

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

THE WOMAN'S PRAYER.

Help, Lord! Stretch forth thy mighty hand
To succor and to save:
Intemperance over all the land
Flows like a tidal wave;
The cruel moloch of the cup,
As pitiless as fate,
Has swallowed all our treasures up
And made us desolate.

Help, Lord! The strength of manhood fails
Before this mighty foe;
Whose treacherous power his soul assails
And lays his honor low.
Into the paradise of home,
The cruel serpent crawls;
Before the reptile's poisonous breath,
Love dies, and reason falls!

Help us, poor, helpless women. We
Before thy mercy-seat
Pour out our souls deep agony,
Thy saving power entreat:
Help us to stem the awful tide
Of desolating woe,
That over all our hearts and homes,
Like mighty waters flow.

Dear Lord of love! Our only hope!
Give us thy strength, to bear
Above the tide, our loved ones up,
On wings of faith and prayer.
Roll back the tide of sin and death
Beneath whose surging waves,
Five hundred thousand souls each year
Sink to dishonored graves.

We love the husbands of our youth,
Our fathers, brothers, sons;
Restored to honor, love and truth,
Give back our precious ones.
Dash to the earth the poisoned cup,
Dry up the fount of sin;
Open the door to love, and hope,
And let the angels in.

A TOKEN OF PEACE.

Dear Hopes of Zion:—I have known for a long time that it was my duty to help sustain our precious little paper. I have also felt my inability to contribute any thing worthy of a place in its columns; but for the past week this subject has weighed upon my mind, and at last I am determined to contribute my mite, be it ever so small.

Our Master has said that whosoever is "faithful over a few things I will make him ruler over many things;" and I know that if we are faithful, and if we try to do our duty at all times, in little matters as well as in large ones, and not wait, as we often feel like doing until we can do something great, but carefully attend to the things of each day, that our Savior will give us wisdom that we

may be able to accomplish the greater duties when they are brought before us. I do not say that I do these things at all times; far from it, for I realize that I am one of the weakest of God's children; but I say let us strive to live so that we may receive heaven's choicest blessings upon our lives.

I wish to relate a circumstance that occurred when I was quite young. My parents had been in the old organization, but at that time they belonged to none. My brother had been blessed in the old Church; so also had I. But the time of which I speak was in March, 1864, and my brother, who was two years older than I, was on his death-bed. I felt much grieved, as he lay there dying; and had risen to watch and wait with the rest; but was at last persuaded to lie down on a bed in the same room. While lying there my eyes rested on a looking-glass in which I plainly saw the head of one with a loving, kindly face, whose hair and beard were white as snow. I glanced around the room to see who it could be, but there was no one there like him, and again I sought the glass and once more my gaze rested upon that pleasant face. I must have gone to sleep then, I think, for I remembered no more; but the heavenly expression of that face, seen in my childhood, lingers with me still, and I believe that it was a token to me of the rest and peace that awaited my brother among the pure and the good. Let us strive, dear Hopes, to live humble and faithful, so that we may all dwell with Christ forever. This is the prayer of **SISTER ADDIE.**

GOVERNED BY LOVE.

CONCLUDED.

WHEN going up stairs, Olive stopped at Lida's room, and, as she expected, found the little girl still awake, and said to her, "Lida, dear, may I come in and see you a moment?" But Lida did not answer, and Olive went up to the bed and caressingly laid her hand on her head. "Poor, little unhappy girl, you are not angry at Olive, are you?"

"No, but papa has been telling you all about how naughty I am, and how you must punish me, and I tell you I wont mind you. No one cares for me, and I dont like any one either; I wish I was with mamma. I know I am naughty, and you can't make me good, for I wont be good."

"Does it make you feel good to be naughty?"
"I don't know, but I wish you would go away, I am sleepy."

"Yes, Lida, I will go away to-night, and we will have a nice walk in the morning, and I will try and show you that there is one in the house

who really loves you; wont you kiss me good night, dear?"

"Yes, but I dont want to."

"Very well, then, do not do it. Good night, now go to sleep like a good little girl."

Early next morning Olive was up, and going to Lida's room she found the little girl still asleep; passing on to Frank's room, she rapped and was admitted by Frank, who was looking rather blue over his expected punishment.

"Good morning, Frank, I see you are an early riser."

"No, Miss Green, I do not always get up so early; but I feel badly this morning. O, I wish papa would not whip me."

"Do you feel sorry for disobeying your papa?"

"No, I am not sorry I got out of the room, but I am sorry I was naughty and made papa shut me up."

"Well, Frank, I hardly know what to say to you, only that it is wrong at all times, or at any time, to disobey your parent; so I suppose it was wrong for you to get out of the window; for all that your papa does for you he intends to be for your good. But do not look so gloomy, I do not think you will get a whipping this morning. You know your papa told you that you would be punished as you had never been before, and, as I have charge of you now, he concluded to let me punish you."

"You!" And Frank looked up with an angry flash in his eyes.

"There, there, my boy, do not get angry; I love little children dearly, and I only want them to love me, so that every thing they do for me, they will do it because they wish to please me, and then we will get along nicely. And, now, because I shield you from a whipping do not think that I believe it was right for you to disobey your papa. O no, dear Frankie, but ever try to do just what he tells you, and you will find that doing so will make you happier. And, Frankie, all I ask of you this morning is to kneel with me here in your room, while I ask our Heavenly Father for wisdom that we may know the right from the wrong and be ever ready and willing to do the right, and that we may love to please him who has done so much for us."

And, taking his little hand, the teacher and the scholar knelt together, and how earnestly she prayed for patience, that she might never despair; and for wisdom that she might teach these children the only road to happiness. Long and earnestly did she pray; and when they arose, our brave little man's eyes were full of tears.

"Now I will leave you, but first I'll tell you that we will not commence your lessons to-day;

but as soon as breakfast is over we will all three go for a long walk in the grove, where you made a swing yesterday, and we will try and get acquainted, and to-morrow we will commence on the studies. Hurry and get ready for your breakfast; be as pleasant to papa as you have been to me; let him see that you want to please him and he will love you the more."

Going to Lida's room she found the girl Nettie just waking her in order to dress her for breakfast. Asking permission to do this for her little charge this morning, she sent Nettie away. Carefully she brushed out Lida's long hair, and after curling it beautifully, she tied back the curls with a bright ribbon, all the while talking pleasantly to her; but Lida seemed determined to be cross.

"Is Lida going to kiss her brother and papa good morning, and not be naughty any more?"

"No, I don't want to kiss any one, and papa don't want us to kiss him."

"Well, let us go, there sounds the breakfast bell."

Mr. Crowell noticed the change in the appearance of his children, and it was evident the change pleased him. Breakfast being over, the children were ready for their walk; but they had not spoken to each other since their quarrel. This pained Olive, for she thought they were so young to hold such angry, spiteful feeling; and, during their ramble she improved all the time in telling them stories. She told them all about their Savior, and how he loved them so well that he gave his life that they might be saved. Story after story from the Bible did she tell to them; and, in such a plain, pleasant way, that the children were so pleased and interested, that all the evening after it they were still and thoughtful, and the next morning they were ready and willing to obey her slightest word; but they did not offer that affection which Olive much craved. Still she did not despair of gaining it.

It had been a week since Olive Green came to Mr. Crowell's, and yet the children seemed as far from her as they did when she had been with them but one day. They had not disobeyed her; and she had taught them to call her Olive, and told them she would be their big sister, and still it seemed that she could not gain their affection. Yet there was a great change in the household, for there was no more quarrelling and no more scolding but they seemed far too sober and thoughtful for their years. As Olive sat with her hand to her head thinking what more she could do than she has done, Lida came bounding into the room and throwing herself into her teacher's arms, exclaims, "Olive, dear Olive, I have been such a very naughty girl; I do love you, I loved you when you first came, but I would not tell you so. Do you like me yet? O, I am afraid you are tired of liking such a bad girl; papa don't like me, and Frank don't like me, and now I fear that you don't, for you are only crying because you pity me."

"No, no dear Lida, I am crying because I am happy; I thought my little girl would never like me. Now we will have no more trouble. Brave little girl, to confess your faults. But do not think your papa does not care for his little girl; for it has made him very happy to see that she was trying to be good."

O, Olive, how bad I was, I wished that brother Frank was dead; but I was sorry afterwards, only I would not say so."

"Frankie has forgotten all about that, I think," said Olive "and I know he would be very glad to have his little sister kiss him and make up. Come, he is in the garden, let us go to him and see."

Frank was found, not at play, but sitting thoughtfully as if in a deep study, and did not know that his teacher and sister were near him until Lida threw her arms around his neck and said, "Brother Frank, I was such a bad, bad girl, but I am so sorry we were so naughty to each other, and I don't wish you were dead. O, no. Wont you try to like your naughty sister, just a little? then I will be good to you."

"My dear Lida, I was just as bad as you were, and I am two years older than you. I wished that you would die; and yet if you had I could never have felt like playing again. But Olive says we were both naughty because we did not know how to be good, but we will try now, wont we, sister? And I hope we will never quarrel again."

As Mr. Crowell watched his children, he saw the change and heard the merry ringing laugh of brother and sister, as they played together; and he thought, What but the gentle, firm way of dealing, and the love she has given them, has wrought this change. Still, how he longed for them to give him the same affection that they gave to their teacher. How he would like to have his little girl climb on his knee and caress him as she did Olive; and he leaned his head on his hand and sighed. Just then a little figure crept softly, as if half afraid, into his arms.

"Papa, wont you try to love Lida just a little? she is trying hard to be a good girl."

"Bless you, darling. Love you, of course papa loves you; but my child we have all been wrong. Truly, this is a happy moment to me." And Lida did not need to doubt her father's affection any more, and so happy did he seem that when he went out to find Frank he was whistling a merry tune; what Lida had never heard him do before.

Many might think the children were not so easily cured; that it was so natural for them to give way to their angry passions, that they could not be changed in a few short weeks; neither were they, for many and many a time did Lida's eyes flash with anger at some trifling thing, but Olive, ever watchful and always ready with some kind and gentle reminder, could always either bring tears of repentance, or smiles to the clouded countenance, until the once quick tempered, self-willed child, was in a fair way to grow up as kind and gentle as her teacher.

When Olive had been in the house more than a year, the children were talking over how much happier they were than before she came, and Lida said, "I am some times afraid that if she goes away we will get as naughty as before, for she is always watching us."

"No, Lida, I should never be as bad as I was then, for I have learned this of her: that when my little sister frowns, I must smile; that when she speaks crossly to me, I must speak pleasantly to her; and that is not all sister, for Olive has taught me to ask God to help me when I try to be good, and O, I know he does help me, and he helps you too, Lida.

"Yes, Frankie, at first I thought God was not good, because he took mamma from me, but Olive says he knew best; and every night I go to Olive's room and kneel with her and pray that I may never, never, be naughty like I used to be, and that God will always give me Olive to watch over me."

"Well, sister, I think we will always have Olive, for papa said this morning that she was going to stay with us always."

"O, isn't that good I will run right this minute and ask her."

As Olive's answer was satisfactory to Lida, and as the Crowell's are all so happy now, we will leave them, trusting that our little Hopes will see how Lida and Frank became happy, and that they like them may learn to give a smile in answer to a frown.

LENA.

WHAT IS IT WORTH.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER the two had laid their burden on the bed Mr. Peters said to Horace, "Now, you take Rover down to his kennel. I will keep watch with this man. I think it likely that he will remain quiet for an hour or two yet."

Horace went out, and found Rover lying at the door of the hall. He spoke to him, and the dog followed him down to the kitchen. Here the lad stopped, lighted another lamp; got some water

out of the reservoir on the stove, still warm, and washed two or three ugly bruises that his four footed friend had received in the fight, and then took him out to his kennel. The dog before going in rubbed his head against Horace's knee, and, for the first time since he was so suddenly waked from his sleep, did this hero of ours feel how much he possibly owed to this dumb friend. He stooped down took Rover's head between his hands and said;—"Good dog, Rover; good dog. But for you, poor Horace might now be dead." Rover licked the hand that caressed him, went into his kennel and lay down seemingly contented.

When Horace returned to the room where Mr. Peters and the wounded man were, he found his sunny faced friend busily examining his inanimate prisoner, who lay quite still, but breathing heavily, with an occasional long drawn sigh. Mr. Peters had pulled off the man's shoes and coat, and untied a handkerchief which he wore round his neck over his collar; and when Horace came in was feeling the pulse.

Taking the lamp from the stand Mr. Peters held it close to the head of the unconscious man, and showed to Horace an ugly wound just over the right temple, from which the blood had flowed quite freely, and which was still bleeding. He then asked Horace how it happened. This, the boy told him in detail, as we have related it.

Horace then, acting under the direction of Mr. Peters procured some water from the kitchen; with which they washed the blood from the wound, and stopped its flow by bandages and some lint which one of them scraped from a worn linen garment the boy found in Mistress Laurie's work basket.

While the kind hearted man was engaged in thus caring for one who had so lately shown himself to be an enemy, Horace was anxiously waiting to ask him if Mr. Barnes would die; and as soon as the bandage was fixed, and the lamp placed back on the stand, shaded so that the light would not shine in the wounded man's eyes, he availed himself of the chance and said,

"Mr. Peters, do you think Mr. Barnes will die? and if he dies, will I be a murderer?"

To this Mr. Peters, after a little thought replied, "I think not; but it was a terrible blow that you struck him. How you could ever have struck such a blow, with such a weapon, I can hardly see. It will go hard with him I expect. Did you not say that he shot at you?"

"Yes," said Horace.

"Well," said his friend, "it was a mercy that he did not hit you with the bullet."

"I think it was that that made me strike so hard. After he shot he jumped forward and kicked at Rover, and slipped when he missed him. I thought quick then, that if he got up again he was so close that he would shoot again and kill me; so I hit him. I'm sorry I hurt him so bad. But I was so excited,—and then I did not know what they wanted, and was afraid they would take some of Mr. Judson's things away; and thought I ought not to let them if I could help it."

"Were you not afraid to open the door, for fear of being hurt?"

"No, I heard Rover and thought that he was in trouble. Besides, when I was in the city I used to like to fight, and when excited I never think about getting hurt myself."

Here Mr. Peters suggested a look into the hall. So Horace took the lamp and the two went into the hall, taking a look at Mr. Barnes first, to see that he was still unconscious. Here under the blanket with which Horace had put out the flame of the burning oil they found the pistol. It was a one barreled one, which accounted for Barnes' failure to shoot the second time. The two then returned to Horace's room, where they sat down to wait the coming of the morn.

In the course of the chat which followed, it occurred to Horace to ask, "How came you to come over here, Mr. Peters?"

To this his friend replied, "I had gone to bed, and had fallen asleep; but how long I had been

asleep I knew not, I woke suddenly, and heard a voice say, 'George, thy friend Horace, needs thee; go thou to him, I rose at once, and dressing as quickly as I could, came just in time to meet the rascal that ran away at the gate. I think it just as well that I did not get here sooner. I am much better pleased that the man is gone, than if he had been hurt, or had hurt one of us.'

As soon as it was beginning to get light, Horace, at Mr. Peters' direction, went for the village doctor, stopping on the way back to tell Mr. Peters' family what detained him.

When the doctor came and had examined the wounded man, he told them that he was quite seriously hurt, but that he would live if properly cared for. He further told them it would not do to remove him, and that his unconscious state would probably terminate in a fever, which would last some time. He advised Mr. Peters to write to Mr. Judson, and let him know all the circumstances, so that he might return if he desired to before the end of his contemplated visit. He still further advised them to acquaint Squire Pullman, of the fact of Mr. Barnes being there. "For," said he, "you know that he must have escaped from prison, or he would not be here."

"I declare," said Mr. Peters, "I had not thought of that. The whole affair was so strange that I did not remember that it was so short a time since he was tried and sentenced." He went immediately down to the Squire's and told the story to him. And he also secured the sympathy and help of Mrs. Pullman who at once volunteered to help take care of the wounded man, until Mr. Judson's return, or they heard from him. She also set about it and sent breakfast up to the farm house for Horace, so that some one could be in attendance all the time.

We leave them with this conclusion agreed to among them, to look after Mr. Barnes until he recovered.

Continued.

REST-HAVEN.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER IX.—THE LOST FOUND.

GRACIE had only fainted, and soon revived to tell them what they had not already learned from Ed's note, of the unfortunate affair. The Dean family were all sitting by the fire in the great warm kitchen where Albert had first carried Gracie, conversing in low, sad tones, when the door was suddenly thrown open and Mrs. Clifford, with a shawl over her head, hurried up to the little group.

"Is Cassy here? Do tell me, has she been here?"

"Cassy? Why, no. We haven't seen her for several weeks," replied Mrs. Dean in surprise.

Mrs. Clifford sank down in a chair and covered her face with her hands, moaning, "Oh! my poor child! My gentle Cassy!"

"When did she go?" queried Gracie, her face as white as the driven snow. For a vague fear had crossed her mind.

Mrs. Clifford dashed away her falling tears. "Some time last night. She went to bed as usual, or went up stairs as if to go to bed, and this morning she was gone. That's all we know about it. We haven't the slightest idea where she could go. And she left no word, not a line, to give us a clue. O, it will kill me, I know it will!" And she rose to depart, refusing to be comforted by the cheering words and hopes of kind-hearted Mrs. Dean.

"O, mamma, mamma!" whispered Grace, "can it be—can it be that?"—then she bowed her head and sobbed.

"What, my dear child? What is it?"

"Can they have gone together? O, mamma, do you think so. The thought is driving me mad." Grace spoke now in a low agonized voice.

"Who?" cried Al. "Cass and Ed? Ha, ha, ha! Why, Queeny, what a little simpleton you are! You always was a regular goose. I don't

wonder Ed. skedaddled. Little peace you gave him."

Mrs. Dean motioned Al. to be still, for Gracie was suffering enough already. But Gracie, who had been roused to jealousy before, now felt confident that Ed. and Cassy had eloped, and insisted on going up stairs to sob out her grief all alone.

Papa Dean was obliged to go to town to attend to Ed's affairs. He came home at the end of a week and reported the business closed, every thing sold according to Gracie's orders, all debts paid and about five hundred dollars left for her. But she was perfectly indifferent to everything save anxiety to hear from Ed.

A letter came from Al. Dean after he went back to college containing the surprising intelligence that, on his way he had stopped at Miles Dean's and there found the missing Cassy, Miles' wife. Grace threw herself into her mother's arms and wept for joy.

"Dear Ed! How I have wronged him. And Cassy! Sweet girl, she is innocent; I might have known it. But, mamma," looking up with blue eyes shining through falling tears, "we ought to let Mrs. Clifford know. She is mourning her heart out over Cassy's strange absence. Papa, won't you send Jake to harness old Kit. I want to drive over and tell her."

"Maybe I shan't return before to-morrow," called back Grace, as old Kit tossed her silver mane and started in a brisk trot over the crisp, white snow. Drawing rein at the farm house, she called Mrs. Clifford out and bade her come with her at once, as she had heard from Cassy and was going in quest of her. Surprised, bewildered and overjoyed, Mrs. Clifford came out in a few moments, bonneted and cloaked for a journey. "Tell them not to look for you till to-morrow," Grace had charged her.

Once on their way, the anxious mother began to question her. But Grace avoided telling her, only that Cassy was well and safe, and she should see her before she slept. Only she must promise to forgive and forget. Mrs. Clifford was ready to promise any thing to see her only daughter again.

But when, just as they arrived at the place, Grace told her that Cassy was married to Miles Dean, Mrs. Clifford came near fainting. But Grace hurried her up the steps and into the parlor, and then went to search for Miles, leaving mother and daughter together. What passed between them we can not tell, but both had been weeping, and there was a softened, loving light in the mother's eye as she and Cassy came into the room where Grace and Miles were, Grace giving him a serious lecture on the rash step he had taken. He turned pale and rose in an agitated manner to greet Cassy's mother, fully expecting the severest censure from her, and feeling that he merited all and more than she could say.

But Mrs. Clifford held out her hand, saying, in a faltering voice, which touched him deeply:

"Miles, you have stolen away my only child, my dear, gentle Cassy. But she assures me she loves you, and I only ask you to treat her kindly, and may God bless you both, and never permit you to know such anguish of heart as her father and I have known in the past week."

Miles pressed her hand and in a broken voice asked pardon, and promised to devote his life to Cassy's happiness.

"But, what ever made you two act so?" broke in Gracie. "Why didn't you woo and wed openly, like ordinary mortals, and not go off in such a way, and break every body's heart?"

Cassy covered her face with her hands and walked from the room.

"There's no one troubled about it but Cassy's people," replied Miles, bluntly. And I didn't think they would take it so hard. I just begin to get my eyes opened now and see what a weak, cowardly fellow I am."

"But," persisted Grace, "why did you run away? It ain't a bit like staid, sensible Cassy. I declare I can't comprehend it at all."

"Why, you see," answered Miles in a subdued

tone, "I have loved Cassy ever so long. And I have been so lonely ever since father and mother died, and I had began to think and consider life earnestly, and feel what a useless, foolish creature I was, and to long for some sympathizing friend to help me, and Cassy seemed to know without my telling this want, and she seemed to be just the one to be a friend and adviser and comfort. But I didn't expect she would,—I scarcely dared ask her, for I knew I wasn't worthy to be her servant. And I was sure her folks would veto the matter if she should consent. So you see I was in a real tremor of doubt and fear. When I told Cassy she said she would go with me at once, without consulting her parents as she was sure they never would look with favor on me. So the only way was to run away, you see."

"No, I don't see," returned Gracie. "You would have been much more sure of their approval if you had faced the music like a man. Bah! how insipid you are, Miles."

Poor Miles bore it all meekly, for he knew he deserved it. And Grace was really forgetting her own trouble for the time, in this new excitement.

"But, Gracie, they never would have given her to me, so I had to take her. But I didn't persuade her. She came without urging. And I am so sorry now. Maybe they'll forgive us. Then it will be all right."

"I don't know," remarked Grace doubtfully. "You have done wrong and the consequence will follow. You know 'tis said:

'For pleasure, for pain, for weal or for woe,
'Tis the law of our being, we reap what we sow.
We may try to evade them, may do what we will,
Our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.
Though life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread that we cast on the waters comes back.'

When Cassy and Grace were alone together, previous to the return of Grace to Rest-haven, Cassy stated that during her thanksgiving visit to Ed. and Grace, and before the affair between her and Miles had gone far, she had consulted Ed. as to the wisdom and propriety, all things considered, of accepting Miles' addresses. She told Grace that she had feared to approach her upon the subject, as she appeared so cold and distant in her manner, and that while Ed. and she were conversing about it, Grace had entered, and their consultation abruptly closed, and was not renewed during her stay.

We have already seen the effect this interview had upon the suspicious and watchful jealousy of Grace at the time it occurred.

As for Miles' hopes of forgiveness and reconciliation on the part of Cassy's parents, he was doomed to disappointment, for her father was not so easily reconciled. He wouldn't acknowledge Miles as a son, and was only civil to Cassy when she came home, which was rather seldom. And the poor girl suffered keenly under the estrangement.

Grace stayed at Rest-haven all winter, moody, silent and so unlike her old lively self, that her parents were really alarmed about her. She ate very little, and grew thin and wan and pale and haggard. Susie Clark came in the spring-time and coaxed her to go home with her.

That evening as they were sitting by the fire, David reading aloud, the two ladies listening, or rather Susie was, for Grace was thinking too busy to listen. She was always thinking, now, when the door was suddenly thrown open and Frank Merrills entered, excited and breathless.

"O, Grace, Grace! He is found at last. Ain't you glad. But then"—He paused suddenly, as she threw up her hands with a faint cry and sank back in her chair, white and gasping.

"Poor girl!" he murmured, as Susie ran to her and bent over to rouse and restore her. "I was too sudden. But I was so glad, and I knew she would be."

"How did you know she was here?" questioned David.

"I saw her in the buggy with Mrs. Clark an hour ago."

"Frank!" called Grace, arousing to life again.

"Frank, where is he? Tell me quickly. O, you don't know how I have suffered!" and she clenched her fingers together tightly, as if to keep back the surging grief that beset her.

"He is in Lyndon, lying very ill, and his landlady by accident discovered a bit of an old letter with my name and address and wrote immediately. He calls himself John Jones, she says. I am going to take the midnight train, and I will report to you at once."

"I'm going, too, Frank. Don't demur. I must. It's my duty. I can not stay away. I should die of suspense waiting."

"Let me go first, and if he needs you I'll send for you," urged Frank, looking dubiously at the then wan face of his sister-in-law.

"I am going now," she replied decisively. And she did go.

Concluded in our next.

1 July 76.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

Correspondence.

St. Louis, May 23, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—It has been some time since I wrote to you. I love to read the *Hope* and I wish that it was published every week, for it seems so long time to wait between its visits; I am greatly interested in the "Items of History," "Rest-haven" and "What is it worth?" and think we should be very grateful to their kind authors. We had a visit, a short time ago, from Br. Blair, and as soon as he left, Br. and Sr. T. W. Smith came and held very good meetings. We enjoyed God's Holy Spirit greatly. I ask you to pray for me that I may remain faithful to the end. From your sister in the gospel,
SARAH BRADSHAW.

WEST BELLEVILLE, Illinois, May 23, 1876.

Dear Editors:—It is with pleasure I once more write to our dear *Hope*. I was baptized and confirmed June 20, 1875, by Br. Joseph E. Betts. I have no other desire but to go on, and I ask an interest in your prayers that I may continue faithful to the end. I love to read the letters in the *Hope*, but do not see any from here. We have a branch and a Sabbath-school. I go to them as often as I can. I remain your sister in the gospel,
ELIZABETH ARCHIBALD.

WEST BELLEVILLE, Ill.

May 23d, 1876.

Dear Brother Joseph:—This is the first time I ever wrote a letter to the *Hopes*. I go to Sunday school and to meeting as often as I can get there. I am eleven years old. I joined the church on the 20th of June 1875. I wish that Brother T. W. Smith, or you, or some other elder would come to Belleville to preach. I like to hear Brother T. W. Smith, he speaks so plainly. I would like to hear him again; and I would like to see you also. Your sister in the gospel,
MARGARET ARCHIBALD.

NEW TRENTON, Ind.,

May 21st, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I have often thought of writing to you, but was afraid I could not write good enough. I am eleven years old. Pa and ma were baptized February 9th 1874; and one of my brothers, and one of my sisters and myself, were baptized June 27th 1875, by Br. B. V. Springer. I love to read the letters from the *Hopes*. Aurilla Wildermuth said she wondered if all the little *Hopes* loved flowers. I love them and have nice times gathering them in the woods near by. I have four brothers and two sisters. Your sister in Christ,
FLORENCE J. CHAPPELOW.

WOODBINE HARRISON Co., Ia.,

June 2nd, 1876.

Dear Little Hopes:—I trust you will pardon this my first attempt to write to you. I delight in God's work; and am happy in obeying his call. I was baptized two years ago for the remission of sins. I love to read your letters, and also the nice stories and good instructions given in our paper. My age is thirteen years, and I begin to think that I ought to do more good. Will you ask God to help me to become more useful? We have no branch here, and there is only one church here, the Methodist. Mamma asked the leaders of that church to permit Br. Caffall to preach in it, but they would not. So mamma bore her testimony to them instead, and Br. C. preached

at Sr. Adams peaceful home. I hope the elders will often visit us, for we feel lonesome.

The potato bugs and grasshoppers are making their appearance in our garden. I hope they will not jump as lively as they did last year in Kansas where they consumed every thing we had. I do not approve of Br. Stebbins' Herald Office call, because I think he will never find time to visit us and teach us things of worth as he did in Atchison; but I will try to be faithful, and I do ask you to pray for me; and let us feel that the ways of God are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace. Let us also make a renewed effort to do something for Zion's bright Hope. From your sister in Christ,
REGINA L. ROHRER.

EDENVILLE, Iowa.

May 25th, 1876.

Dear Little Hopes:—I will write you a few words from Eden. There are but few Saints here, only three families. We have meeting once in four weeks. It seems so long from one meeting to the other that I wish we could meet every Sunday. There is a Union Sunday School here, but there is little enjoyment of the Spirit there for me. I long to see the day when all shall "know the Lord from the least unto the greatest." Edenville is a beautiful village, surrounded with trees. I sometime think it must look something like the garden of Eden, for it's so nice and pleasant here in spring time. How blessed is the promise, that this earth shall all become an Eden. May I be one of those that shall see the day. Your brother,
CURTIS WHITE.

NORTONVILLE, Contra Costa Co., Cal.,

May 29th, 1876.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—We have no Sabbath-school here now, but we have meeting twice every other Sunday. I am nine years old. I send an Anagram to the *Hope*, if you see fit to put it in. I am in the third reader now. I am not a member of the Church yet, but hope that I will soon be. I ask an interest in the prayers of all. Your friend,
MARGARET A. DAVIS.

WEST OAKLAND, California,

May 29th, 1876.

My Dear Little Hopes:—I will try and write a little, although I have never written to you before. Almost a year ago I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, by brother John Roberts. I feel glad that so many are trying to do something in the cause of the little *Hope*, and I am anxious to do something in the cause also. I will close now, asking an interest in your prayers. I remain your sister in Christ,
MARY ROWLANDS.

STARNFIELD, Clinton Co., Mo.,

May 31st, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I have not seen any letters in the *Hope* from this part of the world for some time. The weather is very dry and warm; the farmers seem to think they will not raise any crops; but the Lord knows what is best for the people. Our Conference was held May 13th and 14th, and it was a good one; the Spirit of God made many to rejoice.

Dear Hopes, I desire an interest in your prayers that I may live faithful to the end. May we all be ready when Christ comes. Your sister in Christ,
SARAH A. SUMMERFIELD.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 7.

I am composed of seventeen letters.
My 12, 1, 9, 9, 7, 11, a very useful article.
My 4, 15, 10, a number.
My 16, 4, 2, 5, 7, 6, 9, 3, 16, 1, 9, name of a state.
My 17, 7, 14, 13, 9, what we could not live without.
My 8, 4, 9, an adverb.
My whole is the name of our branch.

SQUARE WORDS.—No. 3.

A boy's nickname. A girl's name. A girl's nickname.

ANAGRAM.—No. 5.

"Ym Dorl ash ende fo seteh wfeolrste agy,"
"Het Prerae idas, dan isdeml;
"Red krosnte of het retha rae hety,
"Ewerh eh saw cone a lehid."

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—No. 2.

Editors of *Zion's Hope*:—While at Plano I saw in the basement the engine and printing press. I took a view of the safety valve on the steam boiler, and judged the dimensions to be as follows: A cast iron ball $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter hung at the distance of 5 inches from the universal end of the lever, with a fulcrum of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and a valve $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. I give it as an arithmetical problem for the *Hopes* to solve, and ask what pressure of steam is there in the boiler when it blows off at the safety valve; also what would be the pressure were the ball to be hung 12 inches distance.
THOS. R. ALLEN.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of June 1.

To Enigma No. 3.—Peter (1 Pet. 1:1); Moroni (B. of C. 110:20); Mormon (Alma 9:7); Noah (Gen. 6:9); Nephites (Jacob 3:2); Timothy (Phil. 1:1); Better (Heb. 6:1); Wine (Eph. 5:18); the whole, Hiram Pet- teys Brown.

Answered by J. W. Wight, S. J. Ballentyne, James Stuart and Harriet Smith.

To Enigma No. 4.—Pacific, Lead, Tornado, Pen. Deer, Ned, Don, London; the whole, Declaration of Independence.

Answered by James Atkinson, Willie France, S. J. Ballentyne, James Stuart and Harriet Smith.

To Anagram No. 3.—

Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with his face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Answered by Laura B. Munns, Wallace N. Robinson, J. W. Wight, S. J. Ballentyne, James Stuart, Harriet Smith and Dora Sellon.

To Square Word No. 1.—

M A R Y
A L O E
R O S A
Y E A R

Answered by James Stuart, J. W. Wight, H. O. Smith and S. J. Ballentyne.

Roland Williams, of Montana, sends answer to Anagram No. 2, in *Hope* of May 15th.

To Arithmetical Puzzle No. 1.—James Stuart and David Archibald have sent answers, but neither gives the one sent by the author, Wm. Bearse. J. Stuart says that the train from Chicago traveled $28\frac{117}{244}$ miles an hour, and the one from Council Bluffs $28\frac{239}{244}$ per hour, each of the time being under W. B's. solution of the time. D. Archibald says that the slow train averaged a mile in 2 minutes $29\frac{2}{3}$ seconds, and the fast train a mile in 2 minutes $4\frac{2}{3}$ seconds, with a fraction left over in each case.

SOMETHING YOU CAN DO.

TO THOSE THAT ARE CALLED,

If you cannot speak like angels,

If you cannot preach like Paul,

You can tell the love of Jesus,

You can say he died for all.

If you cannot rouse the wicked

With the judgment's dread alarms,

You can lead the little children

To the Savior's waiting arms.

Let none hear you idly saying

"There is nothing I can do."

While the sons of men are dying,

And the Master calls for you.

Take the task he gives you, gladly;

Let His work your pleasure be,

When He calleth, answer quickly

"Here am I, send me, send me."

Selected by EMMA A. CHAPPELOW.

Some anonymous articles and selections have been sent in, and others have not given full name, only initials. We beg leave to call attention to the past rule, that of not publishing anything unless we have full name and address of the writer or one making the selection; notwithstanding such initial or *nom de plume* may be signed to the article as the writer may choose.

We thank the two who sent copies of the missing numbers requested by us. It was a kind favor.

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

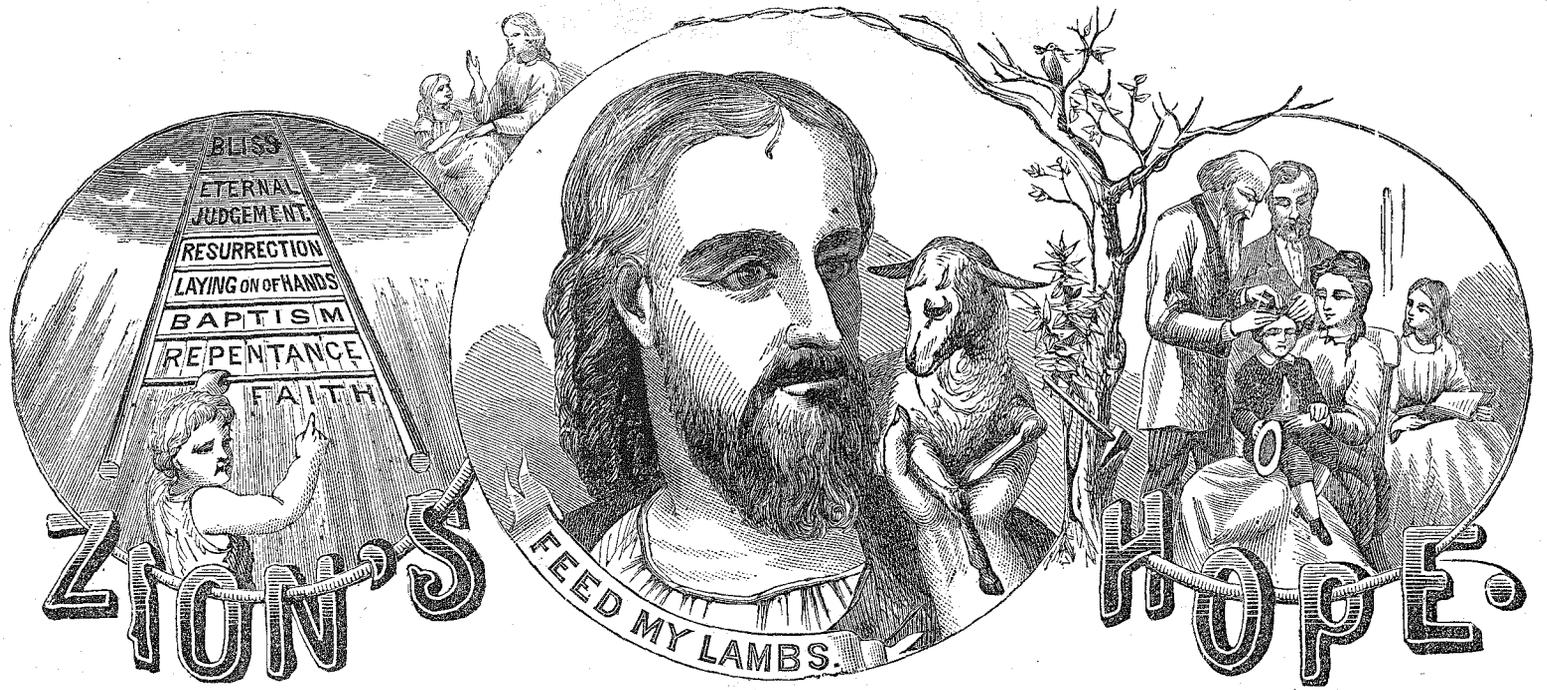
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

Vol. 8.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JULY 15, 1876.

No. 2.

GETTING EVEN.

"**I** AM tired of being badgered!" said Johnny Eaton, suddenly looking up from the old rope he was trying to strengthen. "And it seems as if the more tired I am, the more I get. I wish I could get so I don't care, but I can't, and that's the whole of it."

"What's the matter now?" asked his mother. "O, the boys make fun of my sled, because I made it myself—it looks sort of lumbering, and ain't painted, you know, but it can beat their's any day in the week. I shouldn't wonder if that's what ails 'em. Boy's don't like to be beat." And Johnny's voice dropped reflectively as he revealed this bit of truth, then rose again as he continued. "I could tell 'em just what's the matter with their old bought things, too, if they treated me half way decent. Paint and pictures don't make fast sleds; but they can find it out for themselves—I won't tell them. I guess they'll get some up with—" and Johnny shook his curly head vengefully.

"Can't you think of a better way than that of 'coming up' with them?" asked Mrs. Eaton, gently—"a way you would enjoy more?"

Johnny looked up in wonder.

"Why—no! You wouldn't have me play any tricks on 'em? That would be mean! and, besides, I wouldn't enjoy it at all. I feel small now sometimes, when I get to the foot of the hill way ahead of 'em, and know that in two minutes I could fix things so they'd have a show. They don't have a bit now."

"Exactly!" said his mother. "That is just what I thought. None of us are comfortable when we are returning evil for evil."

Johnny's face was a mystified one, but she went on without noticing.

"Now, suppose that the next time you go out on the hill, instead of starting off and leaving them away behind, vexed and ashamed, you should tell them just what is the reason their sleighs are so much slower than yours."

"What!" Johnny's voice was an astonished one. "Tell Bill Ellis, and Fred Magee, and Tom Loring just what ails their sleds, when they badger me so? Why that's the only way I have of getting even with 'em."

"But wouldn't you feel better, if you were no longer burdened with the selfish secret?"

"Why, yes! But then they'd feel better too."

"Of course! There is nothing uneven about that, is there?"

John's eyes opened a little wider. He began to comprehend.

"You see, Johnny, there are different ways of

'getting even.' I think Christ's way is best. He makes everybody as happy as possible, and then is happy in their kindness."

And then Mrs. Eaton walked from the small sitting-room into the smaller kitchen, judging wisely that Johnny's busy little mind would be just then better alone.

That afternoon the boys gathered in crowds at the top of the town hill.

"I hope Johnny Eaton will stay at home," said Bill Ellis. "He's such a conceited little popinjay, there's no getting along with him. He manages to make that old ark of his go; but he does it in such a pompous way, there's no fun in watching him."

"I don't think he's exactly 'pompous,'" said Tom Loring. "But I hope he won't show off to-day. There's no fun in sliding down hill, when somebody can do it twice to your once. With such a rickety old sled as he has, too; I tell you, fellows, it's rough."

"Let's turn him off the ground," said Fred Magee, whose father was a country judge, and whose sled was the handsomest on the hill. "There's enough of us here to do it, and, as you say, Tom, there's no fun in sliding against such luck as his."

Just then Johnny, sled in hand, came panting to the top.

"I say, boys," he commenced, before any of the crowd could speak, "let's have a real good, square race. I'll show you how to fix your sleds so they'll go every bit as fast as mine, may be faster, because they're not so lumbering, and we'll have a jolly afternoon."

All the boys gathered round to receive the desired instruction, and, after some little tinkering, two of the sleds were pronounced in racing order.

"I'll go first!" said Bill Magee. "And you fellows time me, to see if there's any difference." Bill was rather suspicious, if the truth must be told.

With a "one, two, three!" Bill threw his sled upon the hard-pressed snow, and started on the trial trip. There was no need of timing; the improvement was too manifest to be doubted for a moment.

"You're a brick, Johnny Eaton!" said Bill, slapping him cordially on the shoulder.

"That's so!" echoed the other boys with one accord.

Johny did not say much in reply—the success of his experiment had been too great; but his comrades understood his silence, so it was just as well.

Mrs. Eaton looked up anxiously as he entered

the house that night, then smiled as she saw his flushed, happy face.

"Oh, mother," he began eagerly, "such a grand time as I've had! Those fellows are just splendid, and I thought they were awful prigs. I don't see how I ever made such a mistake;" then, more gently, "Your way of getting even is the best."

"Not mine," said his mother—"Christ's way."

—*Congregationalist.*

LETTER FROM "PERLA."

Dear Hopes, little and big, I have closed "Rest-haven," fearing I may weary some with too long a story; yet there was much more that I wished to say about the people of Rest-haven.

One little girl said in a letter to the *Hope*, that she liked to read Rest-haven, but her big brother said it was just like a novel. We beg leave to differ, for, although it may resemble a novel in style and coloring, yet it differs from most novels in the fact that it has many moral lessons interwoven among the life-scenes and pen-pictures it combines. Moral lessons are what we all need to learn, for they are as much a part of religion as faith and virtue, repentance and baptism. My gift, if I have any, lies in this direction,—teaching easy and necessary lessons of morality in story form. Some more gifted and blessed with five or ten talents, disapprove of this and advise me rather to be silent.

Must I then bury my half talent? If I can not instruct and benefit as well as amuse, I had *best* be silent. I don't expect to do a large amount of good. Those who have more wisdom can do much; while I, may only do little. And, if permitted, I may tell you more of Al. and Frank, Barbara and Josephine, little Rose Merrills and Johnny Clark.

With the interest of the young dearest to my heart, I ask your prayers and remain now as ever, your sincere and earnest friend, PERLA WILD.

[We shall be glad to receive from "Perla" just what her talent may offer; and, until those who are inclined to find fault with the style and speculative character of the stories in which she presents the morals she wishes to teach, furnish us with something better to replace what they wish kept out, we shall publish what we receive, if available.]—Eds.

ITEMS OF HISTORY, No. 13.

AFTER Joseph returned to Pennsylvania, as contemplated at the close of the former number; Oliver Cowdery set about the work of transcribing the manuscript preparatory

for printing, all of which went on very well for a season. But clouds arose and persecution set in again. An attempt was made by the rabble, and a party of restless religionists, to put a stop to the printing of the book; and in order to accomplish their designs they called a secret council, in which they expressed their fears in reference to the Book of Mormon and the influence it might wield in breaking down the power of their particular creeds. But being overheard by a young man by the name of Robinson, a printer, who was at work in an office adjoining to where the council was held, and who proved to be a friend to the work, their plans which were after the following order, were exposed and rendered unavailing.

Three of the company designated were to go to the house of Joseph Smith, Sen., and in a friendly manner, get "Aunt Lucy" Smith, Joseph's mother to read some portion of the manuscript to them, they professing an honest desire to learn more about it than could be obtained from public rumor—and after having succeeded in this, two of them were to divert Mrs. Smith's attention to something else—and the other was to seize upon the manuscript, and thrust it into the fire, and thus according to their plans put a stop to the publication of the book, which, though unknown as to its *real* contents, had excited so much fear in their minds. The custodians of the MSS., being forewarned, they were forearmed—or prepared for the reception of the committee whom they dismissed, after an informal interview, with a hearty disappointment, after having given them an outline of the contents of the Book, to which they listened with much apparent interest.

Seeing they were thwarted in obtaining the manuscript, they, however, before leaving the house made an attempt in an other direction to ingratiate themselves with Mrs. Smith, by referring to her and her family's long connection with their church and the *high esteem* (?) in which they held them, and tried to dissuade her from the course she was pursuing, and from a further advocacy of the work in which Joseph was engaged. But she reiterated her faith in it and avowed her determination of constancy to it, and God who ordained it, even unto death. After which they "bade her farewell, and went out to see Hyrum, when the following conversation took place between them.

Deacon Beckwith. 'Mr. Smith, do you not think that you may be deceived about that Record, which your brother pretends to have found.'

Hyrum. 'No, sir, I do not.'

Deacon Beckwith. 'Well now, Mr. Smith, if you find that you are deceived, and that he has not got the Record, will you confess the fact to me?'

Hyrum. 'Will you, Deacon Beckwith, take one of the books, when they are printed, and read it, asking God to give you an evidence that you may know whether it is true?'

Deacon Beckwith. 'I think it beneath me to take so much trouble, however, if you will promise that you will confess to me that Joseph never had the plates, I will ask for a witness whether the book is true.'

Hyrum. 'I will tell you what I will do. Mr. Beckwith, if you do get a testimony from God that the book is not true, I will confess to you that it is not true.'

Upon this they parted, and the Deacon next went to Samuel, (Smith), who quoted to him, Isaiah 56, 9-11. 'All ye beasts of the field, come to devour; yea, all ye beasts in the forest. His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber; yea they are greedy dogs, which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter.'

Here Samuel ended his quotation, and the three gentlemen left without ceremony.

The work of printing still continued with little or no interruption for some time, when all at once,

one Sunday afternoon, Hyrum became very uneasy respecting the security of the work left at the printing office, and so strong were his apprehensions, that he and Oliver proceeded to the office to look after it. Upon arriving there they found one Mr. Cole, an ex-justice of the peace, engaged in printing a newspaper. Hyrum was surprised at finding him there, and upon inquiry as to *why* he was there, "Mr. Cole replied, that he could not have the press, in day time through the week, and was obliged to do his printing at night, and on Sundays."

Hyrum, upon reading the prospectus of his paper, found that he had agreed with his subscribers, to furnish one form of "Joe Smith's Golden Bible" each week, and thereby furnish them with the principal portion of the book, "without their having to pay the Smiths for it. His paper was entitled, DOGBERRY PAPER ON WINTER HILL:" In which he published disgusting prose and most low-lived doggerel, in juxtaposition with portions of the Book of Mormon. Hyrum forbid the publication of any more of the book in his paper; at that Mr. Cole became enraged, swore he would publish it any how, and would not be dissuaded from his purpose. He had already issued six numbers and taken them quite a distance into the country to circulate them, in order to keep the knowledge of them from the Smith family.

It was considered best to acquaint Joseph at once, with the facts in the case; so his father set out for Pennsylvania after him, the entire trip requiring near a week's time; the weather, too, was extremely cold, so "that they came near perishing before reaching home.

Upon his arrival Joseph visited Mr. Cole, examined his "DOGBERRY PAPER," and forbid his further meddling with the book, on the grounds that it, and the copy right, was his.

At this Mr. Cole, as at Hyrum, became angry, indeed, he became enraged, threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and approached Joseph, smacking his fists together with vengeance, and roaring out, "Do you want to fight? I will publish just what I please. Now, if you want to fight, just come on."

Joseph smiled at his grotesque appearance, and said, "Mr. Cole you had better keep your coat on—it is cold, and I am not going to fight you; nevertheless, I assure you sir, that you have got to stop printing my book, for I know my rights, and shall maintain them." At this the wrathful gentleman(?) again wanted to fight. But Joseph in a low significant tone directed his attention to the "arm of the law," reminding him at the same time of its strength, with the solemn assurance that it would be used upon him unless he stopped meddling with the Book of Mormon. This proved a potent argument, and Mr. Cole in the compromise, dropped all further interference with his "DOGBERRY PAPER." This settled; peace once more hovered over the Smith family, and the great work in which they were engaged.

But, as "ignis fatuus, are continually rising in certain seasons, from malarious swamps, one here and another there, so troubles for Joseph and his family were continually rising out of the disordered state of the public mind. For, soon after his return to Pennsylvania, directly subsequent to the trouble with Mr. Cole—the people in the surrounding country perceiving that the work still prospered, became fearful of its ultimate success, and "called a large meeting, * * and organized themselves into a committee of the whole" and resolved as at a former meeting or "council" to "never purchase one of the books." After which they appointed a committee to wait on Mr. E. B. Grandin, and inform him of their resolutions, and persuade him of the necessity of stopping the printing of the book, on the grounds that they would not purchase them if printed and that he never would get his pay for printing them, except from the sale of them, as the Smiths "had nothing to pay him with; except as they might obtain it from the sale of the book. With such

arguments Mr. Grandin, was induced to stop the work of printing; and Joseph had to be sent for again. Upon his arrival, he and Martin Harris, visited Mr. Grandin and succeeded in removing his fears; so that the work of printing went on to its completion, which was in the spring of eighteen hundred and thirty. *Joseph Smith the Prophet*, pages 143 to 151.

Continued.

REST-HAVEN.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER X.—CONCLUSION.

"TAKE me to Rest-haven; take me to Rest-haven," murmured Edwin Merrills, constantly. But the kind-hearted strangers who nursed him in his illness, who knew him as George Grey, had no idea where Rest-haven might be; for he had never told them of himself or his past life.

When the pretty, pale lady with the great sad amber eyes and the golden hair came and bent over him, with clasped, white hands and quivering lips, and never a word or sob to express the terrible anguish that filled her bosom; and the handsome youth, whose sweet, tender glance and tear-filled eyes, bespoke his great love and anxiety; then the stranger friends who had taken so kindly an interest in Ed., knew that he had true, loving ones to care for him. And when Grace and Frank departed with their wan, pallid invalid, the friends were both glad and sorry. Glad that he was going to the Rest-haven he had so long pined for; sorry to part with those who had become so dear to them.

Once arrived at Rest-haven, Ed. sank into a relapse, and the poor stricken wife, who had so hoped he would rally, saw with anguish, that he gradually grew worse, day by day. The crisis came. He lay for days, hovering over the edge of the tomb, and then the God of mercy listened to the prayers that unceasingly filled His ears, and touched the poor sufferer with the healing finger of His power, and he was saved to those that loved him. But he never went away from Rest-haven. Dear old mother Dean bowed to the summons of the sable-winged angel of death, and passed peacefully onward and upward to the Rest-haven we all hope to attain,—our Father's peaceful mansion of bliss. Then Grace was needed to supervise the great farm establishment. And Ed., strong and hearty again, by Mr. Dean's request, took the farm in charge, and proved a capital manager. Father Dean was too old to work much, and didn't want so much care on his mind. Indeed he was sadly broken down and dispirited since his wife's death, and by Grace's earnest persuasion he was induced to go east on a trip, partly pleasure, partly business. Enough of the latter to distract his mind from dwelling too constantly on his sorrow. Albert Dean was at school yet. This was his last year, and he hoped to graduate with honors. Frank Merrills had finished his collegiate course, and was a thorough scholar, and had invested the means, left him by his late father, in the mercantile business in conjunction with Mr. Taylor, who was still behind the counter. So the firm of Merrills & Taylor again flourished. And Josephine Taylor, a pretty, sparkling little miss of fifteen, looked up to Frank as an elder brother, and trusted in him as a sage adviser often times when she was at a loss to know right from wrong—duty from inclination. And he was a safe confidant. A true friend. Josie had learned to love and reverence Mamma Marie, and the household was a most peaceful, happy and interesting one. One more brief, lovely scene, and we will bid adieu, for the present at least to Rest-haven and its varied characters.

The scene is the little white church that is seen glittering spotless and pure as the gospel to which it is dedicated, through the green trees that skirt the carriage way, as you stand at the parlor window of Rest-haven. The time is the month of roses. The occasion is a church service, more

especially for the purpose of blessing and naming a tiny girl baby who lies sweetly, smilingly unconscious of everything save the supreme joy of living,—in its happy young mother's arms, while the proud father looks tenderly down on both with delight ineffable in his heart and on his countenance. Gracie is the pretty young mother. Ed. the proud and happy father. Father Dean is there, once more recovered to his usual health, but sadder and more stooping than before. Al. Dean, a teacher of ability, sits beside Josie Taylor. The rest of the Taylors are present also. Just behind them are the Clarks, little four-year-old Johnny weary and restive at being obliged to keep quiet for half an hour, his bright black eyes wandering constantly to the waving trees in whose branches swayed the singing birds at the windows, and with the true and healthful instinct of childhood, longing to be out. The Cliffords were there too. And Miles and Cassy, a happy, cozy couple, for Miles had, through sweet Cassy's influence, become a pretty good, worthy kind of a man. And he loved her with a devotion akin to worship. And she would have been happy but for the consciousness that her father was not reconciled to the match. And Frank Merrills and little Barbara, almost a young lady now, but sweet tempered and generous as ever, sat just behind Grace and Ed.

Many more were present. The little church was full, but we can not mention all if we would.

The services are short, fervent and impressive. At the close Ed. comes forward with the precious little bundle, all laces and muslins and blue eyes and pink fists, and lays it tenderly in the arms of the handsome young minister. He smiles as he repeats the pretty, expressive name Ed. gives him—Rose Mary—and humbly, but earnestly, invoked the choicest of heaven's blessings upon the tiny bud of promise he holds so carefully in his embrace.

Mr. Richmond gave the infant back to the waiting father, remarking in a low prophetic tone, "A stormy, wayward nature, gifted of God, yet struggling continually to keep down passionate human nature. A checkered life, but one that will end as it begun in a Rest-haven of peace." "God grant all may be well with our darling," murmured the father in response.

Little Johnny Clark sprang up the moment the minister returned the child to its father and exclaimed in his sweet, clear, childish voice, "I'm glad 'at man's got done preachin' to 'at baby. I'm tired of it. It's awful hot in here. I want to go out doors."

Susie tried in vain to quiet the wayward boy. He would have his say out, and so clearly and distinctly that every one could hear him. And was very sulky at being obliged to keep silent while the closing was going on. As Mr. Richmond, the young minister, passed in going out, he pulled one of Johnny's jetty curls, and remarked smilingly: "So you got tired of it, did you, my little man?"

"Yes, I did. And if it was my folks' baby I wouldn't let you name it 'at. Rosemary is nuffin' but a green plant 'at smells nice. 'Taint any body's name."

Mr. Richmond laughed. "True, my little one. But Rose is the very pretty name of a very sweet flower. And Mary was a very good woman, the mother of Christ, who loves all little children. Rose Mary is a very sweet, pretty name, I think."

"Well, I don't," replied Johnny, pulling nervously at his boot buckle. "And I wish you hadn't called it 'at."

"Hush, hush! Johnny;" again remonstrated Susie. But the minister said:

"Let him talk. I like to hear people, big or little, express their minds candidly. But, Johnny, I didn't give it the name. I only called it what its father told me."

"O!" returned Johnny.

Just then the Deans came up to take them all home to the grand christening dinner to be given that day at Rest-haven.

THE END.

SAFETY.

"And as it was in the days of Noah so shall it be in the days of the son of man."—Luke 17: 26.

God said to Noah, "Build an ark, and thee and thine I'll save;
And all who will not turn to me, shall find a watery grave;
For my cup of wrath is full. They shall die; They shall die;
For my cup of wrath is full, and their end it draweth nigh."

He built the ark of gopher wood, and then he entered in,
God shut the door, and then he cleansed the world from all its sin;
Then the rain it ceased to fall, and the flood rolled away
And the glory of our God shone around them day by day.

And as it was when Noah lived, before the world was drowned,
It will be, when the Saviour comes, in a like condition found.
Then the trump of God shall sound, and the just shall arise,
And our voices loud shall sound, when we meet him in the skies.

God will cleanse the earth with fire, from its polluted state;
Sinners will cry for mercy then, but the cry will be too late;
For his cup of wrath is full, only just are their fears,
They shall lie within their graves through the great, great thousand years.

M. B. WILLIAMS.

WHAT IS IT WORTH.

CHAPTER XV.

THE news of Mrs. Pullman's defection from the village church spread rapidly. The new presiding elder appointed to fill the place of Rev. Hughes, who had been so suddenly called to die while at his post in the quarterly meeting, was a very different man from either his predecessor, or Rev. Lovegrace. His manner was harsh and dictatorial; his speech that of a man very much in earnest, but impatient; his voice was strong and imperious in tone, rather authoritative than conciliatory. He was large in stature, a little stoop shouldered; his hair sandy, his eyes black. He was called a man of talent, and had become noted as a debater in his church connection, having defended the tenets of the church to which he belonged several times quite successfully. He had anxiously sought the place of presiding elder for some time, and his friends had assisted him to the preferment, so that when Mr. Hughes was removed by death he had been chosen. His name was Brazzleby.

When he heard of the trouble among his brethren, at Perkin's Corners, he was considerably nettled, and boldly avowed his intention of putting a quick stop to any further encroachment by "those fanatical pretenders," as he called elders Green and Jones. So, in the course of time, he came to the village to look after the matter. This happened at the time Mr. Barnes lay sick at Mr. Judson's house. The first visit which Rev. Brazzleby made after he arrived in the village and was comfortably settled at the pastor's house, was to the office of Squire Pullman to talk with him about the affair. Upon entering the office he found the Squire in close consultation with one or two citizens of the village; so taking a paper from the table he waited an opportunity to speak. He did not wait long, for the business, whatever it was, was soon done and the villagers went out, one of them pausing at the door, turning half around and touching his cap to the presiding elder, looking him over with one quick, comprehensive glance.

Mr. Brazzleby looked annoyed, colored, but bowed politely, as the two passed out. He then turned to the Squire and said, "Squire Pullman, I believe." The Squire bowed and said, "Yes, sir, at your service."

The elder then introduced himself and stated his

object in calling. The Squire invited him to be seated, and sitting down waited for the other to begin.

The elder then briefly told what he had heard and asked whether the Squire had any objection to his seeing his wife and talking with her on the subject of her delusion; "For," said he, "I consider that she is grossly deceived."

The Squire replied that he had not the least objection; that he was quite willing that the reverend gentleman should take whatever steps he deemed proper to reclaim Mrs. Pullman from what he had called a delusion; but, "Will you," said the Squire, "please tell me in what she is deceived; for I also have had some serious thoughts of joining with the people with whom my wife is associated in worship. If she is deceived, I may be also; and if you can point out wherein the error lies and she deluded, it will be a service to us both." He continued by saying, "Mrs. Pullman is absent from home just now in attendance upon the sick, but if you please to call at my house this evening, we will be glad to listen to you."

Rev. Brazzleby, surprised and pleased at securing a hearing so easily, at once agreed to call, and after a few words on general topics the two men separated.

The man who had touched his cap to the new presiding elder in the door of the Squire's office, was our little friend Mr. Peters, who with the constable of the village was consulting with the Squire in regard to Mr. Barnes. After leaving the office the constable went to his home, and Mr. Peters went to Mr. Judson's. There he found Mrs. Pullman and Mrs. True's daughter, Lizzie, who were trying to make the sick and unconscious man comfortable. Stopping Mrs. Pullman at the foot of the stairway Mr. Peters said to her, "The presiding elder, Mr. Brazzleby, has come. I saw him at the office of your husband, and you may depend upon it, he will try to win you back to his church; and you will find him a different man from either Mr. Hughes, or Lovegrace. Mr. Hughes was a good man, and of kindly feeling; this man is ambitious, and his ambition is making him cruel, and I fear unscrupulous. He will certainly visit you."

"To this she replied, "I hope that he will present a better defense of his cause than did my former pastor. I was sorely mortified then; and I do not wish to be so hurt again. I shall treat him well. How do you know, that it is he whom you saw in the office? Have you any acquaintance with him?"

"No, not particularly. I saw him once before, and I seldom forget a face."

The two went up the stairway together; Mr. Peters answering the lady's question, What was to be done with Mr. Barnes? on the way.

It was decided to wait the return of Mr. Judson; the doctor having assured them that it would be some days before Mr. Barnes would be able to be up and around so that anything could be done with him.

When Mrs. Pullman returned home, she found that Mr. Peters had guessed correctly. Her husband informed her of the visit of the presiding elder of his object in coming, and of the appointment for the evening. He further asked her if she wished him to be present during the conversation, "For," said he, "as it is for your own act and hopes that you answer, if you think you would not care that any others should hear your defense, I will make an errand to the village store, and leave you to answer alone."

"No, Henry," replied his wife, "I prefer that you remain. My defense, is the defense of all others similarly situated, I am not ashamed of my acts in the matter, so far, and I think I would feel more at home in conversing with elder Brazzleby, if you were present."

"Why!" exclaimed the Squire, "how do you know his name? I did not tell you."

"No, but Mr. Peters did. He saw him in your office; and having seen him once before, it seems that he remembered him. He told me, also, that

I might expect a visit from him; as he would try to get me to go back to the village church."

"That is strange," mused the Squire, as his wife left him and busied herself about the evening meal. "How should Peters know anything about what Brazzleby intended to do. He hit strangely correct in this instance at any rate. He is a singular man any way; one might have thought that Barnes was a relative of his, he spoke so feelingly about him, while we were consulting what it was best to do about his escape from the jail"—then, as if his thought had received a sudden check—"This man Brazzleby is reputed to be a very able and smart man. He certainly means to turn my wife's mind away from her present convictions if he can. Well, if she is in error, I hope he will succeed in showing it to her. That would save her and me too;—I feel very strangely over it." He seemed to stop thinking of it, for he drew out of his pocket the weekly paper and began to read it.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

15 July 76.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

MY NEW NAME.

What shall my new name be?

What shall it be, I wonder?

In the jasper light of that city so bright,

That beautiful city up yonder?

We call them all angels up there,

As they across the dark river gather;

But how are they known as they stand round the throne,

To each other and to our dear Father?

When I shall at last overcome,

And eat of the blest hidden manna;

When the white stone is mine, with its impress divine,

And I join in the heavenly Hosanna;

When I meet with the dear ones I love,

And we tell o'er the sweet sacred story;

When old friends clasp hands, in those love lighted lands,

What name will be mine up in glory?

I know 'twill be precious and fair;

I know 'twill be gentle and tender,

For the dear lips of love, that speak up above,

No other could utter or render.

Selected by LELLIA ALLEN.

THE LOVE OF A BIG BOY FOR HIS MOTHER.

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 pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant to his mother, saying plainly to everybody 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 boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the big boy who is a lover of his mother at middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in the sere-leaf autumn as he did in the daisied spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy to his mother.—*Beriah Green*

SWEARING.

WHAT is the use of swearing? I answer, there is no use. It is nothing but a foolish habit, and it can be easily overcome. Why then, do so many indulge in this habit? I have even heard parents, that would swear; yet,

if their children should use such habits (and of course they will) they would get a scolding, or perhaps, a whipping. I would ask, Would it not be better, and much wiser, for the parents to leave off this habit, and teach their children to do right, than to keep up the habit and send themselves, and perhaps their children to endless ruin? You will answer, Yes. Then let us never make use of such a habit, but let us strive to shun those who do make use of it.

SARAH J. BALLENTYNE.

Correspondence.

PLATTSBURG, Clinton Co., Mo.,
May the 31st, 1876.

Dear Hope:—I was baptised May 21 1876, by Br. Summerfield. I am staying with them awhile. Pray that I may stand true to the cause, and that my father and brothers may hear and obey the same. Your sister in Christ.

MARY F. SMITH.

LLOYD, Wisconsin, June 1st, 1876.

Dear Hope:—I am fourteen years of age. My mother is dead and I have a step-mother. I have lived with my grand-ma since my mother's death. As ever your true friend,

CORA I. WILDERMUTH.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., June 2, 1876.

Br. Joseph:—We have a large branch here and we have good meetings and enjoy the Spirit of God in our midst. I want to live as a saint ought to live and to be worthy of God's blessings. Yours in the gospel,

CHARLES BISHOP.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., June 2d, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure I write a few lines this morning. We have meetings every Sunday and Wednesday evening. I have been a member of the Church four years, and my determination is to serve God to the best of my understanding. I love the work and rejoice in its progress continually. My prayer is that it may have a glorious triumph. Your sister in the gospel,

ANNA H. NIELSEN.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa June 5th, 1876.

Dear Editors of the *Hope*:—The *Hope* for June 1st arrived Sunday May 28th, I think it a very interesting number; For, besides the good stories and letters, I am glad to see so much interest taken in the "Puzzle Corner;" and I thought I would do all I could to encourage it by endeavoring to answer them. I send the result attained. I do not know that they are all answered correctly but I did the best I could. Your brother in Christ,

JAMES STUART.

GOOD INTENT, Kan., June 10th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I have never written to the *Hope* before, and I will write a few lines this afternoon. I have often attempted to write, but never sent, for I thought my words not worthy a place in our dear paper. Dear Hopes, how much I would like to see and know all of you, but I trust that we shall all meet sometime, and live together in love and peace. Let us not be weary in well doing, but let us press onward in this cause. Pray for me that I may live more humble and faithful. With love to all, your sister in Christ,

LILLIE MUNNS.

AGENCY, Mo., June 23d, 1876.

Dear Br. Joseph:—We cant get to meeting very often, because we have nine or ten miles to go. I have been a member of the church for three years, I hope we will all be prepared when Jesus gathers his people, and that he will bless us unto the end. Your sister in Christ,

EMILIE BEAR.

RENICK, Mo., June 13th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I was baptised May 4th 1873, and I am trying to serve God by keeping his commandments. We have no branch here, nor Sunday school. I ask an interest in your prayers that I may prove faithful to the end,

DAVID ARCHIBALD.

NEW MARION, Ind., June 29th, 1876.

Dear Hope:—Seeing letters from nearly all other states and not many from Indiana I thought to write a few lines about the saints in this part. Olive branch was organized about one year ago with twelve members; three have joined since making us all fifteen. We have a good Sabbath school, and meet every Sunday at three o'clock. After then we have prayer and testimony meeting. On the third, fourth, and fifth of this month I was at conference at Union branch. We had a season long to be remembered. The people generally are hard against the latter day work here. They seem to love the teachings of men more then those of God. We have no preaching here now, and opt not to have until after conference. I desire to live faithful that I may meet you all by and by. Your sister,

MILLIE A. CAMREN.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 8.

I am composed of 77 letters.

My 14, 6, 25, 36, 35, 39, 9, name of a sea.

My 2, 10, 67, 4, 7, 1, 19, name of a country in Europe.

My 56, 11, 33, 15, 5, a cape in Europe.

My 27, 62, 12, 50, 13, are Islands in the Artic Ocean.

My 22, 58, 1, 40, 69, 18, 60, 7, 51, 3, a town in Asia.

My 81, 16, 46, 35, 10, 14, 34, 17, 50, a town in Africa.

My 21, 2, 76, 26, 63, 23, 64 11, 51, 3, 9, 46, 26, 42, 29, a poet.

My 14, 17, 58, 7, 38, 8, 20, 48, 24, 67, a cape in Mexico.

My 14, 32, 62, 66, 4, 69, 43, 17, 50, 14, 49, 28, 30, a river.

My 15, 33, 37, 70, 2, 53, 19, 9 67, 41, 47, a city in the U. S.

My 9, 4, 54, 55, 71, 57, 45, 62, are Islands in the Atlantic.

My 52, 59, 17, 58, 52, 61, 66, 50, 56, 18, a city in the U. S.

My 56, 68, 65, 73, 74, 44, 45, 52, a city in the U. S.

My 14, 72, 75, 25, 37, 1, 14, 17, 15, 5, 6, a city in the U. S.

My whole is a saying of our Savior.

H. C. SMITH.

PUZZLE.—No. 1.

"Hark to Nature's lesson, given

Heaven of birds blessed the by!

Every bush and tufted tree

Philosophy sweet warbles:

'Mortals, fly from doubt and sorrow;

Morrow the for provideth God.'

S. J. B.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—No. 3.

What velocity would need to be given to a cannon ball, in a horizontal direction, that it may circulate around the earth like a planet, supposing the resistance of the air to be destroyed; allowing 16½ feet to be the distance that a heavy body falls in a second of time: and that the earth's rotundity is such that it falls from the horizontal 8 inches to a mile.

W. BEARSE.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of June 15.

To Enigma No. 5.—Flutina, Greengage, Lena, Flinder, Nerbudda, Baroda, Etna, Ispahan, Paris, Teheran, Blair, Henlopen, Euphrates, Lyons.—Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Answered by James Stuart, Fred. C. Molyneaux, John W. Wight, James Atkinson and Jane A. Carmichael.

To Enigma (Crossword) No. 6.—Joseph Smith. Answered by Silas D. Hevener, James Atkinson, J. W. Wight, S. J. Ballentyne, F. C. Molyneaux, Harriet Smith, Mollie Hilliard, James Stuart, Dora Sellon, Emily Page and Jane A. Carmichael.

To Anagram No. 4.—

The saints are scattered to and fro,

Through all the earth abroad;

The gospel's trump again will blow,

And then behold their God.

Rejoice, ye servants of our God,

Who to the end endure;

Rejoice, for great is your reward,

And your defense is sure. F. RUSSELL.

Answered by Jennie H. Robinson, Clara A. Leonard, Silas D. Hevener, Minnie Muetze, Mary E. McGuire, John W. Wight, Sarah J. Ballentyne, Fred C. Molyneaux, Harriet Smith, Mollie Hilliard, James Stuart, James Atkinson, Dora Sellon, Edward Chapman, Millie A. Camren, Emily Page and Jane A. Carmichael.

To Arithmetical Puzzle No. 1.—Mary Allen says one train traveled 35 miles per hour, and the other 26 miles per hour. As none have given the answer sent by the propounder, we here present it without further delay. He says one went 29 1-11, and the other 24 8-33 miles per hour.

To Square Words No. 2.—Ten, Ere, Net.

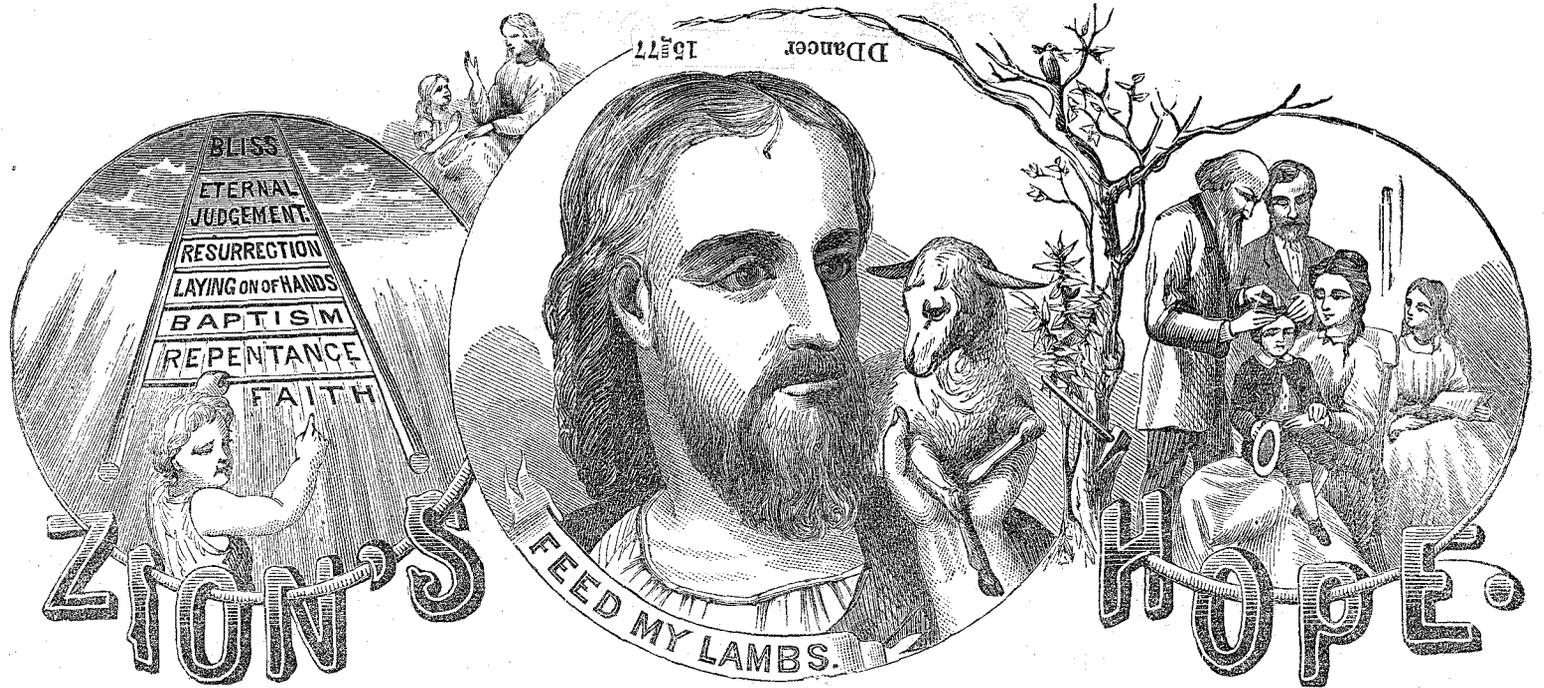
Answered by S. J. Ballentyne, J. W. Wight, James Atkinson and Harriet Smith; incorrectly by Silas D. Hevener, and middle word wrong by James Stuart and Jane A. Carmichael.

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

GRANDPA'S FAVORITE.

IN a small village in one of our western states, dwelt two brothers, Edwin and William Hall by name. Their father, one of those peculiar men, who think every man that has a will has the ability to make a fortune for himself, gave his sons a fair start in life with a request to go and make a fortune as he had done. So, for the purpose of getting rich they came west; and they had succeeded so well that both had pleasant homes and were quite prosperous merchants; while their father, in his far off eastern home, they knew to be wealthy.

Strange as it may seem, neither of the men had ever taken their wives to see their father, although they had been to see him twice since leaving home; so it caused no little excitement when the old gentleman wrote that now as he was entirely alone he was coming west to live with his sons, and to see his daughters and grandchildren, that he would be there almost as soon as the letter.

"Ah," said Edwin, looking at his three hopefuls, whom he knew to be rather noisy, "my father is very old, and he was quite childish the last time we went to see him; he is not used to children, and I do hope you will all try to please him; I remember, too, how well he loved order and neatness."

"Well," said the wife, "this is a poor time of the year to find a clean house, but I will commence house cleaning tomorrow, then everything will be clean."

"You bet I will be good to grandpa, not because I like him, but because he is a rich old codger; wont it be grand to have such a rich old grandpa," said their oldest boy, Clarence.

"I am sure I dont see any thing grand in having a fussy old man around," said Miss Clara, a miss of thirteen.

"Hush, children, what do you mean to speak so? My father will expect love and respect from

you, and I cannot allow you to talk in such a disrespectful way."

We will now follow William Hall to his home and see how the news was received there.

Supper is waiting, and Mrs. Hall is hearing her eldest daughter practice her music lesson;

a letter to-day states that your grandpa Hall is coming to live with Edwin, and so my little girls will have a grandpa, as well as a papa."

"O, wont t be splendid, wont it be splendid?" cried little Hattie.

"Do you think so, my little pet? Well, I hope all of you will love him; but my father has been used to quiet these many years, and to have every comfort that money could procure."

"Which, now," said Mrs. Hall, "he is about to exchange for the care and attention of kind and loving children."

"It will always be a pleasure for me to do all I can for papa's father, and were it not a pleasure it certainly would be my duty, said Myron."

"Thanks, my boy; but I have no fears, for I trust that all my children know how to treat the aged with respect."

"But, mamma, just think, we are cleaning house, and so is aunt Fannie. I do hope we will all get through before grandpa comes."

"That does not make much difference, Ethel, for we will get the dining room cleaned by noon, then commence at the guest chamber, and perhaps get it in order before night. As that room will hereafter be grandpa's room, I shall expect Ethel to put the finishing touch to it; but come now, tea has been waiting a long time."

Next morning both families were up early, and busy at work; but each with their own way of house cleaning. At William Hall's all were getting along so tidy, that had strangers gone in they would scarcely have known they were cleaning house. The room intended for old Mr. Hall

was in readiness. Ethel's busy fingers had been at work. She had looped the curtains up just to suit her; and a large arm chair was placed by the window, from which grandpa could look out at her pretty flower garden, where hundreds of flowers would soon be in bloom; and a nice easy pair of slippers she had commenced to make for her papa, were placed by the chair, for her papa had



GRANDPA'S FAVORITE.

while Myron, their oldest child, is teaching little four year old Hattie to play checkers. But a step is heard on the walk, the checker board is quickly handed to Myron, and, with a bound, little Hattie is in her papa's arms. Ethel, also stops playing, and both welcome papa home with joy.

"Heigho, children, I have good news for you;

said that he believed they would fit his father, and she could make him some more.

Now we will take a peep at Edwin Hall's house. There the yard is full of carpets taken from the dining room, sitting room, and parlor floors; the hall is full of chairs, pails of soap suds and of white wash. Poor Mrs. Hall is very tired, and the children are cross and fretful.

In the midst of it all, Jane, her hired girl, came in to tell her that there is a very old and weary-looking gentleman at the door, and that he says he is quite tired and would like to stop all night.

"Oh, dear, we can not keep him; why don't he go to the hotel?"

"Perhaps he has no money; any way you can see he looks very weary."

"Good evening, madam," said the old gentleman, "I am weary with a long journey, and I stopped to see if I could get rest to-night."

"Well, really, Sir, I do not see how we can keep you; we are all in a muss as you see, and the beds are all down except those occupied by the family; no I do not see how I can keep you unless——" and she looked at Clarence.

"No, mother, you need not look at me, for I will not give up my bed for any old codger like him."

"Then it is useless for me to be wasting any more time, you will have to go to some other place, for we can not keep you, Sir."

Kind-hearted Jane felt very much like crying, as she saw the old man pick up his satchel and start off. Then she looked around to see that no one was looking at her, and ran to the gate after him, and told him that if he would stop at the third house from there she did not think he would be turned away.

"Mamma," cried Myron Hall, "come here; here is a weary old gentleman who wishes to stay all night. We will let him stay, won't we?"

"Yes, my son, if we can arrange it so that he will have a place to sleep; but you have just taken the only extra bed down, except the one prepared for grandpa."

"O, I can arrange that. My bed and my room is good enough for the king, and I will give them both up to this poor old man, for I can take a pillow and sleep on the sofa, and grandpa's room need not be disturbed."

"You are a good boy, Myron, and mamma loves you better for this."

"Of course you do mamma, mine; but come, Ethel, take this weary old gentleman into the sitting room, and see that he is made comfortable."

Dear, kind-hearted children they are. Ethel took his hat and satchel, and drawing a large easy chair up to the window, she handed him a palm leaf fan. Then, as she looked at his dusty boots, she thinks that tired feet must be inside of them, and going out into the dining room, where her mother was, said: "Mamma, grandpa will not come to-night, the train has been in a long time, and this old stranger looks real neat and clean, do you think he would hurt the slippers I intend to give to grandpa? I know his feet are tired."

"My good child, go and do as you wish;" and as Ethel left, Mrs. Hall murmured, "My Heavenly Father, with my whole heart do I thank thee that my many prayers have been answered, and that my children are all that I could wish them to be; my trust is in thee that they will ever continue humble and obedient as they are now."

Ethel took the slippers and went into the sitting room, and there she found Hattie trying to make friends with their guest.

"Here, Sir, are some slippers that I intend for my grandpa, whom we are looking for every day; but it will not soil them for you to wear them to night, and they will rest your feet so much."

"Thanks, you are a good girl, and you will get your reward for being kind to the old man."

When Ethel saw how pleased he was she felt

so happy, and when he bent down to put them on she was sure she saw a tear drop from his eye.

"Now, Ethel, do ou know what I is doen to do? Well, I tended to comb danpa's hair to-night, and danpa dident come, so now I is doen to comb dis man's hair; say, dont ou want me to, sir."

"Yes, little dear, I wish you would."

And, quickly getting the hair brush and comb, she climbed into her little chair and commenced to comb, while Ethel sat down to the organ to practice. Hattie was no stranger to the hair brush, for she considered it her evening work to brush and comb her papa's hair. And now she is doing her best, but peeping into his face to see how she was making him look, she beheld tears rolling down his cheeks.

"What, do I pull? Now don't ky any more, and I will be awful careful," and, taking her little chubby hand, she went to wipe the tears away, when the old man snatched her in his arms and, covering her little face with kisses, said, "My little darling, you and grandpa will be friends."

Just then William Hall stepped into the door. "What! why father! can it be you? When did you come? I looked for you at the depot; but welcome, welcome to my home. Ah, I see you have made friends with my pets."

"Pets, indeed; why, William, they are treasures, blessings, everything that is good."

"Yes, they are a great comfort to Jennie and I; but why did you not let me know, or why did you not come to the store?"

"Ah, why indeed? I wanted to see who would take the old man in, if he had no money; and I am content,—for here I found rest, love, and respect, for one whom they knew only as a poor old traveler."

"Is it possible that these children and my wife do not know who you are?"

"No, they do not know yet. Come, Ethel, kiss me, for I am really the grandpa you were looking for; and many thanks for the pretty slippers,—they come very good, as mine are not here."

"And, William, let me give Jennie a father's kiss; and that manly little boy, that was willing to sleep on the sofa, so I could stay all night; I want to be welcomed by them all once more, this time not as the *poor old man*, but a father and grandpa."

That was an evening long to be remembered by the Hall's; all were so happy, and the evening passed far too soon to please the children.

After all had retired but father and son, old Mr. Hall told William how he had first called at Edwin's house, and of the disorder every thing seemed to be in, and that they could not find room for him to sleep—not keep him over night.

"Ah," said William, "Fannie will feel badly when she finds who it was, for she is naturally a good-hearted woman; but she has no control over her children, she says she loves them too well. She is also a good neat housekeeper, but she has her way of cleaning house and Jennie has hers."

"Well, I think I like Jennie's way best, and here I must find a home."

"We will be very happy to have you stay with us; but try and forget all that you saw at brother Edwin's that you did not like, for they will be so sorry."

Next morning Mr. Hall went over to his brother's to tell them the news, and great was their chagrin when they found out who they had turned away. Many, many were the apologies they offered; and although the old gentleman did not seem to remember, still he was never happy unless he was at his son William's, with Hattie somewhere near him.

And many a time did Clarence wish he was in Myron's place, as he would see him sweep by on his shining black pony; and when Miss Clara would look at Ethel's grand piano, and when she saw grandpa romping with the girls as if he, too, were a child, she did not think it was quite such a nuisance to have a fussy old man around.

For although Mr. Hall was very childish, he was never disagreeable; and he never seemed so

happy as when seated under the large shade tree in the yard, with his pet Hattie in her chair by his side, combing and brushing his hair.

And after a few years of peace and joy with his children and grand children he died; and it was found, in reading his will, that to each of his sons he had left the same amount of property; but that Hattie was the real heiress of his wealth. To his little favorite he had left more than to all the rest, and in such a way was it left and provided, that, as long as she lived, she would not be likely to come to want.

Dear little Hopes, which would you rather be like? Clarence and Clara, or like their cousins? I know many of you would choose the latter, for even if there was no reward in this world, I think our Heavenly Father will remember every act of kindness—every good deed; and that for all the good we do we will get our reward in Heaven. Then be kind in speech and action, not rude to any, whether they are friends, acquaintances, or only strangers. Be courteous and ready to do good, and do not ridicule any, nor turn any away simply because they are aged or in trouble, or because you are not obliged to help them; for you will find the reward by and by, and perhaps both now and in the by and by also.

SISTER LENA.

REBECCA AND RACHEL.

NEVER saw *Zion's Hope* until a few days ago. I sent for it for one year, as a present to my little daughter, Lillie, seven years old, as I wished her to have reading of that kind, from some religious denomination; and not seeing any that pleased me, I sent for *Zion's Hope*, as an experiment. I have read the seven back numbers with unexpected delight, it is just the thing for children, and very good for old folks.

Yesterday I attended the great centennial celebration of the 4th of July, 1876, at Fort Scott. Fresh from reading *Zion's Hope*, I was well prepared to enjoy the representation in that long procession of Rebecca at the Well. A shade of green bushes was fixed up on a wagon. There under those cool, green, shady leaves, sat a beautiful girl of eighteen years, dressed in the fashion of the better class of ancient Hebrews. She sat by a natural-looking stone well-curb, with her pitcher in her hand. All felt under the influence of the Silver Cornet Band, the loud huzzahs of the thousands of people of almost all nations, the sound of music, the waving flags, the roar of artillery on the hill, the fine representation of the arts and sciences, war, Odd-fellowship, Free Masonry, etc., a procession that took two hours to pass a given point, where every thing for display or interest was presented; nothing was so beautiful, so sublime, in all that vast long train as "Rebecca at the Well." (See Genesis 24th chap.)

All hail to that age and country when God and good men had something to say in the marriage of their children. All hail to the gathered ancient Israel of God,—may its glory descend on the modern Israel when gathered to this good and beautiful land.

If such grand and noble scenes as yesterday are acted here now by these uninspired people, what will it be when the scattered shall return, glad to be gathered to the heaven-chosen home of the saints. Happy that amid the thoughtless and reckless millions, some will come; and a glory shall emblazon the great temple on the western hemisphere, and God's sons and daughters shall move in the triumphant march and assembly yet to be.

The powers on high rejoice in the persistent effort of the saints to obtain and hold that crown that will never fade away. The gathered of Israel, all their wishes will be gratified, till halleluiahs shall pour from their hearts, and hosannas fill their souls.

And now a word of thanks to the sweet little "Rebecca's," the dear little ones whose names I see in *Zion's Hope*. Let me enroll some of their

names in this the centennial letter of an old army surgeon to Zion's Hopes, though they are scattered all over this union, yet in their hearts they are preparing for the gathering. Let the names of Dorinda F. E. Roberts, Elizabeth A. Sumption, Allie D. Gard, L. A. Butler, Regina L. Rohrer, Sarah A. Green, E. E. Ostrander, Ella A. Hatcher, Nancy M. Ballantyne, Rachel Evans, Sarah A. and Mary E. McGuire, Caroline and Augusta Eliasson, Alice R. Campbell, Kate Russell, Ida M. Davis, Eva M. Baily, Sarah Gaultier, Sallie E. Cleveland, Aurilla Wildermuth, Bella Burlington, Emma J. Carmichael, Lillian J. Swift, Millie E. Benedict, Mary L. Garvil, Lucy A. Griffith, Emily Page, Serena I. Morris, Marietta Ervin, Matilda Norton, Ada Rogers, Cora A. Richardson, Ella M. Vallum, Lillie M. Bowen, etc., etc.,—sweet and beautiful list,—ever live—to be a glorious constellation in Zion.

We have now spoken quite freely of one of the sweet little girls of the ancient people of God, we will before closing this centennial letter to the *Hope*, touch on the name of but one other of the sweet little girls of the Bible age—Rachel; how sweet, how good must she have been. Surely history came near not doing her justice, or how could she have left such an impress in all after ages. "The tomb of Rachel is to-day a small white building, covered by a dome," what a brief yet touching narrative we have of her death. Jacob put up a pillar over her loved and hallowed grave, which Moses visited in his day. The traveler of to-day stops at her grave, and mingles a tear with the renowned dust. She was the mother of Joseph, whose noble actions alone would cast a halo of glory over any mother's name. There she has lain three thousand years. What changes have taken place in the world since the body of the loved Rachel was deposited there. Whole nations have been destroyed; empires have risen and perished; yet the human heart loves her still, and keeps her in immortal memory. The Jew, the Mahomedan, the Christian, alike revere her name.

A distinguished traveler in visiting her grave, said: "The Turks are anxious that their bones may rest near hers; hence their bodies have been strewn under tombs, all around the simple grave of Rachel. The wife worth fourteen years' service as shepherdess must have been worth having. The whole life of Rachel is, indeed, one of the most touching in biblical history. The sweet shepherdess has left her mark upon the memory of man, as well as upon her tomb. The tribute to her is that of a good wife; and Infidel, Jew and Christian all combine to pay it. The great women of the earth,—the Zenobia's and Cleopatras,—have died, been buried, and their very places of burial have been forgotten; but to this day stands over the grave of Rachel, not the pillar that Jacob set up, but a modern monument in its place; around which pilgrims from every land under the sun gather in respect and reverence for the faithful wife and good mother of Israel."

OLD ARMY SURGEON.

WHAT IS IT WORTH.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER casting his eyes over the market reports and the political news columns Mr. Pullman turned to the local paragraphs and read the following:—

"EXTRAORDINARY. Perkin's Corners was the scene of an extraordinary occurrence on Sunday before last. The new preacher, Eld. Jones, of whom we have given notice once or twice in these columns, has it appears, succeeded in convincing some of them that his theory of religion is the correct one; and, on the day mentioned a large number of the citizens of the Corners assembled at the creek to witness the immersion. Among those immersed was the wife of Squire Pullman. This lady though hitherto of unblemished character, was on the same day, expelled from the church with which she has been connected for

many years, by a unanimous vote, for gross immoral conduct and defiance of pastoral authority. Rev. Lovegrace, the pastor, is seriously distressed about this lady's reckless course, and, fearing the influence which Mr. Jones is exercising over the people, has sent for the newly chosen presiding elder, Brazzleby, who is said to be a man of remarkable talent, to come and properly chastise the insolence of this would be apostle of Joe Smith; "as our informant called him." It is rumored that Eld. Green, who came to the assistance of Eld. Jones; will soon leave, for the paradise of the Saints, accompanied by Mrs. Pullman and a daughter of Mrs. True, a susceptible Miss of some eighteen summers."

The Squire read this astonishing piece of news in amazement, which turned into anger at the closing sentence. He rose, seized his hat, and was half way down the path to the gate on his way to his office to write an indignant note to the Editor, when he was recalled by the voice of his wife, who told him that supper was ready. He turned, walked back into the house with his wife, whom he met on the porch, and sat down to his supper.

Mrs. Pullman did not at first notice that her husband was irritated, but long acquaintance had enabled her to tell when her attention was called to it; so presently she said, "Henry, what has disturbed you?"

He looked up, hesitated a moment and said to her, "Wait till our evening visitor is gone and I will tell you."

This satisfied Mrs. Pullman, as she knew that he would tell her in good time; or as soon as in his judgment it was necessary for her to know what it was.

As the evening meal was being eaten, the Squire's irritation partially passed away; he had overcome to a degree his anger, and was thinking the matter over more soberly.

At last, just before the close of the meal, he looked up and said to his wife; "Rebecca, there's something peculiarly strange about your new brethren in faith. What it is I am not able just yet to say, but it is certainly strange. I have known smarter men than they appear to be, and yet when they are speaking, even in ordinary conversation there is something peculiar in the way they say things; just for all the world as if they felt perfectly assured of what they said, and knew that they were going straight into the judgment with their words before them. I listened awhile to-day to Eld. Jones, whom some half dozen of our village churchmen had surrounded in the store, and were asking all sorts of questions. He answered one after another just as civilly and quietly as you and I would talk to each other; and when he discovered that some of them began to be irritated and angry, he stopped and said, 'Pardon me, Sirs, I do not wish to anger you; permit to say, good day.' And bowing to them he went out."

"Mr. Peters too, to-day, in speaking of Mr. Barnes, talked of him as if he were a brother who was in misfortune, rather than as a wicked, profane, undeserving fellow, as he has proven himself to be. How to account for it I do not know."

"Well, Henry, I am too late a convert to be very well informed respecting these men; but, as I now feel, I should answer your query in this way. Neither Mr. Peters, nor Eld. Jones can afford the risk of personal quarrels with any of God's creatures; more especially, as they both believe, and the elder teaches, that all men must answer for their deeds to a divine judge, at a heavenly tribunal; and that those who profess to have received the truth must, if it is possible, give a more circumstantial and accurate account than will be exacted of others. This, would to me answer for the first reason, and must stand as one of repression, or one that is to restrain the person from doing acts, for which it would be difficult to give a satisfying account to so upright a judge as he must be who shall sit in judgment on all mankind.

"But, Henry, there is still another and better reason for the conduct of these men, which to you seems strange. They live in the sensible recognition of God—I fear you will not comprehend this, so I use another word—they live as if they were moving and acting in the personal presence of God; conscious that he by personal influence, power and presence, was a friend; one in whom they can trust, for whom they can labor, without fear of being misunderstood, or unappreciated. A friend good enough to promise and powerful enough to perform good things for them. A friend whom they can love; and while loving him know that they are loved by him, and are assured that though he loves them, and they him he will not exaggerate their goodness, nor their badness; under rate, nor overestimate their merit, nor by hate distort their weaknesses into follies, nor their follies into crimes. In short they feel to know him and to walk with him in truth. This, at work in the mind must affect the heart, and the result reflect from the heart in thoughts and acts that will bear close scrutiny.

"You have ever been kind to me. I have never felt dread at your approach, nor fear in your presence. Your acts have always shown that you did not wish to incur my anger. This was not because you were afraid of me; for you are not. The only reason is this, you love me; this answers all questions as to why you so act toward me. You may say it was your duty so to act. This is true. So it is the duty of Tom Finch to act just so toward his wife; but he does not; and it is well known that he does not love her. You may say that the law demands it at your hands. The letter of the law does; but the letter of the law inspires no response of duty, or the acts of duty; the spirit of the law would. It is this spirit of the law of life in these men that answers to the spirit of the law by which these acts of love are performed by you, only the object of their love is their God; they love him, they perform acts of love toward him; his approach inspires no dread in them, his presence no fear, at peace with God, they are not at war with his creations. Hence it is natural that they should talk and act with a direct reference to this consciousness."

The lady paused. Her husband had listened attentively. He now said. "Rebecca, you surprise me! I never heard you talk like this before!"

"No, Henry, you never did. I never felt so before. But the fountains of thought and feeling in me have been deeply stirred. I feel differently, see differently, think differently, from what I have ever thought, seen or felt before. Some things that I once saw and felt were very near to me, have receded from me; some, which I once saw but dimly and at a distance, I now see clearly; some which I prized highly, have grown less in value; others for which I cared but little, I now value beyond price, chiefly because I know them and their worth more perfectly."

The ring of the door bell announced the visitor whom they were expecting, and before going to the door to admit him, the Squire said. "I am greatly interested in what you have said and shall recall it to your mind at an opportune time." He then admitted Mr. Brazzleby and led the way to the sitting-room.

Continued.

GOOD KINGS.

AN American gentleman was once in the city of Amsterdam, in Holland. He was not acquainted in the city, and wanted to find a certain street. Meeting a man dressed like a plain English or American gentleman, he asked him if he could direct him to the street he wished to find. The man replied that he could; and turning round walked back with him the length of a block, and pointed out the direction he should take. As they were going along the American noticed that every man they met lifted his hat from his head. When the kind-hearted stranger again turned to go his way, the American stopped

to watch him, and found that still every man the gentleman met, raised his hat. His curiosity was fully aroused, and he enquired of a passer by who the gentleman was; and you may imagine his surprise when he was told that the man who had turned back to do him a favor was none other than the King of Holland! That, little Hopes, was one good king. He was not above his business; and the best business for kings, as well as for others, is to show kindness to all who are in need of it.

King Benjamin, in his last address to the Nephites, said, "When ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of God." King Benjamin was not ashamed to work with his own hands that he might set a good example to his people, and that they might not be burdened with taxes to support him in idleness and luxury. Will our little readers remember the wise saying of King Benjamin quoted above; and also follow the worthy example of both these good kings, by doing good to all men, and especially in showing kindness to the stranger and to the needy. By so doing they will help to make the world better; and make both themselves and others happy.

Another good ruler, and one whom other kings and rulers in the world would do well to imitate, is Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. His father left Brazil when Dom Pedro was but five years old and the little boy was then proclaimed Emperor. At fifteen years of age he became actual ruler, and before he was twenty-one, he proved himself a wise and faithful king. He is greatly beloved by his people. He is plain in his manner as were King Benjamin and the King of Holland. He is now on a visit to this country. Has visited New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia, and other cities. He travels like other gentlemen, and without any great display, such as is usually made when kings and emperors travel abroad. He gathers useful knowledge in his travels and makes friends wherever he goes; and Americans feel the love for him that his own subjects manifest; and they, too, can say with hearty good will "Long live good Dom Pedro."

H. S. DILLE.

VARIETIES OF BAD TEMPER.

BAD temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. A child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs, than a dull, passive child; and, if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing the passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his troubles whenever the trouble has arisen from an ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow.

CLOUDS.

CLLOUDS are first formed by vapor which constantly arises from bodies of water, moist earth, &c. Fog which is so commonly seen thickening around us at night, is sometimes the first form of clouds. And the dew which we see on the morning following after a foggy night, dries off after a few hour's sunshine. This is caused by the heating influence of the sun. Heat makes the water expand, and therefore lightens it. Then it is borne away with the air high above, where it meets the cooler changes. The influence of the cooler temperature makes the water heavy. Then it returns to the earth in the form of rain, dew, hail, and snow. Sometimes very impure water is carried away; but it never returns until it is purified. All steam also unites

to form clouds. All is the effect of the combined action of heat, cold, and air. Clouds have severally four forms, from which they are distinguished; as Cirrus, which is the highest cloud we see; and on account of its elevation, it is of a light feathery form, and probably exists in light particles of snow. The Stratus exists generally in the night and in early morning, and it is formed by the cooling and consequent settling down of the clouds, which appear in horizontal bands. The Cumulus is the summer-day cloud, which forms at sunrise by the gathering together of the night mist. The Nimbus is the heavy cloud from which rain falls.

Rain is distributed over the land by the agency of winds. But the greatest amount of rain falls within a belt around the earth, near the Equator. This is because the Trade Winds here come in contact with each other and carry the vapors with which they are heavily charged, up into a cooler atmosphere which condenses them. Evaporation increases with warmth and dryness of the atmosphere; hence, the amount of rain is greatest at the tropical regions and diminishes, towards the poles.

I. M. ADAMSON.

1 August 76.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

A colored preacher, in translating to his hearers the sentence: "The harvest is over, the season is ended, and thy soul is not saved," put it, "De corn has been cribbed, dere ain't any more work, and de debbil is still foolin' wid dis community."

Correspondence.

WEST BELLEVILLE, Ill., May 25, 1876.

Dear Hopes.—I am glad to see the young Hopes improving in writing their thoughts, and in telling us what they know of the work in which they are engaged; also that they are progressing in faith, and in increasing their interest in the work of God. I think some of them write real edifying letters.

I will give you a testimony of the work, that I received. I have been greatly troubled with sore eyes, and last March, when Br. T. W. Smith and wife were here, they were very bad. On Tuesday morning, according to promise, they came to our house. I was suffering great pain, and constantly bathing my eyes to keep down the heat and inflammation, and had gone to bed. When my mother came and told me Br. Smith had come, I got up, but I was about blind, yet managed to get one eye open. I asked Br. Smith to administer to me, which he did, and anointed my eye. When he took his hand off my eye, I put mine up, and the hot water ran out of my eye, and down my arm a stream. My eyes are better now than ever they have been since I can recollect. This is a testimony to me that the work is true; and it is my desire to be humble and faithful to the end.

I wish Lucy Ann Griffith at Union Fort, Utah, would write again and tell us what they work at in Utah. Ever yours,

JENNET ARCHIBALD.

WEST OAKLAND, Cal., May 22, 1876.

Dear Hopes.—Do you study the scriptures? In them are the words of eternal life. What do they say? That without faith we can not please God. Is that all? No; we must be watchful also, for there is so much wickedness in these days. Our Savior commanded us to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. The way for us to learn to be faithful is to mind our parents, then it will not be so hard for us to do what our Heavenly Father tells us. May we all walk before him as the children of the light. Your brother,

WM. N. DAWSON.

BURSLEM, Staffordshire Potteries, England, June 19th, 1876.

Dear Hopes.—I am still trying to walk with you in the narrow path. I love to hear from you all, and I hope our sister in Utah will write to us again. We always pray for the success of that mission. Another dear sister says she "loves flowers;" how I wish I had her for a companion. We have no Sabbath School here, and I feel lonely; but I hope the day will come when we shall all be together. Dear Hopes, pray for us; we are anxious that the work of God should prosper in the British Isles. Love to you all, from your sister in Christ,

JANE EDWARDS.

WOODBINE, Iowa, July 13th, 1876.

Brother Henry.—I send you a clipping called "The Weeping or Holy Tree" for the *Hope*, if you think it good enough. On the Fourth of July a merry crowd went to the grove here to celebrate the great day. Br. D. H. Bays has pitched his photographer's tent by the side of our lot, and is taking pictures. I had mine taken, and I send it to you. Br. Bays is also a good servant in the Lord's vineyard, for he can portray the plan of salvation in its true light, and picture it in its true colors. The town hall is offered free for his use, and we saints are doing our best to get him a congregation, that the people may learn the laws of God. Your sister in the covenant,

REGINA L. ROHRER.

[Thanks for the picture, sister Gena; we will start a *Hope* Album with it and others we have.—Ed.]

ELKHORN CITY, Neb., June, 1876.

Dear Brother Joseph.—We have been having dry weather, but now we are having rain. We had frost twice this month. On June 23d, eight converts were baptized. Our branch was organized the fifteenth of last September, with fifteen members, and now we have twenty-five. It is the Elkhorn branch. Pa has just gone to conference. Dear Hopes, let us try and do our best, so that we may be lights to the world by our good examples. Your brother in Christ,

FREDERICK JOSEPH CURTIS.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ill., June 28, 1876.

Dear Hopes.—We have Sunday School here every Sunday. I do not know what I could do without the *Hope* to read—it is indeed a dear little paper. I have two little twin brothers—their names are Frank Blair Hilliard and Charlie Smith Hilliard. Good-by.

S. B. HILLIARD.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 9.

I am composed of nineteen letters.
My 15, 16, is what we should say kindly.
My 12, 13, 14, 15, 4, a joiner's tool.
My 17, 18, 19, what we often are.
My 8, 9, 10, 10, 4, 15, very useful in cold weather.
My 5, 6, 17, 12, a boy's nickname.
My 14, 5, 5, 13, 4, a kind of fruit.
My 1, 2, 3, 17, 4, a girl's name.
My 7, 16, 8, 4, a portion.

FLORENCE RUSSELL.

ANAGRAM.—No. 6.

Ehter si yeobdn eth ysk,
A enavhe fo yoj dan veto,
Dna lyoh deihnel newh yteh edi,
Og ot ttah drowl eoavb.

LIVLAIN MRCUD.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. 1.

A large town in Siberia; a city in Ontario; a city in Prussia; a river that flows into the Persian Gulf; a large peninsula; one of the United States. The initials spell the name of a capital city in the United States, and the finals the river on which it is situated.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of July 1.

To Enigma No. 7.—Butter, One, Connecticut, Heart, Not; the whole, Union Center Branch.

Answered by James Atkinson, Minnie Muetze, and George W. Lilly.

To Square Words No. 3.—Tim, Ida, May.

Answered by James Atkinson.

To Anagram No. 5.—

"My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,
The Reaper said, and smiled;
Dear tokens of the earth, are they,
Where he was once a child."

Answered by James Atkinson.

No answers to Arithmetical Puzzle No. 2.

Jane Edwards of England sends correct answers to Anagram No. 2, and Enigma Crossword No. 2, in May 15th *Hope*, and John W. Green sends correct answer to Enigma Crossword No. 6, in June 15th *Hope*.

Are the little folks too busy, or are they tired of the puzzle department.

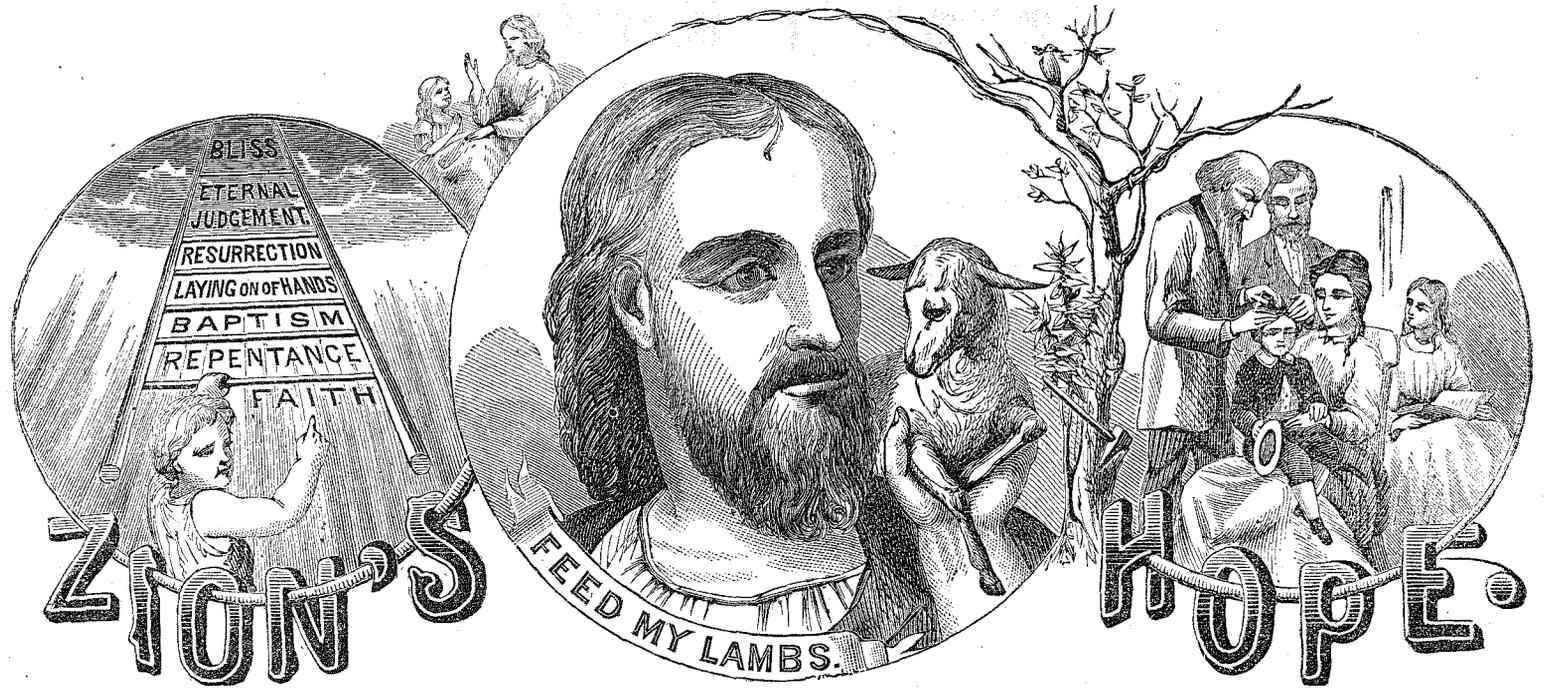
ROLL OF HONOR.

