are inclined to judge him now, let them remember the fact already stated, that he had been raised in a rough school, where the rules of honor are not so nice and clearly defined as many of the Hopes' parents have been trying to teach them, it is to be hoped successfully.

There was in Mr. Judson's family, his wife and three girls, the youngest of whom, Kitty, the owner of the mug, which we shall hope was a mug of fortune to Horace, was a mischievous little miss; and was especially a great trial to the boy; who having never been accustomed to the ways of children, was frequently aggravated by the many demands this "queen of the household" made upon his time, patience and labor. It was "Harvis, do this," and "Harvis, I want that," till "Harvis" would rush out, and bang the door after him to get away from her. When he would do this, Kitty would be sure, as soon as he came in again, to go up to him and say, "Harvis run away from Kitty, Harvis naughty." Her comical way of saying this, would put the boy in a good humor again, and this would last until he would get irritated at some persistent demand, and then it would all be done over again.

During all the time that our story runs, Mr. Jones kept preaching in the neighborhood, first in one school-house and then in another; and Horace, with Mr. Judson's approval, kept going; and so well was the preacher stirring up the minds of the people about religion, that they began to pack the houses full when he preached.

One Friday evening, after Horace and Kitty

had had one of their "tiffs," as the good natured Mrs. Judson—or "Mistress Laurie," as her husband preferred to call her—called them, and Horace had run away from her, he went to meeting without having been made good natured by her "Harvis naughty" expression; and so he walker into the school-house cross and ill-tempered.

A few people had gathered in early, and were busily engaged talking over their daily affairs one with another, when Mr. Barnes entered. As soon as he came in the flow of chat ceased, the group around the stove scattered to the seats one by one, until only the late comer and Mr. Peters, an ardent admirer of Mr. Jones, were left. This Mr. Peters was a striking contrast to Mr. Barnes; and as the two stood face to face with each other in the full blaze of the light from one of the lamps suspended from the ceiling, the few who were present had a fair opportunity to see and remember the peculiar difference in the appearance of the two men. Mr. Barnes was the taller by some inches; the broader and heavier of the two; dark in features with a rolling, restless, glittering, almost black eye; hair dark and smooth, and as he stood up by the stove he seemed to be a giant in strength, he had such a restless aggressive look about him. Mr. Peters was a small, compactly built man, with a curly head of lightish brown hair, and an eye so lightly blue that it was almost gray, and with a manner so still and quiet that one would almost forget that he was present before them; except for one peculiar trait, that was the faintest appearance of a smile that seemed always hovering on his lips, ready to break into a laugh at any time.

As the two men met Mr. Peters had said, "Good evening, Mr. Barnes;" but the latter had either not heard him, or was not in a mood to be courteous, as he did not reply. This may have been the reason why the men, one by one had gone to their seats leaving the two men so widely different standing so strangely opposite to each other; the one, so restless, strong and dark; the other so quiet, small and pleasant.

Mr. Barnes waited a few moments, and then said, "Well, how long is this crazy preacher going to carry on these meetings, turning honest peoples heads upside down? He had better stop, before he fools anybody into joining his church; or he will get into trouble. There are some of us up round here that calculate to run him out of the country if he dont stop soon."

Mr. Peter's lips wreathed into a smile, as, supposing he was the one addressed, he replied, "I presume that Elder Jones will continue to preach so long as the people come to hear him, and turn out; so far as any one joining the church to which he belongs is concerned, he has not as yet asked any to join him; but unless I hear something to change my present intention, when he does give opportunity, I shall be one to go with him. And, besides this, Mr. Barnes, Elder Jones is an American citizen, and it will be very cruel and contrary to law to annoy or disturb him, much more disgraceful and unlawful to conspire to drive him out of the country."

Here the door opened, and Mr. Jones entered, followed by a crowd, which kept flocking in until the seats were filled.

The text of the preacher on this occasion was, "Be ye kind." And the effort was to show that men must learn to conform to the law of kindness under every circumstance; and that by a constant self control in this particular the most irritable and naturally unfriendly nature could be made to be one of kindly friendliness. He gave several instances where the stubborn nature of animals was completely changed by kind treatment; also, several instances within his own experience in which children and men and women, were changed from harsh, morose and unfriendly people, to pleasant and friendly ones, by a constant watch-care and control of self.

He related an instance of a boy who was by nature a cross, ill tempered fellow; but who had been made to feel how sad and unhappy he made

others feel, by the persistent kindness of a little sister, who used to go up to her brother after he had been guilty of saying or doing anything cross, ill-tempered or wrong; and looking up at him, with her little hands pressed close together against her breast, and say, "Georgy been naughty again. Flora so sorry." This, so often and so persistently occurring, finally broke the stubborn heart of the boy; and one day he took his little sister up in his arms, and said, "Georgy has been very naughty; but Georgy very sorry now. If sister Flora will forgive Georgy, and never say 'Georgy naughty' any more, Georgy will try to be good and kind." To this the little girl consented, and never afterward did she call the boy naughty. But he did not overcome, and be good all at once. He was tried a good many times, and then he remembered his promise; the little girl's "Flora so sorry" would come to his mind, and he would try very hard. Sometimes he forgot for a moment; but his better nature finally triumphed. "He became a man, a pleasant, genial-hearted, friendly-faced man; he is now in this room, and is one of the most respected and best liked men in your community; the story I have been telling you being strictly true," concluded the preacher.

At the close of the meeting Mr. Jones gave out a hymn, and he and Mr. Peters and one or two others sung it. It was the same one that the preacher had sung the night of his struggle between duty and the desire for Mr. Barnes' half-dollars, and Horace went home at peace, a new resolve in his mind, and the words, "Fear not and be just," ringing in his ears.

"HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH."

THE following is extracted from the *Evening and Morning Star*, of September, 1832, and published in the *Latter Day Saints' Millennial Star*, vol. 14, pages 265 and 266.

"WRITING LETTERS."

"The art of writing is one of the greatest blessings we enjoy. To cultivate it is our duty, and to use it is our privilege. By these means the thoughts of the heart can act without the body, and the mind can speak without the head, while thousands of miles apart, and for ages after the flesh has mouldered back to its mother dust. Beloved reader, have you ever reflected on this simple, this useful, this heavenly blessing? It is one of the best gifts of God to man, and it is the privilege of man to enjoy it. By writing, the word of the Lord has been handed to the inhabitants of the earth, from generation to generation. By writing, the inventions and knowledge of men have been received, age after age, for the benefit of the world. By writing, the transactions of life, like the skies over the ocean, are spread out upon the current of time, for the eyes of the rising multitudes to look upon. And while we are thus summing up some of the blessings and enjoyments which result from this noble art, let us not forget to view a few of the curses and mischiefs which follow an abuse of this high privilege. While we behold what a great matter a little fire kindles, let us not stand mute. Let us not forget to set a better example, when we see the slanderer dip his raven's quill in gall, to blot the fair fame of some innocent person. Let us weep, for so will the heavens do, when the great men of the earth write their glory in the tears of the fatherless and the widow. Let us mourn while this world's vanity is written for deception, in letters of gold. But enough, for the wicked are writing their own death warrant, and the hail of the Lord shall sweep away the refuge of lies. We, as the disciples of the blessed Jesus, are bound by every consideration that makes religion a blessing to the inhabitants of the earth while we see this exalted privilege abused, to set a more noble example. To do our business in a more sacred way, and, as servants of the Lord, that would be approved in all things, hide no fault of our own, nor cover any imperfection in others; neither offend, lest we bring a re-

proach upon the great cause of our holy Father.

"It is pleasing to God to see men use the blessings which He gave them, and not abuse them. For this reason, if the Saints abide in the faith wherewith they have been called, the earth shall yield her increase, and the blessings of heaven shall attend them, and the Lord will turn to them a pure language, and the glory of God will again be among the righteous on earth. All things are for men, not men for all things. Beloved brethren, before we can teach the world how to do right, we must be able to do so ourselves. Therefore, in the love of Him who is altogether lovely, whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light, who spake as never man spake, let us offer a few ideas on this subject, for the consideration of such as mean to love their neighbors as themselves, for the sake of righteousness and eternal life.

"1. Never write a letter to a friend or foe, unless you have business which cannot be done as well in some other way; or unless you have news to communicate, that is worth time and money. In this way you will increase confidence, and save postage.

"2. Never write any thing to a friend or foe, that you are afraid to read to friend or foe, for letters from a distance, especially one or two thousand miles, are sought for with great anxiety; and, as no one is a judge of men and things, you are liable to misrepresent yourself, your country, your friends, and your enemies, and put in the mouth of the honest, as well as the dishonest, a lie, which truth, in her gradual but virtuous way, may not contradict till your head is under the silent clods of the valley.

"3. Never write any thing but truth, for truth is heavenly, and like the sun, is always bright, and proves itself without logic, without reasons, without witnesses, and never fails. Truth is of the Lord, and will prevail.

"4. Never reprove a friend or foe for faults in a letter, except by revelation; for in the first place, your private intentions, be they ever so good, are liable to become public, because all letters may be broken open, and your opinion only on one side of the question, can be scattered to the four winds; and he to whom you meant good, receives evil; and you are not benefited. Again, we can hardly find language, written or spoken on earth, at this time, that will convey the true meaning of the heart to the understanding of another; and you are liable to be misunderstood, and to give unpleasant feelings; and you merely, to use a simile, bleed an old sore, by probing it for proud flesh, when it only wanted a little oil from the hand of the good Samaritan, in person, to heal it. No matter how pure your intentions may be; no matter how high your standing is, you cannot touch man's heart when absent as when present. Truly, you do not cast pearls before swine, but you throw your gold before man, and he robs you for your folly. Instead of reproof give good advice; and when face to face, rebuke a wise man, and he will love you; or do so to your friend, that, should he become your enemy, he cannot reproach you: thus you may live, not only unspotted, but unsuspected.

"5. Never write what you would be ashamed to have printed; or what might offend the chastest ear, or hurt the softest heart. If you write what you are ashamed to have printed, you are partial: if you write what would offend virtue, you have not the Spirit of the Lord; and if you write what would wound the weak-hearted, you are not feeding the Lord's lambs, and thus you may know that you are not doing to others what you would expect others to do to you. The only rule we would give to regulate writing letters is this:—Write what you are willing should be published in this world, and in the world to come. And would to God, that not only the disciples of Christ, but the whole world, were willing to follow this rule. Then the commandments would be kept, and no one would write a word against the Lord his God. No one would write a word against his father or mother. No one would write

a word against his neighbour. No one would write a word against the creatures of God. No one would need write a word against any thing but sin; and then the world would be worth living in, for there would be none to offend."—*Selected for Zion's Hope. by Wm. Street.*

PLACE OR PRINCIPLE.

IT was Saturday evening, and the week had been a busy one with the banking house firm of Finley, Gould & Co. The sun had just retired behind the hills and already the busy hum of the great metropolis of the new world had begun to sink away to the usual quiet of evening; when, weary with the unremitted toils of the day, James Morton, a youth of some promise and one of the principal clerks in the above named house, was about retiring from his desk, to join his much loved mother in their little quiet home, whither his thoughts had been turning during the two hours of extra labor he had just completed, when Mr. Ira B. Prompt, the Cashier and one of the owners of the bank, turned to James Morton, and said:

"James, we will have to work to-morrow, to be able to fill our orders by Monday morning's express and mails."

"Mr. Prompt, to-morrow is Sunday, and I do not like to work on the Rest Day."

"I cannot help that; the orders are in and they must be filled. You know the trains have been delayed on account of the recent storms, and another day's delay might work sad loss to many, whose paper would be saved from protest, and they from loss or decline of credit, by promptness on our part in honoring their drafts and filling their orders."

"I know that, Mr. Prompt, but the Scriptures say 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' hence I would like to be excused from labor on the Sabbath, since its desecration is so positively forbidden."

Mr. Prompt remarked sharply, "James, you have begged off two or three times in this manner when we have been caught in a tight place, and as for your ideas of the Scriptures and the Sabbath, it is not always pleasant to submit to them. I have to work on Sunday sometimes, and I fail to see that you are any better than I am. And beside that, I don't propose to have employees dictating when they will work and when they will not. So you can come in the morning, as usual, and help to finish up the work for Monday morning; I think we can get through by eleven o'clock."

James quietly but firmly replied, "Mr. Prompt, I thank you for any favor you may have extended to me in time past, and am sorry now, that I am necessitated, for the first time to disobey one of your positive requirements; but my sense of duty to the requirements of the Divine command, to hold inviolate—so far as I am concerned—the Sabbath of the Lord, compels me, from principle, to inform you that I will not come in the morning, as you demand that I shall."

"Well, sir, if you do not come in the morning you need not come back on Monday, for I will not have an employee around me who will dictate to me as you do. I think you had better reconsider your decision, and come in the morning; it will not hurt you to labor a few hours on the Sabbath, and beside that it will be, as you know, with closed doors; and further—you know you are poor and have your widowed mother to care for, who is dependent upon you for a support; and you have a good situation here, such an one as but few young men of your age have, and by a continued and close application to business in the future as in the past, you may rise ere long to eminence in the banking business. So I trust you will carefully consider your resolution to not come in the morning, and thus save your situation, (for I would like to have you continue on the terms stated), and save yourself, so young and

full of promise, from the unfavorableness of being discharged from the bank."

"Mr. Prompt, I know that I am poor, that I have a widowed mother dependent upon me for support, that my discharge from the bank will cause unfavorable reflections to be cast upon me, and I know that another like situation would be hard to get, and that I 'might possibly suffer,' as you have said, 'from want of employment.' But my mother, whom I love, early taught me to look up to God as the one holy and true, who gives life, and whose right it is to create law and to command obedience to the same. And with me it is a fixed principle, that right will bring its triumph; so I will keep His great commandments, as far as I know them and am able; because He will turn and overturn for the good of those who trust him; believing that promotion cometh not from the east or from the west, but that God casteth down one and setteth up another as he will, and not as man wills. And it is further written that the Lord preserveth the faithful, and the humble, trusting soul he will never leave nor forsake, but in the day of trial and indignation he will appoint them a refuge, and ultimately, through their uprightness, they shall abide in his tabernacle, when the rich, the proud, and they that do wickedly shall become ashes under the soles of the feet of the righteous. Then it will be known who chose the better part, for the commandments of God are life everlasting. So, Mr. Prompt, in remembrance of the Sabbath day and with humble faith, looking up to that God who feeds the young ravens when they cry, that God who numbers the hairs of his children's heads, whom my mother taught me to love, obey and worship; I still adhere to my principles."

"Well, sir, if that is your decision, you need not come to work on Monday; I have no further use for you here."

For a moment James' heart seemed to sink within him. His love for his mother, his loss of place, his duty to God, and the unexplored future of his life, dark as the night into which he must soon pass from the gilded and brilliant scenes of the bank, where he had fostered so many hopes of success, all flashed before his mind. The temptation to yield from principle to secure a place, was strong. But only for a moment was he left in such awful suspense; for some unseen agent seemed to whisper, "Be thou faithful." It was a brief sentence, but it was enough.

The decision was given on the side of duty, and with his usual politeness he bade Mr. Prompt good night, and started for the door, and as he reached the portal Mr. Prompt, trembling with emotion, which James did not observe, said, "Good night, Mr. Morton, I wish you well, but you will, remember this interview and the decision you have made, as long as you live."

To be continued.

SICK HEADACHE.

IN the HOPE of Jan. 15th, we published a recipe or Dr. R. H. McKay, of Tennessee, for sick headache, and, in HOPE for March 1st, we published one from the Great Physician, first published about one thousand eight hundred and nine years ago, by one of His students, by the name of James, reference to which we gave at the close of the recipe.

We published both of the above recipes without comment, leaving the readers of the HOPE to judge of their worth, and as to which would look best in our paper, through the columns of which, we are endeavoring to instruct the young in the way of truth, and to invite the world to return to apostolic doctrines and practices. But, however inconsistent the publication of such a recipe as Dr. McKay's, might and does appear in connection with the doctrines and teachings of Latter Day Saints, only one person, up to the present writing has taken exceptions to its appearance in our little paper. We pray that none may be misguided by the publication of the former, and that

many may be blessed through the publication of both.

By having them placed in contrast, we trust our little folks will be the better enabled to judge between the harmlessness of each to the human system, and of their potency or efficiency for good, in restoring health, when used according to the directions of each.

The word of the Lord, through Jeremiah, is "ask for the old paths and walk therein," for "cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm," saith God through one of the prophets. God said of Jesus, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him;" and he (Jesus) said, "If I go away I will send the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, and he will bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said. He will guide you into all truth and show you things to come;" and it was by direction of that Spirit that James, a student of the Great Physician, was enabled to write that valuable recipe we have published in opposition to Dr. McKay's. Little Hopes, stick to the promises and commandments of God, for they are life everlasting to those who hearken and obey them.

HOLES IN THE SKY.

ONCE upon a time, when a little boy was admiring the twinkling stars with their background of azure blue, his mother said, "Willie, what do you think they are?"

"Why, they are holes punched in the sky for the glory of God to shine through."

Surely little Willie's mother had been telling him about the way of the Lord, the brightness of the heavenly world, the glory of which cannot be endured by mortal sight, and having been instructed in the goodness of God, his young mind grasped the idea that God, in his love and goodness to man, was letting a little of his glory shine down upon us, to make pleasant our lives here, and to induce us to seek Him with all our hearts, that we might enter fully into the glories of the heavenly world.

Correspondence.

WEST BELLEVILLE, St. Clair Co., Illinois, January 27, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—We have a Sabbath School here, and I am a member. We had a party on New Year's night, and I spent a happy New Year with our Superintendent, and brothers and sisters and friends. I love the HOPE very much, and I don't know what I would do without it. I love to read the nice little stories, and letters of the Hopes, and to hear how they are getting along in the world, and how they feel in the work in which they are engaged. I am a member of the Church, and I feel that there is no joy nor peace out of it for me. It is my prayer that all the little Hopes may find joy in the Church. Pray for me that I may hold out faithful to the end of my days. Your sister in the gospel bond,

JENNET ARCHIBALD

CHURCH HILL, Ohio, January 4, 1875.

Dear Editor:—I take the present opportunity to write you a few lines, to let you know that I am a Sabbath School scholar. I have not been baptized yet, nor my parents. I am receiving very good teaching. I will try and write a better letter next time. I am fourteen years old.

AGNES FREW.

PLANO, Illinois, February 26th, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—We have had a very cold winter here. During the last two weeks we have had snow, wind, rain, ice, snow, more wind, a little more rain and sleet, which left everything sleek, and now it is trying to snow again. The weather has been fearfully mixed. We often think of the little Hopes who live away down where orange trees are blooming.

We have a good Sunday School here, and preaching service twice on Sundays. Br. Joseph has been gone from Plano all the week on a preaching tour. He has been given to such tricks this winter, that is, preaching away from home. We hope to hear him on next Sunday ourself. Yours for truth, M. B. O.

DAVIS CITY, Decatur Co., Iowa, Feb. 7, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I cannot write very well, for I am only six years old. I go to meeting most every Sabbath. I am trying to be good and obedient. But Satan tries to lead us to do wrong. It is wrong to tell

a lie. It is wrong to quarrel, to be unkind, and to be disobedient. I went to Sabbath School last summer, and learned ninety verses in the Testament. I like to read the little HOPE. I live in Lamoni Branch. I like to live in Iowa. Your little friend,

EULA M. THOMAS.

San Benito Co., California, Jan. 24, 1875.

Mr. Smith:—I take the HOPE. I think it a dear little paper. We have a nice little Sunday School here. I will be fifteen years old in March. I am not a member of the Church. There were ten baptized last Friday. Mr. Mills and Mr. Clapp preached here.

CARRIE SPITS.

STARFIELD, Clinton Co., Missouri, December 27, 1874.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I have only written to the HOPE once, and I wish I could say twenty times instead of once. We have no Sunday School here, but I hope we will have one sometime, for I love to go to Sunday School and read the Scriptures, for the Savior said, "he that seeketh shall find." I want to find eternal life. I hope all the little readers of the HOPE will pray for me. Yours in Christ,

SARAH ANN SUMMERFIELD.

BIRMINGHAM, Eng., January 25, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—My faith is greater to-day than ever in the grand work that we are engaged in. Though we are few in number, we are great in the sight of God, inasmuch as we keep his laws and commandments. We had a brother and sister from Stafford with us on last Sabbath, and we had a pleasant day; enjoyed the Spirit of God in preaching and testimony meeting. Let us pray for all men, that they may turn unto the Lord while there is yet time.

Br. Joseph, if there is one thing more than another that I desire it is to live a pure life before God, that I may be accepted of him.

I am afraid my letter will be too long, so must draw to a close by saying good by to all my brothers and sisters. From your sister in Christ,

ANN HEMMING.

DAVIS CITY, Decatur Co., Iowa, February 17, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am trying to be a good girl; but sometimes I am not as good as I want to be. We are having good meetings here. I am trying to be faithful. I went to Sabbath School last summer and learned ninety-one verses. We do not have any Sabbath School in the winter. Your little friend,

MABEL L. THOMAS.

VIOLA, Mercer Co., Illinois, Feb. 14th, 1875

Dear HOPE:—We have prayer meetings every Sabbath and Wednesday night. Ma has been very sick since New Years, and so I don't get to go to school very much. But I hope and pray my heavenly Father that she may get well. I love to read our little paper. Little Hopes, I want you to pray for me, that I may live faithful, and I will remember you.

Yours truly,

SADIE E. CADMAN.

MANHOOD.—A man is most God-like, when he is most a Man.—*Alfred Tennyson.*

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G. Watson	..	25 Mrs. Anna Johnson	..	50
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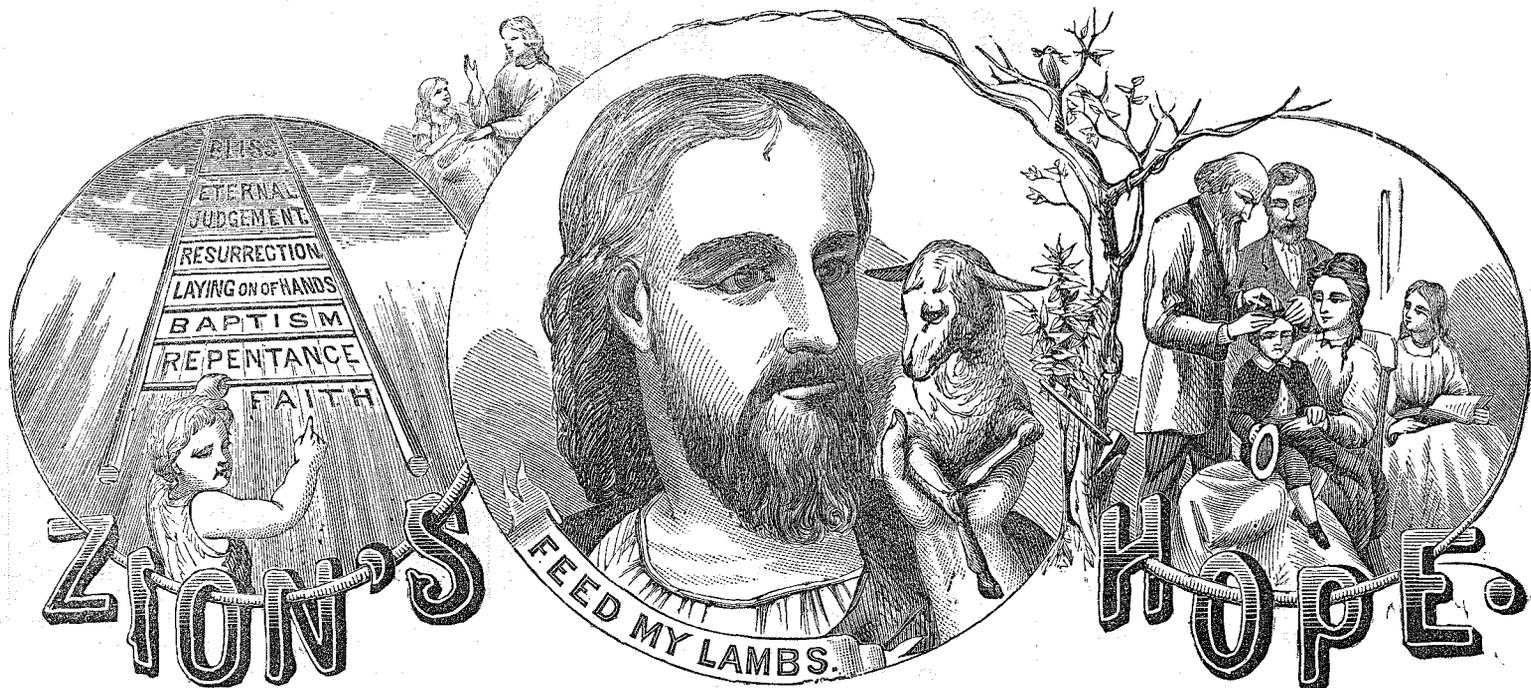
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 6.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., APRIL 1, 1875.

No. 19.

UNCLE'S EXPERIENCE.

A LESSON FOR THE HOPES.

LITTLE HOPES—Brother Joseph, who so kindly cares for your welfare, and tries to provide food suitable for your minds, is calling for help in the good work of your improvement, and I would like to respond to the call, and would have done so before; but I am conscious that my pen is too clumsy and dull to write so as to properly instruct such a noble band of Hopes as you. It does not seem to me as though I was "condescending," in my efforts to do so. I think it requires the effort of the highest talent, and hence it is one of the noblest tasks to instruct the dear little ones of God's household. I am more than pleased to know that while Bro. Joseph has the whole burden of the Church of Christ on his shoulders, he can take such unbounded interest in the little Hopes. It is abundant evidence that he is in possession of the Spirit of his Divine Master; who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." I love little children too, and especially good ones.

Like you, I was once a child, and I am sorry to say I did not appreciate the great care and anxiety of my parents for me as I ought. I thought it was hard that I could not be allowed to do just as I pleased. I did not realize then that "one false step would ever lead to more," and hence I could not see why they should be so careful how I stepped in this world. I did not know then that "evil communications would corrupt good manners," hence I could not see why they should caution me against, and not allow me to keep, evil company. I could hardly think that I should be led to do wrong because I saw others do it.

I could not tell why I should not have every thing I wanted then. But since that time experience has taught me that this world is full of snares, and traps and dangers into which my little feet might have fallen, and in their great love for me, they tried to guide me aright, and place my feet in the only safe path. I learned that my dear parents had trod the path before me, and they knew what great evils had to be overcome. Then I began to appreciate their care and anxiety. I learned that God had made them my guardians and guides and told them how to guide me, and that when I disobeyed my parents in these things, I disobeyed God.

I learned that in childhood I was not capable of judging what was best for me; but my parents did know what was best; and experience taught me that if I had followed their counsels I should have avoided many a pain and sorrow that I brought upon myself, through not heeding a loving parent's warning.

I have also learned what a power there is in example. I have learned that when I saw my companions do wrong how hard it was to keep from doing wrong myself. My wicked companions would laugh at me and call me a coward. This would make me angry, and sometimes ashamed to think that I dare not to do as they did, because my parents had told me it was wrong. Then sometimes, to prove that I was not a coward, I would do it; then they would sneer at me again, and rejoice over my weakness, and would tempt me on from one evil to another, until I became a slave to their bad ways and adopted them as my own. I cannot tell you how many sorrowful hours I have passed when alone. How many pang of anguish I have endured, through treating lightly a parent's word, and disregarding their advice. I cannot tell you how hard I have labored to cast off the evil habits I learned from bad examples seen in bad company—I cannot even tell you how the same affects me now; although my hairs are sprinkled with grey. If I could, I'm sure you would try to love your parents, listen to their teaching, and act upon their instructions; and avoid bad company, and all bad ways and words.

Children, I have found that I was one of the basest cowards when I had not the courage to resist the evil taunts of my bad companions. True courage consists in daring to do right in spite of all the jeers of the wicked, and in refusing to do wrong.

Hard experience has taught me that my parents knew what was best for me to have, and also what was the best for me to do. I can see it now. I would to God I had seen it in childhood.

Now, my darling Hopes, how is it with you? Do you love your parents? Do you heed their teachings? Do you appreciate their care over you? Do you avoid bad company? Do you flee away from evil example? Or do you think your parents are foolish, and you only are wise? Do you think that because others do wrong you have a right to do so too? Do you treat your parents with contempt, and spurn their advice? Are you idle and careless, untrustworthy and negligent in your duties? If you are, let me tell you once for all, you are sapping the foundation of all your happiness. You are heaping up pains, sorrows and miseries upon your heads, that will crush you beneath their deadly weight, until you cannot endure the anguish and woe which your own hands have brought upon you.

On the other hand, my dear Hopes, if you love your parents, your brothers and sisters,—try to be obedient, try to do right, avoid bad company, seek for the society of the wise and good, the industrious and trust-worthy, and mindful of your duties

to God and your parents; then you are preparing yourselves for the society of angels, and of your great Redeemer, Jesus Christ; and he will bless you, and fill you with joy and pleasure, and you will become like unto Him, and be crowned with honor and glory.

