

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

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No. 1.

HYMN.

Heavenly Father, hear our hymn of praise,
Which now from youthful tongues ascend;
Though humble be the notes we raise,
Yet kindly to our voice attend.

We praise thee for thy daily care,
Our food, our raiment, and our home,
The happiness which now we share,
And all the hope of joys to come.

We praise thee for thy word of truth,
For Sabbath hours and christian friends,
For all who guard and guide our youth,
And point to bliss that never ends.

Thus we begin thy praise while young,
And when from earth our souls are free,
O, may we join the blood-bought throng,
And sing thy praise eternally.

THE COCOA NUT PALM.

IT would be difficult to find among the legion of priceless gifts, with which nature has enriched the human race, one more marvellous in the range of usefulness than the cocoa nut palm. Not only are its numerous products capable of being utilized in a number of ways, but the tree itself may be viewed in the light of a pioneer amongst vegetable productions, by whose aid the first links of the great chain of plant-life, amongst the newly-formed islands of the southern and eastern seas, are established. The cocoa nut palm, like most other vegetable productions of value, has had a great deal of attention paid to its cultivation and management. Few trees of this description thrive well at a greater height than 600 feet. The range of the cocoa palm is very extensive, as it is found in Africa, the East and West Indies, South America, and throughout the countless clusters of islands which dot the southern seas. In the island of Tahiti (in the Society group) the natives describe six kinds of cocoa nuts, all of which are known by some particular name. In the island of Ceylon four descriptions of nuts are found, each kind possessing some peculiar quality. The tembilli, for example, is an extremely attractive and rich looking nut; it is of oval form, and of a warm orange tint. Great numbers of tembilli trees are usually cultivated by Buddhist priests in the vicinity of their temples, in order that a number of acceptable offerings to place at the disposal of the charitably disposed traveler, may be always at hand when wanted. There are several sub-varieties of

the tembilli. Then there is the edible-skinned cocoa nut, or namasi. This is of brighter color than that just described, and is remarkable for the peculiar character of its husk. When the outer skin is removed, the inner rind quickly changes to a light red color, when it is eaten without further preparation. This nut is slightly heart-shaped. Another description is remarkable for its smallness and round form; whilst the most common is the ordinary commercial cocoa nut. There is another kind, a large dark colored and double shelled cocoa nut, the two cavities or bodies being held together by a sort of band. The origin of these double, or sea cocoa nuts, as they have been called, long remained in obscurity, and all that was known of them was that they were to be found stranded on the coasts of the Maldive Islands, and that fortunate mariners sometimes discovered them floating on the waves far at sea. Such nuts as reached the shore were considered the sacred property of royalty, and any attempt at concealment on the part of the discoverer was punished by immediate death.

Extraordinary virtues were in early days attributed to these double nuts. Their contents were considered unailing antidotes to the most deadly poisons, whilst the fast waning powers of the aged were supposed to be completely restored by a medicine prepared from this nut. The value attached, in times past, to this production appears in these enlightened days perfectly fabulous. The Emperor Rudolph II, when in treaty for one of these much coveted rarities, caused 4000 florins to be offered; but that sum being considered by the vendors insufficient, it was refused. Legends of the wildest character were not wanting to add mystery to the double nut. A wide spread belief long prevailed that far down in the valleys of the deep sea bottom grew green groves of enchanted palms, which faded away from the vision of any diver hardy enough to attempt to reach them; and that amongst these thickets griffins lurked by day, but congregated by night to visit the land, where they made victims of such elephants and tigers as fell in their way.

Research has entirely cleared away the mist which so long hung over the origin of this nut, which is found growing in the Seychelle Islands. It is now known to naturalists, and has been, on investigation, found to contain no virtues whatever, beyond those possessed by any other member of the cocoa nut family. To return, then, to the common cocoa nut. When growing in favorable localities, and within the influence of the sea breezes, the tree reaches an altitude of from sixty to eighty feet; but it is rare to find a stem

measuring much over two feet in diameter at the base of the tree. Artists are fond of representing palms of this description growing upright, but it is rare indeed that one can be found which does not deviate from the perpendicular. In fact, almost every imaginable angle of inclination may be studied in a grove of palms; trade, and other prevailing winds, often influencing their line of droop or direction. The rough, scale-like, and pitted nature of the bark, which prevails throughout the length of the trunk, depends on the progressive casting off of the old and matured fronds, as the tree shoots upwards, and the head increases in altitude. This condition of matters is taken advantage of by the cocoa nut growers, and it is not alone these who avail themselves of the uneven nature of the palm trunk as a means by which the treasures of the crown may be reached.