Eliza Bouton, Xenia, Iowa, 10c.; Sarah A. Atkins, Galva, Ill., 25c.; C. Whitmore, Council Bluffs, Iowa, 40c.; St. Louis Sunday School, 65c.

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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. 8.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., AUGUST 15, 1876.

No. 4.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

BRO. JOSEPH left the Herald Office July 17th for California, and we ask our young friends and dear Hopes to remember him in his travels and labors for our dear Savior's cause. We trust that he will send us a *Hope* letter full of interest of what he sees and hears that will interest the young.

We are crowded with selected articles, and many of them very good; but, as we still have considerable original matter, we do not insert many selections. Let no one feel slighted, for we will do the best we can with both kinds. A number of letters are also on hand that we have not room for this issue.

EARLY BAPTISM.

THIS THEME which should interest all the children of men; all being alike in the sight of God, until they arrive at an age to know good from evil; then the Almighty gives each one their agency, with the privilege of choosing for themselves whom they will serve. Realizing the necessity of line upon line, precept upon precept, while the youth are growing to man and womanhood, in order to bring them to a knowledge of what is their special duty to their maker and themselves, I present this for their consideration; that by it, some soul may be brought to a knowledge of what the Lord requires them to do; also the benefits to be derived from early baptism. Please read and re-read, until the mind is fully impressed with the sublime truths contained in the gospel of Jesus Christ. All those who are willing to obey its divine precepts are promised gospel light sufficient for them to comprehend all its requirements. A mere child, when willing, may soon learn the first principles of the doctrine of Christ. Jesus saith, "If any man will do his [God's] will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." What a glorious promise! And not only is it so; but God in his infinite goodness hath laid down the plan of salvation so plain, that all who read may understand their duty.

Respecting the proper age for the youth to be baptized: The saints in general are familiar with the fact that the Lord hath made it known through his prophet, namely, when they arrive at the age of accountability, eight years; and why at that age, they should be baptized, they may learn as they investigate the subject; also the loss such child may sustain by neglecting that duty. "He that seeks me early shall find me." Surely that promise alone should prompt to obedience. Parents and guardians who neglect to teach the youth the requirements of the gospel are responsible

for the child; but as a general rule the saints being redeemed, wish their offspring redeemed also. Others may not realize the necessity of the youth being redeemed from the law of sin and death, until they are older. Under this idea, many a bright youth has fallen under the influence of the evil one. Jesus, who knoweth what is best for the youth, exhorts parents to present their children to him in holy baptism, as soon as they have learned to distinguish between good and evil; that they may by that ordinance have their sins remitted, and receive the Holy Ghost, whereby the law of God will be written in their hearts.

We think that we hear some of the young Hopes say, "We intend being baptized before long; but we are young now, and would like a little more play before joining the Church."

Play, my dears, is natural to the young, and the old are not exempt. The gospel of Jesus Christ nowhere forbids innocent amusement; but it does forbid sin. And, while you play, keep in mind the golden rule:

"Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others do to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again."

We will now continue the subject of Early Baptism, by calling the attention of the young Hopes to blessings in waiting for them, by attending to that ordinance in early life, before the evil one has power to lead their hearts astray. Having arrived at an age to know good from evil, and capable of repentance, they receive their agency, therefore subject to law; and a transgression of the law is sin; and sin prevents you entering the kingdom of heaven, until baptized for remission of sin. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Our first parents received their agency in the garden of Eden, which subjected them to law, in these words: "But the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." They did eat thereof, and thereby transgressed the law of God, which was sin; and sin put them out of the garden of Eden, and out from the presence of God, until they repented in conformity to the law given unto them for remission of sins. Surely all who understand it will give God the glory, as they realize the perfection of his law, and the plan of salvation made known through Jesus Christ for the redemption of the human family.

The mind and will of our Heavenly Father is to save all the workmanship of his hands; nevertheless, all men are not willing to be governed

by his law, although it is written for their edification. The law of the gospel is eternal and can not be broken with impunity.

You ask, why "born again." It is to bring you back to Christ; for, according to the law of God, you are now under transgression by knowing your duty and not doing it, and that alone will keep you from the fold of Christ, and subject you to justice. Whilst a babe, you know no sin. Sin, my dears, is a transgression of law; and where there is no law, there is no sin; and being free from sin, God loved the dear little ones and sent Mercy from his throne, to watch over and protect his lambs, until they should arrive at an age to know good from evil. Then it became necessary for their exaltation to give them their agency. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But having attained to a knowledge of good and evil, justice lays claim to them; mercy can not rob justice, but justice will hold on to its own, until they make the law of God honorable, through repentance and baptism for the remission of sin, then mercy will claim its own, for neither can justice rob mercy.

Notwithstanding the love of Jesus for the children of men, that he gave his life to ransom them from the law of sin and death; yet he would not break the law of God, by claiming you from justice, until the law was satisfied, and God will not break his own law. The Psalmist says: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." And being perfect, it cannot recognize but one way whereby to enter into the fold of Christ. "Ye must be born again." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and robber."

The need of early baptism is every where made apparent by the surrounding of the youth; and justice gains a stronger hold on them as they grow up to man or womanhood; until they overlook the requirements of the law of God, and continue in sin, and justice instead of mercy claims the youth; but not until after baptism for remission of sin by those holding authority from God; "For no man taketh this honor to himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron." When you have received the Holy Ghost, you are born again not of corruptible seed, but incorruptible. Hence, you change your relationship to the heavens, and become the sons or daughters of the Most High God.

Jesus saith, "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God—even to them that believe on his name." Having

now, through your own agency, come to a knowledge of what constitutes good and evil, and choosing rather to be governed by the law of God for salvation and eternal life, mercy claims you for her own; and will continue, unless you wilfully reject her, to watch over and protect you throughout all the slippery paths of life. Even should you be so unfortunate as to sin, as all are liable to do, mercy will, if you repent, go to Jesus, who is the advocate with the father, and plead for your forgiveness. Bear in mind Jesus will not be your advocate with the father, until you have first redeemed your-self through baptism, agreeably to the law of God, from the claim of Justice; then the law knows of no second baptism for remission of sin.

A new and living way is now made open. Having received the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands of those ordained of God, you are thereby born of God, and become his sons or daughters; and through the gift of the Holy Ghost the law of God is written in the heart; and by its revealing principle, you learn to walk in the light, as God is in the light, "having fellowship one with another; then the blood of Jesus Christ his son will cleanse you from all sin."

E. E.

LITTLE INNOCENCE.

"What are you good for, my brave little man? Answer that question for me, if you can,—You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun; Flashing and glancing as gaily you run, All the day long with your busy contriving, Into all mischief and fun you are driving; See, if your wise little noddle can tell, What you are good for, now ponder it well."

Over the carpet the dear little feet,
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true—
"Good to love you, mamma; good to love you!"
Selected.

HEALTH BETTER THAN WEALTH.

LITTLE Martin was a poor boy who had no father nor mother. He earned his bread by going on errands. One day on his way home, he sat down to rest, and to eat his piece of dry bread, near the door of an inn. As he sat there a fine carriage drove up, and the master of the inn came out to serve two gentlemen who were in it. One of them was very young—not much older than Martin—and Martin thought to himself that he should like to be in his place. When he looked at his own crust of bread and his worn clothes, and then at their fine things, he could not help saying aloud:

"Oh, dear, I wish I had that young gentleman's grand coach. I wish I could change places with him."

The other gentleman, who was the boy's tutor, heard this, and told it to his pupil, who made signs to Martin to come to him.

"So, little boy, he said, "you would like to change places with me, would you?"

"I beg pardon, sir," said Martin, "I did not mean any harm by what I said."

"I am not angry," said the young gentleman; "I only wish to know if you are willing to change places with me?"

"Oh, now you are joking," said Martin; "no one would wish to change places with me, and walk so many miles each day, and have nothing to eat but a dry crust."

"Well," said the young man, "I will give you all I have, if you will give me all that you have, and that I have not."

Martin did not know what to say; but the tutor told him to speak freely.

"Oh, yes," said Martin then; "I will change places with you."

But when the young gentleman stepped out, Martin saw that he was very lame. His legs were

bent so that he had to walk with crutches. His face was pale and thin, too, like that of one who is often ill. Martin then began to think that health was better than a fine carriage.

"Will you change places with me now?" asked the youth. "I will give you all that I have to be strong like you."

But Martin said: "Oh, no; not for the world."

"I would gladly be poor," said the young man, "if I could run like you; but as it is I try to be happy and thankful as I am."—*Church and State.*

ITEMS OF HISTORY, No. 14.

ABOUT the first of April of the same year in which the Book of Mormon was published, Joseph came again from Pennsylvania and preached several times to his father's family and other friends of the work in which he was engaged. On the morning of the sixth of the month above stated, Joseph Smith, Sen., and Martin Harris were baptized; and when Father Smith came out of the water, "Joseph stood upon the shore, and taking his father by the hand, he exclaimed, with tears of joy, 'Oh, my God! have I lived to see my own father baptized into the true Church of Jesus Christ.'"

On the same day, April 6, 1830, the Church was organized in the town of Fayette, Seneca county, state of New York, with *only* six members.

Shortly after this, Joseph's brothers were all ordained to the ministry, they having joined the Church; Don Carlos, the youngest being but about fourteen years of age. Not long after their ordination Samuel Smith was directed by Joseph to take a number of the Books of Mormon, and go on a mission to Livonia, to preach, and make sale of the books, if possible. * * * On the 30th of June, Samuel started on the mission to which he had been set apart. During his first day's travel, which was about twenty five miles, he stopped at a number of places to sell books, but was turned out as soon as his principles were declared. Toward evening he approached an inn, or public house, which was surrounded with an appearance of plenty; so he turned in and enquired of the proprietor if he wished to purchase a "history of the origin of the Indians?"

"I do not know," replied the host, "how did you get hold of it?" "It was translated," rejoined Samuel, "by my brother, from some gold plates that he found buried in the earth." To which rejoinder, the landlord cried out, "You d—d liar get out of my house—you shant stay one minute with your books."

This being the fifth time Samuel had been turned out of doors that day, he turned away faint hearted from the inn, and washed his feet in a brook, as a testimony against the man." After proceeding several miles, he spent the night under an apple tree on the damp ground. Upon rising from his comfortless bed the next morning, he discovered a small cottage near by, where he obtained refreshments, rehearsed his trials of the previous day, and left a Book of Mormon with his kind hostess, who was very attentive to his story of the origin of the book. He proceeded to Bloomington, eight miles further, where he fell in with a Methodist preacher by the name of John P. Green, with whom he left a Book of Mormon, and engaged to see him again at the end of a fortnight.

Samuel having returned from his first mission, which though short was eventful to him, set out near the end of the fortnight, in company with his parents to visit Mr. Green, who had, at the former meeting with Samuel, agreed to try and make sale of some of his books for him. As they passed the neighbourhood of the inn from which Samuel had been so unkindly driven, they learned that a few days before, the landlord and two of his family had died with small pox, but it was not known that any one else had taken the distemper.

The cause of this sudden and severe visitation upon the landlord, we will leave the reader to conjecture. In the language of the historian from whom we quote, "This is a specimen of the peculiar disposition of some individuals, who would purchase their death for a few shillings, but sacrifice their soul's salvation rather than give a saint of God a meal of vituals. According to the word of God, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for such persons."

The trip to Livonia and Bloomington proved fruitless, Mr. Green not having disposed of any of the books. So they returned home, not to give up the work, but to gather strength and obtain wisdom for the prosecution of it, in other directions.

Soon after the organization of the Church, Joseph Smith, Sen., with his son Don Carlos, set out to visit his father, Asael Smith, in Stockholm, (N. Y.), whom he had not seen for a great many years. During his visit to his father's, and brothers', who lived in the same vicinity, he met with varied receptions, especially in his advocacy of the claims of the Book of Mormon, and the importance of the work in which he was engaged. After a stormy visit—stormy with words—much talk and something gained for the truth, Father Smith and Don Carlos returned home. Just before they returned, as Joseph was about commencing a discourse one Sunday morning, Parley P. Pratt came in, very much fatigued. He had heard of the people, and of their meeting at some considerable distance away, and had traveled hard to get there in time, so as to hear all that might be said, so that he might be the better prepared to show them their error. "But when Joseph had finished his discourse, Mr. Pratt arose and expressed his hearty concurrence in every sentiment advanced. The following day he was baptized and ordained." In a few days he set out for Canaan, N. Y. where he baptized his brother Orson, September 19th, 1830.

THE THREE LINKS.

WE have noticed this emblem in charts used by the Odd-fellows, Templars, and other secret orders, three links of a chain. There might be many meanings to these three links. We, who are interested in the beautiful principles of the gospel of our Lord, can use this emblem, I think. Let us see. We will read some of God's truth, as revealed in the written word. The apostle Paul in 1 Cor. 13:13, says: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity,—these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Now we might consider that these three graces being connected together, are like three links, emblematical of Heaven's light revealed to earth for the good of mankind. Let us also compare with other records of the gospel of peace. "Faith cometh by hearing the word of God." Then faith is the first link. Next we read in 1 John 3:3, "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." What hope? The second verse shows it to be the hope of Christ's return to earth. The gospel law teaches purity. "The law of the Lord is perfect." The promise to all who are baptized, and practice meekness to the end, is that they shall be saved, and shall inherit the earth, when Jesus comes to make it more beautiful than it now is. We find that we can cultivate this hope by learning the scriptures, and by living to receive the Holy Spirit, so as to be kept from error, and guided in the channel of truth. We see that hope appears as the second link in the golden chain of the principles of salvation revealed in the gospel of Christ.

Let us now notice one of the principal promises of our Savior, which was, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;" and in 2 Peter 1, we read, "Giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to god-

liness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity." Now we can see how it all accords as three links: first we must add to faith by giving all diligence, and practicing virtue, getting knowledge, being temperate, patient, godly and kind, all these being essentials to meekness and these we see comprise the link called hope, between faith and charity. We are informed that without charity we are nothing, and by the practice of these essential qualities of meekness, asking of Him who delights to help those who are willing to practice these excellent principles, to aid us. We must give all diligence ourselves to strive to cultivate this hope to live and reign with Jesus when he shall appear, when Satan shall be bound, and wars, sickness, pain and sin shall be no more. This world will indeed be blessed in "the sweet bye and bye." Dear Hopes of Zion, let us strive to be willing to endure trial, temptation, cross and toil, and to be meek and forgiving, doing right in every respect, being gentle, and not easily provoked. If we fail a hundred times let us still keep trying. All the Lord wants of us is to do as well as we are able to, according to our strength, our circumstances, our understanding, our knowledge and our faith. Those who give up will be overcome, but those who persevere, and try to live meekly in faith, hope and charity, will share with the redeemed a thousand years and forevermore. INFERIOR.

NEIGHBORS.

Who's that a comin' up the path?
Run, Betsy Jane, an' see!
I'll bet it's hateful old Miss Jones
A comin' here to tea.
Miss Perkins, is it? Deary me!
I'd rather hear it thunder!
She's allus round a tattlin'!
What brought her here, I wonder,
I hope she's only come to call,
Don't ask her, dear to stay,
For if we urged her hard enough
She'd never go away.
Of all the tattlin' set I know,
Miss Perkins beats 'em holler,
She's comin' here to spy around,
I'll bet a silver dollar.
She's got that old silk bunnit on;
It's older than the hills,
An' really looks ridiculous—
All ruffles, tucks and frills.
Good gracious me! she's got her work;
I'll hev to git my knittin',
I s'pose you knew Bill Smith had give,
Her darter Ann the mitten?
Come in! Miss Perkins, is that you?
I'm desprit glad you've com';
For, as I sed to Betsy Jane,
The house seems awful glum.
Miss Perkins take the rockin' cheer,
An' Betsy, take her bunnit,
Be sure you put it where the flies
An dust won't git upon it.
Sez I, not half an hour ago,
Sez I to Betsy Jane,
I wonder where Miss Perkins is?—
Here Betsy, hand that skein—
Sez I, I hope she'll come to-day,
If nothin's up to hinder.
She's comin' now sez Betsy Jane,
A lookin' out the winder.
Miss Perkins, take a pinch o' snuff;
An' tell me all the news;
I haven't heerd 'em in so long
I've almost had the blues.
Miss Johnson's get a new silk dress?
Miss Perkins wall I never!
I wonder if she really thinks
Her money'll last for ever?
Miss Perkins, Yes! I was at church.
Now, wasint' you glad to hear
The preacher preach so plain on dress?
It hit some folks so clear.
Miss Primrose color'd like a beet—
You know she wore a feather—
An' Sary Grimes was awful mad!
It hit 'em both together!
I wonder if squire Pettibone
Haint got a bran-new wig?
I really do dislike that man—
He feels so awful big!

You see him walkin' t'other night
Along with Cathrine Snyder?
Miss Perkins, that'll make a match,
I'll bet a pint o' cider.
The deacon's son a waitin' on
Miss Grimes' co'sin Rose!
Why, no! I hadn't heerd o' that.
What for, do you suppose?
I hardly think he'll marry her;
His father won't be willin'.
She's jest as poor as poor can be—
She isn't worth a shillin'.
The doctor's wife has got a boy?
Wall now, that's suthin' new.
I s'pose she'll name it arter him,
I should, an' shouldn't you?
Of course you knew Mariar Smith
Had named her darter Lilly,
I'd name her cabbage, hollyhock!
That ain't one bit more silly!
Miss Perkins, what! Miss Blodgett lets
Her girls play plays an' dance!
Wall, I declare, that takes me down,
An' beats the whole o' France!
I know one thing—my Betsy Jane
Don't help 'em in their doin's,—
I might as well jest pint her to
The narrer road to ruin.
Miss Perkins, hev you heerd about
That fuss with Peleg Brown?
You havn't? why, goodness gracious me!
It's all about the town,
They think he cheats his customers,
A sellin' saleratus;
An' say they ketch his youngest son
A stealin' green tomatoes.
Of course, you've heerd the talk that's round
About the widow Hatch?
They say she's after Thomas Sweet
And that they'l make a match.
Her husban' h'aint been dead six months,
An' now she wants another.
She'd never be my darter-in-law
If I was Thomas' mother!
Hev I heerd of the weddin? No!
Who, under neath the sun?
John Wait and Huldy Robinson!
Miss Perkins, you're in fun!
Why, he's as much as fifty-two,
An' Huldy isn't twenty;
But then, we know the reason why,
The cash of fool's is plenty!
Miss Perkins, lay your work aside
An' hev a cup o' tea;
This cake of Betsy Jane's is nice;
Jest try a piece an' see.
I used to like to cook an' bake,
An' I knew how to do it.
An' Betsy Jane shall larn it to;
I'll eddicate her through it.
Miss Perkins, are you goin' now?
One thing I'd like to know—
Go bring her bunnit, Betsy Jane,—
That's why you hurry so.
Your bunnit's jest as nice as new;
I swan, it's right in fashion!
These ruffles an' these gethers here
Are really very dashin'.
O yes, Miss Perkins, I shall come.
You must come down again!
You have n't been here in a so long,
It really is a sin.
Good arternoon—yes, Betsy Jane
Shall come an' see your darter.
There! has she gone? I really hope
She got what she was arter?
In all my life I never did
See sich a tattlin' critter!
They'd aught to call her scandal bones,
I'm sure the name 'ud fit her.
I s'pose I must return her call;
But I wan't sociable at all. Selected.

SUMMER PLAY.

Nothing can be more cruel and nothing more foolish than to place children where they must be dressed every day in fresh and fashionable clothes, and their freedom to play curtailed for the sake of appearances. What childhood needs is perfect freedom among the things of nature—freedom to romp, to make mud-pies, to leap fences, to row, to fish, to climb trees, to chase butterflies, to gather wild-flowers, to live out of doors from morning until night, and to do all those things that innocent and healthy childhood delights in, in

cheap, strong clothes provided for that purpose. Exactly that which childhood needs, manhood and womanhood need—perfect liberty.—*Scribner's.*

A PLEASANT LETTER.

DEAR "HOPE" READERS: I have thought for some time of writing you a word of cheer, and also a word of hope; for I am one of those who have a hope of dwelling with you in Zion. And also I realize that you are truly the hope of the Church of Christ. Being instructed in the things of the kingdom early in life, it may be said of you as it was of Timothy: "Thou hast known the Holy Scriptures from thy youth." Yes, even from infancy, you began to repeat the words of Jesus, as you sat on your mother's knee—"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

How beautiful are these words, spoken by one who loves you so dearly; and who also said:—"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." Then, if you continue to walk in the path of life, as you become older, you will help to build up Zion by convincing the honest in heart that God has again spoken to his people; and that he will continue to speak until the great latter day work is finished. Then Christ will come with ten thousands of his saints to dwell with Zion's Hopes, and with all the pure in heart a thousand years upon this earth; for it shall be made pure for the pure to dwell upon. I will ever pray for the dear children of Zion; and I ask you to remember me also, that we may all grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. He said: "He that doeth my will shall know of the doctrine." You do know of the doctrine, having been instructed by your parents, some of whom have borne the burden and heat of the latter day work.

I rejoice to learn that some of the precious little ones have been received into the fold of Christ by baptism, such as my little Frankie Cochran, Eula and Mabel Thomas. These little lambs I used to see with their parents at meeting often, here in Michigan. They now live in Decatur county, Iowa. May the spirit guide the dear ones, and keep you safe in the path of life, and all the dear Hopes, is the prayer of your brother,
SHERMAN I. SMITH.

KIND WORDS.

KIND words do not cost much; they never blister the tongue or lips. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much; they help one's good nature and good will. Kind, soft words soften our *own* soul, they make other people good natured and produce their own image on man's soul, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the heart, and they shame us of our sour, morose, unkind feelings. It is always in our power to make a friend by smiles; what a folly then to make an enemy by frowns. A little word in kindness spoken has often done a great deal of good, we know not the minds or feelings of others; then let us, at all times, endeavor to speak kindly, for we may thus do each other much good that we know not of. Who of us have not been cheered, comforted, and made to rejoice, by kindly spoken words. When the heart is bruised and sorrow tossed, and we feel burdened and sad, what a healing, cheering, effect has a kind word produced. Kind, gentle words are never lost, let us never then refuse them. Silly, vain, spiteful, boisterous, angry, bitter, wrathful words cause us tears and many regrets, while kind and cheerful words are sunbeams lying all around our pathway. Among the many pleasant recollections of Him who "spake as never man spake," are not his kind words patterns for all who profess or call themselves Christians? Though we cannot hear the tone, we can feel of what Spirit it must have been, when he said "Daughter be of good comfort,"

'She hath done what she could'; and when he spake weeping at the grave of Lazarus, and when he prayed for his murders, "Father forgive." Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. M. C.

15 August 76.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

THE WEEPING OR HOLY TREE.

THE Canaries are a group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean, belonging to Spain, 135 miles west of the nearest point on the African coast. The group consists of seven principal islands, and three small ones, called *Little Canaries*. The total area of all of them is not over 3,500 square miles, with a population of nearly 250,000. They are all of volcanic origin, rough and mountainous; the peak of Teneriffe, 11,400 feet high, is the greatest elevation.

The Canaries have no rivers, but are watered by mountain streams; the climate is hot, but healthy; soil very fertile, producing all kinds of grain and fruits in abundance.

These islands are the native home of the now universal canary bird, which is still found there in its wild freedom.

Jean de Bethencourt, a French Baron, made a descent on these islands in 1402, and subduing them was crowned king in 1404. He converted the greater portion of the inhabitants to Christianity, and retired in 1405. He afterwards published an account of the islands, from which we obtain the following description of the Weeping Tree.

"In the highest part of the Ile-de-Fer, trees exist from which constantly trickles pure bright water, which collects in a basin around the tree. This water is of so peculiar a nature, that when a person has eaten to excess, and afterwards takes a drink of it, before one hour clapses, the food is all digested, and the appetite returns as keen as before."

No doubt the natives consider the water a great blessing, and the tree that so mysteriously produces it is called holy. Let all our young readers be fruitful in good deeds, and you will be highly esteemed for your very works' sake. If people love you, you can win them to Christ.

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

PAUL an apostle of Jesus Christ, when writing to the saints which were at Ephesus, warned them to shun all wickedness and all evil doers. He said "Be not ye therefore partakers with them, for ye were sometimes darkness but now are light in the Lord; walk as children of light, (for the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth), proving what is acceptable unto the Lord." By this we see that the saints of old were taught to walk in the light, and should we not, as saints of the last days, also walk as children of light? Not participating in the pleasures of evil doers, but striving to let our light shine, that they, seeing our good works, may be led to glorify our Father in heaven. It is not the name of a saint that will save us, but it is living the life of a saint that will. "The fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth," and, "If we speak with the tongue of angels and have not charity we are become as tinkling brass." We cannot be servants of the evil one during the week and a saint of God on the Sabbath. This is impossible, "for him whom ye serve, his servants ye are," and if after obeying the gospel, we strive not to keep the commandments of God and walk not in

his light daily, we will fall short of the glory of God. For if when he cometh we are not found ready with our lamps trimmed and burning, he with those prepared will enter into the marriage supper and the door will be shut, and we as the foolish virgins will be cast out forever from the presence of the Lord. Praying that this will not be the case but that the saints may ever walk in the light, the glorious light of God.

Sister ADDIE.

WHO ARE YOUR COMPANY?

"HE that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." It is said to be a property of a tree-frog that it acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus, when found on green corn, it is commonly a dark green. If found on white oak, it has the color peculiar to that tree. Just so it is with man. Tell me whom you choose as your companions, and I will tell you who you are. Do you love the society of the vulgar? Then you are like them in your sentiments. Do you seek the society of the profane? In your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons your choice friends? He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool, and probably a very stupid one, too. Do you love to seek the society of the wise and good? Is this your habit? Would you rather take the lowest place among them than the highest among others? Then you have already learned to be wise and good. You may not have made much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised. Hold on your way, and seek to be the companion of all that fear God. So you shall be wise for yourself and wise for others.

Correspondence.

BIRMINGHAM, England

June 25th, 1876.

Dear Br. Joseph:—I am not permitted to attend the house of God this Sabbath day and I will write a few lines for the *Hope*. I love to read our dear paper. Dear brothers and sisters, I thank God that I have heard the gospel in its purity, for it gives me joy, peace, and consolation through all that I have been called to pass. God has heard and answered the prayers that have been offered up to him on my behalf, while I was on the bed of affliction with broken limbs, and in a month I was able to attend to my duty again. The healing influence that was around me was the power of God, and at this time I thank my heavenly Father for that blessing, for it was a great blessing indeed. It has built me up in the holy cause, and my desire is to live faithful to the end of my journey. I have been a member of the Church three years, and day by day my faith increases. As time goes on we can see the near approach of the Son of God; and as days, months and years pass we can see that the gospel shines brighter and brighter. There is nothing on earth that compares with the blessings that awaits the righteous in heaven. I ask an interest in your faith and prayers that I may have God's spirit to guide me to life eternal. From your sister in Christ,

ANNIE HEMMING.

CHARLESTON, Lee Co., Iowa,

July 30th, 1876.

Brother Henry:—I go to Sunday school, but not very often, as it is so far, neither can I get across the creek when it rains. I obtained the prize last summer for getting the most verses. I committed 792 verses. I have only been to Sunday school three times this summer, but I have learned over one hundred verses. I send a riddle for the *Hope*, if you think it worth putting it. Your sister in Christ,

CARRIE E. HILLS.

NORTONVILLE, Cal., July 18th, 1876.

Dear *Hope*.—I have written two letters before this one, but I never saw them in the *Hope*; but I will not be discouraged, but will try again; for, as the saying is: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." I think the *Hope* is a very nice paper, and I have been reading it to-day. We have prayer meetings twice a week, and also on Sunday. Our branch has twenty members. We have no Sunday School now, but we hope to have one soon, which I would like very much, for I love to go to Sunday School. We have some very good meetings, and I am very glad that I obeyed the gospel, for we can see by the signs of the times that this is the work of the Lord.

When we read the papers, and hear of destructions of all kinds, we ought all to be thankful that we are engaged in this work. I ask you all to pray for me. I remain as ever your sister in Christ,

ELIZA A. GREEN.

WELLSVILLE, Mo., July 23d, 1876.

Br. Joseph:—We are trying to serve the Lord. We were baptized on the 11th of April, by Br. Lloyd. We have meetings on Sundays, and every Wednesday night. We hope that you will pray for us that we may live faithful to the end. Your brothers in Christ,

JOHN THOMAS PHILLIPS,
EDWARD WILLIAM EVANS.

BEVIER, Macon Co., Mo.,

July 28th, 1876.

Dear little Hopes:—I am glad to say that I am a member in the Church of Jesus Christ. I was baptized last May. Brother Smith baptized a great many, and he is coming again soon. Dear Hopes, my whole desire is to live in this cause. I was twelve years old last May. Your sister in Christ,

MARIA JANE THOMAS.

BRAIDWOOD, Illinois, July 9th, 1876.

Bro. Stebbins:—We were glad to see by the *Herald* that you arrived home safely. Since you were here three have been baptized. Last night in the sky there was something that seemed like a red hot shot fired from a cannon, and it left a red mark in the sky for about twenty minutes. The saints are all well at present as far as I know. Your little brother,

GEORGE W. LILLY.

MOORHEAD, Monona Co., Iowa,

July 14th, 1876.

Dear Brother Joseph. — We have preaching here every Sabbath, by Br. Ballantyne, but we have no Sunday School. I belong to the Church, was baptized in 1874, by Br. Conyers. That is all this time. My love to all the little *Hope* readers.

CELIA PADEN.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 10.

I am composed of eighteen letters. My 10, 16, 18, a small house. My 5, 4, 6, a tree. My 13, 12, 3, 3, a building material. My 15, 12, 7, 17, a garment worn by man. My 8, 1, 11, 11, something worn by ladies around the neck. My 2, 12, what all should learn to say when tempted. My 14, 7, 11, 5, a place where valuables are kept. My whole the name of an elder who loves the little Hopes. DORA SELLON.

ANAGRAM.—No. 7.

Fi sodisw'm jaws duc'y wliyse ekes,
Ifev ghtnis sobreev thiw acre;
Fg hmow uoy keaps, of mwch ouy pekas,
Dan owh, nad hewn, adn hewra.

ECLAALW N. NOSBOIRN.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of July 15.

To Enigma No. 8.—Celebes, Austria, Wrath, Fa-roe, Trivandrum, Timbuctoo, David Hyrum Smith, Corrientes, Chatahochee, Chillicothe, St. Helena, Georgetown, Wheeling, Tallahassee. I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Answered by James Atkinson and Eliza France.

To Puzzle No. 1.—

"Hark to Nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
'Mortals, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.'"

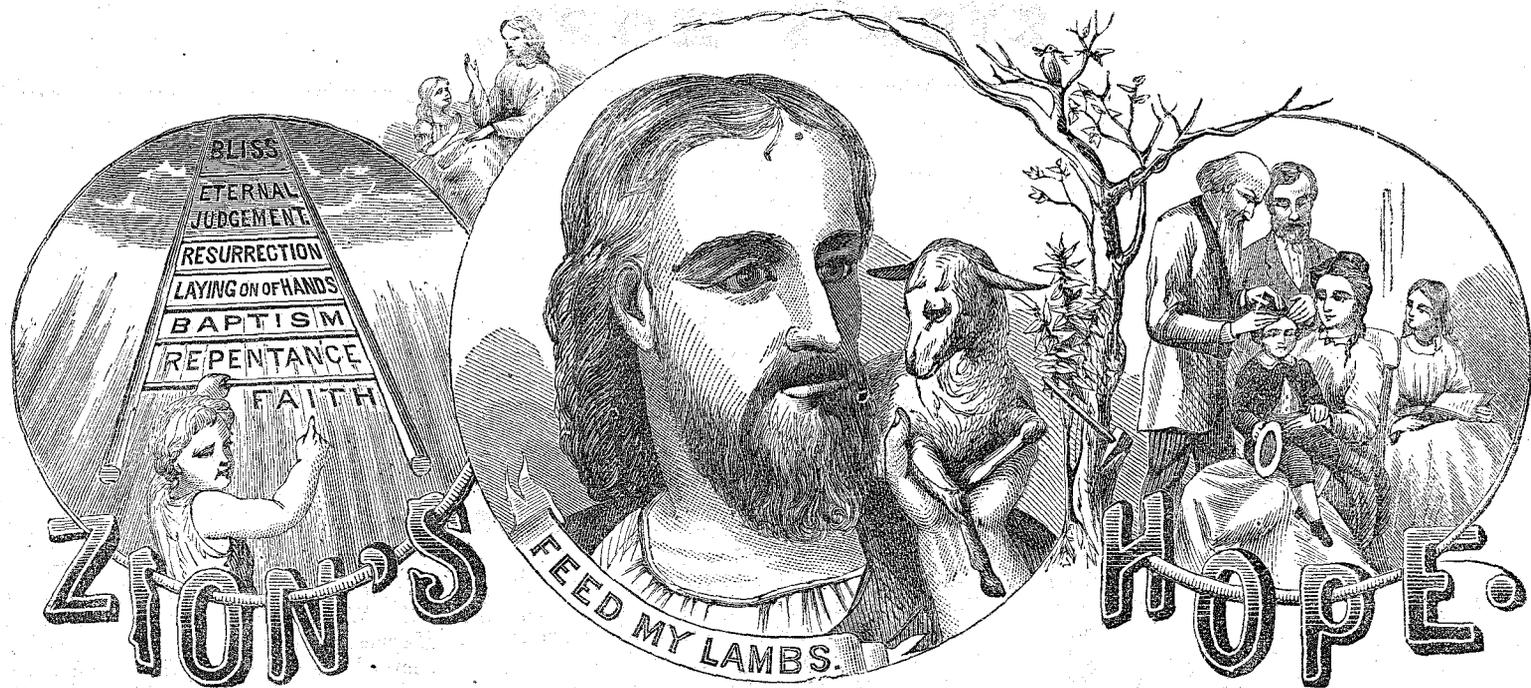
No answers sent.

To Arithmetical Puzzle No. 3.—J. M. Terry writes that a velocity of 24½ miles per second will be required, and says: "In traveling that distance per second, the depression of the earth from horizontal would just equal the distance the ball would fall per second.

The author, W. Bearse, says: In 16½ feet there is 193 inches, and that divided by 8 gives 24.125, the square root of which is 4.91 miles per second, the answer.

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

Vol. 8.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., SEPTEMBER 1, 1876.

No. 5

SOWING GOOD SEED.

Dear little Hopes, in the spring of life,
 Let us labor the good seed to sow;
 Pluck out evil thoughts of envy and pride,
 That naught but the purest may grow.

Dear little Hopes, as we sow we shall reap,
 When the great final harvest doth come;
 And punishment just shall o'er sinners sweep,
 And destruction attend those who've wickedly done.

Then let us all nourish the heart's purest seed,
 Although we are yet very young,
 For kindness of speech, and goodness of deed,
 Is what our great Father will love.

Then dear little Hopes, let us all do the right,
 And try to live better each day;
 Do good unto all, and walk in the light,
 Of the Gospel, in this Latter Day.

SISTER ISA.

GOD NOTICES CHILDREN.

MORE than a third of a century ago, I knew a boy, not twelve years old, who was converted to God, not so much by the preaching of the elders, as by the testimonies that were borne by the members, and through hearing the "gift of tongues," in meeting. On the night that he was baptized, he knelt at the side of his little bed, but did not begin to pray right away. He thought like this: "I am now a child of God, and he will give me what I ask for, if I do not ask amiss." After some minutes of serious meditation, he prayed God to give him the gift of tongues. He fell asleep believing that God would hear his prayer. In less than a week, it pleased his Heavenly Father to answer his prayer, and he was filled with the Holy Ghost, and spoke in tongues and prophesied. This gift remained with him for several years, until after the martyrdom of the prophet, when the church fell into darkness, and God took the gift back again.

I once knew a boy in the church that had the gift of tongues, and I heard him relate a dream in meeting. In the dream he was conversing with another boy that could not speak a word of English. The Holy Spirit gave the interpretation to another brother, which was this: That another boy, then in the meeting would receive the gift of tongues. In about two weeks after this, the other boy moved to a great distance, and we feared that the prophesying might not be fulfilled. But he had not been gone more than two months, before we received the glad news that, "on Sunday last, little Charlie Butterfield spoke

in tongues, in the meeting." On Sunday last, August 6th, 1876, the Lord, in his goodness, restored to that boy the gift of tongues, and with it the interpretation also.

On last Wednesday evening, August 9th, we were in prayer meeting at St. Louis, and we there heard a little girl, of about ten years, pour out her childish soul to God, in such earnest, sweet simplicity, that our heart was filled brim full of joy. And before the meeting was closed, that same child stood upon her feet and bore a testimony of the Father's goodness to her, that filled every heart present with joy and love to Almighty God, and to her also; not because she was a child merely, but because she was a child of God, and was not ashamed to own it. "Perfect love casteth out all fear."

Little children, pray earnestly to God, and love him with all your hearts, and, rest assured, he will bestow gifts upon you, and give you courage to praise him.

X. A.

WHAT IS IT WORTH.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Rev. Brazzleby was introduced to Mrs. Pullman, by her husband, he appeared to be somewhat embarrassed; and it was not until sometime had passed in conversing upon those things which are usually talked of in casual meetings, that he recovered his composure enough to present the object of his errand; which he did thus:

"Mrs. Pullman, my object in visiting you is to discharge a duty to my church; and also to save you, if possible, from what I conceive to be gross errors of belief and faith."

"I am ready to listen to you, Sir, and if I shall be able to see that I am in error, or my soul in danger, from your presentation of the matter, I will willingly retrace my steps," was the lady's reply.

"In the first place then," said the gentleman, "I am surprised that the source from which you imbibed those false ideas, did not condemn them in your mind and prevent you from uniting with those impostors."

"You speak of the source whence I derived my new ideas. Do you refer to persons?" remarked Mrs. Pullman.

"I do, I mean Jones, Green and others;" he replied.

"Would it not be better to consider the views, which you declare to be false, first, before examining the source whence I may have derived them?" exclaimed the lady.

"No," replied the gentleman. "No bitter fountain can give forth sweet waters; no evil tree can

bear good fruit. Therefore, these being evil men and impostors, no doctrine which they teach can be true; and no ideas received by you from them can be correct."

"How do we determine the bitterness of a fountain, or the goodness of the fruit of a tree?" now asked the lady.

"By drinking of the waters of the fountain, and eating of the fruit of the tree;" was the answer of the elder.

She continued, "Have we any other way of determining whether the fruit be good, or bad; or the water bitter, or sweet; except by drinking of the one, and eating of the other?"

"No, I know of no other way;" was answered by him.

"Have you, Sir, eaten of this tree, or drank of this fountain?" was the lady's next question.

"What tree and what fountain, do you mean?" was Mr. Brazzleby's startled query to this pointed question.

"You have stated that the views which I have received from these men are incorrect. To enforce this statement you have used the words 'bitter fountain,' and 'evil tree,' to represent these men; virtually calling them evil trees and bitter fountains; for I asked you if you referred to persons when you named the source whence I obtained my views; therefore I mean these men, the same as yourself."

The elder was visibly annoyed; nor could he keep his annoyances from showing itself; for he said very quickly; "Do you pretend to say, madam, that these men are not corrupt and evil minded men?"

"I mean to say this," said Mrs. Pullman, after a little reflection, "Messrs. Jones and Green are not here to defend themselves from any charge which may be urged against them. You came here, as you say, to disabuse my mind of error and deception that you deem dangerous to my future good. You begin your kind office in my behalf by calling the source whence I may have derived those errors, from which you seek to save me, a 'bitter fountain' a 'corrupt tree,' yet you admit that you have never tasted of the fruit of the tree, nor drank of the fountain. I do not deny your statement; neither do I admit that it is true; I ask you, in effect, whether it is consistent for you to denounce a fountain as bitter, or a tree as evil, until you have eaten of the fruit, or drank of the water. To be plainer, is it consistent with your character as a minister, and as a lover of fair dealing to denounce the views I have obtained from these men, by simply denouncing the men as evil minded and corrupt. Does it not occur to you now, that it would have been better to have

done as I suggested, consider the views which it is alleged are incorrect, first, and let the decision upon them determine my safety or danger with respect to the future? The nature of the source whence I derived those views may then be shown, without the unpleasant inquiry into the character of absent persons."

The plainness of this language from a woman was astounding to the Rev. John J. Brazzleby. He had met a good many men in his career as a debater, and was prepared to hear plain statements from an opponent; but to be so directly taught by a woman was chafing to him. He rose from his seat, and, pacing two or three times rapidly back and forth across the room, exclaimed: "I would have you to know that these men are heretics; followers of an arch heretic and are sowing heresy and dissension wherever they go. It is my duty, and shall be my pleasure to expose them, and denounce them. The doctrines they teach are doctrines of devils. They 'creep into houses and lead away silly woman' after them. And I am quite surprised that you, madam, who your pastor says was always a woman of good sense, should be so easily led astray. I am astonished!"

Mrs. Pullman waited till the gentleman ceased speaking and then said to him; "Please be seated, sir."

The elder sat down, and the lady continued: "I am grieved to be the cause of so much distress of mind to my former pastor, yourself and others, and will be much relieved if you will point out, specifically, what doctrine taught by these men and believed by me, is of so dangerous a character as to deserve so severe a censure from you. If I am worthy of the commendation for good sense, which Rev. Lovegrace was pleased to pass upon me, I am entitled to sufficient consideration from you, to demand that you point out in detail and by proof from the scriptures, those things so evil that in adhering to them I err and am being led captive to destruction."

The elder, after feeling in his pockets, took out a small memorandum book, from which he selected a slip of printed paper, evidently cut from a newspaper, and read the following:—

"It is said that they teach their converts to believe that Joe Smith is a god; and that he is to reign as a king in an earthly paradise, in which his word shall be law, disobedience to which shall be punished with death; and that he is to be worshiped as a god. They practice immersion in water for remission of sins as essential to salvation; and the laying on of hands for the reception, (or gift as they call it), of the Holy Ghost. They deny the atonement of Christ, and the efficacy of faith in him; they also teach that a book called the 'Book of Mormon,' or 'Golden Bible,' is to supersede the King James' Bible; that the canon of scripture is not full; and that God reveals himself now to saints, as he did in the days of the apostles; that this revelation produces what are called 'signs following the believers.' Some other absurd notions about total depravity, heaven, hell, and the general responsibility of all men; from a creed as foolish as it is formidable; for it is gaining ground wherever these propagandists go, 'without purse and without scrip,' as they say."

"There," said the elder, his eyes ablaze with indignation, "Here, see what a mess of rubbish these men are teaching. Can you longer accept their absurdities? And do you, can you wonder that it is every where denounced by sensible people?"

"Elder Brazzleby," exclaimed Squire Pullman, hotly, "Have you come here to try my wife's faith and religious convictions, upon a newspaper paragraph like that? Two of the statements contained in that slip I heard elder Jones distinctly deny. He affirmed that it was neither believed, nor taught by them, that Joseph Smith was a god, or that they worshiped him at all, either as a god or as a man; neither did they teach, nor believe that the Book of Mormon in anywise superseded, or supplanted the Bible." Turning to his wife he said, "Rebecca, pardon me; I should not have

interposed. But it has so long been my business to weigh evidence and determine its admissibility, that so clear a departure from the rule of right betrayed me, and I spoke without thinking."

"In answer to your question, Squire Pullman," said the elder loftily, and with some asperity, "permit me to urge, that whatever becomes a matter of public notoriety; and is published in the newspapers, is public truth, helps to make up public opinion and must be taken as established. I therefore have a right to consider these things as a proper statement of the belief of these men, and sufficient to condemn them." He waited for the Squire to reply; but as that worthy did not seem inclined to offer anything further, he turned to the lady and continued. "Now, madam, I take these things as your confessed creed; as the teaching of these men to you and to others whom they have succeeded in leading away from the truth."

"You will pardon me, elder, I am not willing to abide so unfair and unjust a conclusion on your part. That newspaper clipping may, or may not have been written by some one who had an opportunity to know something of the people of whom he wrote. My husband states that he heard Eld. Jones publicly deny a part of what is there charged; stating positively that neither he nor his brethren so believed, or taught. You will, therefore, please leave out those things which are thus denied and show wherein the remainder are erroneous. You will also, please remark that the newspaper itself states that 'it is said,' showing that it was hearsay only."

"Well, what about, 'Joe' Smith's reigning as king, and every body to obey him on pain of death; what about that?" now said he.

"Simply this," said the lady with quiet dignity, "Mr. Smith is dead. He was never crowned king in his life time; did not possess, at any time the despotic power of a king; and that his followers no where teach that he will so reign on the earth before the millenium; what may take place after the resurrection they neither pretend to know nor say; so far as I have yet learned; only this, that it is recited in the book, 'and they shall be kings and priests unto our Lord and his Christ, and shall reign with him on the earth.' This is all that need be said about it; for it agrees with the statement made by them, and which I endorse, 'Christ is our King and he only shall reign over us.'"

"All this does not answer to prove you free from error, and that you are not deceived," impatiently asserted the preacher.

"Do you forget, Sir, that you came here to convince me of errors, which you stated that I was being led away by; this puts the burden of proof upon you. I am not under a necessity to defend against a simple charge, unsupported by any proof," urged the lady.

"Well, will you deny that they do teach and practice baptism by immersion, 'for the remission of sins,' as stated in this slip?" demanded he.

"No, sir. They do so teach and practice. I was myself baptised by Eld. Jones, with the distinct understanding that the ordinance was for the remission of sins. If it be an error so to believe, it may be shown by you," was her answer.

"None of the elders of our church so believe; the commentators are against the doctrine, and besides this, all the respectable churches have long since discarded the idea. None hold to it that I am acquainted with; and it is not reasonable to suppose that men like 'Joe' Smith, Jones, and Green, should know better than those learned men who wrote the history, and the commentaries, like Drs. Clarke and Barnes—the idea is preposterous." and he became silent, as if overcome with the absurdity of the idea.

Mrs. Pullman waited a moment to see whether he would resume; but as he did not she remarked, "The writing of Drs. Clarke and Barnes are not scripture, but are merely their opinions upon the Scripture, or different passages of it; hence are not scriptural proofs. But I offer you here three passages of scripture which state that bap-

tism was for the remission of sins when the language was written, whatever may be the object now.—"

"You cannot name one," said he interrupting her.

"There is a Bible at your elbow, on the table. Open it and turn to Mark 1st and 4th; which please read, also to Luke 3rd and 3rd; and to Acts 2nd and 38th. These passages seem to carry conviction to my mind, that true baptism is for the object there stated."

"But"—pleaded the baffled man, after reading the passages cited, "But, you are not to take these passages as they read, without some explanation being given by some one acquainted with the language; and the views of scholars. They only have the right to determine what is meant."

"But, Sir, this will not do for me. Rev. Lovegrace taught me always to prefer the plain reading of the Word to what any man might say. Rev. Hughes, your predecessor, in our last interview charged me to read the Bible and trust to that. Now these two men agreed in their advice; yours differs from theirs, which am I to observe?"

The elder had been growing more and more uneasy. He was foiled by this plain speaking woman. He felt deeply chagrined; and from what had passed, he seemed fearful to attempt any further exposition in detail; so he at one dire sweep charged Eld. Jones and his followers with being heretics in that they believed all that was charged in the closing sentences of the slip he still held in his hand. "Now," said he, "do you deny all this?"

"No sir. There is nothing to deny, for there is nothing charged specifically; except that they teach something absurd about heaven, hell, total depravity and responsibility. For aught that is known by the charge, Eld. Jones may have taught just what is in the Book of Common Prayer; or the Catechism. No sir, I do not defend against a charge so sweeping and so pointless."

Presiding elder Brazzleby rose, drew out his watch, and remarked, "I see that you are considerably blinded to your best interests in this matter. I now leave the matter for further development. It is growing late and I bid you good evening." So saying, he was ushered to the door and departed.

After he had gone Mrs. Pullman sat silent for a few moments, when she burst into a passionate fit of weeping, though she had kept her composure through the conversation.

Her husband, merely said nothing; but coming round to her chair he took her head between his hands, and stood by her until her grief had subsided.

Continued.

ZION'S HOPE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

DEAR HOPES: Young Hopes and old Hopes, little Hopes and big Hopes, we of this vicinity want to hear more about "Rest-Haven." All who have read novels know that "Rest-Haven" is not similar to a novel story.

First: novel stories have a hero, or heroine who performs many wonderful deeds, and has many hair-breadth escapes. Second: novel stories, are nothing but a wonderful imagination of the brain, anything to excite a great curiosity in the reader, and thus induce him or her to continue taking the paper, and by so doing advance the interest of the publisher and the fame of the writer, whereas the writer of "Rest-Haven" merely sets forth moral truths, painted in such colors as will interest the young, and also be very instructive and beneficial to the old as well as young.

Taking these things into consideration, and wishing to let the author of "Rest-Haven" know that at least one little band of Hopes sustain and indorse her writings; therefore, We, the Zion's Hope Sunday School of this place have resolved by an unanimous vote, that we will uphold and

sustain, with our faith and prayers, sister "Perla Wild" in her efforts.

I want to say that we have a very interesting school here, for all are taking a deep interest in their study of the Scripture. We have forty scholars, and every one takes part in singing. The *Hope* is a welcome visitor on Sabbath mornings, and we could not get along well without it. Hoping that all young Hopes have a good Sunday School to go to every Sabbath, and if they have not, that they will induce the old Hopes to organize one, I remain yours in Christ,

CLARENCE WILDER, Supt. Z. H. S. S.
DOWVILLE, Crawford Co., Iowa, July 11, 1876.

[Not inserted before, as only lately received].—Eds.

ITEMS OF HISTORY No. 15.

SOON after the ordination of Parley, Joseph returned to Pennsylvania, for he was only in Manchester on business.

It was about this time that his troubles with the mob at Colesville commenced, "who served a writ upon him, and dragged him from the desk as he was about taking his text to preach."

For a full account of this uncivilized, unchristian like affair, we refer the reader to *Times and Seasons*, vol. 4, p. 40 and 61; Supplement to *Milennial Star*, vol. 14, p. 31, only giving one incident connected with the affair, "for which," says the historian, "I am dependant upon Esquire Reid, Joseph's counsel in the case, and I shall relate it as near in his own words as my memory will admit:—"

"I was so busy at the time when Mr. Smith sent for me, that it was almost impossible for me to attend the case, and never having seen Mr. Smith, I determined to decline going. But soon after coming to this conclusion, I thought I heard some one say to me, 'You must go and deliver the Lord's anointed.' Supposing it was the man who came after me, I replied, 'The Lord's anointed? What do you mean by the Lord's anointed?' He was surprised at being accosted in this manner, and replied, 'What do you mean, sir? I said 'nothing about the Lord's anointed.' I was convinced that he told the truth, for these few words filled my mind with peculiar feelings, such as I had never before experienced; and I immediately hastened to the place of trial. Whilst I was engaged in the case, these emotions increased, and when I came to speak upon it, I was inspired to an eloquence which was altogether new to me, and which was overpowering and irresistible. I succeeded, as I expected, in obtaining the prisoner's discharge. This the more enraged the adverse party, and I soon discovered that Mr. Smith was liable to abuse from them, should he not make his escape. The most of them being fond of liquor, I invited them into another room to drink, and then succeeded in attracting their attention, until Mr. Smith was beyond their reach. I knew not where he went but I was satisfied that he was out of their hands.

"Since this circumstance occurred, until to-day, Mr. Reid has been a faithful friend to Joseph, although he has never attached himself to the church."

After escaping the hands of the mob, Joseph traveled till day-break the next morning, at which time he arrived at the house of one of his wife's sisters, where he found his wife who had suffered great anxiety about him.

It is due, in this connection, to say that Joseph, for two days prior to his escape from the mob, had partaken of no food except a small crust of bread.

From where Joseph met his wife, they returned home; immediately after which he received a commandment by revelation to move his family to Waterloo; shortly after the removal he visited his father's house again.

About this time Hyrum Smith had completed the arrangement of his temporal affairs, so as to be prepared for what ever work might be assigned him of the Lord, and when Joseph came he requested him to enquire of the Lord concerning

the matter; when he received commandment to repair at once with his family to Colesville "for his enemies were combining in secret chambers to take away his life." At the same time Joseph Smith, Sen. "received commandment to go forth with to Waterloo, and prepare a place for his family" as his enemies also sought his destruction where he resided, "but in Waterloo he should find favor in the eyes of the people."

On the day following the family were scattered as follows: Hyrum was on his journey as directed, Joseph and Emma (his wife) left for Macedon, William left in another direction on business, Samuel was away on a mission, Catherine and Don Carlos were also away from home. This left none but Father Smith, wife, and little girl at home.

We have entered a little into detail in the close of this number, that the reader of the next number may the better understand the situation and what had to be endured in pushing forward this great Latter Day Work. Truly nothing but a knowledge that it was of God, together with the continued comfort of the Holy Spirit, obtained and retained, through faithfulness in the work to which they had been called, could have sustained those early eleventh-hour-laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. See *Joseph Smith the Prophet*, pages 151 to 159.

GLEANINGS FOR ZION'S HOPE;

OR, ODDS AND ENDS FROM UNCLE H—L'S SCRAPBOOK.

AS I read ZION'S HOPE I wonder how I could best please its many little readers. My scrap book presented itself to my mind as a means of both pleasing and instructing them; and, this being my first letter to Zion's Hopes, I refer to my scrap book, I remember to have seen something there concerning a letter. Ah, here it is:

"A LETTER.

"What is a letter? Let affection tell!
A tongue that speaks for those who absent dwell:
A silent language uttered to the eye,
Which envious distance would in vain deny;
A link to bind, where circumstances part;
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart,
Formed to convey, like an electric chain,
The mystic flash—the lightning of the brain—
And thrill at once, through its remotest link,
The throb of passion by a drop of ink."

Though we are separated from each other, we can correspond through our precious little paper. I love to read the letters in it, and I feel once more as a child. Again I live in the past, again I hear a mother's voice, and again I feel her loving hand laid gently on my head as she breathes the prayer, "God bless my boy." Little Hopes, I thank God for having given me a praying mother. Though it is years since she bade me farewell, and departed from us, yet she left a sweet, hallowed influence with me which has not yet faded away. Little Hopes, love your parents, and obey their counsels, for God has placed you in their charge. Then, when they have passed away, you will feel no remorse. More anon.

UNCLE H—L.

CHEERING WORDS.

DEAR HOPES: I am not sure that it is quite right of me, an aged person, to occupy any of the space you can fill so well yourselves; but I am so pleased with your dear little paper, that I cannot help expressing my gratitude for the unwearied labors of those who so tenderly care for the lambs of the flock. Dear children, yours is indeed a blessing, the value of which, perhaps none can estimate so well as those who have never enjoyed it, namely, to be taught in your childhood the principles of eternal truth, instead of having your minds filled with traditions, like your forefathers, and from your letters, I think you appreciate this. I love to read them, so that I may know your feelings and desires, and cherish your dear names in my memory, ever praying that you may never leave the fold of the "Good

Shepherd," he who gathers the lambs in his arms and carries them in his bosom. May you abide in him, who is "meek and lowly in heart." We must remember that he is our pattern, as well as our Redeemer, and unless we have the spirit, the disposition of Christ, we are none of his. You have set your feet on the first steps of the ladder, may your path be onward; and as you go, the Holy Spirit which you have received, will open up to you the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are hid in Christ; so shall the hope of Zion, in you, be indeed realized.

I am your sister in the gospel,

JULIA EDWARDS.

BURSLEM, Staffordshire Potteries,
England, June 19th, 1876.

THE PICNIC.

DEAR HOPES: I thought I would write you a few lines and tell you of a pleasant party held yesterday. I gave a picnic to a large number of my little friends. It was held at Wilson's Park, a short distance from the city of Providence. It is a beautiful place, endowed by nature, with every thing that is lovely.

Having taught my little friends many of our hymns, they sang them and attracted much attention. This is one of my ways of preaching the gospel, for I find children to be very good listeners. I took a few numbers of the *Zion's Hope*; and as I read your letters to them, they were interested, and some little ones said that they wished you were all here. And I thought how pleasant it would be to see all of your bright faces in the grand old woods; but of course this could not be, yet we can correspond through the *Hope*. I wish the Hopes to write to me, for I have words to say to them that I cannot send to be printed. Dear Hopes, pray that many of my young friends here may be brought to the knowledge of the truth, for all have not good, christian parents to teach them.

God has smiled on us and filled our hearts with joy and peace. He has given us an assurance of a better life. Let us be willing to labor in any capacity for him, not expecting the honors of this world, but trusting in him to whom all honor is due. Then we shall have a crown of glory that fadeth not away. Your sister in the gospel of Christ,

ANNIE HOLT.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., July 12, 1876.

THE COCOA-NUT.

IN the excellent account of Ceylon by the late Sir J. E. Tennent, he mentions that he was told by a native the one hundred uses for which the products of the cocoa-nut tree were made available. They were as follows: The nut and its juices for food, for drinking, for oil, curries, cakes, and cosmetics; the shell for cups, lamps, spoons, bottles, and tooth-powder; the fibre which surrounds it for beds, brushes, nets, ropes, cordage, and cables; the fruit sap for spirits, sugar, and vinegar; the blossoms for pickles and preserves; the web sustaining the footstalks serves for strainers and flambeaux; the leaves furnish twenty-seven appliances—for thatch, matting, fodder, baskets, and minor utensils; and, lastly, the trunk yields fourteen appliances—for building, furniture, fire-wood, ships, fences, and farming implements.—*Selected.*

LAUGHING CHILDREN.

GIVE me the boy or girl who smiles as soon as the first rays of the morning sun glance in through the window, gay, happy and kind. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least, when contrasted with the sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like a hyena from the moment he opens his angry eyes till he is confronted by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favorable, will be good material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to

refine, civilize, tame, and harmonize a rude brother, making him gentle, affectionate, and lovable. It is a feast to even look at such a joy-inspiring girl, and see the smiles flowing, so to speak, from her parted lips, displaying a set of clean, well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness; singing, and as merry as the birds that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy dreamed that the sun was approaching and about to pour a flood of light and warmth upon the earth.—*Selected.*

GOOD WORDS.

DEAR LITTLE HOPES:—I love to hear from you, although I am not a little Hope. I am growing old, but I have a hope that reaches beyond the grave. Little children, let me say to all: Be obedient to your parents, and be kind to your brothers and sisters, and to all that are around you. This will bring you joy and happiness. May you live faithful is the prayer of your sister in Christ,
SARAH W. CONYERS.

1 September 76.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

Correspondence.

JANESVILLE, Wis., July 23d, 1876.

Dear Uncle Henry.—We are all well. Papa and I went to Br. Rasey's to meeting to-day; some of the neighbors were in. It is vacation now, but school will commence in about two weeks. Somebody has sent Johnnie the *Hope*, and we can not think of any body to have sent it but Uncle Henry; Johnnie would write and thank you, but he don't think he can write good enough, so he wants me to write for him. The stories are so good, and we like to read the letters that the boys and girls write. We have not any Sunday school to go to, but we wish we had. Our meetings are so far away that we can not all go every time, but we go when we can. We want to be good children and do what is right, and we mean to keep trying. We send our love to Uncle Henry, and we wish he could come and see us again.
JULIA N. DUTTON.

CANTON, Ills., August 1st, 1876.

Brother Henry.—I will try and write a few lines to you. I am but a little girl, only eleven years old. I love to read the letters in the *Hope*, and this prompted me to write, thinking my brother and sister Hopes would like to know how we in Canton are getting along in the great work of the latter days. We have a branch of about sixty members, and we also have a good Sabbath School of about thirty members. Bro. J. Jeremiah, the president of the branch, is a good man, and he exhorts the saints to live according to the commandments of our Heavenly Father; and if we do this we will at last gain that eternal life promised to all the faithful of God's people. Your sister in the faith,
ROSA B. RELYEA.

NORTONVILLE, Cal., July 16th, 1876.

Dear Uncle Joseph.—To-day has been one of fasting and prayer with us. My father and mother, two of my sisters, and two of my brothers, are members of the Church of Jesus Christ. I wish that some of the elders would come and pay us a visit. I ask an interest in the prayers of all. Yours respectfully,
MARY A. DAVIS.

DANVILLE, Montour Co., Pa., July 9th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I have just come home from Sunday School, and it is a very warm day. There are only seven members of the church here. I am the only one that is under age in this place, I am sixteen years old, and was baptized on the ninth of last December. We have four meetings every week: a Sunday School at ten o'clock, a meeting at two, and a prayer meeting in the evening each Sabbath, and a prayer meeting each Wednesday evening. We had a very nice time on the fourth of July, for we had a picnic in the grove near our house. Your brother in Christ,
WILLIAM CRUMB.

WOODBINE, Harrison Co., Iowa, Aug. 1st.

Br. Henry.—Br. Bays gained the use of the M. E. Church, as follows: He attended the Sabbath School, and took a lively interest therein, mingling his voice with theirs, and when the morning service was

concluded, he addressed the people as friends and brethren, asking permission to preach in the afternoon. This was no longer refused, and the same congregation turned out to hear him. His subjects were made clear, and we think good impressions were left in the minds of the people. One Spiritualist gentleman said to Br. Bays, as he was leaving this morning, "I am sorry to see that you are leaving us; I was in hopes that you would deliver a course of lectures before you left here." So we trust there is dawning a brighter day.

Have we not reason, little Hopes, to take courage, in the advancement of whatever good cause we may be engaged in. May our Heavenly Father give good fruit as the result. Pa thinks the *Hope* is improving. The grandpa story was interesting to me. I wish I was able and had the talent to write.

Your sister in Christ, REGINA L. ROHRER.

SOLDIER VALLEY, Iowa, August 8th, 1876.

Dear Hopes.—I do not see any letters in the *Hope* from here, and I will add my mite. I never tried to study out the puzzles till now, and I am going to study out as many as I can after this. "Rest-Haven" was a very nice story, and I would like to have it continued. "Items of History," and "What is it Worth," are also very nice. SARAH A. VREDENBURGH.

St. JOSEPH, Mo., August 9th, 1876.

Dear Brother Henry:—We would like to have a visit from you in St. Joseph, as we have not seen you for a long time. I have been baptized since you was here, by Bro. T. W. Smith. We had a visit from them not very long ago and everybody here likes them. I ask you to pray for me that I may live faithful and be saved in God's kingdom. Ever yours,
BELL BURLINGTON.

[Thank you, Sr. Bell, we would indeed like to repeat our pleasant visit at the Burlington mansion and among the other St. Joseph Saints.]—ED.

MACHIAS, Maine, August 10th, 1876.

Br. H. A. Stebbins:—I was baptized by Br. Banta when he was here, so also was my little brother and sister. I am thirteen years old. I want to live so that God will bless me with his Holy Spirit and give me grace to overcome evil. I know he will if I put my trust in him. Good by,
ALBERT C. FOSS.

SCOTTSVILLE, Ind., August 6th, 1876.

Br. Henry:—I thought while I had some spare moments I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. I see many from different branches but none from the Eden branch. I am very much encouraged by reading the *Hope*. I like sister Perla's writings very much and would be very sorry to have her discontinue them. We have no Sunday School here, but I hope we may have soon. That I may meet all the little Hopes in Zion is my prayer. Yours truly,

WILLIAM W. SCOTT.

SOLDIER, Monona Co., Iowa, Aug. 8, 1876.

Dear Little Brothers and Sisters:—I have never attempted to write to you before. I am always glad when the *Hope* comes, for the stories are very good. I wish that Sr. Perla would tell us more about "Rest-Haven." I was baptized a year ago, by Bro. James Ballentyné. I have not lived as I ought, but I intend to do better in the future. Bro. J. R. Lambert was here from Magnolia and preached three sermons. We go six miles to church every Sunday. I have a little niece, and she is just as pretty as a picture; she is four months old and we think she is cute. I will write again some other time. Let us each try to do our duty that we may all meet in heaven.

MARY E. MONTAGUE.

VINCENNES, Iowa, August 12th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—We have no meeting here on the Sabbath. There is a Union Sunday School, and the superintendent is Mr. B. C. Nave, of the Congregational Church of Keokuk. The average attendance is about fifty. I am still striving to do my duty, and I ask the prayers of the Hopes that I may continue faithful to the end. Yours in the gospel,

MALISSA F. PARISH.

BRAIDWOOD, Will Co., Ill., July 30th, 1876.

Dear Bro. Stebbins:—I now write a few lines to all the young Hopes. We are going to have a Sunday School here pretty soon; John Keir, Jr., is to be our superintendent. I am glad, for I like to go to Sunday School. The weather is very warm here at present. Good bye,
G. W. LILLY.

COTTAGE, Hardin Co., Ia., July 30th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I will write a short letter to you. I have no home of my own, and am a pilgrim in the land. I often think of rest to come, of that heavenly city. Dear Hopes, do you remember reading Br. Curtis White's letter in the July 15th *Hope*, dated at Edenville, Iowa? Well I just came through that pretty

little village, and I became acquainted with Bro. Curtis. I am now working for Br. J. W. Briggs' son, L. T. Briggs. I ask your prayers in my behalf, for I am much afflicted, as you would say if you saw me. Yours in hope,
GEO. M. JAMISON.

REST.

Rest is not quitting this busy career,
Rest is the fitting of one's self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife;
Fleeing to ocean after its life.

'Tis loving and serving the highest and best.
'Tis onward, unswerving; and this is true rest.
Goethe.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 11.

I am composed of fifty-three letters.
My 31, 3, 40, 40, 5, 50, 26, a lake in Oceanica.
My 18, 33, 40, 10, 7, 42, 40, 28, 42, 22, 4, 1, 41, is a city in Europe.
My 16, 30, 50, 51, 1, 19, 9, 20, 21, 26, 2, 12, 50, 22, an island in Oceanica.
My 32, 4, 17, 8, 40, is a river in Europe.
My 35, 49, 43, 13, 21, 45, 11, is a river in Asia.
My 36, 1, 21, 29, 15, is a river in Europe.
My 38, 27, 46, 34, 37, is a city in Asia.
My 23, 45, 6, 28, 14, 27, 40, is what we should not be.
My 48, 15, 25, 47, is not wise.
My 24, 20, 52, is part of a hog.
My 44, 38, is a pronoun.
My whole is a saying of the Savior.

J. W. WIGHT.

ENIGMA CROSSWORD No. 12.

My first is in wheat, but not in rye.
My second is in whip, but not in cry.
My third is in long, but not in far.
My fourth is in wheel, but not in car.
My fifth is in white, but not in black.
My sixth is in car, also in track.
My seventh is in small, but not in big.
My eighth is in ship, but not in brig.
My ninth is in can, but not in must.
My tenth is in corn, but not in husk.
My eleventh is in true, but not in sure.
My twelfth is in health, but not in cure.
My whole is the name of the author.

ANAGRAM.—No. 8.

Eard uisrova ew udwlo erev kalw
Ntwiih hte ipha fo itlh
Eb huto rou lsiedh eb chut oru ig edu
Dan ceath su htwa si grhi
Ofr ew rea ekwa nad slulfin
Nda fatoc rmfo ti mora
Iiwt otuh eb yerv aern su
Dna iewgd su yaelsf olmh.

NETTJE ILBHAACDR.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of August 1.

To Enigma No. 9.—No, Plane, Ill, Mitten, Phil, Apple, Jessie, Some. The whole Joseph Smith, Plano, Ill. Answered by Rosa B. Relyea, John and James Keir, and Wm. W. Scott.

To Anagram No. 6.—

There is, beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

WILLIAM CRUMB.

Answered by Rosa B. Relyea, Benjamin Sumption, John and James Keir, Minnie Muetze, Nancy M. Ballentine, Carrie E. Hills, John Mariott, Wm. W. Scott, Sarah A. Vredenburg, Jennette Archibald, Joseph E., Gracie, Alice Montague, Vida E. Smith and Alice Epperly.

To Double Acrostic No. 1.—Tomsk, Ottawa, Posen, Euphrates, Kamchatka, Arkansas. Initials, Topka; finals, Kansas.

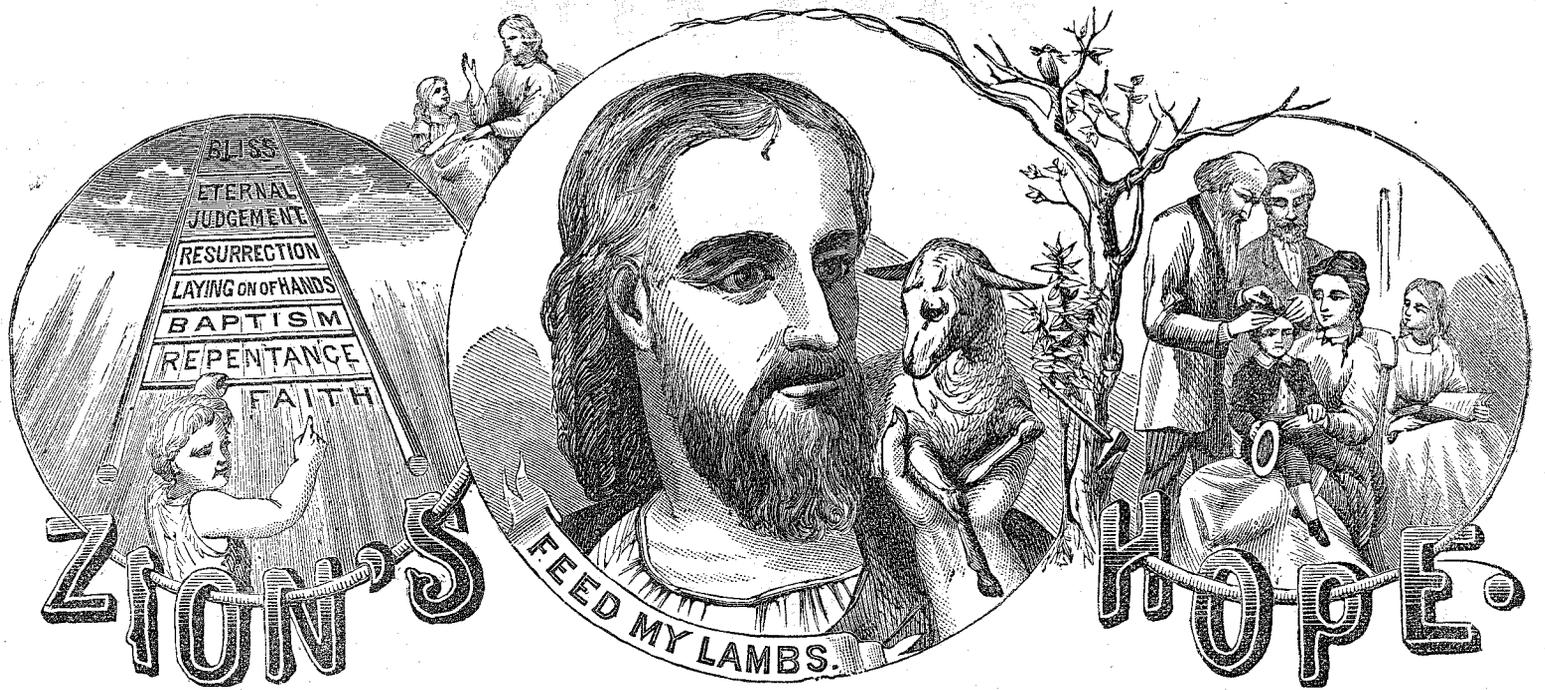
Answered by John and James Keir.

Wm. W. Scott sent correct answer to Enigma No. 8 and Puzzle No. 1 too late for last issue.

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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. 8.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., SEPTEMBER 15, 1876.

No. 6,

THE DISOBEDIENT MOUSE.

There once lived a mouse so happy and gay,
Who, capering about one evening, did say:
"There will surely no grief or harm come to me
If I wonder abroad the great world to see;
I will not go far, and will surely come back
If I happen to see that great ugly cat;
Oh, no, my dear friends, I shall never be caught,
For how fast I can run, have you all forgot?"

So parting with friends, not a lengthy adieu,
She ventured a little, then much bolder grew;
And over the table she scampered so gay
To see in her travels how much she could play.
The nice food she nibbled, forgetting the cat,
And again and again tried this bit and that;
Further, still further from home and each friend,
She traveled still onward to her fatal end;

For while in the midst of pleasure so rare,
The old family mouser espied her just there;
One moment of danger and death follows fast,
And for disobedience she suffered at last.
Oh, how sad was the fate of this little mouse,
In leaving the shelter of the dear old house;
There she might have staid so safe and secure,
But, as ever, false pleasure did seek to allure.

How like this poor creature, my dear children all,
Are they who do wonder away from God's call;
For little by little they go more astray,
Till sooner or later comes their evil day.
For if in transgression our soul should be caught,
All our sinful pleasures will but come to naught;
And like to this mouser there lieth in wait
One seeking to shut us in his prison gate.

Now very small sins, if permitted to grow,
Will be our full masters and us overthrow;
Yes, little by little our sins become great
And we should repent ere it be too late.
Then, dear little children let us seek to dwell,
'Neath a Father's kind care, who loveth us well;
For he will protect us from danger and sin,
Until we the bright crown of glory may win.

SISTER ISA.

A VISIT TO THE MINT.

PERHAPS some of the Hopes would like to take a glance with me at the United States Mint in San Francisco. My father gave me a detail of his visit there the other day, and so I give it to you.

We land from the Oakland Ferry and go up Market street past the Great Palace Hotel, turn down Fifth street to the Mint Building. It is quite

an imposing structure of granite and slate. Its two towering chimneys send forth their columns of poisonous red and black smoke, alternately. It is usually borne away north, high above the noisy city, by the strong ocean breezes.

We ascend a flight of long, stone steps, and, passing between its great stone pillars, enter on the east side. It being between nine and ten a.m. the hour for receiving visitors, we register our names and residence, and in the sitting room await the summons of the usher. When it comes a crowd of us follow a pleasant, affable man up stairs, and, passing through a side door, we are on a suspended iron balustrade, some fifty feet above the floor of the Receiving Room. A circular mahogany counter, with several desks, also the scales and other office fixtures are here. The sides of the room and the doors are ornamented with gilt and bronze work, and there are several bronze chandeliers.

Piles of gold and silver bullion are on the floor and on trucks. All the metal is brought in here weighed, numbered, and receipted. It is then wheeled to the melter's room and assayed; then melted in iron furnaces, large iron ladles being used to hold it. After this it is poured into large iron tanks of cold water, for the silver and gold must be separated. It looks some like a lot of popcorn in the water. The water is next drawn off, and acids are put in, principally nitric acid. Thus the silver is dissolved into a milky liquid, leaving the gold by itself. It is then removed, and salt is thrown into the tank and the silver precipitates on the bottom, looking like a white powder. It is then melted and burned in a refiner's fire, until the refiner can see his face in it, as in a mirror; for so the dross is burned out, just as we must be purified from sin until our Savior's likeness appears in us. This is the test of fire.

The silver is then poured into iron moulds, and turned out pure silver bricks.

But, as our coin standard is not pure, these bricks are weighed and marked, and a certain quantity of copper is put with it, and into the ladles and furnace it goes, and when melted and well mixed, it is poured out and run into ingots, or bars. This is called alloy, meaning copper in silver. Copper and silver are also put in with gold to alloy it in like manner.

These alloyed ingots, or bars, are next run through a series of rolling mills, which run noiselessly and so perfectly as to bring the bars to just the proper width and thickness for coin, the largest size being for the silver trade-dollar. Each bar is about two inches wide, three sixteenths of an inch thick, and four feet long, and shows

the copper. Being too hard to bear milling and stamping, they are annealed. Several of them are placed in a copper tube, and these tubes are put into a very hot furnace, and when red-hot are pulled out quickly and plunged into a tank of cold water. This is a very particular process, for if exposed to the air one minute they would oxidize and waste materially. Some chemicals are also used in the water, a secret of what they are being known to few.

The bars, being now soft, are seized by steel clamps and drawn quickly through stationary rollers, which leave them quite smooth. Then they are taken to the waxing box and covered with wax; thence to a drop punch which works very fast and is self-registering. The punched pieces are now taken to a metallic tank and washed in acids until very bright, and the scraps are melted over again.

The bright pieces are next wheeled to the weighing room, which contains a long table where some thirty or forty young ladies are seated, each with file in hand, and a small scale by her side. Thus each piece is weighed separately, if a trifle too heavy she files it off, but if too light it goes with the scraps for remelting. The coins are next wheeled to the stamping room, a self registering stamp running swiftly under a pressure of one hundred and seventy-five tons. At one blow it stamps both sides of the piece perfectly, and a boy drops them into a small brass tube on one side, and they are delivered in a box on the other. A glance at the dial tells truthfully the number stamped. The man who tends it moves mechanically, having but one style of motion to make.

Eighty silver dollars are stamped per minute, or sixteen hundred dollars in twenty dollar gold pieces per minute. One million dollars in gold bullion has been received in the morning and delivered the same night in twenty dollar gold pieces. This is a full day's work. From the press the coin is wheeled to the disbursing department, where the depositors receive their coin, upon surrendering their receipts from the receiver's room. And being quite tired of running up and down stairs for the past two busy hours, we bid our kind usher adieu, and soon find ourselves elbowing our way down Market street for the ferry boat again. I have given you but a brief outline of what is to be seen in the Mint, but you must see it to appreciate it more fully. Your sister,

LIZZIE MILLS.

MISSION SAN JOSE, Cal., June 27th, 1876.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every evening will find something done.

As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence.

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A CHILD'S PRAYER.

WE heard a beautiful incident related a few days ago, which is illustrative of a child's faith, and is a strong confirmation of special providence. An interesting little daughter of Professor C., last summer, in eating a water-melon got one of the seeds lodged in her windpipe.

An effort was made to dislodge it, but proved ineffectual, and it was thought that the child would have to be taken to the city to have an operation performed by a skillful surgeon. To this she was decidedly opposed, and pleaded with her mamma to tell her if there was no other way of relief. Finally, in order to quiet her childish fears, her Christian mother told her to ask God to help her.

The little one went into an adjoining room, and shortly thereafter came running to her mamma with her beautiful and intelligent face lighted up with joy, and the seed in her hand. In response to the eager inquiry of her mother, the little one said that she had asked God to help her, and while she was praying she was taken with a severe cough, in which she threw up the seed.—*Everybody's Paper.*

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

LISTEN to me, little Hopes, and I will tell you a true story about little Nettie. Now, Nettie was a little Utah Mormon girl; she was born in the valley of the mountains, the great bason, in 1851, and her early childhood's home was on the banks of one of those lovely crystal streams, that flow from the mountains and empty their waters into Great Salt Lake.

Of all the happy children in this wide world, I am sure none were happier than Nettie. When she was a very little child, she loved much to wander alone on the green, mossy banks of that lovely stream, to see, to hear, and to think; there seemed so much to see, and all was so beautiful; from the bright, warm, golden sun, the pale, cold moon, the blue, starry-decked sky, the white fleecy clouds and the black clouds silver lined; the mountains, the trees, the grass and flowers; all above and all beneath, that met Nettie's gaze, even to that salt land that some call barren, was wonderfully beautiful in her eyes.

There was much to hear, and such sweet music. The invisible wind, sighing and mourning among the trees; the varied notes of the singing birds; the murmuring waters that merrily glide on their way; the buzz and hum of the bee; the many and the varied sounds of insect life, soaring through the air, working among the trees, over the rocks, and down among the grass and flowers, all was sweet music in Nettie's ears, and all was food for thought. So much to think about. Nettie would look and listen, and think about who made all these beautiful sights, and all these sweet and wonderful sounds. Who could have made them, was a most perplexing thought to Nettie. So she went to her papa, and asked him who made all these things, enumerating them one by one in her childlike, gleesome way; and concludingly saying, "Who made you Papa? And who made me?" To these questions her papa answered, "God made all this beautiful world; every thing in it, above it, and beneath it. And he made Nettie and her papa, and all people. God is the Creator of all things."

Then Nettie was filled with admiration of this great, good, and powerful being; she thought how great and good God was to make this world all so beautiful and so pleasant, and to make all people, all of her acquaintances and friends, her loved parents and relatives, and her own pretty self.

Now, Nettie was praised and petted a great deal, and held up to see her own face reflected in the mirror, and she was vain and proud of her beauty, for she really supposed that no eyes were prettier than her own bright blue ones, and no hair was half so pretty as her own light golden curls. It was wrong for Nettie to be so vain. I have seen

many little girls that I thought were much prettier than Nettie ever was, so I will not excuse her although I love her very much. For she might have been very proud of her self if she had not been praised at all, and if there had been no mirror in her father's house; for out in God's own grand temple where she loved to roam, she might have seen, and I well know she did many times see and admire herself, as she stood in that most inviting of all places, where the blue sky looked down in all its wondrous glory and beauty, and the trees and flowers, and the moss peeping over the projecting bank to which it clung, and even the birds, on the bending boughs, seemed to see and admire themselves in the waters of the gentle flowing stream, God's own wonderful mirror.

Vain as Nettie was, she did not spend much time thinking of her herself alone, for there was so much else to think about. And O, how Nettie longed to see and know the good and powerful being who made her, the Creator of all this beautiful world. And she made up her mind that if he was any where in this world, she would find him, for it would be such a pleasure to sit at his feet and ask him questions; he could answer every one, Nettie thought. So she asked her papa where God was, and he told her that God was seated on his throne in the heavens. This seemed so far away, beyond the starry sky, so far away that Nettie almost despaired of ever seeing him; just then her papa chanced to say, "This earth is God's foot-stool." At this Nettie's hope revived very much. She thought he could not be far beyond that starry-decked curtain of blue, if this earth was really his foot-stool, his feet must touch it sometimes. And her childish imagination painted him a throne among the clouds, as her mind was continually filled with thoughts about Him, and her whole heart's desire was to see and know him. She would watch every cloud that appeared on the beautiful blue sky; she thought a great deal, and talked very little, except to ask questions. Her father seeing his child's thoughtful mood was ever ready and willing to answer her questions. It is true she asked him some that he could not answer, such as; "Who made God?" But all that he could, answer he did, and he told her a great deal about God; how he loved the people he had created and placed on this earth, and how he desired them to love and serve him, and keep all of his commandments. Nettie's papa also told her many of God's commands; and what pleased God, and what displeased him, what was right and what was wrong. He told her also about death and the resurrection, and that the reward of doing all God's will, is to dwell with him forever and ever, after this short life is ended. Papa also taught his little girl to pray, and he told her the need of it, and the benefits derived from it, and the power of prayer. For he said, "We cannot please God unless we pray often and sincerely to him, and if we do thus pray it makes it so much easier to remember and obey all God's commandments. And then, by praying we become acquainted with God and feel to know him so well. Although we cannot see him, he can see us all the time, and hear every word we say, and he knows every thought of our mind and desire of our hearts, as well as though they were spoken in voices louder than the thunder's mighty roar. He also taught that by praying earnestly, and with great assurance, verily believing that God hears us, and will surely give us what we ask, we may receive great blessings, in so much that the sick among us may be restored to health, and even the dead be raised to life. Under these instructions Nettie very soon ceased to trouble her mind with the perplexing questions about God that her papa was unable to answer. And when she was not yet four years old she really believed in God; and though she could not see him, yet with her whole heart she loved him. She loved too, the sweet, sweet hour of prayer. Nettie's papa every evening raised his voice in prayer to God, while every member of the house-

hold, with folded hands and bowed heads, around the family altar knelt; and at meal times too, he always gave thanks, and the Sabbath forenoon was generally spent in fasting and prayer, reading the Bible and singing hymns.

There were no Sunday Schools in Utah at that time, and yet Nettie was ever anxious for the week days to hurry by, for God's holy Sabbath day to return. For it was her greatest pleasure, her sweetest joy, to hear God's name praised in prayer and song, and to hear readings from his holy word. Especially did she delight to hear those portions of scriptures which tell of God's great love for the people of this world; how he gave his dearly beloved son, Jesus, as a sacrifice or an atonement for our sins, that, through his death, we might be redeemed from our fallen state, and be brought again into the presence of God to dwell with him forever, if we would believe on him and live for the prize.

Of course Nettie did not understand all of God's word that she heard read; but this much she very plainly understood, that God had really prepared a way by which we might obtain the prize she so much desired; to see and know God, to talk with him face to face and always dwell in his presence, if we would through this life live in strict accordance with his will. And for this great goodness in God, Nettie truly felt thankful. Many times from her almost baby heart went up an unuttered prayer of thanks and praise; not only on the Sabbath day, or during the family hour of worship, but through the week days during her plays and sports. She used to chase the butterflies as many other children do, and when weary of the vain chase she would pause and her heart would so naturally turn from the butterflies' gay wings, to the Good One who painted them in such rich colors and tints, and who made them, though tender and small, sufficiently strong to soar far away from annoying children's reach. Thus her heart and mind would ever turn from all that seemed good and beautiful to the originator of it all. Nettie felt sure that God knew all her heart's desire, he seemed so near, and heaven not so far away; so she was just as happy as a child well could be in this world.

Amid all her happiness one thing remained to trouble her mind and cause her much serious and perplexing thought; for in the homes of almost all the people Nettie knew she saw that which she thought was not right, that which was not only in every way repulsive to her own nature, but seemed not in accordance with all nature's open book, and not like the God to plan it, who taught the birds their pleasant ways, and surely none but the God who made the wild birds, could have learned them their ways. Two birds, loving mates, two, only two, together would build a nest, together would feed and take care of their baby birds; together they learned them to fly.

In this pleasant bird-life all seemed love, peace and joy. Nettie could not help noticing the sad contrast between the pleasant lives of the birds, and the lives of those families where one man had two or more wives; for in their homes jealousy, anger and strife seemed to reign. So Nettie asked her papa if this was right. He told her that it was right for one man to have more than one wife, and that God had made it known in the last days that it was his will they should have. She made no reply and was greatly perplexed, for this was the first thing her papa had told her which she ever doubted in the least; and it was hard for her to disbelieve her father's words, and still harder to believe that such an unpleasant, and seemingly wicked way of living, was right. She remembered, too, hearing her father read from the Bible that God was an unchangeable being; always the same, yesterday to-day and forever; and Nettie thought if this be true of God, he no more desires that one man should have more wives now than he did when he only made one wife for Adam the first man. And if it had been God's desire or will then, that Adam should have more

wives, he could and would have made more for him. But no, Nettie thought, it appears that it pleased God then to have the people he had created in his own image mated just like the birds, so that their lives could be as joyous and happy. How good God was then; and O! how can it be possible that he has changed so much, that he now desires the creatures he has given bodies, just like his own, to live in a way in which it is impossible for them to feel the sweet love and peace that every wild woodland bird seems to enjoy.

Concluded in our next.

WANTED—AN HONEST, INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

YOU will see that advertisement in almost every daily paper you take up, for an honest, industrious boy is always wanted. He will be sought for, and when found kept. His services are always in demand. He will be respected and loved; he will always have a home, and will grow up a man of worth and character.

The merchant will want him for a salesman or clerk. The master mechanic will want him for an apprentice, or journeyman. Clients will want him for a lawyer, patients for a physician, parents for a teacher, and the public for a public officer. The highest office in our land is open to him. The presidency and all high offices of trust will soon have to be filled from the ranks of this generation.

Are you an honest and industrious boy? Do you answer this description? Can you apply for the situation, "Wanted—an honest and industrious boy?" You may be smart and active, quick-witted and willing, but that does not fill the want. Are you *honest*? You may be capable. Are you *industrious*? You may be well-dressed, have easy manners, and make a good impression at first; but are you honest and industrious? Can your friends and teachers recommend you for these qualities?

You must be honest and industrious—must work, strive and wait; then your application for places of profit and trust will be almost certain to succeed.

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

M. B. D.

—Everybody's Paper.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FEW days after this Mr. Judson and family returned home. They found Horace and Mr. Peters in charge of the sick man who was sometimes raging and delirious in fever, sometimes still, and almost lifeless in stupor, his life hanging as on a thread.

The vigils of Horace and Mr. Peters had been shared by Mr. Brown, Mr. Pullman, their wives, Mrs. True and her daughter; and these were glad when the family returned, as it was feared that Mr. Barnes would die.

A day or two after the return of Mr. Judson, a change for the better was observed in their sick charge. He had wakened from a fitful sleep apparently conscious; but had fallen asleep again and was lying, breathing regularly and free from fever when the doctor came in the afternoon. He at once expressed his opinion that the patient would recover, and charged them that when he waked, some pains should be taken not to alarm him should he ask any question about what they would do with him. Mr. Peters was sent for, to be with him when he should awake; as it was thought he was the most judicious and least likely to excite the sick man's fears.

The sun had traced its daily course nearly to the western horizon; everything was still around the farm house, with the exception of now and then the lowing of the cows, or the evening call of the quail as he whistled his shrill "bob-white," and the glow of the evening indicated that the summer was nigh: Mr. Peters' thoughts were akin to the season; he was watching in kindness

of heart by the sick bed of a man who had proved to be an enemy; that man was about waking to renew his active life, which had been rudely interrupted while in an attempt to commit a crime, an additional one to that for which he had been shut out from society by the strong hand of the law. The executors of that law stood ready to grasp the criminal and bear him back to the punishment he had merited and had so nearly evaded. What would result from all this, who should say. The watcher leaned back in his chair, placed his clasped hands over his head, closed his eyes and was lost in a reverie. How long he thus remained he could not say—it could not have been long—when he started from his reclining posture, to see the eyes of Mr. Barnes gazing fixedly at him.

When the sick man saw that Mr. Peters was looking at him he made an effort to speak, but was unable; either from weakness, or emotion. Mr. Peters leaned forward and said to him, "Please don't attempt to talk any now. Wait till you get a little stronger."

Mr. Barnes then lay for many minutes gazing at that pleasant faced man who sat watching him, only now and then closing his eyes and turning his face a little away.

That the sick man was thinking, busily thinking, his watcher felt assured; but what the character of his thoughts, or the result, he could only surmise. At length the sick man turned his eyes towards him and said: "Mr. Peters, I am sorry that I am here. I ought to be some where else. How long have I lain here?"

"Some three weeks now," replied Mr. Peters.

Mr. Barnes turned his face away and was silent for several minutes, when he asked, timidly, "Is this room in Judson's house?" and when it was replied that it was, he sighed sadly.

Nothing more was said till Rhoda, Mr. Judson's oldest daughter, came in bringing some tea and toast for Mr. Barnes. She set the tray on the chair beside the bed and went quietly out. After the sound of her footsteps died away, the sick man said, "Is that Mr. Judson's girl?"

Mr. Peters replied that it was. Mr. Barnes groaned; and when urged to take a little refreshment, he sighed and whispered, "I am so unworthy of such care." A tear was crushed out from under the closed eyelids, and the lips quivered painfully, as he said it.

"Cheer up, Mr. Barnes; we are anxious that you should be cared for, so that you may get up and be yourself again"—

"Peters, that is just what I am afraid of. I don't want to get well and be myself again. I have been a bad man. Mr. Judson and his family, I have tried hard to injure; and when I get well, they, now so kind to me, will be obliged to turn me over to the officers of the county to be put in jail again. I felt like I was in hell when I was there before; and now, when I am sure that there are some good men left in the world, I shall feel much worse than I did then. I don't want to be myself again. I wish I could be somebody else!"

Mr. Peters looked at the prison convict as he lay there with, probably, the first emotions of remorse that he ever felt, at work in his heart. He said nothing for he deemed it remorse, and judged that reflection would, for the present, do more for the real good of the man than words. After a few moments, however, he urged Mr. Barnes to eat; and raising him up in the bed, he placed the tray before him. Mr. Barnes waited a moment, then looked at Mr. Peters, as if to assure himself still of his friendly intent; and then ate and drank, with apparent relish. When he had done Mr. Peters removed the tray, and the sick man reclined and slept.

Horace came in and relieved Mr. Peters, who was gone about an hour and returned. Soon after his return Mr. Barnes again awoke, and starting suddenly up in the bed, said, "They won't do that, will they?" And then as if recollecting himself, he lay down trembling and weeping. He soon

grew quiet, and, turning so that he could see Mr. Peters, he said "I dreamed that I was back in jail, and the keeper was about to flog me with a wire whip. I asked them what for, and they said that I had been so bad, that I was to be whipped to death. They won't punish me like that, will they, Peters?"

"No, Mr. Barnes, I think not. It is not according to law to so scourge anyone, in that way. Besides that I do not think any one would wish such a punishment to befall you. I would not I am sure."

"Ah! but they are not all like you. If they were I might have been a different man." He here stopped speaking; and Mr. Peters, after promising to return to see him in the morning left for his own home.

Continued.

"MOTHER."

IT is the cry of the infant, just from the cradle; it is the only balm that will heal the wounded heart in youthful days. "Mother, I'm hurt, mother, I am tired, mother sing to me, rock me, tell me stories." No one like mother. No hand that falls on the It is always "mother" with the child and the lad. fevered brow as often as hers; no words so sympathetic as those that pass her lips. The house would be a grave without her. Life would be a dreary, thorny road without her warning voice and guiding hand. A father may be kind, may love not less; but the wearied child wants the mother's arms, her soft lullaby songs, the caresses of her gentle hand. All childhood is a mixture of tears and joys. A kind word brings a smile, a harsh word a sigh, a fall is pain, a toss a joy. The first footsteps, weak and trembling, grow stronger by the guidance of a mother's love.

The little wounds, the torn clothes, the trials, all vanish at the words of a mother, and there is built up in the heart of every man an edifice of love and respect that no crime of his can topple down—no dungeon cell affect.

And a lad grows to be a man only to find that "mother" is the same. If he errs, she weeps; if he is good and manly, she rejoices. Hers is the only love that lasts—endures forever.

The wolf of starvation may enter the door, but her love is only tried, to shine the brighter. All the world may call her son a criminal, but the mother, only, believes it not. Trials may beset you, storms gather over you, vexations come, ruin drag you down, but there is one who ever stands firm in your cause, who will never leave you. The criminal on the scaffold has suffered in feeling because his bad deeds would cause a pang in "mother's heart." The low and wretched, dying in some dark abode of sin, have died with the name upon their lips. There is no praise like her praise, there are no sad tears that pain us so much as hers.

THE BABY'S DEATH.

HOW tenderly Louise Chandler Moulton touches upon that sharp grief a mother's heart can know—the death of the little blossom which unfolded so gently beneath her love, but which the wise Father has gathered to Himself:

There came a morning at last when the baby's eyes did not open. Dr. Erskine felt the heart throb faintly under his fingers, but he knew it was beating its last. He trembled for Elizabeth, and dared not tell her. She anticipated him.

"Doctor," she said—and her voice was so passionless that it might almost have belonged to a disembodied spirit—"I know that my darling is dying."

He bowed his head mutely. Her very calmness awed him.

"Is there anything you can do to ease her?"

"Nothing. I do not think she suffers."

"Then will you please to go away? She is mine—nobody's but mine, in her life and in her death—and I want her quite to myself to the last."

Sorrowfully enough he left her.

Elizabeth held the child closely but gently. She thought in that hour she never loved anything else. She wanted to cry, but her eyes were dry and burning, and not a tear fell on the little upturned face, changing so fast to marble. She bent over and whispered something in the baby's ear—a wild, passionate prayer that it would remember her again in the infinite space. A look seemed to answer her—a radiant, loving look, which she thought must be born of the near heaven. She pressed her lips in a last despairing agony of love to the little face, from which already, as she kissed it, the soul had fled. Her white wonder had gone home. This which lay upon her hungry heart was stone.

15 September 76.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

DUTY OF YOUNG SAINTS.

LITTLE HOPES:—Do you ever think or realize how great are the advantages which you enjoy, and of what great blessings are bestowed upon you by your Heavenly Father? Is it not indeed a blessing that you should be permitted in the morning of life to behold the light of the glorious gospel of the Son of God. And that before your minds had come in contact (to any great extent) with the contaminating influences of the world you were permitted to embrace the same, by going down into the waters of baptism, and arising to walk in newness of life.

It seems to me that the young who take upon them the name of Christ have very much to be thankful for, very much to live for. They have a chance to fill a whole life time with good deeds and kind words; a chance to make many bright spots in the lives of others, for when we are thus serving our fellow men, we are in the service of God. May you ever look unto the Author of your being for that assistance which you need, that you may lead lives of purity and holiness, for he is able to save you from your sins, and to cause you to walk in green pastures and beside still waters.

Do any of the saints who are young in years, think that because of their youth, they have no duty to perform? That they can take no part in prayer and testimony meetings? Is it possible that there are those who do not even kneel during prayer meeting, but sit upon their seats, having their minds occupied with some trifling thing, or perhaps whispering just a little occasionally. There are those who go week after week, month after month, and perhaps a year, without ever bearing testimony to the truth, which should be so dear to their hearts? Perhaps if the young saints knew how their testimonies cheered and strengthened those older in years they would be more willing to impart the light which they have received. We should also remember that unless we improve upon the talent which is given to us, that it will be taken away and be given to another, and that whereas light once shone upon us darkness will overshadow us. Let us all, young and old, try to do the will of the Father in all things that we may receive that crown, that fadeth not away. Ever yours in the faith, SARAH.

It is not enough that we wish well to others. Our feelings should shape themselves in actions. The spring which has no outlet becomes a stagnant pool; while that which pours itself off in the running stream is pure and living, and is the cause of life and beauty wherever it flows.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the key oftenest used is always bright.—*Franklin*.

Correspondence.

STILLWATER, R. I., Aug. 3d, 1876.

Dear Hopes—It is some time since I wrote to you, although I have not forgot you. I do love to read your letters, as they are good ones. I don't forget your needs when I pray to our Heavenly Father, but I ask him to remember every one of you at all times, and under all circumstances. Inasmuch as you seek to please him in all things, he will help you. I would not say this if I had not proved it to be so. I have tried to please my Father in Heaven, and I mean to do so as long as I live. I did once use tobacco, but finding it was doing me no good, but only injuring me, I left off its use four years ago. I also left off tea and coffee. Pure water is the best. My father, and mother, and myself, are all of the church that live here. Providence is the nearest branch to us, twelve miles away, but we belong to the Fall River Branch. When I lived there Br. John Smith was my teacher. I liked very much to be in his class, as he is a good man. With the *Herald* and *Hope* we are not lonesome, for by them we see how the work of the Lord is going on. I feel to press forward in this good work. Yours in the gospel of Christ, ABRAM BREARLY.

Linn Co., Oregon, July 29th, 1876.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I do not see many letters from this part. I am trying to serve God and trust that all the little Hopes are doing the same. I feel that the ways of God are the ways of truth, and that his paths are peace. Ever praying for the Master's cause, I am your sister in Christ, LOUISA CUPPY.

PARIS, Jennings Co., Ind.

Aug. 21st, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I wish sister Perla would write another story. I wonder why Amy Forscutt don't write any more. I like to read letters from her and Regina Roher. I have lots of flowers. I see that you have given up the work shop entirely. I went to a basket meeting last Sunday; a colored man preached in the afternoon, and the colored choir sung. They were beautiful singers. We live six miles from any Saints. Our school will begin the first Monday in September. I remain your sister and friend, CENIA J. SPRINGER.

Dear Brother Joseph—This is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*. We have meeting every Sunday, and on Wednesday nights. I love to read the nice letters in the *Hope*. I have been in this Church a little over three years, and I think it is time for me to try to do something. Your brother in Christ, EDWARD CHAPMAN.

BUFFALO PRAIRIE, Ills.

August 18th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I am still striving to keep the commandments of God. I love to read the letters from my young brothers and sisters. I have the good privilege of going to meeting every sabbath to hear from God's word, and I feel very thankful for it. Your sister in Christ, ALICE EPPERLY.

No. 35, Peel Street, DRESDEN,

Staffordshire, Eng., Aug. 4th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—This is my first attempt at writing a letter to our dear paper. I am the youngest of our family, which consists of myself, six brothers, and one sister. My sister and four of my brothers are in the Church. Elder C. H. Hassall baptized me and my four brothers last spring. We have to travel five miles to meeting on Sundays. We have no Sunday School at present but hope there will be one soon. I am ten years old. I work at a china manufactory, assisting one of my brothers to make saucers. My father has been dead eight years, and my mother has been grievously afflicted for fifteen months, and I should like all the dear Hopes to pray for her recovery. Your brother in Christ, ALBERT EDWARD COLELOUGH.

UNION FORT, Utah, Aug. 11th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I am a reader of the *Hope* and I wish that it would come every week, for it seems so long to wait. We have no Sunday School here, but we have meetings every other Sunday. I was baptized June 18th, 1876, by Br. Henry Marriott. I am thirteen years old. I will close by asking an interest in your prayers. May we all be prepared for the second coming of Christ. Yours in the gospel, JOHN MARRIOTT.

ANDOVER, Harrison Co., Mo.,

Aug. 8th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I now take the opportunity to write you a few lines. I live four miles from the Lamoni branch, and do not have a chance to go to church very often. I am not a member of the Church yet, but hope to be before many years. I have two brothers and three sisters, four of these are younger than myself. I love to read the *Zion's Hope*, and am very sorry that Rest-Haven has ended. We are now living many

miles away from our old home and friends, and I was very homesick for some time, but with the *Zion's Hope* to read, and the letters from home, it has worn off. Dear Hopes pray for me. I remain as ever, VIDA E. SMITH.

EMSWORTH, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I have a dear little baby brother. His name is Samuel. I am thankful that I have a father and mother to take care of me and teach me the way of the Lord. I do hope that father will be baptized before long, and I would like to be baptized before the cold weather comes. If I get an opportunity I will gladly take it. Pray for me that I may be a better girl than I have been. Good-by. CORA A. RICHARDSON.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 13.

I am composed of twenty-four letters.
My 20, 21, 17, 6, 24, 9, 19, a cape in the United States.
My 10, 6, 17, 1, 2, 24, a country in South America.
My 20, 7, 24, 3, 6, 17, 16, 22, a river in United States.
My 18, 9, 12, 16, 3, a city in Asia.
My 6, 11, 13, 8, 2, 17, a country in Europe.
My 4, 9, 14, 5, 9, a river.
My 24, 7, 15, 12, 23, 4, a city.
My whole is the name of our Sabbath School.

ANAGRAM.—No. 9.

Ey ssitan eb uret nad oivngl,
Hte iemt si airnwdg earr,
Fi ew era oylv fillthain,
Uro srvoain's ioccv erw'll reah.
O lto us ryt of eekp oru nntevoca,
Dna eh illw eph su no;
Ey inssai fo Ogd eb iuahllff,
Orf ew'll oons eb thdreea oehm.
LBTHZIAEAE RACHABDLI.

RIDDLE.—No. 1:

My mouth is larger than my head,
My custom is to lie in bed;
But if I do attempt to rise,
I'm sure to fall you may surmise.
They call me father of my race,
And trace their likeness in my face;
But son nor daughter ne'er have I,
Nor friend or kindred faces nigh.
Although I always lie in bed,
I never eat but oft am fed;
If fed too much, an angry bear
With my great rage can not compare.
Selected by C. E. H.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of August 15.

To Enigma No. 10.—Hat, Elm, Rock, Coat, Ruff, No, Sale.—Uncle Mark H. Forscutt. Answered by Sarah J. Ballentyne, James Atkinson, James P. Keir, Edward Chapman and Eliza France, the latter, however, giving palm instead of elm, as second answer.

To Anagram No. 7.—

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely keep,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

WALLACE N. ROBINSON.

Answered by Jas. P. Keir, Jennet Archibald, Dora H. Sellon, Elizabeth Archibald, Wm. Crumb, Margaret Archibald, Sarah J. Ballentyne, Eliza France, James Atkinson, Mollie Springer, Cenia Springer and Alice Epperly.

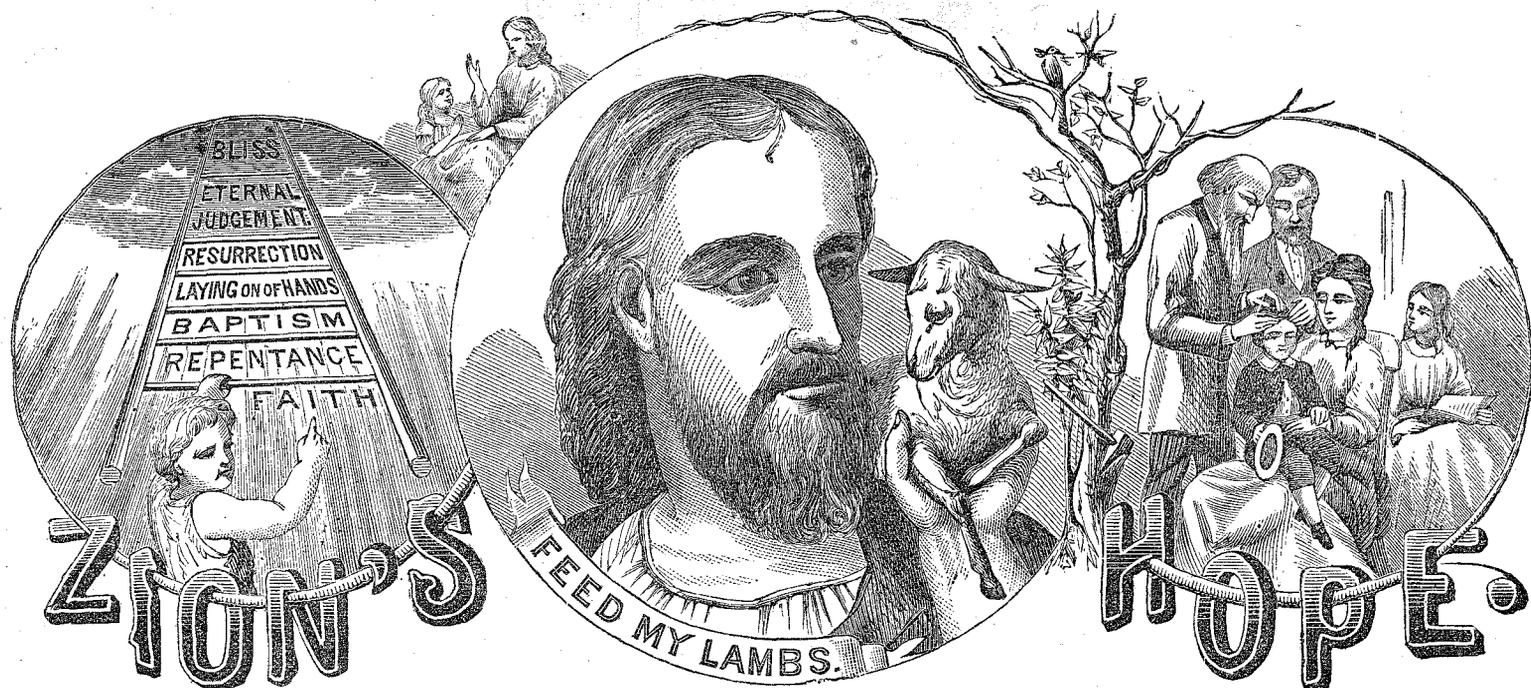
Answers to Enigma No. 9, too late for last number, arrived from Dora H. Sellon, and Wm. Crumb; also, to Anagram No. 6, from John C. Gardner, Dora H. Sellon, Edward Chapman and Sarah J. Ballentyne.