UNCLE CHARLES.

Continued from p. 70.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

THE object of Mr. Judson's visit to the village will be best explained by relating what took place there. He went straight to the office of Squire Pullman, the only lawyer in the place; in addition, he was a Notary Public and a Magistrate, and the general legal adviser of a great many of the villagers and country people for miles around, and was esteemed to be a careful, shrewd and honest man.

Mr. Judson had to wait for half an hour before the Squire came into his office, and this half hour he spent in the village variety store, the common gathering place of the idler, more goossipy part of community, as well as those having an hour or two of business waiting to pass over, and those desirous of a chat, a pipe and to hear the current news.

As Mr. Judson entered the store, Mr. Jones, the preacher, passed out, bidding him good day as he met him at the threshold; and when fairly within the room, Mr. Judson discovered that the preacher was the subject of conversation. From what was being said it appeared that some adventurous curiosity hunters had tried to get Mr. Jones and the village saddler, a staunch sectarian, into what they called "a confab," and succeeded so well that the saddler had been discomfited, and given away to anger, upon which the preacher had said, turning to those present:

"Gentlemen, please pardon me. I regret having been led into this discussion. It is not consonant with my feelings to destroy the good feeling of any party gathered as this one was; but having unfortunately angered this gentleman, a stranger to me, lest I do further mischief I will go away."

The saddler was still angry, and said that he believed Mr. Jones to be a Mormon; and if he was sure that he was he would be one to help drive him out of the country. Then turning to Mr. Judson, he added, "Wouldn't you be one?"

Mr. Judson answered, "I am not prepared to answer that question. I would first want to know what the doctrines that he taught were. I have not yet heard him; but I intend to, if he continues preaching here, as I hear he intends to. I will then be able to answer your question."

Other persons joined in the talk, and though

the angry saddler had no open opposition, it was quite clear that he had no real support in his threats against the new preacher.

Mr. Judson soon left and returned to the office of Squire Pullman, that gentleman being then returned. He at once began his story, and had soon put the squire in possession of all the facts in the case, as they appeared to him up to the time of the dropping of the mug through the window. "Now," says Mr. Judson, "here is something that has completely upset my theory as I have just given it to you, and has given rise to a new one. And it was for this reason I came to you; I thought you would be able to help me to decide if my new one was the most likely one of the two." Mr. Judson then took from his pocket a letter in a blank envelope, that is, an envelope which had no direction written upon it. "This letter I found under the window, close by where my little girl's mug had fallen. It is not directed outside, but bears two names inside."

Mr. Pullman took the letter, and this is what was written in it:

"PERKINS' CORNERS, Feb. 2nd, 1872.

"My Dear Jack—

"Yours of the 16th Jan. was received. I write in a hurry. I tried Judson's boy; but he would not do as I wanted him. I offered him ten dollars if he would let the bars down, but he had got hold of some notions of right from Jones, the preacher, and would not do it. I threatened to kill him if he told on me; but he did not seem to be afraid. I don't think he will betray me; unless something turns up from some other quarter, and he is called into court. Then I believe he will tell all that passed. There is somebody at Judson's on some business, and I am going to find out who it is, and what his business is. I hired half-witted Bob to let the bars down—and Judson's cattle will be sure to get in his sugar lot. I am going up to-night to look round a little. Keep mum. Yours,
—BARNES."

The two men were silent a little while. Then the squire said, "This has an ugly look. I think we had better call in dective Hill. He will be here to-night and I will lay the case before him."

To this Mr. Judson consented, and leaving the letter with his statement, which the squire had briefly written down, he left the office, satisfied that he would reach a satisfactory conclusion of his puzzling work before long.

To be continued.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"I AM the good shepherd," said Jesus, our loving Savior.

Our mind's eye rests upon a little green pasture, with a cool spring rising and flowing away, forming a little stream of still, quiet water, and in that field or pasture a shepherd had gathered his flock. And having planted a hedge around it for their protection, he withdrew a little to let them roam at will over the green pasture, to drink from the ceaseless fountain of the ever-flowing spring, and to lie down beside the still waters.

But a little lamb, tired of restraint and desiring the grass on the outside, thinking it better than that in the pasture, at length found a place where it could force its way through the hedge, which it did; but it soon found that the grass on the inside was the best, but not content, it thought to wander farther, saying, "I know the way back and can return when I wish." So it wandered farther and farther, until it entered a dark wood in quest of herbage suited to its taste. At length it set out to return, but it had lost its way, and knew not where to go. Night was coming on and it ran here and there, but it could not find the way, and in its fright would bleat for the fold. As the shades of evening began to thicken, it heard the howling of a wolf, and O! how frightened it was, and bleated still louder. The wolf heard it and was soon upon it, and then it bleated in earnest. But the watchful eye of the shepherd was upon it, and noted its departure from the pasture and when it began to bleat he hastened to its relief, and reached it in time to beat back the wolf and save its life, although it was wounded in the

attack, and taking it in his arms he bore it back to the fold.

Jesus is our Shepherd. Satan is the wolf. Within the covenant is our green pasture; our duties are the hedge or line beyond which we cannot safely go. Little Hopes, never break through the hedge—your duties—into the great field of sin, where the wolf will surely catch you, unless you speedily return to the fold.

May none of the little Hopes with shame and sin-wounds have to be borne back to the fold and gentle care of the Good Shepherd from whom they have strayed, but may you be content to feed in the pasture of His love, beside the still waters, and drink from the ever-flowing fountain of the Spirit's never-failing spring.

BYRON AND PAUL.

The licentious Byron, before his death, wrote:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruit of life are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone."

The Apostle Paul, before dying, wrote:

"I am now ready to be offered,
And the time of my departure
Is at hand.
I have fought a good fight,
I have finished my course,
I have kept the faith,
Henceforth there is laid up for me
A crown of righteousness,
Which the Lord, the Righteous Judge,
Shall give me at that day;
And not unto me only,
But unto all them, also,
That love His appearing."

—Selected.

Continued from page 71.

PLACE OR PRINCIPLE.

THE darkness of the night, the raging wind and pelting storm, which James Moreton had to encounter in reaching his humble, but pleasant little home, reminded him of the fierceness of the storm of trial and temptation, which, like an avalanche hurled from the lowering of the mountain's brow, had descended upon him in all its unspent fury; but having chosen God as his refuge, and feeling that his commandments, statutes and judgments were more to be desired than gold, and having realized that great peace have they who love the same, he now felt secure in the cleft of this refuge he had chosen, whither he had withdrawn in his righteous decision for the supremacy of God's commandments. In his secure retreat he felt that right would be rewarded; but how, he was yet unable to see, for the future to him had put on a mantle of gloom, and while trying, in his mind, to pierce that gloom and catch some gleam of light beyond the dark shadow that was resting across his pathway, all at once, like an *ignis fatuus*, or Will o' the wisp, the golden motto, stamped upon his inner man, by the early and heaven-blessed instruction of his mother floated before his mental vision, and he read as it were, in letters of fire, "Be faithful, right will prevail." Following this, his mind turned in retrospect over his life, and counting alternates of shade and light through which he had passed, and how right had prevailed, and to note that through shadows had been ascents from which he had merged into the light of higher and greater blessings. But never had he been so tried as now; never had the future been so impenetrable to him. But, with the motto of his life blazing before his mind, he moved forward, and ere long reached his happy home.

Happy because his mother was there. She was all to him that a mother could be. She was parent, teacher, companion, counsellor and friend, and though fragile in body, she was rich in instruction, wise in council, hopeful in her nature; and, in short, she was one peculiarly fitted to make her home a happy one.

Upon entering, James found all bright and

cheerful within, and seeking at first to conceal the sad events of the evening from his mother, he addressed her with his usual salutation; but the sensitive ear and keen vision of a mother's love soon detected the disturbed condition of James' mind, and wanted to know the cause.

At first he faltered and withheld an explanation, feeling that it would fall too heavily upon his mother's mind. He remembered how he had but recently expended his all upon his little home in purchasing and fitting it up, and how he was dependent upon his salary to meet current expenses, that the little he had on hand would not keep them long, that to obtain a situation would be hard to do, especially after having been so suddenly and unexpectedly, to all parties, discharged from the bank; an ignorance of the cause of which would be more likely, owing to the frailty of human nature, to lead people to think it was from neglect of duty or worse, rather than to a strict adherence to a sterling principle of right, that should adorn the character of every man; with these and many like thoughts, and how he could regain the pecuniary loss he had suffered in his adherence to the Great Law of heaven, he for a while baffled the enquiries of his mother concerning the cloud that had spread itself over his features, which none but his mother could have detected.

But her solicitude was more than he could resist. He told her all. The scene at the bank—Mr. Prompt's requisition, his refusal to comply, the trial, the conflict with himself, the temptation to retain his place at the expense of principle, how he triumphed, received his discharge, the parting words of Mr. Prompt, his thoughts, of his confidence in God and the fulfillment of his promises, and of the faltering of his mind at intervals, in his inability to pierce the gloom that had fallen between him and the future in consequence of his discharge, and of his anxiety for her.

But to his surprise, when he had completed his brief but sad story, he found his mother's face instead of wearing an expression of sorrow and disappointment, to be lit up with a glow of triumph, while tears of gratitude to Him who doeth all things well, glistened in her eyes.

Mrs. Morton's gratitude was not for her son's discharge from his very desirable situation, but it was for this: That the instruction to her darling son had not fallen on barren soil. She was grateful for the fruit of her toil and care in his behalf, which came to her in this, another triumph of his over self. She felt triumphant, that James had valued the law of the Lord more than gold that perisheth; and although they might be put to some inconvenience for awhile for want of employment, she felt assured all would be well. With many words of cheer and counsel, she inspired his heart with new strength for life's battle, yet before him.

Before the evening was half spent Mrs. Morton and James were chatting away as though no shadow had flitted across their pathway. They recounted the trials and victories of the past, and their minds dwelt in hopeful anticipation of the triumphs of the future.

Commending themselves to the care of Him who is able to keep them, and who has said of them that trust him, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," they retired for the night.

The morrow came, smiling and bright, notwithstanding the storm of the previous evening, which they hailed with joy.

Now that James was out of employment, and needed a little rest from the overburden of work that had fallen upon him for the last few weeks, he and his mother resolved to visit for a few days a relative in the country, which they had long anticipated doing, but somehow could never get started before. The visit was made, the time pleasantly spent, and after a fortnight they returned to the city, much strengthened from their visit, and full of hope and animation for the future. Ready was James to do and dare for his mother, while she was equally ready to endure, cheer and counsel.

James, not willing to idle away any time, upon his return home, though past midday, set out in quest of employment, resolving to accept such as he could get for the present; but since the first day of his visit to the country, he had had a desire to go west, but for the present the way was hedged up.

"Well, said he as he walked along, "right will triumph by and by." And thus he had often consoled himself, when met by opposition.

"O, by the way, I will see what the mails have brought forth for me;" and so turned to the Post Office.

Among the letters received was one from the distant west, evidently from some business house. "That address is familiar; the handwriting seems to be as familiar as my own. Who can it be from?" He opened it, and without looking at the signature, began to read:

"Mr. James Morton—

"My very esteemed Friend: It affords me very"—

And he ran his eyes along the familiar lines which were filling his heart with deepest emotion at the strange things that were happening to him; his eyes began to grow dim. He turned to the inside, to see who the writer could be, when, to his surprise his eyes rested upon the familiar signature of Mr. —. And to conceal his emotion, he turned and once more bent his steps toward home, walking toward home, walking with the ease and freedom that one does after reaching some mountain height, for which he had been struggling and climbing for hours.

To be continued.

KEEPING FAITH.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER was one day taking a long country walk, when he met a little girl about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it, in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner, and said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it.

As she said this, a sudden gleam of hope seemed to cheer her. She innocently looked up into Sir William's face, and said: "But you can mend it, can't you?" He explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could overcome by the gift of a sixpence to buy another.

However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he promised to meet his little friend on the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring sixpence with him; bidding her meanwhile to tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for a bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted.

On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he especially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibilities of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and still be in time for the dinner party at Bath, but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of a "previous engagement," saying, "I cannot disappoint her; she trusted me."—Selected.

LITTLE THINGS.

SEAT myself to try to write an essay on little things.

The lesson that I wish to impress upon your minds is, Never despise little things. That which is at one time little, may at another time become great, for little beginnings have oftentimes great endings.

All great things are made up of little things; the sea is formed of drops of water; the highest mountain is composed of grains of earth; and time itself is made up of moments. Remember, then,

While time is spreading wide his wings,
Take special care of little things.

Our lives are made up of seconds, and a second is a very little portion of time; yet despise it not, for you know not how few such portions may be ours; none can escape death; neither the young nor the old, the fearful nor the bold. The wise man dies in his wisdom, and the fool in his folly; the rich in his wealth, the poor in his poverty. Think then of death, but think also of Him who died that they who trust in Him may live forever—even Jesus Christ.

One more remark and I have done. Never despise little things, for a little diamond is worth more than a large pebble. Above all things, never despise little texts of Scripture. Here is one: "All have sinned."—Rom. 3 : 24. Here is another: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1 : 15. Fear God and keep his commandments; love the Savior; and while the birds are warbling in the air, and Christian people are singing God's praises on the earth, join you in their hallelujahs. A. H. RUDD.

A GREAT ARMY.

MARCHING to the tune of pride, envy, jealousy, hatred, revenge, and vain ambition, but to waste under the hand of disease, welter in their gore, fill untimely graves, or worse still, lie unburied on the plains.

"Edmund Burke estimates the number of men destroyed by war, from the beginning of authentic history to his own time, to have been thirty-five thousand millions. A number sufficiently large to make up a great army, ten abreast, and in line of march one to every yard, that would reach more than thirteen times around the earth at the equator, or in length, over three hundred and twenty-five thousand miles long."

O, awful thought! And still the dark-winged angel with threatening mien is hovering over the nations—causing men's hearts to fail them for fear of the things that are coming upon the earth.

How awful and appalling to the lovers of gospel truth are the scenes, yet to be enacted between this and the universal reign of the Prince of Peace. "Blessed are the peace makers." Yes, little Hopes, let us be "peace makers," so that we may live and reign with Him who is its Prince, where her bright-winged angel will ever make glad our lives and strew our pathway with flowers, where "nothing will hurt nor make afraid." Let us pray for that peace that fears no war.

"GIRLS! HELP FATHER."

MY hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber, as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Can I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet-work. "I shall be glad to do so if you will explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"It would be sad if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I put on spectacles."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cosily in his easy chair, enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty—"Thank you, daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It is rather looking up, when a man can have

such an amanuensis," said the father. "It's no every farmer that can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said the mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Not every one that would be willing, if able," said Mr. Wilber, which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labour. If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and unwilling air, which robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father! Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot furnish you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.

Young Hopes, be mindful of the instructions of the Apostle Paul. He says, "Honor thy father and thy mother; which is the first command with promise; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth."

SOMETHING ABOUT WAR.

IT is estimated by the "American Peace Society" that to the ambition of the three great "military butchers," Cæsar, Alexander and Napoleon, we may ascribe the untimely death of SIX MILLION human beings.

How different will be the time when swords will be beaten "into plowshares, and spears into pruning-hooks," and the nations "learn war no more."

YOU HAVE HAD TOO MUCH.

A YOUNG man entered the bar-room of a village tavern, and called for a drink.

"No," said the landlord; "you have had too much already. You have had the delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord, and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men now are; I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more, and your work will be done! I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved, they may be men again. Do not sell it to them. Sell to me, and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them!" The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God helping me, that is the last drop I will ever sell to any one!" And he kept his word.—Nat. Tem. Advocate.

THE FATHER'S FACE.

AT a rehearsal for a Sabbath School entertainment sometime since, a little five-year-old Bessie was placed upon the platform to recite a short poem. She commenced very 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.—*Lutheran Observer.*

SPRING.

The gladsome hours of spring have come,
The happiest of the year;
How dear to our hearts are their blessed charms,
When earth's rich treasures appear.
The hills are spread with a carpet of green,
And adorned with their richest hues;
Yet fairer when struck with the morning beams,
They glitter with the nourishing dews.
Nor less attractive is the woodland dell,
Where verdure richens the scene;
With silvery blossoms the trees are decked,
And clothed with a robe of green.
The spirit of beauty is every where,
With all that is pure above;
From earth's fruitful bosom we all may share
Sweet visions from founts of love.

N. ADAMSON.

LITTLE HOPES:—See Mr. William Street's letter and list of names of those who received prizes, together with answer to "Scriptural Enigma."

All that we had to do with the answers that came to this office was to register them, and re-mail them to Mr. Street.

HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

WHY, Isaac! you seem to be much pleased. What has happened?"

"I will tell you. As I was coming along to school, almost ready to cry, because I could not say my lesson, one of the boys asked me why I was so sad, and I told him the reason."

"Do not be discouraged," said he, "I know how you feel; let me help you." Then he went over the lesson, and I said it after him, until I knew it all.

I asked him how he came to be so kind to me. "Because," said he, "I know your trouble; for I was once just so, and a man stopped me, and helped me over the difficulty, as I have you."

He said, too, that when he thanked the man, he was told by him to do the same kindness to the first boy he found in the same trouble.

Isaac's companion said, "This is a very pleasant story, and it reminds me of two lines, which I have somewhere read:

"He is the truly happy, happy man,
Who, out of choice, does all the good he can."

Dr. Franklin sometimes lent money to persons in need, telling them to pay it over, if they were ever able, to some other needy person, with the directions to go and do likewise. And in this way a few dollars might do a great deal of good, unless some rogue got hold of it, and stopped its going any further.

And is not this the plan on which the Lord deals with us? Is he not continually giving us good gifts, both spiritual and temporal, and bidding us to pass them along? Let us be co-workers with our God. H.

A CHARACTER WORTH HAVING.

A TRADESMAN living in a country town was recently dining with an old friend in London, and in the course of the evening detailed the particulars of his daughter's marriage, which had taken place just previously. Speaking of his newly-gained son-in-law, he remarked, with a most happy expression on his countenance, "A friend of mine made this cheering statement to me about him. Said he, 'I have known Charles, and he has been much with my own boys, ever since he was a child, and during the whole of that time I never knew him to tell an untruth or utter a profane word;' and you cannot think what pleasure it gave me to hear that."

Boys, remember this pleasing fact.

Try prayerfully to follow the example of this young man, and then, besides the benefit to yourselves, you may be the cause of great happiness to others.

Answer to the Scriptural Enigma.

Jair, Judges 10: 3-4. **O**bediah, Ezra 8: 9.
Obed, 1 Chron. 2: 38. **F**elix, Acts 24: 24.
Solomon Sol. Songs 8: 2. **F**ox, Luke 13: 32.
Elim, Exodus 15: 27. **I**shmael, Genesis 25: 9.
Potipherah, Gen. 41: 45. **C**andace, Acts 8: 27.
Holiness &c., Zech. 14: 20. **E**unice, 2 Tim. 1: 5.
Shaphet, 1 Kings 19: 16. **P**hlegon, Rom. 16: 14.
Mary, Matt. 1: 18. **L**ois, 2 Tim. 1: 5.
Ethamar, Ezra 8: 2. **A**ntioch, Acts 11: 26.
Terah, Genesis 11: 31. **N**aaman, 2 Kings 5: 11-14.
Hunger, Prov. 19: 15. **O**g, Deut. 3: 2.
Hachela, 1 Sam. 23: 19. **E**zra, Judges 12: 8-9.
Eli, Luke 3: 25. **L**azarus, John 11: 43-44.
Rephidim, Ex. 17: 1-3. **L**aban, Gen. 31: 7.
Amon, 2 Sam. 3: 2.
Lydia, Acts 16: 14.
Daniel, Dan. 2: 49.

Answer to the whole—Joseph Smith, *Herald Office*, Plano, Ill.

No. 8 Church St., FALL RIVER, Mass.,
March 4, 1875.

Joseph Smith, Sir:—I have received by mail, from M. B. Oliver, upward of forty letters, in answer to the "Scriptural Enigma," which appeared in the *Hope* for January 15, 1875, and in reply, must say I have been highly gratified and edified also. I am satisfied that the Holy Scriptures has been searched by the little folks; and I hope and trust good will be the result. I feel myself rewarded. And after many hours spent in examination of the answers, I give the following decision, and reward the following named persons:

- 1st Prize—James Stewart, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
- 2nd " Archie Hall, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
- 3rd " Mary C. Larson, Logan, Cache Co., Utah.
- 4th " Carrie Atkinson, Kewanee, Henry Co., Ill.
- 5th " Sarah J. Ballantyne, Soldier P. O., Monaca Co., Iowa.
- 6th " Eliza Rees, Kewanee, Henry Co., Illinois.
- 7th " David W. Jones, Kewanee, Henry Co. Ill.
- 8th " Minnie Blair, Sandwich, Illinois.
- 9th " Mamie Joyce, Washington Corners, Alameda Co., California.

Most of the little folks letters were well written, especially those of Christie Gamet, Minnie Blair, Sarah J. Balantyne, and William Stewart.

The recipients of the prizes will please inform the donor if they have (by mail or otherwise) received them.

As several of the questions had more than one reference, many of the answers were difficult to decide. However, I have done the best I could, by adding three more prizes to the rest. Should I remain in health, &c., my next prizes will be "chromos" in colors. Believe me to be the well wisher of the little Hopes, &c., WILLIAM STREET.

Correspondence.

My Little Companion—Must He Die.

LITTLE HOPES:—I will tell you a little about my companion. I have forgotten the time when I first saw him; but I saw him time by time, and in a little while he came to my house, and I took good care of him, and will not let him go as long as I can help to sustain him, he is near and dear to me; I love him, and should my companion die, what a loss it would be to me. I trust that it will not be so. Will the little Hopes help support my companion? Who is your companion?, says one. My companion it is the *Hope*, our little paper. May it meet with success? may we all do our duty, and try with all our might to keep my healthy and cheerful companion alive, all answer, "Yes, keep him alive." Now may each one try to do what they can, and God will add his blessings to all his children. Brother. J.

DELOIT, Crawford Co., Iowa, March 1, 1875.

BRO. JOSEPH:—Our Sabbath School having been organized only since last June, of course we have not been able to make it as attractive and interesting as would have been possible in a greater length of time. We are pleased to state, however, that the school is in excellent condition, considering the short space of time it has been in progress. Our efficient and faithful Superintendents, Brs. John Dobson and Worden Whiting, are doing their utmost to increase the interest already manifest, by offering suitable prizes to those learning verses from the New Testament, questions from the Question Book, &c., and by devoting a proportion of the time to singing, which is a source of attraction and enjoyment to most young people. And some have indeed made praiseworthy efforts in learning verses, and, while attending day school, have

made it a rule to devote their evenings to that purpose. Upwards of forty scholars are now enrolled; the average attendance about thirty.

There are about twenty-two numbers of the *Hope* distributed, so that every family represented in the school gets a paper, and they all seem to be particularly anxious to see the alternate Sabbath which brings the welcome messenger so much loved by the HOPES. We trust all Saints will respond to the call for a better support of *Zion's Hope*.

E. T. DOBSON, *Secretary.*

RENO, NEV., Feb. 8th, 1875.

EDITORS OF THE HOPE:—This is my first trial to write for the *Hope*. We live on the side of a mountain. I would like to see some of the Saints. I have not seen a little *Hope* these two years. We have no church nor Sabbath School here, but I trust there will be soon. The school will soon start here. Your Sister,
ANNIE McLEANON.

SUGAR GROVE, Mason Co., Michigan,
January 31, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes.—My father, mother, brother, two sisters and self belong to the Church. I love to read the letters in the dear little paper. I see there are not many letters in the *Hope*; for what reason, I know not. I trust the little Saints are not getting tired of this dear little paper. I pray God to give us understanding hearts that we may understand the gospel. I thank my God that he did bless me and that he did point out to me the right way, and blessed me enough to give me to understand the gospel.

About two weeks ago Br. Samuel Bailey was here. He preached to us several times, and before he went away he ordained a Priest, Br. Daniel Balding. He cheered the Saints, God bless Br. Samuel. We are not quite alone now. I will close by saying, God bless all the Saints is my prayer,

LIBBIE L. HATHAWAY.

IGONE VALLEY, Amador Co., Cal.,
Dec. 27th, 1874.

Dear Editor and little Hopes:—I have just been reading the letters, in our dear little paper *Zion's Hope*. I do so love to read the letters from the little Hopes. I do rejoice to see the word of God preached in its purity in these last days although I am not a member of the church, but if it be the will of the Lord I shall be soon. The only Latter Day Saint preaching I ever heard was about four years ago; it was preached by Elders D. S. Crawley, F. C. Warnky, also H. Green. Well, the old year is near to an end; let us all try to be better in the next year than we have in the last. I for one am going to try. I fear my letter will be long. This is my second letter to the *Hope*. Little Hopes, pray for one that prays for you. I close with much love to all the Saints, both young and old. I remain your Brother in the faith, but not yet in the Church,

WILLIAM N. DAWSON.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A son of Josiah. A follower of Ammon. Nationality of Laban. The end. Followers of Nephi. A range of mountains in Utah. The head of the great apostacy. Son of Peleg. Son of Aaron. Where Aaron threw the twelve stones. A sea into which Jordan empties. Scandinavia.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$241 97	Mell Halliday	..	\$	25
J. C. Springer	..	10 W. H. Bradley	..	25	
G. Watson	..	25 Mrs. Anna Johnson	..	50	
Hannah Johnson	..	50 N. Johnson	..	1 00	
James Johnson	..	50 Johnny Johnson	..	25	
Mary Kyte, St. Louis	3 00	Mary Sims	..	25	
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	3 80	
Fanny Wade	..	25 Mary Simmons	..	20	
Julia Clark	25	

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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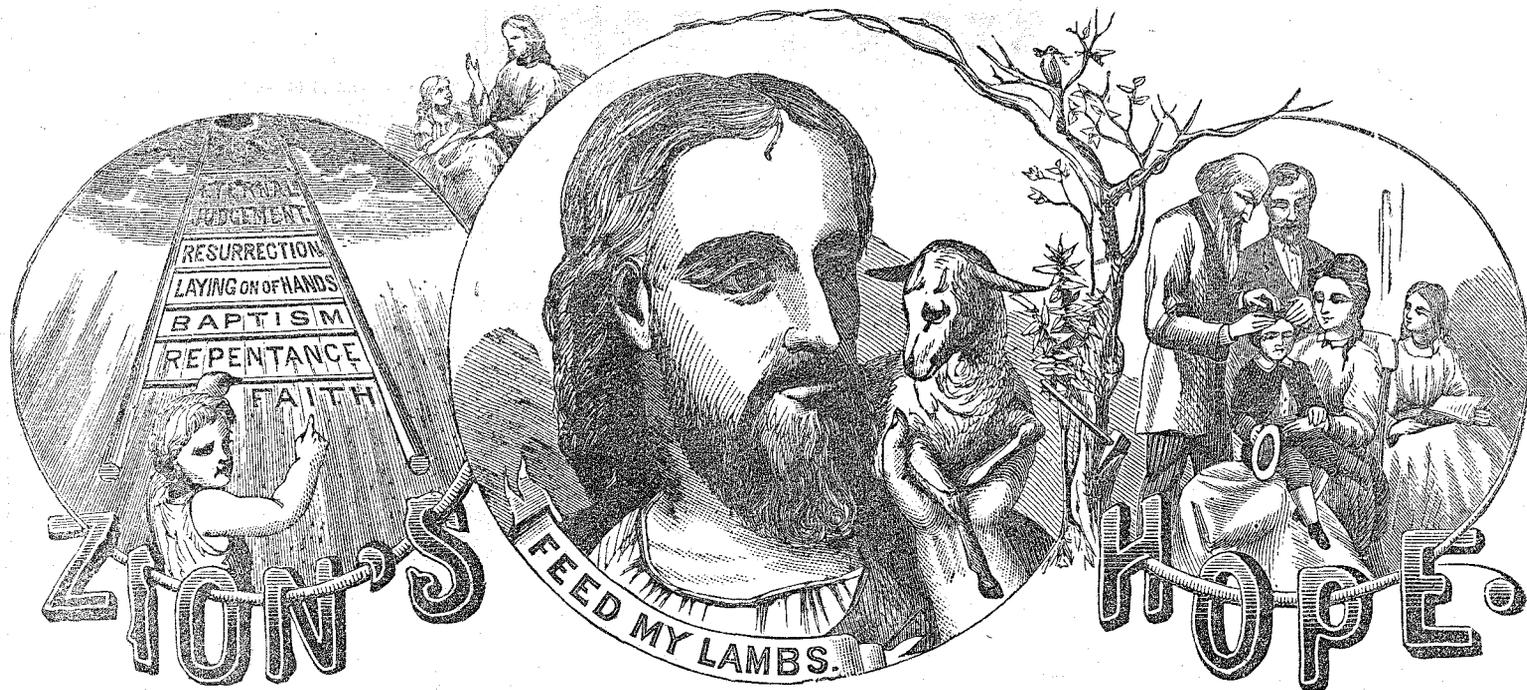
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

Vol. 6.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., APRIL 15, 1875.