If the reader will accompany us on a ramble through a wild cocoa nut grove on one of these coral islands of the south seas, we will show him piles of cocoa nuts husks, broken shells, tufts of tangled cocoa fibre, and numerous deep burrows beneath the roots of the trees. The fragments of husk, shell, and fibre, we have seen are the results of the depredations of the Ou Ou, or great cocoa nut crab, and the holes in the earth are its dwelling places. Some observers have stated that the crab possesses the power of climbing trees but slightly out of the perpendicular, while some incline to the belief that the fruit of trees, growing at a considerable angle, and that falling to the ground, constitute the principle food supply of the crab. The powerful and heavy nippers possessed by this creature enable him to rend asunder the tough envelope of the encased nut, with the greatest ease. The husk being torn and split open, the nut is laid bare. This the crab attacks by perforating one of the three round marks found on the end of the nut. These are devoid of shell and are easily broken through and converted into one orifice, by a series of well directed, heavy blows, which are dexterously delivered by the crab, who makes use of his large nippers as a hammer; and, when the shell gives way, inserts his narrow pointed nippers, and proceeds to feast on the dainty, won by cunning and strength of claw.

Such cocoa fibre as may be found during the process of nut opening, the crab carries carefully away to his den, cords it up and lays it aside, to be used as a shelter or nest, when the period of shell shifting and seclusion arrives; and it is most curious that, as this period approaches, a natural reservoir beneath the tail gradually fills with a clear limped oil, to the extent of a quart or more,

in large specimens. This oil serves by absorption to supply the waste of the tissues during a species of hibernation which takes place during the formation of the new shell, just as the fatty deposits laid up in the tissues of the bear during his autumn feasting on ripe fruits and honey, enable him, like a lamp slowly burning, to support the feeble flame of life until spring and plenty come again to earth and him. The cocoa nut, crab although a denizen of the grove, pays occasional visits to the sea, near which the infant progeny are brought to light. On arriving at the margin of the sea, the crab at once betakes himself to the stretches of shallow water between the reefs and the rock pools, within the shelter of the coral walls. Here he performs some rather odd freaks, no shell bearing mollusk is safe from his attacks, even the largest univalve shells being ruthlessly deprived of their tenants by the powerful and merciless claws of this crab, who, holding the despoiled and empty sea castle high in the air, like a captured banner, marches about with it as though desirous of leading favorably disposed crabs to follow his aggressive example. Among such scenes as these the young broods are reared, who follow to the best of their ability, and, in a small way, in the steps of their parents, until, gaining strength and confidence, they emigrate to the burrows beneath the palm tree groves, where they adopt a nut diet and thrive rapidly. And here it would be thought that their lives would be one merry-go-round of joy, the graceful feathery palm fronds rippling freshly overhead, as the trade wind sweeps pleasantly and gleefully through them; rich brown nuts strewn the warm sandy soil, beneath which the trailing and interlacing roots form snug nests for shelter and repose. But the rich and glittering medal has its reverse. The crab is good to eat, and his cocoa-fibre nest, carded together with so much thrift, is useful for caulking the seams of canoes, and twisting into cordage; so crab hunting expeditions are set on foot by the islanders, who, armed with grubbing sticks and paddles, dig into the mould and coral sand, until the victim is reached, who, in spite of his claws, is securely bound with rope and carried off into hopeless captivity. So great is the strength of some of the larger crabs that a stout cord is often broken by them as if it were mere pack thread.

LENDING A PAIR OF LEGS.

SOMETIMES we ask people to "lend a hand," and sometimes we hear them say "lend me your eyes." Here is a story about a boy who lent a pair of legs just to accommodate.