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day,
Than I've ever been before.
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing the crown.

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

AN OLD HOPE'S PLEA FOR THE YOUNG HOPEES.

Ye crusty uncles, crabbed aunts,
Unbend those frowning brows,
And let our young Hopees have their wants—
In all things God allows.
Are we not told, His lambs to feed?
Then why withhold the food they need?

Has God not given every gift
To bless both man and child?
What right have we to cast adrift
The pen of Perla Wild?
She spread the choicest board for all,
Both young and old, the great and small.

Don't rob the children of their joy,
Life's morning is but brief;
They'll have enough of life's alloy
To fill their hearts with grief.
Then let them quaff sweet pleasure's cup
And drink its sparkling treasures up.

Small things will cheer their little hearts,
Why should we these deny?
Nay! give them that which joy imparts,
And yet will not destroy.
Thus you will bind their hearts to you
With cords that time will not undo.

Let us not gauge their guileless minds,
By ours so warp'd by sin;
But lengthen out those pleasant lines,
That God hath placed them in,
By words of truth and deeds of love,
And thus direct their minds above.

"Rest-Haven" is no idle tale,
Painting in gaudy hues,
The crimes that darken hill and dale,
The young mind to confuse.
It points to virtue's golden meed,
In lines of light that all may read.

"Rest-Haven points to rocks and shoals,
On which young Hopees might wreck—
Their barks, and lose their precious souls,
If none did them direct.
It points the way, to thousands blest,
To find the Haven of sweet rest.

This gift is one both rich and rare,
To "point the moral" well,
"Adorn the tale" with truth so fair
That every line shall tell
With marked power upon the heart,
And brighter rays of hope impart.

And shall we spurn the sacred boon,
Because by some abused,
Because its fruits to ashes turn
Whene'er it is misused?
Ah! no; we'll cherish well its worth,
Given to bless the child of earth.

Then, Perla take thy facile pen,
With inspirations glow,
And teach our youthful Hopees, again
Their duties here below.
May God inspire thy gifted mind,
And fill thy soul with light divine.

C. DERRY.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

WE have in hand the opening chapter of "Rose Merrills," a sequel to Perla Wild's "Rest-Haven." It may be looked for in the next issue; and doubtless, it will be anxiously waited for by many of our young readers and no small portion of the older ones. We believe that it will be not only pleasing and entertaining, but also instructive in morals and in spiritual and doctrinal truths, which is all needful as being the mission of the HOPE to the young hearts who read and reflect upon its pages.

We have also, we are pleased to say, another article from Sister Lena, author of "Grandpa's Favorite," and other stories.

We have been asked what is meant by the list of receipts published from time to time, called the "Roll of Honor." It was established for receiving gifts from those who pleased to sustain the HOPE, wherein it lacked receiving enough from the regular subscriptions to continue its publication, for its list of subscribers does not pay the Herald Office for publishing it, and especially has not at times.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.—No. 16.

ON the same day that Hyrum Smith left for Colesville, several of the neighbours called at his father's and made particular inquiry for him; he had been living in one room of the house with his father; this gave his mother great anxiety, "for" said she "I know they had no business with him." On the following night Joseph Smith Sen. was taken rather ill, and continued unwell, being unable to partake of any breakfast. But about ten o'clock Mother Smith began preparing some milk porridge for him; but before it was ready a Quaker gentleman(?) called to see him when the following conversation, in substance, ensued:

"Quaker. 'Friend Smith, I have a note against thee for fourteen dollars, which I have lately bought, and I have come to see if thou hast the money for me.'

Mr. Smith. 'Why, sir, did you purchase that note. You certainly was in no want of the money?'

Quaker. 'That is business of my own; I want the money, and must have it.'

Mr. Smith. 'I can pay you six dollars now,

—the rest you will have to wait for, as I cannot get it for you now.'

Quaker. 'No, I will not wait for it one hour; and if thou dost not pay me immediately, thou shalt go forthwith to the jail, unless (running to the fire-place, and making violent gestures with his hands toward the fire) thou wilt burn up those Books of Mormon; but if thou wilt burn them up, then I will forgive thee the whole debt.'

Mr. Smith. (decidedly) 'That I shall not do.'

Quaker. 'Then thou shalt go to jail.'

"Sir," interrupted Mother Smith, at the same time taking her gold beads from her neck and holding them towards him, "these beads are the value of the remainder of the debt. I beseech you take them and give up the note."

To which the Quaker replied. "No, I will not. Thou must pay me the money, or thy husband shall go straightway to jail."

In reply to this unchristian demand, Mother Smith urged him to a just consideration of himself and the character of the work against which he was fighting, telling him that because God had raised up her son to bring forth a book, written for the salvation of the souls of men, his as well as her own, he had come there to distress her by taking her husband away to jail; thinking thereby to compel them to deny the work of God, and destroy a book which was translated by the gift and power of God, and in conclusion assured him that they "would not deny the inspiration of the Almighty."

The Quaker then stepped to the door and signalled to an officer, who came forward, and laying hands on Father Smith's shoulder, said "You are my prisoner."

Mother Smith then entreated the officer to allow her time to procure security for her husband, but was refused. She then requested that he might be permitted to partake of the nourishment prepared for him. This was denied also, and Father Smith ordered into a wagon which stood in waiting, to convey him away to prison. After reaching the wagon, the Quaker stood guard over him, while the officer went back and eat up the food that had been prepared for him, Father Smith all the while sitting in the burning sun, faint and sick.

Of the wife's feelings, and the reward due such unjust proceedings we leave the reader to judge.

Mrs. Smith spent the remainder of the day and the night alone with her little girl, and on the following morning walked several miles to see one Abner Luckey, from whom she hoped for assistance, and who went with her, without delay, to the magistrates office and had her papers prepared, so that she could get her husband out of

the prison cell, although he would still be confined in the jail yard.

Shortly after her return home a young gentleman called and enquired for "Mr. Hyrum Smith." Upon being informed that he was in Colesville, he said he had come to collect a small debt that Mr. Smith was owing Dr. McIntyre. He was informed that the debt was to be paid in produce of certain kinds and that it should be settled on the following day, which was accordingly done. The man hired to deliver the produce, stated on his return that the clerk agreed to erase the account.

It being now too late for Mrs. Smith to set out for Canandaigua, where her husband was confined, she deferred going until the next morning, hoping some of her family would return during the interval.

"The night came on, but neither of her sons made their appearance. When the night closed in the darkness was hideous, scarcely any object was discernable." She sat contemplating the situation of herself and family. Her husband in prison, and for what? "Alvin had been murdered by a quack physician, but still he lay at peace. Hyrum was flying from his home, and why she knew not; the secret combinations of his enemies were not yet fully developed. Joseph had but recently escaped from his persecutions. Samuel was gone without purse or script to preach the gospel, for which he was as much despised and hated as were ancient disciples. William was also gone," and she had not, unlike Naomi, even her daughter-in-law to comfort her heart in this the hour of her affliction.

While she was thus meditating a heavy rap at the door brought her to her feet. She bade the stranger enter; who asked in a hurried manner where Hyrum was. Succeeding the answer to the inquiry, a second person entered, and the first said to the second, "Mrs. Smith says her son is not at home." The person addressed remarked, 'He is at home, for your neighbors have seen him here to-day.' To which she replied, "They have seen what I have not." She was then informed that they had a "search warrant, and that if she did not give him (Hyrum) up, they would be under the necessity of taking whatever they found that belonged to him. Finding some corn stored in the chamber above the room Hyrum lived in, expressed their intention of taking it to satisfy a debt he owed Dr. McIntyre, the same already mentioned, which account was not erased from the book according to agreement of the clerk. By this time their number had increased to four, the last that entered stated, "I do not know but you will think strange of so many of us, but my candle was out, and I came in to relight it by your fire."

Mother Smith told him she "did not know what to think," as she had but little reason to consider herself safe, "either day or night." She informed them that the debt was settled. They denied it. "As they went up stairs," said Mrs. Smith, "I looked out of the window, and one glance almost turned my head giddy. As far as I could see by the light of the candles and a pair of carriage lamps, the heads of men appeared in every direction, some on foot, some on horseback and the rest in wagons. I saw there was no way but for me to sit quietly down, and see my house pillaged by a banditti of blacklegs, religious bigots, and cut-throats, who were united in one purpose, namely, that of destroying us from the face of the earth. However there was one resource, and to that I applied." Kneeling in prayer she plead that her children might not fall into their hands, and that they might be satisfied without taking life. Just at this instant, William bounded into the house, "Mother," he cried, "in the name of God, what is this host of men doing here? Are they robbing or murdering? What are they about?"

See History of Joseph Smith the Prophet, pages 161-163.

MASON'S GROVE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ZION'S HOPE:—As secretary of the Mason's Grove Sunday School of this place, it becomes my duty to forward to the *Hope* a report for the quarter beginning June 11th and ending Sept. 10th, 1876.

At the commencement of the three months the Sunday School was reorganized with R. R. Montgomery, Superintendent; Newton Brogden, Assistant Superintendent; Sylvester Horr, Secretary. The School was divided into four classes, and a corresponding number of teachers appointed. The average attendance, for the three months has been as follows: Number of officers present, three; teachers, four; pupils, two hundred and thirty two; visitors, sixty five. The interest manifested by the parents is not as great as could be desired.

We have just purchased a small library, which we think will be an auxiliary in securing and maintaining an interest among the pupils.

We expect hereafter to forward from time to time a report of our Sabbath School to the *Hope*, though it may not be as favorable as the reports from some other branches. Ever praying for the welfare of Zion and her Hopes I subscribe myself your brother in Christ

SYLVESTER HORR,

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

[Concluded.]

BUT Nettie felt that God was still good, and though she could not see his face, she so distinctly felt his smile of love and his very presence so near, that she boldly asked him the question that so much perplexed her thoughts; and her heart's cry went out to God alone,—“How can it be? Is it, O, is it right!”

The answer came firmly, and with much assurance to the child, for she felt that God's own self whispered within her inmost soul, "It is not right." Then her mind was at ease, for she was sure God was still his own good self and had not changed in the least, and had nothing to do in giving that strange, unpleasant plan.

She now cared not for what her papa, or all the world beside, might tell her to the contrary. Nettie had kept her thoughts to herself and troubled no one with her convictions; but now she felt free to speak since she knew what she believed was true. So one bright October afternoon, in 1855, Nettie unburdened her mind to her aunt, a young lady who was then keeping house and taking care of her two little nieces, Mary and Nettie, while their parents were attending conference at Salt Lake City, which was about twenty miles distant. Ah! that pleasant quiet afternoon, how distinctly we see it yet; and we wonder can it, will it, ever as a leaf drop out from memory's book. The three were in the room alone, seemingly wrapt in thought, as no word had been spoken for some time. Aunt was curling Nettie's hair, when the little one broke the silence by saying, "Aunt Louisa, I don't believe it is right for a man to have more than one wife."

Her aunt laughed merrily, and then asked her why she did not believe it was right.

Nettie could naturally think more than she could talk, and then perhaps the laughter did not loosen her tongue any, for she simply replied, "Because they quarrel, and papa says it's wrong for children to quarrel; and you say so, and every body else says so. Well now, if it's wrong for children to quarrel, it's wrong for grown people to quarrel too."

Her aunt said, "Certainly it is wrong for any one to quarrel. They ought to, and could live without quarreling."

Then Nettie said, "Well, they do quarrel, and I don't see how they can help it either."

Her aunt laughed again, and replied "Really, I believe you are a little Gentile girl." And when her parents came home they were told of their little one's oddity, and others were told also; and as many as were told seemed very much

amused and seemed to really enjoy asking her questions and receiving her firm replies. So she was loved and petted none the less because she would not listen to their persuasions, and could not be moved by their arguments. She was only given a new pet name, Our little Gentile girl, always spoken in the tenderest tones; for they seemed to regard it as a peculiar sort of smartness in the child to thus voluntarily express, and so firmly hold to an opinion. Ah, they knew not the source through which that firmness came; and even had Nettie found words to have expressed all her thoughts, and in plainness explained how she had asked God and he had given her a knowledge of his will; yet it would have remained as it was, a sure, testimony to Nettie, and to her alone; and mere nothing to any other soul.

Loved Hopes of Zion, lambs of Jesus' fold, I would that I could make you each and every one to fully understand the great importance, the great need of daily asking of God, and asking until you receive a knowledge of your acceptance in his sight. Little ones, God loves you more than an earthly parent can. Ah, but my words can never bring you a knowledge of this fact. I trust you will believe my words, but nothing can make you to know and fully realize God's love except his Holy Spirit; which he will freely give you, if you will earnestly seek him for it. You who have realized its holy influence know of the sweet peace, the joy indescribable that it brings; you well know it is worth striving very hard to obtain. To every one of you who have not yet known this greatest of all pleasures I wish I could explain its sweetness; the extent of its joy, but I can not. Just look around you, observe the many wonderful things which it is beyond all human power to frame; think of God as he really is, great, good and all powerful; then consider the peace and joy they must feel who know they are fondly and tenderly loved by him who has all power. Little ones, I exhort you to seek the Holy Spirit's instructive voice, while yet you are lambs within the fold. Become acquainted with its influence; know all its peace and joy, and be not satisfied with receiving it once or twice; but seek it as a daily food; let the feast be oft repeated, for this spiritual food is as much needed to sustain our spirits as temporal food is to sustain our bodies. Without God's Spirit we can not really know whether our ways are accepted in his sight or not; for the tempter's power is strong. He is so busily at work, his snares are so many and so cunning, he strives to lead us little by little astray, and thus we are liable at any time to be caught in his cunning snares, and be doing wrong, and serving the adversary of our souls and think we are serving God; unless we have his Holy Spirit to enable us to discern between the two contending powers.

There were many people in Utah, and we believe there are many there yet, who think that in taking more wives, and committing much worse sins, they are serving God and practicing the very law of heaven. This is truly a sad condition. You may ask, "Why were they so blind?" Because they came into the Church in the days of a great prophet, through whom God gave many revelations to his people, for the bringing forth and establishing of his truths among them. They saw the power of God made manifest to a great extent; they saw many mighty miracles performed; they received a rich portion of the Spirit of God; they had been given much light, and the Scriptures inform us to whom much is given of them much is required, and it seems but right and just that it is so. Accordingly, God permitted Satan to tempt them in proportion to the light they had received, and they yielded little by little to his enticing voice. First they began to trust in their prophet; as though he was more than frail, mortal man; and they went to him more than they went to God to find out anything they desired to know; they ceased to seek the Holy Spirit as they ought; they were satisfied, for they

had a mouth-piece, the prophet, between them and their God.

This evidently pleased Satan very much; but it surely displeased God, for he is a jealous God and desires nothing to stand between our hearts and him.

Taking into consideration the frailty of man, how that many great men and prophets have sinned and gone far astray; reason says, that this jealousy in God is but right and just. Nay, more, an indispensable attribute of his perfect being, for his great love for his creatures, his desire for their eternal welfare, brings it forth.

This great prophet was suddenly called to another world. I believe that God in his jealousy and great displeasure took him away; and all the people of the Church who had trusted in him and made him their main prop and stay, were then as lost sheep without a shepherd, and without the fold. For as they had ceased to seek the Holy Spirit's guiding voice, God had ceased to give it to them. What they no longer earnestly desired he did not force upon them; for he has decreed that man shall be free to love and serve whom he will. How gladly would he have given them his Spirit; how gladly would he have communed with them have been their Shepherd and their guide; how gladly he would have stretched forth his mighty arm and led them on in the pleasant path of heavenly light and peace, until all the temptations and trials of this life they had overcome and the crown of eternal life they had won; but they would not. No; they had begun to trust in man, and they felt that they must have a human arm on which to lean; a mouth piece through whom God might reveal his will to them. A false man among them arose and took the prophet's place; they flocked to his standard; he presented to them false and wicked doctrines; they blindly accepted them, and they followed where this evil man led; not only to the valley of the mountains, far from their homes in Zion; but far from God, far from his just and righteous laws, and far from the true happiness the keeping of them brings, down, down into the dark valley of sin, to serve Satan and obey his wicked laws, and indulge in his delusive pleasures.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

MY DEAR HOPES: I have often thought of trying to contribute something to the columns of our dear little paper for your edification and instruction. From the heading you will expect me to tell you something about camp-meetings. Perhaps most, or all of you, know what such a gathering place is, but, for the information of such as may not know, I will give a short outline. I will begin with the location, which is generally chosen in a pleasant grove of forest trees, with the ground a little rolling. On the lower end of the ground is erected a stand or pulpit, and in front of the pulpit, is an enclosure called the altar, of sufficient size to hold, I suppose, from two to three hundred persons. In front of the pulpit, and down through the center of the enclosure runs an aisle, which has seats on either side. The aisle passes through an opening in the rear and turns both to the right and to the left, and then comes three tiers of seats extending far enough up the ascent to make room for several hundred persons. These three tier of seats are divided by two other aisles leading from the diverging aisles in rear of the altar, directly up the ascent.

Having given the arrangement of the stand or pulpit, the altar and the seats, from ten to twenty feet distant, is a row of board or plank tents, one tent on the right, opposite the speaker's stand, is called the preacher's tent. A large tent at the extreme, and somewhat distant from the end of the right hand row of tents, is called the hotel or boarding tent, where those not otherwise provided for get their meals and pay for them; and also where many other things are sold during camp-meeting week. The seats and tents are all inclosed by a single pole railing.

I commenced to write about camp-meetings in general, but did not state what kind of camp-meetings, but you will understand that I mean camp-meetings for religious exercises, or religious worship, and I refer mainly to the camp-meetings lately held in this part of the country, and more especially to one held within two miles of my house.

Among those in this part of the world who heap to themselves teachers, are the M. E. Church and the M. E. Church South and a denomination calling themselves United Brethren in Christ. These three sects are not very dissimilar; and it is in their interest that camp-meetings are most generally gotten up in this section. And those having neither the form nor the power of godliness, are very religious around here, about this time, in the way of camp-meetings, which with the one now in progress within some eight or ten miles of me, make the number of four.

Lest my article be already uninteresting, I will close with giving you some of the results of the one within two miles of my house, within the last two weeks, which are as follows: to-wit, much disorder during most of the week, three or four fights on the day of winding up, altogether causing some half dozen indictments by the grand jury the week following the camp-meeting. Surely the cup of wickedness is full. UNCLE O.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE patient slept well that night, and in the morning, when Mr. Peters came, he found him much better. As soon as the sick man had eaten a light breakfast, which Rhoda brought in as before, Mr. Barnes told Mr. Peters that he wanted to talk with him, "if," said he, "you will talk to such a man as I have been." Mr. Peters assured him that he was ready to listen to him; and that if he could in any way do him a kindness, it would be a pleasure.

This opened the way for the following conversation, which we record, as our narrative is drawing to a close.

"Well, Mr. Peters, I have been hard at work thinking since I came to myself, and my thoughts are not pleasant ones. I lay here the unbidden guest of a man whom I have hated; one who did me no harm, but simply performed toward another a neighborly act, by telling him to deal carefully with me, or I would wrong him. It was true, I was seeking an advantage, and would have done the man a wrong had Mr. Judson not said what he did, I tried to be revenged, thinking myself to be the injured one. I was detected and my punishment was just. Now this man cares for me; his house has been a haven of security to me; his family have tenderly ministered to me. And you, too, whom I thought once to destroy;—you, too, have watched over me while I lay here hurt and sick;—the boy whom I tried to corrupt, and who would not betray me, he also, has been kind to me, he who I tried in my last conscious moments to kill. I am shamed, hurt, grieved, to think what a wretch I am—can you, can these forgive me?"

Certainly, Mr. Barnes, I can—indeed, I have long since forgiven you. And I doubt not, that Mr. Judson and family, and Horace, will feel pleased to forgive you any wrong you have done them. Do not let the thought that they will not forgive you distress you; for, I am certain of their kindness, and willingness to forgive."

Mr. Barnes was weak from his long sickness and did not soon reply, but lay quite still, looking into the quiet face and beautiful eyes of our sunny tempered friend; at length, as if he were satisfied he spoke, "I believe what you say. This forgiveness of yours, and theirs makes me think again; if you and they are willing to forgive me, you against whom I have so done wrong,—it—He"—and the man stopped, as if he could not speak what he wished to.

"I know what you would say, friend Barnes—

if we, whom you have wronged directly by your acts can and will forgive you; then, surely, God against whom you have sinned, will also forgive you. Is not this what you would say?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I supposed it from the nature of our conversation."

"Yes. If men, who are not so good as we expect God is, can forgive the wrongs done to them, it is reasonable to suppose that He will forgive men their sins. I am sorry for what I have done against you, Mr. Judson and Horace. I can tell you so, Peters;—I don't know as I could them. You will tell them and see if they will do as you have done, forgive me, will you?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"I do."

Upon receiving this assurance Mr. Peters rose to go; but Mr. Barnes said; "Don't go yet. I am not done." Mr. Peters again sat down, when the sick man continued.

"Do you remember the night, Mr. Jones, the elder, read the note ordering him to leave the country, to the meeting in the school house?"

His listener assured him that he did.

"Peters, I wrote that notice," said Mr. Barnes, slowly, after a pause.

"Yes, I knew that you did," said Mr. Peters.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Barnes, "did you then know it?"

"Yes. I knew it at the time." Then, as if replying to the look of wonder on the sick man's face, he continued, "you need not ask me how I knew, I will tell you. Half-witted Ben, or "Bob" as some call him, is an excellent friend of mine. He found these two pieces of writing in the corner of the fence where you climbed over the night you met him, and brought them both to me. I have kept them until now; and will now destroy them, if you say so."

"Please read them first." Mr. Peters then read the two pieces of writing, which he had taken from his memorandum book, at the first mention of them.

The first of them was:

Bracely, Jan. 25. "Barnes. If you succeed in running Jones out of the country, a few of us will stand \$500.—" "B.——y."

The other was a copy of the notice sent to Eld. Jones, which we have already given, and will not repeat; only stating that the letter and the copy of the notice were in the same handwriting, evidently showing a design upon the part of somebody to drive the elder out by conspiracy.

When Mr. Peters had read them, he held them in his hands, and asked the man lying listening to him, "Shall I tear them up?"

"Wait, a moment," was the reply. "Do you know who wrote that letter?"

"I think that elder Brazzleby wrote it," said he; "but I am not certain. I thought so when I first saw it; and I think so still."

"You are right. He and Rev. Lovegrace, and Deacon Dusenberry were anxious to get Eld. Jones away, and as I was bolder than they, and possibly wickeder, they wanted me to do it; and agreed that if I did they would pay \$500. I wanted some assurance of good faith on their part, and got him to write me the copy of the notice; so that if I got caught, I could implicate them. I think you had better let Squire Pullman see the letter and the notice; and if he says destroy them then do it."

Mr. Peters folded the papers up and put them in his pocket, promising to show them to the Squire in the evening.

Mr. Barnes then said, "One thing has constantly rung in my ears ever since that evening, whenever I stop to think; that is a portion of a verse of the hymn you sung at the close of the meeting"—Just then they heard the sound of a door swinging too, down the stairway and a voice singing—

"Fear not, and be just,
For the Kingdom is ours;
And the hour of redemption is near."

"There, that is it now," said he, with animated

face "that is the very portion. If I had only paid heed to that,—Who is it singing?"

"It is Rhoda, Mr. Judson's daughter," was answered.

"Now, Mr. Peters, I want to do something to show that I feel differently towards you, Mr. Judson, and others; and if you will aid me, I will try and make right some wrongs I have done."

The conversation was not renewed until the evening, Mr. Peters being afraid that so much excitement might be injurious to the recovering man. But as soon as he returned in the evening Mr. Barnes said, "You need not fear that I shall be harmed by our talk, I feel quite strong; I have slept and am comfortable. Horace was in to bring me my supper, and while I was eating, he said to me that he was sorry that he had hurt me. I told him that I was the one who was to be sorry, and that he must forgive me. He did so; and I begin to think there is hope for me yet."

Concluded in our next.

I GRABBED QUICK.

JOHNNY one night climbed up into his mother's lap, and laying his head on her shoulder, said in a low, sorry tone:

"I took that glass marble, mamma."

"Took it from whom," asked his mother.

"Took it from the ground," said Johnny

"Did it belong to the ground?" asked his mother; "did the ground go to the shop and buy it?"

Johnny tried to laugh at such a funny thought, but he could not.

"I saw it on the ground," said he.

"What little boy had it before?"

"Asa May's it is, I guess," whispered Johnny.

"When you put out your hand to take it, did you forget, 'Thou God seest me?' asked his mother. "Did you not hear a voice, saying, 'Don't, Johnny! don't, Johnny!'"

"I didn't hear it," said the boy, sobbing, "I grabbed quick!"

"Johnny is not the only one who has 'grabbed quick' at some forbidden thing—too quick to hear the still small voice within. It is better not to grab too quick; to take time for thought and prayer; to watch and pray, and to resist temptation, and to avoid the stings of a guilty conscience, and the sorrows and stains that sin brings upon the soul.—*Selected.*

LITTLE JACK.

I SAW my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old bureau this evening, and I went softly out and wandered up and down until I knew she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article. There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pantaloons, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip and several tops. Wife, poor thing, goes to that drawer every day of her life and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles; but I dare not go. Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. Sometimes when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child in the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever. It is still and quiet now. I look up to the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to search my pockets and tease me for presents, and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied

to the door knobs. I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulders; to lose my ax; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good night" from the little bed now empty. And wife she misses him still more. There are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say, no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight and look across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be. So we preserve our relics, and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.—*New York Evening Post.*

"ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY."

WHEN the President of the Church was a little boy, (about the age of Washington when he cut the cherry tree with his hatchet), he was flying his kite one day and there came up one of those mobs we read about, and, seeing him, enquired, where his father was. "Gone to Heaven on Hyrum's white horse, and I am making a kite to send him his dinner," was the prompt reply.

MONROE JONATHAN.

A SILVER EGG:

OR, A PROMISE WITHIN A PROMISE.

A SILVER egg was once prepared as a present to a Saxon queen. Open the silver by a secret spring and there was found a yolk of gold; find the spring of the gold, and it flew open, and disclosed a beautiful bird; press the wings of the bird, and in its breast was found a crown, jeweled and radiant; and even within the crown, upheld by a spring like the rest, was a ring of diamonds which fitted the finger of the princess herself. O, how many a promise there is within a promise in the Scriptures, the silver around the gold, and the gold around the jewels; yet how few of God's children ever find their way far enough among the springs to discover the crown of his rejoicing, or the ring of his covenant of peace.

Correspondence.

SEDGWICK, Iowa, Sept. 8th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I was baptized one year ago by Br. Charles Jones. I am trying to live right. I like to read all the good pieces in the *Hope*, such as Items of History, but mother don't like to have me read Rest Haven, for she thinks it is too much of a fiction. We have a good branch, and I like to go to church, and also to Sunday School. I lost a little brother one year ago, and I want to live so as to meet him and my Savior, when he comes. I am nine years old and am glad to say I am a member of the Church. From your brother,

ALBERT M. BAILEY.

GALLANDS GROVE, Shelby Co., Iowa, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—This is my first attempt to write to you. I am ten years old. I belong to the Church, and I was baptized by Uncle John Hawley. I love to read the letters in the *Hope*. We have no Sunday School here.

NELLIE HAWLEY

PLUM HOLLOW, Iowa., Sept. 12th, 1876.

Dear Brother Stebbins and the Hopes:—I take great pleasure in reading our dear paper, and it gives me great comfort when I read so many encouraging letters from the Hopes, and my prayer is that God will bless you all with his Holy Spirit. I love to read sister Perla's story of Rest-Haven, and I would be very sorry to have her discontinue writing. I hope that she will continue to set forth many moral truths, that we may gain instruction from her writings. I ask the faith and prayers of the saints and the Hopes, that I may hold out faithful to the end. Your sister in Christ,

EMALINE WOLSEY.

HAMILTON, Ill., Sep., 17th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I seat myself to let you know that I am in full faith and desire an interest in the prayers of the saints. I feel lonesome because I can't go to church on the Sabbath. The nearest church is at Keokuk, Iowa, four miles away, and I don't get there very often. It costs me ten cents to cross the river every time I go. Yours very truly,

MARGARET A. STONE.

BEVIER, Mo., Sept. 22d, 1876.

Dear Brother Henry: I will be sixteen years old on the 18th of November. I was baptized by Br. James Kemp, last January. Ma has been in the Church for five years, but pa was not baptized till February. T. W. Smith has baptized thirty-one in this place. May our Heavenly Father have all the glory. It is time for school, and I must go. Your sister in the new and everlasting covenant.

MARY A. E. DAVIES.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 14.

I am composed of twenty-two letters.
My 6, 19, 9, 16, 6, 22, is a number.
My 6, 10, 3, is a household utensil.
My 3, 13, 9, 18, 6, 8, is what we could not live without.
My 8, 9, 16, 13, 22, is a cape in the United States.
My 7, 10, 6, 8, is a girl's name.
My 19, 15, 15, 20, 12, 16, is necessary for winter use.
My 15, 16, 6, 18, 7, 14, 15, a lake in the United States.
My 21, 13, 14, 9, a lake in the United States.
My 17, 1, 16, 16, 14, 3, 18, 2, a city in the United States.
My 3, 5, 4, 11, 12, 16, a city in Europe.
My 6, 15, 10, 2, 15, 16, a city in Europe.
My whole is a mans name.

NANCY M. BALLENTYNE.

ENIGMA.—No. 15.

My 14, 12, 3, what we should avoid.
My 10, 24, 4, 5, a kind of fruit.
My 8, 9, 10, little Hopes should never use.
My 11, 12, 13, a place to put flour.
My 7, 1, 9, a pronoun in the feminine gender.
My whole the name of an Elder.

JOHN KEIR, JUN.

ANAGRAM.—No. 10.

O, 'Tsi a llyevro hntgi orf huyot,
Ot lwka dmsieet ni dsawmois ayw;
Ot afre a eli, ot askep eth thur,
Ttah ew amy ttur ot lal yeht aya.
Uth rilas ew anc eervn usrit,
Hhtlguoa ehty ekaps hte nighti atth's uter,
Nad eh ttah edso neo lftua ta rftsi,
Dan elsi ot dieh ti, kmeas ti wot.

ELIZA FRANCE.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of Sep. 1st.

To Enigma No. 11.—Torrens, Merthytydvil, Van Dieman's Land, Sveer Kistuah, Minho, Eelee, Tattler Fool, Ham, He.—Whole: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." Answered by John Keir, Jun., James Atkinson, Hattie Smith, and Eliza France.

To Enigma Cross-word No. 12.—William Scott. Answered by Nancy M. Ballentyne, James Atkinson, Hattie Smith, Sarah A. Vredenburg, William Crumb, John Keir Jun., John Marriott and Eliza France.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 8.

Dear Saviour we would ever walk
Within the path of light;
Be thou our shield, be thou our guide,
And teach us what is right.
For we are weak and sinful,
And often from it roam;
Wilt thou be very near us,
And guide us safely home.

JENNET ARCHIBALD.

Answered by Sarah A. Vredenburg, James Atkinson, William Crumb, John Marriott, Nancy M. Ballentyne, Madge S. Frost, John Keir Jun., Hattie Smith, Eliza France, Carrie Epperley and Alice Epperley.

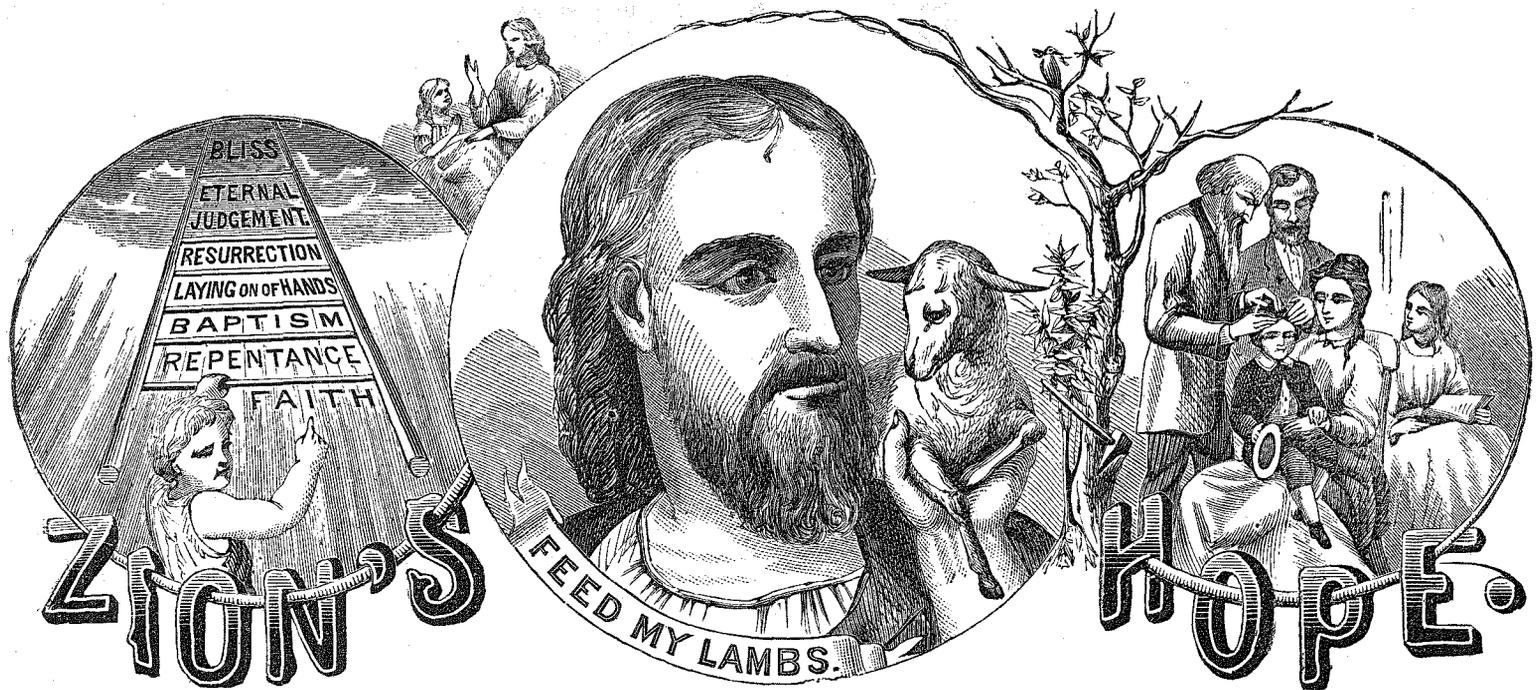
Willie H. Best sent answers to Enigma No. 10, and Anagram No. 7 too late for last issue; as also did John Marriott to Enigma No. 10.

1 October 76.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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

In Memorium.

RUTHIE.

Gone to meet the risen Savior,
Gone to live in peace and love,
Gone to rest from pain and sorrow,
In that sweet, sweet home above.

Weary grew the small deft fingers,
Slowly throbbled the loving heart,
Closed those eyes so dark and lovely;
Must our darling Ruth depart?

Aye; the breath of life so fleeting,
Passes, and the still, fair form,
Peaceful lies in death's white slumber,
Undisturbed by pain or storm.

Earth has lost a precious spirit,—
Gifted, gentle, lovely Ruth,
Gone to seek the grand "REST-HAVEN,"
In the first warm blush of youth.

Happy spirit! Blest of Jesus!
Making him her early choice,
How we miss thy gentle presence,
How we miss thy winsome voice.

Art thou happy, dearest Ruthie,
In that home of light and love?
Dost thou still remember, darling,
We're below, whilst thou'rt above?

Though we mourn, we'd not recall thee,
Rather live to meet thee there;
Jesus called thee—he will guard thee,
As a flower bright, and fair.

PERLA WILD.

ROSE MERRILLS.

BY PERLA WILD.
CHAPTER I.

ROSE MERRILLS was pouting—yes, verily pouting. Pretty little rosy-cheeked, sunny-hearted Rose, was really in the sulks. She sat with one hand resting on the window sill, her sweet face (sweet when she was herself), lying on the dimpled, chubby fingers, and her blue eyes, dewey with tears, raised dreamily to the deep, deep summer sky, which was not bluer and fairer than they. There was a sad, wistful look in those azure eyes now, and a grieved curl to the rosy-red lips. Pouting—but very pretty withal; her dark amber tresses sweeping in tiny, rippling waves about the tinted face and snowy neck; the bright pink frock with its blue ribbon confining the waist; the white laced panties just peeping from beneath the frilled skirt; and the white, cunning little feet nestling cosily among the sofa cushions. Bare

feet—pretty and sweet and innocent, although she was the only child of wealthy parents. But it was the sultry summer time, and mamma had permitted her to remove her shoes and stockings a little while.

Presently mamma and Mrs. Clark came in, chatting pleasantly. They had been out in the garden to see the newly blown lilly that mamma had watched and cared for so long.

"Why, Rose!" cried mamma, catching sight of the child whom she supposed in the nursery playing with little Johnny Clark. "Whatever brought you here, my child?"

Rose slowly turned toward her mother. "My two feet, mamma. And I'se going to stay here too, I is!" And her pretty lips quivered and she looked away up into the blue, blue sky again.

"Where's Johnny, Rose? And what is the matter with you?" asked Mrs. Merrills.

"I don't know nuffin 'bout Johnny Clark, and I don't want to, neever. Nobody don't like me, and I'se just goin' to go off somewhere and die may be, and then see what they will say." And Rose hid her face in her little pink palms—as much of it as she could—and sobbed pitifully. Mamma was shocked and surprised. She came over and sat down beside Rose and tried to console her, while Mrs. Clark looked at the child in surprise.

"But where did you leave Johnny?" persisted mamma.

"Up stairs, 'course," sobbed Rose, on the dear, kind bosom which had ever been a haven of rest in time of trouble. "He—he tried to put on 'thority, and I wouldn't stand it."

"Was he naughty?" queried Mrs. Clark. "Tell me, Rose, I want to hear all about it."

Rose lifted her head and tossed back her frowzy hair, her eyes gleaming vividly. "Well, you see, we was just playin' so nice and I was goin' to go a visitin', and Johnny he had tied two chairs together for horses, and the table was the carriage. And just as I was going to get in 'e carriage he said I shouldn't, 'cause I hadn't got my shoes on. He said his wife shouldn't go barefooted. We was playin' keep house you know. I said I could go barefooted if I wanted to. Johnny said I shouldn't. I told him he wasn't boss. He said men always was. I said they hadn't ought to be any how, and he wasn't my boss. And 'en I walked off to a corner, and wouldn't yook at him for a yong time. He said he didn't coax anybody that pouted, and den he went and got in 'e carriage and drove off and left me standin' zere. Course I wouldn't play with him after 'at. And I come down here and left him, so I did."

"We'll go up and talk to our little tyrant," said Mrs. Susie Clark.

"I isn't doin'. Ise been sulted enough by boys!" cried Rose indignantly.

Just then a small face, surmounted by a wee hat tipped jauntly on one side, appeared at the open window, the bright black eyes smiling wickedly. Little Rose drew back instantly. Johnny gazed at her loftily, tossed his curly head in a scornful way, and displaced his hat thereby. Quickly settling it back in place, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and walked to the further end of the piazza, muttering, "Next time I git married I'll have somebody 'sides a baby, so I will!"

Mrs. Susie and mamma laughed—Who could help it? But Johnny didn't hear, for just then he caught sight of a yellow bird, flitting in and out among the dahlias and zinnias which grew in rich profusion about that angle of the great old farm house at Rest-haven.

Quick as thought he drew his little hat from his head and creeping up close, dipped it suddenly down, exclaiming eagerly, "I've got it! O mother, come quick! I've got it right underneath my hat. Come help me catch it!"

But just as he was speaking, a sharp "te tweet!" sounded in the distance, and raising his big black eyes, he saw the tiny bird alight on the bough of a silver-leaf tree which shadowed the pathway, and begin to plume itself complacently.

"John!" cried his mother, "I want to know what you have been doing up stairs. Rose feels very much grieved about something you've done."

Johnny put his fingers to his lips, and stood rubbing the heel of one little buttoned boot on the toe of the other, but said nothing.

"Come here, my boy, and tell me." Slowly he came up to the door and entered. "I didn't do nothin', only we just played get married, like they did at Joe Taylor's party tother day, and after that we said we'd go somewhere in a carriage, and then I told Rose she must put her shoes on. But she wouldn't, and went off and pouted in a corner. So I jest went off and left her, 'cause you know I was the one to tell what to do, cause she was my wife then. But she aint now. And I shant never marry her agin, neither, if she cries her eyes out about it!"

Mrs. Clark looked serious and Rose's mamma hid a smile in her little daughter's shining ringlets. Rose stared at him with wide blue eyes, and when he paused, exclaimed contemptuously, "I dess 'oo won't 'tause I wouldn't have 'oo! Tommy Taylor is lots nicer 'an 'oo is, and he'll let me do any sing I wants to. Do bare feeted or any sing!"

Both mammas were silent, scarce knowing

what to say. Rose turned again to the window, and noticing the bird still sitting in the tree. "Dere's 'oor bird, Dohnny, 'oo didn't dit it! 'If 'oo had, I wouldnt let 'oo, 'tause it's mine. It's dot a nest down in 'e lilacs."

"O! has it!" cried Johnny, coming up and climbing to a seat beside Rose where he could look out. "Where is it? I don't see it!"

"No, tause it's round on tother side," replied Rose. "Oo'd better set over, tause I'se bare-footed," with a slight snap in her voice, leaning away from him. Johnny said nothing, and the two mammas went out of the room leaving the door ajar, thinking best to permit the little ones to settle their dispute themselves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDITORIAL CHAT.

"SIGMA PHI," who used to write so well for the *Hope* some years ago, told us a few days since, when he started for Philadelphia, that he would probably write some notes for the *Hope* about the great exposition being held there. We think that this will be very pleasing and instructive to our readers of all ages, and we shall await them with interest.

The author of "A Sketch from Real Life." writes that she intended to continue her article. It was received last winter, and, being prepared, we supposed it was concluded, until we read the proof sheets of the last half. We expect the remainder soon.

In our next we will publish a story by sister Lena, illustrative of the power of faithful, earnest prayer, in connection with the patient kindness of a daughter, in reforming a wayward father.

"SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

"AND so you would like a pair of skates, eh, John?"

"Yes sir, a pair of real nice ones," said John.

"Well, supposing you had the skates, should you be happy and contented then?"

John thought for a moment and then said, "Not quite, sir, I would like a suit of new clothes like Bobby Groom has."

"And then," said Mr. Still, "you think that you would be altogether satisfied?"

"Well sir, to tell the truth, I'd like a dog and gun just like Harry Moore's."

Mr. Still smiled his usual good natured smile, for he saw that John, like most boys, hardly knew what would satisfy him. "And so you would like a pair of skates, a suit of new clothes, and a dog and gun, and then you would be contented, having everything you could desire?"

John hung down his head a little while, a blush suffused his cheeks, for he felt somewhat ashamed to express all, or even half of his ambition. The kind teacher saw it, and smiling encouragement, bade him open his bosom and tell him all that he would like to have.

"Well, sir," said John, "I did not know that I was half as greedy as I am, for I want so many things."

"I knew it, I knew it," the encouraging teacher replied, "but while we are looking through this beautiful garden, which Mr. Shaw has so kindly permitted us to do, we must talk about something; and there is less danger in talking about ourselves than there is in talking about any body else; so, if you don't mind it, just tell me all your ambition; and your thoughts shall be as sacred as the flowers that everywhere smile us welcome, and, I trust, as beautiful and fragrant as our present surroundings."

"Well, sir, I hardly know what I don't want, it seems as if I would like to have everything that is good and nice," said John, "but I know that I can't have everything, but I would like to

be a man, like Mr. Shaw, and have a fine house and garden, and lots of servants and horses, and lots of money, and be called Judge, and all that sort of thing you know." Here John paused, not only for want of breath, but in astonishment at the magnitude of his own ambition.

"That is all right and very proper," replied the teacher, "providing it inspires you to laudable exertion to obtain them. But you did not finish telling what you would like, I think, did you?"

John thought a moment or so, and then the gleam in his bright eyes betrayed a newly discovered ambition.

"Well, tell it out," said Mr. Still, who had seen the new awakening in his companion's soul.

"I had nearly forgotten the main thing, sir," apologized John, "I should like to be a good man, like Bro. Blair and some others that you know, and when I die go to heaven; that is all sir."

Mr. Still took him by the hand and shook it long and warmly. "Yes, my boy," he said, "that is all, and that is just what I expected to hear you say; only you have gotten things turned end about. You know *Our Lord* bids us "*seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness*. You may not live to be a man; you may never be a judge; you may never own house and lands, money and servants and all that sort of thing, you know; but die, sooner or later, you must. Therefore, let me ask you to imitate these beautiful flowers—look first up to God, and let the fragrance of your budding mind ascend heavenward, will you do it? I hope, I trust, I know you will. It is now time we were going home; and, as we walk to the cars, tell me when you will be baptized and commence your upward career to Heaven and happiness."

On their way home, John was very happy and very hopeful; but he told the teacher that he was glad that he had approved his ambition and had told him where to begin, and he, with God's help, would commence right away. He would give his name in to the Superintendent on next Sunday for baptism.

"Seek me early, and ye shall find me."

X. A.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 12th, 1876.

OVERGOVERNING CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are often brought up without any particular habits of self-government, because the governing is done for them and on them. A girl that is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her, and put on her till she is ten, twelve, fifteen or eighteen years of age, is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her. The true idea of self-restraint is to let the child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than its no-mistakes, because when a child makes mistakes, and has to correct them, it is on the way toward knowing something. A child that is waked up every morning, and never wakes himself; and is dressed, and never makes mistakes in dressing himself; and is washed, and never makes mistakes about being clean; and is fed, and never has anything to do with his food; and is watched, and never watches himself; and is cared for and kept all day from doing wrong—such a child might about as well be a tallow candle, perfectly straight, and solid, and comely, and unvital, and good for nothing but to be burned up.

The poor weaver who has a large family of children, without bread enough for half of them, and sets them to work, is a philanthropist. You may gather around them and mourn over them, but blessed be the weaver's children. The twelve children of the poor weaver will turn out better than the twelve children of the millionaire. I would rather take an insurance on the weaver's children than on the millionaire's. Blessed are those that learn by the hard way of life what every man must learn first or last, or go ashore a wreck—namely, self restraint. The steel that

had suffered most is the best steel. It has been in the furnace again and again; it has been on the anvil; it has been tight in the jaws of the vise; it has felt the rasp; it has been ground by emery; it has been heated and hammered and filed until it does not know itself and it comes out a splendid knife. And if men only knew it what are called their "misfortunes" are God's blessings, for they are the molding influences which give them shapeliness and edge, durability and power.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

[Concluded.]

IT is needless to prolong the matter; suffice it to say, Mr. Judson forgave the repentant man. Squire Pullman came up the next day and they agreed to return the letter and the copy of the notice to Eld. Brazzleby; to let him know that he was known as the author and also that there was no desire to punish him, for conspiracy. The squire was chosen to present them in Mr. Barnes' behalf, and there it was to rest. The squire performed the duty assigned him; the mortified and humbled man apologized to Eld. Jones, threw up his charge and left the village.

Squire Pullman and Mr. Judson undertook to secure a pardon for Mr. Barnes, which they succeeded in doing. There yet remained one thing to do and that was to make him acquainted with the fact; neither would do it; so at length the Squire's wife agreed to attend to it, only they were to ask no questions about it.

The next Sunday, Mrs. Pullman, Mistress Laurie, and Mr. Peters had a council in which it was arranged. Mr. Barnes in the meantime had improved rapidly, and was able to come down stairs on Monday afternoon and sit with the family at supper. He had asked to be sent back to the county jail; but they told him that he was not yet strong enough; that it would do a week hence just as well.

On Thursday there was much busy preparation going on. Mr. Peters was sent off with Mr. Barnes in the covered buggy, for a ride, and was told by Mistress Laurie not to return, "till two o'clock; now mind," said she. At two he returned, and after Mr. Barnes and he had washed, and brushed the dust of the road off their clothes, the bell called them to dinner. On the way down stairs Mr. Peters charged Mr. Barnes not to be surprized if there was company to dinner; so when they entered the dining room, and saw the long table already spread, and Elders Green and Jones at the head of it, with Squire Pullman, his wife, Mr. Brown and wife, Mrs. True and her daughter, Horace, Mr. Judson and his wife, Mrs. Peters, all standing ready to sit down, with a place for himself between Mr. Peters and Horace, he said nothing; though, in spite of the caution he was surprized.

Before they sat down, and before thanks were returned, Mr. Peters turned, to Mr. Barnes and said, "Friend Barnes, the company present have authorized me to say to you, that having sought for forgiveness of their own sins, and feeling conscious that they have been forgiven, they do not feel at liberty to withhold forgiveness from any who may have sinned against them. They therefore extend to you their forgiveness and assure you that no bitterness of thought is felt toward you. And in token of their good will and the clemency they feel should be exercised toward the repentant, I hereby hand to you the governor's pardon, which two of our members have solicited and obtained for you. We wish you to eat with us a free man."

He ceased speaking, and Mr. Barnes took from his extended hand the folded pardon. The pardoned man could not speak;—Mr. Peters considerably set his chair for him and he sank into it, covered his face with his hands, much agitated.

The voice of Eld. Jones broke the painful stillness. "Horace, to-day your probation with Mr. Judson ends. He desires me to say that he has found you *faithful, kind and true*. In token of

his appreciation of your efforts to make yourself a good and useful man in society he hereby extends to you an offer of further service, and in payment for the past, he by me hands you this purse containing fifty dollars in money, and a bill of sale of the colt, 'Bay Jenny.'"

Horace, completely surprised, stammered his thanks; but could get no further.

Mr. Pullman now claimed the attention of the little assembly. His duty was this: "Mr. Barnes has commissioned me to repay to Mr. Judson the sum which he lost in the heifer killed by drinking the new sap"—Mr. Judson startled, raised his hands; but the Squire checked him—"Duty to Mr. Barnes' new resolves for good, demand that you take this means. It is honestly gained, as I am witness, and you need not hesitate." Turning to Elder Green, he continued, "Here, Elders Green and Jones, is a sum of money which Mr. Barnes wishes you to use in your ministry; for, as the truth spoken by you has been the means of great good to him he desires that many more may be helped, and the erring reclaimed."

Thanks were pronounced by Elder Green and the repast was a glad one.

During the course of the dinner, after the reserve had vanished, Horace turned to Mrs. Pullman and said, tears shining in his eyes, "I know now, Sr. Rebecca, what the question meant that I asked Mr. Barnes that time that he wanted me to do Mr. Judson injury. I asked him, 'What is it worth?' It did not mean just what he asked me to do was worth; but it meant, What is your faithfulness worth? What is your kindness worth? What is your truthfulness worth? What is your soul worth? I never would have known had I not heard from Elder Jones."

"Yes, Horace, and he would never have known, had not Jesus sent the Spirit to enlighten him. It is Christ, the Redeemer, who can make Elder Jones contented and peaceful, though sad; that can make Mr. Peters glad, joyous and happy; that can make Mr. Judson and you so full of thankfulness now; that can make Mr. Barnes so different now to what he was so short a time ago; yes, Bro. Horace, it is Christ, who by his truth can teach us that earth, nor man has treasures that are of sufficient worth to buy the faithful, kind and true—the soul of man." UNCLE S.

THE LOST PRIZE.

THERE were prizes to be given in Willie's school, and he was very anxious to merit one of them. As Willie was young, and had never had much chance to learn, he was behind the other boys in all his studies except writing. As he had no hope to excel in anything but writing, he made up his mind to try for the special prize for that with all his might. And he did try so that his copy-book would have done honor to a boy twice his age. When the prizes were awarded, the chairman of the committee held up two copybooks, and said: "It would be difficult to say which of these two books is better than the other, but for one copy of Willie's, which is not only superior to Charlie's but to every other copy; therefore, Willie's book gains the prize."

Willie's heart beat high with hope, which was not unmixed with fear. Blushing to his temples, he said: "Please, sir, may I see that copy?"

"Certainly," replied the chairman, looking somewhat surprised.

Willie glanced at the copy, and handing the book back, said: "Please, sir, that is not my writing. It was written by an upperclass boy, who took my book by mistake one day instead of his own."

"Oh, oh!" said the chairman, "that may alter the case." The two books went back to the committee, who after comparing them carefully, awarded the prize to Charlie. The boys laughed at Willie. One said he was silly to say anything about the mistake.

"I wouldn't have told," said another.

"Nor I," added a third boy, laughing. "The

copy was in your book, and you had a right to enjoy the benefit of it.

But in spite of all their quizzing, Willie felt that he was right. "It would not have been the truth," he replied, "if I had not told who wrote the copy. I would rather hold fast the truth than have a prize, for truth is better than gold."

"Hurrah for Willie! Three cheers for Willie! Well done, Willie!" shouted the boys, and Willie went home to his work happier than he could have done if, by means of a silent lie, he had won the prize.—*Child at Home.*

SISTER LIDA'S LETTER.

DEAR HOPES: How I want to know you each one, for I feel sure it would do me good to associate with the young Saints, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Little ones, it is only very recently that I obeyed the gospel, and my heart is running over with the love of the Master. Do you read the sacred writings, and are you familiar with the glorious promises that God has made to his people? If you know the reward I am sure you will take the means to obtain it. I want you to serve our Heavenly Father, because you love him devoutly, and never from fear. Perfect love casteth out all fear. Look around at nature, which God made. See the beautiful flowers and delicious fruit. Notice all about each plant. See in what they are alike and in what points they differ, and you will be studying botany, perhaps without knowing it. I wish I could tell you about the many wonderful plants that I have read about. One kind called Venus' Fly-trap, has gummy leaves with sharp hairs on them. The gum is sweet, and when a fly lights to taste it, the leaf folds together, the stiff hairs pierce the fly, and he is dead, and the leaf gradually absorbs his body; and when it is all gone, it opens again, and the trap is set for another. So you see Botany is quite interesting.

Geology tells us about the stones, and I like it as well as Botany. You have seen curious stones, have you not? Some made of little pebbles all fastened together. These we call conglomerates. Don't forget the name. I have a large rock, and on it many strange stones that have been given me. How I would like to tell you all about them, but that would make this letter too long. It must be short and sweet, you know, to please Br. Henry. Next time, if you would like, I'll tell you about some other nice studies. I want you to study very hard, and be very good when you go to school, and be there early every morning, and never stay at home if you can possibly avoid doing so. If you have anything to do, do it with your might, is a good motto. I love all children, and my work—school teaching—is pleasant, for that reason. But for several months I have been very sick, so I could hardly do anything; but I prayed God, for Jesus' sake, to heal me, and I got strong slowly, until I was able last Sabbath to be baptized. I came up out of the water stronger than I had been for months past, and since then I have been well, and able to work. Thanks be to God for his goodness to me. If we obey all the commands of God he will bless us with health and happiness. I trust that each little Hope will pray to our Father, and I know he will help each one to keep his commandments. With love to each of you, I am your sister.

LIDA.

PROSPECT LAKE, Mich., Sept. 1st., 1876.
[That is indeed short and sweet; and we hope that Sr. Lida will continue these pleasant essays from number to number. We remember her pleasant home by that pretty lake, during the summer that we commenced our ministry.]—Ed.

A little girl of four or five years asked her mother one day if she had not seen Col. Porter. "No, my child," was the reply, "he died before you were born." "Well, but, mamma," she insisted, "if he went up before I came down, we must have met!"

HONEST GIRLS AND BOYS.

DEAR BRO. STEBBINS:—I see in the last number of the *Hope* that honest boys are wanted. I thought it a card of value. But are not honest girls also wanted? I may make you blush now, by telling about a dishonest girl. A short time ago a girl of about sixteen years entered our store and said she wanted to purchase some articles, but had no money. She looked wishfully in the show case at the candy, and then reluctantly went away. Some time afterwards she watched and found no one in the store. So she again stole in and helped herself bountifully; but, in her haste to escape, she let fall a handful of candy mottoes. She was frightened at my mother's approach, and tried to rush out, and finally told one lie after another to conceal the theft. So one sinful step leads to another. We learned that she went to a dancing party that night, and wanted to treat her companions to stolen candy. Papa said that honest Bob's had better be careful to avoid such dishonest damsels. Yet we should pity them and pray for them that this sinful propensity may be overcome, or they will reach a sad ending. Remember that God watches us whenever we are tempted to do evil. Therefore have courage to say to the tempter, "Begone;" and to yourself, "God knows it," and "I will be honest." Blessed is the boy or girl that overcomes this temptation to evil.

I remember, two years ago, that a brother visited us in Atchison, Kansas. He bought some grapes, and found that the man gave him far too much change. He returned to the store and told him of the mistake and handed him back the money, which was received with surprise and was noted as a mark of honesty in our brother by the dealer.

Boys, you may also fill honorable positions and make honest editors and wise men, and thus gain the good will of men, and not only have your name in the *Herald* and in the *Hope*, but also in the Lamb's book of life. Let us, boys and girls, all do right. "Where there's a will there's a way," and, girls, let us be honest, industrious and trying to gain useful knowledge.

I wish I could attend General Conference and see so many of the Lord's family, and help Bro. Joseph and the saints sing and play, "Thrust in thy sickle and reap." Let us fill our lamps with the oil of honesty and truth, even with the Holy Spirit of truth.

REGINA LIZZIE ROHRER.

TOM.—A TRUE STORY.

WE once had a black and white cat that was very fond of my sister Lucy. His name was Tom, and as he did not like to be petted and was not a good mouser, he was not a very great favorite with any of us. Lucy paid him more attention than any one else, and he repaid her with an affection that was quite touching. Every afternoon at four, when Lucy would be coming from school, Tom would get up in a chair by the window, put his fore-paws on the window-seat, and look up the street until he saw her coming. If he could get out of the house he would go to meet her; if he could not, he would watch her from the window until she entered the yard and then meet her at the door.

When we had him some time a little brother came to us, and, of course, the baby took up all our attention. Poor Tom was left quite out in the cold! Whenever Lucy held the baby he would walk round and round her chair, mewing and looking up in her face in a very piteous way. He was really jealous of the baby! One day Tom did something we all thought quite wonderful. Lucy had been holding the baby with his head on her shoulder and one little arm round her neck. As soon as she had put him down and seated herself again Tom jumped into her lap and stretched himself out, laying his head on her shoulder, and putting one paw round her neck just as baby had done. He seemed to be trying

to say, "There, if that is all you want, I can do it as well as that good-for-nothing baby!" Poor Tom! I'm afraid we only loved the baby more and more. After a while he seemed to get over his jealousy, but it was a hard trial at first, and I think he never quite liked the baby. From that time he disliked petting more and more, and finally became so wild that he would allow no one to touch him.—*New York Tribune.*

A MINISTER WHO COULDN'T STAND THE TEST.

A WELL-KNOWN clergyman was crossing Lake Erie many years ago upon one of the lake steamers, and, seeing a small lad at the wheel steering the boat, accosted him as follows:

"My son, you appear to be a small boy to steer so large a boat." "Yes, sir; but you see I can do it, though." "Do you think you understand your business, my son?" "Yes, sir, I think I do." "Can you box the compass?" "Yes, sir." "Let me hear you box it!" Boy boxes the compass. "Well, really, you can do it! Let me hear you box it backward." Boy boxes it backward. "I declare, my son, you seem to understand your business." The boy now took his turn question-asking.

"Pray, sir, what may be your business?" "I am a minister of the gospel." "Do you understand your business?" "I think I do, my son." "Can you say the Lord's Prayer?" "Yes." "Say it." Clergyman repeats the Lord's Prayer. "Well, really, you do know it! Now say it backward." Clergyman says he cannot do it. "You cannot do it, eh? Now you see I understand my business a great deal better than you do yours." Clergyman acknowledged himself beaten, and retired.—*Providence Journal.*

ROSE MAY AND MAY ROSE.

ROSE May and May Rose they called the dear twin babies, for it was the very last day of May when they were brought to this world; but they had to tie a string of coral on the arm of Rose May and a string of pearls around the neck of May Rose to tell them apart.

Babies so much alike had never been seen before—alike not only in their looks, but in all their thoughts and ways; for when Rose smiled May smiled, and when May wept Rose wept.

They slept and woke at the same moment; they took their first step hand in hand; they said their first words—the same words, "little sister"—together; and never for an instant did they forget each other.

That which could not be divided neither would take. Their knowledge of numerals began and ended with "2."

Did Rose want a piece of cake, she asked for two pieces. Did May wish for an apple, she said: "Two apples, please."

It was so funny to hear the little things.

One day I began to tell them a story:

"Once on a time a very nice little girl"—

"Two very nice 'ittle girls, said Rose gravely.

"Two very nice little girls," I continued, "went out for a walk, and they met a very queer dog"—

"Two very queer dogs," corrected May.

"How do you do, little girls?" I went on, "barked these two very queer dogs. 'Would you like to see a funny, long-eared gray rabbit?'"

"Two! two!! two!!! funny, 'ong-eared day 'abbits," they both burst in, impatiently; and so I had to double everything in my story, and at the end was well rewarded by "two" honey-sweet kisses from each golden haired darling.

The years went by, bringing only sunshine and gladness to the pretty twin sisters, until it was within a day of their seventh birthday. Then May began to think what she should give Rose for a birthday present; and Rose at the very same moment began to think what she should give May.

"Now," said May to herself, and for the first time in her life the figure "1" entered into her

calculations, "I know what Rose would like. One of these lovely dolls we saw in the store 'round the corner yesterday."

"But oh! to buy that will take all the money I have saved. Shall I buy two not so pretty dolls, so that we'll each have one? No! my own Rose must have a beauty; and for once—how strange it will seem—I must slip out without her and go and get it. Mamma will lay it on her pillow early in the morning, so that she will see it the moment she opens her sweet blue eyes."

And said Rose to herself: "I'm sure May wishes for one of those big wax dolls we saw in the shop-window yesterday. I've enough money to buy two smaller ones. But no! my own May must have the very prettiest. By and by I'll slip out without her (dear me, how can I do it?) and buy it. Mamma will lay it on her pillow early in the morning, and she will see it the moment she says, 'Rose, here's a kiss for you.'"

So on the birthday morning each little girl awoke to find a beautiful doll lying beside her; and "Oh, Rose!" "Oh, May!" "You darling!" they both cried in one breath, and then burst out laughing so merrily that the two mocking-birds who hung in their room speedily left the seed-cups, from which they were eating their breakfasts, sprang upon their perches, put their cunning heads on one side, and joined in at the top of their voice.—*Independent.*

Correspondence.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Sept. 21st, 1876.

Dear Brother Henry:—We have meetings every Sunday and Wednesday evenings. I was at meeting last evening and it was a time of rejoicing, for the Spirit of God was there to bless us, and the oftener I do my duty the more blessings I receive. Dear Hopes pray that I may be kept strong in the gospel and I will do the same for you. That we may meet our Saviour with joy is my prayer. Your brother in Christ,

WILLIAM MARSLAND.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal.,

Sept. 23d, 1876.

Dear Uncle Henry:—I enclose in this a moral story from the *Bulletin*, and I thought it would be good for the *Hope*. And ma thought it would too. The name is Father Hans' Practical Lesson. Good bye, and my love to all, yours truly,

J. A. M.

ALLENTOWN, N. J., Sept. 24th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I will improve the present opportunity of writing. Br. Banta has been with us, and we heard some good sermons from him. A few weeks after he went away Br. Blair came. We were quite pleased with their visits, as we had never seen them before, and we found them to be very good men, and no one could help liking them. We wished them to stay longer, but they could not. I would like very much to have the *Hope* weekly, and I think we ought to feel very grateful to those who write such good things for the *Hope*; and also be thankful to the editors. I am sure that I do; and I feel very thankful also that I have heard the gospel and obeyed it. I shall ever try to live faithful to the end, that I may meet with my brothers and sisters in the next world. As ever your sister in Christ,

MARY E. MCGUIRE.

WATSONVILLE, Sept. 25th, 1876.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—I am twelve years old and am glad to say that I am a member of the Church. I was baptized by Elder H. Green. We have meetings here every Sunday. Father and mother belong to the Church. We have a Sunday School also. I ask an interest in the prayers of all the Hopes. Expecting to hear from many of them through our little paper I remain, as ever, your sister,

ANNA M. PHILLIPS.

DARTMOUTH, Mass., Sept. 22d, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I have solved anagram No. 9 of Sept. 15th, and for the first time venture to send an answer, for I am but a youth, yet I love to read the works of the Church, and especially the *Hope*. Your brother in the only true gospel,

JOHN E. ROGERSON.

'Tis not beneath the fretted dome
Alone God listens to our prayer,
'Tis not when crowds behold us, kneel
To pour our spirit's incense there.
A humble heart and spirit meek
Are all he asks for all his care,
In any clime, in any tongue,
For God, our God is everywhere.

15 October 76.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 16.

I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 5, 2, 10, 8, 9, one of the gifts.
My 7, 11, 14, 10, 6, 11, 6, one of the United States.
My 14, 2, 3, 7, 14, was a prophet of old.
My 13, 12, 14, 4, 11, a city in the United States.
My 1, 4, 2, 14, is a part of the human body.
All together a saying of the Savior.

W. C. LANYON.

ENIGMA.—No. 17.

I am composed of nineteen letters.
My 1, 9, 12, 19, is a territory.
My 18, 15, 3, 7, is a state.
My 15, 12, 17, is what men and boys wear.
My 8, 16, 2, is what we sometimes do.
My 6, 18, 3, 17, 15, is what we ought to have.
My 5, 4, 11, is a verb.
My 14, 7, 18, 9, is what men and boys wear.
My 13, 7, is what we should say when tempted,
My 14, 8, 12, 10, a kind of an apple.
My whole is a name of a branch and a territory.

JOHN MARRIOTT.

ANAGRAM.—No. 11.

Ey sstain of rlaett yda earsi,
Eth etim si wniagdr ihng,
Hnwe Tcrhsi uro Sriaurov nad ruo Dlro,
Lwl emte su yb dna yb.
Sa etalrt yad ssnat ew od eeivelb
Ttha Susej iedd orf su;
Ni shi eard amen ew ear tiezbadp,
Ofr eh mmdndcoea uhts.

THEANARG LHIBARAIDC.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of Sep. 15th.

To Enigma No. 13.—Charles, Brazil, Colorado, Yaddo, Russia, Neuse, London, Zion's Rose Bud Sunday School.

Answered by J. W. Wight, and James Atkinson.

To Anagram No. 9.—

Ye saints be true and loving,
The time is drawing near,
If we are only faithful
Our Saviour's voice we'll hear.
O let us try to keep our covenant,
And he will help us on;
Ye saints of God be faithful,
For we'll soon be gathered home.

ELIZABETH ARCHIBALD.

Answered by Nancy M. Ballantyne, Silas D. Hevener, Mary E. McGuire, John E. Rogerson, John A. Rohrer, Carrie Epperley, Alice Epperley, Eliza France, William Marsland, William Crumb, J. W. Wight, Willie H. Best and James Atkinson.

To Riddle No. 1.—A River. Answered by Silas D. Hevener and J. W. Wight. Lizzie McGrew of Chatfield, Minn., writes that she thinks the answer to be the Ocean.

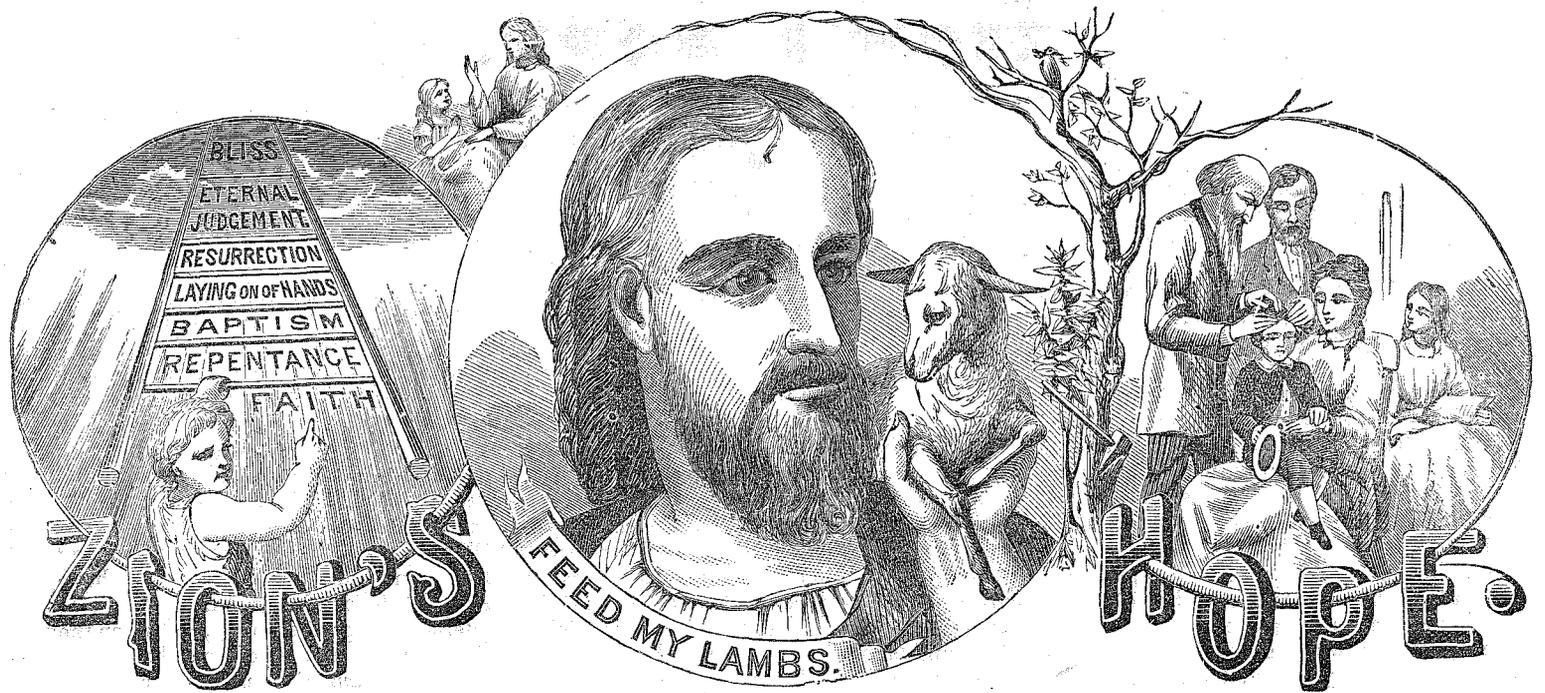
Mary A. E. Davis and J. W. Wight sent answers to Enigma No. 12 and Anagram No. 8 in Hope of Sept. 1st too late for last issue.

SOAP BUBBLES.—There is a right way of making soap-bubbles, and this is it. Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of Castile or oil soap, cut up in small pieces, in three quarters of a pint of water, and boil two or three minutes, then add five ounces of glycerine, when cold, this fluid will produce the best and most lasting bubbles that can be blown. This is commended to the juvenile Isaac Newton's who wish to find out for themselves the thickness of the films of soap bubbles.

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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."

THE OFFICER'S FIRST GLASS;
Or,
Minnie's Faith.

"SURELY," thought Captain Hurbert, "there is no harm in taking just one glass of liquor, especially as I am in such respectable company, that of my brother officers;" and putting his sword into its scabbard, he gave himself up to pleasure for the moment, but only for a moment, because try as he would he could not keep from his mind thoughts of the time when he, Captain Hurbert, walked so proudly home to show his sword and captain's uniform to his young wife, Clara, and to talk to her of the bright future which was in store for them when the cruel war should be over; "for," he had said, "I will be very saving and send my money all to you, and it will not take all of a captain's salary to keep you and little Minnie, so in three years there will be a nest egg to start business with, you see."

And Clara, with tearful eyes, had said, "Dear Hurbert, were it not that your country calls you I would much rather you would stay at home. I care not for wealth, I am contented with my home and my husband as they are; and I have heard that the army is a wicked place, that even the officers were not too good to indulge in the social glass and become drunkards; so, dear Hurbert, remember and never let the first glass be taken. You will be good and true to this, will you not? Think of your wife who will daily pray for your safe return, and of your little daughter who needs your protection. Let the memory of them ever prevent you from ever doing any thing unbecoming a gentleman; and above all from touching the wine cup."

No wonder Hurbert could not enjoy wine, for between him and the wine cup was Clara's pleading face.

But the liquor was drank, idle words were spoken; and, with an aching head and heavy heart, Hurbert sought his place of repose, even there he could not find rest. His dreams that night were not bright ones of the future. In their place were frightful dreams that ought to

have showed him that he had started on the road to ruin.

At one time he thought he was floating down the dark stream of muddy water, and that Clara stood on the shore imploring him to come back.

When the darkness of the night had passed, so did the trouble pass from Hurbert's mind, and he thought, "What a small thing I have let worry me, surely there was no harm done, but for Clara's sake I will not be tempted to drink again."

And for two long weeks he kept his word, then being weak to stand temptation, with Clara's warning voice far away, he was again led to join a party of officers in a "spree." This time he did not feel as badly as he did the first time. He

to his word, Hurbert had sent all his spare money home, and with it came tender, loving letters, longing for the time when he would again be home with her and her little darling. But, oh, how fast all this changed. Each month the amount of money sent was smaller, the letters less affectionate; and in the last letter he said, "I can not send you any money this month. We have been having gay times, the army is a jolly place after all, and it takes lots of money to keep up with the officers."

Poor Clara, only too well did she know what the "jolly times" meant. But what could she do? Many were the kind and loving letters she had sent to him filled with good advice, but she knew they had not been heeded. How very careful, too, and economical she had been, while he, whom she had always thought so good and true, "what was he coming to?" And she sank down crying, "Oh, Hurbert, my husband, my husband, it would have been better had we never met."

Little Minnie, who was now five years old, saw her mamma crying, and she crept up and put her little arms around her neck, and tried to stop the tears with her hands, and said, "There mamma, don't c'y any more, papa will come home to you and me soon, and he will be good again."

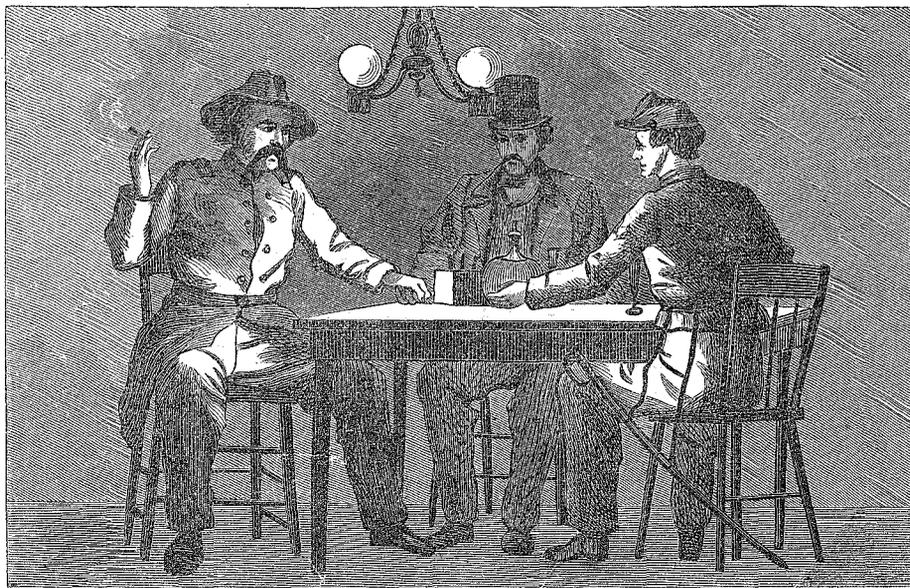
Passionately she clasped her little one and sobbed, "Oh, Minnie, my child, little

do you know what it is to be a drunkard's child." "There mamma, I is nobody's child but yours, I guess papa is bad, 'cause his letter makes you c'y, but when he comes home we will make him good again."

"True, little one, we will not give him up; and Minnie, we will ask God to make papa good."

Could Hurbert only have heard the prayers that were offered up for him that night, surely it would have made his heart ache unless that heart had become so hard that it could not ache, for such seems sometimes the case.

Another year passed, and it was almost time for Hurbert to come home, when Clara received a letter telling her that he had re-enlisted, for he liked the army so well that he thought he would remain in it as long as the war lasted.



tried to argue with himself that Clara was unjust to want him to be such an old man, and not have any fun; and that it was so lonely without her and Minnie; and he must do something to pass away the time, and that he would be very steady when he was home again.

Who, that knows anything of the power of strong drink, but can readily guess what Hurbert would be in two years. Step by step he had walked from the narrow path, and now, fairly started in the broad road, he was hastening on to ruin. Who would recognize in this dashing, dissipated young officer the merry young fellow that left home two years ago.

And now we will take a peep at Clara, she who was to be so well provided for that money could even be laid aside for future use. At first, true

This seemed to be the last drop that filled her cup of sorrow. She had hoped to get him home where she and Minnie could have such influence over him for good, but now he seemed lost indeed.

"Mamma," said Minnie, "don't give up, for, if my dear mamma grieves till she gets sick and dies, what will become of me? Besides papa is coming home to see us you know; and, if he is home too long weeks, I will made him promise never, never, to be bad again."

"Ah, if he was only coming home to stay, then I would have some hope; but his promises will be forgotten when he gets back to the army."

"Mamma, did you not read in my little testament yesterday, 'Ask and you shall receive.' Now don't that mean if we pray to God that he will give us what we pray for?"

"Yes, Minnie, it means that if we are good, and pray in faith, believing that we shall receive, God will hear and answer our prayer."

"Then, Mamma, what makes you think papa is lost, for if we pray as God tell us to, wont he answer our prayers and make papa good again?"

"I do not know, dear; I have, oh, so often prayed, but it seems that my prayers are not to be answered."

"That's it, mamma, you don't think God is going to make papa good. Now do, and some day he will be home, and we will all be so happy again."

"I hope and trust you are right, little comforter; but one thing, Minnie, no difference how much your mamma gets discouraged, you must never doubt God, because whatever he does is for the best."

"I know it, mamma, for you say he is so good, and that he made every thing so beautiful. Surely he never does wrong, and I know he wants every one to be good; so I will not stop praying for my papa till he is like he used to be."

The time had now arrived when they expected Hurbert home on a two weeks' furlough. How anxious and excited Clara was. She wondered if the gay young captain would be any thing like the kind tender husband who left her three years ago, and how much she wished he was not going back again.

All was in readiness for the absent husband and father's welcome home, when Clara received a letter that filled her with sorrow. There had been a battle, and her husband was severely wounded; but, although his left arm would be gone, they thought his life would be saved, that he would be sent home as soon as he was well enough.

Anxious days and nights followed, but at last they were at end, and Hurbert, but a shadow of his former self, arrived. How warmly was the erring one welcomed home, and Hurbert forgot his lost arm, his fallen air castles, and was really happy in his quiet little home. His little Minnie had grown so tall that he could hardly think it was the little three year old he had left; and, when he looked at his wife's care worn face, there seemed to have been ten years added to her life, instead of three. And he asked himself "What good have I done; I have been no benefit in the army, and I have caused my wife to shed many a tear, and now I am at home, poor, and with only one arm. It is no use trying, I can never be any body now; for of course news of my gay life has reached home."

Clara, seeing his sad looks, knew what he was thinking of, and quickly said, "Do not worry, Hurbert, dear, we will get along well. It will seem so good to have you at home once more that I think I can get along very easy without that left arm."

"Ah, but what am I to do, where are all my fine prospects gone? and what would not three more years in the army have done for me?"

"What has the three years that are past done, dear Hurbert?"

"Yes I know I was a little wild, but I intended to settle down."

"Easier said than done, my husband, where

you had so much temptation; for my part I am happy that you are at home. I always told you I did not care to be rich, and I see no reason to worry about living; for, with a captain's pension and what little I have saved, we can get along nicely till you get well and strong; then you can get your old place as book keeper in Mr. Green's store. You will try to be contented, wont you Hurbert, for Minnie's sake, if not for mine?"

"Dear Clara, you are too good for me now, and I may as well tell you that I am too weak to stand temptation any where that liquor is to be found."

"Oh Hurbert; but do not talk any more now, and I will make you some good tea."

As Hurbert grew strong and well, Clara saw that he had not reformed; that the company he picked was such that he once would have scorned to associate with; and she learned that it was not only drinking that called him from home, but gambling also that was among his army practices. Many nights did he come home showing the effects of liquor; still he was never unkind to wife or child, but was ever affectionate to them, and was inclined to be rather gay when he had been drinking.

How hard it was to see him spending all his money while they really began to want for the comforts of life, and poor little Minnie begun to realize what it was to be a drunkard's child; but she did not despair of yet seeing her papa good as she called it. Her greatest fear now was for her mamma; because, although a little child, she could not help seeing that her mamma was growing paler and thinner every day. And she often thought, "What would I do if mamma should die? Every one is pitying me. Mr. Green said to-day, 'Your mamma is going,' he didn't know I knew what he meant, but I did."

Minnie's reverie was broken up by her papa, who came stumbling in, singing,—

"So let the wide world wag as it will,
I'll be gay and happy still."

[Concluded in our next.]

ANAGRAMS.

SOME REMARKABLE EXAMPLES OF A PECULIAR LITERARY DIVERSION

AS the "Young Folks' Column" of the RURAL PRESS is open for the publication of puzzles from its many juvenile readers, and has contained many of these pleasant diversions, a few remarks regarding a very peculiar puzzle called "anagram about which quite little is known, will be of interest.

First, then, to better understand what it is, Webster's definition of the name "anagram:" "A transposition of the letters of a name, by which a new word is formed;" which leaves us to conclude that an anagram is a transposition of all the letters of a word or sentence, as, for instance, "California" into "Africa lion" and "Galenus" into "angelus"—will be borne in mind. Of all the hundreds of different puzzles now current, the anagram is the precursor, as is proven by Pilate's question to Jesus, A. D., 33: "Quid est veritas?" (what is truth), which has been anagrammatized into the reply: "Est vir qui adest" (the man who is before you). This, although in Latin, is, in many respects one of the most remarkable anagrams ever constructed. The question is quite long and the answer formed by its anagrammatization is such a good and fitting one.

The ancient Greeks and Romans were very fond of anagrams, and derived much amusement from the making of them. Like our chess clubs at this day, they used to hold social meetings, at which they entertained one another with their favorite pastimes, one of which was the making of anagrams and reading them aloud to the assemblage. Prizes were frequently offered in competition for which anagrams were made, offered to those present of whom the one who could unravel or convert them to the original word was in turn awarded a prize. Undoubtedly the most re-

markable anagram now in circulation is the six transpositions made of the words *Domus Lescinia*, (the Lescinskian house.) The event which called forth this wonderful piece of genius may be related as follows:

When Stanislaus, King of Poland, who reigned about A. D., 1704-1709, then yet a young man and only a short time instated as King, returned with his noble relatives to the house of Lescinski, from an extended journey, he attended the annual examination of the students of the gymnasium of Jablonski, at Lissa.

The event of his reception was enlivened by a tableau by 13 of the students, each of whom carried a shield, on the face of which was in gold one of the letters of the words *Domus Lescinia*. When the curtain rose, the boys stood so that the letters on their shields formed the above words. A ballet followed this, during which the boys intermingled promiscuously, and when they again stood in line the letters on their shields read "*Ades incolumnus*" (unharmd art thou here!) A dance again followed, after which the boys so arranged themselves that the letters on their shields formed the words "*mane sidus loci*" (continue to be a star for the country.) After another interval were formed the words "*Sis columna dei*" (be a pillar of God.) Finally, under a brilliant light, the boys shields formed "*! scande solium*" (go! and ascend thy throne!)

During the reign of Louis XIII of France, Thomas Billon received a salary of 1200 livrs a year as anagrammatist to the king, and held his position for a long time. His anagrams were marvels of excellency, and many of them are yet circulated. Indeed, half the anagrams in the French language now in circulation originated with him. So great was the number of his anagrams that an almost national interest in them was excited. Billon was thoroughly in love with his pursuit, and at one time the name "Billogram" seemed destined to supercede the proper one, "anagram."

Parker's "Aids to English Composition" tells us that "Sir Isaac Newton was in the habit of concealing his mathematical discoveries by depositing the principles in the form of anagrams; by which he might afterwards claim the merit of the invention without its being stolen by others."

A good story is told of an English lady, Mrs. Eleanor Davies, who imagined herself to be a prophetess and fancied that the spirit of Daniel was in her, because she could transpose her name into "Reveal, O Daniel." Her anagram was faulty, however, lacking an s and containing an l too much. Her surprise and consternation was great when, one day she saw an anagram of the name "Dame Eleanor Davies" which read "never so mad a ladie."

Here are a few examples of anagrams. They are excellent, because the anagrams form an answer as it were to the original word:

Astronomers, moon starrers; telegraphs, great helps; gallantries, all great sins; encyclopedia, a nice cold pye; lawyers, sly ware; misanthrope, spare him not; old England, golden land; presbyterian, best in prayer; punishment, nine thumps; penitentiary, nay, I repent it; radical reform, rare mad frolic; revolution, to love ruin; James Stuart, a just master.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

A=BOOT-BLACK, AND WHAT HE BECAME.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, there lived in the city of Oxford a boy whose name was George. He was very poor, so much so that he was compelled to clean the boots of the students at the University to obtain money with which to buy the necessaries of life. His countenance was one of no ordinary appearance. His eye was keen and piercing, his forehead noble and lofty, and every feature of his face was perfectly developed. By his easy and polite manners, his obliging disposition, and his warm and generous nature, he soon won the confidence and esteem of many of

those upon whom he waited. The poverty of clothing served better to show the richness of the mind, which needed only cultivation to make it one of the brightest in the whole country. The students of the University, seeing such noble qualities in the lowly and humble boot-black, determined to educate him, and many of them devoted no little share of their time to that purpose. They found him ready, willing, and studious. He lost not a moment of his precious time, but applied himself diligently, perseveringly, to his studies, and soon became equal, if not superior, to some of his instructors.

His advance in merit was very rapid; so great was it, that numbers were unable to recognize in the gifted and talented young man, the once poor and needy boot-black.

About this time there was a great change in the religion of England. There arose a sect which were strict observers of the Sabbath, faithful readers of God's Word, and who had stated engagements in prayer. With this party George immediately connected himself, and soon became one of the ablest and most consistent members. The youths who once sought his company, now treated him with sneering contempt.

Those who once considered him a young man of extraordinary abilities, then considered him a reckless fanatic, and avoided his society as they would have done a poor drunkard. All this did not move him. He was as firm as a rock. Nothing could change him. Like Moses, he preferred a life of Christian consistency to the enjoyment of sin for a season. His unchanging conduct won for him many warm and ardent admirers, and numbers who formerly branded him as a fanatic became his best friends. I have not the time, children, to say more concerning the character of this interesting young man. It will be sufficient to add that he soon became one of the most pious and talented preachers in England, and such numbers flocked to hear him that the largest house in London could not contain them.

He preached in the open fields to thousands; and the great amount of good which he did eternity shall tell. Dear boys, do not mind the sneers of your companions. Do your duty, let the consequences be what they may. Be industrious, energetic. Do not mind difficulties. They only make your arm stronger, your heart braver. If this poor boy could arise from the lowly position of a boot-black to that of one of the most pious and eloquent preachers England ever produced, cannot you go and "do likewise?" You have no idea what you can do till you try. Energy, combined with earnest prayer, will accomplish the most difficult task.

Would you like to know the name of the boy who blackened the boots of the students at Oxford University. It is George Whitefield.

BOYS, BE GENTLE.

"Be gentle with your sister, Tom," said Mrs. Ashton, as she tied on Lucy's bonnet, and let her go out to play with her brother. They had not been gone long before a cry was heard, and Tom came in red and frowning, and threw down his hat. "I hate to play with girls," he cried; "there's no fun in it. They are always cry-babies." "I am afraid you have forgotten my advice," said his mother. "Boys can't be gentle, mother; it is in their nature to be rough and boisterous," said Tom. "We are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It is very well for girls to be gentle, but I should knock a fellow down who would call me a gentle boy."

"And a few years hence you would be very angry if any one were to say you were not a gentleman."

"A gentleman," said Tom, slowly, feeling himself taken aback. "Yes, mother! I should; yet gentle seems to me weak and womanish. I had rather by half be called a manly than a gentle boy."

"Brave men are the most gentle, Tom. True

manhood blends the two. Show yourself manly in danger; manly in sickness or pain; manly in doing the right things: manly on the side of truth and duty. Be gentle, too; gentle toward your sisters, your mother, to women everywhere; gentle toward the weak, the aged, the sick, the suffering; be gentle in your manners toward all. By cherishing both a manly and a gentle spirit you will deserve a name which I am sure you desire to have."

"I see," cried Tom, "you wish me to be a gentle-manly boy!"

"Gentleness is a Christian grace, which we cannot afford to live without," said his mother. And Tom, I fancy, thought better of it.

Br. E. C. Mayhew of Versailles, Ind., sends the following, and wishes to admonish the *Hopes* to ever call upon their Creator, the living God, and to serve him that the life watch may be cared for and regulated in the right way continually.

LITTLE DICK'S WATCH.

[From the Methodist.]

Dear little Dick, curled by the fire,
Sat watching the shadows come and go,
As the dancing flames leaped higher and higher,
Flooding the room with a yellow glow.

His chubby hand on his side was pressed,
And he turned for a moment a listening ear,
"Mother," cried he. "I've got a watch!
I feel it ticking right under here.

"Yes, Dick, 'tis a watch that God has made
To mark your hours as they fly away;
He holds the key in his mighty hand,
And keeps it in order night and day.

"Should he put aside the mystic key,
Or lay his hand on the tiny spring,
The wheels would stop and your watch run down,
And lie in your bosom a helpless thing."

He crept to my side, and whispered soft,
While his baby voice had an awe-struck sound,
"I wish you would ask Him, mother dear,
To be sure and remember to keep it wound."

ROSE MERRILLS.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER II.

"ROSE" cried Johnny, suddenly, "I see it! Look! there's the birdy!" Rose looked at him in scornful silence.

"Come, Rose, let's go down and see it."
"I shant do it," replied Rose curtly. "Tauze I don't want to."

"O do, Rosie!" he coaxed. "Maybe we can catch it. Al Dean said we could catch most any kind of birdies if we'd jest sprinkle a little salt on their tails. I'd like to try it."

"Pooh!" sniffed Rose. "You must be awful dreen to b'lieve all Untle Al says. He was jest funnin, he was. I heard him tell at too, and his eye twinkled like mischief when he said it, so I know it wasn't so. I didn't sink you was so silly." And Rose turned away her face disdainfully.

"I aint no more green and silly than you are. You needn't be so uppish." And Johnny's black eyes flashed for a moment wrathfully. But the next moment he was pleading humbly with the little lady again.

"Come Rosie. 'Cause I think youse an awful nice little girl. And you may go bare feet if you want to."

"Dess I shant ask you Johnny Clark!" flashed Rosie. "But I dont want to. Tauze I tan't walk out there. It hurts my feet." She slid down from the sofa and ran for her stockings and slippers. Then donning her cute little frilled sunbonnet, she said, "Now I'll go if 'oo wont be tross. But 'member I'se doin' to do barefeeted if I wants to or any sing."

Johnny came up and took her little chubby

hand as they started. "Course you can Rosie. I didn't mean nothing awhile ago. Youse just the nicest little girl any how. Nicer'n any body else, if you be barefeet."

"Dest don't say any thing more a bout it, Johnny. I wont do barefeeted if 'oo don't want me to. I sink 'oos dest as dood as Tommy Taylor and sometimes a little bit better. "Oo is now, any way.

"Its lots more fun to be dood zan to twarrel, aint it Johnny?"

The two mamas drew close to the window to hear Johnny's answer, for the little ones were going down the gravel path.

"Yes, Rosie; and we'll be good all the time, wont we?"

"Tourse we will," replied Rose. "We don't yook pitty when we cries. Do I yook like I'se been cryin, Johnny? Tauze papa'll be home pitty soon and he'll sure to ask me. And if I'se cried and been naughty he don't tiss me. But if I'se been dood, he tates me up and hugs and tisses me like everysing."

"Does he do that, Rosie?" queries Johnny. "I think you've got a awful good papa, any how."

"Course I have," replied Rose. "Dont your papa never tiss you Johnny?"

"Yes, sometimes, when he aint too tired. But he dont ask whether I've been good or not. I guess he don't care. Mamma always asks me about my lessons and everything when I get home from school. I try to be good, 'cause she wants me to, and she looks so sorry and just as if she wanted to cry when I tell her I've been naughty, or didn't get my lesson good. I tell her I did get 'em sometimes when I missed one jest 'cause she looks so glad and happy over it, and you see she never'll know any better. And taint all a story 'cause I do get 'em some of 'em.

If little Johnny could have seen the grieved shadow which swept over mama Susie's sweet face, and the tears that glistened in her kind loving eyes, he surely would have been sorry for what he had done. But he was only a little thoughtless boy of eight years. Good enough and very kind hearted in the main, but not strictly truthful where he feared to hurt some one's feelings, especially his dearly loved mother's. And, he didn't think she would hear what he said, else it had never been spoken. Then all unmindful of mama's or birds, the two little one's sat down on the soft velvety sward that bordered the path and began to pick the tiny yellow starlike blossoms that peeped out from their green cosy nests among the scented grasses. Chatting still in childish way as they played.

"Say Johnny Clark, aint 'at all same as tellin' story? hey?"

"What, Rosie, that I said? Well," hesitating, "yes I 'spect so; but then you see I don't want to make mama feel bad."

"Humph!" sniffed Rose, "I don't prove of 'at. I wouldn't tell my papa and mama 'at way. Tauze I sink it's a wrong story. My mama says God sees and hears us all 'e time. May be he'll whisper it to her some night when she's sleeping. Zen she'd feel badder'n ever wouldn't she?"

Johnny looked sober and thoughtful. "I didn't think of it that way, Rosie. I guess God don't tell on little boys and girls. He likes them too well for that."

"Papa says he don't like them when they aint good. That aint good to kinder tell is it?" questioned Rose.

"I—I don't know, Rosie," replied Johnny glancing uneasily around. "Let's not talk any more about it."

Continued.

WHAT IS A CARAT.

In speaking of gold a carat signifies a twenty-fourth part; or, in other words, carat is a name given to the fraction 1-24 thus: Gold of twenty-two carats fine is a gold of which twenty-two parts out of twenty-four are pure, the other two parts being silver, copper, or other metals. The

carat, in speaking of diamonds or other precious stones, is a weight of a fraction less than four grains troy, or 74.1-16 cartas, being equal to seventy-two grains troy. The term, or weight carat, derives its name from a bean, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree called kuara. This bean, from the time of its being gathered, varies very little in its weight, and seems to have been from a very remote period used as a weight for gold in Africa. In India, also, the bean is used as a weight for gems and pearls.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

ARE the Hopes becoming tired of writing letters to each other through our columns? And are they too busy to compose and answer puzzles and enigmas until winter gives them more leisure? We hope that you will read the article on anagrams, the true kind; but also send us just as good ones, plainly written and correctly spelled, of the kind you are used to, as you can. Some have not been inserted, because to make them plain we would need to rewrite them.

We hoped to have had more of Bro. M. B. Oliver's "Items of History" for this issue but none have arrived.

We would like to have the Hopes get us some new subscribers this fall, and also to have them write to each other about the latter day work and what they are doing for it, and for themselves and their homes, and for their Sabbath Schools, etc., etc.

The Mason's Grove Sunday School report in *Hope* of October 1st, in giving the average attendance, was set up incorrectly, and not noticed by the proof readers. It should have been pupils 23.2, visitors 6.5.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

THE children must not be slighted. Many of them are poor in this world's goods and the Lord requires that they be cheerful and grateful in all conditions; and I think they have some claim upon those who see the interesting sights abroad, to have them portrayed in the *Hope*. So I make a promise that I will treasure up in mind, facts for the children, and write when I have opportunity: and I believe that if I do so the children will be grateful and not exacting nor critical, and that will be my reward.

In heading this paper "Centennial Notes," I have committed myself to a great task, for the Centennial exhibition is the grandest affair of the kind men have ever engaged in. How shall I present it? Where shall I begin and not become bewildered? Here are some of the largest buildings ever constructed, and full of wonders on all sides; wonders from every land; from the deep places in the earth; from the mines, from the tombs; from the deep borings, and from the lofty mountain peaks; from the deep sea, and from the air and sky; from lake and river, desert and plain; from city and forest; from wigwam and parlor; from nearly every nation and every land. One walks all day and does not see all the buildings; walks a week and does not see all the departments. Some get weary and say, it is too big, and they will not try to see. Well I will not try to set the great exhibition into the little *Hope*. I will get now away into one corner of a building; and here I am seated. There is a great sea before me, and I hear its murmur of voice; and see dazzling lights far in the distance, but I must pick up a few shells from the shore.

I am in the extreme corner of the main building, and I see by the sign above, that I am in the department of the Orange Free State, South Africa. Now some of the children studying geography know more about that country than I

can tell them. It is a far off "corner" of the world too. What do I see?—a dazzling display of ivory, ostrich feathers, diamonds, strange animals heads, with horns like spears, long, round and sharp; beautiful birds, their songs gave out on the far reaching air forever, but their plumage bright yet as a vision of paradise. Oh, so many, and so strange! So bright their colors! Describe them? no, that cannot be done. Nor can they be painted. I might count them and tell their principal colors but I could not give with pen or brush, a picture of the infinite variations, with every brilliant hue, and every shade of light; all I can do is throw out a few hints and tell you to look at the pretty things about you and imagine the rest. Blessed power of imagination that can transport you to distant realms and transcribe for you the beauties of the universe! Indulge it you may. It will not make you any money, but it will supply it's place. And pray it be sanctified, and lead you not in the wrong way; and all the bright realms of the creation of God shall be yours then to enjoy.

ESSEF W.

ANIMAL WONDERS.

IN each grain of sand there are marvels; in every drop of water a world. In that great spectacle called nature, every being has its marked place and distinct role; and in that grand drama, called life, there presides a law as harmonious as that which rules the movement of the stars. Each hour removes by death myriads of existences, and each hour produces legions of lives. The highest as well as the lowest created organism consumes carbon and water to support life and its duties, and it is not uninteresting to glance at the food, the habits and ways and means peculiar to some of the inferior animals. From the petrified ejections we know what such fossilized reptiles as the plesiosaurus, etc., are; and we may some day be able to discover the fish and crustacea they hunted down. Animals, when not living by their own respectable efforts, are either parasites or dependents; many would seem to have positive trades, or are connected with branches of industry.

There are miners, masons, carpenters, paper manufacturers and weavers, lace makers even, all working first for themselves, and next to propagate their kind. The miners dig into the earth, form natural arches and supports, remove the useless soil, such as the mole, the chinchilla of Peru, the badger, the lion ant, as well as certain worms and mollusks. The masons build huts and places according to all the rules of architecture, as the bees and tropical ants; there are fish that construct boats that the waves never can upset; and Agassiz has drawn attention to a fish which builds its nest on the floating seaweed in the middle of the ocean, and deposits therein its eggs.

The wasps of South America fabricate a sort of paper or paste-board. Spiders are weavers as well as lacemakers. Parasites are everywhere and depend on no peculiar condition of the body, and are as abundant in persons of the most robust as of the most delicate health.

They are at home in the muscles, in the heart, in the ventricles of the brain, in the ball of the eye. They are generally in the form of a leaf or ribbon, and are not necessarily, as was once supposed, confined to a special animal. The parasites of fish have been detected living in the intestines of birds; and there are some that, for the purpose of development, must pass into the economy of a second animal.

A JOLLY GAME.—"Blowing cotton" is a sitting-room game of the jolliest sort. Let as many as may sit around the table with hands folded and arms extended along the edge of the table, each person touching elbows with his neighbor on each side of him. Take a small piece of cotton batting, picked up so as to be made as light and airy as possible. Let some one count "one,

two, three," and then let each one blow his best to keep the cotton away from himself and drive it upon some one else. The person on whom it alights must pay a forfeit. No one must take up his arms to escape the cotton. When it alights, take it up and start it anew. It will be a sober set indeed who can play two or three rounds without indulging in the healthiest sort of uproarious laughter.

POISONOUS TOYS.—Parents cannot be too careful in the choice of toys for their children. A little boy was recently poisoned through chewing a colored toy balloon, which in the course of play had burst. The poison of the paint is stated to have been the cause of death.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 18.

I am composed of twenty-three letters. My 13, 14, 15, a pronoun. My 16, 18, 17, to knock. My 2, 9, 11, a farmer's tool. My 1, 9, 8, 1, 3, 7, 21, 1, 20, what we should obey. My 18, 4, 18, 23, an exclamation. My 22, 20, 21, a number. My 19, 9, 23, 20, a flower. My 4, 7, 18, 5, a metal. My 6, 20, 5, a color. My 9, 10, 12, 13, what we should do. My whole is a commandment.

CORA A. RICHARDSON.

ENIGMA CROSS-WORD.—No. 19.

My first is in jar, but not in mug.
My second is in mould, but not in jug.
My third is in wheel, but not in car.
My fourth is in long, but not in far.
My fifth is in mane, but not in tail.
My sixth is in made, also in sail.
My seventh is in war, but not in fight.
My eighth is in mark, but not in sight.
My ninth is in whip, but not in lash.
My tenth is in window, but not in sash.
My eleventh is in short, but not in long.
My twelfth is in time, but not in song.
My whole is the name of the author.

ANAGRAM, No. 12.

I kanth het dognoess dan hte ragce,
Hicwh no ym ribth vaeh dimles;
Dna dame em ni ym leary yads,
A paphy risthician dilch.

LAIMLW BURCH.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of October 1st.

To Enigma No. 14.—Twenty, Tub, Breathe, Henry, Ruth, Woolen, Ontario, Erie, Hannibal, Bremen, Toulon. The whole—Albert Rheumation Hawley. Answered by James Atkinson, John E. Rogerson.

To Enigma, No. 15.—Sin, Berry, Tea, Bin, She. The whole—Henry A. Stebbins. Answered by James Atkinson, Eliza France.

To Anagram No. 10.—

O, 'tis a lovely thing for youth,
To walk betimes in wisdom's ways;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.
But liars we can never trust,
Although they speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Answered by John E. Rogerson.

John Marriott sent answers to Enigma No. 13, and Anagram No. 9, too late for last issue.

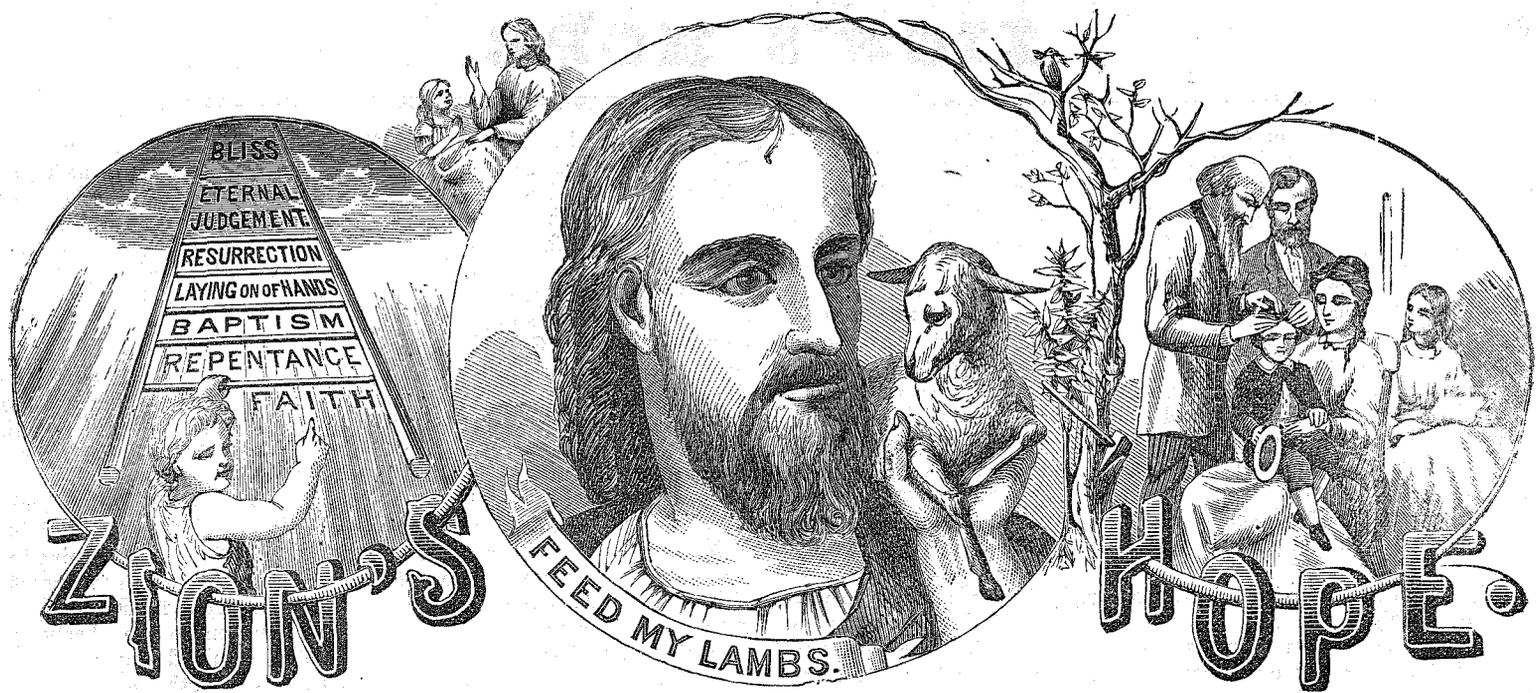
1 November 76.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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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."

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

In the green fields of Palestine,
By its fountains and its rills,
And by the sacred Jordan's streams,
And o'er the vine-clad hills;
Once lived and roved the fairest child,
That ever blessed the earth;
The loveliest, the holiest,
That e'er had human birth.
How beautiful his childhood was,
Harmless and undefiled;
O, how dear to his mother's heart,
Was her pure and sinless child.
Kindly in all his deeds and words,
And gentle as the dove;
Obedient, affectionate,
His very soul was love.
O, is it not a blessed thought,
Children of human birth,
That once the Savior was a child,
And dwelt upon the earth.