No. 20.

THE HOPE AND SABBATH SCHOOLS.

EDITOR HOPE:—I exceedingly regret to hear of the falling off of the *Hope's* subscribers, and earnestly hope that all who feel interested in the success of the child's paper, (and certainly no member of the Church ought to be indifferent), will lay hold, so that it may do more than merely survive. Every President of District and Branch, Superintendent, Teacher and Scholar of Sabbath School, should cooperate in this direction, and make the child's paper a grand success. It can be done. It should be done. It will be a disgrace to us, as a people, if it is not done.

In consideration of the times in which we live, all that can be done to beat back the contaminating influences from the minds of the young, are every where developing themselves, which should be done. We want, and ought to have an increase of Sabbath Schools. There are branches of the Church in which there are young men and maidens who squander a good portion of their time on Sunday, foolishly, which if spent at a Sunday School would be good for themselves and others. What a good thing it would be if we Latter Day Saints, old, middle aged, young men and maidens, boys and girls, had as much zeal as those have who, we say, are in error; but, alas! we have not. Shall we not try and get more, and work in the future more industriously than we have in the past?

The Sabbath School is a good institution, if it did not originate with a Latter Day Saint, and I am sorry we have so few of them in the west. Fellow Elders, when and wherever you can, work for the *Hope*; and let not the Editor hereafter be obliged to entreat us in relation thereto, as if it was an enterprise that he only was interested in, and his individual welfare depended upon its success.

And now, Mr. Editor, with your permission, for the gratification of the readers of the *Hope*, I will say, that on the second Sunday in January, 1875, I attended the Sunday School in Council Bluffs, Iowa, which at this time is in a prosperous condition, has fifty members, an average attendance of thirty-five, with five Teachers—Brn. C. A. Bebee and L. Kinehan, Srs. H. Kay, E. Palmer and I. Williams. The Branch recently appointed Br. J. Charles Jensen Superintendent, who is a systematic and thorough worker; somewhat diffident in public, however, but this, I think he is destined to conquer. Should any brethren or sisters, inexperienced in the working of Sabbath Schools, wish information relative thereto, on application, I will venture to say Br. J. would freely impart information; he makes it a study, and is

as ready to receive suggestions as to offer them, as every Latter Day Saint should, however much he may know. Br. Wm. Stuart is Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian; a very modest and unassuming young man, but an earnest worker for the School. They have a library of 250 volumes, and a neat bookcase sufficiently large to contain the books and papers belonging to the School. With the exceptions of a few donations, the School, since its organization, which is upwards of eight years, has been sustained by weekly contributions from the scholars and teachers. In the selection of books the teachers have wisely passed by fairy tales and silly novels, and selected those containing useful and solid instruction; and thus officers, scholars and teachers are working. Then at Omaha, Nebraska, there is a school recently organized. Brn. Sylvester and Rumel, Sisters Sylvester and Borland and others working for its interest.

Thinking I have occupied sufficient space, I subscribe myself your brother and well wisher for the *Hope* and Sunday School. JAMES CAFFALL.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.
BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER VII.—POPPY GOES AWAY.

WHEN recess came the wind was blowning and the snow falling thick and fast, and the scholars determined to play some indoor games. Jim Welsh was called upon to lead. "Well then, Fruit Basket," he cried. "All sit down and I'll go round." When he came to Poppy he named her Apple. Lyss Baker he called *Frozen Pumpkin*, and giggled as he turned away.

"I shant answer to any such name," retorted Lyss.

"And I shan't give you any other," exclaimed Jim. "You needn't feel so big 'cause ye give Pop a red apple this morning."

Lyss walked to the window without another word; but Poppy exclaimed, spiritedly, "He didn't give me no apple, Jim Welsh."

"He *did*, I saw him. That's the reason I give you *Apple* for your name. You two must be great cronies."

"You're mean as dirt, Jim Welsh, and I shan't play;" and she walked away.

"Course you wouldn't play if Lyss don't. We might know that. 'Spect Lyss Baker and Pop Poorhouse'll get married yet." And he laughed at what he supposed his wonderful wit.

Charley Long came in with an armful of wood, in time to hear a part of Jim's speech, and, looking straight into the boy's eyes, he said, "James

Welsh, I told you to say no more about *poor-house*. You have disobeyed me and done wrong. Take your seat." And for five days Jim was kept in at recess and noon, and he was so sullen and obstinate that he was only permitted to enjoy his liberty then at little Nelly's intercession.

The apple Poppy had found in her dinner pail she would not eat, but gave to her teacher, who knew nothing of that part of the affair. She wasn't sure whether Lyss put it there or not, and it made her think of the *poor-house* so she couldn't enjoy eating it.

"One evening Nelly was made happy by Poppy's company. She had stayed several nights with Poppy, but Poppy had never stayed with her.

"Why, where's Grandma," exclaimed Nelly, as they sat down to supper.

Pussey Baker answered, "Mr. Kendall came here to-day and persuaded her to go and stay with his mother, while he goes South a few weeks on business. We used to know them in the East. Grandmother and his mother were friends when they were girls."

"He's gone to hunt his wife, and may be she's my mamma!" thought Poppy.

"When is he goin'?" asked Lyss, who always wanted to know all about everything he heard.

"To-morrow morning," was the reply.

After supper the children played Blind Man's Buff. Farmer Baker sat with his paper in his lap, watching them. "How much like Henrietta that girl looks," he remarked to Pussey in a low tone. Lyss' quick ear caught the words. He turned round and cried out, "Dad, what you a hintin' at? And who's *Henrietta*, and what is Kendall's right name? We young ones know part, and you might as well tell us the rest."

Poppy pulled the handkerchief down from her eyes and looked rebukingly at Lyss. "Shame on you, to call your papa such names. And you oughtn't to tease. Let's play now."

"No, not till they tell who *Henrietta* was, and"

Pussey Baker looked confused, but answered, "Henrietta was Grandma's step daughter. After your grandpa Baker died, she married a man named Holmes, who had a little girl *Henrietta*. He died in a few years and Grandma came to live with us. As she is your pa's mother, every one calls her *Grandma Baker*."

"But what's Kendall's real name? 'Taint Kendall. And what makes Poppy look like *Henrietta*?" quizzed Lyss.

"If you want to know anything about Mr. Kendall you will have to ask him," replied Mr. Baker. "And how do you think I know why the girl looks like some one she never saw nor heard of?"

"Yes, she *has* heard of Henrietta, though. I heard you folks a talkin' t'other night, and I told her and Nell. And then Kendall told 'em, too."

"Told them what?" asked Pussy Baker. "What does *he* know of Grendma's girl?" and she glanced slyly at her husband.

"I don't know what; but he was talking to Nell and Poppy over to his house a Christmas. And 'course he knew granny's girl, 'cause didn't you say you folks was acquainted with his folks long time ago?" And that was the end of the conversation on the subject, for Poppy again began to tease him about saying "granny" and "dad." He felt a little ashamed, and yet a little vexed. Declared he "didn't like preachin', 'specially from little girls." But they soon forgot their slight difference and went to play merily till bed time.

Next morning Nelly took Poppy out to see her two white chickens, which she called Poppy and Topsy, the latter sporting a great topknot of white feathers on its head. Poppy was standing by the gateway leading to the highroad, idly swinging the little gate back and forth, listening to Nelly's lively prattle. Suddenly an eager voice from the road aroused the girls. A sleigh containing a man and woman had paused near them. The woman had spoken and was arising as if to alight.

"But I tell you it *is* my child. I *must* speak to her," remonstrated the lady.

"Wait a bit, ma'm. You might be mistaken. Ask the girl," persisted the man.

Then the lady called Poppy to come nearer. The child drew timidly up to the side of the sleigh, holding to Nelly's hand.

"What is your name, little girl?" asked the lady, who had a sweet face and sad, winning blue eyes.

"Poppy," and looked down at her shoes.

"Where is your mother and father?"

"Don't know ma'm. But you look like my own mamma did."

"Where have you lived since you left your mamma?" asked the lady eagerly.

"I lived with Aunt Becky at the poor-house till"

The lady interrupted her. "Have you anything that was your mother's? There was a little muslin handkerchief around my little girl's neck when I lost her." And she bent forward to catch the child's reply with bated breath and longing look.

"I've got it in my pocket now; flowered, with 'H. H.' on it;" and Poppy held it up to the lady, who examined it a moment, then cried, "It's *mine*! The initials of my maiden name! You are my little girl, and I want you! Come! Don't wait! That man wants you, too, but he shan't have you! I've plenty of wrappings here! You've a bonnet! Come darling! My sweet, precious baby, stolen from me so long! Thank God, I have found you at last!"

Poppy demurred a moment, then took the lady's hands, and was soon wrapped in a great, soft, warm shawl and seated between the lady and the driver. The lady turned to Nelly. "Here's some money to buy you something nice with, because you're my little girl's friend. Something to remember her by," and she gave Nelly a bright, new gold piece.

"O, thank you, mam!" replied Nelly. But Lyss is Poppy's friend too. He likes her ever so well. I'll get him something too with it."

The strange lady drew a pencil from her pocket, and, taking the little muslin handkerchief from Poppy's hand, spread it over the dash-board of the sleigh and hastily wrote upon it a moment, and gave it to Nelly. "There, little one, that used to be mine when I was a happy young girl. My little girl, whom you call Poppy, has kept it until now. An old Negro woman gave her that name, because she was so bright and pretty, and *poppies* were her favorite flowers. Give that to Lyss, whoever he be, and tell him I have written the initials of Poppy's true name on one corner. Tell him to keep it, and my love, because he's her

friend." And the sleigh drove rapidly away, and Nelly in open-eyed wonder ran into the house to tell the wonderful story.

"Here's the money. Ain't it pretty and shining? And here's the handkerchief, Lyss."

"What are the letters of Poppy's name?" asked Pussy Baker, coming near. "'C. C.!' Yes, just as we thought; and here's 'H. H.' marked here, Henrietta Holmes. Yes, Poppy is Henrietta's girl, and that woman in the sleigh was Henrietta."

"And Poppy's Kendall's girl then ain't she?" asked Lyss.

"Why?" inquired Mary.

"'Cause Kendall married grandma's girl. Now what we goin' to do about it? Let Poppy be carried off this way?" and Lyss looked from one to the other anxiously.

"Why," remarked Mr. Baker, "there's no doubt but it was Poppy's own mother. Who's a better right?"

"Tain't the right way to do, carryin' girls off without leave. I don't like it. If I was a little bigger I'd do something about it. I'll bet I would."

"Well, you're *not* a little bigger; so I guess you'll have to be satisfied."

"No, I won't be satisfied unless you tell me what Poppy's name is. What does 'C. C.' stand for? Mother, you tell me?" But no one answered.

"Wal, you can be as mum as you like. I'll ask Mr. Kendall when he comes back. But who's goin' to tell Aunt Hale about Poppy?"

"You may, and hurry back to school."

And bright-eyed, merry little Poppy passed from their knowledge, though not from their hearts. Mr. Kendall returned in a few weeks, disheartened and sadder than before. And he wept like a child, when they told him Poppy was gone. Aunt Hale was amply provided for by him as long as she lived; besides, she received a handsome sum from an unknown source, (Poppy's mother it was thought), soon after the little girl's departure.

To be continued.

Continued from p. 74.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

WHEN Mr. Hill the detective came, the Squire laid the case before him in as brief a way as could, and that gentleman advised what course to pursue; he further thought it unnecessary to look up Mr. Jack —, for that person had only a day before been placed in the county jail, to be tried for robbery, with a very strong probability of his being convicted, and sent to the penitentiary.

The morning after this, the village constable went out to Mr. Judson's place, and served a notice on Mr. Judson and Horace to appear before Mr. Pullman, the Justice, forthwith. Mr. Judson and Horace went at once. When they arrived at the office they found Mr. Barnes already there, he having been arrested by the constable as he was passing through the village just after the usual breakfast hour. He looked very sullen, and seemed to be in an ugly mood, as if he meditated mischief, or harm to some one.

In a few moments after Mr. Judson's arrival, Mr. Jones and Peters came in and soon after the office was full, all the men in the village seeming to be present.

The court was called, and Squire Pullman announced, that Mr. — Barnes was there under arrest upon the complaint of Mr. Judson, for malicious mischief. He then asked Mr. Barnes whether he was "guilty or not guilty," and he declared he was "not guilty." The Squire then told Mr. Judson, Horace and Mr. Peters to stand up and be sworn. Horace did not know what it was that was wanted; but after awhile the Justice secured the the boy's attention sufficient to get him to understand that he was to tell the truth in answer to questions that would be asked him. They were then sworn; but as the reader is already acquainted with what Mr. Judson knew about the cattle being turned into the sugar lot;

and his finding the letter under his window; and also what Horace knew, it need not be repeated; for after Horace had told the story from beginning to end, Mr. Barnes was asked if he wished to ask him any questions, he answered, "No, the boy has told the truth."

Mr. Peters was then put upon the witness stand, and in reply to Mr. Pullman's request to tell what he knew about the matter, he told the following:

"He was returning from the village store one evening a little after dusk, and when a short distance out of town heard some one talking, apparently a little to the right of the road. He stopped and listened a moment, when he distinguished the voice of half-witted Ben, and heard him say, "Give it to me now, you said you would."

"To this some one whose voice I did not recognize answered, 'Come now, Ben, take this knife, it is far prettier than the money would be.' Then Ben said again, 'Give me the five dollars, all in half dollars; like you promised. If you don't I'll tell Mr. Judson who let the bars down.'

"At this I went closer and saw Ben standing by some man, in a little nook among the bushes, hid from the road. I saw the man give Ben something, and then heard Ben trying to count something which jingled like silver coin. He appeared satisfied, and after being cautioned not to tell, left. I had just time to get away from the fence when the man climbed over, saw me, uttered an oath, muttered something about outwitting the whole lot, and went off in the opposite way from me."

"Who was this man, if you know?" then asked Mr. Pullman.

"It was Mr. Barnes," promptly replied Mr. Peters.

"When was it that this took place?" next asked the squire.

"It was on the night after Mr. Judson found his cattle in his sugar lot," was Mr. Peter's answer.

The letter which Mr. Judson found was then taken from a drawer in the squire's desk and handed to Mr. Judson to read. As soon as the first words were read, Mr. Barnes, who had been glaring like a caged wolf all the time during the examination, sprang up, drew a pistol from his pocket and fired at Mr. Judson. The shot would have doubtless killed him, but little Mr. Peters, who had been watching closely apprehending mischief, threw up the pistol with his hand, and by some quick motion succeeded in throwing Mr. Barnes upon his face on the office floor.

The constable then took the pistol away, and searched Mr. Barnes to see if he had any other weapons, but found none. The letter was read, and Squire Pullman sent Mr. Barnes to jail to await the sitting of the county court, when he would be tried and punished as he deserved.

When the excitement had abated a little, Horace accompanied Mr. Judson home. On sitting down to dine, Mr. Judson said to his wife, "Horace has proved himself faithful, and it now remains for him to prove himself kind and true."

Here little Kitty, the pet of the household, spoke right out, "Harvis is kind to Kitty, Harvis good boy."

"Yes," said Mistress Laurie, "Horace has been very kind to Kitty; he has not run away for some time now when Kitty has teased him."

"Why, to be sure," says Mr. Judson; "now I think of it, I have noticed of late Horace was much more friendly with the cattle, and horses and sheep, than he had been."

Just then, Horace came in from the yard, and with him came in the big house dog; Horace patting him and saying, "Good dog, Rover. We have had a famous time together, haven't we, old fellow?"

The dog was a remarkably intelligent one, and had been quite shy of the boy; and not till quite lately had he permitted him to make free with him.

The apparent good understanding between the

boy and the dog was noticed by Mr. Judson and his wife, and they both resolved to observe him a little more closely and see if they could discover a reason for it on the boy's part.

Horace sat down with the rest of the family, and during the meal he asked Mr. Judson, if he might go over to Mr. Peters' a little while in the evening. Mr. Judson asked why he wished to go, and the boy replied, "I want to talk with him a little about something on my mind; and, if you please, Mr. Judson, I would not like to tell what it is. But," he continued, "I do not want to go unless you are willing."

Mr. Judson gave his consent, only requesting him to return at nine o'clock, as he did not want him to keep late hours.

So after the chores were all done and supper over, Horace went over and talked with the pleasant faced little man. After he was gone, Mr. Judson sat down to his evening paper, and as soon as Mrs. Judson's work was over, she came and sat down by him. She soon discovered that he was in a quandary; and pretty soon he laid his paper aside and turning to her said, "Would you not like to hear Mr. Jonea the new preacher? Here is a local notice about him; and I am curious to hear him." He then read from his *Weekly Sun* the following:

"Mr. Jones, (Elder Jones, for he will not consent to be called Reverend,) is preaching in Jenkins township, in three or four school-houses to quite large audiences. Many of those who attend are much impressed with the doctrine he preaches. He is not brilliant as a speaker, and has a slight hesitancy in his utterances sometimes; but is a very attractive and interesting preacher. It is rumored that he is a Mormon; but nothing certain is known about what denomination he belongs to. He has not asked for money at any of his meetings; only requests the audience to furnish lights and fuel; works for some of the farmers during the day, at anything they may have for him to do; speaks twice a week during week-day evenings, and twice on the Lord's day. He has as yet asked no one to join the church; and no one has put the question, 'To what church do you belong?' All concede him to be an earnest, honest man. Go and hear him."

"I have been thinking," said Mr. Judson, "about the strange fact, that this man refuses to be called Reverend, asks not for money, works for his daily bread and does not attempt to proselyte people. There is certainly something more than religious fervor about such a man; if as this paper states, he is honest. I certainly feel inclined to go and hear him."

"When and where does he hold his next meeting?" questioned his wife.

"I don't know," replied he. "Horace will be able to tell. He has been going pretty regularly. And I more than half suspect that Mr. Jones' preaching has had some influence with Horace's change of conduct. He has not used any harsh or profane language, since the second night he went to the meeting; and he is almost constantly humming part of a hymn that he must have heard there, or at least he must have heard Mr. Jones sing it, for it is nothing I have ever heard before."

"I was in at the store the day I went to talk with Squire Pullman about the letter I found; and met the preacher at the door as I went in. He looked at me sharply but kindly, as he bowed and bid me good day, with one of the sweetest tempered smiles I ever saw on a man's face. When I had gone in, I found that the saddler and Mr. Jones had had a little doctrinal conversation, at the suggestion of some of the bystanders; and the saddler grew quite angry, when he found that the preacher was more than a match for him. As soon as Mr. Jones saw that the saddler was out of patience, he turned to the company, apologized in a quiet, gentlemanly manner for disturbing the good feeling of the group; and went immediately away. Those who were present, other than the saddler, said that he acted in a very quiet, unassuming manner. I should really like to hear him."

His wife assented also to the wish to go and hear him, and it was agreed between them that they would attend the next meeting, if practicable.

At a few minutes before nine o'clock, Horace

came in; and Mr. Judson learned that the next meeting was to be held in the school-house nearest the village; which was the largest one of the three in which Mr. Jones was holding alternate services, on the next evening but one.

With this thought of going to hear Mr. Jones, uppermost in their thoughts, after family prayer was said, Mr. and Mrs. Judson went to bed, Mr. Judson to dream, his wife to sleep.

To be continued.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS. 1825 AND 1875.

NOW time flies! Another fifty years has passed by since the celebration of the Sunday School jubilee in 1825.

How little did Robert Raikes think at that time that he was raising a young plantation that would ultimately spread all over the world for the young and rising generation to know the truth of God's word. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." "Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." A great many precious souls have been converted in Sunday-schools. Both young and old remember where and in what way they were converted.

The first jubilee, in 1825, was celebrated on Wednesday, the 15th of May. In that month Mr. R. Raikes established the first school; but, not knowing the day of the month, the S. S. Union in London, England, proclaimed it on the 15th, and that every school should celebrate as they pleased.

The Congregational Sunday School, which I was a teacher in, celebrated. We met at School, about two hundred children, and then proceeded to the Chapel, in the morning at half-past ten. Singing by School. An address by the Minister to the children and congregation. After the meeting was over, we returned to the school-room and partook of a nice dinner provided by the lady members of the church. After the children had eaten, the teachers and friends partook of their dinner. Every scholar brought their knife, fork, plate and mug to drink some good table beer, which was provided by Mr. Richard Thompson.

The children sang the following verses before eating and after:

"Be present at our table Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee."

"We thank the Lord for this our food,
But more because of Jesus blood;
May manna to our souls be given,
Sent from the tree of life in heaven."

There were medals cast by the Union and sold to schools who wanted. If they have any in 1875, I shall get one, having sent for it.

I think, for the encouragement of children, that they may know how long Sunday-schools have been established, (and there are a great many older persons who don't know the origin of Sunday-schools), I myself think on Wednesday, the 12th of May, as the 15th comes on Saturday, will be a good day to celebrate by a festival, and made a small charge for the support of their schools.

I was twenty-three years of age in 1825, and have been a great lover of Sunday-schools, and attend as a visitor now, at the age of seventy-three.
PLANO, Ill., March 22. W. G. J.

HIS SISTER.

NOT far from my home is a little boy, whose whole time seems to be taken up in tending a baby. It is a tiresome, cross kind of a baby, but this little fellow never seems weary of drawing her about, carrying her, and talking to her. However trying and fretful baby may be, her brother seems to take all as a matter of course; and I never heard a cross or impatient word from him to the younger child, whom I can not help thinking rather a little tyrant. He is a

homely boy, wears poor clothes, and is sometimes ragged and dirty; but he must certainly have a great stock of good temper. The other day, for the first time, I stopped and spoke to him. "Are you never tired of minding the baby?" I asked.

He looked up into my face with a smile that made his plain face almost beautiful. "Oh, no, ma'am," he said; "she's my little sister."—*Sol.*

That little boy loved his sister as all little boys should. Kind words when others scold, and pleasant smiles when they frown, will work for us an amiableness of character, that will secure to us friends, though we may be of plain features and clad in humble apparel. These two keys, polished with a smile, will unlock many a human heart, "I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

Continued from page 74.

PLACE OR PRINCIPLE.

FOR some time prior to the opening of our story some of the members of the firm of Findley, Gould & Co. had contemplated, in connection with certain gentlemen in the west, to start a banking house in the city of S—, to act in concert with, or as a sort of branch house to the well known one above mentioned; and that the necessary arrangements might be made, a member of the firm was sent west to confer with others there for that purpose.

On the second day after James' discharge from the bank, the members of the firm met and completed their part of the arrangements for the organization of the new bank, and appointed their delegate to represent their interest in perfecting the new enterprise. So, on the following morning he took train, and was soon being whirled away in the direction of the setting sun. Having arrived at his destination, he soon conferred with the parties with whom his firm had been in correspondence on the subject.

The capital stock sufficient, was procured without difficulty; a constitution, rules or by-laws drawn up for the government of the bank to be. Then came the choosing of officers; and, after some discussion and parrying of words, the Presidency fell to one of the members resident in S—, as also two of the Trustees, the third being chosen from members of the old firm.

Now came the choosing of an important officer, namely, the Cashier. *Important*, because to him would be entrusted the moneys, the oversight of the books, receipts and payments of the bank. Hence a man of sterling integrity was desired to fill that position; and as none of the members of the firm wished to take the position, they had to cast about them and see who among their friends they would select to fill that important place.

After some discussion as to the merits and demerits of certain ones whose names had been mentioned in connection with the situation, and that without arriving at any definite conclusion, the delegate from the East arose and said:

"Mr. President and gentlemen: Although having been silent while the discussion has been going on, relative to the filling of the position of Cashier in this newly organized enterprise, I have, nevertheless, been a very attentive listener all the time, having before my mind's eye a friend, whose name and commendation I wished to present for your consideration, before going to ballot. He is one I can recommend with all my heart, and though young in years, hardly having attained his majority yet, he is nevertheless a *man* of sterling integrity, who would sacrifice his gold, and unarmed meet grim want face to face in awful conflict, before he would do violence to his principles, or knowingly disobey Divine commands.

"Gentlemen, this is saying a good deal; but I think I speak understandingly. For nearly five years I have marked his course, two years of which time he was one of our principal clerks, and having had my attention directed to him from *early* youth, I have noted with what adherence he ever clung to his convictions of right, both as regards divine service, and the discharge of his civil

contracts. Admiring, as I did, his professed adherence to his principles, I thought to test him a little, which I did on two or three occasions; each time making the test a little stronger, a little harder to endure, and each time he would cling to his principles, and so importune for their maintenance on his part, that each time I was more impressed with his intrinsic worth as a young man of the highest merit. And having, in connection with my partners, this enterprise in view, and wishing to do the young man a favor, he having a widowed mother to support, and having served us *faithfully*, I thought to secure him this position, provided he should stand a test which I might apply to him. So, at the close of the week, after having put in two hours extra time to catch up with business, just as he was about retiring from his desk, the other clerks having left on time; turning to him, I remarked that he would have to be at the office on the next morning and help finish up work ready for Monday morning's mails and express. He very kindly cited me to the fact that the morrow was the Sabbath, and that it was contrary to his principles to engage in secular business on that day. At first I tried to reason the case with him, but finding my arguments of no avail, I threatened him with discharge for non-compliance with my request, but he met my threats with still stronger arguments from the good "old Book," which I trust all our mothers taught us to respect, whether we love and cherish its golden precepts now or not.

"Finding my simple threats to fail, I cited him to the loss he would sustain in being discharged from so important a position, how he would be looked upon with more or less suspicion by his friends, in their conjectures as to the cause of his removal or discharge. I reminded him that he was poor and that he had his widowed mother to support, and that few young men had attained unto so important a position as what he was occupying, and urged upon him to reconsider his decision to suffer a discharge from our employ, rather than yield to my request in laboring a few hours on Sunday morning.

"He admitted the force of my argument, as it would appear to many, but in conclusion asserted the supremacy of the Decalogue over all human requests, and reiterated his adherence to it, repeating his favorite motto, "Right will prevail." And although it pained my heart to do so, I resolved to ply the final test. I announced his discharge, making it unavertable, only on condition that he came on Sunday morning and helped complete the unfinished work. For a moment he stood like a statue; the blood receded from his face, and he reminded me of a soldier twice his years who had braved the dangers of many a hard fought battle, and who again had been brought face to face with the enemy, his pallor arising not from cowardice, fear of the foe, but from a proper sense of the severity of the conflict in which he was about to engage. But this condition of my friend was short, for that unseen aid, upon which he seems so much to rely, came to his rescue: and like the Great Master in the mount, he said, in deed, if not in word, to the tempter, 'Get behind me Satan,' and with his usual politeness he bade me good night, and started for the door having sacrificed, so far as he knew, his living and present business prospects upon the altar of principle, and fidelity to heaven's great command, seemingly trusting the Divine Being, and waiting for the reward of the promises placed opposite to the fulfillment of the Law.

"When he started for the door, though not usually overcome by my feelings, I could hardly retain my composure, for mingled emotions of sorrow and joy stirred my whole being. Sorrow at the severity of the trial to which I had subjected my young friend, and joy at his faithfulness, and triumph over evil in behalf of principle.

"Now, Mr. President and gentlemen, upon this statement, I request that you consider as favorably as you can the name of my young friend, Mr. James Morton, of the city of —, as a candidate,

upon my presentation alone, for the important position of Cashier in this Bank."

Concluded in our next.

CONSCIENCE.

AN ingenious mechanic invented a machine to register the number of revolutions made by the wheels of a carriage, so that its owner could tell just how many miles it was driven. A stable-keeper once had one put upon a carriage that he kept for letting, and by this means he could tell just how many miles any one went.

Two young men once hired it to go to a town some ten miles distant. Instead of simply going and returning, as they promised to do, they rode to another town some five miles farther, thus making the distance they passed over, going and coming, some thirty miles.

When they returned, the owner of the establishment, without being noticed by the young men, glanced upon the face of the measuring instrument and discovered how many miles they had traveled.

"Where have you been?" he then asked them. "Where we said we were going," was the answer.

"Have you not been farther than that?"

"Oh, no," they answered.

"How many miles have you been in all?"

"Twenty."

He touched the spring, the cover opened, and there, on the face of the instrument, the thirty miles were found recorded.

The young men were struck dumb with amazement at being thus discovered in an attempt to cheat the owner of the carriage. They had told a falsehood, thinking that no one would ever find them out. Little did they imagine that they carried with them, in that silent little box, an invisible witness which would expose their wickedness.

So God has put an invisible witness in our hearts to record all we say and do, think and feel. We never see the curious machine which keeps the account, but, nevertheless, it is there. It goes where we go, stops when we stop, and listens when we speak, and watches us continually. If we tell the truth, it keeps note of the fact, if we try to deceive, and are disobedient and unkind, the black marks are set down at once, and remain to annoy and pain us. So long as we live we carry this invisible witness, fastened upon the heart, like the box on the carriage-wheel.—*Selected.*

Correspondence.