Some boys were playing at base ball in a pretty shady street. Among their number was a lame little fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game; for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as base ball.

His companions, good naturedly enough, tried to persuade him to stand on one side and let another take his place; none of them hinted that he would be in the way; but they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one at last, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another—the tallest boy in the party—"Never mind I'll run for him, and you count it for him," and he took his place by Jimmy's side prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said, aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

How many times loving hearts will find a way to lend their powers and members to the aged, the poor, the sick, and the weak.—*After Work.*

Follow the perfections of your enemies rather than the errors of your friends.

MY REQUEST.

Wilt thou, Heavenly father, wilt thou,
Deign to lead an erring child;
From my own heart's sin and folly
To the rock that is so high?

Wilt thou still in blessing 'tend me,
The unerring hand divine;
Till thy mercy, reached to save me,
Call me altogether thine?

I can nothing do without thee;
Grant this token of thy love,
In this world while here I must be
Keep me from its sin and love.

L. A. RASEY.

WHAT I'LL DO.

BY PERLA WILD.

PART I.

"WHEN I'm a man I wont have a house look like this," exclaimed Charley Morgan, glancing around the kitchen. "Just to see! Floor all littered with dust, and corn, and shavings! Lounge all tumbled and piled; chairs huddled together in groups as if planning a mutiny! And no wonder. I feel like getting up a breeze of some kind. If it would only blow strong enough to clear this litter away. Dear, oh, dear! Why is it that one must be bound down, by adverse events, and not be permitted to enjoy ones self in a manner befitting ones capabilities and ambitions?"

And Charley tipped his cap over in the neighborhood of his left ear, clasped his white hands behind him *a la* Bonaparte, and strode as majestically as boyish seventeen well could, up and down the room.

"Oh cruel fate! Here am I, with Byronic talents, and lofty aspirations, hedged in by poverty, prejudice, and puritanism, and bound down by squeamish whims till I can't tell by the state of my mind whether I'm a young son of freedom, or an old slave! It's a shame and a scandal, so it is; and I've a notion to rebel."

A quick step was heard without, and then a bright, girlish face, and a pair of sparkling black eyes, brim full of mischief and spirit, confronted him.

"In the name of all the sages, Charley Morgan, what has come over you? Are you crazy, or drunk, or what?"

"Neither crazy nor drunk, cousin Cordie, but just angry and discouraged, and in despair. I have got to the pass that I don't know what to do; and I don't care what becomes of me. And no wonder! Just look around this room, will you? What a place for a young man like me to be forced to stay in."

Cordelia's eyes flashed with resentment. She was a girl of sixteen, Charley's adopted sister, and just now house keeper and nurse both, the family consisting of six, and the mother being an invalid.

Cordie, was a good, industrious girl, and did her best; but she could not keep everything in order at all times, as every woman on a farm will readily understand. And the shavings and corn on the floor were some of Master Charley's own littering; while she, poor girl, had been hurrying with might and main to prepare breakfast and strain the fresh milk and skim the sour milk, all at the same time.

"If you don't like to stay here, go into the other room," she replied with a little snap in her voice.

"Humph!" he sniffed contemptuously; "where that crying baby is? No indeed! A pretty place for a young gentleman in a room with a sick woman and a whining young one, isn't it? You ought to know better than to mention such a movement; and I would think," he added, in an injured tone of voice, "that you might have a little respect and regard for one who has ever been a brother and friend."

"Brother and friend, indeed!" replied Cordie. "When you sit yourself up as a gentleman of refinement and leisure, and look down on me as a mere scullery maid, with no ambition higher than to ply broom and dust pan in removing the rubbish you condescend to scatter over a plebeian floor! Hump! Ashamed to go into the room with your mother and baby sister, eh? You'd go in without invitation if you knew your over kind mother was not occupying her rocking chair, and the baby was away. Baby, indeed! You ought to be ashamed, so you had, for you are only an overgrown baby, yourself!"