Selected.

THE OFFICERS FIRST GLASS;
Or,
Minnie's Faith.

Concluded.

AS Hurbert came reeling in, with noise and boisterous song, Minnie's voice greeted him in kindly, pleading tones, in behalf of her sick mother:

"Oh papa, stop, come in here and be still; mamma is sick, and it will make her cry again if she hears you, and then her head will ache so badly."

Leading him to the sitting room she asked him to lie down till tea time, so that he might feel better.

"Feel better? why Minnie, I just feel jolly; can you play some for me little girl? But where is the organ."

"Oh papa, mamma had to sell my organ because we didn't have any money to buy things to eat."

"Well, that's too bad, but I'll buy you another one; see I have lots of money," and he pulled a roll of bills from his pocket, for the gambler had been successful for once.

"Why papa, where did you get this money? but then here is not enough for another organ, and mamma needs so many things to make her well; and I do not want this money, for some way, papa, it seems to me you did not get it right."

"Tut, tut, little one, don't be so foolish; but

there I am sleepy, take that to your mamma and I will go to sleep."

Minnie went to her mamma and found her crying; for she had heard her husband come in, and she knew by the song how he was.

"Dear mamma, don't cry any more; for if you cry so much you will never get well, and then dear mamma what will I do?"

"Poor child, I do not know, but I fear I will not get well; I cannot stand it to see your papa, who was once all that I could wish, and respected by every one, going down, down, till now all shun him and only look on us with pity.

"But mamma, it will not always be so. I just feel as if something tells me that it will be all right yet, only you can't think so any more, and you worry so much, that I am afraid you will die. Then papa would never stop drinking, for you know trouble makes him worse. Lots of times he promises me to quit drinking, then he gets to thinking, and off he goes to drink. But, mamma, I know he never asks God to help him keep his promises, or else he would not break them.

"Dear Minnie, always put your trust in God, as you now do, and he will take care of you."

"Now, mamma, do not talk any more. Just lie still and I will set the table and make some tea, I can do it.

Softly she went down stairs, and, seeing that her papa was sleeping soundly, she went quietly about preparing the meal.

In half an hour all was ready; and, on going up stairs, she found that her mamma was sleeping, and she would not wake her, but let her sleep as long as she would. Going to the sitting room she found her papa still asleep, so she seated herself in a chair, and rested her head on the stand. Then, feeling so lonely and sad, she began to cry, and the poor, tired child, soon cried herself to sleep. She knew not how long she slept, but when she awoke all was still and dark, and she thought her mamma and papa were both asleep yet. She felt very unhappy and was almost ready to be as much discouraged as her mamma, and she began to cry again. Then she sank down on her knees, and, raising her childish voice in prayer, between her sobs, she asked that her papa might be good once more, and never, never drink, or do anything that made her mamma so unhappy.

"And oh," said she, "make my papa good, let him know that he must ask God to help him before he can keep the promises he makes not to drink again."

She knew not that her papa was awake, and that every word of that little prayer was as sharp as a knife to the conscience-stricken man. And as she begged earnestly that her prayer might

soon be granted, or her mamma would die, he could not stand to hear more, but sobbed aloud, and when Minnie sprang to her feet frightened to think that her papa had heard her, he called her to him and said:

"Oh, Minnie, darling, what trouble I have caused you. Oh, that I was not so weak, and that I could be a man again. And I will try again. Shall I promise you once more, Minnie, to be a good papa?"

"Yes, papa, if you will do something else."

"What is it, dear? I feel humble enough to do almost anything."

"Well, papa, kneel with me and ask God to help you to be good, and I know he will."

"Ah, Minnie, I am too wicked to pray; but I must, I will be better."

"You will forget it, papa; you can't remember if God don't help you. Mamma says when we are real wicked God will forgive us, if we only ask him, and then try to do better; and I know you want to be good, for you are good and kind to us, and love us when you are yourself, don't you, papa?"

"I love you always, dear, and your sweet, gentle mamma, too; and I have been trying for a long time to do better; but I love strong drink, and will I ever be able to resist the temptation of drinking it? Yes, with God's help I will; my child, we will ask his help." And they knelt and prayed together. When they arose, Minnie kissed her papa, and said: "there, papa, I am so very happy, for you will never drink again; and mamma will get well, too; I know it, for something seems to whisper to me your trouble is done now. We will go and find mamma."

"Don't tell her, Minnie; wait till to-morrow."

"Why, mamma, what a long sleep you have had. Papa was asleep, and I was asleep as well as you, and I guess the tea is all cold; but come down and try to eat some supper. I am so hungry."

Clara noticed Minnie's happy, cheerful face; also, her husband's sad, sorrowful look, as he asked her if she felt worse than usual. She supposed Minnie had been talking to him, and that he had as often before promised to reform.

Little was said, and supper being over, Clara, who was really too sick to stay up, retired.

Then father and daughter had another little talk together, and Minnie told her father how she had always prayed for him ever since her mamma used to get letters that made her look so white, and cry so much; that she had never given up, for she always knew God would some day answer her prayer. "And now, papa, we must both try so hard to get mamma well; and then, O, won't we be happy?"

Next morning, as Hurbert was preparing to leave, Clara said, "do not be gone long, Hurbert, for I feel so badly this morning."

"I will not be gone more than an hour, dear;" and he looked at her with such a kind, tender look, and stooping, he kissed her good bye, just as he used to in the days when he went daily to his work in the store.

"Oh, Minnie, will he come back as he left, or will it be the same as last night?"

"There, mamma, do not worry again. I think papa will come back *all right*, and I am just as happy as a lark;" and away she tripped upstairs, singing as gaily as a lark. Clara wondered what had made her so happy.

Hurbert went to Mr. Green's house; for, as it was very early, he knew he would find him at home.

"Good morning, captain. What has brought you out so early?"

"You will be still more surprised when you hear *what* has brought me to see you. I came, sir, to ask if my old place is vacant in the store. I heard yesterday that it was."

"What! do you expect me to trust *you*?"

"Did I not always serve you faithfully, sir?"

"Yes; the book-keeper who left me more than four years ago, was a good, faithful, honest man; but he and Captain Hurbert are not the same."

"Mr. Green, last night as I awoke from a drunken sleep, I heard my little daughter's voice in prayer, earnestly pleading that her papa might reform. There and then I solemnly promised, with God's help, that I would never drink intoxicating liquor again. Now, for my wife's and daughter's sake, will you not trust me, and give me one trial?"

"Yes, Hurbert, yes, if you stand to that resolve, and I thank God that you have at last seen the sin and folly of the way you were doing. When will you be ready?"

"To-day noon, if Clara can be left."

With what a light heart Hurbert started home! He felt happier already. Going to his house, he found Clara on the lounge, with Minnie brushing her hair. She was very much surprised at seeing him back.

"Ah! surprised, are you not? Well, I have another surprise for you. I take my old place at Mr. Green's store to-day noon."

"What! Hurbert, surely, he would not want?"

"'A drunkard,' you would say. No, little woman; he has believed me, when I said I was going to reform. And, Clara, my poor, tired little wife, whom I have caused so much trouble, can you forgive me, and ever respect and trust your Hurbert again? And will it bring the roses to these pale cheeks to see me once more a man? For you must help me, Clara. You know I am very weak, and you are better than I ever was. So you and Minnie must pray for me every day, for I will need help."

And then, as Minnie had slipped out, Hurbert told Clara how he had been trying to reform, and of Minnie's prayer, and of their prayer together; and that he firmly believed he could never be tempted to drink again.

How natural it seemed at night to hear her husband's quick step on the walk, as he was returning from work. And Minnie had tried to have every thing look bright and pleasant, and had prepared a good supper for her papa on this, his first night from the store.

After supper she seemed to think of a dozen different ways to amuse him, so he should not think of going out. And, at last, when her sleepy little eyes would not stay open much longer, she brought a book to him to read. He opened it and found that it was the Bible.

"Mamma reads to me every night, when she is well, so won't papa read just a little; and she opened to the chapter that had given her so much comfort,—the one that had this little passage in, 'Ask and ye shall receive.'"

This was only the first of many, many happy evenings in Hurbert's home; for, as Minnie said,

he had asked help of the right one. And he not only quit drinking and gambling but he became a good christian man. Minnie no longer needed to ask him to read the Bible, for, to her delight, he both read from the good book and held family prayer.

And thus I might go on and tell how year after year they lived in peace and happiness, and Minnie, the little girl who put her trust in God, and could not doubt what she read in his holy word, we can truly say she was reaping the reward of the faithful, for her life at last seemed to be happy and full of peace.

But I would advise all, as Clara did Hurbert, to never take the *first* glass, for I believe it to be very hard for one who has become accustomed to strong drink to quit the habit.

And what sorrow or grief is worse for a woman's heart than that of having a loved one, a husband or father or a brother, become a drunkard. How indescribable, and how altogether full of misery and shame, must be the anguish of heart and trouble of mind endured by those so situated.

Again, how strange that the noble, the generous, and the affectionate, will give themselves to the fascination of that which "steals away their brains," their hearts and their lives; that which causes them to be loathed and feared, instead of being revered and loved; and to be looked upon as other beings from their own true selves, by the transformation wrought by the spirit of strong drink.

But happy the mother, or daughter, or sister, who can save, by patient faith, loving attention and forbearance; and by constancy in trusting, honest prayer to God to deliver the loved husband, father or brother.

SISTER LENA.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.—No. 17.

WILLIAM, upon being briefly informed of how his father had been forced away to prison, and of the pretended cause of the present invasion of his home by the fanatical, cowardly mob; hereupon seized a handspike and springing up stairs, soon cleared the chamber of them; and following them out into the darkness, he brandished his stick around exclaiming to them, "away from here, you cut-throats, or I will be the death of every one of you. * * They seemed to believe what he said, and fled in every direction," leaving the family again to themselves.

Between twelve and one o'clock Calvin Stodard and wife arrived. Mr. Stodard stated, that all the afternoon he had been troubled about the family, and that about the setting of the sun, he told his wife that if she was willing, they would even then, start for her father's.

Within an hour afterward Samuel arrived. He was requested to go early the next morning, to procure his father's release from the dungeon; to which he replied, "Mother, I am sick; fix me a bed, that I may lie down and rest myself, or I shall not be able to go." He had traveled twenty miles after sunset.

After a little rest and nourishment, he was off for Canandaigua, to procure his father's release from the dungeon, arriving there about ten o'clock. He informed the jailor of his business, demanded his father's immediate release from the cell, and was refused, because it was Sunday; but was permitted an interview with him, and found him "confined in the same dungeon with a man committed for murder." Upon inquiry as to his treatment, he received from his father the following reply.

"Immediately after I left your mother, the men by whom I was taken, commenced using every possible argument to induce me to renounce the Book of Mormon, saying, 'how much better it would be for you to deny that silly thing, than to be disgraced and imprisoned, when you might not only escape this, but also have the note back, as well as the money which you have paid on it.' To this I made no reply. They still went on in the same manner till we arrived at the jail, when

they hurried me into this dismal dungeon. I shuddered when I first heard these heavy doors creaking upon their hinges; but then I thought to myself, I was not the first man who had been imprisoned for the truth's sake; and when I should meet Paul in the Paradise of God, I could tell him that I, too, had been in bonds for the gospel which he had preached. And this has been my only consolation.

"From the time I entered until now, and this is the fourth day, I have had nothing to eat, save a pint basin full of very weak broth; and there (pointing to the opposite side of the cell) lies the basin yet."

Samuel was much wounded at this, but immediately obtained permission and secured for his father some comforting food, and remained with him until the next morning, when the necessary arrangements were completed for Father Smith's release from the dungeon, to the liberty of the jail yard, where he obtained employment in a cooper shop, for thirty days, the period of his confinement. He preached during his stay there, every Sunday, and after his release baptized two persons who had been thus converted.

Upon Samuel's return from Canandaigua and his relation of how he found his father and of his success in effecting his release, he proceeded to give an account of his third mission to Livonia. We give only an account of his visit at "Mr. Green's" (the same mentioned in a former number). When he arrived there Mrs. Green informed him that her husband was absent from home, and that there was no prospect of selling any of his books (Books of Mormon), and that even the one he had left, she expected he would have to take it away, as Mr. Green had no disposition to purchase it. After a brief conversation he rose to depart, taking with him a book left on a former visit, but was forbidden of the Spirit to do so, and upon telling Mrs. Green so, she burst into tears and requested him to pray with her. He did so; and "explained to her the most profitable manner of reading the book which he had left with her; which was, to ask God, when she read it, for a testimony of the truth of what she had read, and she would receive the Spirit of God, which would enable her to discern the things of God." He then left and returned home.

We will indulge in a little digression here, that the reader may know what was the result of the reading of the above named book, as directed.

When Mr. Green returned home his wife informed him particularly as to what Samuel had said about reading the book, and obtaining a testimony of the truth of it. At first he refused, but finally yielded to her persuasions. He took the book and commenced perusing it, calling upon God for the testimony of his Spirit. The result was, he and Mrs. Green were in a short time convinced of the truth and baptized.

They gave the book to others of their family to read, several of whom were convinced by it also, and finally became *prominent* members in the church, some of whose names have been had for both good and evil, through the whole church.

According to instruction given to Joseph, in a revelation already mentioned, Samuel proceeded at once to remove the family to Waterloo, where, as was promised in the revelation, the people showed them great kindness. Said, Mother Smith, in her detailed account of the many favors received, "Such manifestations of kindness as these, were shown us from day to day, during our continuance in the place. And they were duly appreciated, for we had experienced the opposite so severely, that the least show of good feeling gave rise to the liveliest sensations of gratitude."

After having settled themselves in that place, they established the practice of spending the evenings in singing and prayer, which, when it became known, caused their house to become a place of evening resort for the neighbors; the

exercises entertaining the young as well as the aged. Says the historian: "One evening soon after we commenced singing, a couple of little boys came in, and one of them stepping softly up to Samuel, whispered, 'Mr. Smith, won't you pray pretty soon? Our mother said, we must be home by eight o'clock, and we would like to hear you pray before we go.'" Samuel informed them that prayer should be attended to at once, which was accordingly done, "that the little boys might be gratified." After this they were seldom, if ever, absent during their evening devotions, while they remained in the neighborhood.

It has been mentioned in a preceeding number, that when Joseph and Emma left Manchester, they went to Macedon; at which place he commenced his ministerial labors, and continued for some time, to preach successively, * * Colesville, Waterloo, Palmyra, and Manchester; till, finally, he sent to Pennsylvania for his goods, and settled himself in Waterloo. Soon after which, a revelation was given, commanding Parley P. Pratt, Ziba Peterson, Peter Whitmer, and Oliver Cowdery, to take a mission to Missouri, preaching by the way." *Joseph Smith the Prophet*, pages 164 to 169.

JOHNNY'S TEARS.

JOHNNY had a great trial. He was sitting on the floor looking over all his pictures, and baby toddled up and tore one right across, one of the very prettiest. Johnny called out, "O mamma, see!" and then he began to cry.

"Johnny," said mamma as she took baby away, "did you know tears are salt water?"

Johnny checked a sob and looked up.

"No," he said with great interest; "are they? How did you find out mamma?"

"O, somebody told me so when I was a little girl, and I tried a tear and found it was true."

"Real salt water?" asked Johnny.

"Yes, try and see."

Johnny would very gladly have tried, if he could only have found a tear. But by that time there was not one left, and his eyes were so clear and bright it was no use hoping for any more that time. He looked at the torn picture, but it did not make him feel bad any more. All he could think of was whether tears tasted like salt water.

"Next time I cry, I'll find out!" he determined.

That very afternoon, while climbing over the top of the rocking-chair, he fell and got a great bump. It was too much for any little boy, altogether too much for Johnny, and he was just beginning to cry loudly, when he happened to think what a good chance this was going to be to catch some tears. He put his fingers quick up to his eyes, altogether too quick in fact; for there had not a tear come yet worth mentioning, and now that his thoughts had wandered from the bump he could not seem to cry about it any more. So that chance was lost.

"I can't get a single tear to taste of mamma!" he said ruefully.

The next day it happened again. Some little thing went wrong, and the tears were starting to Johnny's eyes, when he suddenly remembered to wonder whether they would be salt. And wasn't it strange that after that the tears would not come at all? If things keep on that way, how is he ever going to find out? His mamma begins to think that he is really going to be one of those brave little boys who don't cry and whimper over every small trouble, and if that is the case I don't know as we shall ever hear any more about Johnny's tears.—*Christian Union*.

AN ESQUIMAUX FAMILY.

A NEW London (Connecticut) correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* writes: If not too weary with all this, you will like to visit an Esquimaux family, about a mile from the fort. The captain of the *Polaris* brought some of these Arctic people here, a few years since, and this is

now their adopted home. Eleven have been brought here, but six have died and three have returned, leaving only Ebebing and Tukilitoo, whose English names are Joseph and Hannah, Hannah receives her guests with much cordiality, and talks freely of her northern home. She resembles the Chinese, and I suppose the Esquimaux belong to that race. When I called she was dressed in buff calico and was quilting. She had a sewing machine, which she uses nicely. She makes fur garments with wonderful skill. She speaks English quite well, and reads understandingly. Joe is her husband. They lost their only child when it was about two years old. Its name was Tuckilikartar, which means little butterfly. Captain Buddington had its photograph taken after it died. They had an adopted daughter named Ishilatoo, but they called her Punny, which means little girl. Punny died when she was ten years old. When going to school one very warm morning, she ran rapidly to overtake her companions, and, being very fat, she became, heated, and, sitting down in the shade, contracted a cold which brought on consumption. They suffer much here from the cold, as they have been accustomed to dress in furs, and complain that their clothes are full of little holes that let the wind through. Hannah finds Connecticut house-keeping a little difficult, but still succeeds very well. I asked her if she was ever homesick, and she said: "No! this me home now." The other Esquimaux names are Hujesse, Eugnac, Cudlargo, Shunarpignite, Abbe, Ooesong and Italoo. They seem quite susceptible to religious impressions, and Hannah reads Sabbath-school books with much interest. As few of that nation have ever been brought to this country a deep interest attaches to them, and they are anxious for the elevation of their countrymen.

BOYS, DO SOMETHING.

WE want to say just a word to the boys of the farm. We have no sermon to deliver, no lecture—just a bare suggestion—and we hope every farmers' boy will heed it. Make a beginning for yourselves this Centennial year. The time will finally come when you must look to your own exertions for a living. It is your wisest course to fit yourselves early for the battle of life. Solicit from your father the right to plant and cultivate some certain plot of ground, be it ever so small, the product from which shall be your own. Prepare it most thoroughly, plant it with care, keep it clean of weeds, harvest the crop and sell it, putting the proceeds at a fair rate of interest, so that when you "become of age," you will be able to begin your business career as independent, well-to-do citizens. Suppose you are ten, or twelve, or fourteen years of age. Just sit down and figure up what the mere trifle you may earn for yourselves this year, at compound interest, will amount to by the time you are twenty-one years old! Then if you add to each year, in a proportion to your efficiency as farmers, you will be astonished at the result. Do not fear that your parents will not second your every effort. Nothing will please them so much as to realize that you are really a young farmer, with great hopes of the future and a great ambition to excel. They know that the farm house is the real home of happiness and comfort, if within it are found contentment and high aspirations. The time has fully come when the lords of the soil are the lords of the country. With careful lives, with good education, with even fair ability, the farm boy may hold any and all positions, when in manhood's prime, and it is to him that the Nation, in these days of corruption, must look for true manhood and true patriotism. The beginning of all this future brilliant career is dependent upon early self-exertion more than upon all other things. Whether your parents are rich or poor, does not matter; it is individuality that wins. Strive to have and to be something, while the bright sun of youth lights the way.—*Prairie Farmer*.

CURIOUS EXAMPLE OF THE USE OF MONEY.

OWNERSHIP of a thing does not depend on how long it remains one's own. The fact is enough, and the owner can dispose of his right as he pleases, in a minute or twenty years. Bearing this in mind, and also the other principle that a debt is paid when the creditor is satisfied, our readers will find in the following tea-table incident, which is given in an exchange, a lively illustration of the exceeding influence of money. An eye witness relates the following occurrence:

One evening that I took tea with an intimate friend of mine, while we were seated at the table Mr. Baker, my friend's husband, while absently feeling in his vest pocket found a five dollar note that he had no recollection of putting there.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed that is no place for you. I should have put you in my pocket-book. Here, wife, don't you want some ready money?" and he threw the note across the table.

"Many thanks," she replied. "Money is always acceptable, although I have no present need of it." She folded the note and placed it under the edge of the tea-tray, and then proceeded to pour out her tea and attend to her guests.

At her right sat Mrs. Easton, or Aunt Susan, whom we all knew as an old acquaintance, who from time to time spent a week with Mrs. Baker. Her visit was just at an end, and she was about to return home that evening. As Mrs. Baker was pouring out the tea it occurred to her that she was somewhat in her aunt's debt for certain small matters, and when she had the opportunity she pushed the note under her plate, saying:

"Here, Aunty, take this five dollars in part payment of my debt."

"Very well," she replied, "but the money does not belong to me. I owe you fifteen dollars my dear Grace, which you lent me last Saturday. I had to pay the rent on my little house, and had not the ready money on hand, and Grace lent it to me," exclaimed Aunt Susan. Grace, an orphan, was cousin to Mrs. Baker. She and her brother Frank boarded with her, and made a very pleasant addition to the family circle. She was studying music, and her brother was in a mercantile establishment. As soon as Aunt Susan received the note she handed it to Grace, saying, "I'll give you this on account, and the rest as soon as I get it."

"All right," answered Grace, laughing, "and since we all seem to be in a humor to pay our debts, I follow suit. Frank, I owe you something for music you have bought for me; here is part of it," and she threw the bank note to her brother, who sat opposite.

We were all highly amused to see how the note wandered around the table.

"That is a wonderful note," said Mr. Baker. "I only wish somebody owed me something, and I owed somebody something, so that I could come into the ring."

"You can," said Frank. "I owe Mrs. Baker or you, it's all the same, for my board. I herewith pay you part of it."

Amid general laughter Mr. Baker took the note, and playfully tossed it to his wife, saying, "It's yours again, Lucy, because what belongs to me belongs to you. It has completed the round, and all have had the benefit of it."

"And now it must go round again," said she gaily. "I like to see money circulate; it should never lie idle. Aunt Susan, you take it; now I have paid you ten dollars."

"Dear Grace, here is another five dollars on my account," said Aunt Susan, handing it to Grace.

"And you, Frank, have received ten dollars for the music you bought me," said Grace, handing it to her brother.

"And I pay ten dollars for my board," continued he, and the note once more rested in Mr. Baker's hands.

The exchanges were as quick as thought, and we were all convulsed with laughter.

"Was there ever so wonderful an exchange!" exclaimed Grace.

"It is all nonsense," said Mr. Baker.

"Not in the least," answered his wife, "it is all quite right."

"Certainly," said Frank, "when the money belongs to you, you can dispose of it as you would. I have the same right. It is a fair exchange, although very uncommon."

"It shows the use of money," said Aunt Susan. "It makes the circuit of the world, and brings its value to every one who touches it."

"And this note has not finished its work yet, as I will show you, my dear husband, if you will give it to me again," said Mrs. Baker.

"I present you with this five-dollar note," said Mr. Baker, bowing deeply.

"And I give it to you Aunt Susan. I owed you fifteen dollars, and I have now paid my debt."

"You have, my dear friend, without doubt; and now, dear Grace, I pay you my indebtedness, with many thanks for your assistance."

"I take it with thanks, Aunt Susan," said Grace. "And now the time has come when this wonder-working, this inexhaustibly rich bank note must be divided, because I don't owe Frank five dollars more. How much must I pay yet?"

"Two dollars and sixty-two cents," replied Frank.

"Can you change it?"

"Let me see—two thirty-eight; yes, there is the change. The spell is broken, Grace, and you and I divide the spoils."

"This note beats all I ever saw. How much has it paid? Let us count up," said Grace. "Mrs. Baker gave Aunt Susan fifteen dollars, which Aunt Susan gave to me; I gave Frank twelve dollars and sixty-two cents; Frank gave Mr. Baker ten dollars—altogether fifty-two dollars and sixty-two cents."—*Selected.*

15 November 76.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

THE MAGIC OF SILENCE.

YOU have often heard, "It takes two to make a quarrel." Do you believe it? I'll tell you how one of my little friends managed.

Dolly never came to see Marjorie that there was not a quarrel. Marjorie tried to speak gently, but no matter how hard she tried, Dolly finally made her so angry that she would soon speak sharp words too.

"O, what shall I do?" cried poor little Marjorie.

"Suppose you try this plan," said her mamma; "the next time Dolly comes in seat yourself in front of the fire, and take the tongs in your hand. Whenever a sharp word comes from Dolly, gently snap the tongs, without speaking a word."

Soon afterward in marched Dolly to see her little friend.

It was not a quarter of an hour before Dolly's temper was ruffled, and her voice was raised, and as usual, she began to find fault and scold. Marjorie fled to the hearth, and seized the tongs, snapping them gently.

More angry words from Dolly.

Snap went the tongs.

More still. Snap.

"Why don't you speak?" screamed Dolly, in a fury. Snap went the tongs.

"Speak!" said she. Snap went the answer.

"I'll not come again, never!" cried Dolly.

Away she went. Did she keep her promise? No, indeed. She came the next day, but seeing Marjorie run for the tongs, she solemnly said if she would only let them alone they would quarrel no more forever and ever.—*Selected.*

Correspondence.

SAN BENITO, October 7th, 1876.

Dear Hopes: There is no school to-day, being Saturday, and I have time to write. We have a good school, and our teacher gives us two or three music lessons a week, and we are all learning to sing. It is fun to sing fa, sol, la, la, sol, fa. We have no Sabbath School, but usually have meetings every Sunday. Brother Joseph Smith and brother Mills were here four weeks ago, and held a two days' meeting, and some of our neighbors went and listened to our President, those who would never go to our meetings before. They would like now to hear him again. We had a very pleasant time, and many Saints came from other branches to attend the meetings. I wish they had lasted longer. I would be pleased if the *Hope* came more frequently; I watch every paper to see if "Rest-Haven" is continued by our dear "Perla." I call her "ours," because we all love her, and her stories. It is my desire to live worthy to be a Hope of Zion. From your young sister,
EMILY PAGE.

ST. JOSEPH, October 30th, 1876.

Dear Brother Henry: As I have not seen any letters from this part for a long time, I will write one. I am sorry that our little Hopes do not write more than they do, for I love to read their letters. I think that our new story, "The Officer's First Glass," is splendid, and I hope that all of it is as good as the first chapter. And I wish that the Hopes would not get discouraged about writing, but let us help all we can, and not forget our little paper. Truly yours,
BELL BURLINGTON.

MOORHEAD, Iowa, October 24th, 1876.

Dear Hopes: This is the first time I ever tried to write to you. I am nine years old. I was baptized last June, by Br. Montague. We live on Soldier Valley, near Preparation, the place where Charles B. Thompson gathered a few Saints in the names of Beneemy. We have here a branch of the church, organized out of the Spring Valley and Soldier branches, and it is called the Union Center branch; Br. George Montague is the president. There are quite a number of the Hopes here who are members of the Church. I like very much to read the letters which find their way to our paper, as well as articles and stories; and I trust that my letter will not be rejected from their number. If not then I shall try to write occasionally. With my best wishes to the little Hopes, I sign myself, yours in the blessed faith,
ANNETTE PUTNEY.

NORTH DARTMOUTH, MASS.,

October 7th, 1876.

Dear Hopes: We have preaching by Br. John Smith now and then at my father's house. Br. Coombs and the neighbors met with us last Sunday, and will next. Fair weather will, we trust, bring Br. J. Smith again. We hope to have a chapel in Fall River soon.

Your brother,
JOHN E. ROGERSON.

BUFFALO PRAIRIE, Ills., Oct. 22d, 1876.

Dear Br. Stebbins: As I seldom see anything in the *Hope* from this branch of the Church, I thought a few lines might not come amiss, as I love to read the letters in it from different parts of the world. It looks as though my brothers and sisters wanted to do something for the cause of Christ; and I say let us not be weary in well doing. I have been a member of the Church for six years, and I have never regretted that I embraced the gospel. We have meetings here every Sunday. I hope the time is near at hand when the Saints will be more zealous in the cause. I, for one, desire to run the race with patience, that I may at last meet with all my brethren and sisters in heaven, where we will all know each other, and dwell with Christ forever. I remain your sister in the gospel,
CARRIE M. EPPERLY.

OSHKOSH, Wis., October 22d, 1876.

Dear Hopes: I love to read the *Hope*. I love to go to Sunday School, but we have none here yet. We have meeting every Sunday. There are nine members here. My father died last summer, the 11th of July, and my mother has been grievously afflicted since the 10th of February last. I would like for all the dear Saints to pray for her that she may gain her former health and mind again. I am ten years old. I was baptized by elder James Kemp. Yours truly,
KATIE LAMPERT.

BEVIER, Macon Co., Missouri,

October 24th, 1876.

Dear Little Hopes of Zion: I will write a few lines again, as I like to read your letters, and you may like to hear from me. Perhaps some of you would like to know where Bevier is. It is situated on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, one hundred and thirty miles from Hannibal. There is a branch of the Church here of about fifty-eight members. We have school every Sabbath morning at ten o'clock; Saints' meeting at

two, and preaching at half-past six in the evening. There are coal mines here, and nearly all of the brethren work in the mines.

Dear brothers and sisters, I would like to see you all, and I hope the time will come when we shall see each other. Let us try to be worthy of the reward that is laid up for them that love the dear Savior. My desire and prayer is that all who may covenant with him may be worthy, and live now as it becomes Saints to do, that we may by our good deeds bring the honest in heart to glorify our Father in heaven. My love to you all. I remain your sister in Christ,
MARY A. E. DAVIES.

OSHKOSH, Wis., October 22d, 1876.

Dear Hope: I am nine years old, and was baptized last autumn. I have two brothers and four sisters; my oldest sister belongs to the Church. I am trying to serve God, and trust that all the little Hopes are doing the same. Your brother in the gospel,
JACOB LAMPERT.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA CROSS-WORD.—No. 20.

My first is in church, but not in steeple.
My second is in hail, but not in storm.
My third is in many, but not in few.
My fourth is in cure, but not in pain.
My fifth is in lightning, but not in thunder.
My sixth is in eel, but not in trout.
My seventh is in snow, also in frost.
My eighth is in tread, but not in walk.
My ninth is in tree, but not in bough.
My tenth is in right, also in wrong.
My eleventh is in cherry, but not in plum.
My twelfth is in young, but not in old.
My whole is the name of an elder in the church.
MARY A. E. DAVIES.

ENIGMA.—No. 21.

I am composed of sixteen letters.—My 11, 4, 12, 8, 9, a boy's name. My 15, 8, 13, 12, 9, something you cannot live without. My 10, 14, 11, 4, 9, a vegetable. My 1, 2, 11, 16, a solid substance. My 1, 2, 3, 7, 2, 6, 5, a kind of bird. My whole is the name of an elder in our church.
ANNIE BETTS.

ANAGRAM, No. 13.

Rkha! ehra ey nto hte eolsgp nsdou;
Ti llesa oyu mceo yoeb,
Htta ouy aym ni sit nsobd eb odnuf,
Dan eb fdielt pu, ta eth atsl yda.
NOJH S. SRIAHF.

PUZZLE.—No. 2.

A gentleman ordered a sash made to fit a window frame. The carpenter made it the right height and breadth and thickness, yet it was just as large again as was needed to fit the frame. How was it? Who can tell?
W. C. L.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of October 15th.

To Enigma No. 16.—Faith, Indiana, David, Ogden, Head; Have Faith in God. Answered by Mary A. E. Davies, Eliza France, James Atkinson, John E. Rogerson.

To Enigma, No. 17.—Utah, Ohio, Hat, Run, Faith, Nor, Coat, No, Crab; Union Fort Branch, Utah. Answered by Eliza France, James Atkinson, John E. Rogerson.

To Anagram No. 11.—

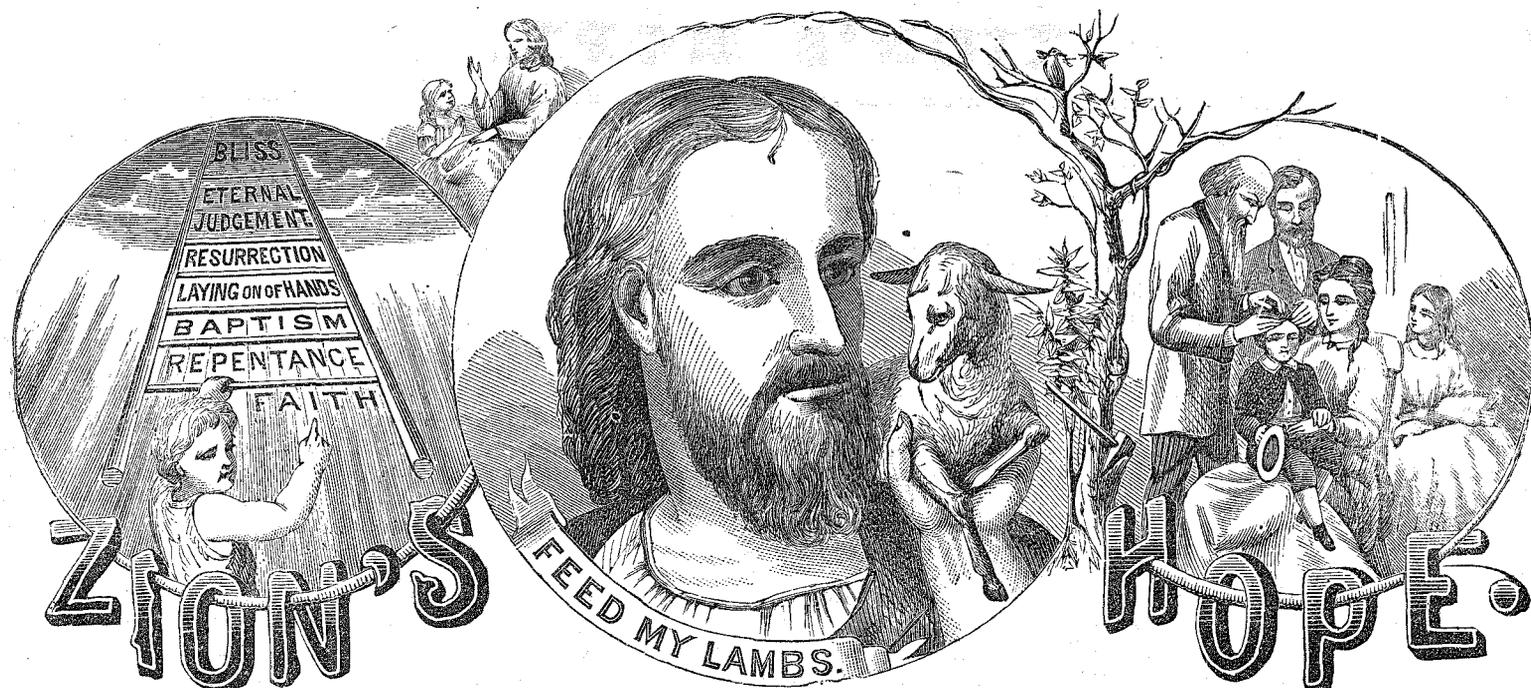
Ye Saints of latter day, arise,
The time is drawing nigh,
When Christ our Savior and our Lord,
Will meet us by and by.
As Latter Day Saints we do believe,
That Jesus died for us;
In his dear name we are baptized,
For he commanded thus.
MARGARET ARCHIBALD.

Answered by Eliza France, Ruth A. Davis, Katie Lampert, Jacob Lampert, John B. Hatcher, James Atkinson, John S. Parish, Charlie F. Goode, John E. Rogerson, Annette Putney, Lucinda J. Hinds, John H. Hinds.

Annie Betts sends a correct answer to Enigma No. 13, published in September 15th *Hope*.

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

WHAT THE LITTLE ONES CAN DO.

The drops of rain, and the rays of light,
Are small themselves, but when all unite
They water the world and make it bright.

Then do not say, "Of what use am I?"
We may each do good, if we will but try;
We may soothe some grief, or some want supply.

We can lend to the poor some helping hand;
We can cheer the sick, as by them we stand;
We can send God's word to a heathen land.

We can speak to others in tones of love;
We can dwell in peace, like the gentle dove;
We can point the weary to rest above.

O, how sweet to think that in life's young days,
We may live to show forth our Savior's praise,
And may guide some feet into wisdom's ways.

Selected by CHARLES CHURCH.

THE SUBJECT OF BIRDS.

MY last paper closed with a notice of birds, and the subject naturally presents itself for further treatment. If there are, or ever were, any birds not represented here, I cannot find them out. Those that have lived on the earth and are now extinct, have left their bones, and petrified remains, and their tracks in stone that was mud when the tracks were made.

Far the greater number are represented by their stuffed skins; but very many are here alive, part at the Centennial ground, and part at the Zoological Garden.

The stuffed ones are mostly at the Academy of Natural Science. I will notice first the skeleton of one called the "Moa" kind, found in New Zealand. It is about nine feet high, but the man in charge of the department says it is only a little one; and he showed me the picture of one of the same kind chasing a tribe of savages, and gobbling them up in its mouth and destroying them. This reminds one of Sinbad's story of the "Rac," a bird that darkened the earth with its wings; fed its young ones with elephants, &c. I do not know just where to draw the line between fact and fiction; but I did see some enormous birds, and do not want to have any such a monster after me; and I believe it is a fact that some of these birds were eighteen feet high.

Next in size to these is the ostrich, said to be able to carry a man as a horse does; but I suspect the statement. The emu is equally large. The Sumatra pheasant has large wings, and as thin as a ladies veil, dazzling bright and spread like sails. The harp-bird has a tail like a harp, standing

erect. The golden pheasant is resplendent with purple and gold. The falconer-hawk is a bird of romance, and was formerly trained by the nobility of Europe to hunt game. Least of all is the humming bird, and it takes six volumes, two feet square and two inches thick, to tell all about them,—small as they are.

The birds mentioned in Scripture are made more interesting by the thought that they attracted the notice of holy men, so long ago. Find the places where the eagle is referred to for its swiftness, for its habit of building its nest in the clefts of the highest rocks, for its care for its young, and for renewing its youth. Look up the allusions to ravens, quails, doves, pigeons, swallows and sparrows. And, I cannot forbear quoting two passages that will gain new beauty to you forever: "He heareth the young ravens when they cry." "Not one sparrow falleth to the ground without your heavenly Father's notice."

ESSEF W.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.—No. 18.

AS soon as the revelation was received commanding the "first western mission," Emma Smith, and several other sisters, began to make arrangements to furnish those who were set apart for this mission, with the necessary clothing, which was no easy task, as the most of it had to be manufactured out of the raw material.

"Emma Smith's health at this time was quite delicate, yet she did not favor herself * * until she brought upon herself a heavy fit of sickness" which lasted for weeks. The historian, in speaking of her in after years, said: "I have never seen a woman in my life, who would endure every species of fatigue and hardship, from month to month, and from year to year, with the unflinching courage, zeal, and patience, which she has done; for I know that which she has had to endure—she has breasted the storms of persecution, and buffeted the rage of men and devils, which would have borne down almost any other woman." And more than three decades of years with their vicissitudes of good and ill have been added to her age since the above was said of her, and still she possesses that indomitable will, true to the faith she first espoused—a monument of grace, and fidelity to what she knows to be the truth of God, revealed in these latter times.

As soon as the men designated in the revelation were ready, they started on their mission, preaching and baptizing as opportunity offered. On their route they preached at Kirtland, Ohio, where they raised up a branch of twenty or thirty members in a short time. Before leaving,

they wrote Joseph, desiring him to send an Elder to preside over it; accordingly he sent John Whitmer to take the presidency of the church at that place. On his arrival the missionaries proceeded on their way, "preaching and baptizing as before."

In December of the same year (1830) Joseph appointed a meeting at his father's house, and while he was preaching Sidney Rigdon and Edward Partridge arrived, having come to obtain further information respecting the doctrine which he taught. After preaching, when opportunity was offered, Mr. Partridge arose and stated he had been to Manchester on the same search, and had found the family to be of unimpeachable character "until Joseph had deceived" them "relative to the Book of Mormon," and that he believed the testimony they bore, and was ready to be baptized, if they would receive him. Accordingly, he was baptized on the day following. About this time Father Smith returned from his confinement in prison at Canandaigua, bringing his earnings with him.

In the latter part of the same month, John Whitmer desired the presence and assistance of Joseph in Kirtland, to regulate the affairs of the church there. He enquired of the Lord, "and received a commandment to go straightway to Kirtland with his family and effects," arriving there in the following month; having sent, by "commandment," for Hyrum to proceed at once to Kirtland, to take charge of that branch, his father to meet and accompany him. "Samuel was sent on a mission into the same region of county," while Mother Smith, the remainder of the family, and the branch were to remain at Waterloo until spring, and then remove to Kirtland also.

Joseph and Emma were accompanied on their way to Kirtland by Edward Partridge, Ezra Thayer, and Newel Knight. On their way they preached and baptized several into the church, (Sidney Rigdon, having united with it, some time previous). On Joseph's arrival * * he found a church consisting of nearly one hundred members, who were, in general, good brethren, though a few of them had imbibed some very erroneous ideas, being greatly deceived by a singular power, which manifested itself among them in strange contortions of the visage, and sudden unnatural exertions of the body. This they supposed to be a display of the power of God."

Shortly after Joseph's arrival, he called the church together, and instructed them relative to the operation of the Spirit of God, and the spirit of the devil, stating that if a man "arose in meeting to speak, * * and gave utterance to strange

sounds, which were incomprehensible to his audience, they might rely upon it, that he had the spirit of the devil. But, on the contrary, when a man speaks by the spirit of God, he speaks from the abundance of his heart—his mind is filled with intelligence, and even should he be excited it does not cause him to do any thing ridiculous or unseemly. He then called upon one of the brethren to speak, who arose and made the attempt, but was immediately seized with a sort of spasm, which drew his face, arms, and fingers in a most astonishing manner.

Hyrum, by Joseph's request, laid hands on the man, whereupon he sank back in a state of complete exhaustion. Joseph then called upon another man to speak, who stood leaning in an open window." He also "attempted to speak, but was thrown forward into the house, prostrate, unable to utter a syllable. He was administered to, and the same effect followed as in the first instance. These, together with a few other examples of the same kind, convinced the brethren of the mistake under which they had been laboring; and they all rejoiced in the goodness of God, in once more condescending to lead the children of men by revelation and the gift of the Holy Ghost."

"When," says the historian, "the brethren considered the Spring sufficiently open for travel on the water, we all began to prepare for our removal to Kirtland." They hired a boat for the purpose, and when collected, the company "numbered eighty souls." Many people in the surrounding country came and bade them farewell, invoking heaven's blessing to rest upon them.

A few minutes before the company embarked, an old brother by the name of Humphry, arrived from Potsdam, and on account of his age, it was desired by Mother Smith that he "take charge of the company." But he declined, preferring that everything should be done "just as Mother Smith said," to which the "whole company responded 'yes'." At this instant one Esquire Chamberlain came on board and enquired of Mother Smith, if she had money enough to make herself and family comfortable on the way. She informed him she had, but stated there were several poor families on board "who stood in need of assistance," upon which he handed her the sum of seventeen dollars, to use "as she liked." Soon after which they pushed off, and were under fine headway.—*Joseph Smith the Prophet*, pages 169 to 173.

ZION'S HOPE CONCERT AT GRAVOISE.

THIS is how it came about: On the first Sunday in October, at St. Louis, the Hopes gave a concert in the evening to take the place of the regular preaching, and to raise money by collection to pay for their namesake,—the Sunday School paper.

The Hall was full, and the collection was fair, in fact good for the times. Well, everything went off first rate, so much so that Elder G. Thorp, Pastor of the Gravoise branch made a public request to have the same concert repeated in the Saints' Church at Gravoise. Well everybody was willing, and so on the last Sunday in October a half dozen wagons loaded with warblers, left St. Louis for the little church on the hill, intent on charming and captivating the people, which was done I assure you, to some purpose. The church was full, and all around the church was full. The moon was in high splendor, looking as pretty and happy as we ever saw it. The stars were peeping and winking and laughing and appeared to enjoy the whole thing, just as much as the children did; or as much as the moon herself, for that matter, who threw floods of light on the occasion and contributed largely to the pleasure of the entertainment. While Bro. Still offered a very impressive opening prayer, and calmness itself was hushed, but not for long, for, scarcely had the kneeling multitude become erect, ere volume after volume of enchanting strains of music filled the house, and rushed through the

windows, making willing captives of the waiting throngs outside.

To tell of all that was sung, or the names of all the sweet singers, would be too much; reader, you could not endure it, therefore we won't try; but we will tell you one thing in strict confidence. We heard it whispered very low, "Sister Martha's voice is as strong as she is robust, and as sweet as she is pretty." That boy wants to hear her sing again.

There were warblers of nearly every sort, but mostly of the canary and linnet kinds; and, would you believe it! there was one nightingale there. How sweet! How pleasing, I really cannot tell. And it was so good that you would not believe me if I did. No I am not in love! It's no such thing! Had you been there you would have been just as pleased as I was, and so there!

There is not room to tell you all that Bro. Still said about Sunday Schools, I wish there was. But this I will tell: He wants all the branches to "go and do likewise;" get good schools; "turn the hearts of the parents to the children and the hearts of the children to the parents;" which is just what you ought to do. X. A.

ROSE MERRILLS.

BY PERLA WILD.
CHAPTER III.

"A TS mine papa!" cried little Rose springing up from her seat among the fragrant grasses, scattering to the breeze all her starry blossoms and tiny leaflets, and half-made wreathes. Every thing else was forgotten in the joy of papa's coming.

"How did you know it was I before you saw me, little Rose Mary? You were sitting with your back toward the path." Lifting her to his shoulder as he spoke.

"Yes I know I was, papa," she chirped, clasping her little hands around his head and resting her cheek confidently on his dark curls. "And 'e way I knewed it was 'oo is, 'at your feets talk to me always, zey say 'papa, papa,' jist as p'ain as tan be to me."

"You've left your little playmate sitting alone there," remarked her papa—Edwin Merrills.

"'Ess I know it," replied Rose.

"Ah! but you said 'yes' a moment ago and now it is 'ess.' When do you think you will learn to speak plainly, little fairy?"

"I doesn't know, papa. When I dits bigger, I s'pose." Very soberly.

"But Rosie, dear, you mustn't leave Johnny there alone. It isn't kind of you to do so. He will think himself neglected," persisted Mr. Merrills. "Either go and bring him or stay there with him. I'm going into the house." And he essayed to unclasp her hands and set her down; but she clung to him.

"Don't do 'at, papa. I don't want to dit down till oo'll tiss me. I likes oo ever so well, I does."

"Of course I'll kiss you, little pet. I always do, don't I, if you've been a good girl. And you're generally a splendid little girl. I'll certainly kiss my little daughter on these conditions."

Rose was silent a moment, biting her ruby lips thoughtfully, "Never mind 'e 'dishons 'iss time, papa! Let's say noffin about it."

"All right, Rosie," replied papa, lifting her from her perch and setting her on her feet in the gravel path beside him, and turning toward the house.

Rose gazed at him with sad, surprised blue eyes, "Well, why don't oo zen?" coming a step nearer and reaching up pleadingly.

"But, Rose, I thought we were to say nothing about it this time. And wait till to-morrow for the usual kiss."

"No—" returned the child slowly and solemnly. "'At wasn't 'e way. Oo was to tiss me and say nuffin about about whezzer I was dood or not."

"Oh ho!" cried papa, "that's the bargain you were making, is it? So you wont tell me if you've been good, hey?"

Rose hung her head. "I didn't say 'at. But—" then she paused.

"But what, my little Rose-bud?"

"Dont you yike me if I is naughty a 'ittle?" asked Rose without looking at him.

"Yes, Rose, I like you of course. I shall always love my little girl. But I wish to know if you've been good before I kiss you." Papa looked very grave, and little Rose almost ready to cry. He took her in his arms and stroked her bright tresses soothingly, then placed her on the ground and passed into the house. She stood a moment looking after him, then covered her face with her hands and sank down in the path sobbing passionately. Entering the house Ed Merrills greeted Mrs. Grace and Mrs. Susie cheerily, and then took a seat near them and close by a window which looked out on the grounds where he had left little Rose.

Nothing was said for a few moments. When Gracie, Rose's mother, remarked in a subdued tone, "We've been learning lessons of our children; and you, I see, are disposed to do so—" She paused, for a sweet sympathizing voice was speaking out in the gravel walk.

"Rosie, don't cry! It makes me feel so bad. What do you cry so for?" and Johnny Clark bent down and tried to look into the little girl's face.

"Do 'way, Dohnny Tlark!" she replied between her sobs. "I didn't want you to hear; I didn't! And you'd no business to neizzer!—I—oh, do doe off and let me 'lone!—if it wasn't for 'oo, papa an' me would be dood friends,—so we would."

"I didn't have anything to do about it!" snapped Johnny defiantly, "I didn't say anything!"

"Well," sobbed Rose, "if 'oo and I hadn't a twarred I 'ouldn't been naughty—and—and it would been all right."

"I'd like to know, Miss Rose, how I made you naughty. I s'pose you never do nothin' wrong when I aint here; course not."

Rose sobbed afresh. At length replied with tearful pauses, "If it hadn't been for 'oo Dohnny Tlark, I wouldn't tried to tell my papa I was dood when I wasn't. I toodn't do it, zough.—I don't see how 'oo tan."

Johnny was silent now. He was thinking. This little girl four years younger than himself had brought a guilty reproachful feeling into his heart. Her frank, truthful heart had revolted from telling a strict falsehood and she endeavored to evade the direct truth, and failed signally. And now felt utterly miserable. And this was through his influence, Johnny thought. Yes, he had come here with his mother to spend the day in the sweet, quiet, beautiful country retreat, known far and near as Rest-haven. He had come with so much elated joy and anticipation, and this was what come of it. What had he done only—only—and there Johnny paused in his train of thought. O! he wished he hadn't come! or hadn't said a word to Rose, or played with her a bit. Girls were not like boys at all. They were so tender hearted one couldn't get along at all without hurting their feelings; and they get mad at a body so easy. And now there she sat crying as if her heart was breaking and said he was the cause of it, and he "hadn't done nothing." And what was he to do? What could a boy do, any way? And he looked at her in a hopeless way and did not speak for some moments.

Conscience, that inward knowledge that tells us our duty and points the right way, if we are properly taught;—that unerring guide with a still small voice, was whispering to Johnny what he ought to do. It told him he was too harsh with Rose when they were playing in the nursery, and tried to rule when he had no right. Else Rose had not been naughty and cried then. And that he had spoken to her afterwards, sitting there on the grass, as he ought not. Had influenced her to evade the truth and this was what came of that. He was the first and main cause of all the trouble. Then he thought of his last Sabbath

School lesson—"There must needs be offences, but woe to him by whom they come."

He had caused this. Would God be displeased, and punish him. The boy surely felt that he deserved punishment. But then came the very natural desire to discover a way of avoiding punishment. Could he not atone in some other way? Yes, his conscience told him, he could go and tell the whole truth to Rose's papa and own up to all his share of the errors. That would be only just to her,—and himself. Simple justice. But very, very hard to perform. It is so hard to humiliate ourselves far enough to cheerfully and fully acknowledge our besetting sins. Many older heads than Johnny's have prevented the heart from following its own instinctive promptings.

It was very hard, and no doubt under other circumstances he would not have done as he knew he ought. Had it not been for the influence of Rose, exerted without an effort almost, and all without her knowledge, Johnny Clark would not have done his duty that day. And the consequences—who can tell?

But her love of truth, her noble and persistent clinging thereto, made him pause and consider, then prompted him to a like effort. He was very sorry for Rose, he was kind and sympathetic always, unless vexed and irritated. And he felt that it would be less than the nobility of boyhood demanded to shrink from what a *little girl* could do.

"Rosie," he exclaimed, with earnest resolve, "don't cry no more. Come let's go in now. I was to blame, and I'll tell your papa so, if you'll come in with me." And half carrying the tearful Rose, he entered the room where the elder people were, and led her up to her father. "Mr. Ed I'm more to blame than Rose. I was naughty or she wouldn't been. And I was telling her about not saying just exactly the truth, but 'letting on' like 'taws so. And that why she talked so and almost told you a story. Wont you forgive her, Mr. Ed, please, 'cause it wasn't her."

Mrs. Susie Clark hid a tearful face by turning away, and Mr. and Mrs. Merrills both gazed at the boy in admiration. Then gathering Rose in his arms, Mr. Ed Merrills kissed her tenderly, brushing away her tears and smoothing her frowny hair. Then drawing little Johnny to his side he pressed a kiss on his fair brow. "You are a noble, worthy boy Johnny. God bless you and help you always to be truthful and upright."

A pause ensued; then Barbara Eldon came in, —a sweet modest young girl who had been a little maid of all work at Rest-haven years ago when she was a child, and kind old Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Gracie's mother, was mistress of the peaceful happy home. Since Mrs. Dean's death, Mrs. Gracie Merrills assisted by Barbara, kept the dear old nest, a retreat of quiet beauty as in days of yore.

"Supper is waiting, ladies and gentleman," remarked Barbara, "and Grandpa Dean says he is in a hurry, as he wishes to drive to town to-night." So they arose and left the room.

Continued.

A RAMBLE IN THE WOODS.

IT was a beautiful morning in May. The sun had just appeared above the eastern hills, and the little dewdrops were shining like silver among the grass and flowers, when, with several of my playmates I set out for a ramble in the woods. We went to gather wild flowers and, in short, to have a jolly time. We each had a large basket in which to gather our flowers, and also an extra basket which our good mother's had filled with all sorts of nice things for us to eat when we became hungry. We tripped gayly along through the fresh, green grass, and at last came to the edge of the wood, through which ran a beautiful brook. Short, velvety grass covered the ground, mingled here and there with dainty little violets and butter cups; and, close to the water's edge, grew lovely water lilies in great

profusion. We rambled through the woods until we filled our baskets with the choicest flowers, and had become tired and hungry. We then sought a shady spot on the bank of the creek, and sat down to eat our dinner, and talk over our forenoon ramble. The sky, which was so mild and blue in the morning, was yet unclouded; and, as the soft wind came refreshingly, we could easily tell it had been trifling with, and stealing perfume from, the modest violets. We made wreaths of our flowers, and each rambler returned home, crowned with the flowers that had been snatched from their pleasant homes, on the banks of the sparkling brook. We were quite satisfied with our holiday.

ONE OF THE HOPE READERS.

"OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS."

OUR Heavenly Father has given us ten commandments to guide us, and he also says, "For I, the Lord thy God, will show mercy unto all who love me, and keep my commandments," and the sixth commandment is given wholly to children in these words, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee," being the only one of the commandments given wholly to children, and the first commandment with promise; for God assures them that if they will be obedient and respectful to their parents, he will lengthen their days.

Again, Paul, a servant of God, understood the great necessity of the obedience of children, for in the 3rd chapter of Colossians, and 20th verse he writes, "Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." Now I hope and believe that there is not a child who may read this, who cannot truly say, "I know my parents have no higher earthly ambition than to see me grow up a good man, or woman; I know they love me dearly, and care for my every want, to the best of their ability; I know that my obedience in return for this great love they bear me, will make them happy and thankful; while if I let fall from my lips one evil word of rebellion against their wishes, that it grieves and saddens their hearts."

Then begin at once, even to-day, and carefully guard your tongues against such words, and render unto your parents prompt and cheerful obedience; let them see, that, as they love and care for you, their child, so will you give to them the honor and obedience that is so well pleasing in the sight of the Lord. And, if a child has been bereft of its father or mother, and perhaps both, while yet in the helpless years of childhood, and their places are filled by some other one, be it step-father step-mother, or only guardian, the same respectful obedience that would be given to parents, were they still living, should be given to the step-father, or mother, or guardian, as the case may be. It is impossible for parents, teachers or guardians to do as well by a disobedient, rebellious, careless boy or girl, as they can by a boy or girl who is loving, obedient, and willing to give heed to those who, through the wisdom of an all-wise God, are placed in authority over them; and not only must you listen, but you must be guided by your parents and teachers, and do as they say.

If you have some little pleasure in view, and go to your parents for permission and it is refused, be satisfied it is for your good, for they know what is best for you; and, although you are disappointed, don't grieve your loving mother by pouting and looking sullen. Don't let father think, "my boy obeys me only because he fears punishment should he disobey me, and not because he loves and trusts me." Think of the many pleasures your parents have given you; think of the care they have taken of you day and night, all your lives; and, if you cannot control your feelings at once, go off by yourself for a little while and ask your Heavenly Father, who sees and knows all things, to help you, and he will. Then

go back to your father or mother and gladden their hearts with your bright face, and see if there is not some little thing you can do for them to show how perfectly you love and trust them, and value their wishes more than any transient pleasure.

To illustrate this I will tell you an incident of my own childhood: When I was about ten years old I had wanted for some time to go and ride on a "flying dutchman," (as they are called), which was only a short distance from our house. So one Saturday afternoon, I asked my mother, as she sat sewing, if I might not go in company with some of my playmates, and she said, "No! Alice! I cannot let you go," and went on to explain to me that she considered them dangerous contrivances, as, owing to the way they were made, a child might be dragged under and hurt, perhaps killed; or be made sick and dizzy, from whirling around so fast. As she finished talking she looked up at me, and I am very sorry to say I was not feeling ready to yield to her superior wisdom, and my face, as she looked at it, was in a frown; and I, in turn, saw in my mother's eyes a grieved, hurt look. But she said no more, and I went about with a queer feeling in my heart, hardly knowing what was the matter with me, until the next afternoon at Sabbath School, and there I felt so miserable I cried. My teacher on enquiring, learned the state of my mind, and advised me what to do. I hurried home at close of school and asked my mother to forgive me, which she did, with a kiss; as all mothers forgive a child who tells them they are sorry for their wrong doing. Now you boys and girls, who are the oldest brother or sister in the family, see how much you can do to help your parents. Not only to help with the work, but you have a great influence over your younger brothers and sisters; for whatever they see their large sisters or brothers do is often the law of these little ones. Remember this, and be gentle and kind to them; let your influence be for their good; and so please your Heavenly Father, cheer your parents, and make all in the house happy. A little boy, out visiting, was asked who he loved best at home. "Well," he said, "we love papa and mamma best, but next comes sister Mary; she is awful good to us when mamma is sick; and brother is good too, he makes us kites and things; yes, Ben and Mary are as good as any thing!" Love and unity must exist in a family or they cannot prosper; and it takes a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together to make a home prosperous; just that unity that occurred in the case of some boys who were bathing. One boy got beyond his depth, and was in danger of being drowned; the others had just come on shore, and were about to dress when they saw their companion's danger; they all understood each other and worked together and saved him. The boys told their parents about it when they reached home, and the father of the boy saved, inquired how they managed it. "Well, you see, sir," said William, "when we boys heard Harry scream for help, we worked together; we all jumped into the water and George stood near shore, and we formed a line, George held Bob's hand, Bob held Sam's, Sam held Jack's, Jack held my hand and, I reached forward with my other and grabbed Harry's hair, and George pulled Bob, Bob pulled Sam, Sam pulled Jack, Jack pulled me, and I pulled Harry, and we all pulled together, and that's how we landed Harry safe on shore and saved him." It was unity that worked the good in that case, and so it is in the family circle. When children are obedient to their parents, and always kind to each other, that is the long pull; and when parents and children unite in loving God, keeping his commandments, that is the strong pull; and so it is they pull all together, and bring down the blessings of heaven upon the household. God bless you, dear little Hopes, everywhere, and incline your young hearts to that great necessity of childhood and youth, —obedience to parents.

ALICE WHITING.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 3rd, 1876.

1 December 76.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

AUNTY ERNST'S LETTER.

Dear Little Hopes:—I live in Deloit, Iowa, seven miles north east of Dennison. You can find it on the map. Deloit is a small village, situated on a beautiful rise of ground; and, on top of the hill is the Saints' Meeting-house. All around it are the little cottages, which you can see from the church door. Most of the Saints have a little farm in the valley below, or somewhere near, and a house and lot in the village. This is just as it should be everywhere. We have a nice Sunday School. How I love to see the little children, so neat and clean coming down the hill, and all with bright smiles on their faces, new *Hopes* in their hands, as well as new hopes in their hearts. There are many little children here; we love them dearly and they love us. They often came to see us, and to look at the pretty flowers in our yard, and sometimes they sit in the shade of our little cottage and listen while we tell them of our own little children who have gone to the paradise of God, to rest till the Savior comes. The little folks call me Aunty Ernst; you may call me that too, for I love you all; and, as I cannot see you, I will write you a true story, and I pray that you may be able to glean golden grains from the good lessons in the *Hope*, which will help to lead you on from grace to grace. Treasure it up, dear children, like the wheat; and remember that light reading, and trifling conversation are only the chaff.

AUNTY ERNST.

Correspondence.

WOODBINE, Iowa, Nov. 5th, 1876.

Bro. Henry:—As we have no Sabbath School of ours to talk about, I trust you will not disapprove of a few words about the one the Methodists have here; for I think you will say, if we wish to be thought well of we must encourage others in doing good. I was invited to take a part in the Sabbath School Concert. The subjects acted out by us, were "The Sin of Intemperance," "The Three Reapers" and the "Ten Virgins," taken from Mat. 25th. It was pronounced as being interesting and impressive, giving, by the representation of the actors a faint glimpse of what the reality might be hereafter. I felt like weeping when the five Foolish Virgins came hurrying into the church, robed in black, and with their lamps out and smoky, singing "O let us in," and bowing down before the five Wise Virgins, who were arrayed in pure white, their lamps brilliantly burning. "Too late," said they piteously. Again the foolish knelt and asked for oil and mercy. "Too late," was the solemn re-echo by them, as they mournfully turned and went out of the church; while the wise disappeared within, with their radiant smiles and with a joyful song, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh and we may enter in." I sang my song as one of the Reapers. The follies of Intemperance were also shown out. I thought you would like the music and words of the Wise and Foolish Virgins so I inclose them. I send you forty cents to help pay for the new picture, (The Officers First Glass), and we think the *Hope* very interesting this week; you will therefore not refuse the day of small things.

JENNIE ROHRER.

As an example and incentive to other schools, we ask of Sister Alice permission to publish the following, in connection with the article in another column of the *Hope* from her pen as a teacher in the St. Louis Sabbath School.

ST LOUIS Mo., Oct. 3d, 1876.

Bro. Stebbins:—We have established a rule in our Sabbath School that each officer and teacher shall address the school in turn; and in order to be prepared this last time I composed an essay on "Obedience to Parents," and at the close of school I was advised by my fellow-laborers to send it to the "*Hope*" for publication. Should you deem it worth a place in your excellent little paper, please publish it. Your sister,

ALICE WHITING.

ALLENTOWN, Nov. 12th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—We have only a small branch here, but have had good meetings; and we hope that our branch will increase in number, and that the work of the Lord will still spread in this part of the land. I often read the little *Hopes*' letters, and it gives me pleasure. It makes me think that if the young can speak up for the cause of Christ the older ones can too; and if we try to do the best we can, God will help us. So, little *Hopes*, let us all press forward and keep his commandments, that we may be found worthy to enter into the rest that remains for the people of God. Your sister in the gospel,

SARAH A. MCGUIRE.

MIRABILE, Mo., Nov. 6th, 1876.

Dear Hopes of Zion:—I have not seen many letters by the young folks of late. Little Saints, let us strive to build up the kingdom of God as much as lies in our power. I am not very little, but I feel that I am one of the weakest. I live in the Far West Branch. We have quite a thriving branch, and are blest with the gifts of God, when we live faithful enough to receive them. We have no Sabbath School, but have meetings on Sundays. I am in a hurry this morning and must bring my letter to a close. Your sister in the gospel,

JULIA FROST.

MIRABILE, Caldwell County, Mo.,

November 7th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I do not see any letters from this part of the country. I think we all ought to be very thankful to our kind Editors for their diligent care to make the *Hope* pleasant and interesting. Two weeks ago last Sabbath I went to hear Bro. T. W. Smith preach. I live four miles from the old temple lot at Far West. Dear Hopes, I would like to see you one and all, and I was disappointed when I looked in the last *Hope* and could not see even one letter, and so resolved to try and write, but I think I have almost failed. Little hopes if we cannot meet in this life let us strive to live so that we may meet in the world to come. Your sister in Christ,

MADGE S. FROST.

ELKHORN CITY, Neb., Nov. 9th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—We are having good meetings here. I had a dream a long time ago. My parents and myself were on one side of a table, and a light came down from heaven; and as it came close to the table we saw in it like two men. They were so bright that we could not well look at them; but after they came down they went from our sight. I wish some of the *Hopes* would send me their opinion of my dream. Good by, Hopes. Your sister in Christ,

FLORA IDA CURTIS.

NEW MARION, Ripley Co., Ind.,

November 9th, 1876.

Brother Joseph: I am still striving to do the will of my Savior. We have prayer and testimony meeting every Sabbath, and once during the week. We have good meetings. We know that when we live humble and prayerful before God that he will bless us with his Holy Spirit, and that it will guide us into all truth. Pray for me that I may be faithful.

Your sister in Christ, RACHEL S. CAMREN.

SEDGWICK, Iowa, November, 1876.

Brother Henry:—I feel that I would like to say a few words in behalf of our little paper, the *Hope*. There are those who speak lightly of some of the articles in the *Hope*. Paul says, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good," and it does not matter in what way truth may be told, whether in novel form, or some other shape, for it is our duty, to prove all things. There were many good things told in "Rest-Haven," not only for the young, but also for the old. If any errors are seen in the *Hope*, don't throw it all away and say there is no good in it, because you have found an error. Just remember that we are all very imperfect, and need all the truth we can get. There is one very needful thing that we are lacking in, and that is charity; and we will still be lacking, until we come more united. May we all strive to improve the talent God has given us, and arrive to that state of perfection in which we can all see eye to eye, is the prayer of your unworthy brother,

CHARLES W. DILLEN.

WATSONVILLE, Santa Cruz Co., Cal.,

November 6th, 1876.

Dear Hopes: I have had the pleasure of seeing our beloved president, Joseph Smith. I have wished that I could. Many of you have not seen him, and perhaps some may never in this life. What a consolation it is that all the Saints may meet in the "sweet by and by," if we are only faithful; for if we do not strive to help ourselves, how can we expect God to help us. And I do not think that we are striving to help ourselves by going to parties and dances. We can enjoy ourselves better and feel happier by going to meetings, visiting each other, and by singing together. Let us pray for one another.

Your sister,

LAURA Z. HUTCHINGS.

JEFFERSON, Green Co., Iowa,

Oct. 14th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—Mr. Lambert has been here twice to preach. He started with pa, ma, and my aunt for conference, in the wagon; but it became so cold, and the roads were so bad, that they came back. Mr. Lambert took the train and went. Mr. Longbottom was at conference and came from there here. He baptized one yesterday. This makes our number five. I am not going to school now, for I have to help gather the corn. I remain as ever yours,

JOHN B. HATCHER.

SOLDIER VALLEY, Harrison Co., Iowa,

November 5th, 1876.

Dear Hopes: I see no letter in the last *Hope*. Father and mother have gone to Sioux to meeting. I think that "The Officer's First Glass, or Minnie's Faith," is very interesting. I studied out an Enigma in October 15th *Hope*, and forgot to send it. We have no Sunday School here.

SARAH A. VREDEBURGH.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA, No. 1.

Who was the son of Ephal? Who was the father of Eliab? What was written on the plates of pure gold? Who was one of the Kings of Judah? Of whom did Elihu ask to hear his speeches? What Jezreelite had a vineyard hard by the palace of Ahab, king of Samaria? What person while in the field arose and slew his brother? Who was the mother of Joseph? Who was mocked by forty and two children as he was on the way to Bethel? Who was the mother of Eunice? Who was a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ? Paul was brought before what governor? Who was the mother of Paul? To what brother did Paul send salutation? In what place did the children of Israel strive with the Lord? Who was the father Jehu? Who was the son of Atarah? What inscription did Paul find written on an altar? Who was the brother of Methuselah? Who was the father of Zelopheh? Whose children built Heshbon? Who was the son of Jephunnah? Whom did the Lord make a breach upon? Who was Moab ashamed of?

The initials of the answers placed in their proper form will spell the name of the writer.

BROTHER C.

ENIGMA.—No. 22.

I am composed of twelve letters:—My 4, 5, 11, 6, a number. My 9, 8, 10, 12, a soft metal. My 1, 10, 3, 2, a girl's name. My 7, 5, 3, 2, an extended mark. My whole is the name of the author.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of November 1st.

To Enigma, No. 18.—You, Rap, Hoe, Conscience, Alas, Ten, Rose, Lead, Red, Obey. The whole,—Children obey your parents.
Answered by Attila Adams, Eliza France.

To Enigma No. 19.—John Marriott. Answered by Sarah A. Vredenburg, Flora E. Munns, Eliza France, Laura Z. Hutchings, Mary E. McGuire, Nancy M. Ballentyne.

To Anagram No. 12.—

I thank the goodness and the grace,
Which on my birth have smiled;
And made me in my early days,
A happy christian child.

WILLIAM CRUMB.

Answered by Julia Frost, Sarah A. Vredenburg, Mary A. E. Davies, David Calhoun, George D. Lilly, John Hatcher, Jennie Leland, Attila Adams, Annie Camren, Rachel S. Camren, Mary F. Andrews, Belle Barker, Laura B. Munns, Jennie Prettyman, Eliza France, Laura Z. Hutchings, Mary E. McGuire, Nancy M. Ballentyne, Annie Best, John S. Parish.

Answers to Anagram, 11, too late for last issue, were sent by Belle Barker, Laura B. Munns, Laura Z. Hutchings.

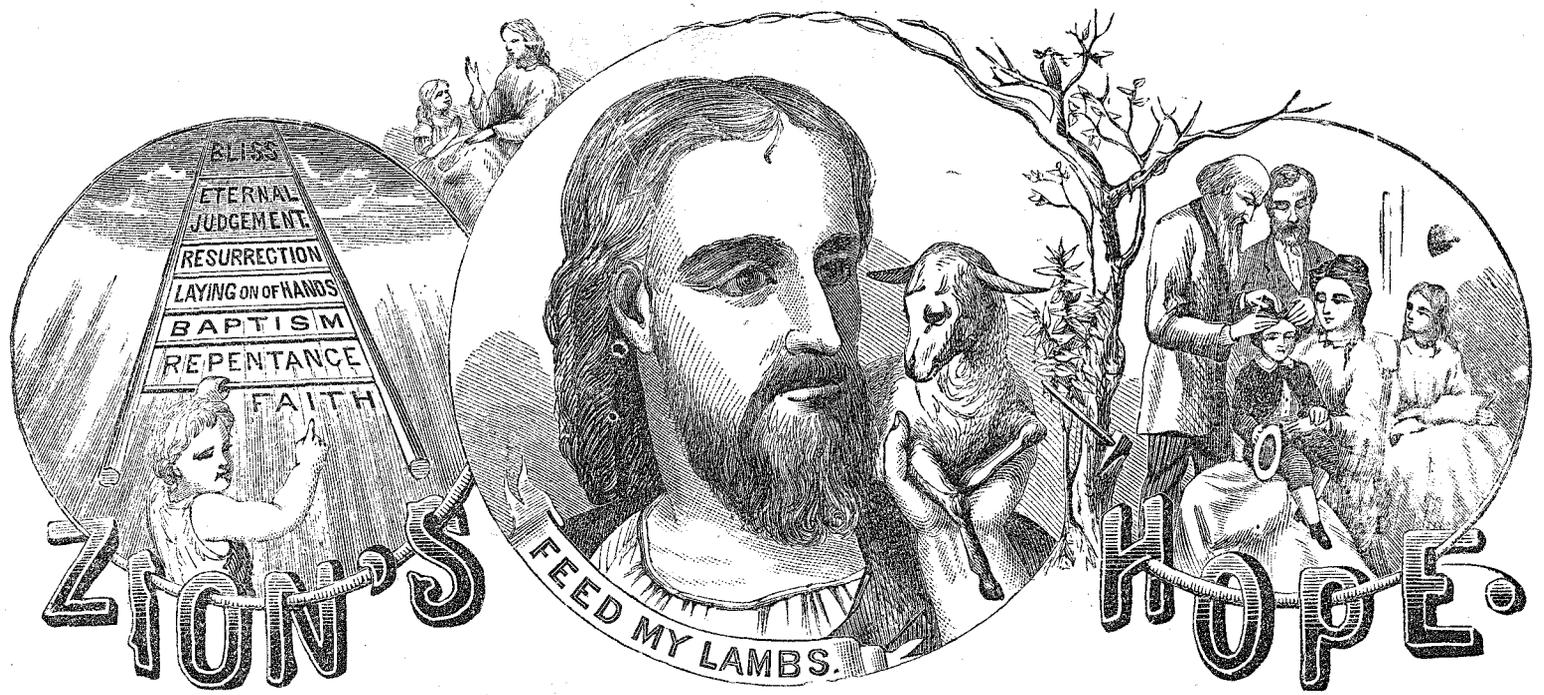
The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

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

Vol. 8.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., DECEMBER 15, 1876.

No. 12.

CHILDREN.

Children, you that love the Savior,
Climbing Zion's holy hill,
You that seek to gain his favor,
He will love and bless you still.

Jesus takes the little children,
To that land that's free from sin;
But if you are proud and sinful,
You can never enter in.

Let us try to be more faithful,
Always sure to watch and pray;
Ever striving to be cheerful,
Growing better day by day.

Watch for every deed of kindness,
That your little hands can do;
For the world that lies in blindness,
And cannot see as well as you.

Know that Jesus came to save you,
Came to save your soul from hell;
On the cross he died to bring you
Safe to Heaven with him to dwell.

Do not slight him, dearest children,
For his love for you is great,
And without his love and mercy
Sad indeed would be your fate.

DAISY CHILD.

LETTER FROM PERLA WILD.

Dear My Love:—I have for some time thought I would like to respond to the many kindly words of encouragement and commendation the little *Hope* has brought me; but I felt that I could not say anything worthy in reply, and that I was unequal to the occasion. Yet it would seem ungrateful in me to remain silent.

How sweet and cheering is the pure love and the praise of the dear young *Hopes*. What a joy to know that I have won the kindly interest of some of the innocent children. The trusting love of the young is the sweetest, purest source of joy and happiness earth grants us, the most precious jewel we can wear, the brightest ornament with which we can adorn ourselves.

But there is a greater and better gift which we cannot gain by our own efforts alone, namely the grace and approval of God. He *gives* us this.

A little band of *Hopes* in western Iowa have promised me their upholding prayers. How can I thank them for their sincere interest and kindly words? What language is adequate, none that I can command. Therefore I will but say that I shall never forget to pray for them, and to think

of them kindly. And last, but by no means least, I may approach the vindication of Bro. C. Derry, but comments of mine are not necessary. Every line of that artistic effusion bespeaks the kindly soul and gifted pen. What good, what cheer, what joy, the reading of that "Plea for the Young *Hopes*" gave me, I wish the worthy brother could know. If this express my gratitude, let me say—God bless brother Derry; and may we be favored with his thoughts often.

With kindly feelings for all, and an especial interest in the young, I am as ever yours,

PERLA WILD.

THE APOSTLE PETER.

THE Apostle Peter was born at Bethsaida, a city of Galilee, situated on the banks of the lake of Gennesareth, called also the sea of Galilee. He was called by his parents Simon or Simeon; but after becoming a disciple of Jesus, he received of him the additioned title of Cephas. Peter's brother Andrew was also chosen to be an apostle of the Lord. St. Peter was brought up to the trade of fishing on the lake of Bethsaida, famous for different kinds of fish.

Subsequently he removed to Capernaum, where he settled, where he had a house when our Savior began his public ministry, and there he paid tribute. It is said that the mother of Constantine erected a beautiful church over the ruins of St. Peter's house, in honor of him.

Peter was remarkable for his bold resolutions, and also for the weakness of humanity that for a long while continued to be exhibited in his life and character.

It was he who desired Jesus, when he was approaching the ship, walking on the surface of the boisterous billows, to bid him to come to him on the water. Upon receiving the command "Come," he immediately left the ship and as he proceeded on his way he began to sink in the waves, as his faith gradually failed him, and in his weakness, with the Savior in view, he cried out "Lord save me." Nor was his cry in vain. He was one of the three, who witnessed the transfiguration of Jesus on the mount. So overcome was he by the glory of the Master, that he with the other disciples desired to erect three tabernacles there, for Jesus and the heavenly messengers, not knowing what else to say.

Peter was one that was sent to fetch the ass' colt, on which the Savior made his entry into Jerusalem. He was one that was sent to make preparation for celebrating the passover. It was he who forbid the Lord's washing his feet, but afterward humbly yielded and said, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head."

It was Peter, who said, "Though all men be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended," and yet he was the first to deny the Lord. But notwithstanding what the Lord saw he would do, he chose him as one of three to accompany him when he retired from the crowd, to pray in the garden of Gethsemane. At which time He "sweat as it were great drops of blood."

It was this same Peter who, under the inspiration of one of his bold resolves, drew his sword, without command, and smote off the ear of one that came with Judas, to take and bind Jesus, and who, when he saw his Master bound, in his weakness, fled from him with others. But, notwithstanding his weakness in denying the Lord, he was among the first to visit his sepulcher on the morning of his resurrection, and emboldened by his love for the Master, he did not stop at the door of the sepulcher, but went in, to see "where the Lord lay."

He was the first to make a signal confession of the divinity of the Messiah's mission; he was the first of the Twelve to see the risen Lord, as if to convince him that his crime of denying the Lord had been pardoned. Peter with others turned to his old trade of fishing in the lake.

It was Peter that threw himself into the water and swam ashore from his fishing boat, to meet the Lord when he appeared to them at the seaside, after his resurrection.

It was Peter, who had forsaken his Master with a threefold denial, that the risen Lord examined with a three-fold questioning, "Lovest thou me?" closing his urgent appeal to him with the loving injunction, "Feed my lambs"—"Feed my sheep."

It was he, to whom the Lord promised the "kings of the kingdom of heaven," or the authority to open the door of the kingdom, to the nations of the earth. It was he, as the one holding authority, that directed the deliberations of of the disciples in choosing one to take the place of Judas, who by transgression had fallen. And it was he who, on the day of Pentecost, when filled with the Holy Ghost, and acting as chief speaker, defended his brethren from the false charges of the wicked rabble, and to the assembled multitude, declared the humble Jesus of Nazareth, to be the then risen and glorious Lord, whom he declared from the scriptures, to be the way, the truth, and the life and to the eager multitude, then and there opened the door of the kingdom in the name of him who had ascended on high; and that under the direction and inspiration of the Spirit of Truth, the Holy Ghost, which qualified him for the duties and functions of the important office conferred upon him by the

Lord of life. And the door which he opened to the enquiring representations of the nations was that of baptism, through which, as an ambassador of Christ he *commanded* them to pass, prior to an enjoyment of the blessings of the kingdom. Three thousand on that day fled for refuge, through an acceptance of Peter's instruction.

During the years of his ministry in the name, and by the authority of Christ, the "lame man" at the gate, was raised up to walk. Through his ministration the Lord raised up Tabitha, who "was totally dead." It was he whom the angel of the Lord visited and took out of prison.

The foregoing are some of the important points in the history of this great Apostle, as noted in the scriptures. From ancient history we learn, that toward the end of the reign of Nero, Peter with Paul being about to be apprehended by the authorities of the city of Rome, Peter was importuned to leave the city, but from some cause he was induced to remain, and suffer what might befall him. Shortly after, he with Paul, was taken and confined in prison for several months. But Nero returning from Achaia in triumph, resolved that the Apostles should fall as victims and sacrifices to his cruelty and revenge. Accordingly Peter was crucified, but with his head downward, upon his request, he affirming that he was unworthy to suffer in the same posture that his Master did.

Thus ended the life of the Apostle Peter, whose character was a strange mixture of strength and weakness. His boldness to dare and do, to resolve and re-resolve for good, enabled him to gain through grace the victory over self, and a martyr's crown.

UNCLE M.

ROSE MERRILLS.

BY PERLA WILD,
CHAPTER III.

"O mother, mother!" cried Josie Taylor, a pretty sparkling eyed brunette of nineteen, "they're going to have an oyster supper at Rest-Haven, Friday, and we'll all go, wont we? Do say yes, please; for I'm so anxious!" And she threw her books upon the carpet, tossed her sun-hat on to the center table and sank down on the sofa cushions, in almost breathless excitement.

Mamma Marie looked up from her sewing, "Yes dear, no doubt you *are* anxious; It's quite natural you should be. But I'm not prepared to say yes on so short notice."

"Short notice!" re-echoed Josephine. "Why it's a whole week; to day is only Friday; surely that's long enough."

"I meant I hadn't known it long enough to decide, as this is the first I have heard of it. In the first place one must have an invitation."

"O, but we've got one—all of us!" replied Josie. "You know Susie Clark, and Johnny went out and spent the day at Rest-Haven yesterday; well it was decided before they left that there was to be an oyster supper, and an invitation sent to us all. I'm so glad! for its been an age since we've been out of town! Dear! I wish it was to-night."

"So Johnny gave you the information, did he? He may not be sure. Sometimes children do not have a correct understanding."

"O there's, no doubt," replied Josephine, fishing a crumpled note from the heterogenous contents of her pocket; "here it is in Gracie Merrill's own hand writing," giving the written invitation to Mrs. Taylor, who read and returned it in silence.

Josie waited a moment and then exclaimed, a trifle impatiently, "Well?"

Mrs. Taylor raised her eyes again to Josie's "Well what? I can't decide at present. We must ask your father and"—

"And the mayor, and the minister, and everybody else, of course!" interrupted Josie, in her shortest, bitterest tones, forgetful of reverence or civility; and, flinging the note down on the nearest chair, she turned towards the door.

"Stop, Josephine; those books and that hat

are not in their proper places. Take them with you and then try to calm your irritated mind by a cool, quiet hour alone in your room, or in the garden. Such behavior does not become a young girl of your age, abilities and advantages."

Mrs. Taylor spoke calmly, but with firmness. Josie snatched up her books, caught her pretty little hat by its cardinal-hued streamers, and stood swinging it spitefully round, as she replied, with what composure she could assume.

"Cool and quiet! when the thermometer is standing at ninety-five in the shade! It's enough to make any one forget themselves to be kept in such horrowing suspense, any way."

"Why, child, I cannot decide now, certainly. No doubt you and Lewis and Frank will go; so do try and calm yourself."

Josie rushed out of the room and up stairs, flung down her books and hat, and threw herself sobbing upon her little white bed. She wept, she scarce could tell why! Somehow she was all out of sorts. Every thing went wrong to-day. First, her algebra lesson at school was a complete failure; then this afternoon she missed three or four words in the spelling, and such simple words, too, that she was both vexed and ashamed; and now when she was so anxious to go to that oyster supper—or anxious to know that she was to go—and couldn't. Oh dear! if she was only her own mistress, to decide if she could go any where. It was so hard, so tiresome, so trying to be a child all one's life, or treated as one. "Oh dear, oh dear!"

And Josie wept and thought, and thought and wept, and became as utterly miserable about a trifle as a foolish young heart can be. If sister Esther were only here she would say or do something to comfort one. She was such an even tempered, serene dispositioned child, that nothing seemed to disturb her feelings; one of the fortunate few who are born with a patient, sweet, charitable nature; so unlike the stormy, turbulent, passionate soul that ruled in Josephine's heart.

Thus did Josie meditate, and truly, too. Her little sister of twelve was often counselor and comforter, because of her sweet, calm, gentle ways; but Esther was away for a week at Uncle Tommy's, near Rest-Haven. So poor, passionate, wilful Josie, must fight her battle with self all alone. She had learned to control her feelings pretty well, and it was quite rare for her to give way so completely; but she permitted herself to believe that she couldn't help it, now.

Presently the question arose in her mind, what was she crying about? Aye what indeed? Ashamed to hear the truthful reply, her conscience was sure to give, she rose and brushed away her tears and took up her books. The slate beneath them was all bestrewn with x's, and y's, and z's, the algebraic problem that had so puzzled and annoyed her, half rubbed out, yet still plain enough to discover to her a slight mistake in subtracting, which made it wrong all through. Forgetful of everything else, she began to work diligently, and in a short time it was all correctly done, and she was smiling now instead of weeping.

Then the sound of a peevish, fretful baby-voice from below aroused her; it was little George, her youngest brother, her step mother's child; a pretty little three year old, but very unpleasant and obstinate, almost constantly annoying his mother, and seldom in a sunny humor. Now he was crying as usual, and begging first for cake and then to be rocked, and finally for his shoes to be untied and retied, till mamma despaired of pleasing him at all.

Josephine knew that her mother was very busy sewing, anxious to finish a certain piece of work before tea time, and duty whispered "Go and win George away from his mother and his pettishness, and show him the flowers and the birds." Inclination on the left urged coaxingly, "It's not expected of you; he is not *your* mother's child; let the stepmother take care of her own; it is such

a warm day you would be worried and fatigued beyond measure; rest and calm yourself as she told you to do."

There was a struggle in her heart; inclination tried to lull her to a cosy nap, but duty unflinchingly pointed the rugged path of self-denial, with the crown glittering in the future, and right conquered. She made herself obey without willingness, because she knew she ought; and the bright grateful smile, and the "thank you, dear, you are very kind," from mamma Marie, as she always called her step-mother, amply repaid her for her self-sacrifice. And Georgie, too, forgot all his crying, and without a bit coaxing, tripped laughing and chatting away with her to see the pansies. Then Josephine thought of what Frank sometimes said, "that God sends bright spirits to banish evil from us when we try to do right."

Stooping over the blue and gold beauty of the sweet little nest of pansies, culling the sweetest and loveliest for a bouquet to give mamma, as she told the little one, she did not notice the approach of a fair, blue-eyed, winning young man. He came directly up and accosted her.

"Say, little Empress Joe, I've a piece of news for you, Elder Richmond is at Rest-Haven, came this morning, will preach at the church there next Sunday. Now I guess the oyster supper wont occupy all your thoughts."

Josie looked at him with wide open, black eyes. "How do you know what I think about the oyster supper, or how much? You're very smart!"

"Been crying, hey?" returned Frank.

Now Frank was little Rose Merrill's papa's brother, and junior partner in the mercantile business, with Josie's father as senior. Frank had boarded with the Taylor's for the past four years, and was considered one of the family; and a much-loved and respected one, too.

"Well, what of that?" cried Josephine impatiently.

"Only this: a rosy-tipped nose and pink rimmed eyes scarcely become a royal lady."

"Go away, Frank, if that's all you've got to say. You're extremely silly as well as provoking. If one tries ever so much to do right, you'll vex one to impatience in spite of one's self."

"Forgive me if I have annoyed you, Josie," replied Frank, gravely. "But I'm going to your uncle Tommy's, shall I tell your cousins you will meet and dine with them next Sunday?"

"No; how can I? I, like any other child, must ask 'may I,' before I can even think of going anywhere. Dear how provoking! I wish"—she paused and bit her lips, while tears shone beneath her drooping eye-lashes.

"O, fie! where's the good of feeling so unhappy, Josie?" returned Frank cheerily. "There's something wrong with you. Tell me, wont you, if its anything I can do for you. You are in trouble."

"I'm an idiot—that's all; a useless, wretched, good for nought. I wish I was d"—

"Dressed for the oyster supper," interrupted Frank, merrily. "But what errand have you, Joe? I must run up stairs for a handkerchief, and be on my way."

"Nothing," returned Josie, gulping down a great sob, "only tell my sister I want her to come home."

With a mighty effort Josephine mastered her emotions, and forced herself to put away such useless, erring thoughts, and fell again to arranging the pretty pansies for Georgie.

"Josie! Josephine! O, Josie!" It was her step-mother in quick tones calling her.

"Here," she replied, "coming directly;" and gathering up the baby and the blossoms, she hurried toward the house.

"Say, Josie, wouldn't you like to ride out to your uncle's with Frank? The drive will be cool and pleasant. He will come back in the morning, but you can remain till Sunday, if you choose; you're not looking as if you felt well. We shall doubtless attend church."

"But, mamma Marie, you are so busy, and

Georgie bothers you so much, it wouldn't be kind to leave you."

"O, I shall get on quite well," replied the self-sacrificing mother. "Frank says you're looking as if you needed a change of scene, and he proposed it."

"But it doesn't seem right," urged Josie.

"Say, Joe," chimed in Frank, "tell you what, you fix up the bantling and we'll take him along; then mamma can work. See here, King George, do you want to go and take a ride? Get your new hat then. Mamma needn't say no, we can take care of him, can't we, Joe?"

"Yes, yes," replied Josie, eagerly, "I shouldn't have thought though. I'm so glad you mentioned it. Of course we will. Brothers Lew and Tommy can have the house to themselves then."

Continued.

A HOPE'S ESSAY ON TOBACCO.

I THOUGHT I would write a few lines on the subject of tobacco, and there are three things I wish to call your attention to: first, what it is; second, what it is used for; third, what it is really for and what it is not for.

First, tobacco is a plant of large size, and some what resembling the common mullen weed. The seeds are in a ball like a potato ball. This weed was introduced into the United States as a product of agriculture as early as 1616, in Virginia. It has ever since been abundantly cultivated in that state.

Second, this plant is used to put on bruises, sores, etc; but it's general use is for chewing and smoking.

Third, what is it to be used for, and what is it not to be used for. Is it to be used for chewing and smoking, or not? What does Physiology teach us. Steele says that tobacco contains an active principle called nicotine; and that this is so virulent a poison that the amount in one or two cigars, if thrown directly into the circulation, would cause death. We see from this that it is not for the body.

We will now see what it is for. In Book of Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 86, the Lord says, "And again tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill." Thus we see that God has not left us in the dark on this subject.

JOHN B. HATCHER.

THE GLORIES OF AUTUMN.

Dear little Hopes:—Have you ever thought while rambling through the green woods, gathering the many colored flowers that grew around your pathway, or contemplating the beauties of the different varieties of mosses, ferns, leaves, and grasses, that those beautiful gems of nature were placed here by our Heavenly Father's hand? or thought that the forest so green is truly God's garden, planted, watered and cared for by him especially for the benefit and pleasure of his earthly children. How our hearts beat with love and gratitude to him, for all those beautiful gifts so lavishly bestowed upon us!

Autumn has already arrayed the trees in their most gorgeous apparel; how gay, and yet, how sad, for soon the cold breath of the north wind will change all their brilliant beauty and they will become brown and sear. The winds have a mournful cadence, as they come sweeping round the hills, carrying with them a perfect shower of many colored leaves, which are strewn at our feet, making a carpet beautiful enough for a queen to tread upon; and ever and anon, pelting us with the brown nuts, which the bright-eyed little squirrels are so industriously storing away for their winter use.

As the leaves come dropping down, or whirling round and round, in little eddying circles for a moment, and then are carried away, away, far beyond the reach of our hands, and become lost in

the mazy whirl of leaves in the distance, we are reminded of some lives like those leaves,—lives that, through the spring time and the summer of life, stood the storms and sunshine, and the blasts of adversity and sorrow, by faith ever clinging to the hand of the Good Shepherd; and in the Autumn of their lives, glorious even in decay, they have gone gently to their rest, and to their reward.

The scarlet and crimson sumac; the beautiful berries of the bitter-sweet; the aroma from the fast falling leaves,—all remind us that the Summer is indeed gone, that her flowers are dead upon the faded hill-side, that gentle zephyrs will, for a season, no more play through the green boughs of the trees. And so the fast falling leaves,—sweet summer's truest mourners,—after living their lives sweetly and well, now glorious in decay, are gently spreading a funeral-pall for the grave of the departed Summer. But is she dead? nay, my little friends, after a few months of patient waiting, she will come again, far more glorious than now, and with her emerald leaves, her gentle zephyr, the aroma from her countless birds and flowers, the sweet songs of the little birds, as they carol joyously in the green woods.

And now, my little friends, may not we all receive a lesson from this decay of beauty around us? May we not bravely strive to make our lives pure and true, by faith ever clinging to the hand of our kind Father, through storms as well as sunshine. If we do this, and so live unto the end, we have that assurance, that knowledge, which the world can neither give nor take away, that knowledge whose infinite fullness of strength is an anchor to the soul through all the storms of life. We know we have a home preparing above, where flowers do not fade, where never a leaflet knows decay; and though, while here, we may fade like the leaf, yet in the land of the leal, in the fadeless Springtime of the glorious thousand years, we shall live again. And now, my little friends, as our poet brother has said:

Let us ever be watching for the signal,
Ever waiting by the way;
Waiting calmly for the coming,
Of the bright and heavenly day.

AUNT ANNIE.

THE AVALANCHE.

"HARK! what is that?" The speaker who was a woman, about the middle age of life, at work in the common apartment of a Swiss dwelling; and, with pale face and quivering lips, she gazed around on her children, who, at these signs of alarm, had gathered in terror at her side.

"Hark!" she said again, as one of the little ones began to cry, "be still, on your life, till I listen," and she held up her finger. There was a dead silence at these words; a dead silence, we mean, within the room, for without was heard a hollow, ominous sound of awful significance.

"It is an avalanche!" cried the eldest of the children, a lad of about fifteen summers, breaking the stillness, "quick mother, fly."

The mother instinctively snatched the hand of her youngest child, and turned toward the door, and the whole family followed her. "Ah, if father was but here," she said, as with hurried steps she crossed the room; "what shall we do? if the avalanche is near we shall be overwhelmed; or, if we even escape at first, we shall be lost on the mountains, for I know none of the paths."

In truth, the tender mother was overpowered for the moment by the responsibilities of her situation; but, at this juncture, her son came to her relief.

"Never fear mother," said he, like a young hero; "if we only escape being buried, I'll find a path, for I've not been out with father in vain. As he spoke he flung open the door, and courageously stepped forth the first. His glance was immediately directed to the right, where the Alpine summit rose, unusually distinctly defined, high into the heavens; but now the outlines of the mountain were lost in a white shadowy mist

that, rushing rapidly downward, seemed as if it would the next moment envelope the dwelling in its fatal embraces. Too well he knew what the awful cloud portended; it was the avalanche.

"Run, run for your lives!" he cried, and pushing out his mother and the children as he spoke, he leaped after them like a young chamois.

The terrified family needed no incentive, however, to flight; even the youngest comprehended the imminence of the peril, and all breathlessly rushed down the slope. Suddenly the lad heard the bleating of sheep; he had forgotten, until thus reminded, that the flock, their almost sole support, was penned up, and would be overwhelmed if left to themselves; but, if he delayed to release them, his own life might pay the forfeit, for every second was precious. He hesitated still, when there came another bleat, and the piteous cry went to his heart. Every sheep in that flock had eaten from his hand, and most of them he had carried in his arms when they were lambs. Without a word he turned back, and rushed up the slight ascent that led to their shelter, and the sheep, crowded together at the door, looked at him so gratefully that he felt repaid fully for the peril he ran. As he threw open the way for them they rushed out and fled down the slope.

Hitherto his mother had not looked back, but at this moment, turning her eyes around to see if her children were all safe, she recognized her son standing at the door of the pen, and the foremost sheep just leaping through. She stopped on the instant, with a cry of despair. "We are lost! we are lost!" she cried; "Oh, my son, how could you peril every thing?"

But the lad, even as he spoke, came bounding down the hill, "On on! not a moment to spare; I can still outrun you all; to the left, or we are lost."

It was an awful moment! Poised on high, like some enormous mountain, gathering impetus as it descended, the avalanche hung overhead. Then, with the rush of a whirlwind, down it came, carrying stones and even rocks with it. For an instant the fugitives disappeared from sight, nothing, indeed, was seen but a thick impervious mist, as if it were flakes of snow infinitely fine. Gradually this floated past, like a fog driving down a mountain side, and then the voice of the lad rose in a clear, loud halloo.

It was answered out of the mist ahead by the voice of his mother; and immediately afterward she, with her little ones, became visible. The avalanche was still ahead, thundering downward, but below them, and they saw at a glance the danger was past.

They had been saved; indeed, almost by a miracle. The lofty and perpendicular cliffs, by which their dwelling was surrounded, here afforded, for about a hundred yards, a sheltered corner caused by the overhanging brow of a precipice, and the avalanche in its descent had passed on both sides of the ledge, carrying everything before it that it met on its way but that. Had the fugitives been a minute later, or a minute earlier, they would have been in its path; the generous act of the lad, in pausing to relieve the helpless flock, had in reality saved the lives of all.

He saw it, his mother saw it, and they looked at each other; the same sentiment moved the heart of each, though it found words only at the mother's lips:

"It is the hand of God, my children," she said solemnly, falling on her knees, "to him be all the praise." Selected by A. M. B.

15 December 76.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the Hope we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

TO SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS.

THE objects of a teacher are three: to warn, instruct and entertain. To warn against the snares, pitfalls and other devices of a cunning foe, who is constantly setting traps for the unwary. Of these enemies, excess in dress—inordinate love of ornamentation, midnight revels, and the many fashionable Sabbath breakings, are not the least; but those most to be guarded against are *pride* and *jealousy*, pride in our supposed excellencies, and jealousy of others possessing similar gifts or qualifications. Pride found dupes in Heaven and destroyed the harmony of the angelic throng. How much more liable are we to become the victims of so wily a foe.

Instruction is the food of the mind; without it, we but rear a progeny of mental dwarfs. If Religion were a myth, and the Heavenly Jerusalem a phantom of the imagination, it would then be a matter of indifference how we were instructed in the former, and as to what direction we look for the latter; but such, thank God, is not the case. The religion of Jesus Christ is a regular system of sacraments, with an established code of laws. If we are properly instructed in these, we may steer our bark safely into the *Haven of Rest*, but without this instruction, we are carried about by every wind of doctrine, and are in great danger of being recked on the dark shores of Satan's dominions.

Although proper instruction is the essential food to be served in Sunday School, for the strengthening of the children's minds, yet we cannot afford to be careless about the manner of serving it. The host who consults only the necessities of his guests, to the total disregard of their tastes and pleasures, will soon find his table deserted and his society unsought for. Hence Sunday School workers should study to make the assembling together as attractive as possible. Children's tastes should be consulted. The sessions should not be too long nor the discipline too strict. Good singing and short recitations should be encouraged. The lessons should be wisely selected, and not too long. The illustrations should be short, simple and pleasing. Long and dry speeches are an affliction to adults; they are the same, only more so, to children. They ought never to be indulged in. Short anecdotes with a visible moral are not among the least attractions of the Sunday School.

But we would not go to excess in entertainment, as that would be converting the house of God into a theater, which God forbid. It would be like the matron who fed her charge on candies and sweet meats, very nice for a time, but very bad after a while.

J. X. A.

Correspondence.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. Nov. 29th, 1876.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I am eight years old and I desire to be baptized; but father thinks I am not old enough. Pray for me that the Lord will open the way, and that I may keep His commandments. I talked with Bro. Bradbury, our presiding elder, about my trial of baptism, and he told me to be a good boy and do all father told me and to be patient and trust in the Lord, and that the time would come when I would be born into the kingdom. I believe this Latter Day Work to be of God, a sound doctrine. I preach evenings the best I can, and I rejoice in the Lord. I send my love to Bro. Blair. Hope he will come this way again and stay longer.

WILLIE H. BARNES.

ALPINE, Mich., November 17th, 1876.

Dear Hopes: After reading the correspondence column this evening, and seeing so many interesting letters, I thought I would pen a few lines. It is very interesting to read of the good that is being done in so many different places; and though the little Hopes cannot do as much as older ones, yet they can, in a degree, remove the prejudice of other people by their good conduct and conversation; and thus make opportunities for the Elders. Sister Lena's story, "The Officer's First Glass, or Minnie's Faith," is very interesting, and we hope she will continue writing. We were glad to see another story by Perla Wild, for we think her writings are instructive and interesting. I

see our Workshop has lost its place; cannot the Hopes keep it up? There are a few scattered Saints around here, and some are asking us, "Why do not some of your Elders come here and preach." We would indeed like to have some come out here, and they will be gladly welcomed. Yours truly,

MARILDA NORTON.

WALLSEND, N. S. W., Australia,
October 16th, 1876.

Dear little Hopes: I have the pleasure of saying that I am in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I was baptized when I was ten years of age, by Elder G. Rodger. There were six baptized the same day, and we had a happy time. I am now eleven years of age, and my desire is to stand firm and faithful in the work, so long as I live. We had a very good Sunday School here, but through some circumstances, we had to break up for a while; yet I am glad to inform you, little Hopes, that we are going to commence one again. Your brother in Christ,

WILLIAM HENRY LEWIS.

BEVIER, Macon County, Mo.,

November 2d, 1876.

Dear Editors and Hopes:—It is not because I am tired of writing to you that I have been lying dormant, but because I have not been settled. I will now tell you a little of my troubles since I last wrote to you. I was living at Belleville, Illinois, the last time I wrote to our dear paper; but since then we have been living at Renick, Missouri. There is no branch of the Church there, and during the three months we staid, how I longed to meet with the Saints. But we have been two months here at Bevier, where there is a large branch, of fifty-eight members, and the Spirit is enjoyed to a great degree, and a good many come out to hear the word preached. Bro. T. W. Smith has done a great deal of good in this place. Dear Hopes, how many of us are also trying to do what is right? I hope we will all endeavor to do God's will, and to keep his commandments, and to live humbly before him, that he may bless us with his Spirit. I desire to live humble and faithful to the covenant which I have made. Let us pray for one another that we may not weary, for the promise is only to those who endure to the end. I wish that brother Joseph would write us a letter about his western mission. Of course we can read some about him in the *Herald*, but that is not a letter to the Hopes. Praying for the welfare of Zion, I am your sister,

JENNET.

SULLIVAN, Mo., Nov. 19th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—We now have a branch organized here, and there has been meeting every Sunday but one since it was organized. I have to stay at home to-day, because it is very cold, and we have eight miles to ride horse back to church. We feel very thankful for the privilege of meeting together in a Saints' meeting, although we are but few in number. We would be very glad to hear from Bro. Hazzledine of Gravois. My love to all of the Hopes, and hoping that we may all meet in Zion.

RACHEL EVANS.

JEFFERSON, Greene Co., Iowa,

Nov. 17th, 1876.

Dear Bro. Stebbins:—As there is no branch here, we cannot have preaching very often. Bro. Longbottom came here to-day, and he is going to preach to-night across the river, six or seven miles from here. I have one brother and four sisters; neither of them belong to the Church. Dear Hopes I want to live so that I can meet you all in heaven. Pray for me that I may.

JOHN B. HATCHER.

NEW MARION, Ripley Co., Ind.,

November 9th, 1876.

Dear Hopes: I was much disappointed at seeing no letters in the last *Hope*, for the correspondence is the first thing I read. The Saints here all seem to enjoy their privileges, and we hope to see more of our neighbors and friends enlist in the cause of Christ. I ask your prayers that I may be faithful. Your sister in the one faith,

ANNIE CAMREN.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

In the following Geography Puzzle the Hopes will understand that the words in italics stand for the names of the rivers, lakes, etc., which are to be searched for, and names will supply the words required where the italics now are.

GEOGRAPHY PUZZLE.

A DAY'S ADVENTURE.

One bright autumn day (1) *a lake in eastern New York* took his gun and his dog named (2) *a river in northern New York*, because he was always barking and making so much noise, and went into the woods which was (3) *an island south of Martha's Vineyard*, and he had a right to bring down such game as he should find.

He first shot (4) *a small river north of St. Anthony's Falls*, then (5) *an island in Passamaquaddy Bay*, and thirdly a huge (6) *range of mountains which join the Wind River Mountains*. It was noon by this time and the young man began to look about for something wherewith to prepare his dinner. Presently he found an empty old log cabin, which some hunters had left vacant. Our hero kindled a fire with some dry twigs which had fallen from a (7) *river in South-Eastern Kansas*, over this he placed a (8) *river in eastern Minnesota* that had a piece broken out of the side, yet would hold enough for one. In this he put some water from a spring near by, and some bits of steak from the (9) *islands in Passamaquaddy Bay*, that he had slain, and then he looked about him for some thing to season his soup. Luckily he found a shred of parsley and a (10) *river in Vermont*, hanging from a peg in the corner, and a dust of salt in a broken gourd shell, on a shelf beside it. When these were added and the soup done, he dropped into it a handful of crackers from his pocket, whittled a rude spoon from a bit of a (11) *river in Richland County, Wisconsin*; and partook of his meal with relish.

After which he set out on his return, discovering first a (12) *cape on northern Lake Michigan*, but this was too large game for him, as he made a wide (13) *point on the north of Lake Huron* and passed on. Next he brought down a (14) *bay south of Massachusetts*, which was flying overhead, and smelt a (15) *river in Iowa*, but didn't search for it. Fired at (16) *another river in Iowa* on the wing, but it flew away. This exhausted all his (17) *river in Montana*, so he hurried toward home, without further adventure, save a slight wound in the (18) *lake in western Minnesota*, received by stumbling over a (19) *lake in western Minnesota*.

PERLA WILD.

ENIGMA.—No. 23.

I am composed of nine letters.
My 3, 6, 2, 7, 8, what good girls do for their mothers.
My 1, 7, 3, 5, 7, the father of one of the old prophets.
My 8, 2, 9, name given to something loved.
My 6, 2, 7, 8, what we sometimes do.
My 1, 4, 5, 9, what we always ought to be.
My whole is what our Savior did.

MARY A. E. DAVIES

Answers to Puzzle Corner of November 15th.

To Enigma Cross Word No. 20.—Charles Derry. Answered by John B. Hatcher, Jennet Archibald, John E. Rogerson, John Marriott.

To Enigma No. 21.—Angus, Lungs, Beans, Coal, Oriole. The whole Cornelius Bagnell. Answered by no one.

To Anagram No. 13.—

Hark! hear ye not the gospel sound;
It calls you come obey,
That you may in its bonds be found,
And be lifted up, at the last day.

JOHN S. PARISH.

Answered by Willie Blair, John B. Hatcher, Jennet Archibald, John E. Rogerson, Jacob Lampert, Katie Lampert, Marilda Norton, John Marriott, Annie Betts.

Two of these made errors in the surname of the composer.

To Puzzle No. 2.—The sash wanted was diamond shape, the distance across and up and down being the same from corner to corner, as was the width and length from side to side of the one made, consequently the latter was as large again as required.