WIRT, Jefferson Co., Indiana,
March 7, 1875.

Brother Joseph:—I am not taking the *Hope* now, but I like to read it. I joined the Church on the 6th of October, 1874. Was baptized by Elder B. V. Springer. We have prayer meetings every Wednesday night, and every Sabbath at two o'clock in the afternoon, when the weather permits. I ask the prayers of the Saints. Your brother in Christ,

A. J. HART

BURBLEM, Staffordshire, England,
February 11, 1875.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—I am very anxious to become acquainted with my little brothers and sisters whose letters I read in the *Hope*, for I feel very lonely here, except when I go to the meetings of the Saints. I am twelve years of age and was baptized last November. I have not borne a testimony in public yet, but I feel in my heart that I have obeyed the truth, and I pray that I may never depart from it.

When I sit among my school-mates I feel sad, and think how much more easily I could get along if there were some little Hopes among them; but then I think of all the gracious words the dear Savior spoke to little children, and I feel sure he will not suffer his lambs to be lost from the fold.

There are no beautiful gardens where I live, although I can soon get to the fields, but we are afraid of rambling much for fear of trespassing. But I have learned to understand the prophecies which tell of a time when the earth will be all beautiful, and the meek shall inherit it. Then little children can play without being afraid, for "there will be nothing to hurt or destroy."

We had deep snow and keen frosts just before and about Christmas. Since then the weather has been damp and mild; but now again the housetops are covered with snow and it is very cold, so changeable is this climate.

Dear brother Joseph and little Hopes, I know you will pray for me. I must not forget to thank Uncle M. for his kind instructions. I will always try to mind them; and I hope he will write to us again when he has time. From your sister,

JANE EDWARDS.

INLAND, Iowa, March 13, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am one of you now. I was baptized on the 11th of this month, by Br. J. F. Adams, our Sub-District President, one of the best men in the world, we think. I am going to try to be a saint, and hope God will help me. I am not thirteen yet, but old enough to try to do right.

The snow is thawing off and there is water everywhere, and oh, what a time for traveling. Our winter school is out, and I am glad and sorry both. I am glad, because the roads are so bad that I could not go now, and I have work to do at home. And sorry, because I like to go to school, and we had such a pleasant time, our teacher being very indulgent.

You all know "Perla Wild." I am staying with her to-night. How do you like her story in the *Hope*, called "Cloud and Sunlight?" I would like to get acquainted with you all. Why don't you all write? Your sister,

ADA M. HUNTER.

PLUM HOLLOW, Iowa, March 10, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I was baptized when I was eleven years old. I am now thirteen years old. We have no Sunday-school here now. I wish there was. I like to go to Sunday-school. I want all the little Hopes to pray for me. So good by.

MARY ALICE GISH.

WILMINGTON, Illinois, March 16, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—The *Hope* is a dear little paper. I have just been reading it. I am twelve years old. I am a member of the Church. I try to do right. Brethren and sisters pray for me, that may hold out faithful to the end. I must bring my letter to a close. Good by for this time.

EFFIE MAY WALRATH.

MAQUOKETA, Iowa, March 13, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—There is no school to-day, so I thought I would write to the *Hope*. There is no Sabbath-school here. I like to read the *Hope*. I am but eight years old, and can not write very well. Pa went about three miles in the country to preach last Sunday, and he is going to-morrow to preach again. This is a fine day and the snow is going fast. So good by.

CARRIE MAUDSLEY.

CHARITON, Iowa, March 18, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would write to *Zion's Hope*. We have had pretty wet weather until to-day. Well, pray for me, little Hopes, that I may hold out faithful, and I will remember you. Yours truly,

JAMES SPENCER.

The Workshop.

SUGAR COOKIES.—Two cups of sour cream, two cups of sugar, one egg, one tea-spoonful of soda, flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll thin. Bake in a quick oven. LILLIE MUNNS.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Take cold soft water or milk, stir into it, slowly, enough Graham flour to make a batter of medium thickness. Have ready hot gem pans. Grease them slightly and fill them with batter, and bake in a very hot oven. ADALIZA MUNNS.

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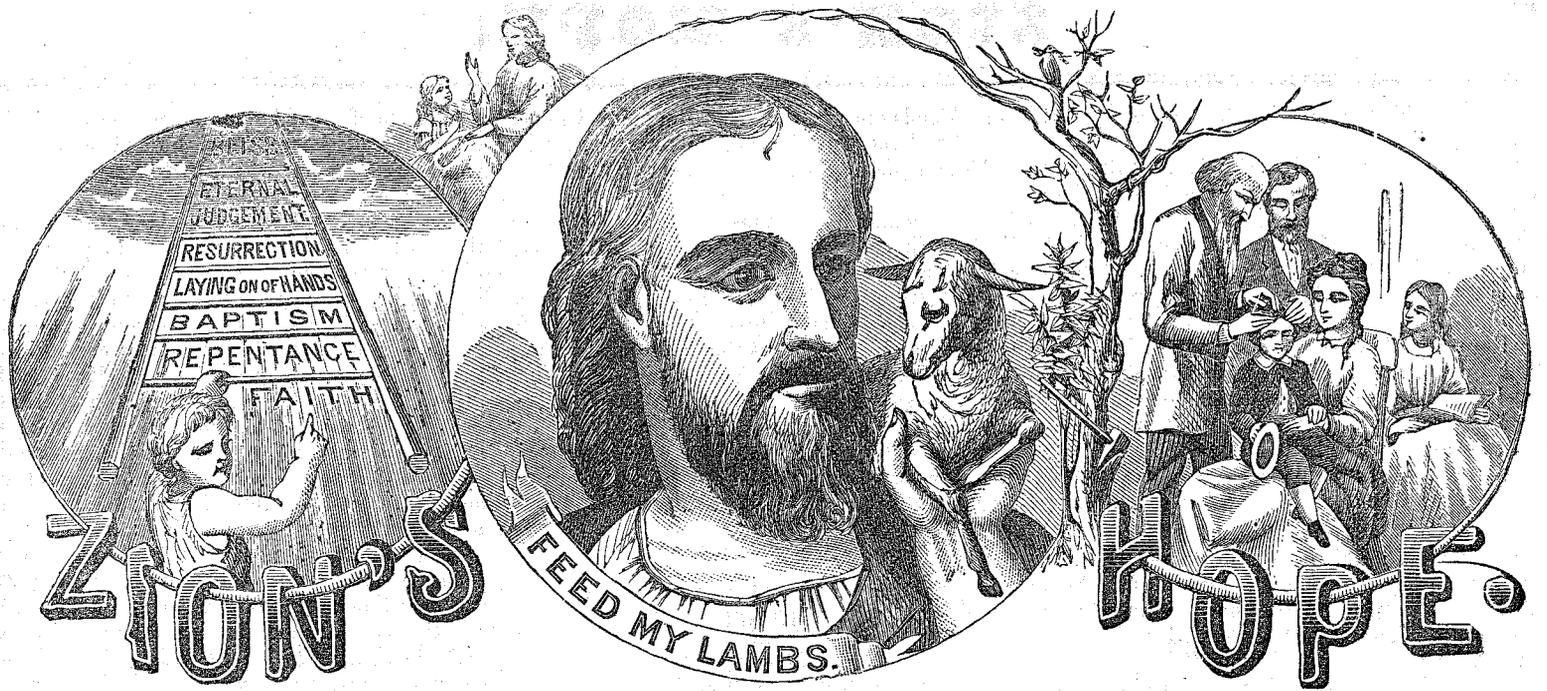
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

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No. 21.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE
JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

Part Second.

CHAPTER I.—FIVE YEARS AFTER.

A BEAUTIFUL, dreamy languor of life and light lay over the spring crowned earth. Every thing, animate and inanimate, seemed to partake of the sweet delicious sense of restful joy and repose. The sun hung low in the heavens and cast long lingering rays of genial brightness over all. Dreaming in an easy chair, with the sunbeams gilding an open book on his knee, and the soft breeze wafted through the open window caressing his dark, glossy hair and richly tinted cheek, sat Mr. Kendall, the same lonely hearted man we knew five years ago, unchanged apparently, by time and sorrow. His mother has gone to her rest. Auntie Hale and Grandma Baker died before her. Mary Baker, now Mary Long, is mistress of Mr. Kendall's habitation, and he is settled as permanent boarder there. Charley's little farm adjoins Mr. Kendall's and one dwelling suffices both, for Mr. Kendall cannot live alone. He sits dreaming over the varied past. Cherished above all other memories is the bright recollection of the happy days of his wedded life. His beautiful, winning, pure souled bride—his sweet, innocent, loving little child! Henrietta! what a soft, sweet, bewitching cadence the sound of that name combined once. But, O how soon he learned to doubt! and then the dread reality was forced upon him, that she whom he had thought truthful and pure as an angel, was gone with a despicable man who coveted his friend's wife for her beauty and innocence and the little of wealth she possessed. Oh if they had only left him his child! Why did they rob him of this last, this only earthly comfort? And then, after years of lonely grief her little bright face had come to him and ere he could claim her for his own, *that woman* had again snatched the sweet child from him and taken her, *where* he knew not. Was God merciful, and not permit him *one* ray of light and hope to cheer his gloomy way? He was gazing out over the dreamy sunlit landscape, and just then a movement from without caught his eye, and interrupted his bitter repinings. Lyss Baker, a great stout, tall boy of fifteen, was sitting on a grassy knoll in range of vision from the window. He was whittling away at a complicated supplement to be adjusted to an ingeniously contrived water-wheel, spluttering and whirling away in a miniature cataract some distance below, where the high road crossed the little brook wound around the hill and rippled away out of

sight in the verdant grove. Old Towser was lying with his nose on his paws beside Lyss; suddenly he raised his head and looked down the decline, sniffed contemptuously, and stretched himself lazily out in the sun. Lyss did not notice this, but Mr. Kendall's attention was engaged, and looking behind Lyss, he saw Jim Welsh creep slyly up and catch the tiny machinery from his hand and fling it down the hill where it fell on a rock and broke in pieces. Jim put his hands on his hips and leaning back laughed loudly at Lyss' surprised and indignant stare. Ulysses did not move for a moment, then turned and regarded Jim with the look that made him laugh uproariously.

"What did you do that for Jim Welsh?"

"Cause I could. Ha ha ha. There it lays, down there. Go after it wont you, when you want it?" Jim turned and looked down as he spoke. Lyss dropped his old jack knife, grasped Jim suddenly and savagely by the back of his pants and his coat collar and whirled him down the declivity.

"No, I'll send you," replied Lyss as Jim turned over once, and landed on a soft spot in the center of a mud pool where Mary Long's ducks were quiddling away industriously. The feathered quacks flew screaming in every direction as Jim fell prone on his back and the moist clinging earth and water held him fast and he lay there kicking and striking and yelling hustily.

"You Lyss Baker! come and help me out or I'll pound you like a dog!"

"You will, hey?" replied Lyss walking leisurely down, with Towser at his heels. "Guess I'll leave you there then. Dad don't lick me enough." Lyss and the dog paused on the verge of the pool and regarded the floundering Jim complacently, then Lyss laughed;—he couldn't help it, Jim made such a comical picture.

"Why don't you help me out?" screamed Jim. "Consarn you, I'll lick you if you don't, I tell you."

"Well sail in," calmly answered Lyss. "I can stand it if you can."

"Confound you, you know I can't till you help me up," spluttered Jim. Lyss coolly turned and walked away, remarking, "I guess I'll leave you there, then; for I ain't in any humor for standing still and letting a little upstart like you thrash me. I should give you such an unmerciful pounding that 'twould take two men to carry you home. Therefore out of pity to you, I'll leave you to your own happy thoughts."

"I'm a year older'n you are," called Jim clawing a lump of mud from his nose.

"And two years littler sonny," answered back

Lyss Baker. Lyss was half a head taller, and much stouter than Jim, else he could not have handled him so easily.

Mr. Kendall saw and heard the whole, and rose to go out to the boys when he saw Nelly run swiftly out of the kitchen door, where she had been with Mary, and hasten to Jim's relief, her brown curls gleaming golden in the sunshine, and her cheeks glowing with excitement, a pretty little miss of thirteen, kind and forgiving and lovely as ever.

"Why Lysses Baker! what do you mean? just see the poor boy! come and help me pull him out!" and she clung to her brother's arm and half dragged him with her.

"Let go and I'll send Tows' in after him," said Lyss. "Here Towser! Fetch him out! That's a good fellow! Bring him out!"

Towser started forward, but paused when he reached the worst part of the pool, looked at Jim sprawling and throwing mud, sniffed, shook his soiled paws and retreated. He was getting old; and he didn't like Jim Welsh, any way. No one did for that matter. Nelly, seeing that the dog refused, sat down on a grassy bank and began untying her shoes.

"What you going to do, Nell?" queried Lyss.

"Take off my shoes and stockings and help him out, of course," she replied, without looking up. Lyss grew ashamed and taking a board that lay across the stream near by, for a foot-bridge, threw it down to walk on and in a moment more, had Jim out on the grass; and Nelly began scraping the mud from his back and shoulders with a stick, talking alternately to Lyss and Jim. "It's real mean to serve you so, Jimmy, poor dear! Don't you feel sorry for him Lyss? Of course you do. You didn't mean to throw him in *there*, I know. But, Jim, it didn't hurt you so bad as if you'd come down on the pebbles yonder, did it? But it's awful, any way. Say Lyss, these clothes can't be cleaned without washing. What's to be done?"

Mr. Kendall appeared on the scene at this instant. "Well, boys this is rather an unlucky affair."

"No luck about it," whined Jim, "that sneak-in' puppy jest throwed me in, on purpose, so he did!"

"And *that fine haired gentleman*," replied Ulysses, "sneaked up behind me and jerked my machine away and broke it."

"I didn't," snarled Jim. "I throwed it down and it broke itself."

"Never mind, boys, I know all about it, and I think Ulysses is the most at fault. Don't you think so, yourself?"

Lyss hung his head, "yees" hesitatingly; "but he begun it."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Kendall. "But you have treated him very rudely, and a little unkindly." He drew close to Ulysses and spoke in a low, swift voice. "My little girl loved you, boy, and you are dearest to me from that fact. I know you are wrong now, and I entreat of you to think more kindly of that wayward boy yonder."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Kendall; I'll do anything you think I'd ought to, to make up for what I've done. But he's always playing some trick on me."

"Yes," replied Mr. Kendall, "but try to win him with kindness, as little Nelly does. I should go and get one of my suits for Jim to wear, while something can be done to clean his, if I were in your place."

"It's more'n a mile home," demurred Lyss.

"But the boy hasn't another stitch of clothes; and he hasn't a place to call home. Charley said this morning he had lost his situation with Mr. Wilson. He's to be pitied, truly."

"Yes, I s'pose so, but it's awful hard to bring myself down to pity such a graceless scamp as he is. We used to be regular chums, till he got to abusing Poppy so, about the poor-house, and we haint been over good friends since. He turned his nose up at her so, and in less'n a year, his mother and he were both at the poor-house. And since she died he's had a pretty hard time, one place and another. I should think he'd begin to be a little civiler." Lyss diverged into a foot path and started off briskly for home. Meanwhile Nelly had coaxed Jim into the house, and Mary had provided him with some of Charley's clothes, which, though much too large, were better than his in their present plight, and, having succeeded in removing the mud and water from his face and hands and head, and donned Charley's pants and shirt he was conducted into the sitting-room, in triumph by the kind-hearted little girl, and there Mr. Kendall found him, when he returned from a short walk after Lyss left him. Nelly had gone back to the kitchen to help Mary, who was a washing. So Jim was alone; and he felt as if he were out of his place, where he hadn't ought to be. Mr. Kendall drew a chair near him, and began to converse on different topics. Finally the conversation turned upon Jim's prospects.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Jimmy; I'll try to persuade Charley Long to give you a place. You have no home, and you like Charley, and he needs a little help. What do you say?" Jim's lips quivered.

"Yes, I like Charley. He's all the friend I've got in the world, besides Nelly. I'll do the best I can and work ever so hard, if he'll let me stay."

"I'm your friend Jim, and I'm going to look after you myself, after this. I've brooded over my trouble and dreamed away several of the best years of my life, and now, I'm going to see if I can't do something for other people who are in affliction. I feel better already, from the determination." Just then a pair of little white arms were clasped about Mr. Kendall's neck and Nelly's sweet face peeped over his shoulder as she pressed her lips to his rough, bearded cheek.

"You dear old fellow you! I am so glad. I pity Jimmy so much. But now he'll get along, for you won't see him suffer!" And she knelt on the carpet between the two, resting one hand confidently on the knee of each. Jim coughed down his emotion and murmured brokenly, "I can't thank him right, Nelly. You tell him."

"Never mind, James," replied Mr. Kendall, "you feel thankful, that will do, now. Only promise me you will try to do right, as far as you know, and try to be kinder to Lyss."

"I will, I will, sir," meekly returned Jim, "Lyss served me right." Just then Lyss came in, and walking up to Jim laid a bundle in his lap, saying, "There Jim is a good suit of clothes, that is coat, shirt and pants, and I give 'em to you to keep, to pay for spoiling yours. And I'm sorry for what I did, really sorry." Jim wept like a child, expressed his own repentance and the boys

were friends once more. But Jim refused to accept the clothes till Mr. Kendall interfered, telling him he desired it also, and he would remember Lyss for it.

"Did mamma say I must come home," asked Nelly. She and Lyss had come to stay the day with Mary.

"Not till night," replied Lyss. "But come Jim, let's go and try on those things. I want to see how you'll look." As the two boys went out, Charley Long entered with a letter in his hand. He had been to the nearest town. "For you, Mr. Kendall, addressed in your full cognomen, *Phillip Kendall Carson*." Mr. Kendall (or Carson) though most people still called him the former, though the other was well known, swiftly broke the seal.

To be continued.

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

O! tis a lovely thing of youth,
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say!
But liars we can never trust, [true,
Though they should speak the thing that's
And he, that does one fault at first,
And lies, to hide it, makes it two.
Have we not known nor heard nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue.
So did his wife Sapphira die
When she came in, and grew so bold
As to confirm the wicked lie,
That just before, her husband told.
The lord delights in them that speak
The word of truth, but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire
Then let me watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell;
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.
Among the deepest shades of night
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is like a shining light
That turns the midnight into day.
When every eye around me sleeps
May I not sin without control;
No, for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.
If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod;
Yet there I could not be alone
On every side there would be God.
He smiles on heaven, he frowns to hell,
He fills the air, the earth, the sea!
I must within his presence dwell,
I cannot from his anger flee.

Continued from page 79.

PLACE OR PRINCIPLE.

FOLLOWING the remarks of Mr. Prompt, (for it was none other than Mr. Ira B. Prompt, that had been acting as delegate from the metropolis, and who had just been speaking,) Mr. Obediah just arose and moved that upon Mr. Prompt's request Mr. James Morton of the city of —, be declared the unanimous choice of the stockholders of the New Enterprise Bank, for cashier of the same. The question being duly put, carried without a dissenting vote.

The organization having been completed, and it resolved to open at as early a date as possible; Mr. Prompt, without delay wrote to James Morton, telling him of the happy turn things had taken in the affairs of his life, and that he was wanted in the city of S— to enter upon the duties of his office at a stated period, under a salary far

in advance of what he had been receiving before the painful discharge, which he had suffered for principle's sake, but which had brought to him a speedy and rich reward.

The important letter which James received on his return from his visit to the country was none other than the one from Mr. Ira B. Prompt, informing him of his good fortune, and how he was pained in subjecting him to trial, and how he was rejoiced at his fealty to principle, closing with congratulations, and exaltations equal to the circumstances that produced the occasion. Hence we do not wonder that James' heart was stirred with emotion when he glanced at the contents of the letter, noting first the silver lining of the cloud and then the sun of fortune rising once more to the clear sky of honorable success.

No wonder he hurriedly bent his steps toward home, to break the glad news to his mother who had ever taught him to press on and up, assuring him that the pure sunlight could be found above, upon the mountain's height, and not in the clouds along its gentle slopes or in the thicker mists on the plains below.

As with the temporal, so with the spiritual, each victory truly gained over sin and self, enables us to rise higher in the scale of moral excellence and to realize the truth that in keeping the commandments of the Lord there is great reward, and that they are more to be desired than gold that perisheth. James and his mother rejoiced together. Faithfulness crowned their days with plenty, and their sun of mortal life set not as if it were behind the horizon, but like the morning star that is lost in the rich effulgence of the incoming day. So, may we, live and die if we will.

UNCLE MILTON.

A TALK WITH THE CHILDREN.

WELL, little Hopes, I would like to talk with you a little while, but there are so many things to talk about, I hardly know what would be most interesting to you.

But I will ask you one question. Do all the little Hopes know and understand the first principles of the gospel? You know that they pertain to our salvation and our future life. I once knew a little girl between four and five years old, whose name was Laura, and although so young she seemed to understand what many older heads have failed to see. One night we walked together to prayer meeting, her parents coming behind. I asked her what we were going to meeting for. Looking rather embarrassed she says, "I don't like to tell." After a moment she looked up so cheerful and brave, and said, "But I can tell you what to do to be saved, repent and be baptized for the remission of sins." I was pleased to hear a little child teaching the plain things of the gospel. It brought to my mind, that, although I had listened for sixteen years to the professing preachers of the gospel, I had never heard from the pulpit what we must do to be saved.

This little girl has now come to years of accountability as the savior has taught, and she with her little cousin have obeyed the commandment which she so plainly taught while so young.

The first principle is faith, and I often think that the "lambs of the flock" have more faith than those who have come to years of understanding. Once a little boy named Harry, too young to obey the gospel, was taken suddenly sick, he asked his mother to pray for him that he might get well, she did so and taught him to pray for himself; but not receiving the help he desired, he said "mother won't you send for grandpa, (he being an elder), for when he comes and lays his hands on my head and prays for me, I always get well. According to his wishes, grandpa was sent for, and he did get well just as he said. He seemed to know the Lord would heal him just as well as he knew he would get something to eat if he asked his mother for it. How trusting! I knew another little boy by the name of Frank, so small he could not talk plain, and when he was suffering from

sickness he would say "send for danpa kick an' a little speck o nile."—(of oil.) One time his little baby brother was very sick, they had administered to it, but it was still quite sick. His aunt and cousins were there, and they were all very anxious for baby to get well. After awhile Franky said to his little cousin, "let us go up stairs alone and pray to God to make baby well." So they went and both prayed. (At this time Frank was six and his cousin five.) The Lord heard them, and from that time the baby commenced to get well. No marvel Christ said "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Study the Scripture little Hopes that you may learn to live so that our Heavenly Father will hear you when you pray. AUNTE.

Continued from p. 79.

WHAT IS IT WORTH? No 7

THE morning after the conversation related in our last chapter, Mr. Judson rose, built the fires, busied himself about the chores until breakfast was ready; but seemed all the time to be in deep study, and uneasy about something. This increased until evening, when after supper and the usual reading and service, he sat down with Kitty on his knee, and speaking to his wife said, "Mistress Laurie, look here; I want to tell you folks a dream I had last night, and which has troubled me all day." This of course attracted their attention, and everybody, even Kitty was still, and he continued:

"I awoke as the clock struck twelve, and after lying awake for a few moments, I fell asleep; at least so it appears to me now. How long I slept I do not know, but I seemed to waken in the midst of a small island. All round this island, on every side but one, there was water reaching away as far as I could see. The island was low, apparently but few feet above the level of the water; and from some appearances had been subjected to an overflowing of the water. In the one direction in which there was any thing but water to be seen, there was, seemingly a few miles away, what looked like the main land, or a large island. Upon this land the sun was shining strangely bright; and here and there upon it I could see cultivated fields, and in one place the spires and roofs of high buildings. There was no one with me that I could see; and look which way I would, not a sign of human beings could I discern. I tried to shout, thinking some one might be concealed in long grass and occasional tufts of low bushes growing upon the island; but though I seemed to shout loudly, I could not hear the sound of my own voice. There was no sign of road or foot-path leading away from where I stood in any direction that I could discern; the grass was untrampled, except a little spot where it appeared to me that I had been asleep when I seemed to waken. I grew almost frantic and threw myself down upon the place where I stood, and tried to think what to do. I would lie still awhile and then spring to my feet determined to dart away to the shore next the land I could see; but I could not walk in the deep grass, for as soon as I stepped away from the spot I had been lying on, I would sink in the treacherous, slimy soil till I could go no further, then I would return and lie down again—again start up to try in another direction, only to be again baffled. At length I lay down, thinking to try no more; and wearied by my efforts to get away, chilled with the dampness of the wet ground, from which sleep I was startled by hearing a man's voice singing; and listening a moment I distinctly heard the words I have so often heard Horace here humming:

"Fear not and be just,
For the kingdom is ours,
And the hour of redemption is near."

A light flashed upon me, and there close by me stood the new preacher, Mr. Jones, with a lantern shaped like a book in his hand; the back and two sides dark, but the front where the leaves open

and the two ends open, the light shining out from between the two lids to the front. I was too much astonished and too glad at first to say anything; but after a moment, not thinking of any thing better to say, I blurted out:

"Why, Elder Jones, what are you doing here on this island this dark night? And how did you get here?"

"My friend," said he, "I come here every few nights, to help any poor, unfortunate ones, who like you are lost on this island, and who can not find the way to the shore and the main land; which I presume you saw before night came on."

"There is a way to get away from this place then?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "but it is hard to find without a guide. But, come; it is time we were getting away; the wind will rise in about an hour, and the water may possibly rise over the island; as it does sometimes in hard storms. We have time enough to reach the shore and the main land if we go now. Do not delay."

I rose and said to him, "I am ready. Guide me, and I will follow."

"Here," said he, "take this lantern;" and he held his lantern toward me. I hesitated; he looked at me, in such an imploring way; that I at once reached out my hand and took his lantern, as I thought; but instead my taking his away from him, I seemed to take one just like it out of it; just for all the world like my taking this lamp and moving it away, leaving another just like it standing precisely where this one stood."

"When I took the lantern he smiled, just such a kind smile as I saw on his face the other day, when he bid me 'Good morning;' and turning away from me, he plunged right into the darkness. I started with affright, and shouted after him; but no answer came back. I looked at the lantern in my hand; and noticed that it hung on a ring with a swivel attachment, and that turn my hand whichever way I might, the light shone out in only one direction; and it was only by taking hold of the back of the lantern and turning it that way that I could throw the light in any other direction. As soon as I let go the back of the lantern, it at once swayed back, with the light shining in the same direction as at first.

"By this time I had partially regained my composure, and resolved to start in the direction which the Elder had taken and in which the lamp shone. I did so, and to my great surprise I went directly through a small tuft of very thick grass, over which I had stumbled the day before a dozen times perhaps; and once through the light showed beneath my feet a clean gravel path, wide enough to walk easily on; but too narrow for two to go side by side, or even to pass another should they chance to meet. Looking up, I saw just one solitary star; but that one solitary star shone as I never saw a star shine in my waking moments; and from its lower point there was one slender thread of silvery light that ended, or appeared to do, in the lantern I held in my hand.

"I walked confidently forward, and soon found the shore. But the path did not end at the shore; but led right into the water. I could see the smooth, narrow path shining down beneath the clear water; as half doubting, half fearing, I halted at the edge of the shore. The wind was blowing faintly, just rippling the surface of the water. Afar, as it seemed, I could hear a roaring sound, such as storms are sometimes accompanied by; and just before me, apparently coming from somewhere along the pathway in the water, I heard the Elder's voice, singing. I placed the lantern before me and started forward. I can not tell you how I passed that narrow sea. The path was so narrow, I sometimes thought I should be swept from it; but when I held my lantern by the ring and allowed it to swing freely, the light shone down through the water, showing the path always beneath my feet, and for a little ways before me.

"It seemed a long way, but as I had seen it in the day time, I knew that it could have been but

a few miles; when suddenly I found the pathway gone, my lantern flew open like a book that is laid open on a desk or table, the light shone out all in front of me and to the right and left, showing the smooth, shining, silvery sand of the shore of the main land; and there, standing on the dry land, his lantern open like mine, with that sweet smile upon his face, stood Mr. Jones, as if waiting for me—a sound as of a thousand trumpets struck upon my ears—the sun swung up like a great globe of fire—my lantern fell from my hand and shivered into the sands at my feet—the Elder vanished like a vapor of mist—and I was wide awake, the sun shining through the window right into my face."

Mr. Judson stopped speaking; Kitty was fast asleep, her dimpled cheek resting against his breast; the thumb of one little hand stuck through the top button hole of his vest, the little fingers softly clasped together, the fist half closed. Mistress Laurie's knitting had fallen at her feet, and Horace was sitting half bent over, and looking steadfastly at Mr. Judson, the tears shining in his eyes.

To be continued.

I AM CALLED.

CCOURT was in session in a large city, the eager multitude crowded around the door and along the passage ways, leading to the hall of justice, anxious to catch some expression of tidings from the proceedings of the very important trial that was going on. When a little insignificant looking man was observed elbowing his way through the crowd and just at that time some one cried out:

"What are you pushing your way through here for?" to which he replied,

"Why don't you hear? I am called."

He was a witness in the suit, and his name having been called by one of the officers from an outer gallery he had heard, and was pressing his way toward the place where his presence was desired, and when he announced his call and showed by his energy and perseverance that he was determined to appear before the Judge to answer that call, the clamorous swaying multitude parted and made way for him to pass on and up to the Tribunal whither he had been summonsed that he might not incur the displeasure of the Judge nor subject himself to censure of fine.

There is something in this simple story that should cause us to think, and to think deeply. It made me think of the courts of heaven. How our Redeemer is calling to us, by his spirit, through his officers, the legal ministry, to come forward and witness for Him. If we are obedient to the heavenly call, and like the little man, show by our acts and energy in pressing toward the heavenly city, that we have been called by the great judge to wait before him in the courts of glory, we will ever find that demons, wicked men, evil passions and circumstances, all yield to our advance, and that the way will continually open before us and like one of old, who fought a good fight, we can exaltingly say "I can do all things" (that is, subdue every foe and surmount every difficulty) "through Christ which [who] strengthened me," and finally as they enter the corridor leading from this world to that to which all are tending, can triumphantly sing "there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

"WHO is the prettiest girl in your school?" asked Edward of his little pet, Winnie, as she stood by his side, and looked up into his laughing eyes. Uncle thought in his heart that his Winnie was, but she answered unhesitatingly—"Ruth Culbertson."

At this her brother and sister laughed a little. "Ruth is one of the plainest girls in the school, uncle," remarked Alice, "but she hears the little girls recite in geography and spelling, and they think she is ever so nice. Every one else would

tell you that Isabella Seabury was the handsomest girl in school, or in all the town."

"She doesn't look nice to me," persisted Winnie, shaking her head. "She doesn't like us little girls around her, and almost always says, 'Little pitchers,' when we come near where she is talking with the big girls. That means for us to go away."

"You believe, Winnie, in the old saying, 'Hadsome is that handsome does,' and so do I too, dear. Now tell me what makes Ruth so beautiful in your eyes?"

"Oh, she loves us, that's the main thing, and she lets us love her as hard as we please. She always stops to help us when we tear our dresses, and cuts us pretty paper dolls at noon times, and oh, I can't tell you how many nice things she does for us."

"Well, I know from your description, Winnie, I should like her looks. People that have really kind hearts show it in their faces, and a kind heart shining out is the greatest beauty a young lady can have. You can cultivate this kind of beauty, too, and it pays a great deal better than cultivating the hair or complexion so much as some girls do. It grows more beautiful, too, with age, which is not true with the other kind of beauty.—*Young Reaper.*

THE FARMER'S SON.

A Farmer and his little child

Walked out one summer-morn,

Through forest-glade and meadow-land,

And fields of golden corn.

"See, child," the sturdy farmer said,

"How fair the growing grain!

'Twill make thy father rich and free,

When winter comes again."

Then plucked he at the golden corn,

The little gentle lad,

And kissed it: "Bless thee, corn," he said,

"That makes my father glad."

"Nay, child;" he smiled upon his boy;

"The fair grain does its best;

Yet, as it grows and ripens here,

Obeys but God's behest."

Then raised the lad his little hand,

And bared his curly head;

"Bless God, he loves my father dear,

So loves us all," he said.

The sturdy farmer's eyes were wet.

"Amen!" then whispered he;

"'Tis rare, I pray, but bless the Lord,

Who gave my son to me."

THE EXACT TRUTH.

TWO young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them placing a brick, discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than on the other.

His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," said he.

"Pooh," answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? you're too particular."

"My mother," replied his companion, "taught me that 'truth is truth,' and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"Oh," said Ben, "that is all very well, but I am not lying, and have no intention of doing so."

"Very true, but you make your wall tell a lie; and I have somewhere read that a lie is one's work, like a lie in his character, will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben; and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher, till the close of the day, when they quit work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when behold the lie had wrought out the result of all lies! The wall getting a little slant

from the untrue brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last, in the night, had toppled over, obliging the masons to do all their work over again.

Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more untrue, if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin. Tell, act, and live the exact truth always.

Correspondence.

DEXTER CITY, Ohio, March 20th, 1875.

Dear little Hopes:—I love to read our little paper, I think it long from the arrival of one *Hope* to the arrival of the next, although I am not a member. I hope that the time is not far distant when I can be called a sister. I am lonely, as there are no Saints near here, and as my little sister Mary Jane died on the 15th of September. I am thirteen past.

Good bye, ELIZABETH WIPER.

FANNING, Kansas, March 31st, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am glad to see the *Hope* come, it is always welcome in our house. I love the cause that I have embraced, and am trying to do right, but sometimes I fail. 'Tis raining here to-day. We live in the bluffs, it is not a very pretty place. We have no Sunday School here, but have meetings once on Sunday. I read the *Hope* as soon as it comes.

M. ANNIE BELL.

INLAND, Cedar Co., Iowa, March 14th 1875.

My dear Hopes:—I am glad to say that we have been having preaching worth hearing in this vicinity. We had splendid turnouts and some of the people seemed very much interested. My two cousins and myself were baptized by Br. John F. Adams. For my part I am glad that I were, and I think I shall never be sorry. I am young yet and there are many slippery places for my feet. Satan is ever near to tempt us, but by the help of God and the prayers of you all, I hope that I may stand firm in the faith so that I shall be worthy to meet you all above.

FLORENCE RUSSEL.

DELOIT, Crawford Co., Iowa, March 18th, 1875.

Br. Joseph:—We have a splendid Sunday School here every Sunday at three o'clock. I have a nice little class of about eight or ten, and they are all very much interested in the school. Bro. James Caffall preached seven times, I believe, here; I think he is an excellent speaker. There has been a great deal of sickness around here this winter, some have died. My desire is to serve the Lord and to keep every known commandment.

ELLEN DOBSON.

WEST BELLVILLE, St. Clair Co., Ill.,
Jan. 26th, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am not yet baptized, but I hope I soon will be, my father, mother, brother and older sister, are members of the Church. I am twelve years old. I love to go to Sabbath School and meeting, and I go as often as I can. No more at present but remain yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH ARCHIBOLD.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Having more letters on hand than we can find room for insertion in full, we give the following extracts, with names of writers and Post Office addresses.

SARAH JONES, Sheridan, Neb.:—I feel thankful to God for his goodness. All the Saints rejoice. I know too that it is God's work. I am trying to do right.

HENRY J. POTTER, Magnolia, Iowa:—I have not belonged to the Church but about six months; but I am convinced that it is the true Church of Jesus Christ.

D. C. WHITE, Edenville, Iowa:—We had one of the signs of the last days, and of the coming of Him whose right it is to reign. On the night of the 12th inst., [Feb.], there were balls of fire seen to burst near the ground, and a rumbling like thunder followed, and the whole heavens were lighted up with its brightness; they were seen in many parts of our country.

DAVID McBERNIE, Sodom, O.:—I am a Sabbath-school scholar of the Good Samaritan Sunday School. I am going to be baptized.

CAROLINE ELLIASSON, Soda Springs, Idaho:—We are all well out here. Many times I wish we could go to a good meeting. There has been no Elders here for two years. I love the dear little *Hope*, it is such a welcome visitor.

ROSA B. RELYEA, Canton, Ill.:—I love to read the letters in the *Hope*. I go to school; am ten years old; I was baptized last November. We have Sabbath

School here. Pray for me that I may be a good girl.

HESTER COBB, Lower Lake, Cal.:—I think that our paper, the *Hope*, is improving very much, but still it seems to me that if we would have more anagrams and enigmas it would be still better.

CHARLES RANDALL, Columbus, Kansas:—I have not been baptized yet, but want to be next summer. I am thirteen years old. We have a small Branch here; only fifteen members.

NEWTON J. RANDALL, Columbus, Kansas:—I am eleven years old. This is my first attempt to write. I am not yet baptized.

OLIVE J. HUTCHINGS, Watsonville, Cal.:—I love to read the *Hope*; am a member of the Church, and feel thankful to my heavenly Father that I have embraced the truth. We have a Branch of fifty-one members.

ELLA A. ADAMS, Spring Valley, Iowa:—I am ten years old and have three brothers. We enjoy ourselves very much in reading the *Hope*. We have no Sabbath School here. I wish we had.

CHRISTIANA CRABB, Little Sioux, Iowa:—Dear little Hopes, I take pleasure in reading all your letters. I am not yet nine years old. I have not been baptized yet, but will be soon.

C. W. DILLEN, Lamoni, Iowa:—I have been a poor "deluded Mormon" for about five years, and I thank my heavenly Father for the "delusion" the Latter Day Saints possess. I can say that the Lord has blessed me with a *knowledge* of the Latter Day Work.

ARCHIE HALL, Council Bluffs, Iowa:—I have often thought of writing to the *Hope*. I am a member of the Council Bluffs Branch. We have a Sabbath School of over fifty members, in a prosperous condition. I received one of the prizes offered by Mr. Street. I love to read the *Hope*.

ARRIEN A. VICKERS, Douglass, Mass.:—Dear little Hopes, I thought I must for the first time make a trial to write, as I am twelve years old, and love the little *Hope*. We have a good little Sabbath School of twenty scholars, and have a good time learning verses.

CARRIE MAY EPPERLY, Millersburg, Ill.:—Brother Joseph and all the readers of the *Hope*, I love our paper very much. I was baptized when I was nine years old, and I feel thankful to God that he has brought me to a knowledge of the Latter Day Work.

JOHN B. HUTCHER, Jefferson, Iowa:—I am going to school now. Sunday School begins the third Sabbath in May. We live on the prairie, eight miles from town.

LORENDA A. HART, Coffeerville, Kansas:—Uncle Joseph, it is fine weather and every body is making ready for gardening, [Mar. 17.] We have here in the summer and fall blackberries, plums, elder berries, wild cherries, dewberries, mulberries, pecans, walnuts and hickory nuts.

ADIE WELLS, Elvaston, Ill.:—Uncle Joseph, I am not a member of the Church now, but I expect to be soon. I take the dear little *Hope*, and how I love to read it. I am ten years old.

JAMES D. STREET, Council Bluffs, Iowa:—I received one of the prizes kindly offered by Mr. Street. * * I only hope by prayer, faithfulness and diligence to gain that immortal prize which is in store for the righteous.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$241 97	Mell Halliday	..	\$	25
J. C. Springer	..	10 W. H. Bradley	..	25	
G. Watson	..	25 Mrs. Anna Johnson	..	50	
Hannah Johnson	..	50 N. Johnson	..	1 00	
James Johnson	..	50 Johnny Johnson	..	25	
Mary Kyte, St. Louis	3 00	Mary Sims	..	25	
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	..	3 80			
Fanny Wade	..	25 Mary Simmons	..	20	
Julia Clark	..	25 Robert Slinger	..	25	
Agnes Bennett	..	10 Fannie Waddle	..	10	
Emma Waddle	..	25 Lucy A. Griffith	..	50	

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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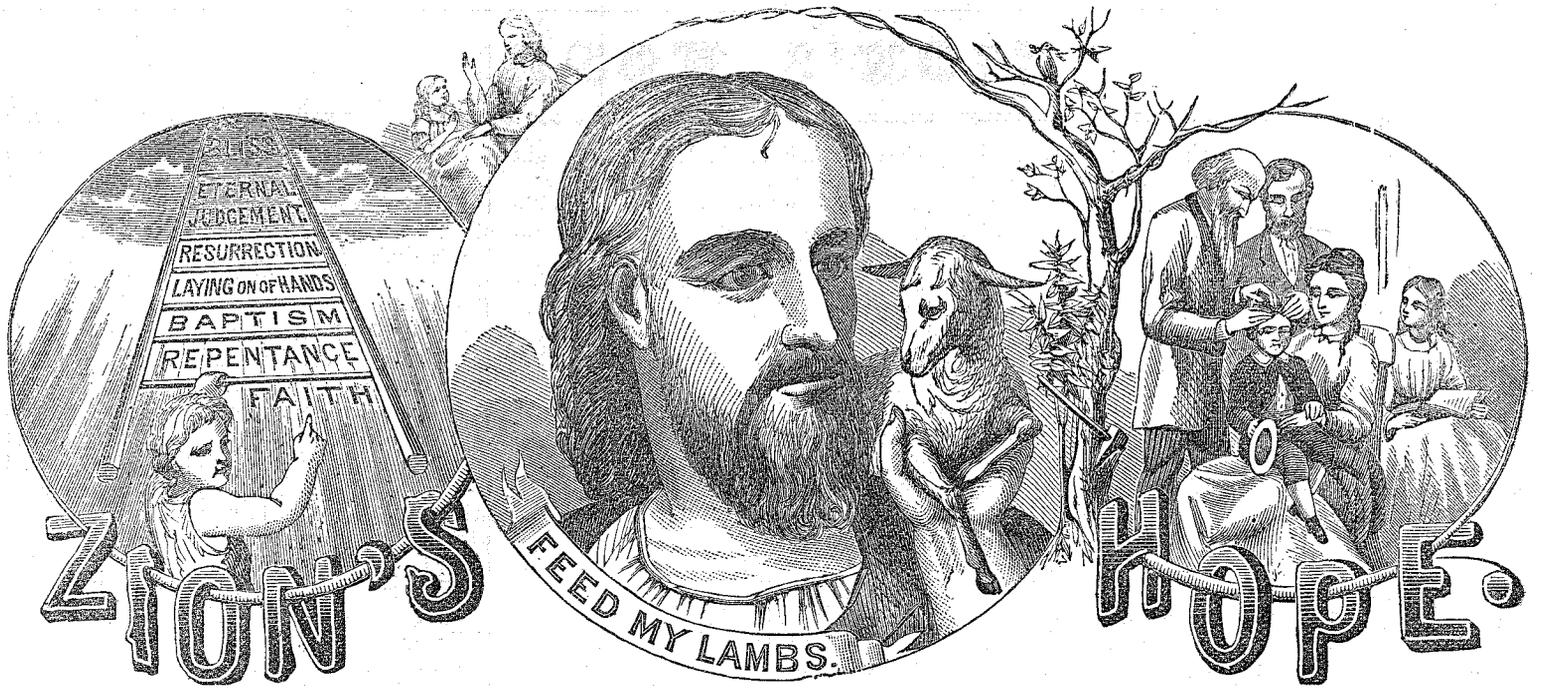
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

WHEN I was about eighteen years old (I speak of a very distant period), I used to go on Saturday afternoon during the beautiful season to spend the Sunday with my mother, who lived at V——, some five miles from my place of labor. I usually went on foot, and was sure to find sitting under an old oak on the route a great fellow, who always cried out to me in a squeaking voice: "Can you give a poor man a little something, my good sir?"

He was pretty sure to have his appeal answered by the clinking of a few coppers in his old felt hat.

One day as I was paying my tribute to Anthony (for so he called himself) there came along a good-looking gentleman to whom the beggar addressed his squeaking cry: "Can you give a poor man a little something, my good sir?"

The gentleman stopped, and, having fixed his eye on Anthony a moment, said: "You seem to be intelligent and able to work—why do you follow such a mean vocation here? I should be right glad to draw you from it, and give you *ten thousand dollars a year!*"

Anthony began to laugh, and I joined in with him.

"Laugh as much as you please," replied the gentleman, "but follow my advice and you'll have what I promise you. I can show it to you also by example.

"I have been as poor as you are; but, instead of begging, I made out of an old basket a sort of sack, and went from house to house and village to village and asked the people to give me, not their money, but their old rags, which I then sold readily to the paper-maker.

"At the end of a year I did not ask the rags for nothing, but paid cash for them; and I had besides an old horse and cart to assist me in my work.

"Five years afterward I had six thousand dollars, and I married the daughter of the paper-maker, who took me into partnership with him. I was but little accustomed to the business, I confess, but I was young and active; I knew how to work and undergo privation.

"Now I own two good houses in the city, and have turned my paper-mill over to my son, whom I easily taught to labor and endure hardship without murmuring. Now, do as I have done, my friend, and you will become as well off as I am."

Saying this, the old gentleman rode on, leaving Anthony so absorbed in thought that two ladies passed without hearing his old falsetto supplication: "Give a poor man a little something, if you please, to-day!"

Twenty years afterward I had occasion to enter a bookstore for some purchases. A large and well-dressed gentleman was walking through the store and giving orders to some half-a-dozen clerks. We looked at each other as people do who, without being acquainted, seem to have some faint impression that they have met before.

"Sir," said he to me at the further end of the store, "were you not in the habit twenty years ago of walking out to V—— on Saturday afternoons?"

"What! Anthony, is it you?" cried I, "Sir," replied he, "you see Anthony; the old gentleman was right. He gave me *TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR!*"—

THE DEMON OF THE CUP.

IHAD been reading an Oriental tale of the fanciful order. It was a story of the genii, and I had been deeply interested in it. I was very comfortably situated in my room, and on the table was a glass containing the remains of a sherry cobbler I had just imbibed. It never occurred to me that these same sherry cobbler were dangerous companions for a young man, and I was in the habit of taking from three to a dozen of them *per diem*—three when I was going to see Lucy Sheldon, a particular friend of mine, and a dozen on the off days.

I turned the leaves of the magazine, but could find no other story that looked inviting; so I threw it down, and sunk back into my rocking-chair. Things had begun to look rather dim, and my own consciousness very indistinct, when my attention was attracted by a strange commotion in the glass from which I had partly consumed my sherry cobbler.

I glanced at it, and presently a long wreath of smoke or vapor rose from the cup, and stretched itself over toward the farther corner of the room, just exactly as the clouds had preceeded the appearance of the genii in the story I had been reading.

The vapor slowly, and apparently with malice forethought, began to assume a tangible shape, finally resolving itself in the form of an ugly a looking demon as I ever read about. He was monstrous in size, would probably have been twenty feet high if the room had been lofty enough.

"Who the deuce are you?" I inquired, not at all pleased with my visitor.

"I am the Demon of the Cup," he replied in a voice which seemed to shake the whole house.

"I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance," I continued.

"Yes, you have. You are one of my best friends."

"I believe we never met before."

"A dozen times a day."

"Then you don't look as ugly as you do now, if you will excuse my boldness."

"No, I wear a pleasant face when I make the acquaintance of young gentlemen; but I thought it was about time we should be better acquainted. You don't know me yet. We will have a social time if you like."

"No. I thank you; I can't say I am much pleased with your society."

"At any rate, I shall introduce you to a few of my friends," he continued as he waved his wand over the cup.

Instantly another curling cloud of smoke or vapor proceeded from the cup, which presently assumed the form of a decrepit, ragged, filthy old man. Of all that I had ever seen of wretchedness, squalor and misery, the figure before me was the most fitting representative, only the degree of wretchedness seemed a hundred fold intensified.

"Who are you?" I demanded, as the old man moved towards me.

"My name is poverty."

"I should think it might be. What do you want here?"

"I just dropped in to be introduced to you, for you and I are likely to be friends."

"Indeed, old fellow, you are reckoning too fast. I keep only respectable company."

"Just now you do; but you will change your habits by-and-by."

"Don't be too familiar, if you please," I suggested, as the old chap drew a chair to my side, and seated himself.

"We are bound to be friends, young man. Did you ever read Emerson's works?"

"Of course I have."

"Well, sir, I am a representative man."

"You had better take yourself off, or I shall be under the necessity of kicking you down stairs."

"I don't mind that; I am used to it."

"Be civil to him," interposed the Demon. "He is one of us, and a good fellow in his way. He often brings men to their senses when nothing else will. But you have another friend," and again he waved his wand over the cup.

Again the vapor arose from the glass, and another form, more hideous than either of the others appeared before me. I was alarmed at first by his savage expression, and glaring eyes.

"Who are you?" I inquired, shrinking back from the loathsome monster.

"My name is Crime."

"Then you have been well named."

"I have work for you to do."

"I am too much engaged to assist you," I replied.

"Come, come, don't be too stiff about it. I suppose you are not quite ready to help me yet, but I can bide my time, for I have a mortgage on you which in due season you must pay up."

"How do you like my friends?" asked the Demon.

"I don't like them."

"No!"

"The old fellow is a convenient companion, and I don't like the morals of the other chap. His notions of mine and thine are too indefinite to suit my ideas."

"Indeed; you seemed to be so much inclined to make their acquaintance, that I supposed you were anxious to number them among your friends."

"I!"

"Certainly; they belong in the cup. But there is one more you must know."

As he spoke, that smoke infernal curled up and resolved into the form of a woman. She was pale, haggard, and almost a skeleton. She was clothed in rags, and was a perfect picture of wretchedness and despair. There was nothing really hideous in her aspect, beyond the marks of poverty and want which she bore. She turned and fixed a glance of reproach upon me, a glance which thrilled me to the soul. How I pitied the poor wretch, and turned away.

I looked again. Those features were familiar to me. I was shocked, horrified, as I recognized Lucy Sheldon in the dreadful figure before me.

"Lucy!" I exclaimed, with a start of horror.

"Oh, Robert!" she cried, in agony, as she threw herself upon her knees before me. "Pity me! Pity our poor children! They are hungry, they are perishing with the cold. I am hungry, I am freezing, but I care not for myself. Pity them, save them."

"My God, Lucy!"

"Drink no more, Robert. You have reduced me to the most abject misery. Drink no more, as you pity me, if you do not love me!"

"Oh, Lucy! Does she too belong in the cup?" I asked appealingly to the Demon.

"She does; but for the present we keep her down in the mint and sugar. She will be one of us by-and-by," he replied, with a grin.

"Robert! Robert!" groaned Lucy. "Promise me you will drink no more!"

"As God is my judge I will not," I cried, springing from my chair.

But there I stood in my chamber alone, and there on the table stood the glass from which my dreaming fancy had conjured up the Demon of the cup and his friends.

I reflected for a time and then threw the balance of the sherry cobbler into the grate. If the cup was the abode of such a wretched crew (and all my readers know that it is) I determined not to meddle with it again; and I have not.—*Optic.*

THOUGHTFULNESS.

A LITTLE thoughtfulness, coupled with a very little labor and small expense, applied in the right direction and at the proper time, will make glad the heart of those favored, and secure to the bosom of the donor a reward of appreciative gratefulness, in worth to the heart many times that of the gift bestowed.

We remember of sending a roll of blank news, (paper), cut in suitable size for manuscript to one of our correspondents—it proved, though small in value, to be a suitable present, and such a nice little appreciative acknowledgement of the receipt of it, as what we received made us wish we could be performing little acts of similar character every hour or oftener each day of our life.

If we have the Spirit of Jesus ever dwelling with us, and guiding us, we will ever take pleasure in the performance of kindly acts.

We once knew an old lady in the far distant, west that always seemed to be kind to every body and every thing. Her kind words were so easily spoken, and her labors of love so cheerfully bestowed, and her acts of kindness so willingly and

readily performed; and seemingly with such light labor and cost to her, that we often wished we had such a pleasant and genial disposition. We remember, more than once, when far from the paternal roof and stricken down by the hand of disease, she cared for us with all the tenderness that our mother could have ministered to our necessities—and though she is not a member of the church—we think her reward will not be small in the great day of accounts.

Little children of Zion, and large ones too, be kindly affectioned toward one another, never yielding to passion, but ever walking in love. So shall your reward be great.

UNCLE MILTON.

DARE AND DO.

Dare to think, though bigots frown,
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise when you fall down,
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart,
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart,
Dare, when sinners curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong,
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong,
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right,
Do what reason says is best;
Do with willing mind and heart,
Do your duty, and be blest.

CLOUD AND SUNLIGHT;

OR, THE

JOYS AND TRIALS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY PERLA WILD.

Part Second.

CHAPTER II.—POPPY'S LETTER.

"**T**HANK God! He is merciful though I doubted Him!" exclaimed Mr. Kendall, as he turned the letter over and saw the signer's name. "It's from my child, my own little daughter. God bless her!" And they were all called in to hear the glad news and rejoice with him. Mary from her washing, with baby Charley in her arms, and the boys. Nell and Papa Charley were there already. Mr. Kendall read the missive aloud, though his voice was tremulous with emotion. It was as follows:

"My Own Dear Papa:—Yes, I know now that you are. I want to write to you so much and tell you how I love you and want to see you, but I never dared till now. And mamma don't know it. She's out to visit a sick lady, but I'm looking for her every minute. She don't allow me to write to you. But is it wrong—very wrong, to write, just once, to my own papa, even if she *does* say I mustn't? I know children should be obedient, but mamma don't know every thing, or she wouldn't forbid me. She don't know you love her, but I do; or you *would* if you knew how good she always is, and how much she loves you, papa. Yes, *she does*. Now don't you doubt it. And it wasn't her fault she run away. She thought you had found some one else you liked better, *then*, that man told her so. But he's dead now and I'm almost glad of it, though I know I ought to wish he'd lived to do better. He *did* get'sorry, and sent for mamma when he was dying and told her where he had carried me; and *that* is how she come to find me. You see she hadn't seen me, or knew where I was, since I was three years old, till she found me that morning. O, how I wish I knew you would forgive her, pap. Though she hasn't done any thing wrong only go away from you. And she cries about that so often and says she knows you would never forgive her, and she daren't let you know that we are here, for fear you'll take me away from her. She says she'd die if you did though; and I guess she would. But she's very unhappy any way. Tell Lyss and Nelly —. Mamma's coming. Good by, papa.

CONSTANCE CARSON."

"Where is it dated?" asked Mary eagerly.

"Where is it posted?" asked Lyss. "Where is here that she speaks of living? Not far off, I expect."

"Neither place of date nor post," replied Philip Kendall. "It is a great joy to know that they live, but why can I not know *where*."

They were all sorry for him, but knew not what to say. Both glad and sorry. Glad to hear

from Poppy, (or Constance), but sorry she did not give her address. They all went out, and left the lonely-souled man to himself and his thoughts, all save Nelly. He detained her.

"Nelly," said he, "do you remember what kind of a man it was with—the woman who took Poppy away?"

"Certainly, I do. A very dark man with black beard all over his face and dark eyes. You've asked me that before, Mr. Kendall."

"I know I have. But are you sure, quite sure he didn't have yellow whiskers and blue eyes?"

"Yes, indeed, I'm *sure* he didn't. He called the lady ma'am, like he was some servant or driver. And that man who took your wife away was dead, for didn't Poppy's letter say so. She never told a lie."

"Her mother told her so, perhaps."

"Was she—did she tell wrong stories asked Nelly softly.

"No, not as long as I knew her. I don't know what she does now."

"But Grandma Baker was your wife's step-mother, and she wouldn't bring her up to tell stories, I know."

"No child; but sometimes we forget and depart from the teachings of our youth."

Lyss came in, and picking up the envelope of the letter, which lay on the floor, he scanned it closely a moment, then cried excitedly:

"O, Nell! Mr. Carson! I know where Poppy is! She's at Afton. I can discern a faint outline of a postmark. There are two letters, *F* and *T*, I can make out. So it must be Afton. O, Mr. Kendall, do let us go at once and find Poppy."

But Mr. Kendall was not so sanguine in this, as was Lyss. There was an *Afton*, it was true, and also a *Clifton*. Either of these towns included *F* and *T* in their orthography. So how could one distinguish between the two, which was most probably the one where Poppy lived.

"Try both," urged Ulysses.

"That would be like searching for a needle in a hay-mow, or rather in *two* hay-mows, Lyss. Looking over two whole towns for one little girl."

"But we could find the names of all the people on the books, couldn't we?"

"On the Directories, yes;—but may be we wouldn't know their names, hers and her mother's, if we saw them. For we don't know what they call themselves."

Lyss was scarcely convinced, but forced to yield. However, he urged Mr. Kendall to make a visit of discovery to each of the towns in question; but no clue to the missing Poppy was found.

And then little Frank was stricken with a low, lingering fever, and little else was thought, save anxiety for him. Prayers, tears and medical skill availed naught. And July's last day saw a little mound in the graveyard, side by side with grandma Baker's resting place. We all know by experience the utter loneliness, the dark void, and the bitter, unspeakable grief, which conjointly fill our souls when the shadow of death falls athwart our homes and stills a loving, trusting heart, and pales a dearly loved face, whose *memory* is all we retain as we turn, sick at heart and weary of life's trials, from the new-made grave, to return to the silent, lonely hearth-stone; lonely—though many living ones gather there, since one is gone for aye. Silent—for the remembrance of our loss and somber death's late presence awe us into subdued tones or quiet, tearful meditation. The mystic chain is riven. One link is lost. The sweet, living, heart-music of life, saddened into plaintiveness, and *one* bright, thrilling note wanting to complete the harmony.

Ah, well! We all know such sorrow. But the father and mother felt their loss most keenly. The mother paled and grew languid. The father grew moody, morose and silent, applied himself unceasingly to labor, as if to forget his thoughts, and when the grain was harvested and the golden ricks glittering in the August sunlight, Farmer Baker laid him down on his bed to rest, and when he left it, was borne to the churchyard for a long,

long repose, beside his mother and son.