Answered by John E. Rogerson.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Sarah A. Vredenburg, Soldier Valley, Iowa.....	10
M. A. E. Davis, Bevier, Mo.....	1 00
Regina Rohrer, Woodbine, Iowa.....	40
Georgie D. Lilly, Braidwood, Illinois.....	50
James Watton, Newton, Kansas.....	35
Sarah J. Ballantyne, Little Sioux, Iowa.....	59

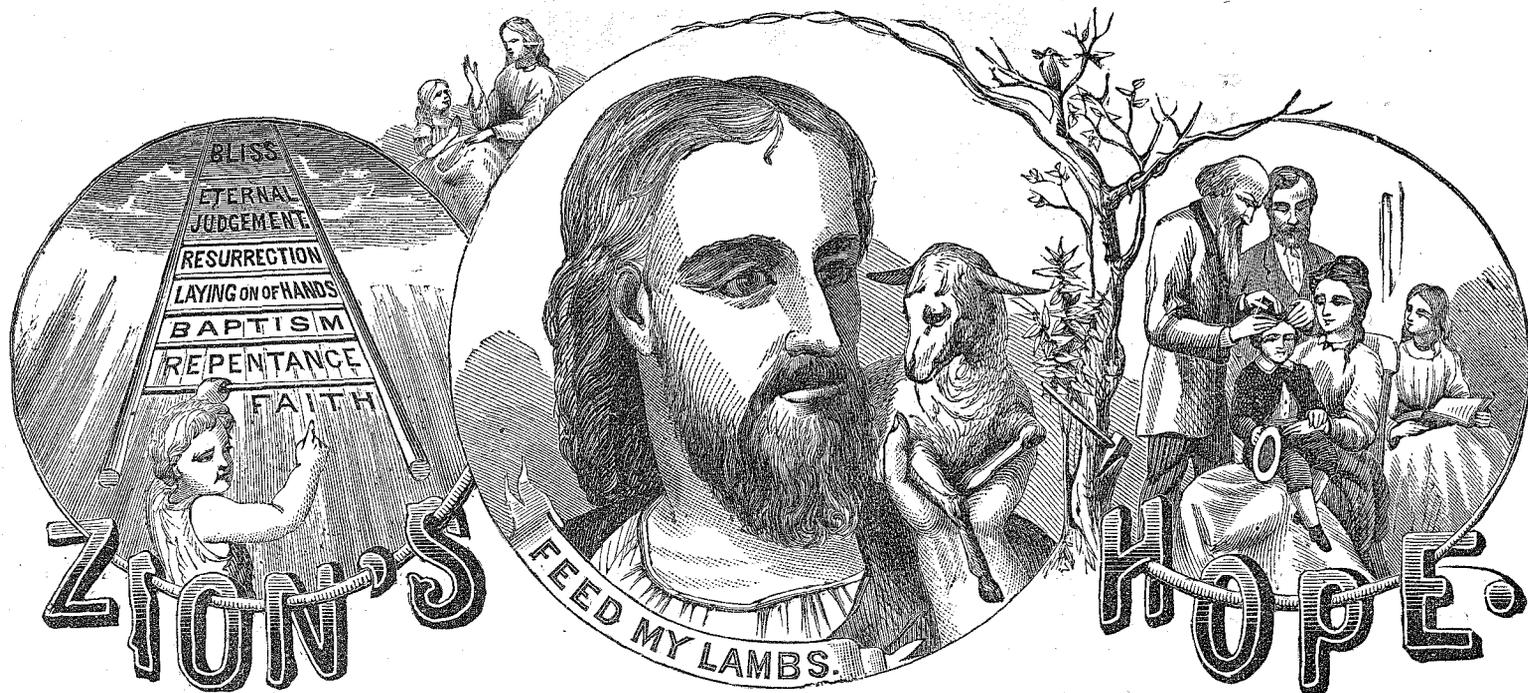
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker
When he spoils his neighbor's fame,
If we would but help the erring
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrong that might be righted
If we would but see the way;
Ah, the way that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold the light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
Earth would be if we would try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh,
Thus to talk of duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life however lowly.
There are seeds of mighty good:
Still, we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "If we could;"
But a God who judges all things
Knows the truth is "If we would."—*Sel.*

Selected.

BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES.

IT was about three o'clock one hot Saturday afternoon in July, when John Lewis the carpenter laid down his hammer, put his hand in his pocket, and drew out "just the price of a pint," as he said to himself; so he resolved to go across to the "Golden Eagle." Just as he opened the "Bar" door, what should he see on the counter but a plate of ripe cherries, the sight of which so made John's mouth water, that he put out his hand to take a few.

"You touch them if you dare, sir!" cried the landlady.

John was startled; but before he could reply, she added, "The idea of taking such liberties! I should like to know what you are thinking about!"

"Well, missus, I was only going to take one or two to wet my whistle."

"You had better not try it on," she replied.
"Why not? you won't mind my having a few, will you?" said John, thinking she was joking.
"No, sir, not one. I have just bought 'em as a treat for my children; besides, they are very dear."

"Well, just let me try one."
"No, not one; go and buy your own cherries."
"Well, I was going to have a pint of your best."
(?) replied John; "but I'll take your advice, and buy some cherries," and he walked out of the shop.

The landlady in a moment saw her mistake, and called John to come back.

"Well, I've done it now," she said, taking up the plate of cherries; "what a stupid I was not to let him have just a few! He is too good a customer to lose; I must look out for him, when he comes to pay his score, and coax him over again."

While she was planning, he was far down the street, looking out where fruit was sold. As soon as he saw some cherries, he called out,—

"Here, master, let me have threepen'orth of those cherries, will you?"

When he put one of the cherries in his mouth, its sweetness brough back the sour words of the landlady. As he swallowed the juicy fruit, each seemed to repeat the landlady's words, "Buy your own cherries."

"Yes, that I will," said John to himself, "if this is the way you serve a fellow; after spending many a pound, to begrudge even a paltry cherry!"

All the rest of that afternoon the words haunted him.

"Ah, yes," said he, "I've bought them too long for her and her children; I'll take care of number one for the future. I shall then not only be able to 'buy my own cherries,' but many other sweet things beside."

At length the bell rang for leaving off work. John went to receive his wages, and went back to his bench, and stood with the money in his hand, hesitating.

"Well, what shall I do?" at length he said to himself. "If I knew how much I owed I'd send it; but never mind, I'll go and pay her off, and have done with her."

When he entered the public-house, the moment she caught sight of him, she put on her best smiles, and said in the most pleasant way she could,—

"I am so glad to see you, John. We've just tapped a barrel of our best." Drawing a glass she added, "I wish your opinion of it."

"No, thank you, I don't want any," said John;

"I've come to pay my score. How much is it?"
"What's your hurry? Come, take a glass!"
"No, not a drop," said John; "I want to be off."

"Well, will you have a glass of something short?"

"No! nor long either. Will you let me know how much I owe you?" said John, getting impatient, "or I'll go without settling."

"Ah! I see now that I've put my foot in it, and offended you," said the landlady; "come, do let us be friends once more."

"Not a dram will I take here or any where else, if I know it!"

"But," said the landlady, "I don't like to quarrel, especially with you; and as for the cherries, why, I was only joking, for I've kept them on purpose for you,"—fetching them out of the parlor: "see, here they are."

"No, thank you," said John with a smile; "I took your advice, and went and bought some."

"I don't like," said the landlady, as she took up the money, "to change this without your tasting something. What will you take?"

"Nothing, I say again," said John. Taking up his change, he walked out.

"Well, I have made a nice mess of it this time!" thought the landlady. "If ever I get caught again losing my temper, it shall not be over such a good customer. If it had been one of those noisy fellows I shouldn't have cared a bit; but a nice, quiet fellow like John, who takes his glasses regularly; and pays up so well every week! But I'll look out, and lay my traps to catch him before long."

John hurried home, and reached it, much to his wife's surprise, long before his-usual time.

He took his tea almost in silence, which was so unusual that Mary was on the point of asking him what was the matter, when taking out some money he threw it in her lap, saying, "I suppose you'll be going to market soon, Mary."

"Yes, said Mary; and she would have added, "and I shall be glad to go soon," but she had learnt that she must not say too much on Saturday night; so she went to put on her bonnet and shawl. On looking at the money she was surprised to find three or four shillings more than usual.

Being a thrifty body, who knew how to lay out money well, she quickly visited the shops, and bought the things they would want during the week; adding a few comforts which the extra shillings enabled her to buy.

Mary thought John quiet and dull, and once ventured to ask him kindly whether he was well. As he said he was all right, she did not venture

to question him any more about it, thinking it best to wait. John, not liking to return home sooner than usual on the Monday night, went to a Temperance Meeting. When another Meeting was announced the next evening, he decided to go; and from what the speakers said, he signed the pledge.

On the next Saturday, when John got his wages, he felt a thrill of joy run through him. Looking at the sovereign and a half, he said, "It is many a long day since I could say both belonged to me; and I'll take good care I don't part with you unless I get plenty out of you."

Again he started off home. Mary felt once or twice on the point of saying how pleased she was, but checked herself, lest he might, when giving her the money, stop some for what she thought the last week's mistake.

When he had nearly finished his tea, he said "Well, Mary, you'll be wanting to go a-marketing directly, I suppose—there's your money," throwing it in her lap.

She felt as if her heart was ready to sink as she took the money in her hand. "Ah!" she thought "he has soon stopped the overplus of last week;" but thinking by the light of the fire it looked rather yellow, she went to the window. "Can it be possible?" she thought; "a sovereign and a half!" as she asked, "Is all this for me, John?"

"Yes" said John, "and I hope you'll try and spend it well."

"I hope you haven't done any thing wrong to get it, John," said Mary, with tears in her eyes.

"No, my lass," said John "I have done wrong long enough, and I am now going to try to do right."

"But—" said Mary.

"Never mind any more questions now," said John; "get your bonnet and shawl, and let us both go to market."

Mary did not need telling a second time to get ready. Bidding Sally and Tommy take care of the children, and to be sure and mind the house, they went out together to market.

On the road, John told her all, and asked her to forgive him for the past, and help him to do better. Mary listened with trembling yet joyful interest.

The butcher, when he saw them, ceased saying, "What will you buy? for," thought he, "they won't want much. A small joint that every body else leaves." So he turned his back towards them.

He was soon aroused by hearing John's voice: "I say, what's this leg of mutton a pound?"

"The idea of your asking such a question!" thought the butcher. But quickly he said, "Eightpence to you!"

"Take it down and see what it weighs."

"Yes," said the butcher, and he thought to himself, "I'll weigh it, and that will settle you, I know."

"It weighs just eight pounds, and comes to five shillings and fourpence," said the butcher.

"I'll have it," said John. "Here Mary, give him the money," seeing the butcher looked rather doubtful at them both.

Mary laid the sovereign on the block as carefully as if she was afraid of rubbing the gold off.

The butcher thought all this care was part of a plan to deceive him, and the money was bad. He bounced it upon the block to test it. But by its ring he knew it was right; his face changed its expression, and his voice its tone, as he asked, with great politeness,—

"Can I send it home for you, sir? Is there any other article?" while the change rested between his fingers.

"No," said John, feeling rather vexed, "nothing else to-night."

"Thank you, sir. Let me see, you live at No. 20 Broad-street."

"Yes," said John, as they went out of the shop.

Each shopkeeper was surprised and pleased to receive larger orders and more money, and, of

course, showed an extra amount of civility.

While they were going from shop to shop, the children at home were talking about the matter.

"How funny," said Tommy, "to see father and mother go out to market together!"

"Yes," said Sally, "isn't it?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether any body that father knows has died and left him some money."

A sharp rap aroused them. Sally opened the door. There stood a butcher's boy with a basket and a leg of mutton in it.

"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" asked the boy.

"No," said Sally, "there's no one of that name lives here."

"It's strange!" said the boy; "I was told this was the house. Isn't this No. 20?"

"Yes, this is No. 20; but no one of that name lives here."

"Who does live here, then?" asked the boy.

"My father and mother, and me," replied Sally.

"And what's your father's name?"

"They call him Jack Lewis."

"Well, that's him—Mister and Jack's all the same," said the boy. "Come, here's a leg of mutton for you."

"Oh, I'm sure you're wrong," said Sally; "we never have such things as that come to our house."

"But I tell you it's all right," said the boy, "for it's paid for."

"Well, if it's paid for I'll take it in; but I'm sure you'll have to come and fetch it back again," replied Sally.

"Oh, it'll be all right," said the boy.

"My word!" said Tommy, "isn't it a whopper? Only fancy if it was our's, wouldn't we have a dinner?"

Another knock was heard at the door.

"Here he comes," said Tommy. "Shall I bring the leg of mutton?"

But on opening the door, it was a baker's boy, with three large loaves.

"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" asked the boy.

"Well," replied Sally, thinking it strange, "my father's called Jack Lewis, if that's him."

"All right! here's these loaves for him."

"Are they paid for?" asked Sally.

"Yes," said the boy. "Come, make haste."

"Well, I'll take 'em in, seeing they are paid for; but we never have such big loaves come to our house, and you'll have to fetch 'em back again; there's some mistake, I'm sure."

"There, that's all fudge!" said the boy, and off he went.

"Only fancy if they was ours, wouldn't we make a hole in 'em soon?" said Tommy.

Again he started off with a dance, in the midst of which another rap at the door was heard.

"Here they are," Tommy said, "I'll bring 'em to the door."

But upon the door being opened, there was a lad with parcels of tea, sugar, coffee, &c. Again the same question was asked. But Sally decided to take in all that was paid for, telling each, "They mustn't be surprised if they had to fetch 'em back."

Other articles from different shops arrived, until the table began to be full.

"I do wish father and mother would come home," said Sally. "Suppose a policeman was to come, what should we do?"

"I wonder," asked Tommy, "whether father or mother's going to keep a shop?"

"Don't be silly; you would be still if we were sent to prison."

While they were talking they heard the voices of their father and mother, and were told that the things on the table were for the coming week.

When on the Sunday afternoon they were all seated around the table, and mother brought out a plate of nice rosy ripe cherries, was it any wonder that Mary's heart was full of emotion? Indeed she could not help drawing close to John, while the children were making earrings of the cherries, and putting her arms round his neck, she kissed him, while tears of real joy trickled

down her cheeks as she softly said, "John, if you will only continue to buy your own cherries we may be happy yet."

And so it was, for in a short time John found he could buy clothes for his children, then for himself and his wife. Then he moved into a better house. The master, finding him more attentive to his work, made him foreman, and John began to say that "he found it more pleasant to receive 2*l.* 10*s.* a week for looking after men to do the work, than 30*s.* for doing it."

Step by step he rose, until he became a master himself. Instead of working, he could pay other men to look after it and do it for him. He sent his son Tommy to a first-rate school; and in due time he was apprenticed to a doctor, and became a physician. The rest of the children were well educated. He built a nice row of houses, from which he received sufficient to keep him without work; and in a handsome "Villa," which he also built, and fitted up with every thing to make it comfortable, he might often be seen reclining in an easy chair, viewing a cherry tree, which he planted with his own hands, and on which he had been able to "grow his own cherries."

Working men, it is not how much money a week you earn, but what you do with it when you get it.

How many home comforts are lost by spending the money the wrong way! Learn from this tale of real life that if you wish to have a "Home, sweet Home," Buy your own cherries!"

By J. W. KIRTON.

BLACKBOARD IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

UNTIL of late, I had no idea how very useful a black board could be made in the Sunday School. It serves to attract the attention of the children by exciting an eagerness to know what is coming next.

The trouble has been not so much to find something to say, as to get the attention of the Hopes to what is being said. This has been overcome, in a great measure by the introduction of a revolving blackboard.

After singing, praying and reading, the usual exercises,—the one to address the school approaches the blackboard and, for example, writes down the center:

We are saved through		From our sins.
We are baptized in	THE	For the remission of our
	WONDERFUL	sins.
Our sick are healed in	NAME	By the laying on of hands.
The blind see by	OF	Through the power of
	JESUS	God.
The dead were raised in		By the apostles.

And thus one great truth after another is impressed on the minds of our children. Teachers: try and use the blackboard in school, X. A.

THE KANGAROO.

THE Kangaroo belongs to the order of Marsupialia. Their average length from the nose to the tip of the tail is six feet. The male, however, often exceeds seven and a half feet. The body is covered with a moderate soft fur, whose color varies from a gray brown to a red. Ears erect and pointed; eyes soft and gentle in expression, no canine teeth. Many species of kangaroo have the fore feet short, five claws on each fore foot, used principally for protection; hind feet exceeding long, and used for locomotion and defence, armed with three toes, and the middle one of each very powerful; pouch near the stomach, tail about three feet long, assists in locomotion.

Habits and food.—Gregarious, flocks of twenty five to one hundred each, lives on grass, feeds in morning and evening, during the day it lies; in summer, on cool, marshy ground; in winter on dry sandy ground. As soon as born they are lifted up by the mother and put into the pouch. They remain for eight months without, and are

about ten to twelve pounds in weight. The young return to the pouch when in danger or fatigued. When they reach majority they weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds.

Disposition,—Gentle and timid, but when hard pressed will stand at bay, and then its formidable claws render it dangerous.

Kinds,—Great Kangaroo, Rock Kangaroo, the Wallaby, the Kangaroo hare, the Kangaroo Kat.

Uses,—The hide when tanned forms a valuable leather, and the hind quarters and tail are used for meat.

WILLIAM HENRY LEWIS.

ROSE MERRILLS.

BY PERLA WILD.
CHAPTER V.

“GET up, Ranger!” And Frank Merrills gathered up the lines, and the high stepping, coal black steed set off at a brisk gallop. He was glad of the chance to take exercise in the free air, this handsome black horse, Ranger, once the property of Ed Merrills, presented by him to his brother Frank, on his last birthday.

A little ways brought them to the grove where the shadows lay cool and cheery, and the birds sang full toned melodies, amid the sweet, green verdure of the grand old trees. Josie drew a soft, prolonged sigh of enjoyment. What a rest! what a relief! This ride in the cool fresh air, with such pleasant surroundings. How thankful she felt for the privilege granted her,—thankful to God, to her step-mother, to Frank. She glanced up at him, to tell him how much she appreciated his kindness, but something, her stubborn pride perhaps, prevented.

“Aint it nice, Josey?” chirped little George, his brightly solemn eyes roaming in either direction. “I’se so glad. O yook! dit me ’em p’itty leaves. O do p’ease, sister. How p’itty;” and the baby hands stretched upward. Josie essayed to grasp a cluster of glossy green leaves, but failed. She tried again, and again she failed. Swift-footed Ranger sped too rapidly past the overreaching boughs.

“I can’t, dear,” she replied softly. But Georgie was not to be put off.

“You can! you shall! I will have ’em,” and he began to cry and struggle stoutly. Frank was looking straight ahead, lost in deep thought, and heard nothing till the child began to cry.

“What’s matter, little one,” he questioned.

“I wants ’em!” screamed Georgie, pointing upward at the swaying leaves and branches which swept past and behind them. “Get ’em, why don’t you!”

“Leaves, is that your wish, most imperious little King George! It shall be granted by your obedient subject. Ho! Ranger, ho!” And drawing reign, Frank sprang to the ground and breaking a twig from an oak tree close by, turned and offered it with a bow and a merry twinkle in his eye, to the little boy. A moment George gazed at the pretty little leaf-crowned stem, then threw up his hands straightened himself back and began to cry again.

“Hey, little tyrant,” cried Frank, “what’s wrong now?”

“Taint p’itty!” cried the child between his angry lamentations. “I shant have ’at. Get ’nother!”

Frank plucked a bunch of maple leaves, a stem of hickory, and a branch of linden, and returned to the buggy and took his seat. First one, then the other, and finally the third was offered and refused. None pleased the little one. None that were brought. So Frank threw them out and drove on. Then the child cried and begged for them again. Good natured Frank, used the little fellows whims, climbed out and brought some more. Still George wouldn’t accept them.

“Den’t want! don’t want. Aint pitty!” And when Frank laid them in his lap the angry child flung them away as far as he could, and reached his hands up for more.

“Get up, Ranger! we’ll go on now.” And Frank drove on again. Josie had tried in vain to soothe and pacify the child. Now she tried to take him into her arms; he had been sitting beteen Frank and herself. But he slid through her hands and flung himself down at her feet. Josie was in despair. What to do with the kicking, screaming child she did not know. Tears filled her eyes.

“I—I wish I had staid at home, I don’t know what to do.”

“Let him alone severely,” returned Frank. “Let him have his cry out and he’ll feel ever so much relieved. Don’t feel bad over it, Joe. I’m not bothered at all. Come let us sing something, may be we can charm away the evil spirit. Music has great power over the feelings. It used to drive away old King Saul’s evil spirit you know.”

A pause—Georgie forgetting to cry for one moment. Then he burst out afresh as Josephine looked down at him. And Frank struck up the sweet words of a beloved poet,—

“The saints shall wear robes as the lilies,
When Jesus returning again,
Shall bring back the rose to the valleys,
And plant the fruit trees on the plain.”

His clear melodious voice rang sweetly through the grove and the birds near by hushed their carolings to listen. Little George hushed also, his pretty lips shaped to utter another half guttural, half lingual howl, and lay with his head resting on Josie’s foot gazing up at Frank with wide, solemn, beautiful black eyes. Frank never seemed to notice him.

“Josie,” and Frank turned to the girl thoughtfully, glancing from her fresh, piquant face to the tan colored dress she wore. “Josie, if you were a saint you would look so well in a lily white robe.”

Josephine looked up, smiling, yet earnestly, though she spoke lightly, “Mayn’t I wear white if I’m not a saint? This dress is very stylish as you must know.”

“Stylish, but not pretty—not becoming for you, if you will pardon my plain speaking. White or pink now”—

“Are quite the style for babies and blue eyed, tawny haired lassies,” interrupted Josephine.

“Pshaw, Joe,” replied Frank, “you are too much in love with style. And tell me, how is it you are not a saint, a member of the church to which your father and mother, and other relatives belong?”

“My mother was a Methodist,” replied Josie, slowly, and solemnly, “and she died and went to heaven; what more can any mortal gain?”

Frank looked at her scarcely able to repress a smile, “It is not a subject to be treated lightly, but may I ask how you know she went to heaven.”

“Because, she was a good woman, and a Christian; and it can’t be otherwise,” replied Josie decidedly.

“You believe it, of course, Josie, and the belief is very comforting, and I don’t deny that she was as good a Christian as she knew how to be; but she had never been shown the ‘more excellent way.’”

“No more have I, Frank.”

“You may not have seen it, Josie, but it has been surely made plain to you. You have often heard it preached by Elder Richmond and others.”

“I’ve heard other preachers, Methodists and the like, too,” returned Josephine.

“Yes, but you know they don’t believe the Bible as it reads. They”—

“Poo! I don’t want to be preached to now,” interrupted Josie, crustily.

Frank made no reply. Just then Josephine noticed that little George was asleep. Tenderly she raised him up and placed him in a comfortable position on her lap, his head resting against her shoulder. She looked from his peacefully, lovely face up to waving trees and sunset tinted sky. Her dark eyes glistened with delight as they wandered enraptured over the beautiful, dreamy, gorgeous scene before them. The sun

was just disappearing, veiled with a misty vaporous shadow, mellowed and blended with the rich harmonious tints of the sweet summer sky, and she held her breath in momentary, silent admiration. Rich fields of living green smiled in the hush of departing day, and farm houses with glittering western panes of burnished gold, flecked the undulating sameness of the landscape pictures, and directly in front of them lay the little lake adjoining Rest-Haven, bright and glittering as the “silver sea” we sing, and reflecting in its mirror-like depths the mystic beauty of light and shade that held one’s gaze enthralled as by enchantment.

Josie glanced at Frank, to note his appreciation of the living, glowing scene, silent yet teeming with music’s subtlest melodies.

He, too, was lost in ardent, wrapt admiration. The while a sweetly solemn awe stole over him and a verse he had somewhere read recurred to him, and he repeated it in low, distinct tones.

The world is full of poetry.—The air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness—Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim
The unseen glory of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect and too high,
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in an eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty and unyielding power.

Josie listened spell-bound

“Deep, half incomprehensible and grand,” she murmured. “One should repeat that over and over again to understand it.”

Continued.

THE AVERAGE BOY.

I OWN to a feeling of profound sympathy with and respect for the average boy. He rarely figures in Sunday-school books—never in dime novels; is the hero of no hair-breadth escapes, or romantic adventures, and is not likely to create any demand for photographs of his early home, or a minute biography of his deeds or misdeeds.

The average boy is bent on having a good time without regard to being sensational or melodramatic. If he is reproved by his parents he does not immediately concoct some plan for running away, rehearse the prodigal son, or fire off a pistol to terrify those who have called him to account. He has no fancy for sleeping out of doors, under fences, and in carts, just for the fun of the thing; and although he has a taste for the sea, and is fond of boats, he prefers to set sail in a legitimate way, that he may never have to regret his youthful folly.

The average boy escapes a great deal of unwholesome flattery and vicious encouragement, and early learns to know the chink of the true metal. He is not unreasonable in his desires, and so has a great capacity for enjoyment, and is not *blase* before he is out of his teens. He has good sense enough to see that everything has boundaries; that he cannot expect to occupy a larger estate than he has inherited or purchased; and so learns to respect both law and liberty. He has boyish tricks, of course, and is full of mischief, but he avoids “ways that are dark,” and is careful of the Commandments.

The average boy looks at a prison with a feeling of horror, and while he has a curiosity to enter its doors he has no disposition to become familiar with the steps of crime. He grows, but grows naturally and symmetrically, preferring to be a stately oak rather than a sprawling deformity, if there is any preference about it. It isn’t his nature to be erratic, and he never works against nature.

The average boy is unconsciously fitting himself for an important place in society. The forces that keep him from going up like a rocket, or flying off at a tangent, are training him to habits of steadfastness and consistency, and strengthening the balance wheel of mental and moral activity. Commonplace people are not

necessarily dull and stupid; and the average boy is more likely to turn out a solid man than is the harum-scarum fellow who early becomes familiar with vice, and being always "without fear," is never "without reproach."

It is cruel to slight and snub the average boy who may be slow to learn, but has a most retentive memory. Remember the fable of the hare and the tortoise, and keep your eye on the boy, who, if he fail to astonish the world with any unusual display of brilliancy, will very likely give more comfort to his friends, and establish a reputation for himself that will be more substantial than that of many a rival.—*Sel.*

1 January 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

GEORGE STEPHEN BROWN.

A LOUD scream came from the next room, then another and another, followed by loud crying, which grew louder and louder. Suddenly there burst into my room a little boy of five years, his face covered with tears, and his mouth wide open, as he screamed and sobbed, and ran toward me, crying, "Auntie! auntie!"

I had seen him in this way more than once, and so knew he was not hurt. I sat still, and he threw his arms around me, hid his face in my neck, and cried till the tears made my collar quite wet.

"What is the matter, Georgie?" said I.

"Mamma won't let me go to town in the carriage with her to-day," he said, with so many sobs I could scarcely understand him.

"Mamma knows best," said I; "and it must be for some good reason that she does not take you."

"But I want to go—I want to go; I shall have to cry if I don't go; I can't help it. Oh, mamma might let me go just as well as not!" and he cried louder than ever.

I waited till he began to be calm, and then said gently, "Georgie, don't you love your mamma?"

"Yes, I do," he said; "I love her very much."

"Then why don't you like to do as she says?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Georgie.

"I know," said I, "and I will tell you; it is because you love somebody else better."

"No; I love mamma better than any one in the whole world," he said.

"Well, I know some one you love much better," said I.

"Who is it?" said George.

"It is a boy about your size, named George Stephen Brown."

Georgie stopped sobbing, stoop up, and looked at me in surprise; for that was his own name.

"Yes," I said; "you love that boy better than any one in the world. You are always thinking of what he wants, and what will please him. Now this George Stephen Brown does not know what a simpleton he is, and has a very bad habit of crying and screaming when told to do or not to do anything against his own will. He often annoys your mamma in this way, and you let him do it, when you could stop him at once if you choose. Your mamma loves you and you know it; but you do not care to make her happy. You care only for your precious George Stephen Brown. Every time I hear you crying I know you are following the example of George Stephen Brown. You love him very much, and your mamma very little."

I said all this with such a sober face, that Georgie did not know at first what to make of it. He looked very thoughtful for a few minutes;

then his face brightened up, and he said; "I'll go and help mamma get ready for town. I'll do all I can to please her; and you shall see that I do love her a great deal better than that naughty George Stephen Brown."—*Nursery.*

TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

A lovely story of city neighborliness touched me the other day, and so I tell it to you. A young lady carried some gift to a small hospital, nearly opposite her own house. She was pitiful and sympathetic, and soon found that two of the invalid women took great comfort in looking into the lighted sitting room of her own home and seeing all the pleasant family life there, and they were sorry when the shades shut out the sight. After that, all winter long, the shades were left up until the hospital patients were in bed, and they grew very fond of that friendly group whom they knew in no other way, but who were so willing to do their part towards "setting the solitary in families."

DESIRE FOR WEALTH.

OF all the passions that stimulate man to exertion, that of acquiring wealth is the most absolute and absorbing. It is a desire universally implanted in the human soul; it is the governing principle, the controlling force which changes the physical features of the earth, exposes the mental, moral and social condition of civilized nations, and in a great measure changes the destinies of mankind. That vital force whose activity results in the grandest achievements of enterprise and industry—which levels mountains and fills up valleys, turns the course of rivers, builds cities, traverses continents and oceans, and exchanges the products of the more remote regions, derives its power, and receives its first impulse from the desire to accumulate wealth; to hold the talismanic sign before which the nations of the earth bow down. The child does not value money until he begins to learn that it procures toys and luxuries for him, and as he grows older he comprehends and appreciates the overmastering desire for gain, and joins the universal scramble after the world's idol.

HOW BOYS' MARBLES ARE MADE.

ALMOST all the marbles with which boys everywhere amuse themselves, in season and out of season, on sidewalks and in sandy spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are large agate quarries and mills in that neighborhood and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stone balls for experts to "knuckle" with. The stone is broken into small cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stones are thrown by the shovel into the hopper of a small mill formed of a bed-stone, having its surface grooved with concentric furrows. Above this is the "runner," which is of some hard wood having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bed-stone, where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a half bushel of good marbles, all ready for the boys' knuckles. One mill will turn out 160,000 marbles per week. The hardest "crackers," as the boys call them, are made by a slower process somewhat analogous, however, to the other.

HOME.

IF an accident happens to us, or any unusual event overtakes us by which the ordinary current of our life is interrupted, our first thoughts are of home. It is our asylum, our refuge, and we contribute to its wealth and comfort. It is the birth place of plans and purposes, and new ideas start in its soil. It is our world, and to it we bring our hopes and our fears. We

cannot prize it too highly, nor love it too well. Our children are born there, and it is the parental nest. We wear its influences with the silken cord of affection, and we guard its interests with jealous care, and whatever our faults outside may be we endeavor to keep the despoiler from entering there. No picture can be shown that can exceed our sentiments and feelings regarding home. Then how white should be the hands, and how pure the life of those who have homes of their own.

ANNIE HOLT.

CHILDHOOD.

Of the artless prattle of innocent childhood; how the sweet music of their hearts and voices calms the wild yearnings of the sorrow crowned years of maturity; then those who have children should remember that they are training and educating souls for eternity, and let us inspire love in them, not dread, and let us not forget that we were once children.

ANNIE HOLT.

Correspondence.

CAMERON, Mo., Nov. 24th, 1876.

Dear little Hopes: We are a pair of little twins. We were baptized in June last, and we are trying to do right, as well as we know how. We have a good father and mother and they teach us how. Pray for us little Saints, and we will do the same for you. May God bless you and all those who are trying to do right.

OLIVE AND OLIVER FLANDERS.

IONE VALLEY, Amador Co., Cal.,
December 4th, 1876.

Dear Hopes: It has been a long time since I wrote to our welcome visitor the *Hope*. Ever since I first heard of this Church I have longed to see Brother Joseph Smith, and now I have had that privilege, and have heard him speak words that gave cheer and consolation to us.

Now I have a new determination to press onward and upward. Dear Hopes, let us not idle away our time, but remember our Creator in the days of our youth. It is now day, but we know not how soon the night (or the end) may come. Then we cannot work, and the watchman soon will say, "See the Son of God is coming, go and meet him on the way." Dear Hopes, let us examine ourselves, and see if we will be able to meet him when he comes, for the Scriptures say, "Who shall be able to stand when he appeareth,"—Mal. 3: 2; 4: 1, 2. And now is the time for us to lift up our hearts to God, that he may guide us by his Spirit, and we may pray for one another, that we may abide the day of his coming.

Pray for me as I pray for you all, so that we may be permitted to enter those Pearly Gates of the New Jerusalem. From your brother, in the hope of Zion,
WM. N. DAWSON.

VIOLA, Ill, Nov. 19th, 1876.

Dear Hopes: I love to read the letters in the *Hope*, and I write to encourage my brothers and sisters, for I know we all have a work to do. If we can do no more we can at least tell each other how good our Heavenly Father is, sparing our lives and giving us health and other blessings in these times of trouble. We have not the privilege of meeting with the Saints very often, for we are about seventeen miles from any branch, and there are no Saints here but our own family. Dear old father Sturges has moved to Cambridge, and we are very lonesome without him, but I think it will not be long till we are with the saints, Pa has been to Missouri, and has picked out a home, and we intend going there as soon as we can get ready. Pray for me that I may live faithful. Yours truly,
SADIE E. CADMAN.

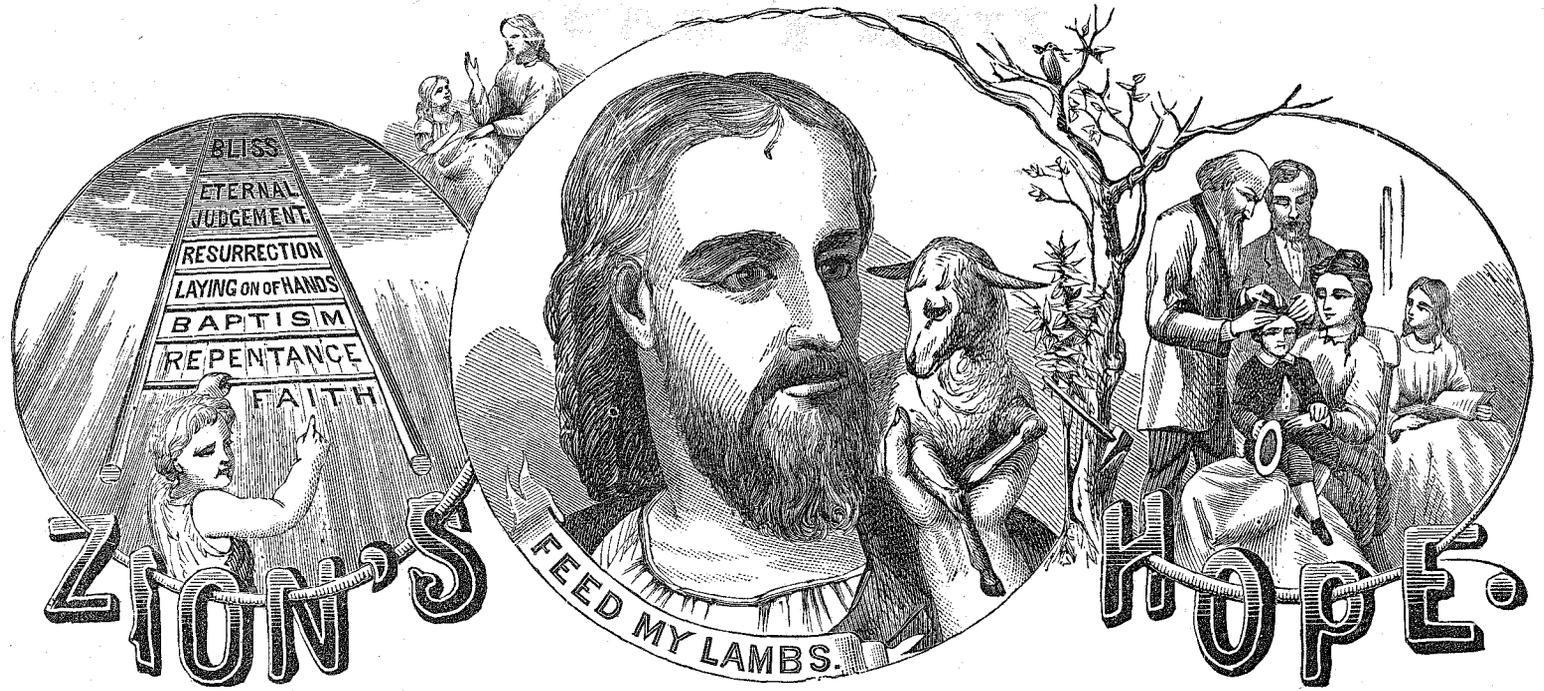
BRO. HENRY has been sick and not able to prepare the puzzles and answers for this *HOPE*, but the answers for both December 1st and 15th will be in next issue, also letters he could not prepare for this.

WE do not publish the anagrams and puzzles sent to us when the answer is not also sent at the same time.

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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. 8.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JANUARY 15, 1877.

No. 14.

THE following is sent us as having been composed by two little girls, Maggie Foy and Lulu Gillespie, of Pittsburg, Pa.

WE LOVE OUR LORD.

We love our Lord, our gentle Lord,
And try to serve him every hour;
We love to listen to his word,
And think upon his matchless power.

We try to put our trust in him,
And harken to his every call;
We wish to be so led by him,
By our dear Lord who made us all.

And we want to be like Jesus,
Each forever to be his child;
If so how happy we would be,
All gentle, pure and mild.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.—No. 19.

NOT long after starting, Mother Smith "called the brethren and sisters together, and reminded them that" they "were traveling by commandment of the Lord, as much as father Lehi was, when he left Jerusalem; and, that if faithful" they "had the same reason to expect the blessings of God." She then urged the necessity of continual prayer to God that they might be prospered on their journey. After which, all being seated, they sang an hymn, with which the captain of the boat was so delighted, that he called to the mate, saying, "Do for God's sake come here and steer the boat; for I must hear that singing." He afterward said the writer "expressed his pleasure and surprise at seeing such an appearance of devotion among us, stating that his wife had refused to accompany him, on account of her prejudice against us, which he very much regretted."

At sunset the company engaged in the singing of another of the songs of Zion, which sounded beautifully upon the water, and tended to "fill every heart with love and gratitude to God, for his manifold goodness toward them."

After the services of the evening, Mother Smith, to whom a sort of supervision of the company had been committed, "inquired of the brethren concerning the amount of provisions which they had on hand for the journey; and to my surprise" said she "I ascertained that we had on board, besides twenty grown persons, thirty children, who were almost destitute of food. This was unaccountable to me at first, but I afterwards learned that they had converted their substance into clothing' expecting those who were in better

circumstances would support them, as well as defray their traveling expenses; those, however, from whom they expected the most assistance, disappointed them, consequently, the burthen was thrown entirely upon my shoulders. From this time forward, I furnished the whole fifty persons with food from day to day." But the company although "traveling by commandment," and being fed from the bounty of another, many of them, was not an exception to others traveling under the direction and guidance of God. For some became careless, neglecting their children, and leaving them exposed to the dangers of travel; some murmured, while others longed for the "flesh pots of Egypt," or the comforts of the homes, from which they had parted, and hence needed the encouragement and cheer of those, whose eyes penetrated deeper into the future, and whose faith laid a firmer hold of the promise set before them. It was under this state of affairs that Mother Smith was induced, for the safety of the children to assume something of a guardianship over them, and act as a sort of reprover and encourager to those of riper years; to whose direction, when once the position was assumed, a ready consent was given, in a willing compliance with her requests, which tended much to secure the safety and well-being of the company.

"On getting about half way to Buffalo, the canal broke." And then followed another season of murmuring, some fearing they would come to want.

"No, no," said Mother Smith, "you will not starve, brethren, nor anything of that sort * * I have no doubt but the hand of the Lord is over us for good, * * it is quite probable the boats cannot leave Buffalo harbor on account of the ice; if so, the town must inevitably be crowded with families, in which case it would be next to impossible for us to get into a comfortable house. Are we not in far better circumstances in our present situation?"

"Well, well," answered several "I suppose you know best."

About this time a citizen of the place where they were detained came on board and enquired what denomination they were of, and after learning, requested that a meeting be appointed in the neighbourhood, if there were any preachers among them. He was accordingly introduced to Elders Humphry and Page, who appointed a meeting to be held the next day at a place near the canal. "They were listened to with attention, and requested that a meeting might be appointed for the next day," but as the canal was repaired, they proceeded on their journey, arriving at Buffalo on the fifth day after leaving Waterloo. Here

they met with the Colesville brethren, who informed them that they had been detained there one week waiting for navigation to open. "Also that Mr. Smith (Joseph Sen.) and Hyrum had gone through to Kirtland by land, in order to be there by the first of April."

Mother Smith, as she was called by the company, enquired of the Colesville brethren "if they confessed to the people that they were 'Mormons.'"

"No indeed" they replied, "neither must you * *, for if you do you will never be able to get a house, or boat either."

She told them that she would tell the people just what she was, and that if they were "ashamed of Christ" they "must not expect to be prospered," and that she would wonder, if they, herself and company, did not arrive at Kirtland before them. "About this time another boat landed, having on board about thirty brethren, among whom was Thomas B. Marsh, who like the Colesville brethren, was opposed to attending to prayer, or making it known that they were professors of religion, assigning as his reason, that if the Waterloo company persisted in singing and praying, as had been their custom, they would "be mobbed before the next morning." To which the faithful mother replied, "Mob it is, then, we shall attend to prayer before sunset, mob or no mob." Mr. Marsh, at this, left considerably irritated."

Mother Smith requested the brethren to make inquiry among the boatmen, for one Captain Blake, a friend of her brother, General Mack, deceased, and when found, his boat was thought, nearly or about laden, ready to start. The captain said, however; that he could make room for them if they would take a deck passage. This being the only opportunity they moved on board the next day, and by the time they had fairly settled themselves, it began to rain; and then followed another season of complaints, and another trial of the old sister's patience and faith, in lending cheer, and procuring comfortable quarters for those of the company most needing it. Here, we pass over several little incidents connected with the procuring of quarters, (which she obtained, after some search, the city being crowded with strangers at the time), but want of space forces us to omit them, to give room for more important matter.

Let it suffice, that Mother Smith lost no opportunity to let her light shine, in publishing the news of the restoration of the gospel.

On the next day, those who occupied quarters on shore, returned to the boat to join the company. About this time, the ice had been examined, and it was reported that it was "piled up

to the height of twenty feet;" and that they would likely have to remain in the harbour at least two weeks longer. At this, one of the company started ashore, his mother besought him to return, and failing, she appealed to Mother Smith, who was alike unsuccessful, but who succeeded in getting others who were following, to return. While she was calling the wanderers back, there was a scene of a very different character passing in another part of the boat where the principal portion of the company were. "Several of the brethren and sisters were engaged in a warm debate, others were murmuring * * and a number * * flirting * * with strangers." Upon having attention called to the scene, "Aunt Lucy" proceeded to that part of the boat, and joined the company; and gently reminded them of their profession—their covenants—and the unfavorable light in which they were exposing themselves and the cause of Christ, to ridicule by the world—, reproved them for their lack of faith, enquired if they had ever lacked for food, and said, "Where is your confidence in God? * * And suppose that all the Saints here should lift their hearts in prayer to God, that the way might be opened before us, how easy it would be for Him to cause the ice to break away, so that, in a moment we could be on our journey. Just then a man on shore cried, 'Is the Book of Mormon true?'"—*Joseph Smith the Prophet* Pages 173-180.

TEACHING CHILDREN COURAGE.

COURAGE is a vital element of Christian chivalry. Without it, indeed, neither truth nor fidelity to promise can be hoped for. The coward is sure to lie when truth means punishment, and sure to retreat from his engagements when they involve peril. We need valiant souls that have learned to endure and scorn pain, and to face danger fearlessly and promptly when duty requires. Some parents evade this vital part of training by glosses and deception. A mother who has taken her boy to the dentist to get a tooth out, will often say, if he is shrinking, "Sit still my boy, it won't hurt you." Now she knows it will hurt him, but thinks if she can only get him by device to sit still and let the dentist get hold of the tooth, then his discovery of the pain will not hinder its extraction. This is a double mistake. It destroys her boy's confidence in her; for he detects her in a lie. And though it gets the boy, this time, to sit still, it is under the delusion that there is to be no pain, whereas he should be taught to face the pain and to scorn it. This makes the difference between the cowards and heroes. A regiment of poltroons could march up to a battery as cheerfully as a regiment of heroes if they thought there was no enemy at the guns. The difference is that heroes know the danger and yet face it valiantly.

THE OLD LETTER.

BY ROBERT WILLIAMS.

I WAS twelve years old when the incidents occurred which are comprised in the following story, but they are yet vividly in my mind, and I am prompted to write them down for the benefit of those boys who have been so unfortunate as to lose the loving care of a mother. My father was a very strict man, and demanded implicit obedience to all his rules, visiting severe punishment upon all infractions. Among other laws was one that I should not visit Locust Island. This was a small island at the mouth of the river, on which was a tavern called Rockwell House, a place of resort for the idlers and spend-thrifts of the town. The landlord had been in prison for forgery, and his character was far from good. My father had many times spoken of this place, and warned me from going to it on any pretext whatever. He told me how important it was to have an unsullied character, and that nothing would sully it quicker than frequenting

disreputable places; he told me of George Maxwell, once a fine, manly youth, whose first turning from the path of rectitude was at Locust Island, and his career ended in the penitentiary. Yet, in spite of all my father's advice and commands, I disobeyed him, and went to Locust Island and the Rockwell House. The way it happened was in this wise:—Mr. Larkin was one of the richest men in our town. Report said he was worth twenty thousand pounds; and this was quite a sum for a country town, where the average worth of the gentlemen was about five thousand. On this account Mr. Larkin was worshipped, like the golden calf spoken of in Scripture. He had two sons, Joe and Fred; they were about sixteen and eighteen years old, respectively, and what, in schoolboy parlance, would be called "jolly fellows," for they were always ready to join in any mischief, always lavish with their money in buying footballs, bats, and other appurtenances of the play-ground, or in "standing treat," at the gingerbread shop of Mrs. Coffin. Any boy at the academy deemed it an honor to be noticed or patronized by the Larkins; and therefore the tempter assumed his subtlest disguise when he waylaid me, one summer vacation day, in the persons of Joe Larkin and his brother Fred, who invited me to take a sail on the river. Of course I accepted. The thing dazzled me. I a boy of fourteen years, to be invited to accompany boys of sixteen or eighteen! What would Billy Smith, Jacky Jones, and Harry Barks say to that? Wouldn't I look down upon them for evermore? I even had the good luck, to meet Harry as I was walking to the wharf with the Larkins, and I hardly replied to his customary salutation of "Where are you going?" We took a sail boat at the wharf. The tide was low, and in climbing down from the wharf to the boat I got my jacket bedaubed with mud, and jammed two of my fingers badly between the boat and the wharf. My conscience told me that this was a warning not to disobey my father, but I did not have strength enough to retreat now. The boat, with its flapping sail, the dancing, sparkling waters of the river, and the glistening, golden sands of Locust Island in the distance, beckoned me away from duty, and I yielded. I wound my handkerchief around my bruised hand, and sailed away. It was a splendid day; and, as we passed the wharves on the way to the river's mouth, I was congratulating myself on what I called my "good luck," in getting started on such terms of friendship with the Larkin boys, when suddenly Joe sung out, "Hallo Bob! Isn't that your father on the lower wharf?" I turned my head, and saw my father standing at the head of the wharf conversing with another man. His face was towards me, but I could not tell whether his attention had been attracted by our boat or not. Greatly alarmed, I threw myself at full length on the bottom of the boat.

"What's the matter?" said Fred, "Don't you want him to see you?"

"No," I replied.

"Why not?" inquired Fred.

"Because he objects to my going to Locust Island," was my reply.

"Well, lay low, and he won't see you. We shall soon be past the wharf," said Joe.

And I followed his directions. I felt mean as I laid there, trying to hide myself from a good and kind father, who always tried to make me happy, and granted every wish of mine that was a proper one. But we sailed on, and soon were in the broad part of the river. I have said that it was a beautiful day; but I did not enjoy it—my conscience would not let me. To add to my discomfort Joe Larkin took a flask from his pocket, unscrewed a small metallic cup from the top, filled it with the contents of the flask, and drank it. He then refilled it for his brother Fred. The third time it was filled, and passed to me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Whisky; it'll do you good, drink it," said they.

"Oh, no," I exclaimed, "I never drank spirits in my life!"

Never did? Well, that is funny! This is a good time to begin; it'll keep off sea-sickness; try it—don't be a baby!"

And Fred forced the cup into my hand. What a pity that I did not throw the cup and all into the sea. If boys only knew that it is better to incur the wrath and ridicule of comrades than the displeasure of a father or mother, it would save them many a sorrow. But I was weak, and foolishly yielded; actually drank that tin cup full of whisky, just because I was afraid of my companions' taunts. The liquor went directly to the place where my brains ought to have been, and I began to feel exceedingly foolish. My companions perceived it, and it amused them greatly.

In due time we reached Locust Island, moored our boat at the wharf, and walked up to the Rockwell House. My comrades led the way at once to the bar, and I was so weak as to allow them to place a glass of hot brandy-and-water in my hands. Another moment, and I should have drunk it; but ere it reached my lips, a sudden blow dashed it to the floor, and a voice exclaimed, "Richard!" I turned, and saw my father standing by me. A look of intense sorrow and pain was on his face, so sorrowful that it checked the angry words which rose to my lips, and I was silent.

"Come with me," said my father. As I followed him from the room silently, my ears burned at the half-smothered titter which I heard behind me. This incensed me beyond measure, and I angrily inquired of my father what he was going to do.

"I am going to take you home, sir!" was his answer.

"I do not wish to go home, sir!" I returned, impudently.

"That will make no difference; you are going with me in that boat," said my father, pointing to a boat with two men in it.

"I won't do it," I said, evidently under the influence of the whisky.

"What's that you say, sir?" was my father's answer.

"I won't go back with you; I'm going back with Joe and Fred Larkin," said I, defiantly.

My father beckoned to the two men in the boat, who came forward immediately, and he said to them, "Take this boy on board the boat."

Resistance was useless. In an instant I was in the iron grasp of these two men, and borne quickly to the boat. My father followed, and very quietly in a few words, warned me to sit perfectly still. At first, I felt disposed to resist, and even thought of throwing myself into the water; and I believe I should have done so if I had not seen a crowd collecting on the shore watching us.

Continued.

PUNCTUALITY.

IF you would enjoy life and improve in learning, avoid tardy companions. They will impede your progress and poison your pleasures. Make it your constant rule, not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand, for such a habit is alike essential to your present comfort and future success, and for want of it, many people live in a constant bustle, and frequently throw others into a bustle also. To prevent this, be in season. "But why need you be in a hurry?" says Tardy. "I am not," says Punctual, "but, to prevent getting in a hurry I will be in haste, I will go when I may, so that I may be in my place when I should; then, if I have to wait for others, I can with the company of a good book, do better than to have others wait for me." So, dear brothers and sisters, let us all be in time at church, and in all things; for if we are slow in our duties God will be slow to hear our prayers, and slow to answer them; but if we are up and a doing our

duties, and constantly have our minds drawn to God, he is ever ready to hear our prayers. Brethren, ever trust in God, and you will receive the blessing. May God bless all true hearted Saints, and have mercy on those that have no mercy on themselves, is the prayer of your brother in Christ,
 JOHN GRAUMLICH.

HOW TO FIND A PERSON'S NAME.

Let the person whose name you wish to know tell you in which of the upright columns the first letter of his name is found. If it be found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of these columns and sum will be the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time, in this way, the whole number can be ascertained. For example, take the word Jane. J is found in the two columns commencing with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column where it stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed B, D, and H; these are the second, fourth, and eighth letters of the alphabet, which added gives the fourteenth or N, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing explanation.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

[Continued from October 1st, 1876.]

CHAPTER III.

BY such a course they think that they will be exalted above God and the angels in the eternal world. A vain thought, which brings them no peace, for true happiness they do not know. Children of Zion, let their sad fate be a warning to us. Let us not permit our eyes to close in slumber upon our pillow any night until we have tasted of the Holy Spirit's delicious food, and we know that all we have done amiss through the past day and through all past life is forgiven us, and we are fully accepted in the sight of God. And let us not go forth to our work or our play any morning until we have sought and obtained a rich portion of the needful food to sustain our spirits, and we know that our Creator's powerful arm surrounds us in love, and his smile of love we feel.

Little ones, this is a great privilege that we have, that of living so near to God. And it is not only our privilege, but it is our solemn duty so to live; for unless we live very, very near to God we are liable to be led far from him. And if we thus live then our onward march in the battle for right would not be retarded if our president and prophet were to be suddenly taken from our midst; and even should he fall by transgression, so as to become a man of sin, we would not stumble because of his fall. Our whole trust being in God we would still fight on in the battle for truth and right against sin and wrong. Although we may have good reasons to believe that our present prophet will never be taken from us by death, nor be led from his high calling by Satan's snares, yet let us not wholly trust in him, and look to him for everything we desire to know. But let us ever look to God, to him who alone is able to give knowledge in spiritual things, and who is far more willing to give than we are to ask.

I think now that present thought had better withdraw and let memory go on with her story.

Although there were no Sunday School's in Utah in Nettie's childhood days, yet there were private week-day schools where the teachers spent as much time at learning the girls to sew as they did in teaching them to read. Nettie began go-

ing to school when she was about four years old, and when about the same age, or perhaps a little older, she commenced dancing, that is she went to a social ball once, twice, and some times three times a week. She could not remember when she first breathed the atmosphere of the ballroom; I suppose when a baby in her mother's arms; for she remembers seeing a baby brother in her mamma's arms in a ball room. She remembers, too, the last social ball in which she took part. She was then eight years old. Thus commenced and ended Nettie's dancing career.

Now let us turn from the glimpse of the ball-room's giddy throng, and go back a year or two, and trace Nettie in some of her out-door rambles, out where Nature's low sweet music alone is heard, whose sounds, combined with the invigorating air of budding spring, tend to lead the mind to loftier, purer, and holier thoughts, and the heart to purer desires. Here were pleasures worthy the name. The two sisters, Mary and Nettie, sometimes walked hand in hand for hours, in search of the first pretty pussy willow, or for the sweet scented wild rose and purple larkspur.

One day, early in spring, their mamma told them if they would do a certain amount of work that day, they might play, hunt for flowers, or do anything they chose all the next day. So they did their work, and the next morning they went their way up the creek, toward the mountains, in search of flowers, for they knew that to be the most favorable direction to find early blossoms. All day they searched, and seemingly peeped in every shady nook, and every sunny spot, and yet not one blossom smiled on them to reward them for their trouble. The shadows were lengthening, and they must hurry home, if they would get there before dark. So, sadly and wearily, and with hungry stomachs and empty hands, they turned their faces homeward.

But they ran only a few seconds before they saw smiling before them a purple larkspur, one slender stalk, profusely decked in bud and bloom. It really seemed to them that no flower was ever before dyed in such rich purple as was this one. Weariness and hunger were now forgotten, the floral trophy was soon secured, and triumphantly carried home. Did not that one floral treasure bring those little girls a truer, purer pleasure, than all the music, and gayety of the ball-room ever did, or ever could? Yes it surely did. Truer, purer, and better, because the pleasure was more lasting, more heart-felt, and more health giving both to soul and body, for it was felt within, and not manifested by boisterous demonstrations. It led the heart from love for flowers to love for God, and to communion with him who made the flowers.

A few weeks later in the spring the little ones might be gone only an hour from home, and yet return with their long aprons filled with beautiful flowers of every hue. Most beautiful of them all was the lovely pansy, which so modestly reared its velvety head, decked in purple and gold.

Continued.

THE YOUNG MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

A YOUNG man was in a position where his employers required him to make a false statement, by which several hundred dollars would come into their hands which did not belong to them. All depended upon this clerk's serving their purpose. To their great vexation he utterly refused to do so. He could not be induced to sell his conscience for any one's favor. As the result, he was discharged from the place.

Not long after, he applied for a vacant situation, and the gentleman, being pleased with his address, asked him for any reference he might have.

The young man felt that his character was unsullied, and so fearlessly referred him to his last employer.

"I have just been dismissed from his employ, and you can inquire of him about me."

It was a new fashion of getting a young man's

recommendations, but the gentleman called on the firm and found that he was "too conscientious about trifles." The gentleman had not been greatly troubled by too conscientious employes, and preferred that those intrusted with his money should have a fine sense of truth and honesty, so he engaged the young man, who rose fast in favor, and became, at length, a partner in one of the largest firms in Boston.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Even unscrupulous men know the worth of good principles that cannot be moved.

A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank, because he refused to write for him on Sunday. When asked afterward to name some reliable person he might know as suitable for a cashier in another bank, he mentioned this same man.

"You can depend upon him," he said, "for he refused to work for me on the Sabbath."

A gentleman, who employed many persons in his large establishment, said:

"When I see one of my young men riding out for pleasure on Sunday, I dismiss him on Monday. I know such a case cannot be trusted. Nor will I employ any one who even occasionally drinks liquor of any kind."

Honor the Sabbath and all the teachings of the Bible, and you will not fail to find favor with God, and with man also.

OBSEQUIES OF A BEE.

A GENTLEMAN writing to a friend from Glasgow, Scotland, relates the following:—"Whilst walking with a friend in a garden near Fabrick, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing between them the dead body of a comrade with which they flew for the distance of ten yards. We followed them closely, and noticed the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk—the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downwards, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they pushed against it two little stones, doubtless in *memoriam*. Their task being ended, they paused for about a minute, perhaps to drop over the grave of their little friend a sympathizing tear, and then they flew away." Selected by Bro. W. MARSLAND.

BERTIE'S SERMON.

It was Sabbath afternoon. The mother sat in the nursery window, and little Bertie, the youngest, sat on the floor, with his dolls around him. Smoothing the tangled curls and the rumpled dresses carefully, he arranged them in a semi-circle. Then, rising, he placed a chair before him for a desk, and looking quite sober, said:

"Now, children, you must be very good and quiet, for I am going to preach to you. This is my text, 'I am the door.'" Pausing a moment, he repeated: "'I am the door.' I—that means Jesus. Am—am—here he looked a little puzzled—'am—that says it is *yealy* so. The door—that is one, only *one*; and door'—opening the door and standing in the door-way—'we all *come in*' through the door, and we all go to heaven—through Jesus.'"

A beautiful little Gospel sermon, was it not? Bertie had listened, Bertie had heard, and Bertie had remembered.

Who of our young readers can do as well as Bertie.—*Selected.*

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG.

Avoid all boastings and exaggerations, backbiting, abuse and evil speaking; slang phrases and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept the hospitalities of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offense, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize; infuse as much ele-

gance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions; and, as you avoid vulgarities you will increase the enjoyment of life, and grow in the respect of others.

Correspondence.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, Nov. 21st, 1876.

Dear Hopes: I have not forgotten you, for it always has been and still is, a pleasure to read your letters, and it makes my heart rejoice to read your wishes and determinations. May they grow stronger, and stonger every day. I feel to praise our heavenly Father more and more for the glorious gospel light, and wish that all might receive it. But, how many, even after they have heard the gospel in the true light, will turn a deaf ear and seek again the pleasures of this world, rather than those of the glorious world beyond. But dear Hopes, let us never grow weary in well doing, let us ever press onward, and thank God for the precious truth, and that he has given us hearts to receive it. I, for one, grow more determined every day, and in my weakness, shall try to do all the good I can. How much good is wrought, through the columns of our dear little paper, the *Hope*, thinking that every family ought to have it I have been trying to get subscribers, but have succeeded in getting only one. Others say they would like to take it, but have not the money. I shall keep trying to get subscribers, and may be I shall succeed in getting more. I think the puzzle department is interesting, but I have not answered many of late, on account of being away from home, and I could not get the *Hope* till too late to send my answers. Your sister in Christ.

SARAH J. BALANTYNE.

SODA SPRING'S, Idaho, Nov. 27th, 1876.

Dear Hope: I will write a few lines again. I like to read Sister Perla's story. We have no Sunday School and no day school here now, and we are very lonely. Dear Hopes, pray for us, for my wish and desire is to do what is right and pleasing before God, but there are many hard trials to go through, therefore we must be faithful. Your sister in Christ.

CAROLINE ELIASSON.

MAGNOLIA, Iowa, Dec. 18th, 1876.

Bro. Henry:—I am not young neither am I very old, but I love the dear Hopes, and the Saints of God. I joined the Church in March 1870 was baptized by Bro. John McIntosh. Our branch numbers one hundred and thirty three members. We have meetings every Sabbath, and a Sabbath School. Our Superintendent is Bro. Wm. C. Cadwell. Bro. Joseph Lambert lives here, and preaches as circumstances permit. Brethren Blair and Brand have been here since conference. Yours in love,

P.

WEST BELLEVILLE, St. Clair Co., Ills.,
December 4th, 1876.

Dear Brother Henry: Once more I have the pleasure of writing to our dear little paper. I belong to the Church, and I ask an interest in your faith and prayers that I may perform every duty that is upon me. I hope that the young Saints everywhere are doing their duties at all times. I have a knowledge of the work, and if I was to give it up I should never gain that crown of life which I have set out for. We have a Branch and a Sabbath School, the latter at 9:30 a. m.; testimony and prayer at 1 p. m.; and preaching at 6:30 p. m.; I go as often as I can, and when I go to meeting with earnestness of heart, desiring to do my duty, I rejoice. I remain your sister in the true covenant,

ELIZABETH ARCHIBALD.

UNION FORT, Utah, Nov. 30th, 1876.

Dear Brother Henry: I see letters from nearly every portion but from Utah. I love to read the letters, for some of them are very good. Bro. Joseph is now in Salt Lake City we hope that he will come here, but do not know. I have been on a trip of five hundred miles driving stock since I last wrote to the *Hope*. We went over the hills and through mountains, and when I looked at the wonders of nature, I wondered how any one could say there is no God. We meet with some Brighamites but they would not hear the truth. They say that they believe no man on the face of the earth has any better right than Brigham Young to lead the church. Why can they not see the true and narrow way? We have a small branch here, and there are very few little Hopes here. I ask an interest in your prayers. Yours in Christ.

JOHN MARRIOTT.

WOODBINE, Iowa, Dec. 6th, 1876.

Dear Hopes: How did you like the account of the St. Louis concert? I thought it fine, and papa said it was all right. But I really thought it spicy, and the brother that wrote about it, of the right stamp, the savory kind you know. I wonder who he is. I feel small, however, to find that our distant brothers and sisters are so much more enterprising than we

are, and I feel to ask the question, When shall we be able to do likewise? If we had a few more of this order, the good work of the Lord would move on more lively. As for that boy and girl,

I wish that they, and more, were here,
And we would give them hearty cheer;
We must try to keep the work alive,
And give our dimes to help it thrive.

In conclusion, the temperance lectures here are having the right effect, two hundred and twenty signed the Pledge last week. Your humble scribbler,

REGINA L. ROHRER.

WEST BELLEVILLE, St. Clair Co., Ills.,
December 3d, 1876.

Dear Brother Henry: We have Sunday School twice every Sunday. Brother George Hicklin is superintendent, and brother Angel is president of the Branch. Some of the Sunday School scholars are going out singing on Christmas eve, for the benefit of the Sunday School. I belong to the Church, and have a testimony of the work, and hope you will pray for me that I may do my duty, and continue faithful unto the end. I wish some one of the Elders would come here. I will now bring my letter to a close, praying God to bless all the Hopes. I remain your sister in the gospel,

MARGARET ARCHIBALD.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass.,

December 1st, 1876.

Dear Hopes: It is my first attempt in writing for the *Hope*. I am ten years old. I am living in New Bedford, but we have no Sunday School here. We go over to Mr. Rogerson's every other Sunday. My father preaches there. I have not been baptized yet, but I intend to be. Yours truly,

ESTHER J. SMITH.

SHERIDAN, Douglas Co., Neb.,

December 17th, 1876.

Dear Hopes: Seeing letters from nearly all the other States but this one, I thought to write a few lines to the *Hope*, as I have not written for a long time. I was baptized Nov. 8th, 1868, by Br. W. W. Blair, and my determination is to serve God to the best of my understanding. Brother Joseph Smith was here and preached a few times, and he baptized one of my brothers, and my sister. Dear Hopes, how much I would like to see and know all of you; but I trust that we shall all meet some time. We have meeting every two weeks. I desire to live faithful, that I may meet you all by and by. Your sister in Christ,

SARAH JONES.

XENIA, Dallas Co., Iowa, Dec. 24th, 1876.

Brother Henry:—I write you a few lines to say that I am well and that I go to school and read in the fourth reader. I am nine years old. I hope that Br. Joseph has got home. Good bye,

ELSA BOUTON.

IONE VALLEY, Amador Co., Cal.,
December 18th, 1876.

Dear Hope: I would have written to you before now, but I thought that I had better wait until I could tell you that I was a brother in the Church. I was baptized at Sacramento City, Nov. 19th, 1876 by Elder E. H. Webb. I am happy that I can say that I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ. Before I obeyed the gospel, I had the ear-ache real often, for about seven years, and the tooth-ache a great deal and I now feel so thankful, that I have had neither of them since I obeyed the gospel. My mother had the palpitation of the heart for about 21 years, and when she obeyed the gospel it departed and she has not had the least sign of it since. We live thirty eight miles from the nearest branch of the Church, and seldom get to meeting. My mother, one sister, and brother, belong to this Church, and I have hopes that the rest will some day. I would like to live nearer the Saints, so that I could go to church and meet with the Saints often, to praise God. Pray for me, dear Hopes, for I feel that I am weak, but I am trying to be better every day, and that we may be found faithful unto the end. I am your brother in the Covenant of Christ,

EDWIN T. DAWSON.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE No. 1.

My first is in Harry but not in Marry.
My second is in Ena and also in Lena.
My third is in Nettie but not in Rettie.
My fourth is in Rosa but not in Louie.
My fifth is in Youth but not in Age.
My sixth is in Air but not in Wind.
My seventh is in Silver but not in Gold.
My eighth is in Time but not in Old.
My ninth is in Eve but not in Morn.
My tenth is in Bye but not in Worn.
My eleventh is in Bite but not in Eat.
My twelfth is in Ink but not in Sweet.
My thirteenth is in Nine but not in Rose.

My fourteenth is in Shine and also in Flows.
My whole is a well known servant of God.

ENIGMA No. 1.

I am composed of eighteen letters.
My 4, 2, 7, is an adverb. My 1, 8, 4, 5, is a girl's name. My 7, 8, 9, 10, is a sectional part of a city. My 3, 2, 9, 16, 5, is a useful animal, My 6, 2, is a verb. My 11, 12, 2, 10, is a name in linear measure. My 13, 12, 17, 10, is a quality Hopes should have. My 13, 17, 2, 16, 14, is a domestic fowl. My 15, 14, 10, is a color. My 18, 2, is a negative answer. My whole is the Author's name.

ANAGRAM, No. 1.

Ewhn slaitr moce, rtue fsdhiernpi's etis
Secrniae ni volngi wproe:—
Dinuet atthes'ere sywa sidvee
Ot ghilt het rkestad oruh.

'Gonn dserifn sengivdr fo eth mena,
Fintofcea veer dithb'e;
Hsinusea ro mtors, terehy slilt teh mase,
Orn dteah hte dobn vidhteid.

ALOFR LUSLSER.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA—No. 1.

I am composed of forty-four letters.
My 1, 8, 42, 31, 27, 1, 14, 4, was an apostle. My 14, 19, 25, 33, 5, was a prophet who was very great. My 40, 2, 30, 25, 44, 27, was a man of God. My 28, 23, 26, 35, was one that preached and prophesied. My 3, 11, 12, 6, 9, was a prophet of the Lord. My 25, 32, 10, 14, 31, 19, 31, was a disciple of Jesus Christ. My 39, 43, 38, 13, 14, was a wicked ruler, in whose days came many prophesying. My 15, 14, 16, 20, was one who ruled in righteousness all his days. My 17, 19, 34, 41, 44, was a duke of Edom. My 22, 16, 34, 19, 7, was a King of Judah. My 37, 20, 6, 10, 19, 18, 29, 35, 18, 24, was Nephi's explanation of his fathers dream. My 1, 10, 36, 21, 39, 42, is what we all should try to do every day. My whole is a blessed promise made by the Savior.

W. N. DAWSON.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of December 1st.

To Scriptural Enigma No. 1.—John Charles Fremont Church. The answers to the twenty-four questions were not given in the order that the questions were, and we have not time to arrange them, but transposed they give the above name. No one sent a reply.

To Enigma No. 22.—Nine, Lead, Jane, Line. The whole.—Jennie Leland. Answered by John Marriott, Wm. N. Dawson, Isadore H. Sellon, F. Isadore Hill. Elizabeth and Janet Archibald send an incorrect answer to the above.

Wm. N. Dawson sends a correct answer to Anagram No. 13, and Emily W. Page to Enigma No. 20, too late for December 15th.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE CORNER OF DEC. 15th.

To Geography Puzzle.—(1) George, (2) Racket, (3) No Man's Land, (4) Crow, (5) Deer, (6) Rattlesnake, (7) Cottonwood, (8) Kettle, (9) Onion, (10) Pine, (11) Sleeping Bear, (12) Detour, (13) Buzzard, (14) Skunk, (15) Turkey, (16) Powder, (17) Elbow, (18) Big Stone.

Answered correctly by George H. Hidy, with the exception of his giving No. 4 as Snake and No. 6 as Bear, instead of the ones given by the author. Also by Martin Nelson excepting that he does not give No. 4 at all, and gives No. 14 as Lizard. Mary W. Dutton also sends an answer, but it is incorrect in Nos. 6, 7, 10 and 11.

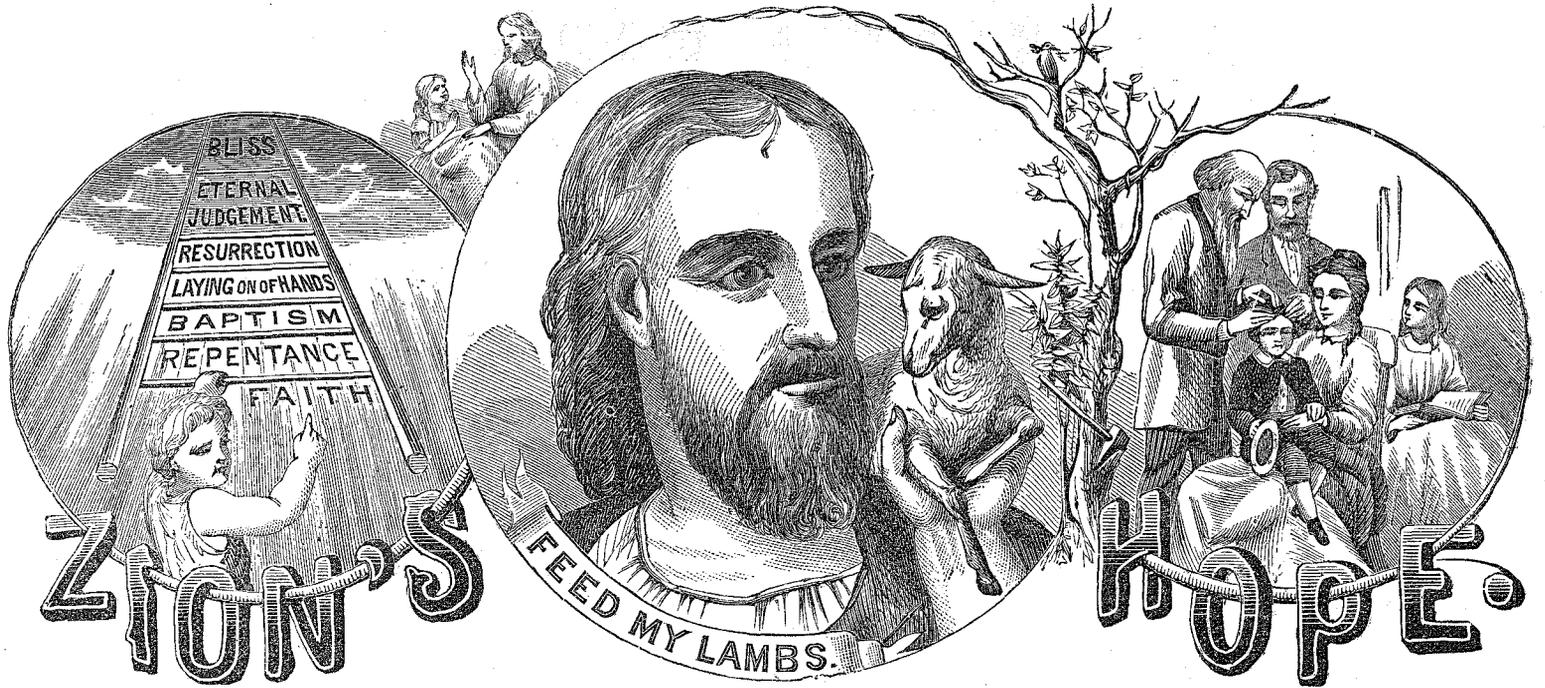
To Enigma No. 23.—Sweep, Jesse, Pet, Weep, Just.—The whole, Jesus Wept. Answered by Wm. N. Dawson.

15 January 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Ere I lay me down to rest,
Jesus, hear a child's request;
I can only lisp my prayer,
Asking for thy love and care.
I am very young and weak,
Gentle Jesus, hear me speak;
See thy child on bended knee—
Suffer me to come to thee.

Let me now thy kingdom prove—
What I want is Jesus' love:
Save thy little child from harm,
Clasp me in thy loving arm.
Ere I sleep upon my bed,
Lay thy hands upon my head,
Thy sweet blessing give to me,
Suffer me to come to thee.

O'er my bed may angels keep
Watch, while I in safety sleep.
Let me rest upon thy breast,
Let my dreams be bright and blest;
When I in the morning wake,
Into thy protection take,
Till in heaven thy face I see,
Suffer me to come to thee.

—Children's Friend.

A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

Dear Editors:—It is not often that Sacramento contributes anything to your invaluable paper, the *Hope*; and thinking that a description of the festival, given by the Saints' Sunday School, would be of interest, I will, as briefly as possible, describe it.

Saturday evening, December 23rd, was the time appointed by the committee for the festive occasion, and early that evening a large number of Saints, from Sacramento and vicinity, with little Hopes and friends, assembled at Graham's Hall to celebrate our centennial Christmas.

Owing to the great efforts of the committee, sisters Blair, Calderwood and Frances Webb, the hall was very handsomely decorated, the walls were festooned with garlands of ivy and appropriate mottoes, while the chandeliers, entwined with creeping vines, sent their rays of light flashing and gleaming, here and there, and reflecting upon the bright costumes of those present.

On the platform was a large tree, and, on either side, smaller ones, the three draped with white streamers and strings of popcorn, and loaded with all kinds of presents, those suited to all ages, from the little child to the gray haired grandpa

and grandma. The presents were of all descriptions, varying from silver ware to a ten cent whistle, from jewelry to bags of popcorn and candy, these, and other things too numerous to mention, hung from the branches. Numerous small tapers shone out, and altogether there was a scene both animated and beautiful.

As I looked upon this picturesque scene I thought of the following lines.

The elm is a beautiful goodly tree,
As it lifts its branches up,
And catches the dew right gallantly,
In many a dainty cup;
Aye, the heart is glad, when its form we see,
And joy illumines the face,
Whenever a goodly elm is found
Because of its beauty and grace;
But kinder I ween, more goodly in mien
With branches more drooping and free,
With its precious freight for small or great,
Is the beautiful Christmas tree.

At first the hall looked more like the home of fairies than of earthly beings, but one could not have long to drink the pleasure of such imagination before they would be awakened by the musical laughter of the fairies, (fair ones), by the ring of children's voices, and by the ripple of childish glee, as the fresh and youthful forms gathered about the Christmas trees, feasting their eyes upon them with every indication of pleasure and bright expectation. And even the adults seemed to enjoy themselves as well, for it brought to their memory the never to be forgotten past of how they in their early childhood had watched and waited with as eager anxiety as these the coming of the winter holiday, and when it arrived their interest had been so great, their expectation so bright, that they could not fully realize the event.

As soon as the audience were seated, and a few preliminaries were arranged, the exercises commenced, with an address from Elder E. H. Webb, who made instructive remarks about the birth of Christ. Then followed an enjoyable programme, consisting of singing, recitations, etc; but the want of space will not allow me to give the names of those who participated in the exercises, and will only say that it proved very interesting and satisfactory. Then came the distribution of presents, which kept Santa Claus and his aids very busy. Some of the presents were very comical, and created considerable merriment. (There was one present I would liked to of had but it was beyond my reach for it was a priceless treasure). After the presents were all distributed the tables were prepared for supper, (which the sisters had kindly contributed), and then the assembled people sat down to enjoy the eatables, of which there was a variety and

sufficiency to satisfy the wants of the most dainty epicure. The floor was then cleared and games were indulged in until a late hour; when all dispersed, happy that the evening and exercises had proven so pleasant and entertaining.

HENRY A. WEBB.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Dec. 25th, 1876.

DEVOTION OF YOUNG SAINTS.

Bro. Henry:—While I was in Bevier Macon county, Missouri, I attended a young Saints' meeting and I was pleased to hear them pray and testify that they knew this was the work of God, and how God had blessed them. I cannot tell you how good I felt while listening to them. Their ages seemed to be from nine to seventeen years, and fifteen in number present, and I think it would have done any one good to have heard them. And I hope that they may continue in the way they have set out. I am satisfied if they do so that God will bless them all their lives, and that they will reap the reward of their devotion. May it be so, and if I visit other branches, may I find them doing as the young Saints of Bevier, is the prayer of one who loves the Church.

W. F.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE day when Nettie was about seven years of age, she went alone down the creek to gather flowers. When perhaps a mile and a half from home, Nettie, with her apron filled with flowers, sat down in the shade to rest, and to enjoy nature's lovely sights and her sweet, harmonious sounds.

Suddenly she was startled by the report of a gun, seemingly not far from her; then a fluttering in the brush, and Nettie looked and beheld a wounded bird vainly attempting to fly. It was a black backed sea gull, that had flown over from the lake. As the name indicates, the waters of the lake are very salty, and ocean birds fly over its surface and make their abodes among the rocks and cliffs that border its shores.

The little girl, being touched with pity at the sight, threw down her apron of flowers, and hastened to the poor bird's assistance. She found its right wing was broken and bleeding; it could not fly at all, and could but feebly walk. Nettie thought it could never wend its way back to its bird companions and to its home on the shore of the lake, at least four miles distant. Must it suffer alone here and die? No! she said to herself, it shall not, I will carry it home and do all I can to save its life and make it comfortable and

happy. She carefully placed the large burden so as not to hurt its wing.

It was larger than a common duck, and it was all she could do to carry it, though she did not stop until she got home. All the way it kept picking her hands with its broad, sharp beak, until they were all dotted in blood; and the harder it picked the more she sympathized with it, and the kinder she talked to it, for she thought it must be because of its intense pain, and not that it meant any harm to her. Its eyes were so mild and pitiful, so human like in their expression. She told it not to fret, they would soon be home, its wing should be bound up, it would soon get well, then it might go back to its birdie friends again.

When she came near the house one of the family saw her and went out to meet her. She hurriedly explained, and then she was called a foolish girl for carrying that great ugly gull, and letting it pick her hands so, and was told to throw it down and let it go off and die. At this she felt badly, she could not refrain from weeping; and she earnestly entreated to be permitted to take care of the poor, suffering gull, and have some one to help her bind up its wounded wing, so it would get well and not bleed any more.

An indulgent aunty, (who never seemed to think Nettie desired anything amiss, and whom some said had spoiled the child), heard Nettie weeping, and came out and reproved those who had chided her, and then splintered and bound up the broken bone. And when night came on Nettie was allowed to carry her precious burden up stairs, and make for it a nice warm bed of wool in one corner of the room next to the one in which she slept. The next morning as soon as the sun was up, she carried it down stairs and put it out on the grass and placed food and drink within its reach. It only tasted the food, then turned away, and picked among the grass. So she gathered all the different kinds of grass and flowers she could find, that the bird might have its choice.

Every day it seemed to eat more and grow stronger, and every day it wandered a little farther from the house. She wanted it to feel free and happy, but she kept in sight of it all the time, so as not to let anything hurt it, and she brought it back every night to its warm nest. It would sometimes pick her hands and make them bleed, but not so often as it did at first; and she began to love the bird very much, and to regard it as her own.

And she fondly dreamed that it would learn to love her, and when it got well and could fly it would not leave her altogether, but would go every day and see its bird friends and return to her again.

One day, after Nettie had carried her bird out on the green grass every day for about two weeks, it began to fly, just a little. She was greatly rejoiced to see it improving so much, and no thoughts of its leaving her troubled her mind. There was a horse feeding near by, staked with a long rope, which was concealed in the tall grass. By a sudden movement of the horse, the feeble bird was caught in a coil of the rope, the bandage torn from its wing, and the wound started to bleeding afresh.

With tearful eyes and aching heart Nettie again carried her bird to the house, to have its wound bound up. All was done for it that could be done, but it refused to eat and it would not pick Nettie's hands. She watched the drooping bird until after dark, when she was told to go to bed, and that her bird would be all right in the morning. She was the first one up in the morning, and found her pet cold and dead. She clung to the bird's cold form and wept bitterly for hours, her people tried in vain to comfort her and persuade her to eat her breakfast, but she would not. Had they told her that which she loved, that which shone out through those lovely, mild, dark eyes, the birdie's spirit was not dead, but had flown away and left that burdensome lump

of clay, then she would have been reconciled; then she could have been comforted. But she thought that all she had loved in the bird was there in that lump of cold clay, dead, forever dead, and no one told her differently. So she clung to the bird's cold remains, and felt that she could not give it up.

About ten o'clock her papa came to the door with a spade on his shoulder, and said, "Come Nettie, its time we were burying the bird, you pick out the spot and I will dig the grave." She arose and in silence followed her papa, with her precious treasure closely clasped to her bosom. He led the way, going along the rose bordered path, and over the bridge that spanned the creek. Then Nettie pointed to the spot she most admired, a little opening near the bank of the creek, within and around which, thousands of wild roses bloomed and gave their fragrance to the breeze. These, with the soft velvety grass, the tall waving willows, and the murmuring of the waters, combined to make the spot most enchanting. Here Nettie laid under the sod her first and only pet bird; and her papa made a little mound over its bed, and planted two sticks to mark the wounded gull's grave.

Nettie visited the spot almost every day, while she remained in the land of Utah, to lay on the grave fresh grass, leaves, buds or flowers, a pretty bit of broken dish, or a silver coin, or to mingle her tears with the leaves of summer or the frosts of winter that covered the spot. Nettie had never seen the grave of a human being, and but one human corpse, so she knew but little of death, or of the homage paid to the dead. She could not have been called a sad child, for, as soon as the first outburst of her sorrow was over, no one saw her otherwise than bright, cheerful and happy. But then she could not forget her lost treasure, and the remembrance of its suffering, more than her loss, brought for a time sorrow to her heart, and tears to her eyes, which she would conceal from all, and pour out alone on her birdie's grave. Then she would be her bright cheerful self again.

Continued.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

LET me tell you, my young friend, some of the things I would do if I were a boy again: some of the too often neglected acts I would strive to accomplish if it were in my power to begin all over anew.

If I were a boy again, I would have a blank book in which I could record, before going to bed, every day's events just as they happened to me personally. If I began by writing only two lines a day in my diary, I would start my little book and faithfully put down what happened to interest me.

On its pages I would note down the habits of birds and animals as I saw them, and if the horse fell ill, down should go his malady in my book, and what cured him should go there too. If the cat and dog showed any peculiar traits, they should all be chronicled in my diary, and nothing worth recording should escape me.

There are hundreds of things I would correct in my life if I were a boy again, and among them is this special one: I would be more careful of my teeth. Seeing since I have grown up, how much suffering is induced by the bad habit of constantly eating candies and other sweet nuisances, I would shut my mouth to all allurements of that sort. Very hot and very cold substances I would studiously avoid.

Toothache in our country is one of the national crimes. Half the people we meet have swelled faces. The dentist thrives here as he does in no other land on the planet, and it is because we begin to spoil our teeth at the age of five or six years. A child eight years old, asked me not long ago if I could recommend him to a dentist "who didn't hurt!" I pitied him, but I was unacquainted with such an artist. They all hurt,

and they cannot help it, poor, hard-working gentlemen, charging, as they do, like Chester.

I would have no dealings with tobacco, in any form, if I were a boy again. My friend Pipes tells me he is such a martyr to cigar-boxes that his life is a burden. The habit of smoking has become such a tyrant over him that he carries a tobacco bowsprit at his damp, discolored lips every hour of the day, and he begs me to warn all the boys of my acquaintance, and say to them emphatically, "Don't learn to smoke!" He tells me, sadly, that his head is sometimes in such a dizzy whirl, and his brain so foul from long habits of smoking he cannot break off, that he is compelled to forego much that is pleasant in existence, and live a tobacco-tortured life from year to year. Poor Pipes! he is a sad warning to young fellows who are just learning to use the dirty, unmannerly weed.—*Youth's Companion*.

ROSE MERRILLS.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER VI.

"SAY Joe," sung out Lewis Taylor, Josephine's brother, "why don't you get ready? The team will be round in five minutes, and here you are in your old wrapper, your hair in papers, and pa's slippers on."

It was Sunday morning and the family was about to depart for Rest-Haven to attend church.

Mrs. Taylor entered the sitting room at the moment, dressed for a ride, with little George arrayed in a white sailor suit, and all radiant and smiling and serene, as if his temper was never ruffled.

"Yes, Josephine why don't you dress?" queried the stepmother, than whom no mother could be kinder.

Josie turned away hastily. "I am in no hurry to dress. I'm not going!"

"Not going!" said mother and brother in the same breath.

"No, I'm not. And I don't want to be teased about it either, if I choose to stay; and I don't want to hear the name of Richmond again!"

"Why, Josie!" remonstrated Mrs. Taylor. "What's the matter with the Elder, Joe?" quizzed Lewis; "you always used to be so anxious to hear him. He hasn't preached any new or strange doctrine, has he?"

"I don't know what you mean, Lew. He beset me with questions, when I was at Uncle Tommy's, and talked just as if I was to be his especial property some time, and he was in a hurry to claim his own. Bah! How I detest him!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Lewis; "so Elder Richmond has been making love to our Joe, has he? Is that what you mean, sis?"

Josie looked at him with disdain. "You must be an idiot, Lew Taylor; all that such striplings as you can think about is of mustaches and love;" and she turned away scornfully; adding, as she gazed absently out of the window, "he talked as if it were a settled fact that I am sometime to become one of his flock and"—

She paused abruptly, for Frank Merrills appeared at the open window, by which she stood, smiling quizzically. "Well, Joe," he began, "what if he did? Isn't the Elder correct? What of it if he did?"

"A good deal," she retorted curtly. "I don't believe in preachers who encompass sea and land to make a proselyte, I don't;" and she drew away to a corner sofa, and flung herself down wearily and with an impatient air.

"Well, the team is ready," said Frank, "and Uncle Jerry is waiting and wants you all to come;" so they were obliged to go and leave Josie behind alone in the spacious dwelling.

At first she was glad to be quiet; but by and by reading grew monotonous. She tried writing, but this made her feel as if she were away off alone and no friend near. Playing only brought a wierd, mocking echo from the empty rooms.

She went out doors; a bird, away up in the top-most branch of the maple in the front yard, twittered a cheery, blissful melody, which only served to increase her weary, lonely despondency. Why should anything else be happy when she was so utterly miserable; miserable, yet she could not tell why. She went back into the house, took up her diary and wrote.

"How weary, dull, still, flat, unprofitable, seem to me all the uses of this world. Alone! how sadly, strangely, wearily lonesome I feel. Poor Alexander Selkirk, how he must have felt. I don't know what ails me, only this, I'm bound not to be a Mormon, any way, so there!

"Peep, Joey," chirped a sweet baby voice at the window; "May I tum in? we's tum after you, we has; and you's jest got to go, now!" and little Rose Merrills climbed over the low sill into the parlor.

"So ho! aint going to be a Mormon any how, hey? That's the way to do, tell your feelings right out; we like candor." It was Frank's merry voice behind her. He had entered the room on tiptoe and read the last entry on the open page before Josie. It was his strong hands resting on her shoulders that prevented her from rising and indignantly facing him.

"Sit right still, my dear child; it is useless to struggle; you are to retain your present position till you give a solemn promise to don your new, white, frilled dress and pink ribboned hat, and accompany your most willing and obedient servant wheresoever he listeth. Dost hear, and comprehend, and promise?"

"I hear and comprehend," replied Josephine ruefully, "and promise to give you a sound boxing the moment you release me?"

"Very well—only promise," said he. Little Rose meanwhile had crept up in Josie's lap, and was tugging away with might and main to unclasp Frank's fingers.

"Go 'way! you dreat big bear you; what you do that for, hold her still in 'e chair when we cumd after her to go with us and want her to put on 'at pitty white d'ess, and you won't let her get up so she can. Take your hands off, F'ank, I say; I'll sure tell papa and he wont never give 'ou no more black horse Ranger, on your birf day, so he wont; I say stop: you old Untle F'ank:

"I will, Rose, when she promises."

"Yes, yes, I promise faithfully," laughed Josie; "anything to be released, anything rather than an afternoon like the forenoon has been." Then, kissing Rosie's sweet little face, she placed her on the sofa and ran up stairs.

"It is very good of you, Frank, to come so far after me, when I was too obstinate to go with the rest this morning; I don't deserve it, and I'm ashamed to go now."

Josie had come down dressed for the journey, and stood half hesitating in the open door way.

"You is doing, too, now Josie," chimed in Rosie, coming up and grasping her hand; "and 'twasnt F'ank but Barby 'at sent him after you; tum!"

"It was Frank who came surely," replied Josie, "and Rosie too; no matter who sent them; and they will miss the afternoon service, all for my foolish willfulness."

Rosie hurried Josephine out to the buggy, chatting as they went; "and there aint goin to be any meeting 'is afternoon, 'tause, you see, Barby and Margy Taylor, and Untle A's all doin' to be baptized in 'e water."

Josie looked up at Frank questioningly.

"Yes, Joe," he replied, starting Ranger off at a sweeping pace, "they are all three of them going to become Mormons." "Humph!" sniffed Josephine.

Concluded in our next.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

MASON'S GROVE SABBATH SCHOOL.

REPORT of the Mason's Grove Sunday School at Deloit, Crawford Co., Iowa, for the two months ending December 24th, 1876. Number of officers and teachers, 7; average attendance of officers and teachers, 5.4; of female pupils, 12.4: male pupils, 19.5 total average, 32. No. of verses learned by pupils, 138.

The officers for the ensuing three months are as follows: Supt. N. H. Brogden; Asst. Supt. W. Whiting; Secretary N. L. Hunt; Asst. Sec. Jesse H. Johnson; Librarian E. T. Dobson; Asst. Librarian George A. Myers:

The hour for Sunday School is now 2:30 p. m.

The plan of the St. Louis Sabbath School was adopted, and the officers of the Sabbath School were requested each to speak a few words of exhortation, or to read an essay to the school in turn.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the officers of the last quarter for their diligence and faithfulness in the Sunday School. With best wishes for the *Hope*,
NINUS L. HUNT, Sec.

WHY GIRLS SHOULD LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

QUITE enough, says the *Housekeeper*, has been said of the moral obligation that girls are under to master housekeeping. Such arguments influence most persons but little, and they are specially distasteful to the young. Better make a task attractive than insist on its being viewed as a duty. Tell any one she ought to work, and she naturally rebels; but show that work brings independence and comfort, and her energies are stimulated.

Why not put the domestic problem on the same status. Don't force your daughters to learn to cook, sweep, and sew, whether they like it or not; but make them feel that a knowledge of these arts is both useful and honorable. All women are taught self-respect; but is not respect based on practical capacity and knowledge higher than that which is the outgrowth of nothing but regard for personal appearance.

A girl who has learned how various foods ought to be cooked, how beds should be made, how carpets should be swept, how furniture should be dusted, how clothes should be repaired, turned, altered, and renovated; how purchases can be made to the best advantage; who understands the laying in of provisions, and how to make them go the farthest and last longest, may make herself valued and respected, either in the position of daughter, sister, wife, or if dependent on strangers for support.

A woman who is merely a drone retains her position in the family circle only by sufferance. If she is a busy bee, and can contribute by her thought and labor to the common weal, she need not claim a position—it is already hers.

Many young persons are too ambitious, and wrap up their humble talents in a napkin. This is a mistake. To know how to keep house is not a mere bread and butter matter—it is an occupation which has called out the best intelligence of some of the most cultivated and refined women in the land. It is no small task to excel in this vocation. Many wives and mothers perform not inferior labors in the conduct of their homes to what their husbands display in managing their business affairs; and they deserve equal, if not greater credit for the results of their labors.

Again, what better preparation could be devised for a married life than to know how to conduct a household successfully—not stintingly, nor yet with extravagance, but fully appreciating the value of economy, order, variety, and health? A bride at the altar, who feels a consciousness of her capacity to conduct her husband's home in a thorough and systematic manner, has a decided advantage over another who lacks these advantages. How many famous men have owed a large share of their success to their wives? In

short, marriage is apt to make or mar a man's future, and all depends upon the character or capacity of the wife.

The equality which the champions of woman suffrage seek is but an empty name compared with that real equality in marriage where husband and wife each feel and acknowledge the other's qualifications. Marriage then becomes a true partnership, and both members contribute equally to its prosperity and advancement. To secure this rare happiness, train your daughters up in such a manner that they will both desire to help their husbands and know how to do so when the time comes.—*Selected.*

THE OLD LETTER.

BY ROBERT WILLIAMS.

MY father did not speak a word until we reached home, when he told me how displeased he was at my disobedience. He had seen me in the boat with the Larkin boys, guessed where we were going, and immediately hired a boat to follow us. Instead of being sorry at what I had done, I put on a defiant air, and answered my father disrespectfully. For this I was taken to an upper room, locked in, and told that I must remain there until I asked pardon for my misbehavior. I felt very angry with my father for punishing me in this way. If he had given me a severe caning, I should not have cared half so much; the pain would have soon been forgotten, but this confinement, just at a time when I wanted to be at liberty, was very provoking. I went to the door and rattled the handle furiously, I went to the window, and was almost decided to drop to the ground; but it was a high window, and I was afraid to attempt it. Then I sat upon a chest, and, "nursed my wrath to keep it warm." Instead of thinking how kind a father I had, how every reasonable wish of mine that it was in his power to grant was granted, I persuaded myself that he was unjust and tyrannical, did not love me, but took pleasure in depriving me of any enjoyment that I showed a preference for.

All day long I stayed in that room, seeing no one but Ann, the housemaid, who brought me my dinner and supper. I spoke to her, but she did not reply, having received instructions from my father not to converse with me. At any other time, I would not have cared to have Ann speak to me; but now I was a prisoner, even her coarse words would have been a relief to the monotony. I watched the sun set behind the distant hills, and soon the shades of night closed around me, and I sat in darkness. At first I thought a lamp would be sent to me, but no one came near, and so I threw myself on the bed, and fell fast asleep. My slumbers were sound, very sound, for when I awoke again, the bright sun was shining full in my window, and my breakfast had been placed on the table.

The first question I asked myself, when fully awake, was, "Am I repentant? Shall I arise and go to my father?" My proud rebellious spirit said, "No, not after being treated in this manner, locked up like a thief;" and I resolved to stay there till my hair was gray, before apologizing.

With these thoughts I looked round to find books or papers with which to pass away the time; in searching, my attention was attracted to an antique bureau which had been for years in the family, in one drawer of which I had kept all my boyish treasures. This drawer I opened, and looked at the contents. There were many precious articles of my mother's handy-work—my dear mother, who had been dead nearly two years. Ah! How my heart softened when I saw them, and thought of the happy days when she did so much to please me. There was a ball, made of various stripes of fancy-colored leather; there was a book-mark worked by her own hands, bearing the words "Forget me not;" there were some pictures she had painted for me—how well I remember the day she did them, and how they delighted me. I treasured them now, and would

not have exchanged them for a Reubens or Titian. Then I came to a little rabbit that she had made for me one day when I stayed from school on account of a bad cold; it was made of flannel, and stuffed with bran, with little red beads for eyes.

The more I looked at these things, the more the hardness went out of my heart, and I began to think how kind my father was to me, how many things he had given me, too; and how anxious my mother had always been to have me love and obey him. At last I espied a letter which my mother had written me about six months before she died. It was in reply to one that I wrote her one rainy Saturday afternoon when my father had given me permission to sit at his desk and use his pen and ink. I knew the letter by heart, but I could not help opening it, and looking at the words and letters made by her own dear hand. It ran thus:—

"My Dear Boy:—I thank you very much for the letter which you sent me, and also for the promises contained therein. You must try to be a good boy, Richard, so that you may be a good man. Try and be obedient; do not cause your father to be angry with you; he loves you very much, and so do I; and you must do all you can to make us happy. You will not have your father and mother with you always; you will one day be left without their love and presence, and then it will be painful for you to think that you were ever disrespectful or disobedient to them. Be a good boy, Richard, and do not forget your dear mother."

I burst into tears of sorrow and repentance, to think that I had forgotten my dear mother's words and let my heart be stubborn and rebellious. I determined to ask my father's forgiveness at once. Ann soon appeared, and I sent her for my father. In a few minutes he was with me, and I was at once forgiven, and received into his heart of hearts. My good father then knelt with me by my bedside, and prayed earnestly that God would give me grace to obey his commandments and walk in his laws. And he did not pray in vain. My father never had occasion again to reprimand me for disobedience.

Selected by WM. MARSLAND.

"STRIKE THE KNOT."

"STRIKE the knot!" Said a man one day to his son, who, tired and weary, was leaning on his axe over a log, which he had in vain been trying to cleave. Then, looking at the log, the man saw how the boy had hacked and chipped all around the knot without hitting it. Taking the axe, he struck a few sharp blows on the knot, and split the log without difficulty. Smiling, he returned the axe to his son, saying, "Always strike the knot!" That was good advice, it is good for you, my children, as it was to the boy to whom it was first given. It is a capital maxim to follow when you are in trouble. Have you a hard sum to do at school? Have you got to face the difficulty? Are you leaving home for the first time to live among strangers? Strike the knot! Look your trouble in the eye, as the bold lion hunter looks in the face of a lion. Never shrink from a painful duty, but step up to it and do it. Yes, strike the knot! Strike the knot, boys and girls, and you will always conquer your difficulties. Selected by Bro. W. MARSLAND.

1 February 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

Cares like a snow-cloud may hover around you;
Joy be commingled with grief in your cup;
Troubles may rise to distress and confound you,
But keep a brave spirit and never give up.

Correspondence.

BOZEMAN, Gallatin Co., Montana.

December 14th, 1876.

Brother Henry:—A year ago last September I joined the Church of Jesus Christ, and I feel like doing what I can to help this work along. Young brethren and sisters, it is time that we were all doing something for the cause which we have embraced. I have been backward since I joined the Church, but my determination is good. I desire an interest in your prayers. Yours ever,
D. R. HARRIS.

SAN ANTONIO, Monterey Co., Cal.

December 8th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—I am herding sheep at present, and am all alone in the wild hills. I live in a tent, as did our fore-fathers, and I find it a very lonely task. But still I do not wish to complain, but trust that brighter days may soon dawn, and that I with all the Saints may be gathered home to Zion, where we can meet off in worship and prayer. It is this that cheers me in my lonely hours, and that makes me to rejoice. We have moved eighty miles south of Gilroy, where we formerly lived, which makes us seventy miles from our branch at Watsonville, so we will have to be content to serve the Lord at home. If we do this he will still bless and help us. We have very few neighbors, and they are very worldly minded. Dancing seems to be the most they think about, and they try to persuade us to go. We attended the California annual conference at Oakland, and had the pleasure of hearing some good teaching from our beloved President Joseph Smith, also from Bro. H. P. Brown, and some strong testimonies from the Saints. Five were baptized. I desire to press onward, to contend for the faith, and to be able to stand while the scourges and pestilences are being poured out. Your brother in the everlasting covenant,
ISAAC A. MUNRO.

UNION FORT, Utah, Dec. 24th, 1876.

Dear Hope:—I have enlisted in the service of the Lord. I was baptized by Bro. Henry Marriott, my grandfather. We have meeting every other Sunday. I have had the pleasure of seeing and speaking with President Joseph Smith. I desire to be useful in the work of the Lord. Your brother in Christ,
JOSEPH N. YORK.

LONG VALLEY, Monterey Co., Cal.

December 23d, 1876.

Brother Joseph:—I am a member of the Church. I was baptized about two years ago by Bro. J. R. Cook. When the Long Valley Branch was first organized it numbered about forty members, but there are not over fifteen now; some having gone east, Zion-ward, and some south to Gospel Swamp. I have been confined in the house for the last two months with a broken leg, but am thankful to say that it is a doing well, and I can now go on crutches. Pray for me that I may be worthy of an inheritance in my Father's house. Your brother in Christ,
A. C. DAVIS.

WHITESTOWN, Indiana, January 1st, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—Wishing you a happy New Year I will try to write a few lines. We have no branch here, but I go to the Lutheran Sunday School and church every Sunday. Dear Hopes, I would like to see you all; and if we are spared until spring I presume I will have a chance to get acquainted with some of you, especially you that live near Stewartsville, Mo., as pa and ma want to move there. I ask to be remembered by all.
MAY TROUT.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb. Dec. 28th, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—The *Hope* is a dear little paper. I was ten years old the 4th of September 1876. I was baptized May 3d, 1876, by Bro. Henry Kemp. I go to Sunday School most every Sunday. We had a Christmas tree this year, and we had a good time. I ask an interest in your prayers that I may live faithful to the end. Your sister in the gospel,
ANNA MICKELSON.

INLAND, Iowa, Dec. 31st, 1876.

Dear Hopes:—Probably a brief sketch of my journey to the West Buffalo conference would be interesting to you. On the morning of the second of December my father, my cousin Ada and myself, started. It was quite cold, the mercury stood twelve degrees below zero. We rode ten miles and stopped to warm at Durant Station. After that we made the remaining fifteen miles of our journey, reaching Buffalo at 3:30 p. m. We attended church on Saturday evening and three times on Sunday. Heard some able discourses by Bro. Ruby and Rowley. We went with the intention of bringing brother and sister Ruby home with us, but as she could not attend we drove home by way of Rock Island, their home. Monday morning we visited the glass factory, and after going through it we came to Rock Island, where

we spent a very pleasant evening at Bro. Ruby's, and Tuesday morning started homeward with our company, and they spent a week with us. Bro. Ruby did not hold meetings here on account of bad weather. We expect Bro. Larkey and Ruby here January 12th, to hold a two day's meeting on the 13th and 14th. Ever your sister,
FLORA RUSSELL.

UNION FORT, Utah, Dec. 24th, 1876.

Dear Hope:—I am nine years old. I like to read the little letters in the *Hope*, and I like to read Rose Merrills; I think it is a nice story. I beg an interest in your prayers.
ELIZABETH YORK.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, Ga., January 8th, 1877.

Brother Henry:—I do not yet belong to the Church, but I hope that I may some day. I have two brothers who belong. I have never heard a Latter Day Saint elder preach, but I think it is the true Church of God. I love to read the *Hope* and *Herald* very much; the only trouble being that they do not come weekly. I would be very glad to see an elder come this way; I think good might be done. I would like to ask if there are any branches of the Church in Georgia, and if there are, in what part of the State.

Love to all the Saints,
THEO. GERBER.

[There are no branches in Georgia.]—Ed.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA No. 2.

I am composed of one hundred and twelve letters. My 102, 95, 109, 88, 93, 106, 69, 83, 103, 75, 72, a country in Asia. My 108, 101, 64, 66, 60, 4, 16, 31, 35, 42, a town in Asia. My 13, 87, 88, a city in Africa. My 23, 39, 32, 84, 105, 6, a name of a geography. My 17, 1, 9, 74, 28, 52, 55, 111, 107, 82, an island. My 35, 10, 56, a verb. My 7, 29, 49, 8, 102, a proper noun. My 2, 23, 58, 12, 15, 5, 19, 50, 18, a cape in Asia. My 17, 37, 59, 6, 61, 57, 106, 21, a name of a flower. My 96, 2, 11, 104, a noun. My 25, 74, 14, 24, 26, 41, a girl's name. My 36, 33, 47, 22, a man's name. My 3, 7, 53, 45, 75, a king of Israel. My 96, 100, 30, 20, 44, a verb. My 71, 48, 54, 25, a verb. My 83, 62, 40, 43, 65, 6, 103, 74, a State. My 51, 73, 76, 85, 77, 55, 50, 8, 86, a river. My 63, 89, 67, 110, 70, a boy's name. My 71, 112, 70, 5, 1, 97, 16, a verb. My 68, 41, 94, a pronoun. My 79, 80, 112, an article. My 92, 90, 9, to strike. My whole is a verse in the Bible.

HATTIE M. and ANNA M. SMITH.

ANAGRAM, No. 2.

Reicjoe ey Stains fo Odg, joereic,
Dan fit uory covie ni snogs;
Vile bluhem dan eb tailuff,
Do girth dan feel form grown;
Od hits dan oyl'u eb paphy,
Feer form worsor nda form acre,
Hent in rou paphy hemo ni Nozi
We lilw wonk hacc troeh ether.

AABCDERHJLNNRT.

WORD PUZZLE No. 2.

ENIGMA CROSSWORD.

My first is in arrow but not in bow.
My second is in line but not in row.
My third is in bonnet but not in hood.
My fourth is in ax but not in wood.
My fifth is in hair but not in lock.
My sixth is in stone but not in rock.
My seventh is in door but not in latch.
My eighth is in fire but not in match.
My ninth is in dinner but not in noon.
My tenth is in sun but not in moon.
My eleventh is in small but not in large.
My twelfth is in charging but not in charge.
My thirteenth is in daughter but not in son.
My fourteenth is in arithmetic but not in sum;
My whole is the name of one of the elders of the Church.
EMILY W. PAGE.