Poor Lyss found life's trials falling faster than its joys. And his warm, impulsive heart seemed breaking with its burden of wo, which was not ended yet. Pussey Baker bowed head and heart and soul, to the tide of grief that swept over her, and never rose to health again. She lingered till the sweet, holy Christmas time, and sank silently from life, bequeathing Nelly to Lyss, bidding him be her friend and protector, and be himself a good, upright, God fearing man.

By the time the funeral expenses were settled and all the affairs closed, there was little left for the two orphans. There was a mortgage on the place, and the old homestead was sold, and Lyss went to Clifton to finish his education and fit himself for the position of book-keeper, which he had chosen.

Nelly was domiciled with sister Mary and attended school at the little red school-house, Mr. Kendall, after repeated solicitation, acting as teacher. And an excellent teacher he proved. Kind and loving and patient; sympathizing with almost a woman's tenderness in all the little griefs and sorrows of the pupils, deeply interested in their progress and attainments; their friend, confidant and adviser.

Jim Welsh had really turned over a new leaf on being admitted into the family of Charley Long. With Mr. Kendall for a constant and unbiassed friend and benefactor, he could but improve if there was aught of good in his heart. And we believe there is no one without some desire for good in him. We don't believe in total depravity. Do you know what that means?

All through the long, cold winter, and until May crowned the waiting, wondering earth with warmth, and life and beauty new and full of promise, did Ulysses Baker apply himself assiduously to his studies; and then, one day he formed a sudden resolution to visit the old home scenes and friends, and took a morning train for Oak Grove station, three miles from Charley's. The day was warm, and he threw open the window near him and looked out. Then the bell rang, and as the train began to move, a pretty young face and a pair of wistful, witching, blue eyes, beneath a jaunty little hat, just across the street, attracted his attention. Blue, girlish eyes met deep, joyful, black ones, and he called out, "Poppy!" involuntarily, and started to his feet.

To be continued.

FORGIVENESS.

A Soldier was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offense. He was an old offender, and had been often punished.

"Is he here again?" said the officer, on the man's name being called over; "flogging, disgrace, solitary confinement, everything has been tried with him!"

Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and apologizing for the liberty he took, said:

"There is one thing that has never been done yet, sir."

"What is that?" said the officer.

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven."

"Forgiven!" exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion; but when he had reflected for a few minutes, he ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge.

"Nothing, sir," he said, "only I am sorry for what I did."

Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man who expected nothing else than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offense, the colonel addressed him, saying:

"Well, we tried everything with you, and now we are resolved to—forgive you."

The soldier was struck dumb with amazement; the tears started in his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust; and thanking the officer, he retired—to be the old, refract-

ory, incorrigible man? No! From that day forward he was a new man. In him kindness bent one whom harshness could not break. The man was conquered by mercy and melted by love.

A BRIGHT SUNSET.

WE admire the beauties of the setting sun, and while it is slowly sinking to the horizon, as if seeking balmy repose, painting in tints of gold, amber and rose, all the scenes of its retiring, we can but view them with delight, while our thoughts are drawn out and up to Him who is the author of so much beauty and grandeur in a single sunset scene. And yet, while that sun was shining down upon us in all its meridian splendor, shedding light, warmth and life upon all around, we seldom raised our eyes to admire its mid-day glories, while we were living in the midst of the blessings which flowed from it.

So it often is with faithful Saints. While they are moving here and there in our midst, active in the Master's cause, letting their light shine about them, that others seeing their good works, and hearing their kind and gentle words, comforting the mourners and persuading the erring to ways of pleasantness and peace, which being fitly spoken, shine before the mind like "apples of gold in pictures of silver," are but too often unappreciated, until the sun of life has floated far down the steep of time, and we begin to realize that soon the curtain will be drawn between them and the scenes of mortal life; we then begin to more fully appreciate their worth, and watch with eager interest the running out of the few remaining sands of life.

As they near the portals leading to the better land, their lives crowned with success and their countenances all aglow with the Spirit of promise; and, though faltering their steps and dim their natural vision, the inner man, strong with the vigor of its renewed life in Christ, and buoyant with the hope of obtaining immortal youth in the more than sun-bright clime of the kingdom of our God and his Christ, fearlessly presses forward, and with words of cheer and songs of exultation paints a scene more glorious, by far, than that of the setting sun, which in its course shed light, warmth and cheer upon the millions of earth.

O! who would not live for Christ and eternal life, when we can make our departure so much approved by our Father, so bright and happy to our friends, and so joyous to ourselves?

UNCLE M.

The following is a summer episode, as evolved by little Johnny: "Last summer our dog Towser was a lyn in the sun a trine to sleep, but the flies was that bad he cudent, cos he had to catch em, and bime by a bee lit on his hed, and he was a woking about like the dog was hisn. Towser he hel his hed still, and when the bee was close to his nose, Towser winked at me, like he said you see what this duffer is a doin, he thinks I'm a lilly of the valley that isn't open yet, but you just wait till I blossom, and you will see some fun, and sure enuf Towser opened his mouth vere slo so as not to friten the bee, and the bee went into Towser's mouth. Then Towser he shet his eyes dreamy, and his mouth too, and had begun to make a peaceffe smile, wen the bee stung him, and you never see a lilly of the valley ack so in all your life."

BARK-CLOTH.

The natives of Uganda, one of the districts of Central Africa, are expert in the manufacture of bark-cloths of a very fine quality. The mode by which they prepare these fabrics is simple and rapid. A species of fig-tree yields the bark suited to the manufacture. This is detached from the tree in strips about 6 feet long and as wide as possible. The outer rind is pared off with a lance-head held in the two hands, after the manner of using a cooper's drawing-knife. The bark

is then spread upon a wooden beam upon the ground, and hammered with a mallet grooved in fine cuts, which, with every blow, stamps the bark with lines somewhat resembling corduroy. The bark is expanded by the pounding, and is repeatedly turned during the process, which is continued until it is beaten into a cloth of fine texture.

When taken from the tree, the bark is white; but it soon assumes a delicate shade of brown. The best cloths are ornamented with patterns in black, which are produced by drawing the design with water from iron springs. This, combining with the tannin in the bark, immediately stains it black. Sheets of bark-cloth are often dyed black by immersing them for a short time in springs tinged with iron.

A DREAM.

Dear Brother Joseph:—According to the desires of my little girl, I send you her dream to be publish in the *Hope*. She will be nine years old the 25th of May, but she is small of her age. She received this dream about the 14th or 15th of January, 1875. The dream is as follows:

"I saw myself in a boat and all the Saints with me, and we were going somewhere on the sea; and when about the middle of the sea, we looked and saw Father in Heaven and Jesus Christ on the other side, and we went over to them. And Jesus was killed to save us, we all fell on His neck and Father in Heaven, and hugged them. And there was a lot of old drunkards and bad men at a distance, and they were trying to come over where we were with Father in Heaven; but they could not come. And Father in Heaven took hold of me and all good children, and told us to remember and not to forget to pray, because He loved to hear little children pray, and he would remember us if we would be good; and he told me to get baptized and be good."

ST. DAVIDS, ILL.

MARY JANE WILLIAMS.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

HAVE long thought to write a few lines to the *Hope* to stir the children up to read the Bible, Book of Mormon, and the Commandments and Revelations of God for themselves. I feel that they have been neglected by a great many, both young and old.

In Nephi's vision of the "rod of iron," which is the word of God, it is very plain that no one can taste of the tree of life, or the love of God, unless they keep hold of the word of God. Children, do we read the word of God as much as we should? I am afraid that some of us will answer, *No*. Study the word of God, not only to study, but to do as it teaches. From your young brother,

H. A. T.

VALUE OF A POTATO.

Prof. Tyndall illustrates the value of a potato by supposing that every potato in the world was destroyed; that one would contain in itself the possibility of again stocking the world with an invaluable article of food. If one potato would produce, when planted, only a crop of ten potatoes, in ten years, the total product of the produce of this one potato would be equal to ten thousand millions, which would be sufficient to stock the whole world with seed. The real value of that single potato, then, would be such that it would be better that the city of London or New York should be totally destroyed than that tuber should be lost to the world.

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

Christian Messenger.

IS YOUR NOTE GOOD.

A Boston lawyer was called upon a short time ago by a boy who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer, pulling out a large drawer, exhibited his stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me twenty-five cents for that?"

The boy looked at the paper doubtfully a moment, and offered fifteen.

"Done," said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag by the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the weighty mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

"No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; if you say your note's good, I'd just as soon have it as the money; but if it isn't good I don't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen cents, which the boy signed legibly, and lifting the bag of papers, trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow reappeared, and producing the money, announced that he had come to pay his note.

"Well," said the lawyer, "this is the first time I ever knew a note to be taken up the day it was given. A boy who will do that is entitled to note and money too;" and giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and a happy heart.

CAMELS IN NEVADA.

Some years ago, nine or ten camels were imported into Nevada, under the care of Frenchmen who had experience with the animals. But two of the original stock survived; yet from these there have been reared a herd of twenty-six sound and healthy camels. They belong to a ranch on the Carson River, and are employed in transporting salt from the marshes lying in the desert to the mills situated 60 miles eastward. No more difficulty is experienced in providing for the camels than for so many goats or donkeys. They feed and grow fat on the prickly and bitter herbs growing on the plains, which other animals reject. The ranch on which they are kept is sandy and sterile in the extreme. When left to themselves, the favorite occupation of the animals, after they have done feeding, is to lie and roll in the burning sand.

THE INFIDEL AND QUAKER.

SCCEPTICAL young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker, "Does thee believe in France?" "Yes; for though I have not seen it, I have seen others who have; besides, there is plenty of proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe anything thee or others has not seen?" "No; to be sure I won't." "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see anybody that did?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?"—*Young Reaper.*

CAGE-BIRDS.

It is estimated that the canary-bird population of the United States amounts to 900,000. Its numbers are increased only through importation, as the loss by death and other causes about balances the gain by breeding. Three hundred thousand canaries were imported last year. Other cage-birds in the United States are reckoned at 100,000. To feed these little feathered pets, 175,000 bushels of seed are required each year. Two-thirds of this amount is canary-seed,—the remainder consisting of hemp-seed, rape-seed, millet, cracked wheat, etc., etc. The cost of the whole is more than \$2,000,000.

STANDING UP FOR JESUS.

Lines suggested on hearing a child speak in testimony meeting.

O, how we rejoice when the children do speak,
As they "stand up for Jesus," in tones soft and meek—
So weak, yet so trusting—how lovely the sight,
The angels must surely look on with delight.

We bless thee, O God, for the gift of thy Son,
And the bonds of the gospel, in which we are one,—
Not only the aged rejoice in thy truth,
But the boon is bestowed on the children and youth.

Our Father, we now breathe an earnest desire,
That thou wilt the hearts of the children inspire,
To speak of thy goodness, to sing and to pray,
To keep thy commandments and walk in thy way.

May thy blessed Spirit e'er with them abide,
To strengthen in goodness—in erring to chide,
And wilt thou the gifts of thy Spirit bestow,
That in faith, knowledge, wisdom and grace they may grow.
C. A. T.

The Workshop.

TO SALT BUTTER.—Mix together two ounces of salt, one ounce of sugar, and one of saltpetre, finely powdered; one ounce of this mixture is enough for a pound of butter. Butter prepared in this way, keeps two years. This is good, for ma has tried it.

SADIE CADMAN.

LEMON CAKE.—One and one half cups sugar, one half cup butter, one half cup sweet milk, one half teaspoonful soda, and three eggs, two cups of flour, and one whole lemon.

JENET JOHNSON.

Correspondence.

INDEPENDENCE, Jackson Co., Mo.,
April 26th, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I will try for the first time to write to you. I have not seen any letters in the *Hope* from this place, so I thought I would write. Pa has a small farm two miles east of Independence. We have horses, some cows, sheep and hogs. We are farming on a small scale, and Ma has a loom, and she is going to work up our wool herself, and make us some cloth. Every thing looks green and nice—peaches and cherries are almost out in blossom. I am only ten years old, but I am learning to plow, so I can help Pa, for I am all the help he has. O! I had most forgot about the grasshoppers—there are thousands of them hatched out already, the ground is covered with them in some places. Well, if uncle Joseph thinks this worthy of a place in the *Hope*, I will write and tell you about my dog some other time.

BERTIE PILGRIM.

CANALTON, Ind., April 24, 1865.

Dear Hopes:—I am happy to say I am a member of the Church of Christ. I have been a member upwards of a year. I am thankful to my heavenly Father that He gave me an understanding of the gospel when I heard it preached.

I love to read the *Hope*; it is a great consolation to me. I love the letters from the dear sisters and brothers. It does my heart good to see so many young soldiers of the cross coming out in their little letters. I hope that they all may be kept faithful to the end.

We have no Sunday School in our Branch; but we have prayer meeting almost every Sunday. I feel satisfied in my mind that this is the work of the Lord. It is a great consolation to me, to be in the Church of Christ. I remain ever your sister in hope of eternal life.

CHARLOTTE A. EYERS.

GILROY, Santa Clara Co., California,
April 23, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I have been home a week since our Conference at Washington Corners. We had a six days meeting, and a time long to be remembered. Six more joined us in the gospel of Christ. I hope that our Father will bless them with a portion of His Holy Spirit, that they may have testimonies of this work for themselves; for I truly can say for myself, that this is the true Church of Christ. I have been a member of it for near three years, and I feel to rejoice in the truth. I belong to the Watsonville Branch, but it is seldom I can get to Church or Sunday School, as it is twelve miles from here and over a large, rough mountain. But I intend to go next Sunday, if the Lord wills.

Brother Joseph, I dreamed a dream, the night before last. I thought I would like to tell it to you, and if you see fit to publish it, do so.

I thought, or dreamed, I was with several of the Saints on the sea-shore, and all at once we heard a terrible noise. We looked out into the water, as the noise appeared to come from there, and the earth on which we stood began to shake. I thought the waters parted and rolled back from each other. That body next to us rolled towards us, and drove us back for some distance, and there were several vessels hove

out on dry land. It was all we could do to get out of the way of them. And then the waters flowed back to where they started from, and it appeared that the earth had opened there. All the waters rushed down there, and the mighty deep was dry. We took it to be an earthquake. It made an awful confusion among those that were left of the people. I thought there were a great many swallowed up in the earth, and a great many cities were destroyed.

I thought, a few days after the shock, I met Br. Alexander Smith, and he told me that a great portion of Utah had been swallowed, and some of the Saints also. It seemed that we Saints were not afraid. We appeared to be quite calm. We looked up to our heavenly Father for protection. We had faith that he would save us; so I awoke.

I will close with love to all saints. Your brother in Christ,
ISAAC A. MUNRO.

WILLOW CREEK, Gallatin Co., Montana,
March 28, 1875.

Dear *Hope*:—As I have never written to you, I thought I would make a trial. We have no Sunday School here. I should like it if we could have one. I have not been baptized yet, but hope soon to be. My father, mother, three sisters and two brothers are members of the Church. We have no meetings here.

Yours respectfully,
SARAH GULTER.

BRYANT, Fulton Co., Illinois, April 6, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—I have written a letter to the *Hope* before, and did not send it, thinking it would not do, and I thought I would never know unless I would try again. We have received the *Zion's Hope* ever since it was published. I think it is a very nice little paper. I am not a member of the Church yet, but hope to be soon. My pa and ma and sister belong to the Reorganized Church. I am but ten years old. I close by sending my wishes to all the little Hopes. Yours truly,
MARIA J. THOMAS.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Wayne Co., Illinois,
April 5, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—I have just been reading the letters in our dear little paper, *Zion's Hope*. I do so love to read them. We have no Sunday School here now, but I hope there soon will be. Our school will be out in two days. I see there are not many letters in the *Hope*, for what reason I know not. I have written to the little *Hope* twice, and I hope I can write oftener. Good-by.

SARAH B. HILLIARD.

ACROSTIC.

Zion's work shall ever stand,
In it we put our heart and hand.
Oh! may we stand forever firm,
Never aside, or from it turn,
So let His blessed beacon burn.

Hope to see our Savior dear
On His throne, and may he hear
Prayers from those who love their God,
Ever clinging to the iron rod.

PAULINE BROWNING.

ENIGMA.—I am composed of twenty-six letters. My 11, 7, 23, 9, 12, 26, are those who obey the word. My 1, 16, 7, 8, 23, 5, 14, is what all should possess. My 24, 7, 23, 21, 16, will perform miracles. My 13, 2, 3, 10, is the fulfilling of the law. My 18, 8, 2, 15, 16, 6, 8, 20, is what all men should be. My 22, 17, 9, 25, 23, 13, 4, 11, are unbelievers. My 2, 13, 19, 14, is what all should do. My whole is St. Paul's command to all men.

Jeremy Taylor says, "If men be subjects of Christ's law, they can never go to war with each other. As contrary as cruelty is to mercy, tyranny to charity, so is war and bloodshed to the meekness and gentleness of the Christian religion."

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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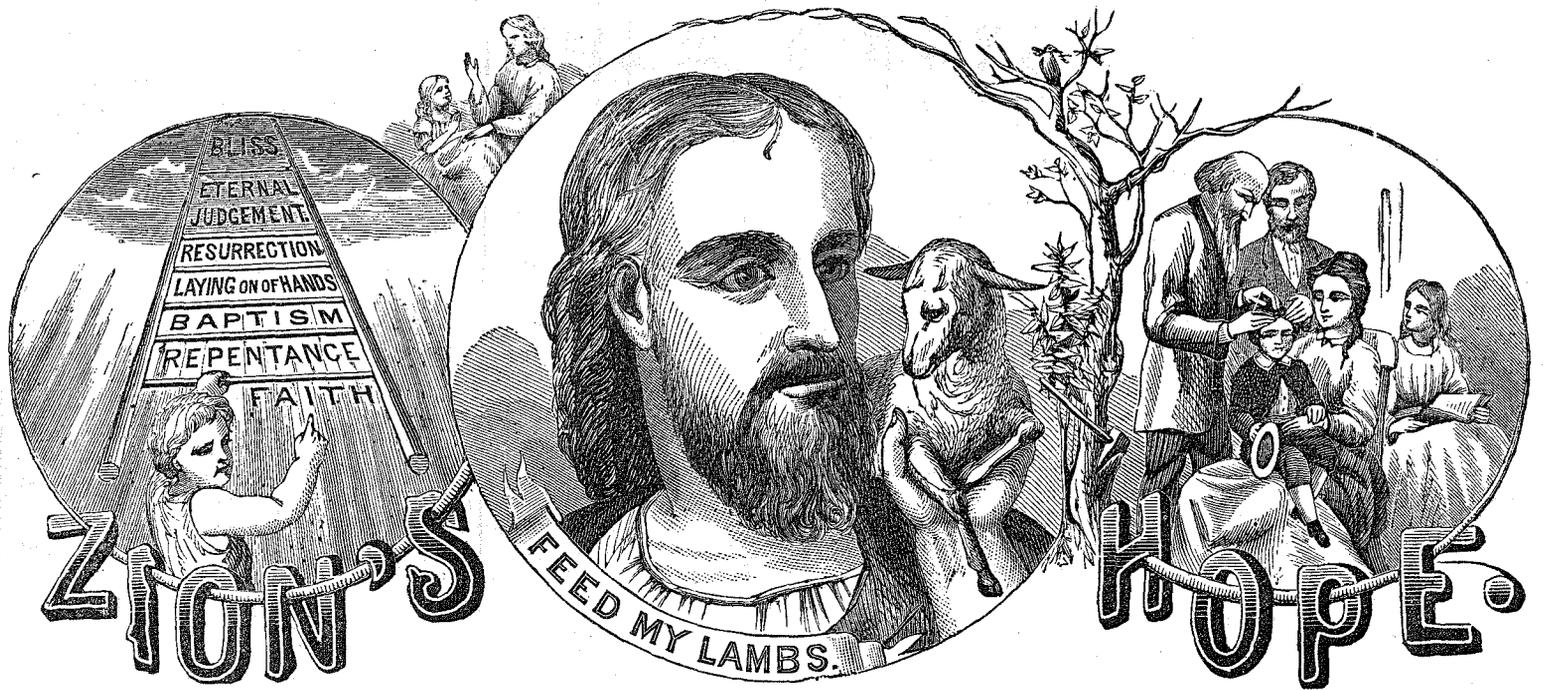
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

**A PERILOUS RIDE,
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.**

SOME thirty-eight years ago, there lived a lad in the town of W—, State of Maine, who had been taught by his kind parents to fear the Lord; but, like many others, did not always give heed to their teachings. In those days the farmers used to send their grain to the mill, to be ground into flour or meal, on the backs of their horses. The way it was done, was this: dividing the grain in the bags they would throw them across the saddle, then mount upon the whole and ride away.

On a beautiful day, near the close of summer, Farmer W— called his son, saying, "I wish you to go to the mill. Start as soon as you can."

Catching the horse, placing the saddle upon his back, the grain across that, mounting, he was soon off, as full of life and glee as ever a careless, joyous country boy could be. In going half a mile, he met a school-mate trying to get round a run-away ox. Seeing this, the boy threw his bags of grain behind the fence, gave chase to the ox and endeavored to pass him but could not, for the creature would push at the horse with his horns when too near him. So on they went like mad, neither gaining. The ox having a chance ran across the field. After him rode the thoughtless boy like wild, until the girth of the saddle broke, and he fell with violence upon a heap of stones, which broke his arm and ended the chase.

This is part of what came of it, and a painful part it was.

Going into a neighbor's house where he was kindly cared for, sending for his father who came, sorrowing to see his son so badly hurt, yet gently chided him for not proceeding to the mill as he ought to have done, hoping his painful experience would learn him to be more wise.

They returned home. The doctor was sent for. Not setting the arm right, he was not able to use it for many weeks. One day his father handing him a Bible, said, "If you will read this through, you shall have it for your own." Agreeing to this, he commenced immediately; soon became deeply interested in the history of the men of those days, especially of Joseph and his brethren, the redemption of Israel from bondage, the doings of Moses, of Joshua, Samuel and David, the interest deepening through the whole book. About this time news came that a Mormon Elder was to preach in the school-house; that they professed to heal the sick and do many wonderful works. "If he will heal my arm," said the boy, "I will believe."

Going to the meeting, he waited for the preach-

er, who soon came. He was a tall, sober-looking young man, who spake earnestly, (in a deep tone of voice), of the great work the Lord was doing upon earth. That He had spoken again from the heavens, and called a young man to be a prophet, who, by direction of an angel, had found a book that told all about the Indians, who they were and where they came from, and how they came to this land. That the gospel had been restored just as it was anciently, with all its gifts and blessings, such as the gifts of healing, tongues and prophecy, etc.; and this by the power of the Holy Ghost, that was given through the laying on of hands of the elders on the heads of those who had repented and been baptized. Also that God was about to bring Israel back to the lands of their fathers, and that the Lord Jesus Christ was coming to live again upon the earth for a thousand years, that there would be peace over all lands, sickness and sorrow be known no more.

The boy with the lame arm listened attentively; his whole soul was intent upon the words he heard; had one of the old prophets stood before him, he could scarcely have been more delighted. "This is what I have been reading about in the Bible; it must be true." From that time he was a believer in the great work of the last days, and loved the name of Joseph Smith, as the prophet of the Most High, and, better still, began to love the name of Jesus the Savior of men. Beginning to live a better life, the Bible became a new book, and he read and re-read its sacred pages until his heart became filled with its wondrous worth. The prophecies were unfolded to his young mind as never before, reaching down to the end of time. Even now he looks back upon those days with joyful recollections, and remembers well when he used to stand upon the banks of that beautiful stream that ran through his father's farm, when its pure waters seemed inspired with a thousand voices inviting him to be baptized beneath its waves and rise to life divinely new. Circumstances prevented his obedience at that time. Afterwards, being induced by his young companions to join in their parties of pleasure, little by little he began to lose his childlike faith and love. As he became more and more engaged in the pleasures of the world, his heart grew harder, until the sweet voice of the Spirit was unheard or unheeded, and he a wanderer from his God, to grope his way in darkness for years, until the Lord in his abundant mercy and love called upon him again. And when the news of the Reorganization came he was obedient to the gospel, and his hope in Christ revived. Now he loves to tell how Jesus hath done all things well, and saved his soul from a burning hell. Yes, and

loves to "tell to sinners round what a dear Savior he has found." Now an humble believer and an Elder in the Church of Christ, is the better part of what came from that ride many years ago.

Farewell, dear children of Zion. May the love of Jesus ever be and abide with you, is the prayer of your true friend and brother. ELIAS.

THE IVY AND THE OAK TREE.

"WHAT an ugly, useless thing you are!" said a proud Foxglove one day to a trail of Ivy, which had become detached from its parent stem, and, battered and soiled, lay helpless on the ground, or moved disconsolately hither and thither with every passing breeze. The Bluebells looked up, and as they stretched their necks to peep over the long grass, even they, gentle things as they were, could not help agreeing with the gaudy Foxglove, so wretched and forlorn did the Ivy appear. And the old Oak Tree, who stood by, casting his broad shadow over them all, heard what they said, but answered nothing.

It was night in the forest, a dark gloomy night. The clouds had been gathering fast through the day, and every now and then the wind moaned drearily among the trees. As darkness came on, the storm broke in all its fury. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and the rain fell in torrents. The poor little Bluebells crouched down lower and lower, but they could not withstand the battering rain. The haughty Foxglove tried to rear his head defiantly; a sudden gust of wind snapped the stem in two, and scattered the flowers far and wide. But the first rough blast tossed the poor forsaken Ivy to the foot of the old Oak Tree, and there it clung with all its might.

And when the morning sun came round to wake the birds and flowers, it showed the Bluebells crushed and dying, and the pride of the Foxglove laid low; but the Ivy—fair and green, and flourishing—had twined itself round the trunk of the Oak Tree, and had found its safety in trusting to the strength of another.

IF YOU DONT SWEAR,

A village neighbor boy went to see little Willie, a six years old Hope, and told him he had come to play with him, and wanted to know if he could stay. "Yes," said Willie, "if you don't swear." The visitor remained, and although addicted to the habit, he was not heard to swear during his visit with Willie. Little Hopes and fathers too, seek to put down the vulgar and profane habit of swearing by ever showing your disapproval of it.

"HOW MUCH WAS HE WORTH."

HERE is a terrible significance in the question we sometimes ask upon the death of a wealthy man, if we only understand the real significance of the questions. "How much was he worth?" we ask. And the angels might reply: "Worth? He wasn't worth anything. His money is worth something. His body is worth something as a source of fertility to the soil. But he wasn't worth anything."

So we vary the question: "Yes, how much did he leave?" "Oh, leave," it might be answered: "Yes, I will tell you. He had houses, lots, bonds, stocks, gold, notes, merchandise, farms. And he left—Great God! he left them all. He carried nothing with him. Naked and destitute came he into the world, and as naked and destitute did he go away whence he came. He carried nothing; neither land nor money, nor yet did he carry with him the blessing of the poor. He left all—he carried nothing away with him."

But his neighbor has died; a man who was not known on 'Change or tax-list. "And what has he left?" we may, perhaps curiously asks. "Left? he has left nothing; but he has taken much with him. He has gone to heaven laden with the blessings and the gratitude of the poor, of the helpless, of the young, of the aged, of the widow, of the friendless; of those whom he, by his counsel and acts, and his prayers, had blessed; of those whose poverty he had relieved, whose ignorance he had enlightened, whose darkness he had dispelled, whose bodies and whose souls he had fed." When Wilberforce died, Daniel O'Connell said: "He has gone up to heaven bearing a million broken fetters in his hand."—Happy he, whatever he may leave, or may not leave, on earth, who goes thus freighted into the other world.

LOVE.

WE want the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, and that without measure. Little Charley, a son of a missionary, was asked in a foreign land, how much he loved Willie, his little brother. He replied, "*How much do I love Willie?*" He paused a moment and said again, "How much do I love Willie? I don't know; I haven't got any *measure for love!*" That is what we want, love so full that it can not be measured—we want love—*immeasurable*, like God's; for he so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, and he commends his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners, in due time Christ died for us.

There is no telling *how much* God loved the world, but we have this assurance from Jesus, that he so loved it that he gave his Beloved Son as a ransom for it, that the world might have life and have it more abundantly through the death of Christ, and our obedience to the gospel, the perfect law of liberty, which was revealed in Him.

No wonder then, that we are commanded to love God, our heavenly Father, with *all* our might, mind and strength, and our neighbors as ourselves; and to ask him *in faith*, in Christ's name, for the things we stand in need of; since from God cometh every blessing we enjoy.

Let us strive that our love be without dissimulation—for if we truly love all we are commanded to, we will be in the narrow way; for love is the fulfilling of the law.

PRECIOUS WORDS OF JESUS.

God said of Jesus, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him." and Jesus said "God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." He came into the world that they might have life, and have it more abundantly, and he further said "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love."

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love." This is my commandment that ye love one another, as I have loved you. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you." Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life" for "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

FLOWERS.

Can nature boast in all her vast domain,
The silent deep, or on the fertile plain,
A fairer gift, more pleasing to the sight,
To brighten up the weary path of life,
And cheer the traveler's lonely way,
Than flowers their sweets in innocence display?
The meadows blush when clothed in rich attire,
The cheering aspect of the worthy Sire,
When Tulips, Daises and the gay Moss Rose,
Their silken leaves in brilliancy disclose.
When flowerlets grew and bloomed in Eden fair
Thorns and thistles could not enter there.

Lonely and pure is earth's fair flowers,
Like the darling child in early hours,
When no rude blasts o'er its lightsome brow
Have chilled the love of heavenly glow;
But the sun looked down with a smiling face,
And made earth appear a bright, happy place.
Though briars may twine round the fairest one,
From the morning dawn to the setting sun,
Its beauty is there, its colors shine bright,
Only brings its real worth from darkness to light,
There is implanted in each noble bud
Aspirations which bear the true likeness of God.
C. ACKERLY.

AROUND THE HEARTHSTONE.

YEARS have passed away since I left the home of my childhood; but life, with its cares and griefs, joys and constant changes, has not erased the memory of my youth—the days gone by in the forever past—when I was not burdened with the cares of active life, such manhood meets on the stage of action.

Youth with its pleasures—home of my childhood! I have bidden you adieu, but in my heart I shall ever remember them. It seems but yesterday that father, mother, brothers and sisters were all seated around the old hearthstone, mingling our voices often in song; then in jest, as is frequent in a happy family. But time has severed the links that bound us in one at home. Some have started out upon the ocean of life, to steer their own craft, without a father's presence, a mother's encouraging smile or tender commendation. One takes this course in life, another pursues a different one. One may settle on or near the home of his youth; another wander far, far from home and friends, and thus the members of "one family" are separated, perhaps never to all meet again in life around our father's hearthstone. But the history of one family is only the history of mankind in general, in this age of the world.

There is a time, we learn in the sacred volume, when we will all be reassembled, and that day will be hailed by those prepared, with great joy; but imagine the agony of the wicked. Then every one must give a strict account of his sayings and doings while we were here in this state of probation. Then if in this life, I choose this way to heaven, and a brother another, a sister another, and father and mother still another, are we then all taking the word for the man of our counsel? and will its divine teachings lead us to so widely differ?

But I have found of late that the plans of salvation not agreeing with our Savior's plan, are the inventions of men—houses built upon the sand. The plan of redemption was compiled in heaven, delivered to the earth through Jesus Christ. He says, "he that loveth me, will keep my commandments," (not man's), and they are the principles of salvation—the fullness of the gospel. Again, "in vain do you say Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I command you." It would be a joyful thought to know that we all

would meet at the judgment seat with joy; but from the Scripture I can not see that even in our own family, we will all meet to inherit eternal life, or be gathered in one around one common hearthstone in our Father's kingdom, for some of us believe the fullness of the gospel. Others say it is not for this generation. Yet they have a form of godliness, but deny the power; and Paul said, "from such turn away." We are to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. That ancient faith once brought the *gifts* of the gospel, and the same law must bring the same blessings to-day. The gospel of Christ is designed to bring us all in a unity of the faith. And "if we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel, let him be accursed."

Then my prayer is that we believe the fullness of the gospel, as preached in the last days by the heralds of the Church of Jesus Christ, that we may, in the morn of the blest millenium, be gathered around one common hearthstone. LALONE.

CHEER HIM.

At a fire in a large city, while the upper stories of a lofty dwelling were wrapped in smoke, and the lower stories aglow with flame, a piercing shriek told all the startled fireman that there was one still in the building, in peril. A ladder was quickly reared, until it touched the heated walls, and diving through the flames and smoke a brave young fireman rushed up the rounds on his errand of mercy. Stified by the smoke he stopped and seemed about to descend. The crowd was in agony, as a life seemed lost, for every moment of hesitation seemed an age.

While this shivering horror seized every beholder, a voice from the crowd cried out, "Cheer him! cheer him!" and a wild "hurrah" burst from the excited spectators. As the cheer reached the fireman he started upward through the curling smoke, and in a few moments was seen coming down with a child in his arms. The cheer did the work.

Dear children, let us ever consider how much we can do by kind words fitly spoken; for even the brave, in the moments of deep trial and dark temptation, are made stronger by words of encouragement. We know not with what weight trials may bear down upon others, or with what power the dark temptation may come to them; nor how hard they may be struggling to gain the victory.

Do not find fault with your little brothers and sisters in their trials, but rather seek by words of kindness, to correct their errors and restore them to a peaceful and happy walk in the straight and narrow way that leads to heaven and eternal life in the celestial kingdom of God.

If we can not scale the mountains height with the brave and the strong in doing the Masters work, we can work in the valley and along the gentler slopes and with approving words and songs of cheer, sustain and urge them on to the rescue of souls in worse than burning buildings, who are famishing for the bread and water of life, and so shall your reward be great when Jesus comes to make up his jewels.

INNOCENCE AND SIN.

SOME years ago I read somewhere of an artist, who was one day observing a bright-eyed little boy, with a cheerful and blooming countenance, playing in the street. He could not help but love and admire him and his pleasing ways.

The artist finally asked him if he would not like to go with him up in to the gallery and have his picture taken. The little boy quickly replied he would, and took the man's hand and went with him. His picture was soon taken, when the little boy returned to his play. It was neatly finished, framed, and hung upon the wall by itself.

Many years had passed, when the artist was

visiting a prison in the same city, when his eyes fell upon a man whose condition was most horrible to behold. "Here," thought he, "is so complete an opposite to the little boy's picture, I would like to have it for a contrast."

So he asked him if he wouldn't like to go out with him and have his picture taken. The prisoner consented, if allowed to go, which he was, and accompanied by the watchman, they followed the artist up to his room, where his picture was taken, and hung beside the little boys'. The man, looking up, went into a flood of tears, and in broken sobs acknowledged that, when a little boy, he sat for that picture, then in the bloom of childhood or early youth's innocence. The artist looked at him with astonishment and said, "Is it possible that these are pictures of the same person?"

Little Hopes, shun sin in all its forms; for it will change innocence and purity into a despised and hideous thing. However lovely you may now be, sin will not only distort your minds, but your body also, and you will become a hideous, loathsome creature, unloved and uncared for, and a sigh of relief will ascend when you leave this world for the unknown hereafter. N. ADAMSON.

CHATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

DESIRING to make the ZION'S HOPE both interesting and instructive, especially so in the teaching and doctrine of true Latter Day Saints; we propose giving for the benefit of children, and all others who may not be thoroughly acquainted with the Latter Day Work a series of chapters, containing questions and answers explanatory of the teachings of the Scriptures, ancient and modern as understood by us. In making up these chapters, we shall glean from writings of a similar character, as well as from our own understanding of the Scriptures. And that parents and children may more fully understand the relationship they sustain to each other, and that parents may be reminded of their duty and children of the provisions of the law in their behalf, we cite to the following commandments in Book of Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 17 : 19 and 68 : 4.

"Every member of the Church of Christ having children, is to bring them unto the elders before the church, who are to lay their hands upon them in the name of Jesus Christ, and bless them in his name."

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion or any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance; faith in Christ the Son of the living God; and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the head of the parents; for this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized; and their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of the hands: and they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

CHAPTER I.

NAME—BIRTH—BLESSING—BAPTISM—CONFIRMATION—DUTY TO GOD, PARENTS, AND MANKIND.

[Several questions and answers in this chapter will be used according to circumstances.]

- Q. What is your name?
A. _____
- Q. Who gave you that name?
A. My parents, (or guardian), and it was confirmed upon me when I was blessed by the Elders of the Church.
- Q. On what day, and in what month and year were you born?
A. On the _____ day of _____, in the year of our Lord _____.
- Q. In what town, county and country were you born?
A. In the town of _____, in the county of _____, in _____.
- Q. On what day, and in what month and year were you blessed?
A. On the _____ day of _____, in the year of our Lord _____.

Q. In what Branch and District of the Church were you blessed?
A. In the _____ Branch of the _____ District.

Q. Who pronounced the blessing upon you?
A. Elder _____.

Q. Have you been baptized?
A. _____.

Q. When were you baptized?
A. On the _____ day of _____, in the year of our Lord _____.

Q. Who baptized you?
A. Elder [or Priest] _____.

Q. In what Branch and District of the Church were you baptized?
A. In the _____ Branch of the _____ District.

Q. When were you confirmed a member of the Church?
A. On the _____ day _____, in the year of our Lord _____.

Q. How were you confirmed?
A. By the laying on of hands and prayer, by those holding authority, for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Q. Who confirmed you?
A. Elder _____.

Q. What duties should you perform?
A. My duties to God, my parents, and to all mankind.

Q. What is your duty to God?
A. To love him with all my heart, and keep His commandments.

Q. Why should you love God and keep His commandments?
A. Because, by His power I exist, through His grace salvation is offered, and by His goodness I am sustained from day to day.

Q. What is your duty towards your parents?
A. To love and obey them.

Q. Why should you love and obey your parents?
A. Because it is a command of God, and because they continually love me, and provide food, clothing and lodging for me. They watch over me in sickness, direct me in health, and teach me to be clean, neat, industrious and orderly, so that when I have grown up I may be useful.

Q. What is the promised reward of obedience to parents?
A. A long life, with the constant favor and blessing of God, because it is well pleasing unto the Lord.

Q. What is the punishment of disobedience to parents?
A. The constant displeasure of God, for His judgment is against all such.

Q. What is your duty to all mankind?
A. To love and treat them with kindness.

Q. Why should you love all mankind, and treat them with kindness?
A. Because we are commanded to love, even our enemies, and to do good unto all mankind. Therefore, all persons should love and be kind to each other, that they may live happily.

"OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS."

Dear Little Hopes:—I am glad that the Sunday School question has been taken up in the columns of the *Hope*. Twenty years as a Sunday School scholar and teacher, confirm me in the opinion that the Church and Sunday Schools are twin sisters, and ought to go together; every Branch in Zion should have one. I received a letter from a little Hope in Iowa, and she seemed in joyous glee over one connected with the Branch she belonged to.

One great object in Sunday Schools, ought to be the singing. Music is one of the choicest gifts after the gifts of the mind, that heaven has bestowed on man, and should be cultivated, and by a teacher if possible. The chief work, however, in connection with the Sunday School, is the inculcation of religious knowledge, and the teaching of the best of books; but any officer or teacher fails in the true estimation of the function of this most important office, if he does not bring into the

discharge of his work every help which it is possible for him to gain, by cultivating a knowledge of and an acquaintance with general literature. "Those things," said Cicero, speaking of literary pursuits, "nourish and strengthen youth: they are the comforts and charms of age in prosperity. They are fortune's best adornment. In adversity, they afford us refuge, and in affliction the best solace. They delight us at home. They don't hinder us abroad. They abide with us by night, and solace us by day. They are our happiness in travel; and when we retreat from the world, they are the faithful companions of our solitude."

Superintendents and teachers should work harmoniously together, and that bond of brotherly love which Paul spoke of, should continue. Parents, send your children to the Sunday School, if it does rain a little! Teach them literature in general; they will be better able to teach religious knowledge when they grow older. Remember that the time will come when the pleasures that may now allure them, and draw them away from intellectual pursuits will come to an end. No power, no skill in art can arrest physical decay. The morning of youth passes rapidly into noon of manhood, and ere we have time to rejoice and exult in the maturity of our strength, the enemy is at hand. The step becomes less elastic, the powers of the body fail, and the sports in which we rejoiced and delighted, become wearisome and please us no more.

Ancient poets speak of some marvelous fountain in which the body may be dipped and youth renewed. A heathen philosopher perplexed himself to discover a potent elixir by which the progress of decay might be stayed. But these were vain and idle dreams. The ordination of Providence and law of nature is too strong for man's or men's invention. Men may prolong the cultivation of the intellect in a continued state, and cherish and continue the worship of all that is sublime and beautiful in nature, in letters, and in art; but three-score years and ten is the age allotted to man.

As this is my first essay on the Sunday School question, pardon me for occupying your time and space, and I will conclude by giving the well known golden maxim of Sir Matthew Hale.

"A Sabbath well spent,
Brings a week of content,
And strength for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."
WM. STREET.

PERILOUS TIMES.

THE Apostle Paul said, "In the last days perilous times shall come," and following this declaration he states some of the causes that would produce the perils referred to, which causes, many of them, are manifest all around us. See II. Timothy, 3rd chapter.

In about the year 1869, an old brother on the Pacific Slope received a communication in an audible voice, in open daylight, from an invisible intelligence, when and where he was satisfied that no deception could be palmed upon him. At the time he received it, being burdened with a ripe old age, his mind was running out after the things of God, and in contemplation of that rest that remains for the people of God, into which he hoped soon to enter and for which he had been seeking, laboring and bearing the cross of Christ almost as long as Caleb and Joshua sojourned in the wilderness before they entered the promised land. Therefore he was, most likely, in a suitable frame of mind to receive divine instruction, and a foreshadowing of things that were coming upon the earth, and to be made an instrument through which warning should be imparted to his fellows, and especially of the household of faith.

In that mysterious communication he was informed of the increasing trials and judgments that would come upon the world, and in that disclosure the statement was made to him that

"1875" would be a time of trouble most terrible, and to "mark it well."

Having seen the aged brother led into a Conference, and there heard him, leaning upon his staff, bear his testimony to the truth of the Latter Day Work, we marked his testimony; and have looked to and waited for, and are still waiting for the closing of the record of this year with no small degree of interest.

Though the judgments of God fall thick and fast, as predicted in the Scriptures, men will nevertheless, endeavor to account for them on scientific principles.

The year is scarcely more than a third gone, and yet how appalling its history, and how clearly it is marked as one of trouble! The very elements seem to have been revelling in the extinction of human life and in the destruction of property, while countless hordes of insects sweeping as clouds over some of the fairest portions of our land leave devastation and famine in their train.

The year opened, to many portions of our land, bound in the icy fetters of a severe winter, and with the loosening of those fetters came floods in different quarters of the land, doing great damage. In the opening spring mother earth heaved a convulsive sigh, and down went a village, burying decades of helpless victims in its ruins. With the advance of spring's genial warmth, the winds seemed to become angered, and swept with unrestrained fury, hither and thither in the South, bearing upon its fleet wings, with angry mein, volumes of cloud, before the coming of which the stoutest hearts would quail, shrinking at the fierceness of the lightning's flash and trembling at the thunder's roll, as they heralded the coming of the storm-king in his angered strides across the country, dealing terror, death and desolation among the inhabitants of the land. In the path of those tornadoes and cyclones *hundreds* already have met with an untimely end this year, right in our own nation.

But, ah! destruction stops not here; "unfettered flames" of devouring fire have already entered their dark record of events to the amount of millions and the desolation of hundreds of homes, while a wailing, unprecedented, comes up from the waves of the mighty deep. From a reliable journal we learn that, on an average, a steamer has been destroyed at sea, every week since the first of January, involving an average loss of forty lives to the steamer.

Truly there are perils by sea as well as by land; and lest the "destroyer" is abroad, let us look carefully into the law of the Lord, and learn to do those things that will cause him to "pass by us," as the children of Israel, and not slay us.

THE EYES OF A CHILD.

A child's eyes—those clear wells of thought—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest! in joy, how sparkling! in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tries the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes by a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value.

Two little boys sat listening eagerly while their grandmother was telling them the Bible story of Elijah going to heaven in a whirlwind with a chariot of fire, when little Willie interrupted her with, "O Sammy, wouldn't you have been afraid?"

Sammy hesitated a moment and then replied, "No, not if I had the Lord to drive me."

Correspondence.

MONDAMIN, Iowa, May 11, 1875.

Dear Editor *Hope*:—As I have not written for some time, I will try to write again. I know this Latter Day Work is of God. Several in this part of the vineyard are coming into the fold. None of my father's family have yet come into the Church, but I have hopes that some of them will before a great while. I am living with the world's people, and were it not for

the help of God, I am sure that I would be led into temptation and sin a great deal more than I now am. Pray for me, for *surely* I need your prayers. I have taken up enough room for this time. From your sister in Christ,

CHRISTIE GAMET.

SOLDIER VALLEY, Harrison Co., Iowa,
March 13, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I like our paper very much. I love to read the letters in it from the little Hopes. I should be glad if the paper came every week, it seems so long to wait. I have never written for a paper before. I do not know as this will be interesting to any one. If it is not worthy a place in the *Hope* you may kindle your fire with it. We have had a very good school this winter, but it has been out three weeks. We have had a great deal of cold weather here, but no very severe storms. It is quite warm to day; the water is running down the hill-sides quite merrily. Yours with much love.

AMOS M. CHASE.

SODOM, Ohio, March 22, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am a member of the Church, and my parents also. We have a good Sabbath School here, and it is called the Good Samaritan, and I go to it every Sunday. Yours truly.

WILLIAM MCBIRNIE.

COFFEYVILLE, Kansas, April 12, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—The President of this Branch is doing all the good he can. I have tried to get subscribers for the *Hope*, but people would rather spend their money for candy and toys.

I like to read the piece about "Cloud and Sunlight." I am very glad when the "Roll of Honor" comes. I would like to know how often the Roll of Honor comes, for I only get it once a month.

I wrote for the paper, [*Hope*] January 17, 1875, and have only got three

The peach trees are all in bloom and the timber is green, and the flowers are blooming. My youngest brother is sick, and I am all alone. We did not go to the meeting to day. It has been raining all the week. We live on a hill. We can see for miles around us. The grass is green and the birds are singing their beautiful songs. In the morning we can hear the prairie chickens boing and drumming around us and can see herds of cattle grazing on the green prairie. Your sister,

LORENDA ALICE HART.

BENNETT STATION, Neb., April 17, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I live ten miles east of Lincoln. I have been trying to get subscribers for the *Hope*. I succeeded in getting one. I am eleven years old. I was baptized on the twenty-second of March, 1874. I am trying to be faithful to the covenant I have made and to be obedient to my parents, for that is the commandment of God. I like to read the *Hope*. The little stories are very interesting. I would not like to be without it. Good bye. From your sister in Christ.

SARAH A. LANE.

BECKVILLE, St. Louis Co., Missouri,
April 22, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—This is my first attempt to write for the *Hope* since I became a member of the Church. My brother and I were baptized one year ago last summer, by our much beloved President, Bro. Hazzledine. We attend our Sabbath School regularly, and meetings too. We are trying to live faithful in the sight of God. We love our Sunday School paper; we think it is full of good teachings. May God bless all my little brothers and sisters, is the prayer of

MARY ELIZABETH LIGHTOWLER.

SHENANDOAH, Page Co., Iowa, May 2, 1875.

Brother Joseph:—We take the *Hope*, and I like it so much. I have not been baptized yet, but am going to soon. This is the first time I have written to the *Hope*. I expect to do better next time. I am twelve years of age. Bro. Wilcox has moved to town, and we have prayer meetings here, at our house every Sunday, at four o'clock. We have the Spirit too. All get up and speak. Good by.

ZELLA MOORE.

VIOLA, Illinois, May 3, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I am not baptized yet. I am seven years old. I go to school here. My teacher's name is Mrs. Hall. I read in the Second Reader. I must stop writing now. So good by.

MAMMIE E. CADMAN.

DANVILLE, Contra Costa Co., California,
March 9, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I have not been baptized yet, but intend to be the first opportunity. I shall be thirteen years old the 26th of May. There are no Latter Day Saints in this place, or near here except an aunt of mine, Mrs. M. Hall, who has taught me some of the first principles of the gospel. Br. D. S. Mills came through our place and preached once. I

subscribed for the *Hope*, and I liked it so well that I went out and got ten subscribers, and I send their names and address, also the money by express. I am now in Oakland on a visit to my uncle, Mr. A. D. Whitney's, who owns the express office here, and I will get him to send the money, which I hope will be all right. Perhaps I may get up a club here in Oakland before I leave. I live near Danville. From a lover of the little *Hope*. Yours in love of the truth.

KATIE RUSSELL.

KEWANEE, Illinois, May 9, 1875.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—This is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*. We have a nice Sunday School here. I like to read the letters in the little *Hope*. I am not baptized yet, but I shall be soon. So no more at present. Yours respectfully.

EMMA A. WHITEHOUSE.

VIOLA, Illinois, May 16, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am ten years old. I was baptized on September 27th, by Br. J. M. Terry, and belong to the Millersburg Branch. Bro. Bronson was here and preached on Sunday. We have no Sabbath School yet; but I hope there soon will be. We have prayer meeting every Sabbath and Wednesday evening, and we are blessed. I go to school here. My teacher's name is Miss Robb. She is a good teacher. We had a cold winter here. Pray for me, that I may hold out faithful to the end. Yours in Christ.

ELLA F. CADMAN.

PLANO, Illinois, May 21, 1875.

Dear Little Hopes:—You have done well. Your letters in this number are very interesting. I love to hear from you; and, more than that, I love to set the type to print your little letters. I never before loved the Latter Day Work as I do now. Our Branch is waking up and the Spirit of God is with us. Our Sunday School was never more prosperous than now. Br. Frederick G. Pitt is Superintendent, and he is aided by worthy assistant officers and teachers. The woods in this cold climate have but just put on their robes of beautiful green. But, thank God, there will be no winter in the new earth—the home of the Saints. The meek alone shall "inherit that beautiful world," when "the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High." Honor your parents, love the Saints and do what God commands, that "in the sweet bye and bye" you may have an inheritance there. In love, your brother,

H. S. DILLE.

The Workshop.

CHEESE TOAST—Grate a teacupful of cheese of a mild flavor. Take half a pint of milk and boil it on the stove; beat to a froth four eggs, season the milk with salt, and turn the grated cheese into it. Let it come to a boil, then add the beaten eggs and a small bit of butter. Have some thin slices of bread toasted hot, and spread each slice with a thick layer of melted cheese and egg. Serve like cream toast. This makes a fine relish for either supper or breakfast.

RAMEQUINS.—Set a saucepan on the fire containing one-third of a pint of milk, and two ounces of butter. As it heats, stir in very gradually a couple of teaspoonfuls of flour wet up thinly with water, and stir it for ten minutes. Then add to it two ounces of grated cheese, and four eggs beaten to a foam. Any nice white cheese can be used, but Gruyere or Parmesan are considered the most desirable. Make with stiff white writing paper little cases about an inch in depth and three inches square, fill them with the mixture, and bake for a quarter of an hour in a moderately heated oven. By beating up the whites separately, and adding them to the mixture, you can make ramequins souffles.

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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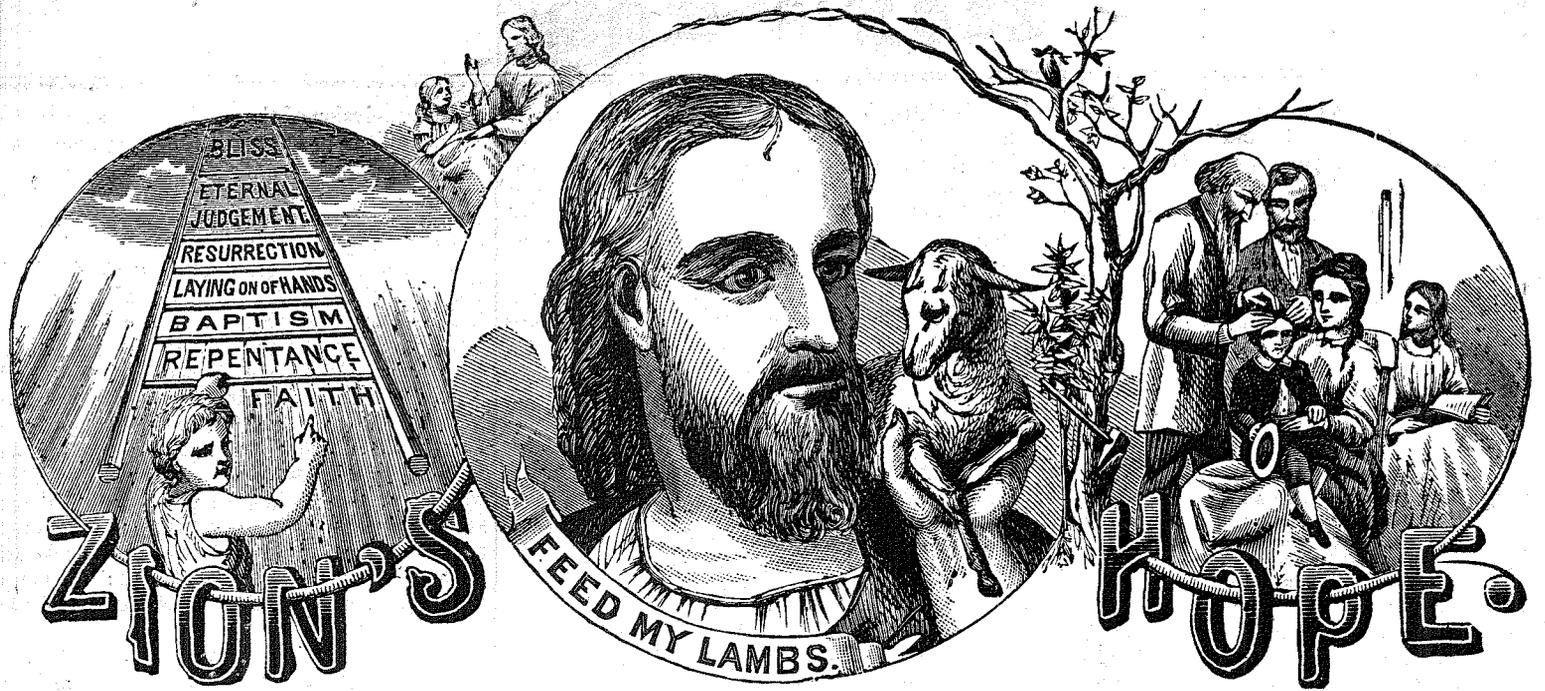
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

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No. 24.

LITTLE MAY'S LEGACY.

BY ANNA EBERLING.

CHAPTER I.

"GOOD by, mother, good by," said two little children, as they went off to school one bright May morning.

"Good by, dears, good by," was the answer, while Mrs. Somers stood at the door, shading the light from her eyes with her hand, as she watched the little figures trot down the lane. "There's two good children," she murmured, as she turned into the house to take up baby, who was crying, and called Bessie, her servant, to hold him, while she went hither and thither, putting all things trim and tidy in kitchen, store-room and larder, with a quick, clever hand.

Meanwhile Robin and May tripped away, Robin carrying the green-baize satchel of books, and May the little basket in which the children's dinner was nicely packed, for Ashcot School was too far from the pretty farm house nestling under the hillside for Robin and May to come home in the middle of the day. The shadows would lengthen in the western sunshine, the birds would be beginning their evening carol, and the cows turning from the farmyards to the green pastures when Robin and May would run homewards. Once more the children's hearts were blithe and gay, and I think if you had seen them you would have echoed their mother's parting words, "there are two good children." Robin, or "Robin Red Breast," as his father often called him, was just nine years old. May, or "May bird," as her father often called her, was not much more than a year younger. Happy, healthy, rosy little ones were they, thinking little of the many mercies from a loving and Heavenly Father's hand, which were theirs; thinking less of the many, ah! how many, children of their own age, who had them not, that sweet May day. Little children, who have health and strength, and eyes to see and ears to hear, a home of plenty and comfort, friends to love and cherish you, thank God every day for His mercies, remembering that all these things come from Him, and that He may see it best for you, to withhold the daily blessings that now you scarcely notice or think of. God does withhold them from many a child, and you to whom He gives them, must strive to show forth His praise, not only with your lips but in your lives. Even a little child can do this. Will you try?

Robin and May went silently along for the first mile, then Robin shut a book, and said, "Hurrah! I know my lesson. Come, May, don't you?"

"Wait a minute, Robin, and I shall know it

then. But this last verse of my hymn won't get into my head."

Robin was off chasing a white butterfly before May's speech was finished; but when the hymn had got into her little head, she went on too. The hymn is a pretty one. May had chosen it to learn while at home on Saturday and Sunday, to say to Miss Smith on Monday. Miss Smith was always pleased when her little scholars said their Monday hymns nicely. The rest of the way to school led the children through fields where flocks of quiet sheep were feeding, and cows lay digesting their breakfast in the sunshine, lashing the flies from their broad backs with their long tails.

Robin and May were among the first children at school. Miss Smith was at her desk, and smiled good morning to her little pupils. After the Bible lessons the Monday hymns were all said. Some knew them nicely, some stumbled through theirs, and others were turned back; they did not know them at all. Little May was not amongst these; her hymn had got into her head and in her heart too; for when twelve o'clock struck and the children went streaming out on the playground, May was singing over to herself:

"Some poor children have
Been homeless, sleepless, ill."