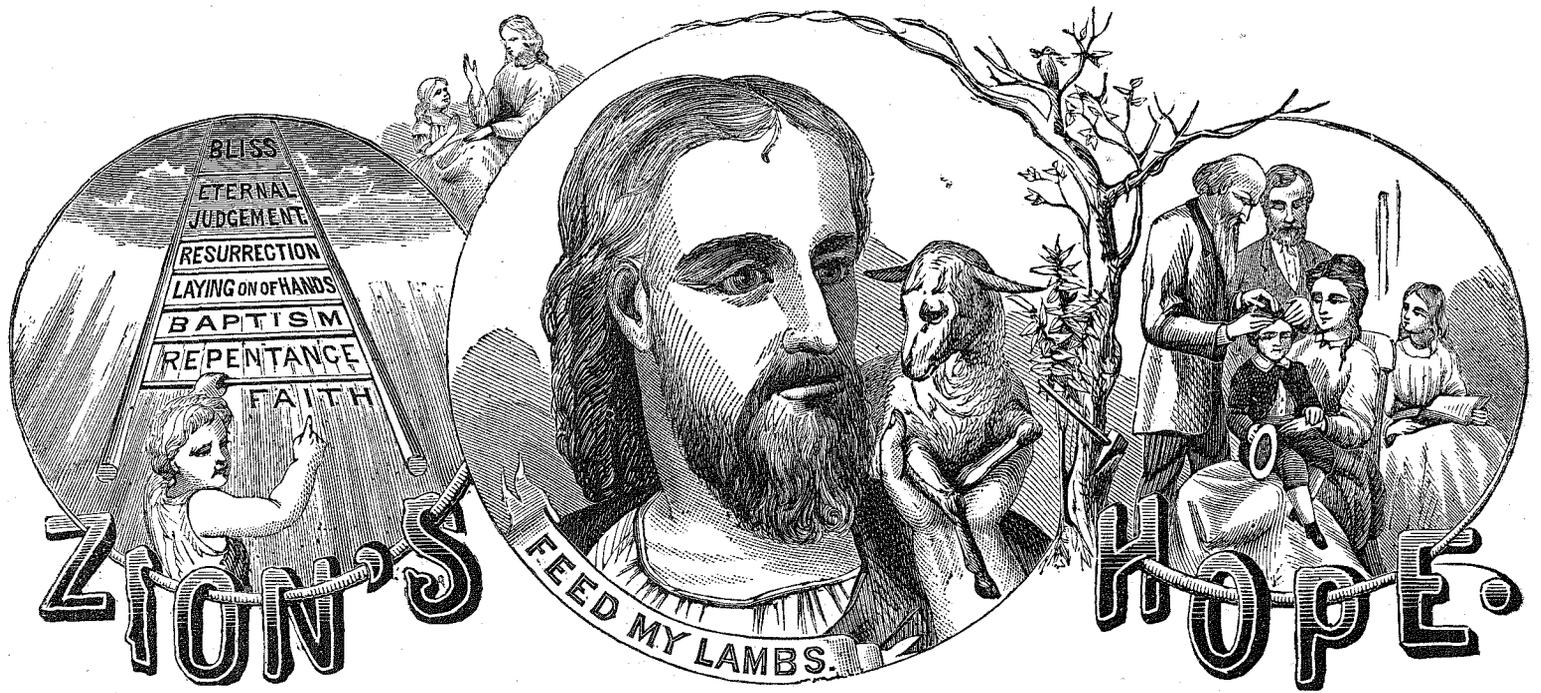
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

Pick three of these numbers and make twenty of them.

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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. 8.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., FEBRUARY 15, 1877.

No. 16.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
That awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Poets, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction;
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance;
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance;
And the good that I can do.
Selected by Geo. M. Jemison.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

I SUPPOSE you will think it very strange that Nettie had not seen a human grave. But then the nearest grave-yard was at Salt Lake City, and none of Nettie's relatives had died; in fact there was very little sickness, and a death was seldom heard of in the northern part of Utah, while Nettie lived there. She went quite often to the City for a visit, sometimes to stay a week.

One day when there she went with her aunt to call on Mrs. Cobb, who was an inmate of the Lion House, and an intimate friend of her aunt's. Of course Nettie had her eyes about her, to see all there was to be seen, as most children do, especially when away from home. As they were ascending the steps that led to Brigham Young's

office door she said, "Aunt why did not Brigham have a pretty little white lamb made and put up there, instead of that great ugly lion." The only reply she received was a low "Hush," and a nudge of the elbow from her aunt. Then his majesty opened the door, and, with a bow, and a shake of the hand, he smilingly ushered them in.

The floor was bare, the house having just been finished, and Mrs. Cobb sat in the center of the room sewing on a brussels carpet. Mr. Young called two of his little girls and they led Nettie into the great hall; and there they entertained her as pleasantly as they could, with chit-chat, patch work, and dolls, until her aunt was ready to go. Although the girls were very agreeable, and the house so grand, yet Nettie felt a sense of relief when she went out from beneath the roof, from beneath the lion's frown; and she could not help thinking, all the time she was there, of the ferocious beast. It gave her an unfavorable impression of the man who caused it to be placed there. Although he was so smiling and said to be a great lover of children, Nettie would have liked him better had there been a little white lamb in the lion's place, just like those in her father's flock.

Now for Nettie's farewell to Utah, and all about how she came to bid good-by to the land of her birth. As you may suppose, from what has already been written, Nettie's papa was an honest man; and he was very sincere in his belief, and not afraid to speak of what he believed to be right, and what he believed to be wrong; although he was sufficiently blind to believe that polygamy was right, yet he was not blind to the fact that murder and plunder and all such crimes were wrong. And about the time of the Mountain Meadow Massacre his eyes were opened to the fact that these very crimes were practiced, or, at least, sanctioned by the high officials of the Church and Territory.

You Hopes who read the newspapers know that at that time the leading men in the Church occupied the high civil offices of the Territory.

Now Nettie's papa thought the Church gone into wickedness, and that her chief men were guilty of the worst crimes; for, he said, had they not been guilty, they would have brought those who were, before their civil and criminal courts, and tried them and punished them for their crimes. But they did not do this. So he boldly proclaimed against such evils, and he even dared to speak against Brigham Young in public, and in the pulpit on the Sabbath day, in the hearing of some who served Brigham Young as though he were a god, and who said they would do any-

thing he told them to do, even if it were to kill a brother, for they did not expect or desire to ever have any other God.

And because of his fearlessness in speaking against wrong his life was sought. A band of murderers, called destroying angels, laid many plans to take his life. But his time had not come and he was warned in time to escape. In the spring of 1860, having sold his farm to a Gentile merchant of Salt Lake City, (no Mormon dare make the purchase), he, with quite a large company of dissatisfied brethren, made preparations to start as early as the First of May for California.

Of course the destroying angels were aware of the preparations, as they could not be carried on for a long journey privately. And they again made a plan, that was to let the apostates go on unmolested in their preparations, and let them journey three days from the city, while they would go out before them and camp at a given point on the west of the river Jordan to receive them, and to prevent their telling their story to the Gentiles by taking the old folks to stop hog holes in the fences, and bringing the young ones back to the valley. This band of murderers hated Nettie's papa more than they did his brethren, because he had spoken so boldly against them and their evil works. For several months if he went around on his own premises after dark he had to go in disguise; if he went to the city to stay over night he was compelled to conceal himself or resort to stratagem to escape their vengeance.

And it was well that he did conceal himself, for in this way he heard them forming this plan of slaughter. Then there was a way to thwart the same, for United States troops were in the Territory to war for peace if needs be, and to protect all who needed protection. So he secretly went to their camp and made arrangements with the commander for two regiments of soldiers to go with the company as far as Carson City, Nevada. Of course this arrangement was kept strictly private so that none of the destroying angels heard of it, and not knowing of it they went out to receive the company of apostates. But, alas, they with their escort were more than his satanic majesty's angelic band were prepared to receive, otherwise than in a friendly manner.

So their tents were pitched and their camp fires burned side by side that night, and they visited each others tents, and chatted in a very social manner. The fineness of the weather was very much praised, and hunting prospects talked of. And the question of Indians burning stations, massacring the keepers, and attacking emigrants on the plains, was quite lengthily discussed. The

destroying angels said they were out on a pleasure excursion; and the soldiers told that they were going across the plains with the emigrants to protect them from the hostility of the Indians.

That memorable night passed away, and morning dawned in peace. O, that happy morning! Nettie's heart was brim full of joy when she heard her papa bid good-by to those who had sought to take his life, but were then powerless to do so. It was a beautiful and pleasing sight, to see the long row of white covered wagons start and move slowly on, with soldiers and artillery in front and rear. Nettie was too full of joy to think of sitting still in a wagon; she walked, ran, jumped, hopped, and skipped; and she picked now and then a lovely flower.

Continued.

LITTLE ALICE'S PRAYER.

"I DON'T want to say my prayer," said little Alice. "I'm tired of saying my prayer, mamma."

And a dear little girl, in a white night-dress, with soft, golden curls, and such a bright, chubby face, stood up by her mother's side, instead of kneeling down, and looked very mischievous as she watched the loving eyes that were bent upon her.

Mrs. Macy sighed, and scarcely knew what it was best to do with her little daughter, whom she had given to God as soon as she was born, and had prayed him daily to make her his own child. And now she was tired of saying her prayers! But she was only four years old. The mother asked, gently:

"And does my little Alice feel willing to go to bed without thanking her heavenly Father for taking care of her all day?"

Alice laughed, and kissed her mother on both cheeks, and then on her mouth. This she called a "French kiss." Then she went to her auntie, who was lying on the sofa; and auntie whispered: "Who will take care of little Alice to-night, when it is all dark in the house?"

Alice dearly loved to be whispered to and she answered in the same tone:

"Mamma will take care of me."

"No," said auntie, "mamma will be asleep."

"Papa, then," persevered the little one.

"Papa will be asleep, too."

"Then auntie will," said Alice, triumphantly.

"But auntie will be up-stairs, and, perhaps, asleep, too," was the reply; for the invalid could not feel at all sure that sleep would come to her. "God never sleeps, though. His kind, watchful eye is over us all the time; and he takes especial care of little children."

"Will he take care of me?" asked Alice, in an awe stricken tone.

"You did not ask him to," replied auntie, "and he has told us to ask him for what we want."

Alice's bright eyes looked steadily at her aunt for a moment; and then she kissed her, and danced off to bed. She was asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. But in an hour there was a dismal wail for "mamma;" and Mrs. Macy hastened into the little room opening from her own, where Alice's crib stood.

"Mamma, mamma!" sobbed the little one, "I want to be taken care of."

Then auntie had to explain what this meant; and Alice knelt in her crib and repeated the childish prayer her mother had taught her, as soon as she could speak. Then she went to sleep again, with a smile on her lip; and the invalid thought of the beautiful promise:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

And she felt in the wakeful watches of the night that she was "taken care of," too.—*Well Spring.*

As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence.

BLACK BOARD EXERCISE.

DEAR HOPE.—I am a Sabbath School Teacher, and as you have cheered me so very often, I thought perhaps you would like to know it, for you know we all want encouragement; and in view of the great work of the Sunday School, it is right we should have it. I want to tell you that we in St. Louis are trying to make the school one of the great means to roll on the gospel of Christ in the latter days. As teachers we are thoroughly in earnest, believing that we have two themes, or interests, at stake,—which are the teaching of the word of God, and the works of God, as seen in the boys and girls of our class. As one of the means to reach that end, we are using the black board, so that we may teach the eye as well as the heart, and thus bring all our powers into the service of Christ. This is our lesson for next Sunday, Gen. 28:12, the two ladders, and Matthew 10:28.

THE HEAVENLY LADDER.		THE LADDER TO HELL.	
Acceptance and Glory.		Disobedience.	
Confidence.		Sabbath Breaking.	
Peace.		Swearing.	
Joy.		Drinking.	
Laying on of Hands.		Stealing.	
Baptism.		Gambling.	
Repentance.		Murder.	
Faith.		Despair and Destruction.	
First Step.		Last Step.	

And now, dear Hope, good by; may Christ be manifest in all your pages, so that we may meet the dear children in heaven. W. STILL.

ROSE MERRILLS.

BY PERLA WILD.
CHAPTER VII.

THEY were flying along the street rapidly, little Rose very thoughtful and silent just now. Presently she looked up into Josie's face.

"I yike 'at Elder, I do; he talks jest as good; and he says peoples have dot to be baptizered, else zey tan't be dood, and do up to 'at nice p'ace where it never g'ows dark and?"

"O hush, Rose, do!" chided Josephine, "you don't know what you are talking of."

Rosie was silent a brief moment, and then began again: "Why don't you dit baptizered too, Josie?"

Josie made no reply but looked steadily to the front, at the waving green trees of the grove they were nearing. Rose went on; "I jest sink 'at little folks ought to be baptizered too, if it'll make 'em any better; say, Josie, why tant zey? hey!"

Josie turned away her face so she replied pettishly, "Because they are such everlasting teasy weasies."

But Rose was in one of her talking moods, and would not be put off. "I sink 'ittle Georgy is a awful bad boy," with a solemn shake of her wise little head. "He was right ahead of us goin' into 'e church, and when he was ditting up ze steps he up and fell yight down, an' a lady, tomming out, she stepped on his fingers, and he cried, and cried; and his pittty white dess was all dirty, and he tored a hole in his panties. His mamma, she pinned it up, but he jest cried and cried; and she had to tarry him out adin; and zen when he tum in adin, he wanted to pull off her tollar, and he cried like every sing, 'tause she would not yet him. 'En she took him out adin; and he was so naughty all ze time meetin' was. And his

papa never tried to do nossing wiz him at all, but jest set still all e time."

Josie and Frank exchanged glances and smiles at this, but the child went on.

"On'y one time Mr. Taylor he putted out his hand and Georgy he shooked his head, and zat was all. Dear!" with a sigh, "I s'ould sink his mamma'd be awful tired. Ise glad I aint a big woman, and have to bother so. I b'lieve I'd rutter be a man. Zay have lots 'e bestest times, don't you sink so, Josie?"

"Yes, I do; and I think papa is real thoughtless and selfish, too," replied Josephine.

Rose opened her eyes. "Is yourn papa bad, Josie? Ise so sorry for you. My papa is jest as good as pumpkin pie, he is."

Joe and Frank laughed. "So is mine, Rosie," said Josie; "only he forgets,—don't think that he can help mamma often, when he might do so."

"Josie," and Rose looked steadily up into her face, "why doesn't you be baptizered, too; and Frank?" glancing at him.

Josephine turned away silently.

Frank answered, "Oh, I'm waiting for Joe."

A rabbit sprang from a clump of bushes at the road-side, and Ranger fancied it some frightful foe, and rearing high in the air, he came down and gave two or three desperate plunges, dragging Frank to the ground, still clinging to the reins; and then the frightened beast set off at a mad rate down the road, with Josie white and trembling, clasping Rose in her arms, and scarcely able to retain her seat. A turn in the road brought Frank so suddenly against a tree that he lost his hold of the reins, and away sped Ranger faster, fleetly than before. Fearing worse injuries by remaining in the buggy, Josephine sprang to the ground with little Rose still in her arms. She was only slightly bruised; but when Rose struck, her head came in contact with a great knotted, protruding root; and when Frank came up he found Josie almost wild with grief, holding the child in her arms, and bemoaning her own imprudence in a most pitiful manner.

"Oh, Frank, what shall I do? She's dead"—here she burst out sobbing.

But Frank didn't believe that; she was only stunned, he thought; but he must go for help, and also pursue the runaway horse. Poor Josie must sit down and wait, for the child was too large to be carried far, and there was no dwelling near. Frank assured her that he would return shortly with Ranger all right, after his run was out.

It seemed to Josie that an age passed; she watching Rosie's white, still face, and waiting anguished and alone in the dim solemn old woods. She had thought the forenoon long and tedious, almost unendurable; but, oh, 'twas pleasure compared to this. Rose was not dead, but she could not arouse her till she chanced to touch her foot, when a shudder ran through the tiny frame. Josie took the little slippered foot in her hand, and the child started with a moan and frown of pain. To her dismay, Josie saw that the ankle was broken; she thought so, at least, and was not mistaken; for old Dr. Steel, who came by, stopped and examined it, and he pronounced it a badly fractured limb.

"O, Doctor," sobbed Josie, "I've been praying God to send some one along, ever since the accident. I am so thankful."

Now the Doctor was not a religious man, but he replied thoughtfully, "I guess he heard you. I was detained at the Cross Roads ever so much longer than I expected to be; then one of the tires came off, and so I am here in time to take up you two castaways. Now climb into my chaise and I'll give you the pickaninny as carefully as I can. Don't look so frightened and distressed; she isn't at all dangerous. Her head isn't injured, only her ankle broken."

"Only! that's a great deal, Doctor."—At this moment they saw Ranger's head appear over an eminence in front, then in another minute it seemed Ed and Frank Merrill's were beside

them, Ed almost frantic about his darling. Returning from the lake where the baptism was performed, Ed had espied the runaway horse, captured him, and set out in the buggy, which was uninjured, to search for its occupants, and soon encountered Frank and took him in—and here they were.

It was a slow, tedious, painful journey, the two remaining miles to Rest-Haven; but they were accomplished at last, the limb properly set, and Rose lying in her little white bed with pitying, sympathizing papa and mamma on either side. She had been sleeping a little while, and awoke with a start and a shudder of distress.

"Oh!" she sighed, "I'm so tired; I may dit up now, mayn't I? It hurts me so bad, I dest tant lie here."

"But you must try and be quiet, Rose," said mamma Gracie, very gently; "Doctor said you mustn't be moved."

"Oh, dear!" and she sighed again. "What time is it, mamma? Wont zey be home from meeting pitty soon?"

"They came home some time ago, darling, while you were asleep."

"Where's Josie Taylor, zen?"

"Up stairs, with Barbara. Now try and rest a little while," said papa.

She dutifully closed her sweet blue eyes, but they would not remain so.

"I wants Josie, papa; tell her to come."

They tried to put her off, but she was obstinate, and would not be. So Josie and Barbara were called; they had not yet retired.

"I wants to know all about at—at yun-away; did it b'eak 'e buggy and harness, and hurt Fank, or any sing?"

"No, dear," and Josie smoothed the bright tresses from the white brow and kissed her lovingly; "no one was hurt but Rosie, and we're so sorry for her. Maybe she wouldn't have been hurt so badly if I hadn't jumped out with her."

"Don't blame yourself any more, Joe" exclaimed Gracie; "no doubt you saved her life, and we shall ever be more than grateful to you."

"May be I tan s'leep now;—no 'ou isn't doin off Josie; sit down, I want you in here."

So Josie remained, but Rose was to ill to sleep. Presently she asked for the Elder, and was told that he was in bed.

"I must have him any way, papa; you go an' bring him,"—then a moaning with pain. "Tum, papa, do."

The Elder was in Albert's room, but not in bed. They both came.

She put up both hands, pleadingly; her little face drawn with intense suffering. "O, pease wont ou; wont 'oo ask God to make me better; O, it hurts so bad; its twisted, and zay say I mustn't move it—wont 'oo?"

Elder Richmond clasped the baby hands in his and bent his lips to them reverently. His eyes sparkled with tears as he replied. "Yes, little one, I will, and the merciful God cannot refuse the blessing when such faith exists in a pure infant's breast. Jesus loved little children, and in his name we will anoint you with oil consecrated and made pure by his special favor."

After the administration Rose clapped her hands in joy. "O, it's well; it's well. It dont hurt a bit; I'm so dlad; may I sit up a minute?"

"Yes, dear," and Elder Richmond raised her up, supporting her with his arms till she fell asleep.

The next morning when Josie came to say good by, Rosie whispered, "I'se doin' to be a Mormon; 'tause, well, 'tause I wants to be dood,—don't you?"

"Yes, Rosie, dear, your faith has driven away my unbelief; I am going to begin to try to do right next Sunday."

"Be baptizered, Josie? I wish I tould, too."

"You are too young, Rosie; besides you are not able."

"But I'm dittin well jist as fast. 'T wont be yong; 'tause, you knows what makes it."

And she was right. Her faith made her whole. In a week she was up. In two, about at play. Grandpa Dean, who could not be convinced of the doctrine, marveled much. "Surely there is a God in Israel," he would murmur.

Josie is Al Dean's wife—a staunch and true disciple. Barbara is Frank Merrill's household angel. Though Rose and Johnny still have their little quarrels, and fall out, yet they make up almost immediately. Rosie is so impulsive and wayward, but kind at heart, and loving. But we must not pursue their eventful life further, lest we weary our patient Editors and readers, so will bid them one and all adieu.

THE END.

LETTER FROM AUNT SUSIE.

IT has been a very long time since I have had a chat with the dear little Hopes through the columns of our little paper. I promised, when I wrote last, to do so again when I had something interesting to tell you, and no doubt I could have found many things pleasing, and also profitable, to have told you about, but have let the cares of life hinder; and those who know my present situation will not wonder so much, that thereby I have become over charged.

But, for once, I have resolved to lay my cares aside for a while, and during these holidays enjoy the much longed for and anticipated time with every little child, and tell you how the Saints' Sunday School, of the Millersburg Branch, is prospering, and how the young Hopes enjoyed the Merry Christmas. We are not strong in numbers as yet; but we believe there are among the few a number who will yet be strong in the work of God, and being now numbered with Israel, they are truly among the Hopes of Zion.

It is our desire to instruct them in things pertaining to the Kingdom of God, and in all useful knowledge while their minds are pure, susceptible, and even thirsting for that which enlightens the mind and enlarges the understanding. Would that every Saint might realize the importance of this, especially those of us who are parents. Not only should we, ourselves, become familiar with the revelations of God, but we should also continually seek to instil these heavenly principles into the minds of our children, by giving line upon line and precept upon precept to them.

But we were going to tell the *Hope* readers something about our Christmas entertainment. We wish to be considerate of the wants of the young, in every way, and to provide for them those innocent amusements which will impart strength and tone to the character, and those which will tend to their mental and physical development; and for this reason also, that they may not seek pleasures which are wholly in and of the world. There are some of the little Hopes, and big ones too, who will be glad to hear that our mutually loved friend and sister, Viola, who for so long was deprived of the use of her eyes, was one of our number, and the leading spirit among us; indeed the Hopes here might have failed of their Christmas amusement, had it not been for her lively interest in it. She is now realizing the fulfillment of the many promises made to her in the dark and trying hour. Truly we have reason to praise God for his goodness to us as a people, and for the many manifestations of his love in answer to prayer. Though the world see it not, yet we know of a surety that it is in answer to the many prayers offered that our sister is again enjoying the light of day. We see, too, the great wisdom of God in withholding the blessing for a season.

We did not aim to have any great thing on Christmas evening; our time was so limited that we could not if we would; yet small things will bring much pleasure to the little ones. But it grew into more than we at first anticipated; for we had not thought of having a Christmas tree, till a few hours before evening. But through the

assistance of a friend, and the young folks of our branch, we had really a beautiful tree, and when the lighted tapers revealed to sight the many pretty gifts, we think all felt amply paid for the trouble, aside from the joyful surprise it was to the little folks, for we believe there were some whose cup of happiness was full for the time. There were presents for the Saints and friends, and an opportunity for each one in this way to express their good will and love one toward another.

That imaginary being, Santa Claus, is truly a generous soul, and we are glad that he visits us as often as once a year, for his presence inspires us with a like spirit, with a desire to bestow favors upon one another, and it is good for us to forget ourselves and think only of others. There was a sack full of presents especially for the members of the school, with the following words in it: "Old Santa Claus' compliments to the Saints' Sunday School. Be good, my dear children, and obey the Golden Rule." Within this sack were smaller ones filled with cake and candy for each one. Aside from this there was one very large cake, all frosted and candied, for your Auntie, with these lines: "Presented by her many friends, as a token of their appreciation of her earnest labors in behalf of the Sunday School." You will understand this better when you learn that we are sole teacher and superintendent of the school. Now it was not the great value of the thing itself which made our heart glad, but the spirit which dictated it was very precious to us, as an evidence of the kindly feeling existing. Surely "little deeds of kindness," "little acts of love," are those that bind our hearts closer together. Let us not be forgetful of this, both young and old.

Before giving the presents, we were entertained for a while by recitations by the members of the school, some of them quite lengthy. That long poem,—*"Santa Claus; or, Annie and Willie's Prayer,"*—was recited by a boy of nine years. After the distributions of the gifts, the younger ones repaired to an adjoining room and enjoyed recreation, suited to their years. We felt, as we parted, that the time had not been spent in vain, but that we loved each other more than before. And now, dear Hopes, I trust you have all been made glad this Christmas. Remember, the surest way of being happy ourselves is in striving to make others happy, and not in living for self alone. That none of us may forget this, but ever strive to prepare ourselves for an abiding home in Zion, is the prayer of your

AUNT SUSIE.

GO BECAUSE IT RAINS.

"I SUPPOSE that you won't go to Sabbath-school to-day, Lucy, said a mother one rainy Sabbath, seating herself to some agreeable reading after breakfast.

"Please let me go to day, mamma; I want to go because it rains."

"Why, Lucy, that is my excuse for staying at home! How can you make that a reason for going?"

"Our teacher always goes, mamma, in all weather, and she told the class that one Sabbath, when she went through the storm and did not find even one scholar, she was so discouraged that she couldn't help crying. She asked us, too, if we did not go to our day-schools when it stormed worse; and she said, while we must always do just as our parents thought best, perhaps if we asked them pleasantly to let us go, and were willing to wear our thick boots and waterproofs, they would be willing if we were well. Please let me go to-day, mamma, you know if it rains ever so much worse to-morrow, I shall go to school to keep my place in my class."

"Well, I am willing my dear, if you wear your school-suit; go and get ready."

But, when the mother heard Lucy singing soft-

ly in the nursery as she dressed herself to go out, she could no longer take interest in her book, and when her husband, who was a lawyer, came in soon after from his library, she said, smiling:

"Our Lucy is going to Sabbath-school, especially because it rains, that her teacher may be encouraged by the presence of at least one pupil. What say you to going to meeting ourselves for the same reason if not for a better?"

"I'm agreed, my love; I was just thinking I never could plead a cause to a vacant court-room and that our minister must find it hard work to preach to empty pews."—*Selected.*

POMPEY'S PILLAR.

Dear Hopes:—Some thirty-two years ago, while on a trading voyage on the Mediterranean Sea, we went to Alexandria, Egypt, so famed in ancient history, and there we took in a cargo of Egyptian cotton, for Liverpool, England. While loading this cargo we had frequent opportunities of visiting this renowned city, and of examining the many evidences of skill in architecture by the builders of that ancient place. Prominent among them, in its line, is Pompey's Pillar, evidently erected in memory of the chieftain of that name. This wonder of the east is one solid piece of red granite, the pedestal is ten feet square, also of red granite, the capital is of different stone, sixteen feet and six inches in diameter, and is evidently in several pieces. The main shaft is seventy-three feet high and twenty-nine feet and nine inches in circumference; the whole height ninety-eight feet and nine inches. This massive body of granite is supposed to have been brought from the ancient quarries of Siene, a great way from Alexandria; and, considering the nature of the country over which it had to pass, it shows a great deal of judgment and skill on the part of the master builders, as also does their erecting so massive a structure after getting the stone to its destination. It was customary in the days when I visited it for the seamen to paint the names of their vessels on it, as high up the main shaft as possible, and ours (the *Priscilla*) among others, was painted on it, but I suppose that it was long since obliterated by the action of the elements, or by the hand of some more recent painter. The pillar still stands, a monument of the wisdom and skill of those builders, bidding defiance to the elements, and to man. So may our works stand the day when wood, hay, and stubble shall be burned. I am indebted for the figures given above to the Rev. Mr. Randall's work—"The Hand-writing of God."

JOHN S. PATTERSON.

Correspondence.

SOLDIER, Monona, Co., Iowa.
January 14th, 1877.

Brother Henry:—I have not written to the *Hope* for a long time. I love to read the letters from my young brothers and sisters. I like to go to church, but it has been so cold, and we have so far to go, that we cannot go very often. I am attending school this winter, and trying to learn all I can. I should like much to go to Sabbath School, but our branch is so scattered that we cannot have one. I have two small sisters, and one of them was baptized last summer. I hope to live so that I can meet with my young sisters and brothers in Christ, if not in this world, then in the world to come. Your sister. MARY E. MONTAGUE

PLANO, Ill., Jan., 16th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I would like to see you all. We had a nice Christmas tree here; and we have a nice Sunday School. I am nearly eight years old. I am not a member of the Church now, but I hope to be in a little while. My pa works in the Herald Office, and I go there every Saturday, when not at school. I think I shall be a printer some day.

WILLIE SCOTT.

PAWTUCKET R. I. January, 26th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I have not forgotten you, although it has been some time since I wrote. It makes my heart rejoice to see that you are determined to be faithful and true Saints. Dear little friends, never grow weary in well doing, for it is only the faithful that have the promise. A short time ago I read a letter written by Willie Barnes; now I know this

dear boy, and I am sure you would all love him, he is so good, and noble; and he is quite a reader in his way, and of great faith. I trust there are many more little ones just as good. And I think I could tell you of another little Hope, one who has been at death's door, but I trust that he will recover. I read all your letters, then I wonder how you look and how old you are, I look forward to the time when we shall be gathered in one happy family. Let us be faithful to the end. Your sister in the true Covenant,

ANNIE HOLT.

WILMINGTON, Ill., Jan. 23d, 1877.

Brother Henry:—I am thirteen years old, and I go to school every day. I do not belong to the Church, but I will before long. We do not have meetings here now; but they have good meetings in Braidwood, and we sometimes go over there; but it is so far, ten miles, that we cannot go often. Your friend,

MAGGIE S. PARKS.

GRAVOIS, St. Louis, Co., Mo.

Jan. 18th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—Lately we had a tea party and sociable, in which the little folks took part, singing and reciting pieces. We selected about ten pieces of music from "Royal Diadem," "Pure Gold" and "Brightest and Best," all new to us, and in five weeks the children sang with the organ, which was played by one of our little Hopes, only thirteen years old. We had two recitations between each song, and a lively time two full hours, gave perfect satisfaction, indeed it was a surprise to all who came to hear, so much so that the people want us to have another concert, for the benefit of our Church. We think that if we had more of these social gatherings we could do a great deal of good to both old and young. We also made twenty-three dollars and ten cents, for the benefit of our little meeting house. If others will do likewise they will realize the good effect it has on the young folks and children. We are short of church music, but are waiting for the new music book before we buy any. Let us all be faithful to our Master's cause. Your brother.

SAMUEL PLATT.

ANKNEY, Polk, Co., Iowa, Jan. 28th, 1877.

Dear readers of the *Hope*:—I am happy whenever I see our dear paper. It encourages me to read the pretty letters from my distant brothers and sisters, who have accepted the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. There are good lessons in all its columns. I for one shall do all that I can for its support. Dear Hopes, we are in a good cause, and we are approaching one of the most eventful times ever beheld. Let us make the best use of our talents; never may we carry a sword in our tongue to wound the reputation of any person, for the tongue is like a race-horse, it runs faster the less weight it carries. Let our efforts be to establish peace in the land, as our circumstances permit. Hoping to meet you all in the future, I remain your unworthy brother,

GEO. M. JAMISON.

STEWARTSVILLE, DeKalb, Co., Mo.

January 8th, 1877.

Brother Henry:—I do not like to miss the *Hope's* welcome visits. My sister and myself think so much of it that we would as soon think of doing without eating as to do without the *Hope*. I am pleased to read the letters, and I would be still more pleased to see some from Nebraska City. I have two or three cousins living there. I thank our good brothers and sisters for the interest they take in us young folks, in trying to make our little paper both beneficial and interesting. I hope they may not grow weary in well doing. I am trying to be a good boy, but I find it hard sometimes, and I pray that God will give me his Spirit that I may ever be inclined to do that which is good. Your brother in Christ,

JIMMIE KEMP.

CAMERON, Clinton Co., Mo.

January 2d, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I wish that the Hopes might have as much pleasure in reading my letter as I do in reading theirs. We are a family of four children, and have all been baptized into the Church, and we are trying to live right, as near as we can, though we know that we fail many times. It is my wish to be remembered in the prayers of both the old and the young among the Saints of God. Yours in the Covenant,

WILLIAM C. FLANDERS.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 15th, 1877.

Dear *Hope*:—The Hopes of the St. Louis Branch have just passed through a most enjoyable time in a Sunday School Concert. The one we had a short time before was such a success that we thought to have another; for we are determined that our School shall prosper, and we would have been glad if all the little Hopes could have been there to have seen and heard it. It was carried on chiefly by the girls and boys of that School, and if you had only heard the beautiful singing, the dialogues, etc., I think you would never have forgotten it. They did so well that they rather surprised some of the older folks. I don't

know but some of them are trying to work the St. Louis School the excelsior one of the west, they believe in doing everything so completely, just as that little verse says.

When the work is first begun,
Do not leave it till its done;
Be the duty great or small,
Do it well or not at all.

W. S.

LINDEN, San Joaquin Co., Cal.

January 15th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—This is my first attempt to write to you. I live with my Grandmother and go to school. I read in the third reader, and study arithmetic and geography. I am nine years old. I have not yet been baptized but hope to be before long. My love to all.

FREDDIE O. PATTERSON.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA, No. 3.

I am composed of Seventeen letters.—My 9, 2, 3, 4, is a beautiful flower; my 14, 8, 3, 12, is a young maid; my 3, 2, 8, 17, is a useful article; my 7, 15, 9, is good to ride in; my 8, 17, 4, is a cunning little animal; my 1, 11, 3, 4, 16, 6, was sold by his brethren; my 13, 8, 9, 2, a city in Egypt; my whole is the name of the Elder that sends me the *Hope*.

AMY C. LEHNERR.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 3.

My first is in true but not in false.
My second is in heir but not in waltz.
My third is in youth but not in age.
My fourth is in matron but not in sage.
My fifth is in aunt but not in uncle.
My sixth is in strap but not in buckle.
My seventh is in work but not in labor.
My eighth is in sword also in saber.
My ninth is in might but not in could.
My tenth is in will but not in would.
My eleventh is in truth also in worth.
My twelfth is in heaven also in earth.
My whole is the name of a noted Elder in the Church.

MADGE S. FROST.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of January 15th.

To Word Puzzle No. 1.—Henry A. Stebbins. Answered correctly by Mary E. McGuire, Eliza France, Mary E. A. Davis, Maggie S. Parks, Julia Frost, Sarah Twaddle, Jennie Randall, Ida J. Weeks, Madge S. Frost, Geo. E. Ward, James Twaddle, John E. Rogerson, Geo. M. Jamieson, Jennet Archibald, John Marriott.

To Enigma No. 1.—Now, Jane, Ward, Horse, Do, Rood, Good, Goose, Red, No; whole John E. Rogerson. Answered by Geo. E. Ward, John Marriott.

To Anagram No. 1.—

When trials come, true Friendship ties
Increase in loving power:—
United hearts e'er ways devise
To light the darkest hours.
'Mong friends deserving of the name
Affection ever bideth;
Sunshine or storm, they're still the same,
Nor death the bond divideth.

FLORA RUSSELL.

Answered correctly by David M. Williams, Eliza France, John E. Rogerson, John Marriott and nearly correct by James and Sarah Twaddle.

To Scriptural Enigma, No. 1.—Barnabues, Moses, Elisha, Lehi, Ether, Shemnon, Ehem, Emer, Korah, Herod, Tree of Life, Better. Whole—Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

Answered by Eliza France, John E. Rogerson, and Mary A. E. Davis. When the Enigma was published the 14 in first name should have been 41, and in the eleventh 24 should have been 23, our error in proof reading.

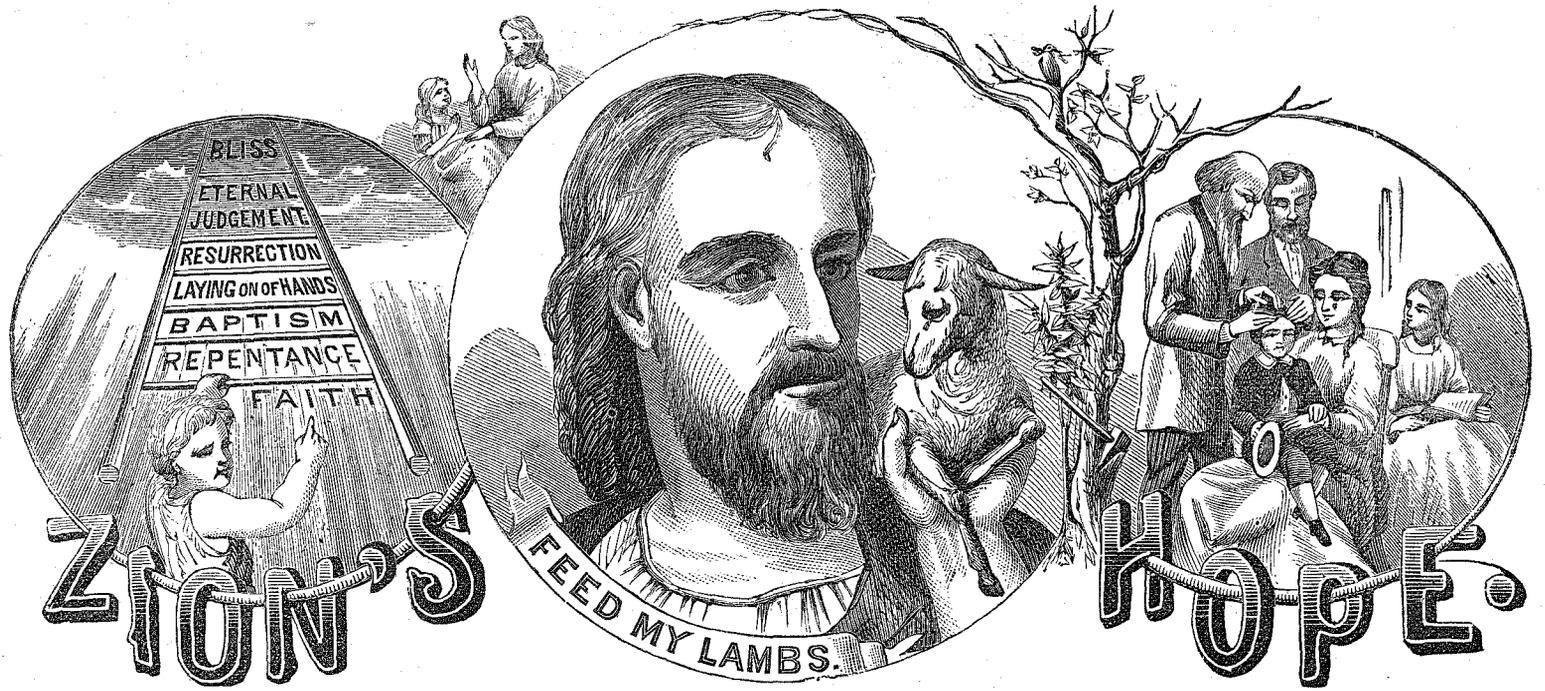
15 February 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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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."

THE SNOW-FLAKES.

See the snow fall softly, neatly,
Covering up the field completely;
Not a trace of mother earth,
Stains this robe of heavenly birth.

Spotless flakes, so white and fair,—
Like a blessing after prayer,—
Or, like heaven-born charity,
Vailing poor humanity.

Fall, oh, perfect crystal shower,
Shroud each dead and fading flower,
Shroud each dark, unsightly thing,
With thy soft and fleecy wing.

Fall in silence, like the love
Sent us from a world above,
Like the blessings that come down,
In the shape of cross or crown.

See, the sun is shining now,
On the pure untrodden snow,
Gaze, oh! vision, while you may,
On this glory of to-day.

Selected by Agnes Frew.

WAVE'S VICTORY.

MRS. ALLEN sat in her cozy little sitting-room, busily sewing and thinking of the holidays that were so near at hand; yes, and of the dear ones who were so far away, and of the absent husband who was expected home in another month. Her reverie was broken in upon by her little girl, Wave, who came excitedly in, throwing shawl in one place, bonnet another, and crying as if her heart would break.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter? Really, I think this is a wave in a tempest."

"O, mamma, I am so very, very unhappy; I wish I had never heard the name of Mormon; and am I not *your own* girl? and aren't you the *only wife* papa has?"

"There, there, child; you ask too many questions at once; first sit down and tell me all about what the trouble is, and why you wish you had never heard the name of Mormon."

"Well, mamma, you remember that I told you that the girls teased me, and called me the Mormon's daughter; but I never told you half, for I did not want to bother you; but I cannot stand it alone any longer. To-day noon, before the teacher came, they all joined together in tormenting me. One said that no doubt my papa had a dozen wives, and that most likely I was not your girl at all. Another said that the reason you were so still, and never went out in company, was

because papa had broken your heart by having so many wives; and they called me little brownie, and asked me if I would not like to get a new dress for a Christmas present, all because I have worn this plain brown dress all winter"

"Well, poor child, you have indeed lots of trouble."

"But, mamma, that is not half they say and do. I sometimes think it is because they are jealous of me, for the teacher is always kind to me, and praises me for getting my lessons so well. I think the reason they were so angry with me to-day, was because the teacher, when putting the names of all who were to take part in the Christmas concert, looked at me and said: 'Well, Wave, we must have your name, for you are one of our best speakers.' They were all angry in a moment, and began to tease me; they even said before the teacher, 'What! have little brown dress speak.' He scolded them, and said that he did not want to hear any more such remarks; so they thought they would be revenged on me when he was not there."

"Well, Wave, such things are hard to bear, I know; but be patient, my child, and all will be well."

"Patient, mamma, have I not always been patient? I have done all I could; I have even helped some that are younger than I am with their lessons, and afterwards they have made all kinds of fun of me. Oh, I can not stand it any longer."

"There child, do not say that, for we can bear a great deal more than we think we can; just think how much our Savior endured for our sakes. And, Wave, did you never think of his prayer for his persecutors, when he was on the cross: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Would it not be well to make the same prayer for your school-mates? For they really know not what they are doing. They have read and heard terrible stories about the Mormons, and perhaps they think it is all true. So we must let them see by our actions that no tales of evil are true of us, but that truly we are trying to serve God; and you must never cease praying that he will soften their hearts towards you, and that they, too, may some day know the truth and obey it. Now we will not talk any more about them at present. And you need not fear that you are not my own dear little girl, and that I am your papa's only wife. What did you tell your teacher when he asked you to take part in the concert?"

"Why, mamma, I told him I did not want to speak, but would have to speak to my mamma before I could say what I would do; and I need not have anything to do with it, need I? I do

not want to, but would rather stay at home with you; for you know how very plain all my dresses are. The girls will all be dressed elegantly, and how they would laugh at me."

Mrs. Allen reflected: would it be wrong to give her little girl this pleasure? for she knew it would be a pleasure if she could go dressed as the others would be. Yes, she would do it.

"As usual, Wave, your mamma does not think as you do, so you may tell your teacher that you will both speak and sing, if I am allowed to write or select the pieces."

"O, how can I! they will laugh at me so."

"There, never mind that, I think you will be all right; and I will tell you now, Wave, that when I was a young lady, before I had ever seen your papa, or learned what a pleasure it was to spend my time in trying to do good, I was a wild and giddy girl, very much like some of your school-mates; and, being an only child of wealthy parents, I had all the finery lavished on me that money could procure. At party or ball, or where ever I went, none were allowed to out-dress me. All that old rejected finery I have not looked at for years; for it too painfully brings to my mind the kind and loving parents who now refuse to see me because I married a Mormon preacher; and above all, because I joined the Church of the Saints of God."

"Then that is why I have never seen my grand parents, is it?"

"Yes, but we will not talk of them any more; it makes me feel very sad. But I have resolved that from the relics of the past, which that old chest up stairs contains, I will select whatever is needed to dress my little Wave for the concert; but you are to say nothing about it. Let them plague you about you plain dress as much as they like; attend well to your lessons, and, above all, be a good girl and do not give one of your school mates an unkind word or a frown."

"You are so good and wise, mamma, I will try to do just as you say; and after hearing how much you have had to endure, I will not bother you with my little troubles any more."

"Then I shall not like it, for I want my girl to tell me all her troubles. Never be afraid to confide in mamma. Now go and attend to your lessons, forget about every thing unpleasant, and I will see what I can find in the old chest."

Silently the tears fell, as Mrs. Allen examined those old dresses, for they brought to her mind the happy days gone by; not that she regretted that she could not again go through with the frivolous sports of youth, but she thinks of the beloved mother and father who are still dear to her, although she seems to be so entirely forgot-

ten by them; and why? Simply because she is doing what she is confident is right. How many, many times she had prayed that God would cause them to again take her to their hearts; but sometimes she felt so discouraged as to believe that her prayer would never be answered; but again she would say that she could not give up the hope, but believed that it would come out all right when God wills it so to be.

Dress after dress was thrown aside; this pale blue would not do for dark-haired Wave, and silk is not what she wanted her to be dressed in.

"I have it, she shall wear pure white; here are those old lace dresses, just what I want; yes, and here are the white wreaths and the silver leaves that I wore with them. Gertrude, you were proud and happy the night you wore these. This wreath I will twist in Wave's dark hair, that clusters about her fair neck and shoulders; and these few simple articles are all I want from the old chest."

When Wave went back to school and told her teacher that she was to speak and sing, if her mamma was allowed to select the pieces, her school-mates fairly clapped their hands and laughed. They agreed among themselves to hiss her when she came on the stage; and they wrote on the black board at noon: "Mormon Wave proposes to give a Mormon song and piece; come one and all to hear her." As the teacher could not find out who did it, they had their fun without punishment, all regardless of little Wave's tears.

There was one girl among all the rest who dared to take her part. She said she thought it wicked to torment her so; that they all knew she was a good, kind girl; and that she had seen her mamma, and she did not seem a bit unhappy, but was just as sweet and gentle as she could be; that she did not think they were bad folks at all. Now little Laura Green was not to be snubbed, if she did take Wave's part; for, beside being a good, tender-hearted girl, she was honored because her father was one of the wealthiest men in the place. Nevertheless in this case her advice was not taken.

"Well, Miss Laura, you can take Wave Allen's part as much as you want to; you can go and join the Mormons too, if you wish, but for one, I shall make all the noise I can when that little beggar steps on the stage." "Yes, and I," "and I," said all the rest. "We will make so much noise that she will have to stop; the little goose! to stick herself in where she is not wanted; I just believe teacher asked her because he did not want to slight any one; and then did you not hear her when he asked her what her mother would select for her? she answered, 'I do not know yet, but I think you can trust it to her, for I believe mamma is almost always right.'"

"Well girls," said Laura, "you can all do as you like, of course; but I think you had better think twice before you act as you say you intend to."

"Yes, we will think three times, if that will do you any good; but it will not change our minds any."

Poor little Wave; but she patiently endured their taunts, for she was very thankful that, when she so much needed a friend, there had one stepped boldly forward, and volunteered to stand by her; one, too, who had always been the pet of the school. Then she thought truly that her mamma was right, and that if she was patient, God would some day let these, her little enemies, see that she was only trying to do right.

SISTER LENA.

[Concluded in our next.]

TIME NOT LOST.

"I AM sorry Miss Jennie," cried a little girl to her Sunday-school teacher, "but I have lost a whole morning."

"Lost a whole morning!" repeated Miss Jennie, with a grave look on her sweet face; "how is that Clara?"

"Why, mother was very busy, and she left Harry in my room; and really, Miss Jennie, the little fellow was so full of fun that I have done nothing but play with him."

Just then Harry put up his dimpled arms to "love Clara," as he called it, in his baby-talk. He pressed his lips to her cheek, saying, "Me love 'oo, 'Lara."

"You have not lost your morning, Clara," said her teacher. "You have helped your mother and you have bound your little brother closer to you by your kindness. Such a morning may have been well spent, my dear."

A few days after this, Mrs. Palmer was seized with a severe illness. She could not bear the least noise or confusion, and little Harry's noisy play distressed her very much. So Clara took the little fellow to her own room, and rocked him almost as well as her mother could, until Mrs. Palmer recovered.

"My dear child," said the physician, as he placed his hand upon the little girl's head, "if your mother had not so kind and thoughtful a daughter, I fear she would not have recovered so soon, if at all."

Thus little Clara had her reward. Never call that hour lost which is spent in making others happy.

The blessed Jesus spent all His time when on earth in doing for others.—Selected.

AUNT ANNIE'S LETTER.

THE Christmas holidays are past, and we will suppose that each of you has received one or more good and useful gifts from parents and friends, and no doubt all of you have been very happy. And we would express the hope that, amid all your joys and pleasures, you have not failed to remember that the Christmas day is indeed a day of rejoicing throughout the christian world, as the birth-day of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. What a train of holy and beautiful thoughts the day suggests! In imagination we are carried back through a period of over eighteen hundred years, to the beautiful plains of Bethlehem. 'Tis the evening hour, the last bright rays of the setting sun, that so robed in splendor the gray-rifted clouds, and so gilded the surrounding scenery with crimson drapery, have slowly faded from the western sky; the winds are hushed, the shades of evening gather dark'ning o'er the plains, and the weary shepherds collect their flocks, preparatory to taking their accustomed repose; the feathered songsters have sought their downy nests, and all nature is hushed in calm repose; the moon sheds a halo of silvery light around, as the shepherds sit half reclining on the green sward; the cooling zephyrs gently fan their heated brows, as they recite again the events of the day; but hark! what is that they hear? As the first far off notes of the heavenly music fall upon their ears they raise their heads, they listen; the soul-inspiring notes draw nearer; the very atmosphere is vibrating with the enrapturing sounds; they raise their eyes above, and then the glorious vision bursts upon their view! the pearly gates of heaven are opened! the white-robed band of heavenly messengers are coming down to earth, proclaiming: "Peace on earth, good-will toward men!" "Unto you is born this day a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." What joy, what rapture, fill their breasts at the thought that they are permitted to see the day which all the holy prophets and patriarchs had been looking forward to for so many, many years! With what haste they arise and follow the beautiful star, as it leads them to the place where lies cradled Israel's King; and, as the star sheds a softened halo of glory around the beautiful babe, they kneel and worship their infant Savior! Had we time and space we might follow still further the course of his eventful, yet sorrowful, life; his mighty miracles; his words of wisdom, love, and entreaty, as he admonished all to be prepar-

ed for his second coming, and last of all, his ascension into heaven.

And now, dear Hopes, we, as Latter Day Saints, are all looking for his second coming, at no very distant day; therefore, it becomes us to set ourselves in order, and to have our lamps burning, lest He, coming suddenly, might find us lacking the wedding garment, and without the robe of righteousness. Now, at this the beginning of the new year, let us each have written upon the daily tablets of the year, each day some good deed done, some word of cheering hope spoken, ever remembering to pay humble and loving homage to our Heavenly Father for the many blessings we daily receive from his hand. Praying God's blessing upon each of the little Hopes, we now wish you, one and all, a Happy New Year.

AUNT ANNIE.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.—No. 20.

"THAT book," replied Mother Smith, "was brought forth by the power of God, and translated by the gift of the Holy Ghost; and if I could make my voice sound as loud as the trumpet of Michael, the Archangel, I would declare the truth from land to land, and from sea to sea, and the echo should reach to every isle, until every member of the family of Adam should be left without excuse. For I do testify that God has revealed himself to man again in these latter days, and set his hand to gather his people on a goodly land, and if they obey his commandments, it shall be unto them for an inheritance; whereas, if they rebel against his law, his hand will be against them to scatter them abroad, and cut them off from the face of the earth; and that he has commenced a work which will prove a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death, to every one that stands here this day; of life unto life, if you will receive it; or of death unto death, if you reject the counsel of God; for every man shall have the desire of his heart; if he desires the truth, he may hear and live; but if he tramples upon the simplicity of the word of God, he will shut the gate of heaven against himself." Then turning to her company, she said, "Now brethren and sisters, if you will all of you raise your desires to heaven that the ice may be broken up, and we be set at liberty, as sure as the Lord lives it will be done." At that instant a noise was heard like bursting thunder. The captain cried, "Every man to his post"; the ice parted leaving barely a passage for the boat, and so narrow that, as the boat passed through, the buckets of the water wheel were torn off with a crash, which, joined to the word of command from the captain, the hoarse answering of the sailors, the noise of the ice, and the cries and confusion of the spectators, presented a scene truly terrible. We had barely passed through the avenue, when the ice closed together again, and the Colesville brethren were left in Buffalo, unable to follow us."

As they were leaving the harbor, a by-stander remarked: "There goes the Mormon company! That boat is sunk in the water nine inches deeper than it ever was before, and mark it, she will sink—there is nothing surer."

In fact, they were so sure of it, that they went straight to the office and published the loss of the boat, so that when they arrived in Fairport, they were enabled to read in the papers, the news of their own death.

After this miraculous escape from the wharf at Buffalo, and when under fair head-way, the company was called together and held a prayer meeting, in which thanks to God were offered for his mercy towards them; but before the meeting closed the captain's mate came to Mother Smith and requested that the meeting be concluded, assigning as his reason for such a request, that his men (sailors) were so taken up with the exercises, that he could not "keep them to their posts," which lack of duty endangered the lives of all on board.

Nothing more worthy of note occurred during

the voyage from Buffalo to Fairport, except at a point where they stopped to do some trading, at which place Br. Humphrey told Mother Smith she was "making a slave" of herself unnecessarily; for which bit of information she "thanked him," telling him at the same time that she thought she could "get along with the work without injuring herself." At the next landing he parted from the company.

Upon their landing at Fairport the company seemed to become more disheartened than ever, but, as on former occasions, a way of escape was provided; for as Mother Smith was moving here and there in the discharge of her arduous duties, her attention was attracted by a stranger sitting on the lake shore, of whom she enquired the distance to Kirtland, upon which he started up and exclaimed "Is it possible that this is Mother Smith?" and informed her that he had been waiting and watching for her for three days, and "that Joseph was expected ever hour, and in less than twenty-four hours there would be teams sufficient" to take the whole company to houses already prepared for them. At the mention of Joseph's name Mother Smith started, at the thought she was so soon to see both her husband and sons, and as she turned from the stranger, she saw both Samuel and Joseph coming towards her. Said she, "I extended my right hand to Samuel and my left to Joseph. They wept for joy upon seeing me—Samuel, because he had been warned of God in a dream to meet the company from Waterloo, and feared that some disaster had befallen me, and Joseph, because of the information he had received from brother Humphrey, who had arrived at Kirtland a short time before this," he having informed Joseph of the fatigue through which his mother was passing, and that her life was "in danger."

Joseph resolved to take his mother from the company at Fairport, but upon the entreaties of the sisters, who desired to accompany Mother Smith, he took them as far as Painesville, where, at the house of brother Partridge, "a fine supper was prepared for the whole company."

Soon after partaking of refreshments Mother Smith was conveyed to the residence of Brother Kingsbury's, from which place she went with Joseph to Kirtland. The first house she entered there was brother Marley's. Says she, "Here I met my beloved husband, and great was our joy. Many of my readers may know of my present situation. These can imagine with what feelings I recite such scenes as that which followed the re-union of our family; but let it pass—imagination must supply the elipsis.

"Soon after arriving at Kirtland, a pair of twins were brought to Emma, which were given her to fill the place of a pair of her own that had died."

After a sojourn of two weeks at Mr. Marley's Joseph Smith, Sen., and family removed to a farm, which Joseph, Jr., had purchased for the Church, with the arrangement that they were to cultivate the same and have a support for themselves from the fruits of their labors, and the residue of what they made off the farm was to be used for the comfort of strangers or brethren, who were traveling through the place.

"About this time Joseph was requested by Parley P. Pratt and his company, who were then in Missouri, to send some Elders to assist them. He enquired of the Lord, and received the revelation contained in the *Times and Seasons*, vol. 5, p. 146, in which Samuel H. Smith and Reynolds Cahoon were appointed to go together to Missouri. They departed immediately on their mission." But before they had proceeded far they called at a town where they made the acquaintance of a young man by the name of William E. McLellan, who was employed as clerk in a store—the name "Latter Day Saints was new to him, and he felt anxious to know what the principals of" their "faith was." They preached that evening, and the next morning * * pursued their journey.

But Mr. McLellan became very uneasy respect-

ing his new acquaintances and felt that it was his duty to have gone with them, and assisted them on their journey; and so strong were his impressions that he settled with his employer, forsook all, and started in pursuit of them. Failing to fall in with them he arrived in Missouri in advance of them and was baptized before the brethren arrived. In making the trip they "suffered great privations, in want of food and rest." About the time they set out for Missouri, "near fifty others also set out for the same place, all taking different routes.

When they arrived, they dedicated the spot for the *Temple*," August 3rd, 1831; which place has ever since remained in the minds of Latter Day Saints, or the great mass of them, as a *central point* for the final gathering of the children of Zion. *Joseph Smith the Prophet* pages 180-185.

STAND BACK!

"STAND back, my son!" The scene was on a farm in the country; papa was milking the cow, and little Johnny was standing by helping. The good old cow, meaning no harm but only trying to brush away a troublesome fly, gave a sudden switch of her tail, and hit Johnny squarely in the face. Without moving from his tracks, Johnny commenced to make a great ado about the matter, and raised his stick to hit the faithful brute; but wise papa came to the rescue, and said:

"Stand back, my son, stand back!"

Johnny quickly obeyed, and thus saved all further trouble.

How many older persons could very profitably obey a like injunction. There is little Willie T——, who called Charlie J—— such bad names the other day, merely because he ran against him in play. If he did not want to engage in the sport, how easily he might have prevented all trouble, by "standing back." So with Minnie L——, who happened to hear Mary P—— make some remarks that she supposed were meant for her, and got into such a passion over it. How easily you could have stood back, Minnie, and saved all vexation. And there are others still to whom the same injunction will apply equally well.

Stand back, Farmer Jones, when your neighbor's stock troubles you, and instead of entering into such a fuss with him, fix your fence first. Stand back, John, when your employer speaks roughly to you; remember your own feelings, and his business cares and aggravations.

Stand back, fathers, mothers, when your children vex you with their thoughtless words and actions. Remember priceless souls are hid up within their breasts, and that your words and deeds are to polish them for future usefulness, or mar them for future ruin.

And so many of the great trials of life, the perplexities of daily business, could be averted by judicious forethought and by wisely "standing back." W. C. C.

SISTER REGINA'S LETTER.

DEAR HOPES: I feel a little ashamed to think that I have allowed the seasons of New Year and Christmas to pass without expressing my good wishes by pen, but I have been glad to see by the interesting letters in our paper that many of Zion's children have fared well with the good things of this world, and I hope that the poor and most needy who did not, may in the future receive a double share. I also hope that our worthy Editors received many cheering presents to encourage them in their untiring labors for the common benefit. I dreamed of doing many things, and of making some nice presents; but lo, they all passed out of sight, and vanished in the shade.

Now, dear Hopes, you won't think much of such an airy dream, but I will tell you of hard

facts, how unfortunate the New Year set in with us. My father stepped out to get wood, his foot slipped on the ice, and he fell on the edge of a tub, and broke one of his ribs, and caused other internal injuries. He has now suffered a month from the effects. This cast a gloom over us in temporal things; but pa said that "in spiritual it should more truly direct us to our Father in Heaven, who sometimes permits us to be afflicted to make us more fully feel our dependence upon Him." Elder Macauley administered to him, and now he is recovering, and the sun peeps out again from the clouds, and we are cheered by its rays of hope. When I heard of Brother Joseph's return, I wished I was one of those favored ones to welcome him to the feast; but ma says, what will the feast be hereafter, if the Saints are only faithful to their trust? Especially how good will it be to those who have spent their time and talents in laboring for the salvation of souls, and in order to pull down error and establish truth. I trust they will have a full reward.

I wish you the blessings of seventy-seven,
With the hope of a crown in an endless heaven,
With peace and joy that the world cannot give,
In this world of evil, while here we live.

REGINA L. ROHRER.

WOODBINE, IOWA.

THE BIRD THAT SANG IN THE RAIN.

CHARLEY stood under the woodshed. It was raining, and his mamma had called him from the kitchen window, and told him to stay there, or else come into the house. So Charley stayed there, and with him, I'm sorry to say, stayed a frown and a pout.

"Too bad for the horrid rain to come," he said to Tease, his little brown dog, "just as you and me"—he should have said, "you and I"—"were having such a good time rolling over and over in the grass."

Tease shook his head gravely, and made believe to wipe a tear from his bright, black eye—but really he only knocked a fly off his funny, black nose.

"I hate the rain," Charley went on; "it's always around when a fellow wants to play. A reg'lar old spoil-fun, that's what it is, and I wish it would go 'way and never come back again."

Just then a dear little bird, sitting on one of the branches of an old apple tree that hung over the woodshed, began to sing merrily.

"Goodness sake!" said Charley, peeping out at him, "you'd better get into your nest and pull the bedclothes over you. How can you sing when it rains so hard?"

"Sing?" sang the bird; "I sing to see the rain—the kindly summer rain that has come to coax the seeds yet in the earth to put out their wee, green leaves, and to help the buds to turn into flowers, and to give the thirsty grass a drink, and set the waves of the little brook dancing with joy. The beautiful, kind rain!"

"Spect that's so," said Charley, thoughtfully; and away went the frown and the pout, and a bright smile came in their stead; "but we never thought of that before, did we, Tease?"

Tease looked at his master, looked at the rain, looked at the bird, ran round after his tail three times, and then, the sunshine coming out once more, darted off through the wet grass barking loudly an invitation for Charley to follow.—*Set.*

AUNT HARRIET'S LETTER.

DEAR HOPES: Some thoughts came to my mind while viewing a soiled door, in particular the spots around the latch. It brought to my mind the human body, and the door of the lips. God has placed us on the earth for some wise purpose, and how easily these bodies can be defiled. In our infancy we were cradled in the arms of a fond and doting mother, and step by step she led us along. And how anxiously she watched over our slumbers; how often her heart went up to God in prayer for her darling child,

that it might be kept from all evil. What evil, the little Hopes may ask. The evil brought on by disobedience. When asked by your mother, "Have you done what I bid you," and you answer, "No, I did not want to; let sister do it," here is a spot by the latch, one not easily washed off. When asked by a little brother, "Sister, please help me untie my shoe, it is in a hard knot," "No, Tom, do it yourself, I have enough to do to untie my own," adds another spot to the door, till the whole is defiled. Disobedience, unkind words, a haughty look—all tend to harden our hearts, and God's Holy Spirit will not dwell with us. We are all prone to wander, and we should watch well the door of our lips, lest we be found uttering harsh and unkind words, which eat like a canker, and cause us so much misery. Let us have a kind word for all. All have their trials to bear, all have their faults to overcome, and by kind acts and cheering words we can help each other along the great pathway of life, and thus keep the soiled spots from our door. Then, when kind friends are gone, and loved ones laid low in the grave, we can look back with no vain regret, and feel that all is well,—we have kept clean the door of our hearts, and now we can part in peace, feeling, yea, knowing that we shall meet them again in the home of the pure and the blest.

HINKLEY, ILLS.

Correspondence.

CHELTENHAM, Mo., February 10th, 1877.

Dear Hopes.—I go to Sunday School every Sabbath. My little sister, Ida May, became very sick with the fever and with a sore throat, but she was determined that she would go to Church, and after the meeting was out my mamma called upon the Elders to administer to her, and she received a blessing. Then, at the supper table, mamma said: "Ida May, is your throat sore now?" and she replied, "No mamma it is not," and the next morning she said, "Mamma, if you did not let me go to Church the Lord would not bless me." Dear little Hopes, I say that it is good to attend to your Sunday School and Church.

TRINIDAD, Colo., Feb 9th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, and I am glad of it. I was baptized in Denver City, by Elder F. C. Warnky. My mother's father was an Elder of the Church in the old country, and he and an Elder by the name of William Ensha were the first Latter Day Saints that preached in South Wales, and they did much good there. My grandpa's name was John Morris. My mother and my two brothers are members of the Church, and my oldest brother is a Priest in the Hutchenson Branch now, and very firm and sincere in the faith, and I hope that he may be an instrument in the hands of God of doing much good. We are in South Colorado, and the only Saints here. I do not attend any church or Sunday School, but we have a Question Book of the Saints' Sunday School, and myself and my younger brother and sister get lessons every Sunday and recite them to ma. Then we read the Book of Mormon, and Sunday evening ma and my brother and myself read aloud two chapters in the Bible, and it is my determination to try and live as a Saint ought to live. I ask an interest in your prayers and may all the Hopes strive to live right, and keep God's commandments. Your sister in Christ,

SARAH M. WARD.

CANTON, Ill, Jan. 30th, 1877.

Dear Brother Henry:—I will be ten years old next April. We have a good Sabbath School here, 37 Scholars, Bro. Relyea, superintendent. I was baptized last April by Bro. Jeremiah. My father and mother are in the Church and my little brother. Bro. H. C. Bronson has been with us for three weeks. He has gone to Peoria but we expect him back soon. He is a good preacher. May we live faithful to the end.

DAVID M. WILLIAMS.

SAN BENITO, Cal., January 21st, 1877.

Dear Hopes: I have the pleasure of saying that I am in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I was baptized, by Elder D. S. Mills. I am now eleven years of age. I desire to be a good Saint, but I fear that I forget sometimes, and become very careless. Little Hopes, pray for me, that I may endure to the end. There is no branch of the Church here. I wish it was so we could go to Church. It is raining to day. The people here are very glad to see it rain; they were beginning to think it would be a dry year. Your sister.

Lottie MATTHIS.

WANSKUCK, Providence. R. I.,
February 5th 1877.

Bro. Henry: It has been some time now since I wrote to the *Hope*. We have moved from Stillwater R. I. to Providence R. I. We like living here very well. We can go to Providence Branch in one half hour, so now we can attend Church on Sabbath as we could not at Stillwater. Dear Hopes, let us beware of the temptations which are set before us day by day. I am thankful to say that, by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I have resisted many temptations from which great evil would have resulted to me, and thank the Lord for the strength that he gave me in doing so; it makes me stronger in the work. Let us ever go onward to the end, and gain the prize we have set out for. Your brother in the gospel of Christ,

A. BREARLY.

INLAND, Cedar, Co., Iowa. February 1877.

Dear Hopes: I never wrote a letter before, so I cannot write very good. I am but a little girl, seven years old. I go to school. I have had some very nice sleigh rides. When it is too snowy papa takes us in the sleigh, and as it is one mile, it gives us quite a ride. I took the *Hope* last year, and my little sister Vinnie is going to take it this year. If this is printed I will write again.

MABEL MATTIE RUSSELL.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Feb, 5th, 1877.

Dear Hopes: The last time I wrote I was in the East, but I am now in the West, and I like the country very well. I try to be a good boy, and when I am old enough I want to be baptized. I shall be eight years old the twenty-fourth of this month. I want to so live that I may be numbered with God's children, when he comes to make up his jewels.

PERLEY KNIGHTS.

AVOCA, Iowa, February, 1877.

I have only belonged to the Church about one year. I believe this work to be the work of the Lord. Little Hopes, pray for me, that I may be faithful in keeping the commandments of our Savior, that when he comes I may enjoy the great privilege of living and reigning with Him.

WM. GALLUP.

SAN BENITO, Cal., January 21st, 1877.

Dear Hopes.—I am nine years of age. I am not a Latter Day Saint yet, but desire to be; for I believe this to be the work of God. There is no branch of the Church here; the nearest one is ten miles away, and I have not been to Church for a month. I would like to go oftener, and we will when the weather gets warmer. A kind good by, from your little friend,

MAGGIE MATTHIS.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

BIBLE ENIGMA.—No. 2.

1. The Holy City. 2. Went up in a chariot of fire. 3. The grandmother of the twelve patriarchs. 4. The king who had an iron bedstead. 5. The angel who hid the plates of Nephi. 6. One of our first parents. 7. Was translated with his city. 8. Eldest brother of Nephi. 9. Name that God gave to Jacob. 10. Prophet that the children mocked. 11. The one who was slain for touching the ark of the covenant. 12. The giant that David slew with a sling. 13. The guardian of Samuel. 14. A mighty hunter. 15. A hairy man. 16. Solomon's choice. 17. Abraham's cast off son. 18. One of the evangelists. 19. A good woman whom Peter raised from the dead. 20. One of Joseph's sons. 21. One of the patriarchs. 22. One who died on Mt. Pisgah. 23. Whom King David caused to be slain in battle. 24. Who doubted the risen Savior. 25. One of Noah's sons.

The initials of the answers to the above, taken in proper order, spell the name of my sweet baby brother.

AURILLA.

ANAGRAM.—No. 3.

Eht veahnes celraed eht rgyol fo Odg;
Nda eht tmenairfm wosheht ihs nadhy-rowk.
Ayd tnou yad terhutet heescop,
Nad ghitt outn hgtmi whetohs wldgnecek.
Erhet si on echpes orn ganlaunge,
Ehrew ehtir ciove si otn dearh.
Ehrt nile si noge uot hrtouhg lal eht tearh,
Nda hiert rwoed tuno eth nde fo eth rlowl.
Ni ethm thah eb est a bernaclate orf het usn,
Ihwch si sa dribgemoor mgnicog uot fo sih bamrehc;
Nad jerocteh sa a rgnso nam ot urn a care.
Ish igong torfh si rofm het ned fo eht henave,
Nda sih rucietit tuon het sdne fo ti;
Dna ehret si tionhgn idh rmoft teh teah feoreht.

LUIJA STORE.

PUZZLE.—No. 2.

A blind beggar had a brother; this blind beggar's brother went to sea and got drowned, and this blind

beggar's brother that went to sea and got drowned had no brother. How could that be?

MARGARET ARCHIBALD.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 4.

My 1st is in water but not in land.
My 2d is in soil but not in sand.
My 3d is in letter but not in word.
My 4th is in lark but not in bird.
My 5th is in high but not in low.
My 6th is in reap but not in sow.
My 7th is in woman but not in girl.
My 8th is in throw but not in hurl.
My 9th is in boy but not in man.
My 10th is in bowl but not in pan.
My 11th is in wander but not in roam.
My 12th is in hair but not in comb.
My 13th is in health but not in home.
My whole is a well known servant of God.

ELIZA FRANCE.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of February 1st.

To Enigma No. 2.—Chinese Empire, Ponicherry, Oyu, Guyot's, Madagascar, Run, Africa, North East, Moss Rose, Anna, Hattie, John, David, Awake, Been, Minnesota, Tennessee, Peter, Bereave, Her, The, Hif. No reply sent. We find that the authors wrote Nos. 1, 7 and 16 imperfectly—not as many figures as letters in those words; nor did they send the verse in the Bible that the above makes, and we have not time to search it out. Later—Answer sent by Mary E. Higginson. The whole—"And he said unto them, Take nothing for your journey, neither staves nor scrip; neither bread, neither money, neither have two coats apiece."

To Anagram, No. 2.—

Rejoice, ye Saints of God, rejoice,
And lift your voice in songs,
Live humble and be faithful,
Do right, and flee from wrong;
Do this and you'll be happy,
Free from sorrow and from care;
Then in our happy home in Zion,
We will know each other there.

JENNET ARCHIBALD.

Answered by Lois D. Way, Mary A. E. Davis, John Marriott, John C. Hidy, John B. Hatcher, Mary E. Higginson, and Perley Knights.

To Word Puzzle, No. 2.—Alexander H. Smith.

Answered by Minnie Muetze, Jennet Archibald, John Marriott, John C. Hidy, Mary A. E. Davis.

To Table of Figures.—Minnie Muetze place 1 and 1 together, making 11, and adds 9 to make 20, which is as given by the author, Margaret Archibald. John Marriott multiplies instead of adding, 3 times 5 added to 5, making 20. J. C. Hidy says 3 times 7 and subtract 1. Jennet Archibald says 1 and 9 together are 19, and adds 1.

Emily W. Page and Lois D. Way sent correct answer to Word Puzzle, No. 1, too late for last issue; as also did Henry M. Aird, and to Enigma, No. 1, Anagram, No. 1, and Scripture Enigma, No. 1.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Sarah A. Vredenburg	10	M. A. E. Davis, Mo.	1 00
Esther Rohrer, Iowa	40	Geo. D. Lilly, Ills.	50
James Walton, Kan.	35	S. J. Ballantyne, Ioa.	50
Charlotte Walton, Kan.	40	John Russell, Utah.	25

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

THE above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

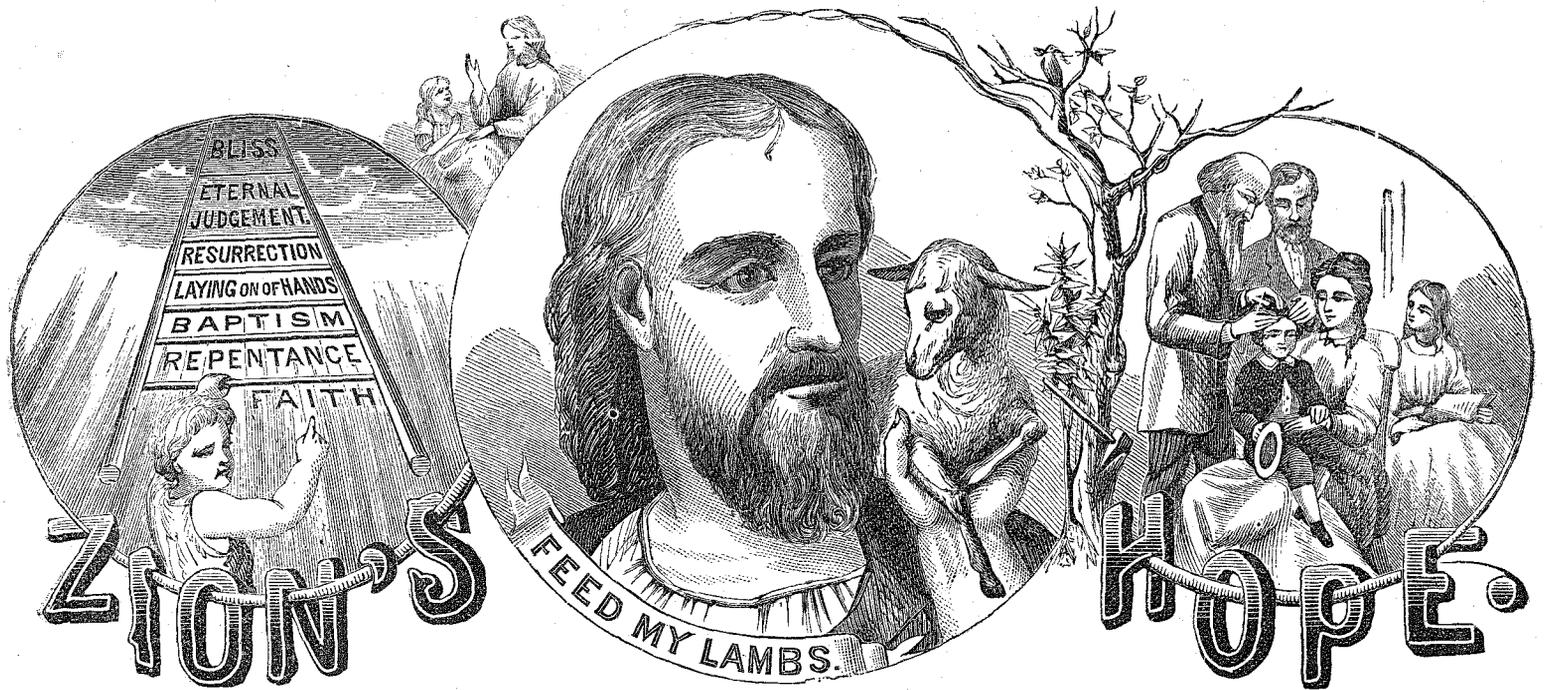
1 March 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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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. 8.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MARCH 15, 1877.

No. 18.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

Oh, cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me that lovely strain,
That soothed me last, as you fondly pressed
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast;
For I saw a sight, as I slumbered last,
That I fain would see again.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee,
That we lived in a land where forms divine
In the kingdom of glory eternally shine;
And the world I would give, if the world was mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,
And rested us under a bough,
When near us a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chased it away in the forest so wild;
But the night came on, and I lost my guide;
I knew knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And loudly I wept for thee,
When a white-robed maiden appeared in the air;
She flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And kissed me softly ere I was aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me."

My tears and my fears she quelled, mamma,
And she led me far away;
We entered the door of a dark, dark tomb;
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom;
We opened our eyes in a land of bloom;
With a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright;
They smiled when they saw me so amazed;
For wandering round I gazed and gazed,
While songs were heard, and sunny robes blazed,
All bright in that land of light.

Then I joined in the heavenly throng, mamma,
With Cherubs and Seraphs fair;
I saw, as I roamed in that mansion of peace,
The spirits released from the world's distress;
And there were joys no tongue could express,
For they knew no sorrow there.

Then came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-robed babes to me;
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips smiled,
For they rejoiced to meet with an earth-born child,
But gloried that I from the earth was exiled,
Saying, "Happy here wilt thou ever be."

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead a short time ago;

How you gazed so sadly on her lovely form,
With a flood of woe you could not check,
And your aching heart seemed ready to brake,
But it lived and you still sobbed on?

But oh, had you been with me, mamma,
In the realms unknown to care,
And saw what I saw, you ne'er had cried,
Although they put Jane in a grave when she died;
For blest with the blest, and adorned as a bride,
My sister Jane was there.

Do you mind that poor old man, mamma,
Who came so late to our door?
The night was dark and the tempest loud,
But his heart was meek and his soul was proud;
His ragged old mantle it served as a shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er.

And think what a heaven-ward look, mamma,
Flashed through each glist'ning tear,
As he told us how at the Baron's stronghold,
He cried "Let me in, for the night is cold;"
But the rich man said, "Go sleep with the fold,
For we shelter no beggars here."

And think what a weight of woe, mamma,
Made heavy each long drawn sigh,
As the good man sat in papa's old chair,
While the rain-drops fell from his thin gray hair;
And fast the big tears of speechless care
Ran down from his glazing eye.

Well, he was in glory, too, mamma,
As blest as the blest can be;
He needed no alms in the mansion of light,
For he mingled with patriarchs, clothed in white.
There was not a seraph with crown more bright,
Nor one with a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dreamed before;
For sound was my slumber and sweet was my rest,
While my spirit in the kingdom of light was a guest;
And the world I'd give if the world was mine,
Again that land to see.

[Selected by J. R. Waters.]

WAVE'S VICTORY.

[Concluded.]

CHRISTMAS eve came at last, and all was
hurry and excitement. The tree with its
load of beautiful presents looked charming, not
only to the eyes of the young, but to those of all
present.

Some are wondering if among the many pres-
ents, there is one for Mormon Wave; but two
there were who knew that she was remembered.

Her teacher had not forgotten her, and a present
that he knew would suit his little favorite, had
found its way to the tree. Laura, too, had re-
membered her.

All turned to look when Mrs. Allen and Wave
came in. Wave was completely covered with a
water proof cloak, and the girls began to laugh
and whisper, "Oh, won't she look grand upon
that light stage; won't it be fun to laugh at her!"

After all became quiet, there was singing and
prayer; then dialogues, songs, and recitations.
Everything passed off satisfactorily, and all did
their parts well and were well cheered. Then was
announced a song and recitation by Miss Wave
Allen; at which there was some whispering and
laughing loud enough for Wave to hear; but she
did not seem to heed it. Her mother threw the
cloak off, then whispered: "Now, my dear, be
brave, and do not forget what you have to say."

As Wave stepped lightly and gracefully on the
stage, all gazed in wonder and surprise; the girls
who were going to hiss and laugh forgot their
part, they were so astonished, while they heard
remarked on all sides; "How sweet, how pure;
can it really be that that is Wave Allen; why
she looks almost like she was clothed in frost, and
the silver leaves in her dark hair shine like
stars." Not one of the richly dressed little maid-
ens looked half as sweet as Wave, in her simple
white dress. Then they listened to hear what she
was singing, and wondered at her fine voice.

She said she did not expect to please them well,
but had a little story she wished to tell. Were I
to try I could not repeat the beautiful song that
she sang; but that done she commenced her story,
which was nothing more than the tale of her own
persecutions, but it was in rhyme composed by
her mother; and it was so well spoken, and every
word so clear and distinct, the whole ending with
a well-worded prayer, that the little girl might
have patience, and that the time might soon come
when those who now despised her would learn to
love her. As she knelt there with clasped hands
she looked so young and innocent, and every
word spoken just as it should be, all seemed
touched; and some of the very girls who were
going to make fun now hung their heads with
shame, and some were trying to keep back the
tears, while others still felt envious; but, as she
left the stage, cheer after cheer greeted her. Be-
fore the concert was out, some one called for "a
song from little snow-bird;" upon which Wave's
name was called on all sides; so she was forced
to sing again, and whispered to her mother:

"Mamma, tell me quickly what to sing; I am
not afraid"

Mrs. Allen whispered the name to her, and

once more she was before the audience, and in a clear voice she sang that old hymn, entitled, "The Lord will provide;" the first verse of which is:

Though troubles assail, and dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide;
The scriptures assure us the Lord will provide.

After singing it through she bowed and said, "I hope you will excuse me, for in so short a time I could think of nothing better than the Mormon hymn I have just sang."

The mother wondered what put it in the child's mind to thus speak; but yet she was proud of her, for now she saw that Wave was not afraid or ashamed to let them all know that she was a Mormon; and it did not prevent her from getting cheered so much that Mrs. Allen was afraid her little girl would be vain.

And now what of her school-mates? They were gathered together talking of her, and the hearts of numbers of them had been touched by the poem, and some were even shedding tears; while others were not yet willing to own that they were wrong. But Laura Green was doing the best she could for her friend, by endeavoring to show them that Wave had ever been good and patient with them through all their taunts, and that she knew it was very wicked to treat her as they had done. "Come," said she, "who is willing to go with me and ask her for her friendship, and for pardon for past treatment. What, not one? Well, I am sorry; but I guess you will change your minds before a week, and I for one, will be Wave Allen's friend."

After that those in charge commenced to take the presents off the tree and all were busy distributing or receiving, or eagerly looking on until the close of the pleasant occasion.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear. Among the early risers were Mrs. Allen and Wave; both seemed happy and cheerful.

"I do not know why it is, but I feel very happy this morning," said Mrs. Allen; "I know I am going to be joyful over something; perhaps your papa is coming home sooner than we expected. Hark! some one is rapping; go, Wave, and see who it is."

"Oh, I know, I told Frank Green to bring our mail, if we had any this morning, as he was coming right by here. Yes, mamma, here is a letter, but it is not from papa, it is not his writing."

Mrs. Allen took the letter, glanced at it, then hastily tore it open. "Can it be; yes, Wave, it is from my father and mother! And they are coming to see me! and she sat down and cried for joy. No wonder, Wave, that I was so happy. My prayer has been answered at last, thank the Lord; but we must hurry now and make everything look tidy, for the letter has been delayed, and they wrote that they would be here to-day; so of course they will come on the next train. Oh, how could I ever doubt but that the Lord would do for me whatever was for my good."

The train came, and with it came also Mrs. Allen's parents.

"Dear Gertrude," said they, "can you ever forgive us? We endured it as long as our old hearts would permit; but we could no longer bear the loneliness, and we wanted to see our child again."

What a happy day was that, and the absent husband was written to and requested to come home as soon as possible; for the old folks were to stay a week or two, and then wanted their children, and their little grand daughter to go home with them to live. "And," said the old gentleman, "if your husband still wishes it, he can spend his time in preaching; for all we have will soon be yours; and there is enough, and to spare, for any good work you may choose to do. You see our separation from you has softened our hearts, and now we want you with us again."

It was indeed a happy meeting, and when Mr. Allen came, then their joy seemed complete.

News like that travels fast, and it was not long before it was all over town that Wave was going to the city to live with her rich Grandpa; and

those little girls who were half inclined to make up with Wave on Christmas eve were now afraid to offer her their friendship, for fear she would think they were not sincere; thus they saw the folly of putting off doing good until another time. But Laura said they must never allow her to go away without asking her forgiveness for their unkindness. "I'll tell you, girls," said she, "we will have a little farewell party for her; get her a nice present, and we will tell her of the concert we were intending to have for her benefit, but which is now unnecessary."

The next day there was a committee of girls waited on Wave, but their only business was to hand her a letter. Its contents were as follows:

"Dear Wave: We cannot tell you our feelings in any way as well as we can to write them. We are very, very sorry for the way we have used you since you have been among us; but, knowing how kind and forgiving you have always been, we hope and trust that you will believe we are sincere when we ask you for your friendship and offer you ours. A few of your school-mates who wish to become your friends will meet at Mrs. Green's, on next Friday afternoon; if you will meet us there we will know we are forgiven.
YOUR UNWORTHY SCHOOL-MATES."

"Oh mamma, grandma, it has all come right at last; you and grandpa have forgiven mamma, and you love her once more; and my school-mates, who hated me because I was a little Mormon girl, are all sorry. See, mamma, what a nice little letter; and I may go, may I not?"

"Why, Wave, do not be so excited. But it gives me pleasure also to read this. Now, my child, who do you think has done all this for us?"

"Who, mamma? Why God, of course; for did we not both pray every day for just these very things to happen; although sometimes it seemed to me as if the girls got worse instead of better, and then I would get discouraged; but I believe I know now what that was for, the Lord wanted to see how long I would trust him, and I am so glad I never quite gave up."

"That is right, my child; for whatever we ask of God, if it is right, and we only have faith, he is sure to do as he has promised."

"Dear Gertrude, how different you are bringing up your child from the way we brought you up; and how very different you are from what you were when a girl. This strange religion seems to bring peace and happiness; but do you never long for the gayeties that you were accustomed to when you were young?"

"No, never; this is true happiness, and that was only excitement; all that I have wanted these long years to make me perfectly happy was your love, dear mother; and now I am content."

Need I say that Wave went to the party, and that she had a happy time. And her presents were a beautiful Bible, (the book they knew she loved), and a large album, containing the pictures of all who were at the party. And when she left the village she left true friends behind, and received many an invitation to come back and see them; and, a few years later, when she had become a young lady, she was often a visitor among her old school-mates; and then her mind would go back to the time when she was so persecuted for the religion she had not once since denied; but the only thing she remembered with regret was the time when she said that she wished she had never heard the name of Mormon.

SISTER LENA.

AUNT LUCY'S LETTER.

DEAR HOPES: It is now quite a long time since you had the promised next few lines from me. The many cares of life, and some affliction, are my reasons for not writing sooner; but it has been a source of much pleasure to me to read the letters from the many trusting ones whom we have named the Hopes of Zion. It is truly a beautiful name, but how great shall be the brightness of the life of those who receive that final reward which the name points us to. Let us all pray and work for the prize, live meekly, hum-

bly, patiently, and ever trying to serve the giver of all the good which comes to us. Many of the Hopes who send letters to our little paper I am personally acquainted with; and to them I would say that I am well pleased with their sweet little missives. Many who know me do not write, yet I hope they may be pleased in this way to hear from the friend who loves them; for I dearly love all who are enlisted in the Master's cause. Yours in the covenant of the Lord,
AUNT LUCY.

CAMERON, MO., Feb. 19, 1877.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.

AS the wagon train moved on Nettie picked rare beautiful flowers, such as did not bloom around the home she had left; and she thoroughly feasted her eyes on all the grand and beautiful sights that were continually opening to view. As they traveled very slowly, nearly all having ox teams, Nettie could be out walking much of the time, and often not until she became very tired would she get in a wagon to ride.

When they had traveled a few days from where they overtook the destroying angels, it was not supposed that there was any very great danger of attacks from that source, so the soldiers camped by themselves, a quarter or a half a mile distant from the emigrants. The latter, when they started, had organized themselves into a company and elected the necessary officers. The captain's duty was to see that all of the company were peaceable and orderly, and that each man performed his duty, including being ready in his turn to stand as a night guard, so as to give the alarm if there should be any appearance of an attack on the people or their stock by white men or Indians.

They drove a good many cattle, for they could not sell them in Utah, and could not afford to give them away. Towards night some one would go ahead and pick out as good a place as could be found for a camping ground. Then they would all drive round in a circle, unhitch the teams, and chain the wagons together. The enclosure thus formed made a good corral for the stock through the night; although very often they were left outside all night to graze, the feed being so scant they could not get enough to satisfy them before bed time in the camp. Then several men, or boys, had to be out all night to watch them and keep them within range. Two or three times while on the journey they did not camp at night but traveled right along till morning, or until they had crossed the dry sandy desert, or alkaline plain, where was no feed for cattle, or water for man or beast.

Then, when this weary waste was past, and they had come to where there were plenty of green grass, shady trees, and living water, they would stay for two or three days, and once they remained a week to rest and refresh themselves, and to wash all their soiled clothing, and to let the horses and cattle recruit.

And what glorious times the children did have, running, romping, climbing trees, gathering gum and moss, and reclining on the cool green grass, beneath the shady boughs, fishing in the stream below, with spool cotten for lines and pins for hooks. There were very many children in the company, and they were so gay and happy. And it would have been very strange if they were not happy, when they had so much to make them so.

All the freedom of camp life, with all that is beautiful in nature to feast the eye (the windows of the soul) upon.

Even on the dry desert some beautiful flowers bloomed, right by the road side, the plants rooted in the hot sand with nothing else, apparently, to derive nourishment from, except it were the burning sun and scorching breeze. And yet an acre or more was thickly studded with tall, slender, leafless stalks, the top of each being crowned with a cluster of pretty blossoms which hung their heads as it were in mimic modesty, their coloring being so bold and proud. Each blossom contained five little petals of richest scarlet, and

five horn shaped cells, their bright golden lining shining through their scarlet covering with a tiny drop of sweetest fluid in each golden point. They were columbines. It seemed that God had caused them to grow there just to gladden the hearts of the children, and to make their bright eyes laugh and fairly dance with delight. And there were broad undulating plains, with velvety carpets of grass and flowers of every hue, and here and there a tree near the banks of a noisy stream, which issued from a living spring in the beautiful hills; or a grove of huge trees on the banks of a broad and rapidly flowing river, which found its source away up among the grand old snow capped mountains.

Onward and upward they went until they reached the Sierra Nevada peaks.

Just think of a band of children making snow balls and eating them in mid-summer, on the side of those lofty mountains, beneath the feathery foliage of the tall pine trees, and climbing trees for pine cones and gum. Oh! it was all delightfully strange, and the scenery was all so grand. And such a striking contrast, as the pure white snow presented side by side with the dark green pines, and just there a little stream (the source of a mighty river) issued from beneath a rock on the mountain's side, and gently flowing down between small, and mossy banks, bordered with tall thrifty grass and delicate flowers, where was an opening among the trees, that the sun could shine down and melt away the snow, and warm the ground, and on a little further it went bubbling, splashing, dashing, and foaming on its way down the mountains, over, around, and between fallen trees, rocks, and cliffs, forming pretty water-falls, and cataracts, and continually widening its banks and deepening its bed, fed by living springs and melting snow, till it reached the plain. Little Hopes, perhaps some of you would like to have me describe all of the grand scenes which Nettie and her merry playmates viewed as she journeyed from the great basin of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. But if memory could retain each scene, and if we should attempt to describe them all, you would not receive the conclusion of our story very soon. As this is my first to you, and there are those of talent and experience who write for you, I must strive to be more brief so as to leave the precious space in the *Hope* to its more worthy contributors.

Part of the company stopped at Carson City, Nevada, at which place the soldiers left them to return to their quarters in Utah. The remaining portion of the company located at Stockton, California, excepting Nettie's papa, who, with his family journeyed still further west.

On August 14th, 1860, they entered the valley of San Jose, California, a beautiful farming region, which averaged ten miles in width and sixty in length, and was bounded on the east by a range of mountains and on the west by San Francisco bay. Here Nettie's papa rented a farm and stayed until the fall of 1861, when he moved to the city of San Francisco, for the sole purpose of giving his children the advantage of an education in the free schools of that city, which were very nearly, if not quite, as ably conducted then as they are at the present time, while the country schools were far inferior to what they now are.

He selected for his family a residence on Russian Hill, a very pleasant locality, and within the city limits, although it was then quite thickly settled. This afforded plenty of play ground for the children, where grasses grew and flowers bloomed the year around, nourished by rain in winter, by sunny showers in spring, and by fogs or ocean mist in summer and autumn, where also the warm, life-giving rays of the king of day, shone full upon that sunny hill-side all the day long, until, in all his glory, he appeared to bury himself in the ocean waves, beyond the Golden Gate and the foam of the breakers, whence it gave all the western sky the appearance of a liquid sea of glass, painted in all the shades of gold, orange, scarlet, crimson, purple and gray.

But I do not mean to say that the western sky, as viewed from Nettie's San Francisco hill-side home, was thus gorgeous in its variety and brilliancy of color at every sunset hour; for it was often robed in rain clouds, or hidden by a dense fog.

Nettie and two of her sisters and one brother (they were six in all) attended the Spring Valley School. Mary and Nettie were in the same classes, and they soon found that nearly all of the girls of their age were farther advanced than they were, so they begged to be permitted to remain in the school room at noon time and at recess, for the purpose of studying. This their teacher refused, for it was against the rule or custom of the school. Then they started to take their books out with them, but were told to bring them back and go out and play, if they studied during school hours that was enough. They also took the scarlet fever, the measles, and all those contagious diseases which children are peculiarly liable to, and this kept them out of school a great deal. But it made no difference how many weeks they were out at a time they would study all the back lessons, and when at school they kept at the head of their classes. Their teacher noticed this and offered to hear them recite all the past lessons, and also permitted them to stay in the school room to study, and to take their books outside as often as they choose.

And it began to be whispered among the jealous portion of the pupils that Mary and Nettie were the teacher's favorites. Indeed they never received a reproof from her, but often an approving smile from their much loved teacher, gladdened their hearts. Also whenever she was called from the room, either Mary or Nettie was called upon to take her place; and sometimes when the teacher had company they were even called upon to read for them. All this annoyed the others, but they complied with their teacher's request with as good a grace as they could. Nettie could conceal her embarrassment better than Mary could, and thus she could read with more ease. Of course their teacher did this to show how well her third reader pupils could do, and thus reflect credit upon herself as a teacher.

Nettie was told by her teacher and others that she had a natural talent for teaching, and that she ought by all means to continue in school until she was fully qualified to teach. And to become a school teacher was the height of Nettie's ambition, and her fondest day dream. For awhile there seemed to be no reason why her fair hopes might not be realized, as her parents desired that she should have a liberal education and graduate from the high school of the city, if she wished to do so; and she did wish to, and her mind was made up that she would not drag along with the school-room drones, and be half a life time about it. But Nettie's mamma was not well, having being worn out with taking care of her sick children all the first winter they were in the city, and she was taken sick in the spring with lung fever, which left her with a cough, from which in the fall of 1863 she had not yet recovered, and then it was decided that a permanent change of climate, away from the keen breezes and fogs of the coast, must be had for her. So Nettie's papa purchased a farm in the hills east of the bay and San Jose valley. And in December of the same year the family bade good by to their city home, and moved out to their new one in the country.

Continued.

WHY ARE THERE SO MANY SECTS.

WHY are so many good people so very different in their opinions of the scriptures, whereas they all have but one Bible, and all read it in the same language? Because they belong to different sects, and have diverse systems, to which they would rather subject the scriptures, than to correct their systems, which they have received by tradition from their fathers, by the Bible. Each loves his own system, and hence

believes that the Bible favors it; just as if A, B, and C. each put on different colored spectacles; A a green, B a yellow, and C a blue pair, and each looks through his own spectacles upon a piece of white paper, and not recollecting that he has the spectacles on, it appears to A to be green, to B to be yellow, and to C to be blue. Then they begin to dispute about the matter, and it is impossible for them to convince each other of their error, because each one feels perfectly certain that his views are correct; but D, who sees without spectacles, and has quietly observed the controversy, knows very well that they are all wrong. He sees the spectacles on each one's nose, and easily perceives the difference. So one man reads the Bible with Martin Luther on his nose, another with Calvin and Zwingli, a third with Simon Menno, and a fourth with Jacob Boehm, or Emanuel Swedenborg on his nose. Thrice happy is the man who takes up his Bible as if it had fallen from heaven directly into his hands, and whose eyes are anointed with the true eye salve, that he may see. — CHRISTIAN HEIMREICH.
Selected from a German paper by Br. W. N. Dawson.

WHAT A LITTLE MAIDEN DID.

DEAR HOPES: In the days of Elisha the prophet, there lived a man by the name of Naaman, and he was captain of the host of the King of Syria, and he was also a mighty man of valor, but he was a Leper. Now the Syrians had been out by companies and brought captives from the land of Israel, and among them was a little maiden, and, as she waited on Naaman's wife, she said unto her mistress, "Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy." And one went and told his lord this of the maid that was of the land of Israel, and the King said to Naaman, "Go, and I will send a letter unto the King of Israel." And he departed and took with him silver and gold, and ten changes of raiment; and he brought the letter to the king of Israel which said "I have sent Naaman, my servant, to thee that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy." But when the king of Israel had read the letter he rent his clothes and said "Am I God to kill and to make alive? He seeketh a quarrel against me." Now, Jehoram, the king of Israel, was the son of Ahab, a wicked man and he wrought evil in the sight of the Lord. And when Elisha had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes he sent to him saying, "Let him come to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

So Naaman came with his chariot and stood at the door of the house of Elisha; and he sent a messenger unto him saying "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." But Naaman was disappointed; he thought to be healed in a different way. "I thought he would come out and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place and heal me. Are not Abana and Parpar rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel, may I not wash in them and be clean?" And he turned and went away in a rage. And his servant said to him, "My father if he had bid thee do some great thing would you not have done it? How much rather then wash and be clean." Perhaps it looked very simple to him to go and wash in Jordan, but that was the way the Lord pointed out by the prophet for him to do. Then he went down and dipped himself seven times in Jordan and his flesh came again like as the flesh of a little child. Now after he was humbled his heart was so filled with love and gratitude; for the blessing he had received that he and his company came back to Elisha, and he said, "Behold now I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel. Now, therefore I pray thee take a blessing of thy servant." But Elisha said "As the Lord liveth before whom I stand, I will receive none." And he urged him to take it but

he refused. Elisha was very particular to let him know that the gift of God was without money and without price. Now, little Hopes, this miracle was brought about through the instrumentality of the little captive maid of Israel, one not more than ten or eleven years old perhaps, but she believed in the prophet of the Lord. May the Lord increase your faith in the Lord, and in his prophets of former and of latter days is the prayer of
UNCLE THOMAS.

Correspondence.

HEBER CITY, Wahsatch Co., Utah,
February 4th, 1877.

Editor's Hope:—Seeing no letters from Utah of late I will write a few lines. The *Hope* teaches us many good lessons, which, if we will heed them will be good for us now as well as in after life. I like the letters in the *Hope*, and the puzzle corner is very interesting to me.

This valley is a small one, about seven miles wide and ten long, and it is entirely surrounded by mountains, the snow lying on some of them the year round. We have long and severe winters, with five months snow usually, and averaging two feet deep. Your friend and well wisher,
HENRY M. AIRD.

AUDUBON, Becker, Co., Minn.,
February 5th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am happy to say that I have enlisted in the service of the Lord. I was baptized by Br. Thomas W. Smith. My father and mother and two sisters belong to the Church. I think the *Hope* is a dear little paper. I trust that we shall all meet sometime. We have meetings every Sunday. Pray for me. Yours in Christ,
LOIS D. WAY.

EUGENE CITY, Carroll Co., Mo.,
Feb 22d, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am not attending Sunday School now, but I like to read the *Hope*, and the letters which brothers and sisters write. I was baptized last fall. I know that this is the true work of God, and I know that I have been healed.
MORONI CATO.

Mt. VERNON, Mo., Feb. 12th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—For some time I have thought of writing to you, but have delayed until now. I have a fervent desire to live a Christian life, and to be a Saint of God, and I believe it to be our duty to bear our testimony to the work, that we may the better prepare ourselves, for usefulness as citizens of the kingdom, and I believe this to be the work of God, and I hope to be faithful. If we are ashamed of Christ he will also be ashamed of us, but if we confess him, and do his commandments, he will confess us before his Father and his holy angels, and we shall reign with him. This is well worth the sacrifice of all earthly pleasures. I ask an interest in your prayers. Your brother in the covenant,
THOMAS C. KELLEY.

SYRACUSE, O., Feb. 18th, 1877.

Bro. Henry:—Our Sabbath School furnishes each family of saints in this place with the *Hope*, and the scholars are delighted with the paper; that is with the articles, stories, diagrams, enigmas, and puzzles it contains; and the scholars of the school make it an object to solve the latter if they can, and to show their success in school. My love to all the Hopes.
JOSIAH MATTHEWS.

NEWTON, Iowa, Feb. 24th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I never see any letter from here and I will write a few lines. Newton is a nice town. We have meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. I love to go to prayer meeting so well, and I enjoy the blessings which God gives. I was baptized July 10th, 1876, by Elder Isaac N. White, at Edenville, Iowa, and confirmed by Elder J. W. Briggs and A. White. Since then I have lived happier than ever before, and I have tried to live so that what I do may be pleasing to my heavenly Father. I know this work is true, and that our heavenly Father will bless us, though we may feel our weakness. I ask an interest in the prayers of his people, that I may be able to stand.
ANNIE D. WHITE.

STEWARTSVILLE, Missouri,
February 24th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I have not written for a long time. We have not been here very long, and I do not know much about the country, although I can give my idea about it, and I like it very well, only it is much colder here than it is in California, where we lived about 12 years. We have belonged to the Church three years.

I have been to some good meetings, and we have very good meetings here. I go every Thursday night, if I am well, and on Sunday too. Pray that I may become more perfect. We had a large branch and good meetings in Long Valley, Cal., for about two years, but the Saints sold out and went away. Your sister in Christ,
SARAH E. MCKEE.

BRAIDWOOD, Ill., February 18th, 1877.

Brother Henry: I am thirteen years old. I joined the Church August 26th, 1874, and I like to do the will of my Father which is in heaven, and am determined to press on to the mark of perfection. Conference will be held on the 24th and 25th, and I hope we will enjoy a good time, and that brother Joseph and brother Henry will be here. There are seventy-six members in the branch. I ask an interest in the prayers of God's people. Your brother in the everlasting covenant,
WILLIAM T. WILLIAMS.

SAYLORVILLE, Polk Co., Iowa,
Feb. 20th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I was burned on the 24th of last December, and I have not been able to sit up since. We had a meeting at our house last Sunday. I would not do without the *Hope* for anything. Pray for me that the Lord may restore me to sound health and strength. Your sister in Christ,
JULIA A. SHELLHART.

BUFFALO PRAIRIE, Ill., Feb. 21st, 1877.

Brother Henry, and readers of the *Hope*:—Perhaps a few lines from me might interest you, and help fill the correspondence column. Though we may not have the privilege of seeing each other here, yet we have the assurance that, if we are faithful, we shall see and know each other in a better and brighter world than this. We have a work to do in order to obtain eternal life, and the Lord has given us a talent that we must improve. I have been a member of the Church for more than six years, and have no cause to be sorry that I have obeyed the gospel. All I have to regret is that I have not lived more faithful.
CARRIE EPPERLY.

St. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 23d, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—It is with great pleasure that I write a few lines to such dear friends as you are. I am trying to do what is right, but I find it very hard work, and sometimes I lag behind. I have got all the *Hopes* since they came out but a few, and I would like to know if you could let me have them, as I want to get them bound. I was baptized in 1872 by Uncle Mark. We have Sunday School here at 9:30 a. m., prayer and testimony meeting in the afternoon, and preaching at night; and on Tuesday night we have prayer and testimony meeting. Pray for me.
F. C. MOLYNEAUX.

MONTROSE, Iowa, Feb. 24th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—For the first time in my life I write to you, and say that I am one of your number. I was baptized two years ago last summer by Br. John Lake. Pray for me that I continue faithful. Your sister in Christ,
MYRTLE OMAN.

STREATOR, Ill., Feb. 25th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—We have no Sunday School now, and there were no meetings till to-day, so many Saints have moved away. We who are left would be very glad to have an Elder come and see us. I am working at the new shaft, the men there use very rough language; and we are working in a place where the men are liable to be hurt or killed at any time. I want to do what is right and become a good man. I am thankful that God has spared my life, and that I am numbered with the Saints. Your brother in the church,
CHARLES WEST.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ACROSTIC.

D avid, firm in the gospel may you ever stand,
A nd proclaim the "glad tidings" in all the land.
V alue the truth—the right defend,
I n God put your trust, and he'll prove your friend.
D are to reject what you deem to be wrong,
E 'en though others may oppose you strong,
P rove faithful to friends, to enemies kind,
O may you serve God with both heart and mind.
W e firmly believe that this is your desire,
E ven though you may walk through trials of fire.
L ong may you live, and in peace with all men,
L ove crown your days, Amen and amen.

ENIGMA.—No. 3.

I am composed of 21 letters.—My 2, 5, 8, 19, is the name of a city in Russia. My 13, 4, 11, 20, 16, is something that is used in every kitchen. My 16, 6, 9, 12, 19, is the name of a lake in Europe. My 1, 3, 11, 13, 14, is what we see every fall. My 7, 10, 9, is a girl's name. My 15, 21, 18, 17, 16, 12, 4, is a boy's name. My whole is a proverb.

ANETTA PUTNEY.

ANAGRAM.—No. 4.

Its estew ot abre het remy rakl,
Hath bsid a thbit dogo wmoorr;
Uth eewotr of khra ni teh gtlknniiv rakd,
Ot eth oisghtn nosg fo rrows.
Ogghtlinnae; thaw thdo seh lai?
Nad si hes sda ro lljyo?
Orf e'rne no reath aws oudsn fo firmh
Os kile ot llmnohyoea.
ELIZA FRANCE.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 5.

My first is in bad, but not in good.
My second is in fire, but not in wood.
My third is in ride, but not in walk.
My fourth is in tongue, but not in talk.
My fifth is in ham, but not in pork.
My sixth is in hay, but not in fork.
My seventh is in mad, but not in rage.
My eighth is in youth, but not in age.
My ninth is in you, but not in me.
My tenth is in thou, but not in thee.
My eleventh is in night, but not in day.
My twelfth is in good, but not in pray.
My whole is the name of a bad man of the present day.
EMMA PAGE.

PUZZLE.—No. 3.

Two men had an 8 gallon keg of vinegar, and 4 gallons of it belonged to each man, and all they had to measure it in was a 5 gallon keg and a 3 gallon keg, each man to get exactly 4 gallons. How would they measure it?
JENNET ARCHIBALD.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of February 15th.

To Enigma, No. 3.—Rose, Lass, Soap, Car, Ape, Joseph, Cairo; the whole—Joseph Carlos Clapp. Answered by Fred. C. Molyneaux and Geo. E. Ward.

To Word Puzzle, No. 3.—Thomas W. Smith. Answered by Carrie Epperly, Fred. C. Molyneaux, Geo. E. Ward, Eliza France, Josiah Matthews, Laura C. Flanders, John C. Hidy.

Geo. E. Ward, F. C. Molyneaux, Eliza France, Josiah Matthews, sent answers to Anagram No. 2, and Word Puzzle No. 2, too late for last issue; also Eliza France to Enigma No. 2.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

We believe that the Hopes have been well pleased with Sister Lena's story, "Wave's Victory," and we trust to present another from her pen, as soon as she can furnish us with one.

We thank those of the Hopes who have sent their photographs for the Hope Album.

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

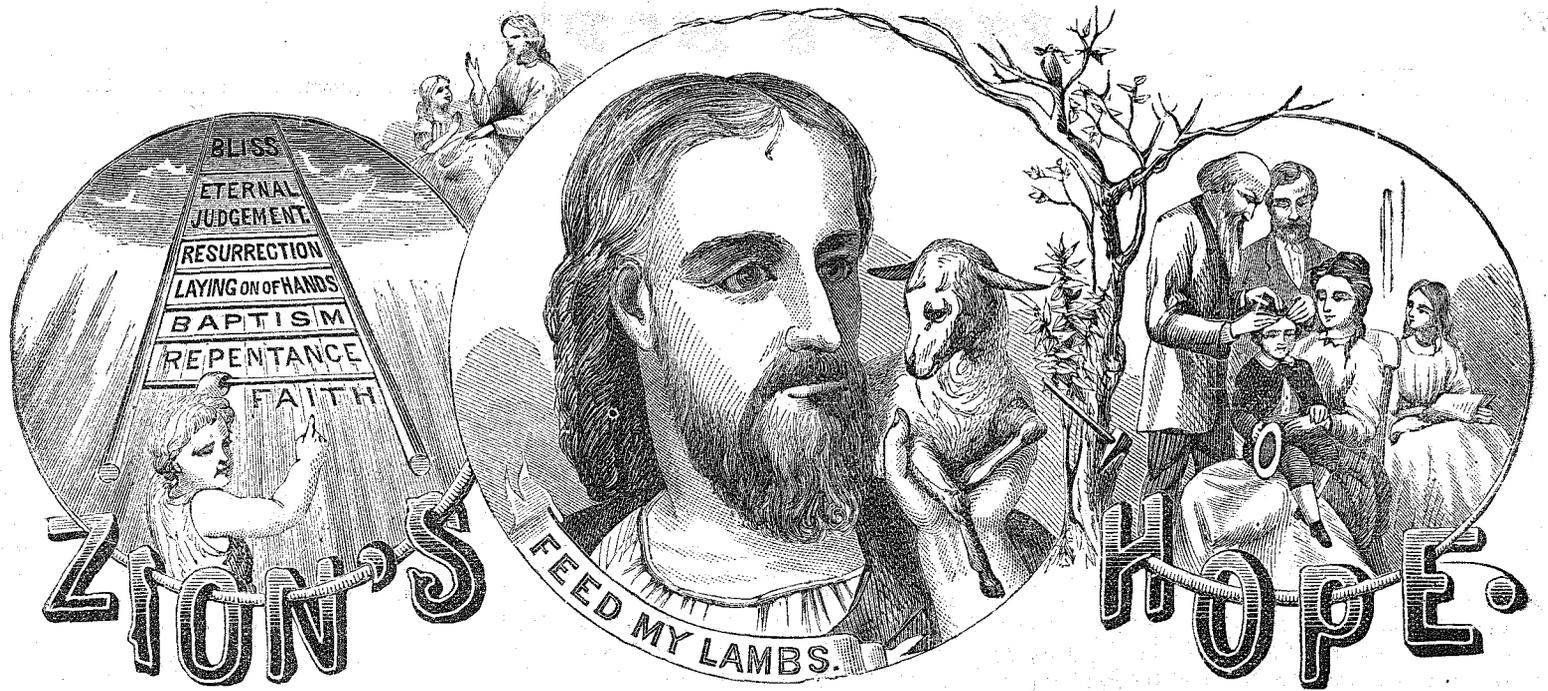
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15 March 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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

THE FOUR-AND-TWENTY ENCHANTED BLACKBIRDS.

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and a Queen who had no less than twenty six children, six girls and twenty boys. To save the trouble of inventing names for so many, the parents simply called them by the letters of the alphabet—thus, the girls were A, E, I, O, U, and Y, and the boys were B, C, D, F, G, H, and so on. By these names they were known all over the kingdom, though B was so like R that they were often mistaken for each other. J, too, was very slim and elegant for a boy, and if you did not look at his dress, you might have supposed him to be his sister I. M and W were easily distinguished from the rest, because they were much fatter. F's voice was very like V's, but their faces were quite different. In the same way, when B and P had a cold in their heads, you could not have told which was speaking.

They were all very good children except one, whom we are going to talk about presently. There never was a family so kind to each other. When H lost himself, as he often did, the rest all ran to find him. When R got into a scrape, as he sometimes did, his brothers and sisters would come and beg that they might be punished instead of him, especially W, who was his chief crony, and used to do some of his hard exercises for him. If C and K, who did not always agree, began to fight, their brothers always tried to separate them. And when O cried, as she was fond of doing, her sisters did all they could to comfort her. They were always either at their lessons or playing together, and their favorite game was spelling. It was very pretty to see them running into rows so as to make up such words as *love, beauty, hope, joy, jam, wisdom*, and so forth. They did not care to have any other playmates, but sometimes they wished there had been two P's among them, for then they would have been able to spell *happy*, which was what they all felt from morning till night.

All? No, there was one who was not good, nor happy either, and that was crooked Z, who, being the youngest, had been spoiled and had grown up selfish and ill-tempered. From the time that he was able to think, he had been discontented with everything, though he was petted by everybody, and had not nearly so much to do as the rest. He was angry because he was crooked and ugly, and because he could not play at spelling so well as his sister E, who was the most active of all in these games, and the greatest favorite with everybody. He made himself very unhappy by thinking that he was the youngest, and envy-

ing his oldest brother, B, who would become King in good time after their father. He should have taken a lesson from his sister Y, the next above him in age, who was always very happy, and whose little Grecian nose was poked into everything merry and lively which went on; indeed, she was such a romp that people sometimes said she was more like a boy than a girl. But no—poor Z took no pleasure except in being miserable, and he came to hate his brothers and sisters. Then a dreadful thought came into his mind. If he could but get rid of all the rest, he would be left the only child, and the kingdom would all belong to him when his father died.

Now it must be known that each of the princes and princesses had six pence a week given to his or her Royal Highness for pocket-money. Most of them used to clab their money together to have jam at tea, or put their sixpences in the savings-bank to buy a present for the King and Queen on their birthdays; but Z was very greedy, and generally went at once to spend his sixpence at a sweet shop near the palace, kept by an old woman who had lately come to live there. He used to sit in her shop for hours, and telling her how much he envied his brothers and sisters.

"Would you really like to get rid of them?" said she, one day, when he was talking in this style.

"Of course," said Z. "Shouldn't I be a King, and have whatever I please, if the rest were out of the way?"

"That's right, my dear; you shall be a King yet. You have only to mix this meal with some of their food, and your brothers and sisters will all turn into blackbirds, and never trouble you any more." With this she brought a small bag of rye meal, and filled Z's pocket with it, and he ran back to the palace as fast as his long legs would carry him. When he got back it was not yet dinner time and he went into the kitchen, and, as the cook had gone out to the poultry yard and left the pot boiling on the fire, Z emptied the rye meal into it, and stole away without being seen. And when the cook came back and went on stirring the pudding, she little knew what mischief she was helping to do.

Ding, dong! ding, dong! went the dinner-bell, and all the royal children came flocking into the nursery, where their old nurse, Dame Etcetera, had already laid the table. Their dinner was plain, though good; the King did not like his children to grow up too fond of eating, and any one who didn't clear his plate, was not allowed to have any pudding. It was a capital pudding that day—flour and eggs and milk and raisins and lemon peel—and the children began to clap

their hands when they saw it, all except the biggest ones, who were too dignified, and pretended not to care. Each of them was helped in order—first the young princesses, beginning with the eldest, then the princes—and before long the clattering of spoons up and down the long nursery table told that the pudding would soon be disposed of. Only little Y stole up to old Etcetera, and whispered.

"Nurse, dear, I have already eaten enough, may I take my pudding to some poor person?" "That's a kind hearted little dear!" said Dame Etcetera, giving her a kiss. "Run off with you, and be sure to be back in time for tea."

So Y got her little straw hat, and slipped out leaving her brothers and sisters to the enjoyment of their pudding.

And they did enjoy it—all but sulky Z, who sat playing with his spoon and looking as if nothing was good enough for him. Then they all went into the garden to play.

"Now what shall we play at?" said X, who was very stupid, and never could begin anything.

"Let us play at 'I spy,'" E was going to say, but the words changed in her mouth into "I fly;" and, to the astonishment of all the brothers and sisters except Z, they found that their clothes had suddenly become feathers, their arms wings, their mouths bills, and their feet claws. In one minute more, where a crowd of merry children had been running about, you could see nothing but a flock of four and twenty blackbirds, twittering and fluttering, and scraping as if to ask one another what it all meant. Z was not among them.

Now Y had given her pudding to the old woman because she pitied her, and she had eaten it without any thanks and she was changed into a great ugly bird. Then the little princess ran home as fast as she could to tell her brothers and sisters what had happened. But, when she got to the palace, they were nowhere to be seen. She searched out-of-doors, in-doors, up stairs, down stairs, in the garden, in the shrubbery, in the school room, in the nursery, but all in vain. The maid, who was in the garden hanging up clothes, helped her to look, and when they could see nothing of any of the children, they began to feel frightened, and fetched the nurse, but old Dame Etcetera was no more able to find her young charges than they had been. Then they went to tell the Queen, and she hastened to the King and he too, was greatly alarmed and offered bags of money to any one who should bring back his children safe and sound. All the police of the kingdom were sent for to aid in the search, and before the evening everybody within ten

miles of the palace was talking of this dreadful thing that had happened, and doing his best to find the young princes and princesses, who were beloved by all the nation.

But imagine the grief in all the palace. The Queen bitterly reproached herself for not looking after her children enough, and the King vowed that he would give half his treasures to see his sons and daughters come back safe and sound. As for poor Y, she did nothing but cry all the evening. Indeed, her mother, would not let her only remaining child out of sight for a single moment. But none of the royal family cared to eat, and the dinner was sent down untasted, to the great sorrow of the cook, who thought her royal master could not bear up against his trouble if he did not take some food.

"I must do him some dainty dish for supper," said she. "Let me see! What is he fond of?"

At that moment one of the pages came into the kitchen carrying a cage full of blackbirds. He had seen a flock of them twittering at the window at the palace nursery, and had caught them little thinking who they were.

"The very thing!" cried the cook. "His majesty likes nothing better than a blackbird pie.

Then she proceeded to make the blackbirds—and four-and-twenty there were of them exactly—a pie.

In the meanwhile messages were arriving every five minutes at the palace, cabs, letters, telegrams, couriers, but none brought good news.

At length, in spite of his grief, the King began to feel rather hungry, and supper was ordered. Among other things, the blackbird pie was put on the table, and now a most extraordinary thing happened. Four-and-twenty blackbirds popped their heads out of the pie dish, and began to sing so beautifully and tenderly that all present would have been delighted if they had not been too much alarmed. The King and Queen started up in amazement, asking each other what this might mean. Only little Y recognized the voices of her brothers and sisters, and bent over the pie, crying bitterly.

And now was seen a still more extraordinary thing—the most extraordinary thing that ever happened in that country. As fast as Y's tears fell on each of the birds their human shape came back to them, and soon the whole four-and-twenty princes and princesses were flocking around their father and mother and thanking Y for having set them free from this terrible enchantment. It was Y who had done it, for the tears of love and pity are far more powerful than the strongest arts of the most wicked witches.

Now imagine the delight of everybody; how the King and Queen kissed their children; how the bells were rung for joy over the whole kingdom: and how their young royal highnesses grew up without any further misfortune, and lived happily all the rest of their days. It is supposed that they were the original inventors of "spelling bees," which should properly be called the game of spelling blackbirds.—*Harper's Bazar.*

WASHING DISHES.

I saw the milkmen's advertisement in our paper, stating that milk was far better than soap for the use of washing dishes; but, thinking that perhaps this was the means they used to obtain a more ready or extensive sale for milk, I gave it very little credit. Still, being willing to "prove all things," I thought I would try to ascertain its value by experiment, and I found it to be just as it was represented, and we now will say, that the milkmen are worthy of the credit. Milk is mild for the hands, and helps to keep them soft. For washing dishes, prepare the water consistently warm for the hands; then pour in half a pint or less of sweet milk. It will remove all kinds of grease, even that of beef, and it gives a nice gloss to stone and earthenware, and it will keep tinware bright without scouring it. After you

wash your dishes, rinse them in hot water, and then dry them quickly. I write this for the benefit of those who may choose to try it. To my judgment, milk is far preferable to soap.

M. G. STRAUSS.

JESUS THE WAY.

THE Bible says, they that seek God early shall find him, and I think that means that they shall see how good he is, and how happy every one who has obeyed the gospel is, and wants to always do God's will; but it is not the way that those who do not seek God feel, and that is the reason so many boys and girls are so very unhappy. I went to visit our large jail the other day, and when I was there I saw so many bad men and women all locked up in little cells with large iron doors, like a cage, and I had to look at them through the bars. There was one little boy locked up too with them; and don't you think it seemed very bad to me when I looked at them; but I thought they were very bad, or else they would not have been there, and I believe that I was right. But there was a time when they were not so wicked but were like you are; for they had not commenced to do bad things. If I had asked that little boy in the prison whether he had always attended the Sunday School, and had done every thing his friends had told him to do for his good, I think he would have said, No; but that he had disobeyed them and had become wicked and idle,—and that reminds me of a little verse I used to know that my good mother taught me a long time ago, and I think I shall never forget it; especially when I think of that poor disobedient boy in the prison;

"Idle boys and men are found,
Standing on the devil's ground;
He will find them work to do,
And he will pay them wages too.

Boys and girls and men and women don't get bad all at once, but little by little; like the men in the prison; and what they need is the gospel that you hear about in the Sunday School, and Christ to help them to be good; for he is our Sun; I mean, our spiritual sun, for the Bible calls Christ the Sun of righteousness. If you look in your gardens now, you will find a great many of your plants looking as if they were dead; and the reason is they do not have enough of the sun now, for it is winter; but when the summer comes, they will revive because he will give them new life; and so it is with the Saints, and the boys and girls. We must live in him. Here is a black board lesson about it for you to read.

JESUS IS THE	{	RESURRECTION.	
		LIFE.	
IF WE	{	BELIEVE,	} HIM,
		OBEY,	
		TRUST,	
WE SHALL REIGN WITH HIM.			<i>W. Still.</i>

PERFECT FAITH.

From John B. Gough's lecture at St. Louis.

A STORY was told of a street boy in London who had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of the hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class laid near by, picked up sick with famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said, "Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus?" "No, I never heard of him." "Bobby, I went to Mission school once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never have hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed him." "I couldn't ask such a great big gentleman as he is to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to boy like me." "But he'll do all that if you ax him." "How can I ax him if I don't know where he lives, and how can I get there when both my legs is broke?" "Bobby, they

told me at Mission school as how Jesus passes by. Teacher says as he goes around. How do you know but what he might come around to this hospital this very night?"

"But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die." "Bobby, hold up yer hand, and he'll know what you want when he passes by." They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried it again. It fell slowly back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears he said, "I give it up." "Bobby, lend me yer hand; put yer elbow on my piller; I can do without it." So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning the boy was dead, his hand still held up for Jesus. You may search the world and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to Mission school but once.

A SILENT COMPANY.

DEAR HOPES:—The day was just dawning, and I was hastening to the depot in Council Bluffs, in order to go by the first train to Nebraska City, and, as I traveled down one of the main streets, I passed a building that seemed to be a boarding-house. The instant I was in front of this building, I heard a sound as of many feet falling at once and a simultaneous moving of chairs. I turned my head and I saw through the window quite a number of persons, men of different ages, yet I heard no voice, not even a whisper, but they moved as by one impulse, and filed off into the street and started in the same direction that I was going, yet no sound escaped their lips.

They passed me, and as they passed, I could distinguish a difference in their breathing from what I have noticed in most people. It seemed to be labored breathing, and mostly through their nostrils. They were twelve in number, men and boys, and they walked very fast. One man seemed to be led by two others, a young man and a boy, one on each side of him. They kept pace with each other, and all seemed bent upon the same object, and bound for the same destination. From the first they seemed to move as by machinery, yet not a sound was heard. It was strange indeed to see so many men and boys on the street, all going in the same direction, and yet uttering no word. Nearly every one had a bundle under his arm, some seemed to walk with an unsteady step. It did not seem to be the step of the drunkard, but seemed to betoken some weakness of the limbs.

Presently I saw a movement of the hands of one, as he was gesturing to a companion, and it was silently replied to by another gesture from the one gestured to. Then a sad, sad thought rushed through my mind. These twelve human beings are dumb, and perhaps deaf! And then another sad fact came to my mind: The Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb was burned last night, and this silent company were some of its inmates, and the destructive flames has compelled them to seek another home, and they are on their way to the C. and R. I. depot. And then I felt very sorry for them, and in two respects: First, they were dumb, and perhaps deaf; and now their home had been destroyed. But the first two evils called forth my sympathy more than the loss of their home. The State of Iowa is able and willing to rebuild their home; but the power of speech and hearing she cannot restore. None but God could give them these.

Perhaps, too, these poor creatures have never possessed the power of speech,—could never lisp or even hear the sweetest of all words, "Mother," "Father;" could never hear the sweet sounds of music that nature utters, nor the loving voices of father, mother, brothers, sisters and friends, could have no just appreciation of them, and hence were denied a great part of the real enjoyments of life that the little Hopes are constantly in possession of. How sad to think of! As I

reflected I felt grateful, on my own account, that I possessed these powers, and I felt to give thanks to the God of heaven for his exceeding goodness to me; but the reason why these poor creatures are denied these blessings, is hidden from mine eyes. I only know that sin has cursed the world; but I could not say that these were sinners more than the rest of men.

Little Hopes, have you seen the poor little blind boy groping to find his way? the deaf child, trying to read with his eyes the movements of your lips, when he could not hear your pleasant voices? the dumb trying to make himself understood by gestures? and did you mark the sad expression upon their faces, and read there an expression of the deep, deep sorrow that filled their hearts? Ought you not to be thankful to your heavenly Father that he has blest you with the great power of sight, by which you can behold and love all the bright beauties of nature and art; with the power of hearing, so that you may drink in the sweet music of the human voice, or warbling of birds, or the roar of the cataract, or the murmuring of the brook, or the lowing of the gentle herd; in fine, all the music of nature, and that he has blest you with power to join in those harmonious sounds, and to give expression to your unbounded joy in tones of love and gratitude.

Dear Hopes, what great cause you have for the highest and holiest gratitude for the unbounded goodness of God! Strive to manifest it by using your noble powers in his praise. Use your tongues only to speak the truth, your eyes to discern the beauties of nature, and learn from nature something of his power, and from God's word your duties and how to perform them. Use your ears in listening to the pure and the good as the means given you of God for learning his will and receiving all truth. Speak no idle, unkind words; let love control the tongue; turn your eyes from all evil, and your ears from the jeers of the scornful, and may God enable you to be ever grateful for all the blessings you enjoy, is the prayer of

UNCLE C.

A LEAKY DAM.

I WAS down by the mill the other day, and while there I noticed a little incident that well illustrates the cunning of the enemy of all souls, in his endeavors to entrap the unwary and reckless while on their way to celestial glory.

It seems that the dam had sprung leak. A whole crew of workmen were busy trying to arrest the work of undermining, which was slowly, but surely, destroying the foundations of this bulwark of power. The water was running through in a dozen different places of considerable size, while half a hundred smaller leak-holes lent no small share of help to the work of draining the reservoir above; and no sooner would the workmen succeed in stopping one hole, than another would open up with greater or less force, thus keeping them constantly at their best to make any progress in stemming the course of the mischief thus begun.

My mind reverted to the work in which we are all interested. Christ says, in St. John 7: 17, that, "If any man will do his [the Father's] will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Obedience, then, is the great bulwark of a full enjoyment of the blessings and promises of God's word. Now let us put the question to ourselves, and see if there are any leak-holes in our work.

Satan seeks a great many ways to overcome the children of light. He works upon my lusts; up on your love of gain; on neighbor Jones' ambition; on farmer Paul's pride; and on little Tommy Smith's temper. One is kind to all, but slothful in business; another is endowed with great foresight and energy, but rarely speaks a kind word to those around him. One is charitable to the poor, but neglects his own family. Others take a natural pride in their own and their children's appearance, at home and abroad,

and like to compare their own superiority over those with whom they are surrounded. I could enumerate many more, but a mere outline is enough. Let us give our own work a careful examination, and whenever we discover a leak take steps at once to put it in order, and that we keep it in as perfect order as possible. C.

CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE.

These curious facts about the Bible were ascertained, it is said, by a convict sentenced to a long term of solitary confinement:—The Bible contains 3,586,480 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times. The word "Lord" occurs 1,855 times. The word "Reverend" occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118 Psalm. The middle and shortest chapter is the 117th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except "J." The finest chapter to read is the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of Second Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st, and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

DORA H. SELLEN.

A BOY'S WAY TO SUCCESS.

EVERY boy wishes to be successful; and he thinks if he could only find a sure road to success in any undertaking, he would not hesitate to enter it. It is the fear of failure at the last that keeps many from pushing on.

There are three qualities which will ensure success in any walk in life, namely: ability, integrity and industry, and though, at first sight, it might seem as if the first of these must be a gift and cannot be cultivated, you will find it is a fact that every boy has ability, if he only finds out in which line of study or action it lies. Ability is the power of doing a thing well. A boy should learn early that he cannot have ability in everything; that is, few boys have a great deal of general ability. The first rule should be that "whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." A boy who does his best in whatever he undertakes, will soon find in what direction his efforts meet with most marked success; and having discovered that, let him bend all his energies to be first in that particular branch of study or work. Better be a first-class carpenter than a fourth-rate lawyer; a good machinist, than a poor doctor.

But many boys cannot judge of their own abilities; and the father, who should study his son's peculiar temperament and characteristics, gives them little thought. Don't give it up; be on the watch to make a good friend; choose your associates among those who aim high, not as to money, or social standing, but as to learning and earnest Christian living. A boy should have, at least, one friend several years his senior, who can guide him as to a choice of what branch of work or study to set his best efforts. He will by earnest endeavor gain ability; but let him guard well his integrity. This is more than truthfulness; it is whole-heartedness. A boy of integrity is like a stout, staunch ship sailing through the ocean, the waves may sway her from side to side, but she remains whole and firm. Boys, make up your minds to be true. If you have deceived, say so to yourself, and say, "By God's help, I'll stop short, from this day. I must earn an honorable name, and I will," and at whatever cost to yourself, be true; let no temptation spring a leak in your heart.

Now, about industry. A boy with good ability and integrity, even if he is rather lazy and shiftless, will perhaps get along; but what opportunities lost, for usefulness? Boys, remember

that the most successful men have been the most industrious. It is very easy to point out some rich man and say, "He began as a poor boy." Yes; but he worked hard, year in and year out. One word about this industry. Don't let it be simply being industrious to be rich. Aim higher than riches. Store your mind with gleanings from the best writers, cultivate a taste for reading, and let the success at which you aim be the approval of a good conscience. Riches are not to be despised; but it is only when they are united to learning and religion, that they are to be envied.

I wish boys would realize more that every little event of their boyhood is shaping their future character. The boy who is more anxious to understand perfectly what he learns, than to appear to make great progress, who cares more for acquiring knowledge than to shine as a student, will be a man of more ability and integrity than one who cares for the mere surface show.—S. S. Times.

A SERMON FOR CHILDREN.

A LITTLE child had told a lie. As far as her parents knew, it was her first. She would not confess her fault. Night came and still she was hardening her heart. Bed time, but her mother would not let her say her prayer. She could not ask God to forgive her sins, for there was one sin she had hidden from him. She came to say good-night; the mother would say no good night to a child that loved a lie better than her mother. The father was stern too, and asked how she could expect the good angels to be around her during the dark, when she was beginning to do what the bad angels wished. This kept her awake. She could not fall asleep, neither could she confess her sins; and so it wore on until midnight. About that time her heart began to melt, but it took some time. One little bit was confessed and then another, but confession was not taken till she had confessed all. The child wept; the mother wept. She was forgiven as far as her parents could forgive, and she was taught to ask forgiveness from God. Her father prayed for his child also. Then came the good night; then the kiss of love; then the assurance that the good angels would be with her now.—*The Gopher*.

Correspondence.

SOLDIER, Monona Co.; Iowa, Feb. 24th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I have never written to you before. I am nine years old, and was baptized last summer. We have meeting here every Sabbath. Bro. Bays has been here preaching this week, and has been debating with a soul-sleeper. They are not through debating yet. I am going to school and am trying to learn all I can. I read in the third reader, and I study arithmetic and geography. With love and kind wishes. Your sister in Christ,

GRACE MONTAGUE.

PIPER CITY, Ills., Mar. 4th, 1877.

Dear Brother Henry:—This is my first attempt to write a letter to any one. We have very nice weather here. I go to school every day and read and spell and study arithmetic and geography. I live down on Grand Prairie and go a mile and a half to school. I have a little sister five years old, and a little brother two years old. We have no meetings or Sabbath School, and it makes the Sunday very lonely. I am nine years old. We had a fine snow-storm yesterday.

JAMES HENRY ROGERS.

PAICENOS, San Benito Co., Cal.,
February 23d, 1877.

Editor's Hope.—I have been thinking of sending my testimony for publication in the *Hope*; and, as I cannot write well enough myself, I have got my father to write for me. When I was a little past eight years old I was baptized by brother D. S. Mills, and confirmed by brother J. C. Clapp, January 25th, 1875. I believe that the Lord was able to speak to me, and so I prayed to him, that he would speak to me, and about two months after I was baptized, while my parents were at meeting one Sunday evening about sundown, as I was walking and driving the cows home, I was praying to God to bless me with his Holy Spirit

and to speak to me; and, while I was looking up into heaven and praying, a voice said to me, "the Holy Ghost—the Holy Ghost," twice, very plainly. It seemed to me that the Lord was close to me, the voice was just above my head. I felt so glad and happy, and so light that I felt like rising right up off the ground. I am very thankful that I am a Latter Day Saint.
FREDDIE H. LAWN.

SOUTH BEND, Neb., March 8th, 1877.

Dear Hopes.—I never wrote a letter before, so I cannot write very good. I am a member of the Church. I was baptized on the 28th of December, by Elder E. C. Brand. I go to meeting every Sunday. We have very good meetings, but no Sunday School; but I hope we will get one started before long.
MARY A. ARMSTRONG.

SAN ANTONIO, Monterey Co., California,
Feb. 23d, 1877.

Dear Hope:—Sometime has elapsed since I last communicated my thoughts to your bright columns, but my silence has not been because I have forgotten you; no indeed! but because I feel my inability to write any thing of interest to your many readers. Since last writing we have changed our dear old home near Gilroy for one in San Antonio, and I do not like this one as well; for I find it very hard to change old scenes, old school mates, and old friends, for new ones. Our new home is some twenty miles south of Soledad, at the entrance of Piné Canyon. In front lies a portion of grant land, and on either side are low hills which are clothed in bright velvety robes of green, with here and there a bunch of gay flowers doing their part in cheering the weary traveler's heart; and the little birds are carolling sweetly in the oaks near by. This tells us that winter is on the wane, and that beautiful spring is once more returning. The winter has been very short this season, and if we do not have some rain soon there will be no crops raised, and the beautiful grass and flowers will soon die.

I have not attended church since the October conference which was held at Oakland. The last meeting was October 8th. In the evening, Bro Joseph gave us a good sermon. The weeks pass away very slowly without church or Sunday School, yet in our seclusion we do not forget God and we are still striving to press onward and upward. I should dearly love to see each one of you this evening, and I hope and pray that ere long I may meet you all in Zion, where parting will be no more.

Let us be no longer sleeping,

For the day is near at hand;

Let us each our watch be keeping,

As a firm united band.
H. E. M.

CARONDELET, Mo., March 8th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—It is my first attempt in writing to you. I am twelve years old. I was baptized about two years ago by Bro. William Anderson. I feel thankful to our Heavenly Father for the gospel; I know it is the plan of salvation. Your brother in Christ,
IVOR DAVIES

MIRABILE, Caldwell county, Missouri.

March 13th, 1877.

Dear Hope:—This is my first letter to you. I am not baptized yet but hope to be soon. I am thirteen years old. I don't know how to do without the *Hope*. I wish it came every week. Dear Hopes I wish that I could see you all, but we will all meet if we are good and keep the commandments of God. I wish you to pray for me. Yours truly,
FLORA B. NORSKEN.

CASEYVILLE, St. Clair Co., Illinois.

March 9th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old. I do not belong to the Church yet, but I hope I shall soon. My ma and pa belong to it. There is a branch here. I go to church and Sunday School every Sunday. Brother Still from St. Louis was out here last Sunday. We get the *Hope* for our Sunday School. I go to school every day. Ever yours,
MARY J. THORLEY.

FRANKTOWN, Washoe Valley, Nevada.

March 13th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—My grandfather was buried last Sunday. He had been an elder in the Church for a good many years. His name was Cornelius Bagnall, and he lived at Sacramento, California. I will be thirteen years old next June.
SARAH TWADDLE.

SOUTH BEND, Neb., March 8th, 1877.

Dear Hope.—I am nine years old. I am not a member of the Church yet, but I hope to be soon. I have two sisters in the Church. I never wrote a letter before. Your friend,
CLARA D. ARMSTRONG.

ANTELOPE, Antelope Co., Nebraska.

Feb. 25th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—We organized our Sunday School December 3rd 1876; Bro. C. H. Derry was chosen Superintendent, Bro. J. H. Smith Secretary. Two classes were organized, one Bible Class. C. H. Derry teacher; one class of children, sister Kizzia Smith teacher. A collection was taken up; four copies of the *Hope* were subscribed for. The largest attendance twenty, smallest ten, average fourteen. We use the Saints' "Question Book," and the "Pure Gold" singing book.
JAMES H. SMITH.

SAN ANTONIO, Monterey Co., California,

February, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—You may like to hear from the Saints in California. The most of us here are trying to serve our Master, but sometimes we are tempted to do that which is not right, and go astray. I fear that we do not always obey the Savior's command, to "pray always;" for, if we did, the evil one would not be able to induce us to do wrong. If we ask our Heavenly Father to help us, and try earnestly to do his will, and to keep his commandments, he will surely hear us and give us strength to overcome all temptation. But dear Hopes, unless we ask for and receive aid from him, we never will be able to overcome the many temptations with which we are beset. O that we would all seek, more earnestly the assistance of Him who is ever willing to give, for there is much joy in serving God. Even in this world it affords us great peace and happiness to say nothing of the great reward awaiting for us. This life is but a moment, when compared with our life in the next world. Then why should we not devote our time to the service of the Lord. If we do, great is our reward. If we do not, but spend our lives in seeking after the pleasures and the things of this world, great will be our punishment. Hopes of Zion, we must repent of any and all evil ways; for the day speedily cometh when repentance will avail us nothing, and he that is evil shall be evil still, and he that is righteous shall be righteous still; then it will be too late to repent of our sins. Praying that we may all see the necessity of being more faithful, and asking an interest in your prayers I am your sister in Christ,
LOTTIE MURKOE.

WEST BELLEVILLE, St. Clair Co., Ills.

March 5th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I ever tried to write to you. I am seven years old. I am not baptized yet, but I hope that I soon will be. From your little friend,
RUSSELL ARCHIBALD.

WEST BELLEVILLE, St. Clair Co., Ills.

March 5th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I am ten years old and belong to the Church. I was baptized on the 12th of November at Bevier, Macon county, Missouri, by Bro. Walter McDonald. I ask an interest in your faith and prayers. Your brother in Christ,
JAMES ARCHIBALD.

ATCHISON, Kansas, March 16th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I go to school and read in the third reader. I was baptized last summer by Brother David Williams. I am nine years old. Yours in love,
ADA BELL SPAWPERT.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA—No. 5.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 3, 7, 5, to strike. My 8, 6, 4, 2, to hinder. My 9, 7, 3, 6, 1, abounding with seed. My 10, 2, 8, 4, 2, a sad frolic. My whole is what daughters of Philip were.
JENNET ARCHIBALD.

WORD PUZZLE—No. 6.

My 1st is in James, but not in Luke,
My 2d is in Paul, but not in Ruth,
My 3d is in Peter, but not in John,
My 4th is in Mark, but not in Tom,
My 5th is in Timothy, but not in Ezekiel,
My 6th is in Felix, but not in Daniel,
My 7th is in Job, but not in Psalms,
My 8th is in Jeremiah, but not in Kings,
My 9th is in Moses, but not in Zechariah,
My 10th is in Micah, but not in Zephaniah,
My 11th is in Jude, but not in John,
My two last are in St. Matthew, but not in Samuel.
My whole is the name a noted Elder.
JOSIAH MATTHEWS.

PUZZLE.—No. 4.

A man hauled a load of wood, and there was neither a straight nor a crooked stick in it.
WM. T. WILLIAMS.

ANAGRAM.—No. 5.

A eltilt pgnair dah slot ti's yaw,
Dima teh agrs nad efr;
A apisngs risnareg pcosode a lewl,
Ewehr ywrea emn hitng utur.
Eh apesd angia dan ol! het elwl,
Yb smumsre venre diedr,
Adh ocodel ent danithos ehgprani gtoeusb.
Dan dresa a eilf debisie. IDA L. WEEKS.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of March 1st.

To Bible Enigma No. 2.—Jerusalem, Elijah, Rebecca, Og, Moroni, Eve, Enoch, Laman, Israel, Elisha, Uzzah, Goliath, Eli, Nimrod, Esau, Wisdom, Ishmael, Luke, Darcas, Ephraim, Reuben, Moses, Uriah, Thomas, Ham. Answer—Jerome Eli Eugene Wildermuth.

Answered by Isadore Hill, Isadore H. Sellon. Correct, all but in giving the name of Rachel as the grandmother of the twelve patriarchs. Correctly by Henry M. Aird.

To Anagram No. 3.—

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handy-work.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words unto the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber;
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

JULIA FROST.

Answered by Mary E. McGuire, John E. Rogerson, John C. Hidy, Jeannie Randall, Anna Cliff, Darius M. Brown, Isadore H. Sellon, Isadore Hill, Dorinda Dawson, John B. Hatcher, Sarah Twaddle, James Twaddle, Henry M. Aird, Eliza France, John Marriott, Wm. L. Wilkinson.

To Word Puzzle, No. 4.—William W. Blair. Word No. 13 should have been printed hearth instead of health. Answered by Mary E. McGuire, John C. Hidy, Isadore H. Sellon, Isadore Hill, and incorrectly by John E. Rogerson, Sarah Twaddle, James Twaddle, Martha A. Thomas.

To Puzzle, No. 2.—The beggar was a woman, hence the man who was drowned at sea had no brother. Answered by Wm. T. Williams, Eliza France, John Marriott, Isadore Hill, and Isadore H. Sellon.

Flora E. Munns, John Marriott and Jennie Randall sent answers to Word Puzzle No. 3, and Flora to Enigma No. 3 too late for last issue.

MY UNBELIEF.

Lord, help my unbelief.

That I may heaven win;

Because of unbelief,

I may not enter in.

While o'er this sin I grieve,

Prayer is a sweet relief;

I'll say, "Lord, I believe,

Help thou my unbelief!"

Selected by Regina Rohrer.

The True Latter Day Saints' Herald

THE above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

1 April 77.

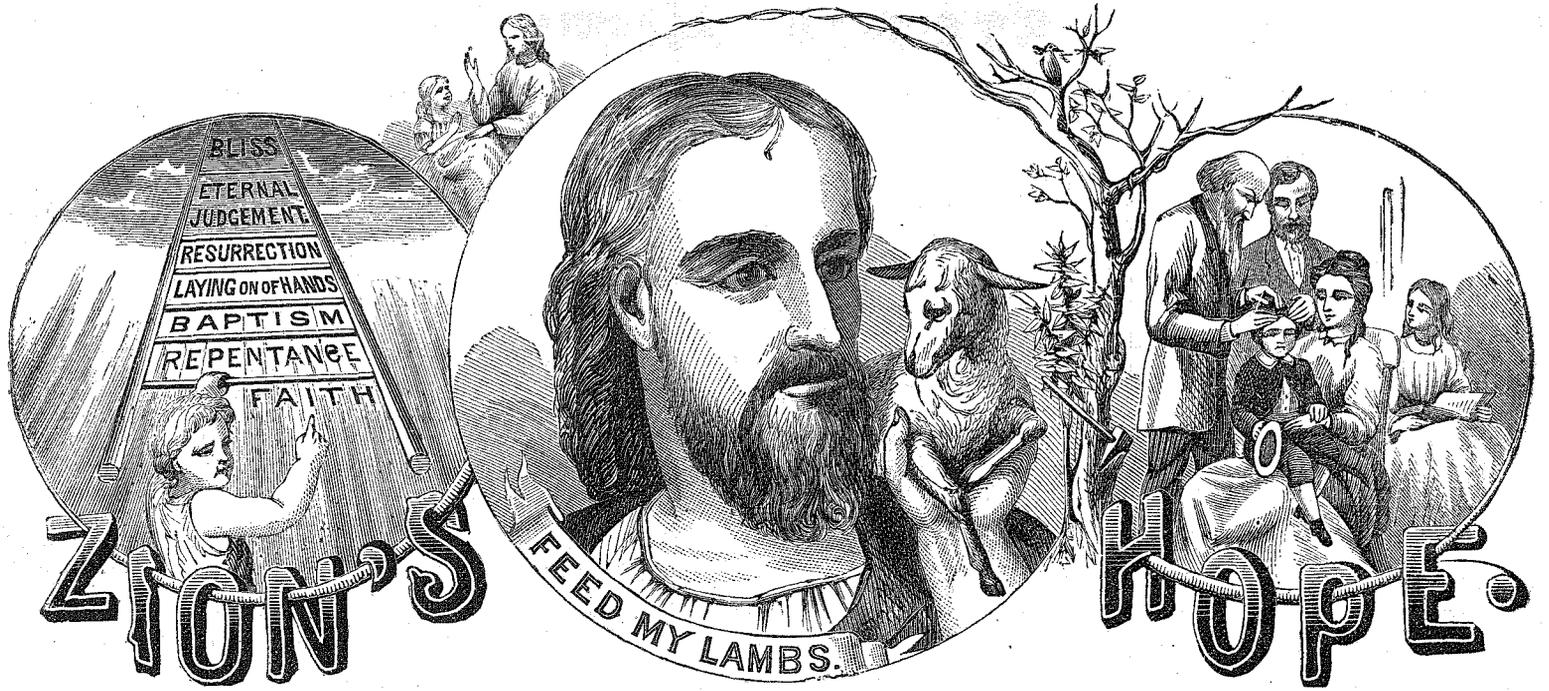
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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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."

THE CAGED MOUSE.

I'm only a poor little mouse, ma'am!
 I live in the wall of your house, ma'am!
 With a fragment of cheese, and a very few peas,
 I was having a little carouse, ma'am!

No mischief at all I intend, ma'am!
 I hope you will act as my friend, ma'am!
 If my life you should take, many hearts it would break,
 And the trouble would be without end, ma'am!

My wife lives in there in the crack, ma'am!
 She's waiting for me to come back ma'am!
 She hoped I might find a bit of a rind,
 For the children their dinner do lack, ma'am!

'Tis hard living there in the wall, ma'am!
 For plaster and mortar will pall, ma'am!
 On the minds of the young, and when especially hung-
 Ry, upon their poor father they'll fall, ma'am!

I never was given to strife, ma'am!
 (Don't look at that terrible knife, ma'am!)
 The noise overhead that disturbs you in bed,
 'Tis the rats, I will venture my life, ma'am!

In your eyes I see mercy, I'm sure, ma'am!
 Oh, there's no need to open the door, ma'am!
 I'll slip through the crack, and I'll never come back,
 Oh, I'll NEVER come back any more, ma'am!

Laura E. Richards, (St. Nicholas for August).

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

NETTIE was delighted with the new home, for the house stood in a very secluded and charming little glen, one just large enough for a house and barn, a small orchard and garden spot. Grass and clover of many varieties, and from six inches to a foot in height, covered the ground. Through the center trickled a merry little rill which issued from a spring near by. Live oak, mountain laurel, alder, buckeye, willow, elderberry, and hazel-nut trees adorned the spot, while hills circled round about, one above another, fold on fold, and, Nettie sometimes thought as she viewed them, like the petals encircling the heart of a rose. Some of the hills were smooth, evenly rounded, and treeless, while others were steep, and were rocky in places, and were covered with a dense growth of small trees of the above named species, with vines clambering around their trunks and branches, while flowers, pennyroyal, mint and balm grew beneath the boughs, adding by their beauty and fragrance still more to the enchanting woodland and hills. And, along the ravines were beautiful ferns and tall sycamores,

also blackberry vines, from which hung that delicious fruit in its season. And such a variety of birds Nettie had not seen before in one place,—magpies, bluejays, woodpeckers, quails, swallows, larks, mourning-doves, linnets, canaries, humming-birds, and yet we have not named all that built their nests in the trees, or on the rocks, or down on the ground among grass and flowers. All these made the woods resound with their music through the day, and lulled away the evening hours with their sweet plaintive notes.

It was not strange that Nettie, amid all this music and beauty, should have forgotten, for a time, all her ambitious desires, her sincere love for the school room, and the triumphs that she had hoped to win there. But all were soon remembered, and in three months after Nettie first beheld and enjoyed the beauties of the new home, she was five miles away from it, down in the valley at Washington Corners, residing at the house of a friend, helping for her board and going to school. But as soon as the spring vacation came, Nettie was homesick, very homesick, for everything was so unlike home,—the broad treeless fields, and the houses with a very few trees around them, or none at all, which made the place look dreary indeed, as viewed through homesick eyes, for Washington was not then the lovely village it is at the present time. And then there was no church, no Sunday School there, and no bible in the house, and our great Creator's name was not uttered in reverence all the long Sabbath days. So Nettie felt that she could endure this no longer, and that she must go home; for, although Nettie was not as near to God as she had been in her earlier childhood years, yet she could not forget him, and in secret she sometimes prayed, and she felt that her most earnest and sincere prayers ascended to the throne of grace, and were responded to. In San Francisco Nettie had been a regular attendant of a Presbyterian Sunday School, and all her life had been so different from this; for she had always been where God was revered in appearance if not in reality; and in all her previous life a whole week had not passed without her hearing a blessing asked or a prayer offered to his holy name.

So Nettie went home. It was in the spring of 1864, and the hills were robed in their most gorgeous apparel, and everything looked cheering indeed as she came nearer and nearer to the dearly loved home; and how light her heart was as she leaped from the wagon and tripped up the path to the house, and how glad were the greetings with the loved ones. It was like the balmy air and warm glad sunshine after a dreary storm. Nettie told her homesick story and viewed the

beauties of her surroundings at the same time. And, while doing so, she saw a man, satchel in hand, coming up the garden path. He was a stranger, and of course they all wondered who he was, and what could be his reasons for coming to that out of the way place.

"He is well dressed and looks so much like a minister that he must be canvassing for some book, or paper," said one.

But Nettie said, "I have seen him before; he crossed the plains the same time we did. You remember the little independent company of four wagons that generally camped quite near to us; he was in that company. And one Sunday, Aunt, when you and I were out walking, we saw him; and you spoke with him. Don't you remember? Why I remember as plainly as though it were but yesterday."

By this time he was at the door and they asked him in, and he soon made known his name and mission. E. C. Brand was his name, and he was an elder in the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, having been sent on a mission to the west, to preach and teach the gospel in its purity, as it was anciently taught; and best of all to search through the valleys and hunt in the hills and mountains for the lost and scattered sheep, to point out to them the crooks in the paths which they had trod, as they strayed from the true fold; and to show them the strait and narrow way, and to urge them to walk therein; and to forsake the blind and evil shepherds who had led them astray.

Nettie sat silently listening to all the preacher had to say. She could offer no objections, because the message he bore was such glad tidings, such cheering news to her; for he said that a prophet had recently arisen, even the eldest son of Joseph; and that he already had many followers, a church having been organized after the pattern of old, with prophets and apostles, elders and teachers; and that many of them were being sent forth to preach the gospel and call upon all to repent and be baptized for the remission of their sins, that others might also enjoy the gifts and blessings of the Holy Spirit, as well as they; for Elder Brand testified that all the gifts were had among his people, and he bore a strong testimony to the truth of the Reorganized Church and its acceptance in the sight of God.

Then he started for the next farm house. It was haying time and Nettie's papa was helping his neighbor make hay while the sun shone; and the farmer's phrase might well apply to the work of elder, also; for he started in time to get there just at noon, so as to have a talk with the men folks while they were at dinner and taking

their midday rest. Nettie reflected upon his teachings as she watched him going over the hills and out of sight. Then she asked her mamma if she might go too, for she had not seen her papa yet, and she wanted to see him; besides she also desired to hear the preacher talk more. Her mamma asked her if she believed what he taught.

Nettie replied: "Yes, mother, of course I do; its just what I always believed."

Her mother laughed and said: "Yes, your Aunt Louisa always said you were a little Gentile girl. But you may go if you wish to."

So Nettie tripped over the hills, feeling as light of heart and as merry as a bird on the wing. When she reached the house she found the elder and her father engaged in a lively, but not unfriendly discussion on the subject of polygamy, the latter being for and the former against it. Nettie thought that Elder B. had much the best of the discussion, for the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Book of Covenants, from each of which they read passages, she considered were surely all on his side. Work was forgotten until a late hour that afternoon, for all were interested, if not converted, and the elder emptied his satchel, which contained the Voice of Warning, hymn books, Heralds, and tracts, so if any were not interested in the debate they could entertain themselves with the silent preachers. His voice also gave utterance, for when he was not talking he read, and not a moment was wasted; so that before they separated in the evening, Elder B. offered if any of them believed and desired to unite with his people to initiate them by baptism and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, so that they may enjoy the gifts of the gospel in this life and an assurance of a home with the great and good in the life beyond.

None responded, not even Nettie, who sincerely believed, and whose heart was full of joy because of the good news she had heard that day. And, although from the early period of her life when she first heard of God and of his plan of salvation for man, she had looked forward with eager hopes for the time to arrive that she would be considered accountable that she might be baptized, yet, ere that time arrived, Nettie seeing and hearing of the many evils by which she was surrounded, began to doubt and to grow indifferent, until she had not desired to be numbered among such a people. She had also heard of the great world the other side of the mountains and away beyond the blue waters of the lake, and sometime she would go out there, and among the many people perhaps she would find a people who loved the great Creator of all things, and who worshipped him in a better way. If so Nettie thought she would join with them and obey all God's commands.

And, even had Nettie's thoughts and desires been different, her papa would not have consented for a child of his so young to be initiated into a church, the hands of whose priesthood he believed to be bloodstained. So this, Nettie's first opportunity of obeying the divine initiating ordinance of God's house, passed unimproved.

"I will wait for father; he will soon be convinced, for the elder will remain in the neighborhood a week or two at least." These were her silent conjectures. And he did remain, but Nettie did not see him again, and her father was not then converted.

But we will follow Nettie now; for, shortly after this eventful day, she was permitted to go and stay a few weeks with a relative who had a tiny baby, and whose nurse had gone away. Nettie was contented there for she liked the people and the place too. It was on a farm, one pleasantly situated and well improved, with broad level fields of waving grain, and an abundance of both fruit and ornamental trees, and a flower garden containing a great variety of beautiful plants, where all the day long could be heard the hum and buzz of bird and bee. It was in San Jose Valley near the bay, and fifteen miles from Nettie's own home.

Her stay here instead of being a few weeks, only lacked a few weeks of being a year. The reasons were because Nettie could be spared from home, and there continually occurred something to detain her just a few days or a week or two longer. First, the four little ones were taken sick with the measles, and then the mother; and, shortly after her recovery, harvesting came on with the extra work; and, next, the carpenters and painters came; and, afterwards, plenty of sewing to be done in preparation for a long journey over the waters. During all this time the baby was troublesome, having seemed to prefer Nettie's care ever since she became its sole nurse at the time its mamma was sick with the measles. But for all this it was not all work and no play there, for they were jolly folks, and it was Hurry, girls, let's get the work done, then we will go and take a ride. They did go very often, and Nettie was never left behind. And their pew in the Congregational Church at the nearest village was seldom empty on Sunday.

The minister had very liberal ideas, and Nettie liked to hear him preach; but she never felt like being converted to his form of doctrine, especially since she had heard of a better way, of the perfect law of liberty. And she determined that she would yet join that people—the people whom Elder Brand represented; for, through all these months, her heart had been with them, and she asked God to prosper them in every way, and especially in carrying his precious truths to the sincere truth-seeking ones of the world. And, very often, when slumber closed her eyes, she was with them in dream land, at their social gatherings and in their hours of devotional service, both at church and at their homes, in large and in small assemblies, sharing their joys and sorrows; and in every one of these dreamland scenes she saw that she appeared as a loved and loving member of the body. Indeed, in later years Nettie has met several of her land-of-nod friends; and, at first sight, some of them have at once seemed like old friends tried and true.

SISTER RASEY'S LETTER.

LITTLE FRIENDS:—How many times I have perused the pages of the *Hope* with the wish that I was able to contribute some word of cheer and benefit to the many little ones that are interested in its pages. This feeling of the heart, prompts me at this time to venture my humble offering.

I have been acquainted with a great many little Hopes, was one myself once; and I can well remember with what eagerness I listened to, and received any teachings about our heavenly Father, and about the future life, and how that by being good, we could obtain it. I wondered at the mercy of God, when I heard that he gave his Son to come to the world and die, that we might always be happy and good. We know now that our souls are worth a great deal more than we could then think, and God, knowing it, sent his Son to make us good, so that we might always be happy and love everybody, and be sorry for those who were not good, and try to make them better.

I have always wondered, and I still wonder, at the mercy of God, only when I think that he being God, and not man, is so good, that he cannot help doing good things. The works that Christ did while on earth, those that were impossible for man to do, show to us that he was the Son of God. With what pains he tried to show that he was abundantly able to do all that he said he would do, and that he was willing to do so too. How it must please him to have all, more especially the young, come to his Father, through him, and ask to be made worthy to know and to do his will, that they may receive the full benefit of what he died to give them, even, "life eternal through his name."

It is a fact, and not an untruth, that he then did, and is yet doing, many mighty works, such

as healing the sick, restoring those who were and are bound, in any way, under the power of sin and Satan. He deals just the same with his people to-day as then, if they possess the same faith; and he will give them the same faith, if they desire it with all their heart; and he will give his spirit, which will lead into all truth. I was taught to believe that we could not expect the same blessings and gifts that were given to the church anciently, but the Lord has taught me that, through the same obedience and faith, the same blessings are given. Should there be one of you that was so taught as I was, they, too, may know that it is a mistake. By asking the Lord, as I have done this many years, they will receive that will bring a certain knowledge that the gifts and blessings belonging to his people now of the fold.

Janesville, Wis.

L. A. RASEY.

COUNCIL BLUFFS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The following preamble and resolution of respect was passed by the Council Bluffs Sunday School, March 25th, 1877, to the memory of Lida Beebe, who died March 21st, 1877:

Whereas, We the superintendent, teachers, and scholars of the Council Bluffs Sabbath School, see reasons for giving God praise in the remembrance of the fact that our school has existed near ten years without the loss of one scholar by death, we nevertheless feel sad to know that death has, at length, caused a vacancy in our midst. Therefore be it resolved, that in the death of Lida Beebe, we have lost a worthy and promising scholar, and one whose life every member of our school wishes could have been prolonged; but He who has bought us with a price knew what was best for her. Hence, while we mourn her loss we desire to bow to His decrees with becoming resignation. And, be it further Resolved, that we sympathize with, and offer our condolence to the bereaved family, and that the secretary be, and is hereby authorized to furnish them a copy of the above, also place the same upon the record, and also to forward a copy to the Herald Office for publication in the *Hope* with the following verses:

Dear Lida, thou art called away,
From friends that loved thee dear,
To mingle with the pure and just,
In a delightful sphere.

We miss thee, Lida, but we know
That if faithful we remain,
We'll meet thee in the by and by,
Where death will ne'er part again.

By order of the school.

J. C. JENSEN, *Supt.*
WM. STUART, *Secy.*

SPARE MOMENTS.

A LEAN, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen entrance. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door. "I should like to see Mr. B." he repeated.

"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I should have no objection to a bit of bread; but I should like to see Mr. B., if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, may be, you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched trousers. "I know he has none to spare;" and without regarding the boy's request, she went about her work.

"Can I see Mr. B.?" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well, he's in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl, in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an

ill-looking fellow in her master's presence; however, she wiped her hands and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said: "Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business, but I know that after talking awhile the principal put aside the volume which he was studying, and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the newcomer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the principal asked, the boy answered as readily as could be.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the principal, looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles, "you certainly do well. Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

Here he was, a poor, hard working boy, with but few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his *spare moments*. Truly, are not spare moments "the gold-dust of time?" How precious they all should be! What account can you give for your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how much can be laid up by improving them; and there are many, many other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, in the house of correction, in the fore-castle of a whale ship, in the tipping-shop, who, if you should ask them when they began their sinful course, might answer, "In my spare moments."

Temptation always hunts you out in small seasons like these, when you are not busy; he gets into your hearts, if he can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your spare moments.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

AS I sit at my window, watching the snow-flakes falling softly and silently, covering hill and valley, as with a mantle of light, the thought comes to me, How like the snow is the purity of early childhood. A little child knows not the nature of sin, but it is pure and impressible; and, as the impress of my hand is plainly visible on the smooth surface of the snow, so are early impressions upon the mind of a little child; and, as early impressions are far more lasting than are those of maturer years, should we not be very careful to have our little ones grow up in the pure atmosphere of love, refinement, and peace? Should we not teach them to love all the beautiful things in nature, as being the gifts of our heavenly Father's hand, and that it is his wish to see them grow up honest and truthful, and loving their parents, their brothers and their sisters, being kind and affectionate to their playmates, and gentle to all dumb creatures? Let us teach them that the same God who placed the sun, moon, and stars in their places also watches the flight of the insect; that he who balances the clouds, and who hung the earth upon nothing, also notices the fall of the sparrow. And let us make them familiar with the beautiful story of Jesus, who loved little children, and who gave them words of tender blessing. Let us help them to gain a knowledge of the beautiful world about them, (for this alternately grave and gay old world of ours, is very beautiful if we will only study it), and thus by early impressions they will certainly gain a better perception of the beauty and wisdom of the divine Creator of all things.

I remember that when I was a little child my mother, a pious, good woman, used frequently to take my little sister and myself for a walk in the green woods; and, as we gathered the many colored flowers that grew about our pathway, she would help us to analyze them, would point out to us the beauty, skill, and wisdom of our heavenly Father, whose hand had fashioned the different parts, the petals, calyx, stamens, and seed cup of each flower. The beauty of different mosses, ferns, leaves, and grasses, even the tiny insect,

had a new beauty to us unseen before. And in all our rambles she would endeavor to impress upon our young minds, either by some beautiful allegory or otherwise, the lessons she wished us to remember. And one incident in particular I remember, one which left an indelible impression upon my mind. In one of those walks we arrived at the foot of a high hill, from the side of which, as if by some convulsion of nature, a large boulder or rock had been thrown down, and which was rent through the center by a large fissure. Here my mother stopped, and, taking a seat on the mossy ledge of the rock, she told us the beautiful story of the babe in Bethlehem, and then of the years of his ministration, of his mighty miracles, of his deeds of love; and at last, so far as she thought we could comprehend it, she told us of the great mystery of the atonement, of his passion and agony, of his death and burial, of how the very heavens, as if in anger at the deed, refused their light, and the rocks were rent in twain; and, pointing up to the rocks at whose base we were sitting, she made it the means of more fully conveying to our young minds the sacred truths she wished to teach. I repeat, let us teach our little ones to love all beautiful things in nature, and to know that our heavenly Father painted the many tinted flowers, and the green grass of the spring time; that it was his hand that hung high in crimson and gold the sunset clouds; that this wise and great Father loves little children; and that he loves them to be good and pure and true.

Let our homes be as hives, where all beautiful feelings
Will cluster like bees, and their honey-dew brings;
Make them our temples of holy revelations,
With love as the angel with shadowing wings.

AUNT ANNIE.

BRAIDWOOD SABBATH SCHOOL.

Report for the first quarter of 1877: Attendance for the three months, 340; highest 41, lowest 29, average 34. Cash on hand and received, \$6.65; paid out for *Hopes*, \$4.00; song books, primers, reward cards, etc., \$2.33; total, \$6.33; cash on hand, 32cts.

This school was established August 13th, 1876. Since then it has steadily increased in numbers. Not many of the scholars are members of the Church, but we hope that the seed sown may bring forth much fruit. We ask for the prayers of all the Hopes, and of all who have an interest in the latter day work.

JOHN KIER, JR., Supt. and Secy.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

BROTHER HENRY writes to thank the dear Hopes, as well as the older ones, for the kind words often sent to him for his efforts to make the *Hope* interesting and instructive. These words of cheer are pleasant to read and to think upon, and he would like to look in upon the homes and make the acquaintance of those of the wishers with whom he is not acquainted, even as he enjoys the thoughts of past visits in the homes of his acquaintances, and of the kind entertainment during the days or weeks intervening between the greeting and the reluctant good-by.

We also, in behalf of the writers for the *Hope*, Perla Wild, Sister Lena, Aunt Annie, Aunt Lucy, Uncle Charles, Uncle M., and many others, thank the Hopes for their appreciation of the articles of those lovers of children and writers of truthful and instructive reading. And we all intend to go on, being comforted and strengthened by the good words of each other, and by the good Spirit from above; and we hope to not be weary nor to cease our efforts in the work.

And, dear Hopes and Saints, we must labor to keep up the interest and usefulness of our paper, not forgetting the subscription lists, obtaining subscribers and keeping up the payments, so that it may not go down; for we heard one of the Board say that so many subscriptions came in late and irregularly that it required a great deal of work each issue to correct the mailing lists, and that it hardly seemed worth

while to bestow so much labor in publishing and printing it. Now, to favor ourselves and our readers, we have decided to send one or two numbers after your time is out, and we hope that when you see the blue mark you will each try to send as soon as possible; and thus we will not need to take your name out at all, if you send within the month of grace.

Let us say also, that the Hopes will oblige us if they will send puzzles, answers to former puzzles, business items, and letters for publication, each on separate slips or sheets of paper, for, if sent mixed together, one class may be overlooked and not published. Always send the answers with the puzzles you send or they will not be published.

A BRIGHT SUNSET.

WE often admire the beauties and glorious appearance of the setting sun, as it sinks behind the horizon, and watch with what varied tints it makes beautiful its parting hour, and how gently, in its retirement behind the horizon, it draws the curtains of day about it, and lets fall the quiet shadows of evening over all the earth. But, O, how little, its genial warmth and rich effulgence of life were appreciated and enjoyed, when it was shining from the zenith of glory.

So is it with us in our pilgrimage through mortality—as we live so will be our departure. If we have been patient, tender, and kind to our fellows, faithful and true in keeping the commandments of the Lord, the close of our lives, to the pure and the good, will possess attractions more glorious than those of the setting sun, because our life's sun in setting will be like that of the morning star, which, instead of sinking behind the horizon, rises toward the zenith, and is lost to sight amid the glories of the king of day as it climbs toward the zenith of heaven's blue dome. And so it is with the saint, however bright their earthly life, beyond its bound they enter the light of that better land, rendered so by the glories of the Son of righteousness.

We have before our mind an old lady, eighty-eight years old, who was visited by some young friends. She lived alone in a small room with small furniture and bed to correspond with her means and wants. "Grandma" was pleased to see her friends. They asked, "Do you not get lonely sometimes?"

"O, no," she replied cheerfully, "the Lord by his Spirit is always with me; and he is the best of society, you know."

They inquired about her nights.—"Do you sleep well?"

"Yes."

Upon inquiry we learned that her custom was to rise at five o'clock, or near that time, and when we expressed surprise,

"Well," said she, "my Savior, you know, arose before day to pray, and I find it precious and profitable to follow his example;" and her face seemed to shine with very joy while she talked.

She bustled about and showed her friends her old bible and the quilts she made seventy years ago, and related in lively style the way things used to be in her day. Said one of her friends, "I suppose you think a good deal of those old times."

"Yes, but I think a great deal more of those good times to come."

Said another friend, "you seem to have many mercies and blessings; goodness and mercy seem to crown your days."

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, "I count it one of the great mercies that I can turn over in my bed."

"O!" thought one of her friends, "how easy it is for the grateful heart to find something for thankfulness."

Yes, how easy. When we feel like murmuring in our hearts at our lot, if we would only look round us we could count our fellows by scores or hundreds, that we would not change conditions with if we could, and when we begin to count the daily mercies with which we are

blessed, even in affliction we find occasion for thankfulness to God. For we may so live that when earth's pleasures all fade, and the body is racked with pain and hope of returning health all fled, the blest assurance of the Spirit, pointing to the rest that remains for the faithful, calls for our liveliest gratitude and most humble thankfulness, for its comfort and light which for the faithful and the true illumines the portals of the tomb, the gateway to eternal life, through which we must pass to enter upon the rich fruition of our hopes.

Little Hopes let us all try to live so that the setting of our lives' sun may be happy to us, bright and glorious to those whom we may leave behind.

UNCLE MILTON.

Correspondence.

PIPER CITY, Ill., March 18, 1877.

Brother Henry:—This leaves me in good health. Brother Earl has been here and preached four times, also at Brother Moore's twice. Many have died about here this winter of the scarlet fever and the whooping cough. I had to stay out of school three weeks. Yours, respectfully,

ADA ROGERS.

PLATTSMOUTH, Neb., March 19th, 1877.

Dear Brother Henry:—I never see any letters from here. I am not in the Church, but I intend to be. My mother is a member of it, and I believe it to be the true church of God. I ask an interest in the prayers of God's people. Yours, WM. H. MITCHELL.

NEW TRENTON, Franklin Co., Ind.

Dear Hopes:—Brn. B. V. Springer, C. Scott, and Uncle Will Chappelow held a two days' meeting here January 27th and 28th. We had a good time. The New Trenton Branch has fourteen members, but one sister lives so far off that she cannot attend our meetings. We have no Sunday School, but expect to have one this summer. Have just finished reading Sister Lena's story, "Wave's Victory," and we are well pleased with it, and all the better because we have been treated as Wave was by our schoolmates. They have united in teasing us about our being Mormons. We are the only little Mormon girls in the school. We hope to see more from Sister Lena, for her stories are all nice. We believe that this is the true Church of Christ, and if faithful that we will receive the reward, and we ask an interest in your prayers that we may endure. Your sisters in Christ,

MINNIE F. CHAPPELOW.
FLORA J. CHAPPELOW.

GOWER, Clinton Co., Mo., March 11th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I go to school. I do not belong to the Church, but hope to soon. My mother and my grandfather are members. There are no meetings nearer than twelve miles and I do not go often. I have three little sisters and a brother. I have no pa; he died two years ago. He was blind four years before he died. Your friend, LUCY JANE HAWKINS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 15th, 1877.

My Dear Little Hope:—I am glad to write to you to tell you how God has blessed me; for I have been very sick and the doctors gave me up, but God did not; and now I can run about. I want to be a good boy, for I have been baptized and soon shall be ten years old. I am going to my school, and also meeting as often as I can. I thank my brothers and sisters who brought me some nice things while I was sick. God bless you all. HERBERT MOORE.

DOWVILLE, Iowa, March 15th, 1877.

Dear Editors:—We have no Sunday School here now, but I hope that there will be one before long. There is a branch of the Church here of about forty members, and we have meeting each Sunday morning and evening. I am glad we have this privilege. The Methodists here have been holding a protracted meeting for about two weeks. Yours truly,

ALVIN Z. RUDD.

INDEPENDENCE, Jackson Co., Mo.,

March 20th, 1877.

Dear Hope:—I began taking your paper this year, and have not seen any letters from this place. There are not very many Saints here, but they seem trying to serve God. Mr. T. W. Smith has been here. He baptized four. He will preach in Kansas City tonight. The weather is warm, the grass has begun to grow, and we hear the songs of the birds and the hum of the bees. This is a very nice city; there are eleven churches, six schools, one female seminary,

one college, one public school, and the Catholics are building a large convent. We would like to have some of the Saints come here to live. I am not yet a member of the Church. Regards to all of the Hopes. A kind adieu,

MARY H. EATON.

JEFFERSON, Greene Co., Iowa,

March 17th, 1877.

Editors Hope:—I am trying to be a good boy, and to serve God; and although I make crooked paths yet am trying to do better, and I ask an interest in the prayers of all. I did not have a chance to go to school but about three months this year. There are no other little Hopes here but myself. Pa went to Galland's Grove to conference a week ago. As ever yours,

JOHN B. HATCHER.

MOORHEAD, Monona Co., Iowa,

March 20th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—As school is closed I now have time to write a few lines. We have had cold weather all this month, and it is snowing to-day. The story "Wave's Victory" was a real nice one, and I would like Sister Lena to write more. We will have a Sunday School here this summer. As ever yours,

LEONA ANNETTE PCTNEY.

LA GRACIOSA, Santa Barbara Co., Cal.,

March 21st, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am eleven years old. I am glad to say that I am a member of the Church. I was baptized by Brother J. R. Jeffries, February 7th, 1876. Our branch numbers eighteen members. We expect Elders Burton and Dana here soon. I wish all the Hopes to pray for me. Your brother in Christ,

WILLIE H. BEST.

LONDON, Ontario, March 21st, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—It is about a year since I was baptized by Elder Cornish. I am ten years old. God has blessed me with the gifts of the gospel, and I am trying to live more faithful. On Sabbath we have Sabbath School at nine A. M., preaching at 10:30, prayer meeting at 2:30 and preaching at 6:30 P. M.; also prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Pray for me. Your brother in Christ,

ROBERT PARKER.

INLAND, Cedar Co., Iowa,

March 21st, 1877.

Dear Hopes: I go to school when we have any; I like to go so well; I read in the third reader. I am only six years old, so I can't write very well. I have a baby brother, and he is very sweet and good. I send you a word square that I made all alone.

ERMINIE CLARA WILDERMUTH.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 7.

My 1st is in water but not in land,
My 2d is in silver but not in sand,
My 3d is in lillie but not in rose,
My 4th is in battle but not in foes,
My 5th is in pint but not in quart,
My 6th is in palace but not in cot,
My 7th is in mountain but not in hill,
My 8th is in house but not in rill,
My 9th is in kite but not in string,
My 10th is in rattle but not in ring,
My 11th is in lane but not in street,
My 12th is in kail but not in beet,
My 13th is in yarrow but not in sweet.
My whole is a well known servant of God.

HENRY M. AIRD.

ANAGRAM.—No. 6.

Nad erevy ritips hatt ssethefome otn
Ttha Seusj Irhets si emoce ni het elshf is
Otn fo Odg; nad isth si hatt iritps fo tian
Risthc, cofrehw ey veah ardeh atht ti uldohs
Omec; nad veen own earadly si ti ni het rolwd.

SSAEMIL R. NERK.

WORD SQUARE, No. 1.

A pretty flower; a grain; a pause; to see.

ERMINIE C. WILDERMUTH.

ENIGMA.—No. 6.

I am composed of 85 letters.—My 43, 51, 16, 43, 70, 45, a river in Great Britain; my 50, 23, 68, 34, 17, 53, to deny; my 82, 11, 82, 56, 61, 31, 2, 73, 52, a drug; my 84, 5, 57, 42, 25, 10, 18, 21, 59, what we should strive to be; my 12, 14, 27, 43, a verb; my 47, 15, 71, 49, 2, 19, 81, 58, a cape in North America; my 75, 41, 13, 24, 52, 83, 68, 37, what we all should avoid; my 1, 30, 40, 3, 20, an island; my 6, 7, 28, 76, 16, 63, 51, 35, a metal; my 32, 20, 74, 10, 48, 62, 77, a small

bird; my 65, 14, a preposition; my 54, 51, 39, 11, 27, a guardian; my 22, 78, 64, 33, 52, 26, 55, 2, 35, a city in the United States; my 72, 48, 79, 82, 69, 53, 64, a tool; my 64, 4, 14, 84, 11, 37, 50, 5, 60, 66, 8, are produced by light; my 82, 44, 36, 82, 41, 37, 14, a city in the United States; my 12, 29, 67, 46, a pronoun; 38, 78, 31, 19, 85, a man's name; my 60, 80, 50, 70, 16, 18, 13, 83, 82, is partially mad; my 9, 24, 14, 60, means for me to leave off. My whole is a verse in the Bible.

G. E. WARD.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of March 15th.

1 To Acrostic.—David E. Powell.

2 To Enigma, No. 4.—Oufa, Stove, Enars, Frost, Eva, Herbert. The whole: Fortune favors the brave.

3 To Anagram, No. 4.—

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good morrow;
But sweeter to hark in the twinkling dark,
To the soothing song of sorrow.
O, nightingale; what doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

ELIZA FRANCE.

4 To Word Puzzle, No. 5.—Brigham Young.

5 To Puzzle, No. 3.—They first fill the 3 gallon keg; then empty that into the 5 gallon keg; then fill the 3 again and empty two gallons into the 5, which leaves one in the 3 and two in the 8; then, emptying the 5 out of the 5 into the 3, put the one out of the 3 into the 5, and fill up the 3 from the 8, which leaves four in the 8 and four in the 5, by putting that from the 3 into it.

Of the above Cynthia A. Kennicutt answered Nos 3, 4, 5; Sarah A. Summerfield 1, 4; S. A. Vredenburg 1, 3, 4; John W. Wight 1, 2, 3, 4; Jennet Archibald 1, 4; John C. Hidy 1, 4; B. F. Curtis 1, 4; Wm. Crumb 1, 3, 4; Berta Burnett 3; Eliza France 4; Amos M. Chase 4; John B. Hatcher 4; Thos. W. Williams 4; John W. Parks 4, 5; Effie Walrath 4; Martha A. Thomas 4; Ada Rogers 4; no name, Kewanee 3, 4; J. E. Rogerson 4, 5; Wm. H. Mitchell 4; David Eldredge 4; Dollie Roberts 5; W. N. Robinson 5; May Chase 5; Lois D. Way 1, 6; Nora Burton 4; Frank Burton 4.

Amos M. Chase, Wm. H. Mitchell, Minnie Muetze, and Wm. Crumb solved Puzzle, No. 3, correctly, but by a different method from the above, and B. F. Curtis used a pail to solve it.

Too late for last issue were the solutions by J. W. Wight of Scripture Enigma No. 2; by Willie H. Best, Berta Burnett, J. W. Wight and A. W. Seybert, and no name, Kewanee, to Anagram, No. 3, and by W. H. Best and A. W. Seybert to Puzzle, No. 2.

GOOD MANNERS.

A little girl only three and a half years old talked so pretty that all around the table where they were eating fell in love with her. When she wanted bread she would say: "I will thank you for some bread." And when she wanted anything else she would talk just as pretty. And the folks said she had good manners.

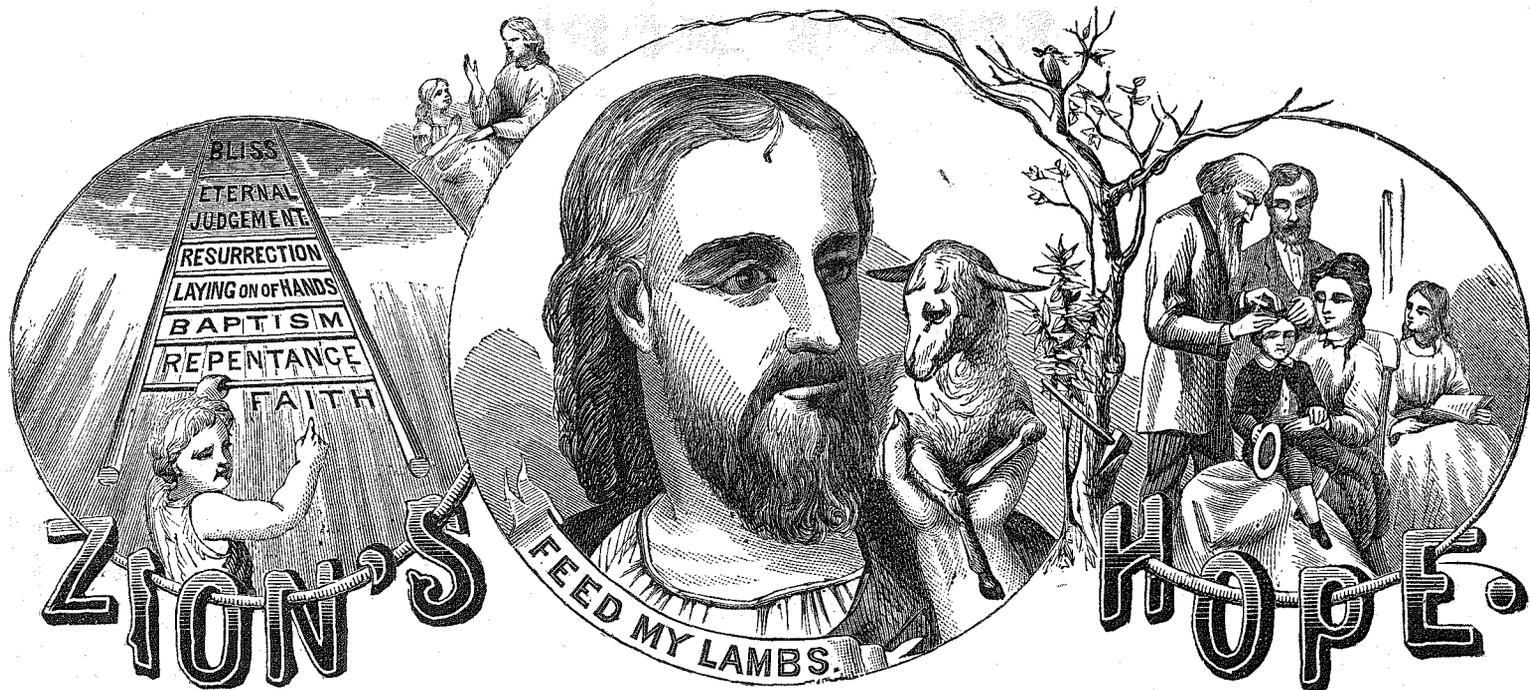
Children who use good manners are always loved more than those who do not; and they are sure to get the nice presents when they come around too. People will say, "They talk and act so nicely that they must have a present," but they never think of that when a little boy or girl behaves rudely. It is much the best plan to use good manners.

15 April 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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

SCRIPTURAL ALPHABET.

- A**, is for Adam, who was the first man;
He broke God's command, and thus sin began.
- B**, is the Book, which to guide us is given;
Tho' written by men, the words come from heaven.
- C**, is for Christ, who for sinners was slain;
By him—O how freely! Salvation we gain.
- D**, is the Dove, with an olive-leaf green;
Returning in peace to the Ark she is seen.
- E**, is Elijah, whom by the brook side,
Daily with food the wild ravens supplied.
- F**, is for Felix, who sent Paul away,
And designed to repent on some future day.
- G**, is Goliath, lo, stretched on the plain,
By the sling of young David, the giant is slain.
- H**, is for Hannah, how happy was she,
Her son, little Samuel, so holy to see.
- I**, is for Isaac, like Jesus he lies;
Stretched out on the wood, a meek sacrifice.
- J**, is for Joseph, who, trusting God's word,
Was lifted from prison to be Egypt's lord.
- K**, is for Korah, God's wrath he defied,
And lo! to devour him, the pit opened wide.
- L**, is for Lydia, God opened her heart,
What he had bestowed 't was her joy to impart.
- M**, is for Mary, who fed on Christ's word,
And Martha her sister, beloved by our Lord.
- N**, is for Noah, with God for his guide,
Safely he sailed o'er the billowy tide.
- O**, is for Obadiah, who, the prophets to save,
Twice fifty concealed and fed in a cave.
- P**, is for Peter, who walked on the wave,
But sinking he cried, Lord I perish, O save!
- Q**, is the Queen, who from distant lands came,
Allured by the sound of king Solomon's fame.
- R**, is for Ruth, she goes forth 'mid the sheaves,
Gleaning the ears that the husbandman leaves.
- S**, is for Stephen, Christ's martyr, who cried,
To God for his murderers and then calmly died.
- T**, is for Timothy, taught in his youth,
To love and to study the Scriptures of truth.
- U**, is Uzzah, in rashness and pride,
Profaning God's altar a leper he died.
- V**, is the Vine, a green branch may I be,
Bearing fruit to the glory of Jesus, the tree.
- W**, is the widow, her two mites she gave,
And trusting in God to sustain her and save.
- X**, is the cross that our dear Savior bore,
O think of His sorrows, and grieve him no more.
- Y**, is the youth, who killed by a fall,
By a miracle wrought, was recovered by Paul.
- Z**, is for Zoar, where Lot prayed to be,
It reminds me of Christ, a refuge for me.

Selected by W. N. DAWSON.

"I HAVEN'T GOT TO THAT YET."

DEAR HOPES: This was the answer of a little Sunday School boy who was asked what he thought of Jesus.—He did not belong to our School in St. Louis, or else I would have felt worse than I did; but then I knew it was not the little boy's fault, for I thought directly that his Teacher did not speak to him enough of

Christ, or else he would have said, "Why, he is my Savior; I know him by faith, and I love him so much, for he has sent the everlasting gospel again to the earth in these last days to save me from my sins." I once heard of a little Sunday School girl who had learned a great deal about Jesus, and this caused her to love him greatly. Her good father used to take her on his knee and tell how great and good Christ was, and how he healed the sick, made the blind to see, and the lame to walk, and then when her father was away she used to say, "I would like to see this Jesus." Not long after this she was taken sick, and when the doctor came he shook his head and said, "Your little girl must die." But, before she died, she had a vision that Jesus came and held out his arms to her, yet she thought that she was not quite near enough for him to reach her, so she said, "Lift me higher," which her father, who was sitting near the bed, did, and then in a moment her spirit passed away, and then they put her body in a little grave, and on her grave stone is written "Lifted Higher."

Would any of the little Hopes like to meet that little girl by and by? If so try to love, obey, and know your Savior, and you will meet her in heaven. But all do not try to know their friends as she did. A friend of mine was acquainted with a mother who had a little boy who was an idiot. He lived till he was fourteen years' old, and she nursed him, cared for him, and loved him all the time; and yet he could never know her, which made her feel very unhappy. So it is with some boys and girls. Jesus is caring for you, watching over you, and loving you, and yet you do not try to know him.

Little children love the Savior,
Turn your wayward hearts to him;
He will guide you, he will lead you,
Through life's pathway, dark and dim.
W. STILL.

PRUNING.

NOT many years ago, the Editor of an Agricultural and Horticultural paper was asked, "When is the best time to prune fruit trees?" To which he replied, "When you have time, a sharp knife, and see a limb that needs taking off." Hence, holding to the idea that it is a fallacy to wait until a certain season of the year to do the work of pruning; but favored, at once, the taking off of every ungainly limb or uncomely branch, that destroyed the beauty, symmetry, and fruitfulness of the tree or vine.

So it should be with our habits, customs, and vices; when we see them manifest in our lives and practices, rendering us inconsistent with our

stations and professions, as Hopes of Zion and children of the Kingdom of God, they at once should be abandoned, not waiting for a convenient season to break them off; for, like the unfruitful bough, the longer they are indulged in, the stronger they grow, requiring a greater effort to leave them, while their growth proportionately weakens the power of the will to do so.

Let us then strive to grow up as "fruitful vines," "trees of righteousness," "full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty," as "the trees in the garden of God;" being sweetened in temper and adorned in character by the unerring council of that Spirit, that guides into conformity with the will of the great Husbandman, then will our defense be sure "in the day of calamity" and our "peace be as a river."
UNCLE MILTON.

THE PIP AND JYP STORY.

"PLEASE tell me the Pip and Jyp story, it's so splendid, you know," said Master Walter while we were waiting for the dessert this noon. Walter always thinks the present time is the convenient seasons for stories. "Yes, I would like to hear it, too," said his mamma. "I heard you tell it yesterday and am quite interested in it. It will be a nice story to put Willie to sleep on when he is a little older. You know our dog is named Pip, and brother Will's is Jyp. It is curious to find a story with their names in it."

Of course I told the story. It seems to be my fortune to be continually finding little boys and girls who are perfectly ravenous for stories. I sometimes pinch myself to see if I am anything more than a bundle of stories. It is easy enough to tell stories to the seven-year-olds, but the smaller ones are harder to amuse. Of all the stories I have ever told, the "wee bits" seem to like the one about Pip and Jyp the best. I am not certain where it came from in the first place, or whether the one who started it would recognize it now; but here it is, for I think some one who reads the *Hope* would like to tell it to some sleepy little curly-head, that it may smooth the way over the straits to the "Land of Nod."

Once upon a time there were two little dogs. One was named Pip, and the other was named Jyp. They lived in a nice little house in their master's yard. One day when they woke up from a long nap, Pip said to Jyp, "Let's take a walk," and Jyp said to Pip, "Yes, let's go." So they went, trot, trot, trot, and trot, trot, trot, and trot, trot, trot; and their little feet went pat, pat, pat, and pat, pat, pat, and pat, pat, pat; and their little tails went wag, wag, wag, and wag, wag, wag, and wag, wag, and pretty soon

they came to a little yard beside the road. In the yard there were three little lambs and one old sheep. Pip thought he would try to scare the lambs, so he ran up to the fence and said, "Bow-wow-wow," and Jyp ran up to the fence and said, "Bow-wow-wow!" The lambs said, "M-a-a-a, m-a-a-a, m-a-a-a!" and they ran to their mamma and told her all about it. She said, "B-a-a-h! b-a-a-h!" which was as much as to say, "Just you curl down here in the corner beside me and those naughty dogs won't dare to touch you." So the little lambs curled down in the corner and went fast asleep. And Pip and Jyp went, trot, trot, trot, and trot, trot, trot, and trot, trot, trot; and their little feet said pat, pat, pat, and pat, pat, pat, and pat, pat, pat; and their little tails went wag, wag, wag, and wag, wag, wag, and wag, wag, wag; and pretty soon they came to a large house. In front of the house there were four little kitties playing and having a fine time. But Pip and Jyp ran up to them and said, "Bow-wow-wow! bow-wow-wow!" Then the kitties were very much frightened and cried, "M-e-w, m-e-w, m-e-o-u-w!" and ran into the shed and told the old kitty all about it. She was in a barrel, turned down so that the little kitties could run into it. She called to them, "M-e-o-u-w, m-e-o-u-w, come right in here with me and the dogs can't touch you;" so the four wee kitties tumbled into the barrel, head over heels, and laid down and went fast asleep; while Pip and Jyp went, trot, trot, trot, and trot, trot, trot, and trot, trot, trot; and their little feet said pat, pat, pat, pat, pat, pat, and pat, pat, pat; and their little tails went wag, wag, wag, and wag, wag, wag, and wag, wag, wag, until they came to a little pond, upon which were sailing five little ducks. Then, of course, they must exercise their little throats, so they rushed up to the edge of the water and said, "Bow-wow-wow! bow-wow-wow!" The ducks, "Quack! quack! q-u-a-c-k! q-u-a-c-k!" and sailed off as fast as they could. When they got to the old mamma duck they told her all about it, and she said, "Quack! q-u-a-c-k! quack! q-u-a-c-k!" which meant, "Just curl down here beside me, and the dogs can't hurt you; they're most all bark, anyway." Pip and Jyp found they could not frighten the ducks any more, so they went trot, trot, trot, and trot, trot, trot, and trot, trot, trot; and their feet said pat, pat, pat, and pat, pat, pat, and pat, pat, pat; and their little tails went wag, wag, wag, and wag, wag, wag, and wag, wag, wag; and by and by they came to a yard where there were ten little chickens playing and picking up seeds to eat. Pip rushed toward them and said, "Bow-wow-wow!" and Jyp ran up and said, "Bow-wow-wow!" Then the poor little chickens cried, "Peep, peep, p-e-e-p!" and ran into the coop, (which was a little house built of slats placed far enough apart so that the chickens could run out, but their mamma had to stay inside,) and told the old hen all about it. She said, "Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!" which meant, "Come here, you poor little chicks, and curl down under my wings, and the naughty dogs shan't hurt you." So the little chicks curled down under the old hen's wings, and were soon fast asleep. Then Pip and Jyp went trot, trot, trot, and trot, trot, trot, and trot, trot, trot; and their little feet said pat, pat, pat, and pat, pat, pat, and pat, pat, pat; and their little tails went wag, wag, wag, and wag, wag, wag, and wag, wag, wag; and pretty soon they came to a cunning little girl playing in the yard in front of a cunning little cottage. Pip ran up to her and said, "Bow-wow-wow!" and Jyp ran up and said, "Bow-wow-wow!" as loud as he could. The little girl began to cry and said, "Go off, you naughty dogs!" Then she ran into the house and told her mamma all about it, and her mamma took her up in her lap and she was soon fast asleep. Pip and Jyp looked around, but as they could see nothing else to frighten, Pip said to Jyp, "Let's go home," and Jyp said to Pip, "Well let's go," so they went, trot, trot, trot, and trot, trot, trot, and trot, trot, trot; and their little feet said pat,

pat, pat, and pat, pat, pat, and pat, pat, pat; and their little tails went wag, wag, wag, and wag, wag, wag, and wag, wag, wag; until they got back to their little house, where they found a nice dinner all ready for them. After they had eaten all they wanted they curled down in a corner and were soon fast asleep. So the lambs and the kitties, and the ducks and the chickens, and the little girl and the doggies, were all fast asleep; and if the shadows are beginning to creep into the corners, I think it is time that the little folks who have heard this story were fast asleep, also. —Selected.

AUNT JENNIE'S LETTER.

Dear Hopes:—Possibly a brief sketch of my life would be interesting to you. When eleven years old I came to Iowa with my father and mother and my two brothers. One of my brothers was a young man and the other was about five years old. I had two sisters living in this country. Our father bought a farm and we all worked hard for years to make our new home. When I was fourteen I could ride a horse well, and my brother and I often took long rides. We also loved to dance, and we attended many balls. But, after awhile, an elder of the Latter Day Saints came a long. I went to hear him preach, and I thought it was the true word of God, and my father and my eldest sister and myself were baptized. What a happy day that was; I shall never forget it, and I thank God for sending his servant this way.

In 1867 I married, and for six years we were prospered, but in 1874, while I was sick in bed our house took fire and was burned to the ground; but, thanks be to God, our lives were spared. Two years afterwards our youngest child was so low that we did not think she could live, but the Lord heard our prayers and healed her. My husband did not then belong to the Church, but in another year he was taken sick, and from February to September 1876, he suffered more than my pen can tell you, but then he became well enough to be baptized, although he is not well yet and has but little use of his hands. But, dear Hopes, I have learned to put all my trust in God, and I hope that you will all do the same.

I've tracked the path in the dark wild wood,
No foot-fall there but my own;
I've lingered beside the moaning flood,
But I never felt alone.
There were lovely things for my heart to meet,
Rare work for my eye to trace;
I held communion sacred and sweet,
With my Maker face to face.

I have sat in a cheerless, vacant room,
At the stillest hour of night,
With naught to break upon the gloom
But the taper's sickly light;
And there in my thoughts brought back again
The loved ones lost and dead,
Till my beating heart and busy brain
Have hardly deemed them fled.

I may rove the wilds or tenant the cell,
But alone I never shall be, [dwell,]
While this form is a home where the spirit may
There is something to mate with me;
Wait till ye turn from my soulless clay,
And the shroud o'er my breast is thrown,
And then, but not till then, ye may say,
That I am indeed alone. JENNIE HIND.
BLUE CUT, Jones Co., Iowa.

ABOUT TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Why is it that some children are favorites with every one, while others are disliked? We think an answer will be found in the following sketch of two little girls, which we cut from a paper.

Nellie is such a kind-hearted, unselfish little girl, that everybody loves her. She seems to be always thinking what she can do to make others happy.

If grandma loses her spectacles, up jumps Nellie, saying, "I'll look for them," and runs up

stairs, down to the kitchen, into the parlor, and all over the house until she finds them. Then grandma gives her a loving look, and very likely a kiss, and says,

"Thank you, my dear little Nellie."

When father comes home he finds his dressing-gown and slippers all ready for him by the grate. Then he sends a loving glance to Nellie, and sometimes says:

"I know the little fairy who anticipates my coming."

When Willie is fretful, or teasing his mother while she is busy, Nellie knows at once what to do. She gets one of her pretty picture books, seats herself in her rocking chair, takes Willie on her lap, and amuses him until mother has finished what she is doing, and Willie has become pleased and forgotten his unhappiness. Then mother looks approvingly upon her, and says:

"That's right, my dear little daughter."

"Sometimes aunty drops her spool or thimble. Nellie springs to pick it up, and for that she gets a smile of love and "Thank you, darling."

The servants like to see Nellie coming into the kitchen. She is always ready to oblige them, too, and many a "Thank you, Miss Nellie," she hears from them.

And so she goes through the day, exchanging loving acts for loving looks and words, and is as happy as a little girl can be.

Not so with her sister, Bella. She is very selfish. No one ever hears of her offering to do any of the kind deeds that make Nellie's days so bright. If asked to do anything, she always has a headache, or her foot hurts her, or she is busy, or she has some other excuse for not doing it. She seldom receives a loving or approving look. Her father never thinks of calling her little fairy, nor her aunt her little darling. All are kind to her, but they cannot love her as they do her sister Nellie.

The servants do not like to see her in the kitchen. After she had gone out, they say: "Wish Bella would stay in the parlor." Nellie scatters seeds and gathers flowers all the day, while Bella wounds and is wounded by thorns.

Of course Bella is very unhappy. She always looks either cross or sad. A selfish child cannot but be unhappy. But it is her own fault. If she would do as Nellie does, she would be happy as Nellie is.—*The Children's Hour.*

KIND WORDS, AND ACTS.

WHO does not appreciate a kind word, or smile? They are like the welcome rays of the sun after rain. To some it is true that they are very rare. Acts of kindness may be shown towards strangers, but acts of love are manifested towards our relatives only, or towards those to whom we feel a strong attachment. I will give you an instance of Ruth's affection for her mother-in-law, Naomi. Her's was not a mere feeling. You have, no doubt, all read of that noble woman in the book of Ruth. She was of an idolatrous people, but her husband's name was Mahlon, and he was a true worshiper of God, and by his pious example and teachings, she was converted to the true religion; and, after the death of her husband, she forsook her friends and kindred to accompany Naomi into a strange land, into the land of Bethlehem, there to live with her, and there to die with her. Before starting for Bethlehem, Naomi tried to persuade Ruth to return to her own people, but she said "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return." Theirs must have been a true affection indeed.

We should not waste our time in longing for unusual opportunities in which we may give proof of our love; true affection best shows itself in little acts of every day kindness, that we all have the power to perform. Some think, well now, any one may do little acts of kindness, but I should like to do something very great; but we should never miss doing little acts of kindness in the hopes of doing something greater; if

we do, we are sure to lose our reward in heaven.

There is quite a difference in families; some dwell together in love, others seem to delight in vexing one another. Jesus says "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." The highest act of kindness ever yet performed was that of our Savior in giving up his life on the cross for sinners. How little seems our greatest act compared with this? Every act of hatred that we show to one another is showing ingratitude to him. If he loved us so much, surely we ought to love one another.

In helping people in trouble, we may not be able to give money, but we can give love, friendship, and kind words. If we give what we have cheerfully, the gift will always be blessed. Let us then dear friends, and children, try to make home pleasant, and those around us happy; and when we feel tempted to say anything unkind to our brothers or sisters, or any one, let us remember that "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and that.

"One act of kindness will attend
Another and another;
And every man appear a friend,
And every friend a brother."

LIZZIE E.

GOOD HUMOR.

PERHAPS if the parents and teachers know how the children sometimes speak of them it would have a salutary effect upon their tempers. Unfortunately, however, they do not see themselves as others see them; and they comfortably suppose that though they are irritable and petulant, the children are still loving and respectful. It is a great mistake. The love of children is only to be gained in the same way as that of other people. We must win their esteem by merit, kindness and courtesy, or it will not be ours at all. There was once an illtempered man who failed to understand this. He was often irritable and impatient, scolding and punishing his children, sometimes, at least, when they felt that they did not deserve it, and yet he expected the same love from them that other fathers who were reasonable and uniformly kind secured. One day he happened to hear his little boy speaking out of the fullness of his heart.

"I wish we could change fathers," he said. "Your father is so jolly, he always seems ready to play with you or do anything to make you happy."

"Of course, all fathers do that," said the other boy. "Doesn't yours?"

"No, indeed he does not. My father is nearly always tired and has the headache. So mother says, but I believe it is only his ill-humor. He comes home with a frown on his face, and then we scarcely dare to call our noses our own. He thrashes us, too, sometimes, and nobody likes that."

"But, you deserve it, I suppose; and if you do, the least thing he has a right to expect of you is that you should take your thrashing in a manly way."

"But I do not always deserve what I get, and neither do others. Only this morning he punished me for telling a lie."

"Served you right, too."

"So it would have done if I had told the lie; but I did not."

"It was a mistake, then?"

"Yes, it was a mistake, but it was such a one as our father often makes. I think he ought to take the trouble to learn the truth before he proceeds to punish us. When I am a man I will try to be less unjust and ill-tempered than he."

The father, who thus heard his duty pointed out to him by his son, felt exceedingly grieved and uncomfortable. He did not know that he had been unreasonable and unjust, though, as the boy had said, he had taken very little trouble to ascertain the truth. He had never doubted but that he had the esteem and love of his children,

for they were always respectful and obedient to him, and he supposed that the moving power was love. He discovered now that he had been mistaken, and that they were only docile because they were afraid to be otherwise, and that there was really very little true affection in their hearts for him. And when he asked himself how this was, the reason was not difficult to find. He was not a drunkard, who neglected to provide for his children. He was a Christian man, industrious, painstaking and thoughtful. He took care that they were always well dressed, and that they attended a good school, where they would be fitted for their future work. He did not neglect their religious education, nor fail to secure proper advantages for them in all respects. Indeed the more he thought of it the more he convinced himself that he was almost a model father. The only thing that was wrong about him was that he was often in an ill-humor. He saw, however, how this one thing interfered with his influence, and he resolved to conquer it if he could, that he might have the esteem and love of his children. And he did that which he aimed to do, by simply keeping a smile on his face instead of a frown, and letting his voice speak in a cheery tone instead of perpetually grumbling and finding fault.

There was a lady who was really very kind to her servants. She paid them better wages than most other people did, and was far more anxious for their comfort than her neighbors were for that of their domestics. She saw that there were little treats for them now and then, that their rooms were well furnished and their holidays not shortened. She provided them with good food and plenty of it, and furnished a shelf with amusing and instructive books. And yet her servants neither stayed long with her, nor spoke well of her when they left. How was it? There was but one reason. She did not possess that good humor without which the wheels of a household cannot run smoothly.

Some people seem to think that children need angry words and hard blows before they will do right. But, indeed, they need nothing of the kind. What they want is, gentleness mingled with firmness, for this will encourage them and make things go more easily. Let those who wish to be useful try the effect of a sunny temper. Good-humored people are blessings to the world; and those who endeavor to wear smiles always will make the happy discovery that everybody will be glad to see their faces. There is enough sorrow and sadness without our increasing the bulk. Let us, on the contrary, keep serene, even though there are disturbing influences round about us. If we are cheerful and brave, others will take heart when they see us; and the children especially will learn, as they should, not to be irritated because adverse circumstances are around them, but to be strong and therefore at peace.—*Selected.*

SPRING HAS COME.

SPRING has come and the trees are waving their arms, which looked cold and dead so long, but are now clothed with their beautiful garments of green. These, with the cheerful songs of the birds, make the sky and earth more bright and cheerful to our eyes and ears than they have been through the long, dreary months of winter. Soon we can look beneath and see the green grass and the grain growing luxuriantly in the valleys and on the hills. And not only this, but the air will be filled with the delightful odors of the rose, and other flowers and shrubs. All these things, with the beautiful songs of the birds, and the fine colors shown every where in nature, makes everything look gay and the sounds to be merry. Thus the power and dominion that God has over our earth is manifest to such an extent that we cannot doubt the existence of the great Creator, and as an overruling law giver.

JOHN B. HATCHER.

HURTFUL READING.

A BAD book, magazine, or newspaper, is as dangerous to your child as vicious companions, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind, and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful bodies.

Many of these papers have attained large circulation, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The danger to young persons from this cause was never so great as at this time; and every father and mother should be on guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child.

Look to it, then, that your children are kept free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure, and watch carefully lest any such get into the hands of your growing-up boys.

INTEMPERANCE.

AS a great many readers of the *Hope* are young men, those just starting in life, and at a time of life when temptations to do evil are continually in their pathway, hence a few words to them on that often spoken of subject, intemperance, would, I think, not be amiss.

What is *intemperance*? It is the parent of all vice, the stepping stone to ruin, and the greatest evil that ever befell the human race. It not only fills our prisons and poor houses, our orphan asylums and hospitals, but it gives victims to the gallows and to a premature grave.

It corrupts both body and soul, destroys the intellect and reason, breeds disease and disasters, fosters contention and hatred, causes anxiety, toil and poverty, and is the direct cause of destroying thousands of once happy homes, and of driving their members to the four corners of the earth.

To what extent this intemperance is spreading is shown by recently published official statistics about intemperance in England and Wales, which have startled the people with the fact. In 1860 an official return showed that one person in every 220 inhabitants, counting men, woman, and children, were committed to jail or to the house of correction during the year for drunkenness.

Last year the commitments were one out of every 118 of the total population, the number committed amounting to 283,886. I could not get the statistics of the United States, but by reading the daily papers, and seeing the continual increase of crime in our midst, one would infer that we were as bad if not worse than they are in England. And do you wonder at the terrible increase of crime and drunkenness when there are so many wicked men and women always on the alert to lead us to destruction. Look over the different cities and see the innumerable pitfalls placed so attractively and invitingly before the people, and then can you wonder that the blind and misguided fall and sink to perdition. Last week I was visiting a village of not more than one thousand inhabitants, and I believe there was not less than twenty different nurseries of crime (saloons) educating the unwary in debauchery and sin, and making thousands of the rising generation hardened criminals before they are out of their teens. Dear readers, something must be done to abolish this rapidly increasing complaint. Each and all of you should form your selves in committees of one or more, and every one should make it a matter of serious consideration, and all should take the most

effectual means to stem the current of this fast prevailing sin. You should make it your one aim in life to struggle against this terrible vice, not only in yourself but to prevent as much as possible intemperance in others. Parents should make it a special study to educate their children to shun the danger that lies hidden in that fatal glass like a boa constrictor watching its opportunity to draw its victim within its destructive embrace. When once they come in contact with its deadly coil they are irretrievably lost; for it holds them with a vice-like grip, and it saps the moral principles until nothing is left but a mass of sin and corruption. And now, dear readers, help onward the cause of temperance; place your shoulder to the wheel, and struggle onward, and onward, until victory is gained. In this way you will not only bring the blessing of God upon yourself, but also upon your profession in the gospel of Jesus Christ. HENRY A. WEBB.

A TIME TO LAUGH.

Emerson somewhere speaks of laughter as a habit indicative of a want of seriousness, and one, therefore, in which no sensible person will permit himself to indulge. The thoughtful man, he suggests—we do not recall his precise words—in view of the gravity of life, will himself be grave. We could but think, when reading these reflections, that had the sage of Concord laughed a little more and caviled less, the outcome of his long life had been richer and more fruitful of useful results to his fellow men. For laughter has its uses even to a philosopher. It is like the sugar and cream in our dish, softening the bitter which so largely mingles in the cup of life.

A genuine laugh is no sign, as Emerson would lead us to suppose, of empty-mindedness. It is a sign of a wholesome, joyous disposition, open and kindly, and it has a wonderful power of diffusing abroad a bright and cheerful influence. A good laugh, too, is often the most direct and effectual means of breaking the intolerable sway of that tyrant known as "the blues," from whose domination the broadest philosophy cannot always release us. Thus, in spite of the Emersonian sneer, we must continue to regard laughter as among the choicest privileges with which our beneficent Creator has endowed his sentient creatures.

THINKING.

A LITTLE girl sat at twilight in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and had many times annoyed her poor, tired mother.

"Ma," said the girl, "what do you suppose makes me get over my mischief, and begin to act good just about this time every night?"

"I do not know, dear. Can you tell?"

"Well, I guess it's because this is when the dark comes. You know I am a little afraid of that. And then, ma, I begin to think of all the naughty things I've done to grieve you, and that perhaps you might die before morning, and so I begin to act good."

"O!" thought I, "how many of us wait till 'the dark comes' in form of sickness, or sorrow, or trouble of some kind, before we begin to act good! How much better to be good while we are enjoying life's bright sunshine! And then when dark comes, as it will in a measure to all, we shall be ready to meet it without fear."—Sel.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

THE press of letters and the lack of time for the type setters by reason of the week of Conference, compels us only to notice a pile of *Hope* correspondence before us, instead of inserting the letters:

Sarah A. Summerfield, writes from Starfield, Missouri, that it is pleasant to see so many writing for the *Hope*, and she thinks that several of the Hopes are trying their best to forward the cause of Christ.

Mary Moore, Shenandoah, Iowa, writes that she is eight years old and going to be baptized this summer.

She goes to school and reads in the Fourth Reader. They have no Sunday School. Bro. Derry had been there preaching.

S. A. Armstrong, South Bend, Nebraska, writes that she was baptized last December by Bro. E. C. Brand. She wishes to encourage the Hopes to press onward.

Thomas W. Williams, Syracuse, Ohio, writes that he is glad that he is a member of the Church, and that he desires to live righteously.

Ida I. Weeks, Newton, Iowa, writes that she is twelve years old, and that she always attends the meetings, which are regular every Sabbath and on Wednesday evenings. They would like a call from some traveling elders.

Nels Johnson, Forest City, Missouri, writes that the Lord answers his prayers and that he knows this to be the true work of God. Says that he is trying to go on in obedience, although often tried and troubled, but he prays to God morning and evening and gets help.

Violetta S. Bryant, Machias, Maine, writes that she is in the Church and knows that if she is faithful this work of God will save her and others in his kingdom, and this faith she could not give up.

Annie Nielsen, Nebraska City, Nebraska, writes that she loves the gospel, for without it no full salvation could be obtained. She knows its power and its excellency. The Saints there were blessed at their conference April 1st.

Dollie Roberts, Farmington, Iowa, writes that she was baptized by Bro. J. H. Lake. Uncle Mark Forscutt had been preaching there and they were always glad to see him.

Mary A. Garrett, Elvaston, Illinois, writes that she was baptized by Bro. Lake last fall. The Saints there have prayer meetings but they long to see an elder sent there to do a good work.

Lois D. Way, Audubon, Minn., writes that she has a fervent desire to be indeed a Saint of God, and to be worthy to meet all the good by and by. She enjoys the *Hope* very much, as write all the little folks.

Correspondence.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, March 22d, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—Thinking it my privilege I will occupy a small space in our worthy paper. It is encouraging to read your desires and determinations, and I hope that these will grow stronger, and that you will come out conquerors by the help of the Lord. But how many of us make resolutions, and do not carry them out? We all think too much of this world's pleasures, and cannot or will not resist temptations. But I think that those of us who are surrounded by the greatest temptations, and have the most evils to overcome, will receive a greater reward, if such overcome them. Let us then be pleasure seekers no longer, but strive to do our duty, and to serve our Master, so that when we are called from hence, He will say unto us: "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." We have here a good Sabbath School, and an able superintendent, who labors for the welfare of the school, and I pray that the Lord will bless and encourage him, with all the officers of the school, that it and they may prosper. It is now some five years since I united with the Church, and during that time I have had no cause to doubt its truth. I only regret that I have not lived more according to its laws and commandments; but I hope, by the aid of the Lord, to overcome all my imperfections, and that at last I may meet you all in that bright and happy land, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest." From your unworthy sister, ANNIE CAFFALL.

DENNISPORT, Mass., March 17th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am eight year's old. There is a snow storm to day so I could not go to meeting and Sabbath School. My father, mother and sister belong to the Church, and I hope to. My father has been from home nineteen weeks in the West India Islands. He writes that the weather is nice and warm there, and plenty of fruit growing, such as bananas and oranges. He will not be at home for a long time yet. Pray for me. DAVID ELDREDGE.

SOLDIER VALLEY, Iowa, March 26th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I think that sister Lena's story "Wave's Victory" was very interesting, and I hope that she will write another. The hope is very interesting. Our School commences in a week. There is no Sunday School near enough for me to attend. SARAH A. VREDENBURGH.

ELKHORN CITY, Nebraska, March 26th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—We have a good branch meeting every two weeks. Not long ago I asked the Lord to heal me, and he did so. Let us try and keep the Lord's commandments, so that we will be worthy to enjoy the great thousand years with the Savior. Your sister in Christ, FLORA IDA CURTIS.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—No. 3.

My 1, 46, 4, 20, 5, 16, 10, 31, 24, was what Enoch had.
My 15, 22, 45, 3, 51, was the name of a Prophet.
My 2, 30, 41, 38, 13, was one that the Lord spoke to.
My 26, 22, 11, 44, 34, 5, 36, 50, 4, was a people that the Lord cursed.
My 33, 26, 7, 40, was a Holy Prophet of God.
My 9, 43, 33, 39, 42, 38, 8, is a christian grace that never will fail.
My 9, 48, 39, 18, 29, 47, 3, 54, 6, was a devout man.
My 1, 5, 12, 30, 19, 43, 17, 54, 41, was a brother, and a minister of God.
My 21, 32, 39, 27, 51, 3, 14, was a relative of Paul's.
My 20, 52, 9, 37, 42, 9, 54, 4, was a faithful minister.
My 50, 28, 3, 26, is what we should flee from the appearance of.
My 47, 35, 49, 25, is what God is.
My whole is a verse in the Bible, containing a commandment. W. N. DAWSON.

ANAGRAM, No. 7.

O, cseadra adhe, own dwnudo;
Htiw irgfe nad mhase dighewe nodw;
Now frnlylsoen dsodureun,
Twhi nosrht tinhe loyn owern.
O, dcaer deha, tahw logyr,
Hawt sislb, lilil won aws itnhe;
Eyt gothtu sipedede dan yogr,
I oiy ot elc ethe niem. M. LOSNEN.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 8.