The children who lived near Ashcot School House all went home to dinner; but Robin and May ate theirs in summer in the playground, and in winter in the empty school-house. There was a fine old elm tree growing close to the small iron gate, which was always kept locked, and which led into a narrow lane from the side path up to Miss Smith's house. An old stone, grown over with moss served for the children's seat, and here little May unpacked the little basket and she and Robin sat down to dinner. They had been well taught, these little ones, and Robin took off his cap and stood up to say his grace, before they began Monday's dinner. They had, generally, some little dainty saved from that of Sunday for the children. To-day it was a nice piece of cheese cake, which, after they had eaten the bread and meat, Robin and May divided. May had just raised her piece to her lips, when she paused and touched Robin, saying, "Look!" Robin turned, and there was a curious little face peering at them through the bars of the closed gate. A dark brown face it was, with shaggy, tawny hair hanging over the bright black eyes, which were looking at the children with an inquiring glance, which they did not understand. May felt half frightened—almost inclined to run away out of sight, but Robin coolly took a bite from his cheesecake and said, "What do you want?"

No answer from the pale lips; but it was not

needed, for the quick eyes followed the dainty morsel in Robin's hand, and a queer smile broke over the face.

"Is it good?" was the question at last.

"Yes."

Robin was quickly eating up his cheesecake, but May stood irresolute, too much fascinated with the little dark face to go on with her dinner. "What do you stand there for?" asked Robin again.

No answer, but presently another question: "Was you ever hungry?"

"Hungry! Yes, but I ain't now. Come, May, finish your dinner. I want to be off for a swing before school-time."

Robin was in a hurry to go, and did not notice that May had divided her cheesecake, putting half into the basket and only eating half herself. He must be one of the poor children, houseless, perhaps sleepless and ill, she thought, but did not say so. Robin would not understand her, would laugh at her perhaps. Soon he was gone, and May was left alone. Her heart began to beat fast. She had moved away behind the large stone wall, but she knew, although she could not see him, that the child was there. She was frightened, but still determined to give him her cheesecake; so, after a few minutes pause in which to pick up courage, she moved forward again and peeped. Yes, he was there, the strange wild looking child, his dirty hands grasping each a bar of the gate, the eager, earnest face peering between them.

To be continued.

"COME LITTLE ONE."

THE youthful traveler on the life-journey looks forward, beckoned on by bright visions of the future. He seldom thinks of the paths he has trodden; but I have been wandering backward in my thoughts to-day, and vain would be the attempt to present to my readers the sweet and gentle forms that rise to greet me; forms that bloomed and faded like summer's green glories along my pathway.

Among the dear places where in imagination and in memory I have lingered longest, is Ione. It is here my beloved parents dwell, also my youngest brother and little sister. The greater portion of my childhood days were spent in this beautiful little valley, surrounded by hills covered with gigantic pines and large oaks, a sight of perpetual loveliness. Toward the rising sun, not far distant from my father's cottage, lies the little town, with its tall church spire reared far up toward the blue vault of heaven. On the southern slope, running

toward the town, lies the Cemetery. Let us enter this sacred enclosure and stand amid these mossy graves. Read the inscription on this gray marble. Lora lies here. This is where her beauty sleeps. Yes, faithful and true was the heart that was broken.

A whisper woke the air;
A soft, light tone and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe.
Ah! might it only perish there—
No further go.

But no, a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound,
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wandered round,
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart
That throbb'd from all the world apart.
It was the only heart it found,
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents woke,
It reached her gentle heart at last,
And that it broke.

But here is a grave; and if it were lawful, I would say, "Put off the sandals from thy feet for the ground where we stand is holy." Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His little ones; and precious in the sight of God shall Howdie's grave be, till He again reanimates the beautiful form that lowly and calmly reposes in this tomb. But I must not forget that things have a relative value, and that few of all the readers of the *Hope*—possibly not one—ever went to school with Howdie, or played with his little black-eyed sister, Norma, and therefore can not feel touched with these reminiscences as I do; for who that turns from the busy, earnest, living present to the past remembers not some young companion so pure and genial that every object borrowed a light and beauty from their very presence.

Yes, and there is the old play ground of the Valley School. Several years have joined the mighty past since first I, a careless happy child, stood there amid a group of merry hearts and little Hopes. Those years have been happy ones to me, for I know God has been my leader, and He has led me aright.

I will tell you a dream I had about that time. It has ever been bright to my memory, although a small child when I dreamed it. Feeling quite ill one Wednesday afternoon, as returning from school, (permission being granted me of my kind teacher, a Miss Withington), as I wandered along sweet thoughts about God and heaven and the beautiful angels kept me company. Reaching home after some hours, found my dear mamma with willing and ready hands, as she ever was to help the sick, to do all she could for her little girl. Through her gentle administration I was soon wafted gently, as it were, far into dreamland; walking there through beautiful valleys of rolling meadows, waving gracefully in the summer breeze, beautiful forests dressed in living green, and countless flowers of delicate hues. All things seemed lovely as I traveled along. Coming to a small bridge crossing a small stream of crystal water, flowing from the east westward, I halted when about half way across the bridge, and gazing upon the beauties around me, wondered if it was heaven. But where was God and his angels, and my little brothers and sisters, for they had gone to heaven many years before. But as I stood looking, I saw a narrow road instead of the crystal stream, very dim at first, but grew brighter, with a high wall on either side, and extended farther up, up, until it was far into the blue sky. It seemed as if a door opened at the end of the road, and there I saw a mansion of light. A man came to one of the doors with a glorious light around his head. It was a lovely sight to behold. As we stood looking at each other, I thinking how nice and splendid it would be to go up there and live in that beautiful mansion forevermore, he beckoned me with his right hand, and said, as it seemed, "Come, little one, come along this straight and narrow way, and you shall have your heart's wish, for this I have prepared for those that will come this road."

Dear little brothers and sisters, may we ever be found striving to keep in that narrow way; for straight and narrow is the road that leads to that blest abode, and few there be that find it. But broad is the road that leads to destruction, and thousands walk together there. Let us ever be striving. Our life here is passing swiftly; it will soon be gone. If we are faithful, we shall soon live and reign with our blessed Lord, for he is soon coming to take us home to his bosom.

DORINDA F. E. ROBERTS.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

This life is like a dangerous sea,
There are many storms to stand;
Sand-bars, shoals and reefs to risk,
Before we reach the heavenly land.

To an island of sinful pleasures,
This world of ours we compare,
Many voyagers are contented
To cast their anchors near.

There has been a compass provided us,
The Bible given by God;
Which will guide us in the right direction,
If we will heed its holy word.

After obedience, faith and prayer,
The true Spirit to us is given;
To understand our compass clearly,
Which is to guide us safe to Heaven.

If we put our whole trust in God,
We will not be deceived;
For this promise hath been made
To all those who will believe.

If we do not rebel against God,
Nor take his name in vain;
But ever seek to learn his will,
And then strive to do the same.

If we do not turn from the priesthood,
Nor condemn the acts of each other;
But are forgiving, desire them good,
And treat them all as a sister or brother.

If we do this, we then are able
To steer clear of each obstruction,
And the bars, shoals, snags or whirlpools,
Will not, can not prove our destruction.

For if we do the best we know and can,
God will surely us forgive;
And we will receive a reward of life eternal,
And with the holy angels live.

That we may gain this let us daily strive,
Each one our cross to bear;
For those who meekly bear the cross,
The crown shall also wear.

WILLIE STUART.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

Continued from page 83.

THE evening for the meeting came at length, the same as all the days and nights have come since time began, and Mr. Judson, Mistress Laurie, Kitty and Horace all attended; going early, as it was expected the house would be crowded. This was indeed the fact; for, although our party arrived at Hazel Dale School House, a full half hour before the time for service, there were but a few seats unfilled, and in a few minutes after there was hardly standing room, and the excitement was great.

The congregation had all been in some minutes when the elder came in; and it was only after carefully pushing his way through the throng at the door that he reached the stand at the end of the house farthest from the door. Upon taking his text, after singing and prayer, Mr. Jones said:

"On yesterday I received a note signed 'Citizens,' which I will read to you before proceeding with the subject for the evening." He then read as follows:

"March, 18—

"Mr. Jones, Preacher:—You will take notice that if you don't quit preaching in this neighborhood, you will be waited upon by a posse and tried before Judge Lynch. We think you have no business to be preaching such doctrines among honest people as you are preaching. Why don't you come out and tell the people what church you belong to. A hint to the wise is enough.

CITIZENS."

"This letter was handed to me by a man on horseback at the end of the lane leading into town, as I was coming out yesterday," said Mr. Jones,

at the conclusion of the reading of the letter, "and I am anxious to know whether it is endorsed by any considerable number of those who come to hear me; and if not, to ascertain whether it is my duty to continue my labors here, or to become alarmed and go elsewhere."

Without further remark about the letter, Mr. Jones announced his text. Now whether Horace had informed the preacher of the dream of Mr. Judson, or Mr. Peters, the man with the laughing blue eyes, had heard of his thoughts; or whether the subject of the evening's discourse was one of those strange things which everybody notices and no one can tell how they come, or not, Mr. Judson could not guess; but this he did know, there was something in what the preacher said that answered to his thoughts as if they had been written on his face. The text was that good declaration of the wise man, in the 34th Psalm: "The angels of the Lord encampeth round about the righteous, and delivereth them."

The preacher then went on to talk about the visits of angels to the people of God who lived a long time ago, and of the messages they brought to different men in that day. From this he went on to tell of the prophecies uttered about the latter days, and for the fulfillment of which men who believe the Scriptures should be looking. One of them he read from the Book of Revelations, (Rev. 6 : 14), where it is related that an angel was seen to fly in the heavens, to commit the gospel to men upon the earth. He told them of another, which was spoken by Jesus, (Matt. 24 : 14), about the gospel being again preached as a witness to the nations, before the end of the world should come.

"And now," said he, "there are promises in the Scriptures that those who become members of the church, by obedience to the gospel of Christ, to the fulfillment of which we ought to look; among them are the gifts of wisdom, knowledge, and faith; the visitation of angels; the direction of the Spirit, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, manifest in prophecy, dreams, visions and revelations. He that is willing to take the Lord to mean what the word contained in the New Testament states that he has promised to believers, will find even now that it is impossible for God to lie." He then told them that Peter, one of the best and most earnest preachers among the disciples, declared to them who gathered around him on the day of Pentecost, that the gift of the Holy Ghost was promised to "all that are afar off, even so many as the Lord our God shall call."

He continued, "Now if any one wants the gift of the Spirit, he must obey the command of the Lord, who calls him. If he does not obey, he can not in reason claim the gift promised. This command is to repent and be baptized for the remission of sins;" and receive the laying on of the hands for the "gift of the Holy Ghost." "This, my friends, is the doctrine I am preaching, the way of which I am trying to tell the people; that they may believe and obey the gospel, that they may be saved with a celestial salvation."

"The Lord is warning many by dreams; to some the Spirit calls by convincing them of sin, and directing them to repent; to some the Bible becomes a better, truer guide; and in many other ways does this gentle Spirit of Christ through the gospel bring peace and happiness to men."

"If any man present has heard me teach a doctrine that I have not proved to be true from the Bible, let him now speak; if I have wronged man, woman or child; if I have taken aught from any one that I did not render its value to them, let them now tell this people; for it may be that my voice may not be heard among you any more; the letter of warning, may be followed by injury to me from lawless men, and it may be that those who have been coming to hear me may have decided that I am not a proper man to stay in your midst as a teacher. But my sense of duty to the Master, who I feel has sent me to preach these truths, will not permit me to leave my post because danger threatens me; therefore, if there is still a desire

that I shall stay, and you will make this desire known, I shall not go away, until I am compelled to, or I am recalled by the body of elders with whom I serve, or the Spirit tells me to depart."

When Mr. Jones stopped speaking and sat down, with his elbow on the little stand and leaned his head upon his hand, which shaded his eyes, the people were very silent. His discourse, of which we have given only a small part, had been one full of feeling; his words had been simple and easy to be understood; the people had listened very attentively, some even shedding tears, as he had shown the wondrous love, and commended the wisdom of Christ in giving so good a way to man. Now when they began to feel deeply interested in him and the doctrine he taught, it seemed that he must go away, or be subjected to insult, and possibly injury.

No one seemed to be inclined to say a word, or to request Mr. Jones to stay; yet no one offered to go out of the school-house. There was a little stir in the part of the house where our little party from Mr. Judson's house sat; and all eyes were turned in that direction. Horace, had risen to his feet, and was standing in the space between the outer rows of seats; his face was flushed; his hands were hanging beside him, with the fingers working nervously; his eyes were shining with tears and earnestness; his lips and chin were quivering a little, and a slight tremor was visible in his frame as he stood there like one aroused.

Horace had hardly stood erect, till our friend of the pleasant smile and laughing eyes was by his side, though not a word or look had passed between them; indeed, Horace seemed to see no one but the silent man at the stand, who, through all the stir had not moved nor taken his hand from his face. Mr. Peter's face was singularly handsome just then. That smile of his, and those eyes that seemed to see so much, were still the same; but there was something new shining in his eyes, and a strange sadness was visible in his smile; there was something that seemed to say that this little man was terribly in earnest.

Horace was the first to speak. His voice was tremulous, and his utterance a little broken; but every one heard and understood what he said.

"I am a poor boy. I have no home, except among strangers. I don't know what it is to have a father or mother to love me. I have been a bad boy—a very bad boy. No one ever seemed to care for me, till Mr. Judson came for me, and brought me away from the city. He and his wife have been good to me. The first I ever heard about God, and Jesus, and being good, and faithful, and kind, I heard from Mr. Jones. He has talked to me, and I always felt after talking with him, as if there was a chance for a poor boy, like me, to be of some account in the world, if he could only get started in the right way. And now"—his voice grew husky, and he paused a little—"I want him to stay—to show—me—the—way." Here the boy broke down; the strong control which he had evidently kept over himself, had failed him; the fact that he was standing up and speaking before so many; his unhappy struggles with himself over his temper; his fear that his newly found friend would be driven from him, was too much for him, and he sat down, weeping as if his heart would break.

The smile left the face of our little friend Peters, as laying his hand tenderly on the shoulder of the weeping Horace, he said, in tones so quiet, and yet so sweet and firm, that every one listened at once: "I am, like this boy, seeking the way. Like him, I have heard good tidings from Elder Jones. Like this lad, I want him to stay; I therefore propose to you that we invite him to stay; and that we pledge him that protection and assistance in the law that will be necessary to prevent him from being driven out of our midst by lawless and violent men. For I feel, that if I should be still and permit such an outrage as that to be committed in the community where I lived, and did not raise my voice in a protest against it, I should be unworthy to remain in your midst."

Mr. Judson's involuntary "Amen," was echoed all over the room.

Mr. Peters continued, "Now, so many of you as desire Mr. Jones to stay longer with us, please manifest it by raising the hand." All the women and nearly all the men in the room raised their hands. The merry twinkle returned to Mr. Peters' eyes, as he said: "Now, you who do not desire him to stay, please raise your hands." Not a hand was raised, though those who had not voted for Mr. Jones to stay had been noted by Mr. Peters.

At the first sound of Horace's voice the Elder had removed his hand from before his eyes, though his head still rested on it; and had fixed his attention on the two so strangely standing together in the crowded room. At the conclusion of the voting he had risen, and stood with his left hand resting on the stand, his right grasping his Bible, a small pocket one, and hanging by his side. Mr. Peters said to him, "Elder Jones, we have decided to request you to stay, and we sincerely hope that you will continue your labors among us; and that our almost unanimous vote to request you to remain will be taken as a rebuke by the writers of the letter you read to us, should they be present or hear of our action; and have the effect upon them to convince them that the community does not choose that their good name shall be sullied by such an act of lawlessness as compelling you by violence to go away would be."

Mr. Jones announced his appointments for the ensuing week, and the meeting was dismissed by a benediction.

To be continued. 50 21

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE HOPES.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF A GOD.

Q. How do you and mankind in general learn that there is a God?

A. By tradition, by reason, and by revelation.

Q. How do mankind learn by *tradition* that there is a God?

A. Parents tell their children that there is a God, the children in turn tell their children, and so on from parents to children it is handed down from generation to generation. In this way mankind learn by *tradition* that there is a God.

Q. How do mankind learn by *reason* that there is a God?

A. They look about them and see the sun rise and set, the days regularly increase and decrease in length, as the seasons come and go; bringing seed time and harvest, summer and winter. They watch the twinkling star and the moon, and other moveable bodies periodically changing with the nicest precision, as to time. They observe the flocks and herds, fowls and fishes, the varied grasses, flowers and fruits all bringing forth after their *own* kind, and then they pause and consider the wonderfulness of the mechanism of their own bodies, and the strange union existing between their bodies and the *life principle* dwelling within, which possesses intelligence, and forces the great truth upon them, that all these creations, the perfect order in which they exist, move and perpetuate their kind, could not be, without an intelligence to conceive, a creative power to mould and infuse with the principle of life, and wisdom to ordain order and establish laws for the government of *all*. And the Being to whom they ascribe this intelligence, power and wisdom they recognize as, or call God.

Q. How do men learn by *revelation* that there is a God?

A. God reveals himself to men; or, he sends to them angels, who have greater power, knowledge and glory than men; or He speaks to them by His own voice from the heavens; or he gives them dreams and visions. In this way do men learn by *revelation* that there is a God.

Q. Which is the best way of learning that there is a God?

A. By revelation. Tradition and reason give

indistinct and unsatisfactory ideas of God, and of his character and attributes. By revelation alone can a definite and satisfactory knowledge be obtained.

Q. How does God cause men to know that Jesus is the Christ, or that angels come from His presence bearing His word and will to them, and that visions and dreams are given of Him for their instruction and comfort?

A. They know it by the presence, power and influence of His (God's) Spirit, for it imparts knowledge, wisdom and *understanding*. It enables men to *know* God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, and gives them a knowledge of the doctrine He taught, such a knowledge as the world can *never* give.

A PROFESSOR IN SHAFTS,

THE extent to which theory often fails in practice is furnished by a venerated professor, a most distinguished mathematician, whose works are still used as text-books in many of our institutions, and which occurred within the compass of our own experience.

He went to Bethel, Me. On his return he spent Sunday in Lewiston. Monday morning he was told the horse was sick. Nevertheless, he started. The horse went a few rods, fell down and broke both thills. He then sent his wife home, and also sent to Brunswick for another horse and carriage to take him and the broken chaise home.

When the driver came they lashed the two vehicles together. All went well till they came to the first long, steep hill between Lewiston and Brunswick; on its summit they held a consultation. The professor had an exaggerated idea of his strength, and said:

"Mr. Chandler, it is too much for the horse to hold these two carriages on this steep descent; take the horse out; I will get into the shafts."

"Professor," replied Chandler, "the breeching is strong, and so is the arm girth."

"But the horse, Mr. Chandler; it is too much for the horse. Besides being stronger, I know how to take advantage of the descent, and can manage it much better than the horse.

"If that horse can't hold it, you can't,"

"Do you, sir, intend to place me, in point of intelligence and knowledge of mechanical forces, below a horse? I have made mathematics the study of a lifetime."

"I have no intention to be disrespectful, sir; but I know that a horse understands his own business, which is handling a load on a hill, better than all the professors in the United States. I was sent up here by my employer, who confides in me to take care of his property. If you will take the business off my hands, and be a horseman yourself, you must be answerable for the consequences."

The professor had a habit, when a little excited, of giving a nervous twitch at the lappels of his coat with his right hand.

"I," replied he, with a most emphatic twitch, "assume all responsibility."

The driver, in reality nothing loath to witness the operation, took out the horse, and held it by the bridle; and the professor, getting into the shafts, took hold of them at the ends. The forward carriage was just descending the hill, and the hinder one just a little over the summit, when the professor trod upon a rolling stone, which caused him to plunge forward, and increased the velocity of his load so much that he was forced to walk faster than he desired and exchange a slanting position—with his shoulders well thrown back and his feet braced—which he had at first adopted, for a perpendicular one. At length he was pushed into a run; the carriages were going at a fearful rate.

At the bottom of the hill was a brook; on each side precipitous banks. The professor was between Scylla and Charybdis, going nine feet at a leap. In order to cramp the forward wheel, he turned suddenly to the right. The shafts of the

forward carriage went two feet into the bank, breaking them both off short; the lashing of the hinder one slipped; it ran into the forward one, breaking the fender, and both vehicles turned over at the bottom of the hill with a tremendous crash, the learned gentleman describing a parabola, one of his favorite figures, and landing some rods away. He rose from the earth a dirtier and wiser man; knees skinned, pants torn, a piece of skin knocked off his forehead, and his best hat as flat as a pancake underneath the hind carriage; and looking about him exclaimed:

"Is it possible that I could have been so much deceived as to the momentum! It was prodigious!"

"I don't know anything about momentum," exclaimed Chandler, "but I know something about horses. I know it makes a mighty difference about holding back a load on a steep hill, whether the horse has two legs or four, and whether he weighs 175 or 1,200.

It cost the professor \$37.50 to ascertain how much horse power he represented.—Sparks of Genius.

SUSIE AND THE FIRE

SUSIE was the only child of Mrs. Jennings. She had lost her father when she was four years old, and now that she had arrived at the age of nine years and eight months, she felt herself capable of being quite a help to her mother.

And she did run errands, and wash up the cups, and set the table, and do many things to save steps for her mother, but she never had rendered such service, as she did once upon a time, when she was sitting by her mother's side, sewing, when her mother looked up and said,—"It seems to me I smell smoke somewhere. I think somebody's chimney is on fire."

Mrs. Jennings owned the house in which they lived, and, by renting the upper part of it, she was enabled to pay all the taxes, while the sewing she did for a few families brought her in sufficient means to live very comfortably. She always went to church, and took Susie, who was seen every Sabbath, walking by her mother's side, dressed in a simple calico dress, very clean and neat, but without ruffles or trimmings of any kind, and with a neat straw hat, trimmed with bright blue ribbon.

But as we were saying, Mrs. Jennings smelt the smoke, and in a few moments it came into all the cracks and crevices of the house. When the mother perceived the house was getting full of smoke, she went to the door, and found that an old barn on the opposite side of the way was all ablaze, and the flames and smoke were driving furiously towards the row of houses where theirs stood.

"O Susie, our house is going," said Mrs. Jennings, "and very soon we shall be left without a home on the earth, or any place to put our heads. Let us pack up what we can at once; there is not one moment to lose! Get out the box, and put in the clothes out of your bureau drawer, my child."

Now it took but an instant to say this, and Susie, who had been taught to believe that God would always hear and answer prayer, thought that this, of all others, was the time to pray. So she said,—

"Why, mother, God won't let the fire come to us if we ask him to keep it away. Do let us see if Jesus will not send off the fire."

"Sure enough," replied Mrs. Jennings. "I was so flurried, I came near forgetting there was a God. We will ask him to keep us from harm, Susie dear."

It was only a few minutes after, while the mother and child were upon their knees, pleading with God for the preservation of their house, that a fireman came knocking hard upon the door, and in a moment, he was in the room. He was a kind friend of the widow's, and said, "Mrs. Jennings, your house is saved, and you may thank God for

it, as I never saw the wind whirl about as suddenly as it did three minutes ago."

The fireman was off again to attend to his duty, and Susie and her mother wept for joy. The child threw her arms around Mrs. Jennings' neck, and said, "I knew God would hear, mother, and I felt sure as could be the fire wouldn't touch us when we asked him, for his word says, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble;' I can find the very text I thought of; you know we read it this morning; don't you remember, mother?" said Susie, as she took her Bible, and found her mark in it at the thirty-fourth Psalm.

"Here it is, mother: 'The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their trouble.'" Susie said the "heareth" very loud, and the "all" she spoke still louder, as if she felt the force of the words.

"It is a wonderful deliverance, my child, and you have taught me a lesson I hope I may never forget," said Mrs. Jennings, as she wiped the tears of gratitude from her eyes.

"I never will distrust God; never again doubt Him, for I now see that his word standeth sure."—Selected.

The Workshop.

GOOSEBERRY JELLY.—Take one gallon of goose berries, two quarts of water, boil them till they are done, strain them through a sieve, add two quarts of water and let them boil.

Dr. John Burdell, a distinguished dentist of New York, boiled down a pound of young hyson tea from a quart to a half a pint, and ten drops killed a rabbit three months old; and when boiled down to one gill, eight drops killed a cat of the same age in a few minutes. Think of it. Most persons who drink tea use not less than a pound every three months; and yet a pound of hyson tea contains poison enough to kill, according to the above experiment, more than 17,000 rabbits, or nearly 200 a day; and if boiled down to a gill, it contains poison enough to kill 10,860 cats in the same space of time. Dr. Burdell made similar experiments with coffee and black tea, and found the results nearly the same.

Correspondence.

WEST BELLEVILLE, Illinois, April 9, 1875.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the little Hopes. We have a good Sunday School and good meetings. If there were no Church I wouldn't know what to do. I enjoy myself every Sunday at school. Pray for me that I may be faithful to the end. There are times when I feel to do right and then I am tempted to do wrong again. I have not had a chance to go to Church for a long time. The Lord is good and kind to all and shows His tender mercies. He caught the sinner on the road and told him to return. His tender voice is calling me to go on. I remain your sister in Christ,

EMELINE SHINTON.

GOOD INTENT, Kansas, March 26, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—'Tis a beautiful afternoon. I will try and write you a few lines. The joyous spring has come once more, to cheer us with her smiles and to deck our pathway with sweet flowers. After such a long, hard winter, she is indeed thrice welcome.

From my window there is quite a view. As I raise my eyes I can see a portion of the Missouri River; on the west bank of which is the busy town of Atchison, quite a large portion of which I can see. Farther south is a hilly region covered with dwarf trees and shrubs. On the east bank are the lowlands of Missouri, covered with tall trees of several varieties.

As there will be letters from so many of the little Hopes, I will close. Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain

SISTER ADDIE.

SALT LAKE CITY, May 21, 1875.

Dear Hopes:—I have just been reading the *Hope*, and found it very interesting. My folks have taken it and the *Herald* ever since they joined the Church. I thought I would write a few lines to the Hopes, to let them know a little of Salt Lake City. There has been very good meetings here ever since Bro. Briggs came. There are not very many members here, and they are scattered throughout all parts of the city. We have

no Sunday-school here yet, but a great many children would like to have one; but there is not the convenience here to have one. The reason is because there are not children enough here to organize one. There is such an opposition that people are glad to get away from here. Salt Lake City is getting to be a pretty rough place. We are having fine weather now, and fruit trees of all kinds are looking beautiful.

We are having excursions to Lake Point, and they will continue until September. The Sunday-schools of the different denominations are having delightful times. I will bring my letter to a close, hoping this will find the little folks able to write for the *Hope*.

Yours respectfully, JOHN M. REINSMAR.

EDENVILLE, Iowa, May 20, 1875.

Little Hopes:—Some of you may like to hear from D. C., and what he is doing or going to do. Well, one thing is this, I intend to start in the morning with brother, Elder I. N. White and wife, to attend a two-days' meeting about forty miles from here, down below Des Moines. They (the Elders) intend to organize a Branch while down there. Pray for us that we may have the Spirit.

We have a Union Sunday School here and there are many bright faces to adorn our school-room every Sabbath morning. But alas! there's but few that know that God is the giver of all "good gifts." O, may Zion's children ever be faithful. Your brother in the "one faith." D. C. WHITE.

COLDWATER, Mich., March 26, 1875.

Bro. Joseph:—I am glad I ever heard the gospel, for I know it is true. "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." I feel that it is a great work, and one that we ought to be wholly engaged in. It should be the uppermost theme in our mind, that we might study to do our blessed Master's will, for I realize that we must be up and doing, if we want to do good and see this gospel preached to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

Dear little Hopes, let us try and see how much money we can raise this summer for the spread of the truth; let us be careful how we spend our money for that which gratifies our selfish desires. Remember there are very many that never have heard the gospel and are hungering for the bread of life.

I was baptized three years ago by Bro. "Ed" Kelley. When I was baptized I was on the brink of the grave; but, through obedience to the gospel and the mercies of God, I am restored to health again; after four years' sickness, and was given up that I must die, by three of our best doctors; but thank the Good Master, for when the arm of flesh fail us, we have a friend above who is mighty to save, if we are faithful and keep His commandments. Let us put on the whole armor and be faithful; let us show our faith by our works, and we will come off more than conquerors through Him who loved us.

We have preaching the last Sabbath of every month by Bro. Briggs. We have prayer meeting every Sabbath that we don't have preaching. We enjoy the gifts of the gospel in tongues and prophecy, for which we are thankful. From your sister in the gospel bonds,

CATHARINE LOCKE.

ENIGMA.—I am composed of 35 letters.

My 19, 14, 20, 17, 2, was redeemed by our Savior.

My 31, 1, 6, 20, 2, 23, 4, 5, is found but once in the Scripture.

My 27, 22, 17, 18, 3, 20, is a Queen spoken of in the Scriptures.

My 24, 34, 28, 33, 11, 15, 6, is what God is sometimes called.

My 21, 18, 25, 22, 35, 3, 20, 35, 22, is a king that reigned over 127 provinces.

My 28, 16, 26, 13, is a Divine attribute.

My 33, 8, 35, 17, 2, is the time to obey the word.

My 32, 3, 9, 23, 32, is the author of the book of Psalms.

My 29, 7, 23, 30, 10, 20, is an Elder in the Herald Office.

My whole is the new commandment given by Christ.

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