My first in wood, but not in pine.
My second in orb, but not in shine.
My third in sermon, and also in preach.
My fourth in doctrine, but not in teach.
My fifth in Zion, but not in Saint.
My sixth in faith, but not in complaint.
My seventh in water, but not in fluid.
My eighth in justice, but not in good.
My ninth in Savior, but not in Lord.
My tenth in kingdom, and also in word.
My eleventh in ocean, but not in deep.
My twelfth in motion, but not in sleep.
My whole what every Saint ought to keep. LAURA C. FLANDERS.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of April 1st.

- 1 To Enigma, No. 5.—Prophetesses.
- 2 To Word Puzzle, No. 6.—Mark H. Forscutt.
- 3 To Puzzle, No. 4.—A load of saw-dust.
- 4 To Anagram, No. 5.—

A little spring had lost its way,
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

Ida J. Weeks answered 1, 2; Dollie Roberts 2; Lois D. Way 2, 4; Carrie E. Hills 2, 4; John B. Hatcher 2; John C. Hidy 2, 4; John Marriott 2; Vina Brand 4; Thomas R. Bardsley 4; M. Nelson 2.

Carrie E. Hills and Thomas R. Bardsley say that No. 3 was a load of chips, and John B. Hatcher that it was a load of blocks,—neither answer *dusty* enough. Lottie Matthews, Maggie Matthews and John Marriott sent replies to Anagram, No. 5, too late for last issue.

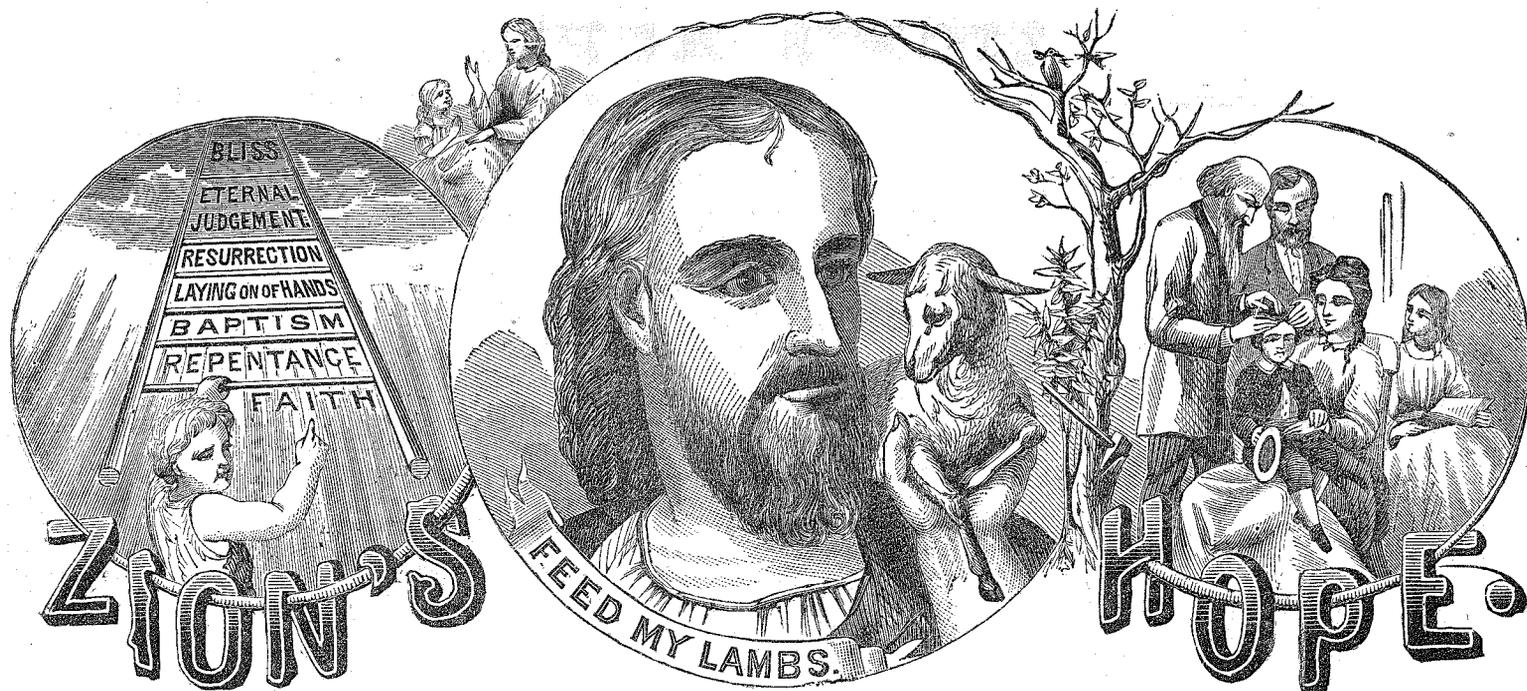
Men judge us by the success of our efforts; God looks at the efforts themselves.

1 May 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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

Vol. 8.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MAY 15, 1877.

No. 22.

AN APPEAL TO GOD.

Make me a scholar, and a workman,
 Gracious Savior, Lord divine;
 Save me in Thy glorious Kingdom,
 Where celestial glories shine;
 Help me, keep me, and protect me,
 Let no wily foe deceive,
 And unto Thy bosom take me,
 Where I shall no longer grieve.

Hear my pleadings, blessed Savior;
 Holy teacher,—Lord divine;
 And from satan's snares direct me,
 That I may in glory shine.
 O, to think of Zion's City,
 Fills my spirit with delight;
 For I long it to inherit,
 Where there'll be no longer night.

I have suffered both in body,
 And in mind, God truly knows;
 But I hope to triumph shortly,
 Over earth and all my foes.
 For Zion's city, I am pining;
 Yes I long to be away;
 Unto her courts my heart is reaching,
 Where there'll be a perfect day.

MURILLO.

THE GOOD SISTER.

"OH you dear old home, how good it seems to get sight of you once more," said Ethel, as she caught sight of her father's house, after having been absent for more than a year. "Truly there is no place like home. Although it was very pleasant at uncle's, and I believe that they are as happy a family as I ever saw, yet still I pined for home, and for the loved ones there; and here I am at home once more. O, Mother, you cannot guess how glad I am to see you; and, little Myrtle, how you have grown in one year."

"Yes, I know I has drowed, tause papa says I is 'most a big dirl; but I dess some one else has drowed too, so big that I is afraid she wont pay with little Myrtle any more."

"Never fear, Myrtle, for sister loves to play, and we will have some jolly old times after awhile; and we will dress dollies too. But here comes Floyd; O, Floyd, you great big fellow, why I cannot kiss you without standing on my toes."

"Indeed! well, did you think we were all going to remain small and let you do all the growing? Really, Ethel, I did not know you, I thought we had company to tea, and that I would have to put on my company manners."

"Well I am company to-night, and you may put them on for me."

Perhaps I ought to tell my little readers that Ethel Clark had for a year been with her uncle, where her parents thought she had better school advantages than at home. She was now fifteen, and her brother Floyd was two years older; while little Myrtle, the pet of the family, was only four.

"Come Floyd," said Ethel, after tea, "let us try our voices together once more; I hope you will all think I have improved in my music, for I have tried so hard to learn."

"I would like to hear you play, sister, and to sing with you, but I have an engagement and have to go away."

"O Floyd! going away the first evening I am at home; but it is early, surely you will be back long before nine o'clock."

"I am afraid not. When I once get with the boys I do not get home very early."

"The boys! who do you mean? If that is the kind of an engagement it is you will put it off to please me, wont you? You can see them to-morrow and tell them why you did not meet them."

"Ethel," said Mrs. Clark, "I guess that you will have to get used to having Floyd away evenings; for he cares nothing for his home, but goes out to meet a lot of boys and they roam around and spend their time loafing in grocery stores."

"O, brother, can that be so? But of course I should remember that you were lonesome—father reading, mother sewing, and Myrtle, dear, going to sleep in her little chair. I see it all; but now we must be company for one another. So please put up your hat and let's go and have some music. Come Myrtle, you shall sit by me."

"I dess you wont want to stay in there long, for it's awful told."

"Why, isn't there a fire in the sitting room?"

"Fire, no;" said Floyd, "we have kitchen, dining room, and sitting room all in one now, Ethel; I tell you it is jolly."

Well, never mind, but come help me, we will run the organ out here for this evening; it will only be a moment's work."

"Well out it comes then, but I don't believe there ever was another girl like you, you never care how much trouble or work you go to for a little amusement."

"A little amusement! Really, Floyd, you don't know how much enjoyment it is for me to spend an evening at home again with my big brother. Now, what shall we sing—'Silver threads among the gold?' That was your favorite when I went away."

"Why, Ethel, how well you play; you have

improved wonderfully; I am really ashamed to play before you now."

"Thanks, brother; but I do not deserve praise, for I love music so well that it is no task for me to practice. Now I will play one of my favorites."

And she sung and played, "Let us shake off the coals from our garments." Mr. Clark layed his paper down and listened. "Why, Ethel, child, where did you learn that strange hymn?"

"O, at uncle's; I think it is pretty, don't you?" Then she dashed off on a piece of fast music, and, after that, the first verse of "'Tis a glorious thing to be in the light;" but, for reasons of her own, she thought that she would not go any further, for she did not want to be questioned just then. "Now" we will both sing our old favorite,—'Home, sweet home,' and Myrtle can sing too, for she could help sing that a year ago; then, as I see father is through reading, I will bring out a new book I have got, and we will read."

And thus the evening passed, and Floyd was very much surprised on looking up at the clock to find it was half past nine.

"Really, Ethel, this has been a jolly evening; but I don't know what the boys will think of me."

"Well, never mind what they think; they did not want you half as much as I did."

The next evening when Floyd came home he found every thing looking cheerful; there was a fire in the sitting room, and Ethel's sweet voice greeted him, for she was at her dearly loved music.

"Now brother," said she, "let us make out our programme for the evenings when we are without company. You know that mother's early supper gives us three hours before bedtime, and I have been thinking how we could best spend the time so as to be entertaining to all of us. Suppose we adopt uncle's plan, which was, to devote one hour to study and reading, one to music, and the other to any innocent games that you wish to play."

"Well that might do, but we will get tired of it after while; I do not like to stay at home every evening."

"Of course not; but you understand this is for the evenings we are at home. I do not believe in staying at home all the time either, for I want to go to lectures, concerts, and every place where there is something to be learned; but you know, dear Floyd, that there should be no other place so dear to us as our home; and it is a duty we owe to our parents to strive to make it pleasant and attractive, so that we will be more contented here than any other place."

Thus Ethel, in her gentle, sisterly way, could

persuade her brother, who was older than herself, to do almost anything to please her. She had been pained to see him so wild, and to hear that he spent all his evenings away from home. But now almost before he was aware of it he seemed to have no desire to be away from home, unless to escort his sister (whom he was very proud of) to some place of amusement or recreation, such as their parents saw fit to let them attend.

And Ethel was always busy thinking up something new, something to please and entertain with. The birthdays of all the family were remembered; and, then, as the twentieth anniversary of the marriage of their father and mother drew near, they were very busy getting up a nice surprise for them. But, with this care and attention, Ethel never forgot the wish which she had most at heart, and that was that her father, mother, and brother might learn to believe the Bible as she did. They were good, moral people; but they supposed that all the gifts and blessings of the gospel were done away with anciently, and that the day in which God would hear and answer prayers as he once did, had long since passed by, and that it did not make any difference what church any one belonged to, only so that one was morally good. They also believed that it was folly to be baptized by immersion. But as all of the family of Ethel's uncle had become Latter Day Saints during the year of her sojourn at their home, she also believed that doctrine, she knew that the name of Mormon would be odious to her mother and father, and so thought it useless to write and ask their consent for her to join the Church. Yet she fully believed that, in God's own time, they would be brought to believe the truth. And now she very cautiously touched those points of the doctrine which she knew her father did not believe. One evening, after she had been trying to make him believe that nothing less than immersion was baptism, she sat down and sung hymn 541, the first verse of which is as follows:

"Thus was the great Redeemer plunged
In Jordan's swelling flood;
Thus was the pattern given by Christ
That leads from sin to God."

Her father said, "Ethel, I have heard you sing those strange hymns so often, where did you learn them?"

"I will tell you in a moment, father, but let me sing a few more." Then followed "Let us pray for one another," and some more of her favorite hymns from our hymn book. Then, going up to her father, she kissed him and said, "Dear father I love those hymns, every word is so good."

"Yes, but by whom are they sung! do you know I heard some of them several years ago sung by a Mormon; surely my little girl has not been to Utah."

"No, I know nothing about their doctrine; but I have heard the Latter Day Saint Elders preach, and I believe they teach the truth."

"What! you heard and believe the Mormon doctrine? for it is all the same, and they are all alike, if they only dared to come out plainly."

"O, father, they do not believe as they do in Utah, uncle is a good man, he does not believe in polygamy or any of those horrid things practiced by the Salt Lake Mormons; and he is a Latter Day Saint Elder."

"My brother a Mormon! and has he taught my daughter to believe their awful doctrines? If so I can never forgive him."

"Dear father, do not be angry, and especially at uncle, for he is not to blame. And remember your Ethel does not belong to the Church; neither will she ever join without your consent. And I will promise you this, father, that I will never ask you to let me unite with the Saints, but some day you will of your own free will tell me I can. And you must not blame me for believing the Bible just as it reads, for, if I did not think that God would hear and answer the prayers of the faithful, the same to-day as in the past, I could not believe the Bible at all, for does

he not in many places tell us that he will; then in another place he says that he is an unchangeable God, the same yesterday today and forever."

"Yes, yes, that is all well enough; but think how silly it is for them to think they can heal the sick; it looks to me as if they thought they were almost gods."

"Oh, father, they do not pretend that the power is in them, but, they believe that the prayer of faith shall save the sick. And, why should they not? Are we not told in the fifth chapter of James 'Is any sick among you? 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.' Dear father it is all so plain to me that I do not see how you can disbelieve."

"Yes, it is plain, but do you think that was meant for the people of to-day? I do not, we are all too erring, and sinful, for such blessing as the good old followers of Christ received."

"I can not think so father; I think they were just as wicked in those days as now; why, even one of the chosen twelve betrayed Christ, and they were so wicked that they crucified their Savior who came to save them."

"Well father," said Floyd, "I cannot help but believe as Ethel does. At first I thought I could never be called a Mormon; but, I have read their books, and I have been searching the Scriptures. I have also been trying to do better of late, and now I care not what the name may be for if it is the work of God I would be proud to bear it for his sake. But, do not fear, father, for we will not disobey you; neither will we bother you about joining the Church, for if God wishes it, you will some day tell us to obey." Thus closed the conversation for this time. SISTER LENA.

[Concluded in our next]

AN ALPHABET OF LESSONS.

1. A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.
2. Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasures and trouble therewith.
3. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden; and I will give you rest.
4. Do not the abominable thing which I hate, saith the Lord.
5. Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven.
6. Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.
7. Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.
8. Holiness becometh God's house forever.
9. It is good for me to draw nigh unto God.
10. Judge not, that ye be not judged; for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged.
11. Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.
12. Liars shall have their part in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone.
13. Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.
14. Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation.
15. Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh.
16. Pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father, who seeth in secret, will reward thee openly.
17. Quit you like men, be strong, standing in the faith.
18. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.
19. Salvation belongeth unto the Lord.
20. Trust in God always, ye people; pour out your hearts before him.
21. Upon the wicked, God shall rain a horrible tempest.
22. Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity.

23. Woe to the wicked! it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him.

24. Xhort one another daily, while it is called to-day, lest any be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

25. Young men, you have overcome the wicked one.

26. Zeal hath consumed me, because my enemies have forgotten the word of God.

JOHN E. ROGERSON.

DISCONTENT.

HOW universal it is! They are but few who will say "I am contented." Go where you will, among the rich or among the poor, seek the men of competence or the men who earn their bread by the daily sweat of their brow, and you will hear the sounds of murmuring, and the voice of complaint. And yet how very sinful it is to be fretful and discontented because we have not every thing we would like to have. It is not riches that make people happy. I have seen some very happy rich people, and some very happy poor ones; and there are also both unhappy rich and unhappy poor people. God is far wiser than we are, and he gives to each one just what he sees best for them. Now my dear friends, I do not wish to be personal, but how many of you can say in your hearts with a clear conscience, "I am contented?" Is there not something that you as well as others would like to have? Perhaps some of the girls may say I would be contented if I had fine clothing. Now the boys may make a similar wish; but would the wish of either make them contented? O! no, my dear friends, and children, it takes something more than fine clothing to make a contented mind. Invariably you find, that those who are really contented are true christians, for they have faith in God, and they believe that he gives to each one what he sees is best for them, and therefore, whether it is their lot to be poor, or to be rich, they are contented.

"Did we strive to make the best,
Of troubles that befall us,
Instead of meeting cares half way,
They would not so appall us.

"Earth has a spell for loving hearts,
Why should we seek to break it?
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns,
The world is what we make it.

"If truth and love and gentle words,
We took the pains to nourish,
The seeds of discontent would die,
And peace and concord flourish."

MATTIE E.

LETTER FROM SISTER REGINA.

Dear brother Henry and the Hopes:—I feel to renew a little sociable gossip in my simple way, but I confess that I have seemed these last two months to have grown indifferent, and I thought that my letters were not worth writing, but something to-day seemed to whisper, "Let not the spark go out." "What spark?" said I. "The spark of interest for the truth." "Where is it to be found?" "In the heart and the true desires of the children of God." I was reading, "I will plant my truth within thee, saith the Lord; I will be a light to thy path and a lamp to thy feet. Those who seek me early shall find me." So I said, "Lord, put away my idle thoughts and help my small, dim light to shine." I thought the story of little Wave was a fine one and closed splendidly, and I almost wished I were her, and in fact I feel very sensitive to reflections cast at me, and I have often brushed away a tear, and I have said "Mamma, the girls dont like me because I belong to the Church of Christ," and they have said, "You see what J. D. Lee has come to." Well I will say, "Girls, if he had followed Joseph Smith's doctrines he would not have fallen into that sad way and end. The Lord works and will bring these things to light;

and, girls, I feel safe in the good Shepherd's fold, so long as I am trying to do his will." I would not change my religious principles for theirs, for God is the founder and not Brigham Young.

Now I will change the subject. My cousins in England wanted me to send them a grasshopper, for they had never seen one. So I made a little box, and my little sister found a hopper in an old cupboard, and I enclosed the madam in the box and then went out in the garden and dug up some eggs with the soil and put them in the box. I wrote to the boys, my cousins, to put their feet down on it, then when they went to school the next day they could say that they had set their feet on American soil and had seen some of her plague. Now wouldn't that be a truthful trick?

There is not much news for me to write. Sometime ago a company of eighteen Indians rented the hall opposite our house, gave an entertainment, to show how they conduct their war dances and their vocal powers. We thought it enough to listen outside at our door, lest the building would fall by their jumping and shaking. The Woodbine boys dont forget to practice it once in a while.

Dear Hopes, if all is well I will celebrate my 14th birthday on the 19th of April. I wish that I could see many of you and have a nice time. Bro. and Sr. Macauley left us with their blessings, and we think the blessing of such a good man valuable. But if so how much greater are the blessings of our Father in heaven, if we abide in his truth. Bro. J. R. Lambert is expected to preach here on Sunday. Your loving sister in the truth,

REGINA L. ROHRER.

WOODBINE, IOWA.

SISTER JENNET'S LETTER.

Dear Hopes:—While reading to-day in the *Hope* of the triumph of "Wave's Victory" my heart was filled with emotion. I cried for joy to think how patience and long suffering will overcome evil at last. Surely after much tribulation cometh God's blessing. It is truly my wish that I also may be a little Wave, in actions if not in name, and that I may always remember that I am a Latter Day Saint, and that I may keep the commandments and do the will of God, may love them that injure me, and do good to those who dispitefully use me, and may do unto others as I would have them do unto me.

Dear Hopes, if I can do this I know that I too shall gain the victory, even in the world to come, for great will be the reward in heaven which shall be given to those that overcome, and let us see to it that we, who are the hopes of Zion have our lamps trimmed, that we may not be overtaken unawares, for the time is at hand when God will pour out his Spirit upon all flesh. We need to be watchful and prayerful, trying to learn the will of our heavenly Master, and to do it, fearing not man but putting our trust in God, and then we will be safe, for it is the only ark of safety.

Even if sister Perla's stories were fictitious they were at least pen pictures of life, and nothing but what may happen in actual life. A great deal of it I have seen, if not in one way I have in another, and I feel a degree of thankfulness, not only to sister Perla but to all who write for our paper. I am glad when I see the correspondence from the Hopes, and when I read of your faith and good desires I just think that I can see you.

And I hope that the time will come when I can see you all, for your hopes are mine, your desires are mine, and do not let us hope, and desire, and wish without trying to put them into action, for actions speak louder than words. Peter said unto Christ, "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee." But when the maid saw him and said unto those who were there, "This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth," Peter said with an oath, "I know not the man." Which would be most believed the mere

speech at first or the later actions? The action, every one would say. So, dear Hopes, with us it is not what we say, nor what we write, but how we act, and therefore we should put our wishes, our hope, and our desires into actions, for we will be rewarded for our actions and not for our hopes, desires, or wishes. Ever praying for our deliverance I remain your sister in the gospel,

JENNET ARCHIBALD.

A DIALOGUE.

EDITH.—Good morning, Maggie.

MAGGIE.—Good morning.

E.—I am so glad to see you this morning, Maggie; my mother has gone out to spend the day, and I am alone; I was wishing you could come.

M.—Thank you, Edith. I, too, am glad that you are alone. I have been wishing for a private interview with you for several weeks past.

E.—Have you? Well, then your coming is very opportune, I shall enjoy a pleasant chat with you, Maggie, very much.

M.—Thank you.

E.—But Maggie, before we enter into our conversation, allow me to ask you, how you liked the sermon last Sunday?

M.—I liked it very much indeed; yes, I listened with much interest to Mr. L's discourse; in fact, Edith, I shall never forget that sermon, I felt as if it was all intended for me. And it is upon this subject, the subject of the gospel, that I wish to talk with you. I have several questions I wish to ask; also, your advice, I need your counsel, O, so much.

E.—Well, Maggie, I am very glad that you feel interested in this important matter. I shall be very happy to listen to all you may have to say upon the subject, and will most cheerfully answer your questions, that is so far as I am capable of doing so.

M.—You are very kind Edith; and I am glad that I have so good a friend. But, I believe you are every-body's friend.

E.—Yes, I desire to be friendly to all. But especially to such as are seeking for truth would I show myself to be a friend, and do all in my power (however small it may be) to instruct, and encourage them, in their investigations; so now, I am all attention.

M.—Well Edith, you are aware that during the last year, I have attended the meetings of the Latter Day Saints quite frequently, and have heard many good sermons.

E.—Yes, I know you have.

M.—Well, to tell you the truth, I believed, the very first sermon I heard them preach. But, my heart was too proud to obey it. I felt myself a condemned sinner, out of Christ, and without hope. But at that time, I had not sufficient humility to take upon myself His name and be called a Mormon.

E.—Yes, I know Maggie, it requires a noble sacrifice, and much humility to become a Saint, a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. But let us remember, dear Maggie, that He humbled Himself even unto death, for our sake. And though he was rich, yet for us, He became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich. O, what mercy! what condescension! O, my dear friend, take up the cross, follow Him in the regeneration, and you shall be blest, yea, saith the Spirit, you shall receive the remission of your sins and be filled with the Holy Ghost.

M.—Your words cheer me so much, Edith. I feel better than when I came, Lord, help me to do thy will!

E.—That's a good prayer Maggie, your Father in heaven hears, and will help you.

M.—For many weeks past, I have been reading the Bible, carefully. I wanted to learn the truth, and yet, there was a lingering hope in my heart, that in all that book, I might find something that might do, in place of obedience to the very gospel the Latter Day Saints preach.

E.—O, my dear girl, you could not find it, could you?

M.—No, indeed, I could not. But my researches proved this much, that the doctrines they preach, agree exactly with the Bible, and I am satisfied, it is the truth; and that if I would be saved, I must obey, must be baptized, and join the Church of Christ.

E.—Well, Maggie, I am glad your duty has been made plain to you, and I hope you will soon go forth in obedience.

M.—Yes, I would like to; but Edith, my mother is a Methodist, and is very much opposed to my joining the Saints. Mine is a good mother, and I dont like to do any thing that will hurt her feelings. But God has commanded, and what am I, that I can withstand His will? What shall I do? Pray for me Edith, that I may be directed aright. When I read the Bible, and ask my Father in heaven to direct my mind, why, the way seems so very plain, and my duty so apparent, that I feel as though I cannot, must not, wait another hour. "Out of Christ, out of Christ," is sounding in my ears all the time, and I cry out, "God pity me, and teach me thy will."

E.—The Lord will open your way Maggie; only be faithful, read his word, and continue to call upon his name, and all will yet be well.

M.—When I go to my mother, and tell her my convictions, she treats the matter very lightly; says she would rather follow me to my grave, than have me join the Mormons; as she is pleased to call them. She says their religion is a cunningly devised fable; a base fabrication, got up by Joseph Smith, who was evidently one of the false prophets that we read of in the Bible. She tells me also, that these so called Mormons, are the very ones who are to deceive the very elect. Oh! Edith; I dont want to be deceived.

E.—I am quite surprised Maggie, that so intelligent woman as your mother is, should, with the Bible open in her hands, form such unjust conclusions. If Joseph Smith, was a false prophet, how came he to originate a system that harmonizes so completely with the teachings of Christ, and all former day apostles and prophets? Ah Maggie, be assured of this one thing—Joseph Smith was a true prophet, a mighty man of God, and he spake as he was moved by the Holy Ghost. Many of his prophecies have already been fulfilled, and the rest most assuredly will be; because they are the word of the Lord; and Jesus said, "Though heaven and earth pass away, my words shall not pass away."

M.—Then you do not think it possible that the Saints are in error, or deceived?

E.—Why, Maggie, there is this much about it, if we are in error, or deceived, the word of God has deceived us.

M.—Oh, Edith! how firm,—how confident you seem to be. You even appear to have a knowledge that what you believe is true.

E.—Certainly. Thank God, Maggie, that obedience to the gospel, brings to us this knowledge. For has not Jesus said, "If any man will do the will of the Father, he shall know of the doctrine?" Question? What is the will, of the Father? It is this: Faith in God, repentance, or a turning away from sin, baptism for the remission of sins, the laying on of hands, for the gift of the Holy Spirit, and then, a careful, prayerful life, even unto the end; and the reward will be eternal life. This, Maggie, is what you need, and must have, if you would be saved.

M.—Yes, I believe what you say is true. O, Edith! I am so thankful that I am able now, by the little ray of light that I have received, to distinguish between the doctrine of Christ, and the precepts of men. How much I wish that my dear mother would lay aside her prejudice, and with me, become a true Latter Day Saint, Will you come to our house, and talk with her, Edith?

E.—If I thought I could do her any good, I would willingly do so. I too, would like to have your mother embrace the truth.

M.—Promise me Edith that you will come. My mother loves you, and perhaps your influence may do much good. You will come, wont you?

E.—When would you have me come, Maggie?

M.—Come just as soon as you can. Come tomorrow.

E.—If I can, I will.

M.—Thank you. Now, I must go home. Good evening Edith.

E.—Good evening.

M.—Dont forget to come.

E.—O, no.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEVEN WISE MEN.

MOST people have heard of the "seven wise men of Greece," but very few know who they were or how they came to be called so. Here is the story of them, and the moral of it is worth remembering if their names are not. The seven wise men of Greece, are supposed to have lived in the fifth century before Christ. Their names are Pittacus, Bias, Solon, Thales, Chilon, Cleobulus and Periander. The reason of their being called "wise" is given differently by authors, but the most approved accounts state that as some Coans were fishing, certain strangers from Miletus bought whatever should be in the net without seeing it. When the net was drawn in they were found to contain a golden tripod which Helen, as she sailed from Troy, is supposed to have thrown there. A dispute arose between the fishermen and the strangers as to whom it belonged, and as they could not agree, they took it to the Temple Apollo, and consulted the priestess as to what should be done with this. She said it must be given to the wisest man in Greece, and it was accordingly sent to Thales, who declared that Bias was wiser, and sent it to him. Bias sent it to another one, and so on, until it had passed through the hands of all the men, afterward distinguished by the title of the "Seven Wise Men," and as each one claimed that the other was wiser than he, it finally was sent to the Temple of Apollo, where it still remains to teach the lesson that the wisest are the most distrustful of their wisdom.—*Boston Transcript.*

Correspondence.

DOWVILLE, Iowa, April 3rd, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, and I am glad of it; I was baptized in Denver City, Colo., by Elder F. C. Warnky. We have meetings twice every Sunday, and I attend most all the time. I have been living with my brother Will this winter, and I went to school; but I am now living with my brother Clarence, and I am to go to school all summer. Dear Hopes, let us beware of the temptations which are before us day by day, I am thankful to say that, by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I have resisted many temptations. Your sister in the gospel of Christ, JENNIE BUTTERWORTH.

WEST BELLEVILLE, Ill., Mar. 20th, 1877.

Dear readers of the *Hope*:—We may make known the wishes and desires that we have, pertaining to this work, through the columns of our paper; but the Lord knows who is in earnest in asking for the prayers of Saints, and the help of our heavenly Father. He knows whether they try to overcome in themselves those things that they know would not be well pleasing in his sight. Let us be more earnest in our every day life to serve him, so that we may be worthy to have an increased portion of His Spirit. What joy, what peace of mind this latter day work brings to those who are living faithful, yet I know that I do not at all times live as I have a desire at the present to do, but I still strive to go on in trying to do good, for God is no respecter of persons, and by his aid we can overcome all trials. When we go to him in prayer I know that if we are trying to do our duty he will not turn us away. My brothers and sisters pray for me. Your sister, M. A.

PIPER CITY, Illinois, April 1st, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old. I do not belong to the Church yet, but I hope to. My pa and ma are members of it. There is no branch here and we have no meeting or Sunday School. I ask an interest in your prayers that I may be a good girl and have my name numbered with yours. Love to brother Henry and all of you. ADA A. ROGERS.

HEBER CITY, Utah, April 10th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am eleven years old to-day, I have not been baptized yet, but I hope to be soon, my father is in the Church; Bro. Anthony baptized him. Bro. Warnock baptized two heads of families here. My mother was not well all last summer and winter, and she is still very poorly. I have an Aunt in Iowa, and she is so kind as to have the *Herald and Hope* sent to us for over four years, and I am very thankful for them. I have read the New Testament. I am now in the fourth reader. I am trying to do the best I can. Yours truly, GRACE M. AIRD.

ELKHORN, Neb., March 26th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—We are having good meetings. There are twenty-eight members in our branch, but no Sabbath School. Brn. Martin and Deuel were preaching in the Elkhorn school house and the Methodist brethren grumbled about it; but the school board said that there were some around there that the Methodists could not convert, and so they let the Mormons try it. Dear Hopes pray for me. Your sister in Christ, SARAH F. CURTIS.

VARSAILLES, Ripley Co., Ind., March 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old. I go to school. My mother died 16th of last April. She believed that this work was true. Papa is a member of the Church. I am now living with a family of Saints. I hope to be one sometime. The Saints are trying to live right, although they are persecuted on every side. The last thing that the enemies did was to take the stoves, pipes, and lamps out of the Church; then we had meeting at our house. FLORENCE E. JOLLY.

CASEY, Adair county, Iowa.

April 1st, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am trying to be a good girl. There are no Saints here. My little sister and I go to the Methodist Sunday School. Pa and ma think that it is better for us to go to that than to stay at home. But I love the true Church, for I know that it is true. I thought that story of sister Lena's gave good instruction and that all the little brothers and sisters should take it in mind. Your sister, LOTTIE BARBER.

MILTON, Florida, April 6th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I see no letters from this country, and so I send you a few lines. I love all the little Hopes and love to read their little letters. I will tell you about a little boy that I knew and loved very dearly a few years ago. One day he came in the house from his play. Now there had been no rain in five weeks, and there was no sign at that time of there being any soon. When he came in he went up to his mother and said "Ma, do you know what will make it rain?" She answered him "No." Then he said that if she would pray for it it would rain. She told him to pray if he wished to and he took his little sister by the hand and went into the next room, and there knelt down with her. He did not speak out loud that any of us heard, but, in less than an hour after prayer there was a very heavy rain. The little boy I write of has now gone to rest till the Savior bids him rise.

Dear little Hopes, try to live right, and do your duty to your parents, and be kind to your brothers and sisters, and to all that are around you, so that you can all know how sweet is loving and being loved. We have very good meetings but no Sabbath School. May you all live faithful. Your sister, C. SIMPSON.

CORRESPONDENCE CONDENSED.

Charlotte Phillips, of Watsonville, California, writes that she was baptized April 1st, 1877, by Bro. Carmichael. She is eleven years old. They have a Sunday School there.

Anna M. Phillips, of the same place, writes that she is striving to keep the commandments of God. She is thirteen years old. Her father, mother, and sister belong to the Church. Like the rest of the Hopes she wishes aid to be a better Saint.

Melissa S. Rudd, of Dowville, Iowa, writes that she never before knew how good God was, till she was baptized into the kingdom of God, and that now she loves to meet with the Saints and to praise God for his goodness, and is thankful for the truth made known to her.

Elizabeth Curtis, of Montserrat, Missouri, says that she is eleven years old and intends to be baptized soon. She rejoices in the beautiful things that God has made; in the bright sunshine, on all the loveliness of nature, which makes her think of seeing the Lord and the Hopes of Zion together by-and-by.

Lillie M. Bowen, of Stewartville, Missouri, says that she loves the cheering letters of the Hopes, and those of the larger Saints. Her father's family lately moved there from Illinois.

Thomas A. Hougas, writes from Macedonia, Iowa, that they are having good meetings there. Snow fell to the depth of nearly three inches on the 28th of

April, and they hoped the cold would kill the young grasshoppers.

Berta Burnett, of Alma, Illinois, writes that they have a very interesting Sabbath School, five teachers and thirty to thirty five pupils. The *Hope* is their Sunday School paper, and the Silver Spray their singing book.

John Marriott, writes from Union Fort, Utah, of how they enjoyed brother Joseph's visit last December, and what attentive audiences he had when he preached. John thinks that the promise of a gathering is a very beautiful and comforting one, but feels that he must be watchful and prayerful to keep from forbidden ways, and to continue in well doing. He thinks that a bad or foolish life would be a hard thing to reflect on at death, while that to keep the commandments would be happiness, and it is plain that he is right.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 9

My first is in duty, but not in cross,
My second in gain, but not in loss,
My third is in naughty, but not in bad,
My fourth in sinful, but not in sad,
My fifth is in earth, but not in ground,
My sixth in land *always* is found,
My seventh is in sun, but not in moon,
My eighth in morning, but not in noon,
My ninth is in night, but not in day,
My tenth in will, but not in way,
My eleventh is in school, but not in book,
My last in saved and in Christ's sake.
My whole is a Saint I often have heard
In Spirit and power dispensing the word.

N. SCOTIA.

ENIGMA.—No. 7.

I am composed of twenty-three letters.—My 12, 1, 9, 5, 13, is an animal of South America. My 3, 6, 20, 4, is one of my pets. My 10, 4, 2, 18, 7, is what naughty children are. My 14, 15, 19, 17, is a bird. My 15, 21, 22, 23, 16, 11, is what most people are striving to obtain. My whole is the author's name.

PUZZLE.—No. 5.

Suppose that a man had a 40 pound weight and should break it into four pieces, what weight would these four pieces have to be of in order to weigh any number of pounds from one to forty with them?

Answers to Puzzle Corner of April 15th.

1 To Word Puzzle, No. 7.—William H. Kelley.
2 To Anagram, No. 6.—And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and this is that spirit of anti-Christ, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world.

MELISSA R. KERN.

3 To Word Square, No. 1.—Rose, Oats, Stop, Espy.
4 To Enigma, No. 6.—Dundee, Renege, Cochineal, Taintless, Word, Hatteras, Tatting, Hayti, Titanium, Tit-lark, To, Tutor, Bethlehem, Hatchet, Photographs, Chicago, What, Henry, Phrenetic, Stop, Whole. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

G. E. WARD.

Mary E. M. Guire answers 1, 2. Wm. H. Mitchell 1, 3; Flora Russell 2, 3.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

We do not need to commend the new story by "Sister Lena," for all will read it and will enjoy it. We only wish that we could have something from her pen every issue. We have been hoping for something from sister "Perla Wild," and yet hope that she will send us a good article ere long.

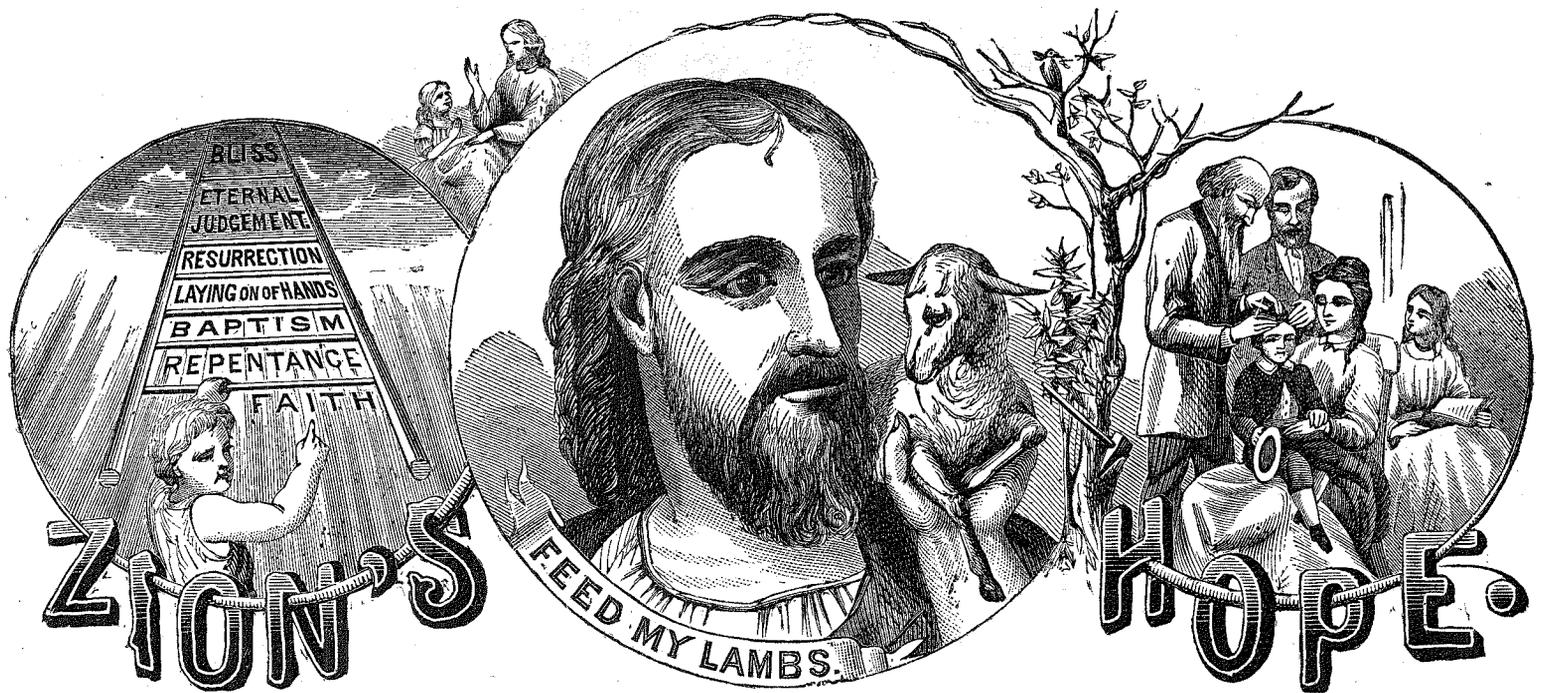
15 May 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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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."

WE ARE WORKING.

We are working, we are working,
For the great eternal day;
While we're working, while we're waiting,
For each other let us pray.

We are working, we are working,
For a bright and better land;
And the time is fast approaching,
When we may in Zion stand.

We are working, we are working,
Firm united let us be;
For the rock of our salvation,
Will stand through all eternity.

We are working, we are working,
In our blooming hours of youth,
May the holy Spirit guide us
In the paths of light and truth.

We are working, we are working,
For a home beyond the skies,
Where the Saints will dwell together,
In the land of paradise.

We are working, we are working,
For the day is very near,
When all earth will soon awaken,
And the Savior will appear.

We are working, we are working,
In our youthful hours of life;
Be not weary in our troubles,
Be as soldiers in the strife.

We are working, we are working,
As a bright and happy band;
Let us work for one another,
God will lend a helping hand.

We are working, we are working,
For the treasures none can give;
But the Savior will reward us,
By the lives that we may live.

We are working, we are working,
For our souls we must prepare,
And live as dutiful children,
That his blessings we may share.

We are working, we are working,
In the straight and narrow way,
May the God of mercy help us,
His commandments to obey.

We are working, we are working,
For the cause we dearly love;
Let us ever work together,
That we all may meet above.

N. ADAMSON.

FAULT FINDING.

THE world is full of fault finding. It is indeed something very unpleasant, chafing not only the spirits of those who indulge in its use, but also those upon whom it is poured, and all who listen to its sound.

It seems natural for some people to be always finding fault about something, or somebody, while from the lips of others, you scarcely ever hear a word of complaint escape, and when you do, it is delivered in so gentle a manner that it does not sound like fault finding.

The habit of fault finding is strengthened by use. The child begins by complaining; and being allowed to complain of little things such as, "Its food is not sweet enough," or "It wants a piece of cake and not bread," or "Somebody makes faces at it," or "Nurse won't pick up its play things; and as it grows older it complains about the weather, "It is too hot or too cold,"—or "It is so tired, it cannot finish its lessons, or its work;" or "Somebody has put something in its way or has failed to do some important thing;"—in fact, nothing is quite right. In *this way* the habit is formed; so that fault finding become part of their nature, even though it does not arise from a settled purpose to do wrong, or from an unkind heart.

There are many whose kindness and benevolence toward others are manifested in every deed, who nevertheless are constantly finding fault.

Constant fault finding wears the temper and peace of a household, or a community.

The surest way to have everything pleasant and cheerful, is to be pleasant and cheerful ourselves. So let us strive to avoid finding fault; and thus secure our own happiness, and the happiness of those around us. AMY FORSCUTT.

A CONSCIENTIOUS DOG.

I HAD had this dog for several years, and had never—even in his puppyhood—known him to steal. On the contrary, he used to make an excellent guard to protect property from other animals, servants, etc., even though these were his best friends. I have seen this dog escort a donkey which had baskets on his back filled with apples. Although the dog did not know that he was being observed by anybody, he did his duty with the utmost faithfulness, for every time the donkey turned back its head to take an apple out of the baskets, the dog snapped at its nose; and such was his watchfulness that, although his companion, was keenly desirous of tasting some of the fruit, he never allowed him to get a single apple

during the half hour they were left together. I have also seen this terrier protecting meat from other terriers (his sons) which lived in the same house with him, and with which he was on the very best of terms. More curious still, I have seen him seize my wristbands while they were being worn by a friend to whom I had temporarily lent them. Nevertheless, on one occasion he was very hungry, and in the room where I was reading and he was sitting, there was within reach a savory mutton chop. I was greatly surprised to see him stealthily remove this chop and take it under a sofa. However, I pretended not to observe what had occurred, and waited to see what would happen next. For fully a quarter of an hour this terrier remained under the sofa without making a sound, but doubtless enduring an agony of contending feelings. Eventually, however, conscience came off victorious, for, emerging from his place of concealment, and carrying in his mouth the stolen chop, he came across the room and laid the tempting morsel at my feet. The moment he dropped the stolen property he bolted again under the sofa, and from this retreat no coaxing could charm him for several hours afterward. Moreover, when during that time he was spoken to or patted, he always turned away his head in a ludicrously conscience-stricken manner. Altogether I do not think it would be possible to imagine a more satisfactory exhibition of conscience by an animal than this, for it must be remembered, as already stated, that the particular animal in question was never beaten in its life.

MONEY.

NOW money, according to the definition, is any substance that bears the stamp of a country, and is used in exchange for all kinds of goods and commodities. It is mentioned as a medium of commerce in the Bible, in Genesis 23, where Abraham purchased a field as a sepulcher for Sarah, in the year of the world 2139.

Homer speaks of brass money as existing 1184 B. C. The invention of coin is ascribed to the Lydians. Their money consists of gold and silver. Iron money was used in Sparta, and iron and tin in Great Britain. Julius Caesar was the first person who obtained the express permission of the senate to place his image on the Roman coins. Earlier they had placed the image of their deities on their coins.

Moneta was the name the Romans gave their silver, it having been coined in the temple of Juno Moneta, 269 B. C. Money has been made of the different minerals, and even of leather. It was made of pasteboard by the Hollanders as late

as 1574. The North American Indians, in early times, used small shells strung together, which they called wampum.

Coins were made in many different shapes. English coins were partly square, oblong and round, until the Middle Ages, since when round coins have only been used. The Chinese and Japanese coins are square, with a square hole through the center. The names of many obsolete pieces are met with in Shakespeare and some other English authors, such as the angel, angelot, noble, groat, guinea, etc. The first silver coin struck in England, was the ancient silver penny. It was struck with a cross so deeply indented that it might be easily parted into two for half pence and into four for farthings.

The first money coined in America was the pine tree shilling, made of silver, with the figure of a pine tree. Money itself is of no value. It acquires value according to the amount that it will purchase. Some persons, as misers, save all their money and become rich, while all the time they nearly die for want of food and clothing, which they might well purchase. They receive no benefit themselves, and when they die they cannot carry it with them. We should not grow up misers, nor yet, on the other extreme, spend our money for fashion, tobacco, intoxicating drinks, and hundreds of other useless things. If we have more than we need, there are plenty of chances to help others, and at the same time be doing good in this world.—*Young Folks Monthly.*

THE NEW SILK APRON.

WHEN I was a little girl my mother was very careful with my dress, and she made many pretty little ornaments for me to wear, which of course pleased me very much. One day, on my return from school, I found her sewing on a piece of silk, which she told me was to be an apron for me. I was unusually delighted, because several of my little playmates, whose parents were wealthier than mine, had silk aprons, and they were greatly admired by all the school girls. Then I began to make inquiries about it, as children will, as to how long before it would be finished; how it was to be made, trimmed etc. These and numerous other questions my mother answered very kindly and satisfactorily, but I did not tell of the foolish pride in my heart.

When I returned from school next day and entered the room my mother held up the apron, completed. After trying it on and admiring both the apron and my vain little self in the large mirror, my mother told me to take it and lock it up in the drawer. "Why, mother," I exclaimed, "I will want to wear it to school to-morrow; it is not worth while to carry it upstairs to put it away!" "O, no, my dear; I do not intend for you to wear it to school, it is too costly, and it would last only a short time if worn every day." My disappointment was very bitter, but I knew what my mother's "No," meant, and I never dared to rebel against it. She bade me put it away, and I took the apron, but hung my head to conceal the tears I could not repress.

As I was ascending the stairs something whispered: "I would not put it away, take it to your room and wear it to-morrow; she will never know it. Wear it one day to let the girls see it, and then you can put it away, and your mother will never find it out." At first I did not heed the voice, but I held the apron up and pictured to myself the admiration it would excite, and, finally, vanity triumphed, and I yielded to the tempter. Creeping noiselessly to my room I laid the apron in the satchel with my books. During the remainder of the evening I did not enjoy anything for my conscience troubled me greatly, and several times I determined to go and put the apron where she had told me; but the thought that my mother never would find out made me replace it in my satchel again.

The next morning I bade my mother good-by, and I received her parting kiss before going to

school but I felt guilty, and almost determined to confess my sin; but again vanity whispered, and I ran off to school. As soon as I was out of sight of home I took the apron from my satchel and put it on. Oh how changed it did appear in my eyes. My thoughts kept me busy until I reached the school. I found my class reciting, in which I had to take my seat at the foot. I noticed that a general smile went around, and more than one envious smile was cast at my unfortunate apron; even my teacher said, "You have a very pretty apron; I hope you will be neat and careful with it." I did intend to be careful with it, but the child who disobeys their parents, is never in the path of safety. At length school was dismissed and I was rising to leave the school room, when my apron caught on a nail, which made an ugly rent; and at the same time causing my inkstand to empty its contents in my lap. "O, my apron, my new apron!" I screamed aloud; "what will mother say?" My teacher endeavored to console me, saying "Do not cry my child; it was only an accident. It was too nice to wear to school, but as your mother put it on you, she will expect some soil on it. The best plan will be to go home and confess to her the whole truth." She did not know how much was contained in those words, "the whole truth," but I confessed to my teacher my sin and disobedience, and when I went home told my mother all, and begged her to forgive me. She knelt with her hand on my head, and asked God to forgive me, and to keep me from sinning again.

I shall never forget the silk apron. I have a piece in my "scrap bag," and often tell its history to my little friends when I wish to impress on their minds the injunction, "Children obey your parents." Selected by Anna M. Brown.

SCRIPTURAL ALPHABET.

- A was a monarch, who reigned in the East.—Esther 1: 1.
 B was a chaldee, who made a great feast.—Daniel 5: 1-4.
 C was veracious, when others told lies.—Num. 13: 30-33.
 D was a woman, heroic and wise.—Judges 4: 4-14.
 E was a refuge, where David spared Saul.—1 Sam. 24: 1-7.
 F was a Roman, accuser of Paul.—Acts 26: 24.
 G was a garden, a frequent resort.—John, 28: 1-2; Matt. 26: 36.
 H was a city, where David held Court.—2 Sam. 2: 41.
 I was a mocker, a very bad boy.—Genesis 16: 16.
 J was a city preferred as a joy.—Psalm 137: 6.
 K was the father, whose son was quite tall.—1 Sam. 9: 1-2.
 L was a proud one who had a great fall.—Isaiah 14: 12.
 M was a nephew, whose uncle was good.—Colossians 4: 10; Acts 11: 24.
 N was a city, long hid where it stood.—Zachariah 2: 13.
 O was a servant, acknowledged a brother.—Philemon 1: 16.
 P was a Christian, greeting another.—2 Timothy 4: 21.
 R was a damsel, who knew a man's voice.—Acts 12: 13-14.
 S was a sovereign, who made a bad choice.—1 Kings 11: 4-11.
 T was a seaport, where preaching was long.—Acts 20: 6-7.
 U was a teamster, struck dead for his wrong.—2 Sam. 6: 7.
 V was a cast-off, and never restored.—Esther 1: 19.
 Z was a city, with sorrow deplored.—Psalms 137.
 Selected.

N.
W. X E.
S.

WHERE do we get the word NEWS? The word news is derived from the old Saxon word, *nūwe*, or the Latin word, *novus*; but an ingenious literary friend suggests, that as the word news is now used to describe collectively the tidings we receive from all parts of the world, it might be regarded as a sort of abbreviated acrostic, signifying news from the North, East, West, and South. In former times (between the years 1595 and 1730) it was a common practice to put over the periodical publications of the day, the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, as at the beginning of this article, and from this practice is derived the word Newspaper. Selected.

THE GOOD SISTER.

"WELL, well, I do not know what to make of it. I cannot, neither do I wish to prevent you from reading the Bible, and I surely cannot help it if you do not understand it right."

"Of course not, father; especially when we believe it just as it reads."

"Well, you are good children any way; and your father will let you think as you like, only do not teach Mormon doctrine to our friends, for I would not like to hear my children called Mormons. And it grieves me to hear that my brother has been so deceived."

"Do not worry for him. He is as happy as he can be; and they all try to show the world that they are striving to do right, and that they are not ashamed, but proud of the name they bear."

Time passed and Mr. Clark saw a great change in Floyd; he was becoming more and more like Ethel. Often he would say to himself, "They are really good children, and I feel that they are sincere christians; but if they would only give up that foolish notion of theirs and unite with our church, how glad would I be. And yet I do not feel satisfied myself. Why should God change? For if he is the same, then surely the fault is in us or we would be entitled to the same gifts and blessings that were anciently possessed by the Saints. So far I can believe, and were it not for the name, perhaps I could go farther; and yet if I could believe it to be the work of God would I be ashamed. My children would be proud to bear the scorn and contempt of the world for their Savior's sake; and should I, their father, be ashamed to own him. Well I will not think any more about it. I have lived contented in our church for twenty years, and I guess I will make it do for the rest of my days."

Thus would Mr. Clark often reason with himself, but it did not bring peace to his mind. And Mrs. Clark was inclined to believe as the children did; for as she believed in searching all things and to hold fast to that which is good, she had read all the books that Ethel brought home and her mind was pretty well made up as to what was right.

And so things were at a stand still, when one evening little Myrtle climbed up on her father's knee and said "O, papa, Myrtle's head aches so hard, stweeze it, papa, orle hard, it feels lite it would brate open."

The father was alarmed to find his baby's head hot and feverish, while her eyes looked unnaturally bright; and the thought flashed through his mind that he might lose her. He thought, how could I lose my baby, my little darling.

"Mother, we must get this child to bed; and you, Floyd, go for a physician;" and then it came to his mind how weak was all earthly aid. Ah, poor man, happy would you have been then if a Peter, or a Paul could have walked in and rebuked the terrible disease which you know has taken hold of your little one; but no,—those days are past.

Morning came, and the physician shook his head; the scarlet fever which was carrying so many little ones off seemed to have marked this one for its victim also. In the evening she was much worse, and the almost distracted father implored the doctor to save his child, that he could not give her up.

"Poor man I am very sorry for you, but I can do nothing for her;" said the doctor, and he departed to attend to others who were wanting him. Now, all earthly aid was gone, and Mr. Clark said; "Can nothing be done; O, will God not hear our prayers and spare our little one? Ethel, child, you believe in prayer; pray that she may be spared. I cannot; I feel that I am too wicked, for I have too long fought against what I knew to be right, and now I fear my punishment is to be great. Oh, that I had heeded the still small voice long ago."

"Dear father, do not give up, but put your trust in God, for I feel that Myrtle will not die."

"So do I father," said Floyd, rising from the side of the bed, where he had been kneeling in silent prayer. "Although she looks like death was approaching, still I believe she will recover."

And Mrs. Clark said while gently stroking her husband's hair, "Grieve not so, dear husband, for I feel like saying, 'God's will, not ours be done.' We justly deserve punishment for our stubbornness, but I feel that God will be merciful. I too, feel that she will get well."

Just then there was a loud rap at the door, and Mrs. Clark went to see who had come, and on opening the door she met a stranger.

"Is this the home of Ethel Clark, whom I met at her uncle's last winter?"

"It is, sir."

"Well, then, I must come in. I know not, madam, what I am sent here for, but three times I was told, 'Go to the home of Ethel Clark,' and I could not refuse any longer."

"Walk right in this way, sir; we are all in here, and we are in great trouble, for our little daughter lies at the point of death."

Ethel, who by this time had heard his voice, came bounding out, "O, Elder Williams! God has sent you. I will never doubt him any more, here was I, just ready to give up when I am shown how weak is my faith. Now my sister will live."

Elder Williams went to the bed, felt of the child's head, then walked away, and turning to Mr. and Mrs. Clark he said, "Do you believe that God through his servant is able to save your child?"

"We do; for we have long believed all you teach, but we were ashamed to bear the name, and now we fear the Lord will know us not."

All knelt while the Elder offered such a prayer as Mr. Clark thought he had never heard before; then when they arose, he took some oil from his pocket and asking the united faith of all present, he approached the bed: and while his hands were yet on her head he had the gift of tongues, then the interpretation came and he rebuked the disease and pronounced the blessing of health on her head. Then all watched the little sufferer; she seemed to be sleeping and after a couple of hours she opened her eyes and asked for water, while her whole body was covered with warm perspiration; and she asked her father to hold her in the rocking chair. O, how rejoiced, how humbled and thankful they all felt.

And as days passed, and the little one was fully recovered, Mr. Clark still did not want the Elder to depart. He seemed never weary of searching the Scriptures, and having them explained to him so plainly. But he was not yet ready to unite with the Church. He wanted first to become very humble, and trample all pride underfoot. So he went with the Elder to engage the school house for him to speak in, and took pleasure in introducing him to the congregation. He had told Ethel and Floyd that he no longer objected to their being baptized, but that he and their mother would go with them soon. It was with joy the sister and brother heard this for they longed to be numbered with the Saints, and now that they were to have their mother and father with them they felt very happy. And it was not long before Elder Williams had the pleasure of baptizing the four.

Some may think that Mr. Clark was like one of old, that he wanted a sign before he could believe but not so; as he said, it had only been pride that kept him back, and Myrtle's sickness had only humbled him, for as far as he understood he had believed. And O, how many are just as he was; they cannot, they will not humble themselves and go down into the water and be baptized; they will not own the name, and so they stay out of the Church. I often wonder if they think their Savior will be willing to own them, I fear not.

Dear Hopes let us ever strive to be found among the good and the pure; let us never be ashamed or afraid to own our church relationship,

but rather let us be proud of the name we bear, for I think that a Saint means a very good person, and to be a Saint indeed, we should be almost perfect. I trust that all who bear that name will be ready when our Savior comes to meet his own.

SISTER LENA.

A LARGE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Dear Hopes:—I am interested in the Hopes of Zion, in their paper and in their Sunday School work, and would so much love to attend a Hope Sunday School; but I am deprived, not only of this privilege, but also of communion with the Saints, none that I know of being within one hundred miles. However, I do what I think is next best, whenever I am not out of town I go to the Methodist, and sometimes to the Presbyterian Sunday Schools, and I am always treated courteously and kindly, although they well know that I am what the world calls a "Mormon," yet they as well understand the difference between Brigham Young's doctrine and practices and our own, and treat me accordingly. We may live faithful to God so that he will make "even our enemies to be at peace with us."

I think these places much better to attend on Sunday than for the Hopes to be reading trashy stories, or otherwise idling or playing away the Sabbath, when and where there is no school of the Saints. I think this to be much more pleasing to our Heavenly Father and in keeping with the spirit and letter of the Sabbath law although we may not agree with all that may be taught, and I think that children of Saints should be early taught the difference there is between our doctrines and those of other churches. I am very sure that in earlier years I was benefitted by attending the Sunday School of those who differed from us in faith, and the Scripture lessons that I then learned have not departed from me.

I will tell the Hopes of a Sunday School I used to visit in Cincinnati, Ohio. I used to be there quite often, and when detained over Sunday I went to a place called the Bethel Sunday School. It was held in a large building, or room, near the steamboat landing, and away from up town and all the churches. Here met a band, principally young men and women, inspired by the love of Jesus, and in the same spirit in which the Master went about among the poor, the friendless and the lowly; and here in this place had these men and women gathered from out of the dens and the by ways, the hovels, the streets, and the gutters of that great city, the children who were friendless, homeless, ragged, dirty, profane, those who were fast growing into wickedness and crime of every sort. Here were gathered every Sunday, how many do you think? Well, it was a large number, the average attendance was something near two thousand. That was larger than most of the Hopes ever saw, I think. And what did they do with so many, and was it like all Sunday Schools? Well, I wish all the Hopes could have seen that school. In some respects it was like, and in others unlike other Sunday Schools. They had a large and high platform in the center of the school, where was the organ, and a place for the superintendent to stand, and there were a great many teachers of course, but there were some large classes, numbering over one hundred scholars. It was grand to hear them sing, for all sung, and heartily too, making good music, at least it sounded good to me, and with less discord than you might imagine. They had no singing books, but song leaves printed every week, for every Sunday, with three or four songs, many of them I think original with teachers, and perhaps some of the older scholars. Here is the chorus that I remember of one of their songs.

"Go bring them in, we have room to spare,
And food and shelter plenty;
And we'll not shut the door,
'Gainst one of Christ's poor,
Though you bring every child in the city."

Every Sunday there was distributed clothing

and food to some poor little vagabonds, who perhaps knew no home, nor parent's love and care. Let us, dear Hopes, remember the blessed lessons of charity that the Bible teaches; and although the world is full of false doctrines and many false teachers, yet there are many people who are trying to do right, and to obey Jesus the best they know how, according to the light that they have to walk in. Will the Hopes open the Bible and read Phil. 4: 8.

M. H. B.

AN "AWFUL" STORY.

THERE was an awful little girl, who had an awful way of saying "awful" to everything. She lived in an awful house, in an awful street, in an awful village, which was an awful distance from every other awful place. She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small, and her feet were awful large. She went to an awful church, and her minister was an awful preacher. When she took an awful walk, she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In summer she found the weather awful hot, and in winter awful cold. When it didn't rain there was an awful drouth, and when that was over there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl was all the time in an awful state, and if she does not get over saying "awful" about everything, she will, by-and-by, come to an awful end. And this awful little girl lives in this awful city.—*Cincinnati Times.*

DO NOT COMPLAIN.

How often we think that our lot is harder than is the lot of others. Ease and comfort are naturally desired by the heart, but there are real or imaginary troubles in every one's life, but sitting down and mourning will never overcome them. Rather be up and doing, with thankfulness for the blessings which still remain. If you have health and strength you have reasons to be thankful in spite of fortune's frown.

ANNIE HOLT.

A DIALOGUE.

[Concluded.]

Edith visited the home of Maggie the next day according to her promise.

Mrs. S.—Good morning Edith.

E.—Good morning Mrs. S.—This is a very pleasant morning.

Mrs. S.—Yes, very.

E.—I thought I would improve this pleasant morning and come over and spend an hour or two with you. The weather is very unsettled these days; and I thought perhaps I would not have another opportunity so favorable.

Mrs. S.—Well, Edith, I am glad you did so. Be seated, and lay off your hat and shawl. Maggie is out for a few moments. She will soon be in, however. How is your ma, these days?

E.—She's quite well, thank you. (Maggie enters).

MAGGIE.—Good morning Edith.

E.—Good morning. I think you are well this morning Maggie.

M.—Yes, very well; and quite happy.

M.—Well, that's good, I love to see every one happy. I heard the music of your mother's machine, as I came in at the gate.

Mrs. S.—Yes, the music of our sewing machine, is about all we have here; except occasionally Maggie, with a very light heart, gives us a few snatches of the "Mormon songs."

E.—Does she, indeed! well, there is a good deal of music in some of our songs when sung with the Spirit, and with the "understanding."

Mrs. S.—Well Edith, I do believe that Maggie is going to become a member of your church,

since she began to attend your meetings, she seems much interested in religious matters. She reads the Bible a great deal. I am nearly out of patience with her sometimes.

E.—You have great reason to rejoice, Mrs. S.—that your daughter's interest is awakened to the very important subject.

Mrs. S.—Yes, I would like for Maggie to be religious.

E.—Yes, so would I. Very glad would I be, to see her embrace the truth, by obedience to the gospel; in all its beauty, and simplicity. And not only Maggie, but yourself too.

Mrs. S.—O, dear! I shall never join the Mormons!

E.—We are not Mormons; that is a name given us by our enemies.

Mrs. S.—Yes, I know. But then, you have a "Mormon Bible."

E.—We have a book, entitled the "Book of Mormon," a divinely inspired record, written by a succession of prophets and holy men,—also containing the fullness of the gospel of Christ as revealed to his people in that day, and age of the world; together with his personal ministrations.

Mrs. S.—Well, I don't know, I'm sure. If it was not for that Mormon book, and Joseph Smith professing to be a prophet I might think better of the church, perhaps. We have no need of prophets in the church now.

E.—Indeed, Mrs. S.—I think there is as much need of them now, as at any former period. God has said in his word, that he set in the Church, First apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that, (that is after that order of ministry), miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues. And Mrs. S.—You most certainly will admit, that if God set them in the church as it pleased him, no man has a right to say they are not needed!

Mrs. S.—Well I declare Edith, it does appear after all, that you Mormon folks have much of the Bible on your side.

E.—Indeed we have. That, is an admitted fact.

M.—Well mother, that is quite an admission for you. I shall hope now, that you will consent for me to join the church before long. For certain it is, if they can sustain themselves from the Scriptures, they must of course, be right. O! how happy I should be; could I see my mother put on Christ, by being buried with him by baptism, and that by one having "authority" to administer in the sacred ordinances of the gospel.

Mrs. S.—Why Maggie, you know your mother would not oppose the work, if I could be made to believe it was right. But Edith, your church is so exclusive! They think none are in the right way but themselves.

E.—None were more exclusive than the Apostles and Saints, anciently. Hear the declaration of the apostle John, "We are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness." Why John! what an exclusive fellow you are? Nobody right but you few apostles in Palestine, and the whole religious world lying in wickedness? Why, you have no charity!

M.—I have told mother, that the Latter Day Saints were the most loving, charitable people in the world. They would like for every one to see the light, to embrace the truth, and be saved. O, how beautiful the plan of salvation looks to me: The gospel of Christ! How I long to be made a partaker of the "covenant blessings."

Mrs. S.—Well Edith, you and Maggie together, almost make me feel like consenting for her to be baptized, and join the church. I hope it will not do her any harm, if it does her no good.

M.—Thank you, my dear mother, many thanks, and God will bless you.

E.—I too, feel to thank you Mrs. S.—and I hope you will lay aside your prejudices, and with a prayerful heart search the Scriptures, prove all things, and be sure to hold fast that which is good; which is the gospel, as the Latter Day Saints preach it.

Mrs. S.—When had Maggie better be baptized?

E.—Whenever you are ready. And now, I must say good-by. Hope to see you both at church on Sunday. DORLISKA

"Dear mother," said a sorrowing little girl, "I have broken your china vase!"

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in mischief—go up stairs until I send for you."

And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen a fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed; and in that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never to be revived to life! Oh, what were a thousand vases in comparison!

Correspondence.

DEER LODGE, Montana, May 2d, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am not a member of the Church yet, and I don't know when I will be, for there are no Saints about here. May has come, but we did not have a very pretty May-day here yesterday, for there was snow all over the ground, but it has all gone off to-day. We have had very little snow here this winter, until last month. I have been away from home all winter. I love the *Hope* very much and I read the letters first when I get the paper. Yours truly, AUGUSTA ELIASSON.

ALLENTOWN, N. J., April 24th, 1877.

Brother Henry:—I received the *Hope* last evening, and the reading of it afforded me great pleasure. I think it is more and more interesting each time it comes. I would love to see all of the contributors of the *Hope*. I am trying to live so that I may be numbered with the just. We are having very nice weather in this country. With love to all the Hopes, your friend and sister, MARY E. McGUIRE.

RIVERTON, Iowa, April 28th, 1877.

Editors *Hope*:—My father and mother belong to the Church, and I intend to be baptized, because I believe that the doctrine is true, for I have been healed by the prayer of faith. Pray for me that I may be a good boy, and when I get to be a man that I may become useful in the Church and kingdom of God. I wish there was a Saints' Sabbath School here, but we have to do the best we can. Respectfully yours, NAPALEON B. DONALDSON.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., May 9th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—Sometime has elapsed since I last wrote to your beautiful paper the *Hope*. I am trying to do what is right, but I find it very hard work sometimes. I ask an interest in your prayers that I may prove faithful. I love to hear from you. We have a good Sunday School here, and good teachers, although there are not many scholars at present. We have preaching in the morning by brother Lowell, and he makes the Saints' hearts rejoice; I can see it in their faces, for they all seem so happy. We have Sunday School at 1 p. m., sacrament meeting at 2 p. m., and prayer meeting on every Thursday night at our house. Your sister, MARY E. WEBB.

DOWVILLE, Iowa, May 12th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I have not been baptized yet, but I hope to soon. We have no Sunday School here. I love to read the letters in the *Hope*. I think that we should be thankful to those who write such nice stories for it. Pray for me. IDA MAY RUDD.

INLAND, Iowa, April 29th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am but a little girl, seven years old. My birth-day comes on the 13th of July. I have three brothers, Otis, Henry and Frank; and two sisters, Flora and Vinnie. I go to school and study reading, spelling and arithmetic. I cannot write very well. I have got a cousin living with us; her name is Addie M. Hunter. I composed this letter all myself. Your little friend, MABEL, MATTIE RUSSELL.

CORAL, McHenry, county, Illinois, April 3d, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am but a little girl, seven years old last September. I have not been to school much this term. I like the *Hope*, for there are good pieces in it for little children to read. FANNIE MINNIE BRAND.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 10

My first is in James but not in John,
My second is in Daniel but not in Tom,
My third is in Mark but not in Luke,
My fourth is in Ruth but not in John,
My fifth is in Kings but not in Zachariah,
My sixth is in Jude but not in Zephaniah,
My seventh is in Micah but not in Kings,
My eighth is in Job but not in John,
My ninth is in Mark but not in Tom,
My tenth is in Jeremiah but not in Jude,
My eleventh is in John but not in Ruth,
My twelfth is in Jude but not in Kings.
My whole is the name of a noted elder.

WM. H. MITCHELL.

ENIGMA.—No. 8.

I am composed of eighty letters.—My 22, 66, 44, 19 55, 77, the most important commercial city of Asia. My 51, 57, 62, 24, 39 72, a peninsula of Europe. My 5, 17, 56, 8, 8, 4, 27, 45, a lake in Virginia. My 11, 14, 13, 56, 77, 56, 68, 18, 10, 50, 62, the oldest town in the United States. My 71, 69, 73, 77, 61, 67, 49, 59, the largest tobacco producing state in the Union. My 79, 72, 74, 52, a river in Mississippi. My 80, 10, 7, 8, 47, 75, 45, a mountain in the western part of the United States. My 56, 60, 35, 40, a lake in Utah. My 42, 36, 29, 34, 70, 26, 31, 25, a town in Oregon. My 1, 56, 68, 64, 73, 38, 43, a country in Europe containing the most remarkable mines of rock salt in the world. My 51, 59, 76, one of the twelve tribes of Israel. My 8, 53 6, 66, 11, 68, 9, 15, the name of a king who began his reign at the age of twelve years. My 55, 32, the name of a king of Bashan. My 25, 30, 20, 16, 30, 6, 25, the name of a people who afflicted Job. My 2, 3, 46, 5, a valuable mineral. My 70, 19, 48, 21, a passion. My 54, 56, 79, 36, 56, 63, 41, an unclean bird. My 39, 43, 28, 13, 58, 37, 12, a disease of the head. My 65, 38, 32, 23, 26, 33, an adjective. My whole is a proverb of Solomon. WM. STUART.

ANAGRAM, No. 8.

Ew rea ont petexede ot eb metxep rofm veli, tbu eadr Oephs, tel su tvesri ot igan het olosigru nocrw fo eth hetogirsu ni hte exnt nad ttbere lordw.

FLORA.

Word Square, No. 2.—One of the United States. A boy's name. Gone. Divisions in plays.

FLORA RUSSELL.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of May 1st.

1 To Scripture Enigma No. 3.—Enoch had a testimony, Heb. 11:5. David was a prophet, Math. 27:35. The Lord spoke to Hosea. 1:2. The Lamanites were cursed, Alma 1:17. Alma was a prophet of God, Alma 6:6. Charity is a christian grace that will never fail, Moroni 8:4. Cornelius was a devout man, Acts 10:2. Timotheus was a brother, and a minister of God, 1st Thess. 3:2. Herodion was a relative of Paul, Rom. 16:11. Tycheus was a faithful minister, Colo. 4:7. Evil we should flee from the appearance of, 1st Thess. 5:22. God is love, 1 John 4:8. My whole: This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you,—John 15:12.

2 To Anagram, No. 7.—

O sacred head, now wounded;
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns thine only crown.
O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss till now, was thine;
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine. M. NELSON.

3 To Word Puzzle, No. 8.—Word of wisdom.

Wm. C. Cadwell answered 1, 2, 3; Thomas R. Bardsley 2; Wm. H. Mitchell 3; Willie R. Cadman 3.

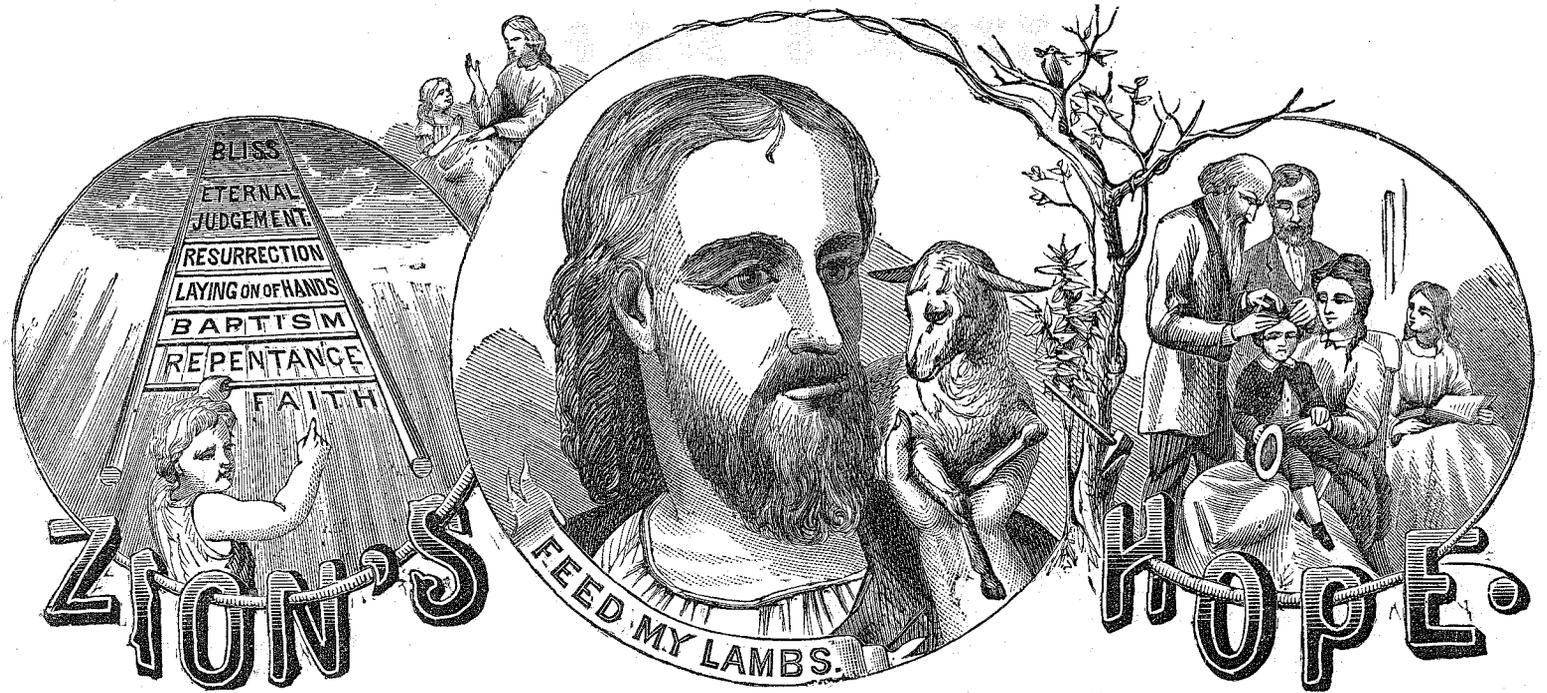
1 June 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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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."

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

LINES BY A CHILD IN THE NATIONAL ORPHAN HOME 1861.

Beautiful ground on which we tread,
 Beautiful heavens above our head,
 Beautiful flowers and beautiful trees,
 Beautiful land and beautiful seas,
 Beautiful sun that shines so bright,
 Beautiful stars with glittering light,
 Beautiful summer, beautiful spring,
 Beautiful birds that merrily sing.
 Beautiful lambs that frisk and play,
 Beautiful night and beautiful day;
 Beautiful lily, beautiful rose,
 Beautiful every flower that grows.
 Beautiful drops of pearly dew;
 Beautiful hills and vales to view.
 Beautiful herbs that scent the air,
 Beautiful things grow everywhere.
 Beautiful everything around,
 Beautiful grass to deck the ground,
 Beautiful fields and woods so green,
 Beautiful buds and blossoms seen,
 Beautiful flower and beautiful leaf,
 Beautiful world though full of grief,
 Beautiful every tiny blade,
 Beautiful all that God has made.

Selected by JOHN S. PARISH.

[Selected.]

LAURA AND HELEN.

"GOOD-BY Fannie," said Laura Arnott, as we parted at her door on our way from school. "Do not forget to call for me very early in the morning, for I have left my Geography at school and must get my lesson before Miss Walton comes. "Fannie," she called again, "Fannie Grey, why dont you come and kiss me good night? I went back and kissed the little girl, and after promising to call for her early I started for home.

Laura Arnott was the loveliest looking little girl I ever beheld, and though many years have gone by since that parting, I never shall forget her appearance, as she stood on the steps of her father's door and leaned forward to give me her last kiss. Her eyes were deep blue, her light flaxen hair curled in natural ringlets about her face, and every time she smiled a dimple showed itself in either cheek. But it is not of the loveliness of her personal appearance alone that I would write. Laura Arnott possessed that without which all her charms of grace and manner would have been worth nothing. She was a sincere

and conscientious Christian child; and though naturally diffident, it was astonishing to see her fearlessness in reproving the faults of many older than herself. And yet her manner while doing so was so gentle and affectionate that she never made an enemy. All the school loved little Laura.

I remember one evening as we were walking home from school we were joined by Miss Helen Campbell. She was a young lady from the oldest division of the school and was soon to leave. She was beautiful and accomplished, and amiable; but she was gay and worldly, and was looking forward with eager anticipation to the time when her education would be finished and she would enter upon the gayeties of the world. As she joined us she said; "It always does me good to look at your bright cheerful face, Laura. Come, tell me what makes you look so happy? I have heard that you are called religious, and I always supposed that such people were gloomy; but I think you must be an exception."

"Religious people gloomy, Miss Helen?" said Laura in surprise. "Why, where could you get such an idea. I am sure I do not know who should be happy, if a Christian is not."

"Well," said Miss Campbell, "It seems to me very natural that they should be sad and gloomy, as they are always thinking about the grave and such dismal subjects."

"No, not always thinking of dismal subjects, Miss Campbell," said Laura mildly. But I suppose they always try to remember that this life is short, and is only an introduction to another. Besides, do you not think a true Christian ought to be really happy in the thought of death, since it will be to him only the gate of heaven."

"You are a strange child, Laura, and I cannot understand you at all when you talk about such subjects."

"Now you remind me, Miss Helen, of what my father told me about William Pitt, who was a great orator and statesman in England."

O, you need not tell me who William Pitt was, my child," said Miss Helen, laughing.

"Well," continued Laura, a bright blush crimsoning her cheek, "Mr. Pitt went to hear a preacher whose name was Cecil, a very pious excellent man. Do you know who he was, Miss Helen?"

"No, I never heard of him, Laura."

"Well, when Mr. Pitt came out, a friend who was with him asked him, how he liked the sermon; and he answered, I dare say it is all very good; but it is all Greek to me. And," continued Laura, "the Bible says that the 'natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for

they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them for they are spiritually discerned."

"And how does that apply to me, Laura," asked Miss Campbell.

Laura hesitated, and looked down; and then raising her eyes to the young lady's face she said, "Do not be angry with me, or consider me too bold—but I was thinking,—you have studied a great deal, and understand many languages, and know a great deal more than I shall in a good many years; and yet you say you cannot understand things that appear to me as clear as day."

By this time we had reached Miss Campbell's house, but she detained Laura for she seemed to love to hear the child talk. "Tell me, Laura, do you think that I am so very bad that I should not go to heaven if I were to die now?"

"I think you are lovely, and very gentle, Miss Helen, and every body loves you; and yet I recollect a story in the Bible about a young man who was so amiable and lovely that even our blessed Savior loved him, yet he said to him: 'One thing thou lackest.'"

"I have heard that too, and yet I never thought of it before," said Miss Campbell seriously. "And now, Laura, my sweet one, kiss me good night."

We will now go back to the night when I parted from my little friend at her father's door. How little did either of us think that parting was to be our last; how little did either of us think that before the morning dawned one of us would be summoned before the Judge; truly in the midst of life we are in death. I will not anticipate. Laura's mother died while Laura was very young; but she had always been taken care of by an old Scotch woman, who was her father's house-keeper and her nurse; she was a pious, excellent woman and had always taken pains with Laura, and tried to bring her up in the love and fear of God. The next morning I started early for the house of my friend. As I approached the house I was surprised not to see Laura standing on the steps, as usual, and waiting for me; and then as I drew nearer the house I noticed an unusual appearance of gloom about it. It was closely shut up, except that the windows of one room up stairs were raised a little. I went up the steps and something, I could not tell what, led me to touch the bell very lightly. The door opened softly, and Mrs. Wilson, Laura's nurse, was there. I had just begun, "Why, where is Laura?" when I paused, struck with the appearance of the old woman's face. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping; her face pale and haggard; and when I asked, "What is the matter?" she sank upon a chair in the hall, and

rocking back and forth wringing her hands she sobbed, "Oh! wae's me! Oh, wae's me! my bonny bairn; my bonny bairn!"

I stood by, not daring to ask the question that rose to my lips, and yet it seemed to me that nothing but Laura's death could cause such deep distress. At last amid the old woman's sobs and broken words, I gathered enough to learn the sad story. "Burned to death!" Oh, could it be that she from whom I had parted only last night in such high health and spirits, was now lying a corpse. Was that blue eye that beamed so brightly but yesterday closed forever. Was that sweet voice silent in death? I was so shocked, so horror stricken, that I could not shed a tear; but listened to the old woman's account of the dreadful manner of Laura's death.

I will give it to you as she told it to me, but not exactly in her own words, for her brogue would be unintelligible to those not accustomed to it, and her voice was broken by sobs and lamentations. "Last night," said she, "when my little darling went to her room I went with her to help her undress. She kissed me; and then knelt down by her bed side,—I never shall forget the dear child, as I saw her for the last time in health, she was kneeling with her hands clasped over her eyes,—after that she must have seated herself by the fire with her Bible in her lap to read a little more in the book she loved to read so well, before she went to sleep. I was always in the habit of going to her room for the candle after she was in bed, but last night being very busy, I was detained longer than usual, but was soon alarmed by the smell of fire,—a sudden fear came over me, and I ran directly to my darling child's room. The moment I opened the door the smoke almost choked me, but I made my way in, and there lay my darling, her clothes all in flames, dreadfully burned but still alive. She could not, however, give any account how it happened; but I think she must have fallen asleep and a coal snapped out and set her clothes on fire. My screams soon brought her father and the servants, who succeeded in extinguishing the flames. But my sweet bairn never spoke again and soon breathed her last. See, here is the Bible with a few of the leaves burned. I shall always keep it while I live. Her face was not scorched, nor a hair singed; yet her body is dreadfully burned. Come with me, if you would like to see her."

I followed the old woman up stairs; but instinctively drew back as we reached the chamber of death. Mrs. Wilson went in and I followed her. Something was lying in a bed in the room covered with a sheet; and though I had never seen a corpse, I knew from the rising of the sheet over the clasped hands and upturned feet that one was now before me. It looked to me so long that I could not believe it was the body of Laura Arnott. Mrs. Wilson slowly turned down the sheet. Yes it was Laura's face. No sickness had faded her cheek, it was as round and plump as ever, but the hair was parted and brushed plain over the white forehead. I missed the sweet dimple from the cheek. I stood and gazed upon her and felt as if my heart would burst, but could not shed a tear.

Continued.

WHAT CAME OF TRYING.

IN a school in the north of Ireland a little fellow was ordered by the teacher to stand on the floor in a corner. Soon a gentleman entered the room; who, after hearing a class spell, inquired of the teacher, "Why does that boy stand there?" "O, he is good for nothing. There is nothing in him. He is the stupidest boy I have in school." The gentleman, pitying the poor little fellow, stepped up to him, and, laying his hand on his really fine brow, said to him kindly, "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. *Don't give up, but try, my boy, try.*" These kind words stirred the boy's soul, and he tried again;

he kept on trying, and eventually became the great scholar that the gentleman had predicted. The world has since known him as the great commentator—Dr. Adam Clarke.

Trying, trying, and never giving up, is the secret of success. For each one who has enlisted in the Lord's work there is no other hope but to keep trying. Some may be so weak by nature as to be incapable of having much firmness, or understanding, or faith, but while life and reason remain there is opportunity to try again, they who cease to try will be lost, they who keep trying are safe.

INFERIOR.

YOUTH.

YOUTH is the spring time of life. It is the promising bud of manhood, and if nurtured by a plentiful supply of diligence and industry, it will, like the rose in maturity, bloom with full splendor of beauty and fragrance; or if blasted by the oppressive drought of idleness, it will scarcely rise into a perceptible existence. It is the seed time for knowledge, which, if sown upon the fertile field of the mind, and if cultivated by the utensils of perseverance, will yield a most luxuriant and abundant harvest; but, if it be left uncultivated, the tares of ignorance will choke them forever. It is the foundation upon which the man's character is built; therefore if in his youth he receives the right nurture and training, then the storms of evil may rage around him, yet he will stand unmoved by them; but if this kind of foundation is not laid, then floods and blasts of trouble will sink him into oblivion, or what is still worse, into the dark recesses of contempt. Youth is the mould in which manhood's destiny is cast. If it be one of virtue, economy and improvement, it will strew manhood's pathway with the precious flowers of happiness, and will illuminate old age with the cheering sunbeams of joy; but, if it be one of idleness and vice, then man will descend into woe, and the gloomy clouds of misery will rise up over him, and his cup of sorrow will be filled to the brim. The vicious society of youth proves an enjoyment no longer, and doubtless this is a reward of his crimes. Such a one is entirely cut off from the society of men, and at last he dies a premature death. As youth is spent, so is the after life, either with a high reputation, or with degradation and misery.—Revised essay of Leslie Waldsmith, read before Nebraska City Sabbath School.

DISOBEDIENCE RECOILS ON THE TRANSGRESSOR.

ACCORDING to God's law, if living human flesh comes in contact with substances undergoing rapid combustion, it suffers painful injury. This law soon becomes evident to the dullest capacity and a ready obedience results. But if one says "be truthful or your better nature will suffer painful injury," the fact, being less easily demonstrable, receives far less ready credence; although there is really no more doubt that a want of truthfulness debases a man, than there is that contact with fire burns him. And although "smartness" has become so exalted a virtue, there is yet a strong belief that lying is utterly debasing and brutalizing. Calling a man a "liar" is supposed to be the unpardonable insult. Lying destroys the foundation of social life. How can there be aught but a superficial gloss of politeness in society, when, at heart, every man harbors suspicion against his fellows. However many paltry "twenties" a man may pouch by being tricky, he knows himself that much less a man; and as the pile of "twenties" hightens, his manly nobility grows less; the consciousness of his meanness increases as his suspicions of his fellows increase; his nearest relatives become dreaded as would-be assassins. Any reader of Dickens will call to mind how enviable a life was led by old Chuzzlewit, and how dutiful a son young Jonas proved. Love, self-denial and all the Christian

virtues are included in obedience; but all are incompatible with deceit. Deceit makes very Arabs of the human family, and raises every man's hand against his fellow's. Farmers! do all you can to hasten Holmes' millenium.

"When berries, whortle-, rasp- and straw-,
Grow bigger downwards through the box."

GLEANINGS FOR ZION'S HOPE;

OR, ODDS AND ENDS FROM UNCLE HASSALL'S SCRAP-BOOK.—NO II.

BY-AND-BYE.

Wherever saddened hearts are beating,
Comes the gently whispered greeting,
Hope's sweet voice is e'er repeating—
"By-and-bye! by-and-bye!"
Chase the tear drop, check the sigh,
Joy is coming by-and-bye."

Rosy childhood's pulse is bounding,
To that magic whisper's sounding,
Telling of the joys abounding,
By-and-bye, by-and-bye;
Haste the moments, let them fly—
Joys, we'll grasp them by-and-bye.

To the student, pale and weary,
Through the night-hours, long and dreary,
Steals an echo soft, yet cheery,
"By-and-bye, by-and-bye;
Flinch not, pause not, guerdon high,
Shall reward thee by-and-bye."

The watcher, by some loved one lying
Wan and helpless, to her sighing,
Hears angelic tones replying,
"By-and-bye! by-and-bye!"
Watch and pray—the languid eye,
With health will brighten, by-and-bye!"

The mourner, by the green grave weeping,
Where a cherished form is sleeping,
Feels as though a voice was speaking,
"By-and-bye! by-and-bye!"
Dear one lift thy thoughts on high,
We shall meet thee, by-and-bye!"

CHILD AND EMPEROR.

A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* states that he has received the following episode from trustworthy authority, for the correctness of which he vouches: A little boy, eleven years old, of a small village in Bohemia, called Greiff, wrote, without the knowledge of his parents, to the Emperor of Austria, the following letter of which I give the literal translation:

"Mr. Emperor at Vienna, I would like to become a priest or a teacher. My father is a poor weaver, and he has no money. Have the kindness, Mr. Emperor, to send me some money, that I may learn to be a priest or teacher, just as you wish. I salute you, Mrs. Emperor and the children:
Signed, JOSEPH BENNESCH."

The above letter duly reached the private secretary, and was forwarded to the Emperor in Hungary. The innocent style seems to have found favor, for, shortly afterwards, the burgo-master of the village received an official telegram to report about the circumstances of the case, and these having turned out satisfactory, the school inspector of the neighbouring town, Twittaw, was instructed to take the boy in, board, and give him every facility for his education.

THE FIRST DOLLAR.

THE following story is true, and must please as well as counsel our young readers:

Many years ago, a gentleman from the town of Methuen, Mass., while on a visit to a prominent merchant in Boston, was asked by the merchant if he knew a boy in Methuen that he could recommend to work in his store. At first the merchant could think of no one, for he knew none but a faithful, honest boy would suit the thrifty merchant. At length, however, he called to

mind a boy of excellent character in the neighborhood, but feared he would hardly do, as his parents were very poor, and he had no education or other advantages to fit him for such a position.

But the description of the boy's habits pleased the merchant so much that he handed the gentleman a dollar with which to pay the boy's fare to Boston by stage, and requested him to send the lad to the city, and if, on a personal interview, he should not prove satisfactory, he would pay his fare back home again. The gentleman, as requested, visited the boy's parents, and stating the merchant's proposal, advised them to send the boy for trial. He then gave him the dollar which was to pay his fare to Boston, and departed.

Under similar circumstances, 99 out of every 100 boys would have said, "Now for a good time! I never saw a city, and never rode in a stage. Oh, there will be so much to see, and it will be such a long ride, and here is money sent to pay my fare!" Not so with this boy. Putting the money carefully in his pocket, he said to himself—

"This is the first dollar I ever had. How I wish I could save it! It is only 25 miles to Boston. I can walk there in a day. I'll do it, and save my dollar."

His mother patched up his clothes as well as she could, and early next morning the little fellow parted with his parents at the door of their humble home, and set out on his long tramp to the great city, which he reached, tired and dusty, a little before sunset. He found the merchant, who sternly asked—

"Where have you been all day? The stage came in hours ago!"

The boy thought he had displeased the merchant at the outset, and with downcast eyes and tremulous voice, he answered—

"I did not come on the stage, sir."

"Did not come on the stage! What do you mean? Didn't I send you money to pay your fare?"

The boy thought it was all up with him, sure, and amid gathering tears he managed to reply—

"I am very sorry, sir! I did not mean to offend you. I thought I would walk and save the dollar. I never had one before."

Placing his hand gently upon the boy's head, the merchant replied, "My little man, you did exactly right. Come home with me and get some supper."

Then turning to a bystander, he remarked, "I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this boy to-day."

That boy has grown to manhood, and has since become widely known in business circles. He is now owner of the extensive mills at Methuen, the Pemberton mills at Lawrence, a banking-house in Boston and one of the finest farms in Massachusetts.—*Phren. Journal.*

THE SENSIBLE CAT.

THIS is a true story, and it happened just as I am going to tell you.

There was a gentleman in New York who kept house by himself, and having no children to pet and play with when he came home from business, he amused himself with keeping pet animals. He had rabbits and guinea-pigs in the garden; a pair of squirrels that lived in a great cage on the piazza; canary-birds and gold-fish in the parlor, and a white cat who made herself at home everywhere.

She had three little kittens who were exceedingly well brought up, and never snarled or quarrelled. Their mother knew how to train them, as I shall show you.

She, for her part, was a cat who conducted herself with great propriety, as a general thing. She never mistook the guinea-pigs for a queer kind of mice, as some cats do; and she never cast longing eyes at the canary-birds. But the best of people have their weak moments some-

times, and pussy was tempted one day by the gold-fish.

There were two of them, lazy, fat fellows with their shining sides glistening through the glass globe. Everybody knows how the heart of a cat hankers after a fish, and these were so pretty, and so handy! The glass globe stood upon a table, where there was plenty of room for puss to stand also. She had only to spring up and help herself. So she pondered the matter, and once when she thought herself alone in the parlor, she determined to risk it. Jumping lightly on the table, she put her paw into the water, and was just about to clutch a fish, when in walked her master. Puss dropped her treasure, shook her wet paw, and tried to run; but the gentleman caught her, and brought her back to the table.

"Now, madame, you must understand, in the beginning, that this will never do," he said sternly. "I have caught you in the act, and you must be punished. Take this and this, and this;" and he boxed her ears smartly. "Now, remember, never touch the gold-fish again."

With this he set her down, and puss ran to hide herself in a corner. Her master watched her to see if she would meddle with the fish again, and this is what he saw her do instead. Creeping out from her corner presently, she ran to the rug where her kittens were, picked them up one by one, and carried them over to the table where the gold-fish stood. Then she stretched out her paw to the globe, as if to say, "Do you see that?" and deliberately boxed each kitten by the ears. After which she went gravely back to her place, and the kittens scampered off, as if they understood their lesson perfectly.

They did, too, for it never had to be repeated; and the gold-fish lived in peace henceforth, unmolested by cat or kittens. I simply want to ask if she wasn't a sensible cat? And if she might not set a good example to some children we know?

BOBBY.

JUST as the clock finished striking, Bobby's papa, at the foot of the stairs, called:

"Bobby!" "Bobby!"

No answer.

"Bobby, it's time to get up—seven o'clock."

Bobby evidently did not agree with his father, for he lay very still and said nothing until he heard him shut the door. Then he crawled out of bed and crept softly across the floor to the looking-glass. He was somewhat disappointed in the picture he saw there. The face was a little too healthy to suit him. Sick boy's faces generally look thin and white, and a sick boy was what he had made up his mind to be, for that day at least, so he crept back to bed again.

In a few moments he heard the door open; some one was coming up the stairs; it was his mother, he knew; so he put on as woe-begone an expression as he was able, and calmly awaited his fate.

She knocked at the door and softly said, "Bobby, are you up?"

"No, marm," mournfully answered Bobby; and, as she opened the door, said, in a most miserable voice,

"I don't feel very well to-day."

"My dear child, what's the matter?"

"My throat's kind of sore and my head aches awfully," faintly answered Bobby from the pillows. (He really tried hard to think so.)

"Throat sore? Let me see," she said, bending over him.

Bobby submitted to the examination like a martyr.

"I hope you're not going to have the diphtheria, dear."

"I hope not," faintly echoed Bobby; in fact he was not quite so much afraid of the diphtheria as his mother.

"I'll go down and get you some medicines. Do you feel able to come down stairs?"

Bobby didn't think that he did, but "I think I'll have my breakfast sent up," added he in a more audible tone. "Will Bridget toast me some bread, do you think?"

His mother smiled; she did not fear the diphtheria now as much as she did, and as she went down stairs she said:

"Well, if he *is* sick, medicine will do him good, and if he isn't, which I think is probably the case, it certainly cannot hurt him. So in a short time, armed with a glass of medicine in one hand and a small piece of dry toast in the other, she again went to Bobby's room. He did not seem to be much worse, and bravely swallowed the medicine, but as his mother left the room, he looked rather scornfully at the toast and said, "Pretty small rations for a boy of my size, but," with a grim smile, "I won't go to school to-day if I starve." He quickly made way with the toast, and lay back on the pillows again.

He heard the first school bell ring and he smiled faintly to himself; he heard the last school bell ring, and then with the school off from his mind, his thoughts wandered down stairs. He wondered what they were having for breakfast. It was strange that his father did not come up to see him, before he went down street. He wondered if he would bring him an orange when he came to dinner. He had a faint remembrance of the time when he had the measles and oranges were not merely things of the imagination.

At last it seemed to him that it must be about noon. His mother came up stairs again. Bobby hoped she would ask him to come down stairs and lie on the sofa, but his hope was not fulfilled.

Mrs. Hammond sat down by the side of the bed and felt of Bobby's pulse, put her cool hand on his forehead, and softly smoothed his hair, and said she thought it was time for more medicine. Bobby made up a face in the pillow.

"Let me see, 10 o'clock," she said thoughtfully.

"Ten o'clock?" said Bobby, with more animation than he had as yet displayed. "Ten o'clock—is that all?"

"It isn't ten yet," his mother answered quickly.

Bobby sighed; it wasn't so much fun after all, this being sick.

Mrs. Hammond soon got some more medicine which Bobby was forced to take, then she went away and left him all alone, after she had consoled him by the remark:

"It's too bad, Bobby, that you're sick, for we're going to have oysters for dinner."

Now, if there was anything that Bobby liked above all others it was oysters, and he wondered, as he lay there looking hard at the ceiling, if his mother meant that he couldn't eat any oysters.

And he wondered if he went down stairs to dinner he would have to go to school in the afternoon. He was a little afraid to try the experiment, so he kept still. But while his body was so quiet his mind seemed more active than ever. It wandered away down street and into the schoolhouse; he saw the arithmetic class reciting the lesson which had induced him to stay at home. He saw Mr. Sparks, the teacher, peer over his glasses and say, "Isn't Robert Hammond present?"

And he almost heard the boys say, "No, sir." He wondered if the fellows knew he was sick; then his thoughts went back to the old starting point; it must be twelve o'clock. He wondered if they were cooking the oysters, and then the old question came up again—could he eat oysters or couldn't he? After that he said the multiplication table over three times, and had just counted up to 343 when he forgot the counting, forgot the oysters, for Bobby was fast asleep.

He was awakened by his mother bringing his dinner, which consisted of toast, toast, and only toast, but a good deal of it, Bobby observed. He felt rather ashamed to eat very much, so he left one slice of toast on the plate; then he

thought half a slice would be enough, and at last he gave way to his appetite, and when Bridget came up there was nothing left but the plate.

Mrs. Hammond was going out calling, Bridget said.

Bobby's spirits went down a degree or two lower.

Slowly an hour dagged itself by; he heard the clock strike two.

Hark! What was that; was it the fire bell? Yes, it certainly was—ding-dong, ding-dong!

Bobby was on his feet in a minute—he had his clothes on in another minute, and before the minute hand had got round to 10 minutes past he had on his fur cap, rubber boots, and overcoat—was out of the door and running down the street as if the safety of the whole town depended upon his being present at the fire.

It didn't amount to much—nothing but an old barn; but Bobby thought the exercise did him good, he said, sheepishly, after he got home.

His mother thought it gave him a good appetite for supper at any rate.—*N. Y. Tribune, Jr.*

THE PRETTY CORAL.

THOUSANDS of miles away, in the Indian Ocean and that part of the Pacific called Polynesia, there are some of the most charming spots in the world for playing Robinson Crusoe. It would not be convenient, however, to be shipwrecked upon the wrong islands; for some of them are already inhabited, and the swarthy Malays who have built their huts there under the tall cocoanut trees might not welcome intruders. Indeed, the monarchs of these curious little islands in the midst of the ocean know little, and care less, for what may be beyond its waves. They spend their quiet, monotonous lives in little worlds of their own, without desiring to explore lands out of sight. Neither do they care to understand the strange origin of their home in the sea.

These lovely little islands were formed in a very wonderful way. Ages ago there were myriads of little creatures called coral polyps, or zoophytes, slowly building in the bottom of the ocean. They had no intention of erecting a monument which would endure as long as the world itself; for they were merely growing in nature's own way, the way in which the Creator designed they should.

Their tiny bodies were at first soft and jelly-like, with gaily-colored fringes at the top, like the petals of a flower. In the course of time little particles of lime began to accumulate in their sides, until at length they became so stiff and hard as to appear like stone. The young polyps had a very singular way of growing from the sides of their parents, like the buds and branches of a tree, and as the lower ones gradually grew solid and perished new ones were continually growing above. After many years a large and high ridge was in this way formed, out of the stony skeletons of these strange little animals. These ridges are called coral-reefs or islands. Some of them extend for hundreds of miles in the ocean. Others are nearly circular in form and are of all sizes. After they have reached the surface of the sea the waves wash over them bits of sand, mud, shells, seeds, etc., until at length a low but solid and immovable island is formed. Various kinds of trees and vegetables grow upon these islands and some of them are inhabited by man. They are called atolls by the natives. They enclose a small sheet of quiet water, which seems like a peaceful lake, set in a verdant ring of land, and planted in the middle of the ocean. This inner lake is called a lagoon, and it is generally connected with the ocean by a narrow channel through which ships sometimes enter and find a safe harbor, even when the breakers are beating the outer coast of the reef in great fury. The atolls or reefs are seldom more than a few hundred yards in width, and the highest portions are not over 10 or 12 feet

above the surface of the sea at high tide. Indeed, the natives are sometimes obliged to lash their huts to the cocoanut trees to prevent their being washed away in very severe storms. But the waves do not often molest them, and they pass lives of indolence and quietness, subsisting mostly upon cocoanuts and fish.

A few years ago a party of American explorers landed upon one of these atolls, and they were greeted by the natives as gods from the sun. They were supposed to have launched their ship direct from that bright orb upon the ocean, at sunset or sunrise, when the sun seems to sink beneath the water.

These explorers also landed at another island, not inhabited by human beings, where the birds had evidently never learned that man is an enemy to be feared; for they allowed themselves to be approached and captured without appearing in the least afraid.

Such a quiet, lovely spot, with the beautiful lake within and the restless sea without, might possibly make a delightful summer resort; but even Robinson Crusoe would probably become weary of its perpetual solitude and long to hear again the sound of busy life in a larger world.—*Mrs. Farnsworth, in New York Independent,*

LITTLE LULU was very much afraid in the dark, and for that reason had great dread of bed time. Complaining of this to a friend one day, she was told that if she would remember always that darkness and light are alike to God; she would no longer be afraid. The next morning, upon entering the breakfast-room, the little one exclaimed: "Well, Mrs. —, I was 'fraid agin last night!" "Why, how was that," asked the lady, "did you not remember what I told you?" "Oh, yes," replied Lulu. "I 'membered it, but the 'fraid is in me, and can't be got out of me."

"Every tree is subject to disease," said a speaker in a Fruit Growers' Convention. "What ailment can you find on an oak?" asked the chairman. "A corn," was the triumphant reply.

Correspondence.

BELL CREEK, Washington County, Neb.

May 19th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—Yes we are all hopes; at nearly every moment of our lives some new hope thrills our bosoms with pleasure; and if they are only Heavenly hopes, hopes that are going to bring us nearer to that great and good being, (God), all is well, but some of us build the wrong hopes, and from this I cannot excuse myself.

I noticed a few remarks in the last issue of our *Hope*; which were very well adopted to my case, (that of being discontented), although it makes me blush to think of it, and I hope and trust that I will overcome that wicked feeling, with the help of the good Master, who is ever kind in bestowing upon us poor complaining discontented beings so many rich blessings.

If he were not allwise and just, with what feelings would he regard us, worms of the dust that we are, how thankful ought we to be to him for his forgiveness, when we so often depart from those commandments which he has given for our benefit and happiness.

I am a member of the Church, and am thankful to God for the privilege. At some future time I will try and again commune with you through our dear *Hope*. Your sister in Christ,

CYNTHIA H. KENNICUTT.

ALMA, Ill., April 28th, 1877,

Dear readers of the *Hope*:—It is some time since I wrote to you. We have a very interesting Sunday School. There are between thirty and thirty-five scholars, and five teachers, and we have the *Hope* for our Sunday School paper. We have New Testaments, and we have the Silver Spray for our singing book. The Saints are all well here at present.

BERTA BURNETT.

Dear Hopes:—I am nine years old, I was baptized last August by Bro. John W. Brackenbury. I go to school and read in the Fourth Reader. The children here call my brother and myself little "Mormons," but we do not care, for we love the name, and we love all true hearted Saints, and we love the dear little *Hope*. Your sister in faith,

ALICE H. TIGNOR.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 11.

My first is in God but not in man,
My second is in good but not in bad,
My third is in door but not in hinge,
My fourth is in ride but not in walk,
My fifth is in thou but not in thee,
My sixth is in night but not in day,
My seventh is in gate but not in latch,
My eighth is in mad but not in rage,
My ninth is in late but not in soon,
My tenth is in you but not in me,
My eleventh is in fire but not in wood,
My twelfth is in large but not in great,
My whole is a name of an Elder of the Church.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—No. 4.

I am composed of 25 letters: My 19, 24, 2, 6, a part of an animal; a difference of which under the Mosaic law made them clean or unclean. My 10, 3, 2, 25, 12, 5, 8, was a primitive Christian of great influence among the Jews. My 7, 20, 14, 17, 21, was one of the fathers of the Israelitish race. My 1, 23, 9, 4, 15, a mountain frequently mentioned in the Bible. My 13, 10, 9, 14, 22, was a mother in Israel. My 16, 11, 18, 19, 4, 12, was a city of Benjamin. My whole is the name of a Latter Day Saints' Sabbath School.

W. C. C.

ANAGRAM, No. 90.

Esoppus het gnetisilg ewd rodp
Nopu eth gassar dluohs yas,
Thaw anc a tteill wdpeod od?
'Die tibeer lori ywaa.'
Eht badel no hwchi ti tsered,
Ferobe hie yad asw neod,
Houttiw a rodp of simonet ti,
Dowlu thewir ni het usn.

J. E. TNOMAUEG.

PUZZLE, No. 6.

"There was a man of Adam's race,
Who had a certain dwelling place:
He had a house well covered o'er,
Where no man dwelt since, nor before.
It was not built by human art;
Nor brick, nor lime, in any part.
Nor wood, nor rock, nor walls, nor kiln,
But curiously was wrought within.
'Twas not in heaven, nor yet in hell,
Nor on the earth where mortals dwell,
Now if you know the man of fame,
Tell where he lived and what's his name.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of May 15th.

- 1 To Word Puzzle, No. 9.—Daniel S. Mills.
- 2 To Enigma No. 7.—Whole: Lula May Bass; parts not given, and no answers received.
- 3 To Puzzle, No. 5.—Weights should be, the author says, 1, 3, 9 and 27lbs each, of the 40lb weight to weigh any amount under 40lbs.
Dora Burton correctly answers No. 1; Charles L. Tignor 1; Russell, David and Jenette Archibald say that the weights of No. 3 should be respectively 8, 9, 11 and 12lbs each.
Sarah A. Summerfield sends correct answer to Word Puzzle No. 8. and Caroline Hershey to Anagram No. 7.

—The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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15 June 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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