Charley looked as if he pitied her, as he replied in a lofty tone, imbued with scorn, "Ah! what a terrible temper you have; its really shocking; enough to drive a person of culture from your presence. Adieu. But, ere I depart, let me advise you, as a friend who is interested in your welfare, not to put on such airs and assume sentiments not at all becoming your station." He then closed the door behind him; and it was well that he did so, for the exasperated girl felt like flinging the dust-pan at him.

The misguided boy made his way out of the house and grounds, and into the high-road, where he was overtaken by another youth about his own age, who sported an eye glass and a big seal ring, and last, but not least in his estimation, a pale buff-colored mustache of very sparse growth.

"Hey now, old boy," cried John Marcy, "what's in the wind?" Coming up and linking his left arm into Charley's right, while his own right hand was passed tenderly over his pet mustache.

"Enough—everything," was Charley's reply. "And its enough to make a man forget reason, good breeding and every thing else. Here I wanted the old Squire to give me twenty-five, and permission to have a little jollification after my own peculiar style of enjoyment; and, would you believe it, he actually got mad and called me impertinent and extravagant and all that, just because mother happens to be a little out of tune. But this complaining so often, I don't seem to mind it any more. I've got used to it, and suppose she has; but still she makes a good deal of fuss. And then there's the baby, its more bother than its neck is worth. Poor folks oughtn't to have so many young ones. If there'd only been me and brother Eli, twouldn't been so bad. But then there's another little squaller to be fed and clothed. I thought 'twas bad enough for us to support Cousin Cord. But another girl; why its scandalous. We boys are no where now. You just ought to see what a fuss dad and mother do make over the little squirming thing. Its all blinking eyes and pug nose, and dumpy dough-fists, and the rest white cambrie, I should say; though I haven't looked at it half a dozen times in as many weeks, I guess. Its a real nuisance, any way, and I wish there had been nothing of the kind invented."

"You were a baby once Charley," put in John.

"Yes, I suppose so," was Charley's reluctant response, "but it was no fault of mine. I wasn't intruding on any one else though, if I was a baby. And I wasn't keeping any older ones out of their lawful rights, or preventing them finishing their collegiate course; or even hindering them from having one poor little oyster party. I tell you John, its pretty hard for one raised as I have been to be shut down on now. I can't nor I wont do as the old Gov. wants me to! I never can."

"Why chum, what does he want? I'd do most any thing to please him, then he'll fork over the chink freer."

"O," returned Charley, "he says I must stay at home and help him on the farm this summer and then he will send me to college again next winter and until I graduate. Just as if he thought I could or would come down to hard work after only handling books and"—

"Cigars and stumpy black pipes," put in John, with a wink.

"Hush, do John. You oughtn't to trifle when a fellow's in trouble.—Yes, he actually wants me to go to work on the farm like any common clod-hopper! It's preposterous! Look at my hands."

"Very white and soft and—may I say it? effeminate. Well Charley, do as he wants you to and not be a big booby. It wont hurt you to work. Your hands will soon get brown and tough, and you'll have a better appetite and look more like a man."

Passing his fingers over his mustache, as if to assure himself it was still there.

"Why John Marcy! have you taken leave of your senses? You wouldn't work on a farm. You never did a stroke of labor in your life, nor wouldn't."

"Yes I would, Charley, if the old gent wanted me to."

"You'd be a big dunce, if you did, John, with a rich old dad like yours. But I shant do any such thing. A man with intellect and a fair education, need not work very much. And I flatter myself I have both."

"You do indeed flatter yourself, Charley, if you think you have brains enough to make a living without work, young and inexperienced as you are, with no capital."

"Pooh! John; you think me a fool, don't you! I shall first start in some agency business that requires little or nothing to begin on. Then gradually rise to position and distinction, till some day my relatives will be proud to do me justice, whereas now they do not appreciate my talents.—But here we are at your old one's. No John, don't go in for I want to talk with you. I may never see you again."

"What! Charley you are not in dead earnest?"

"No John, in living, real earnest. I'm going to leave the country. There is no one here that understands and appreciates me. So no one will seriously miss me."

"Fudge, Charley, you've got the blues. You've had the wrong kind of training and now it's struck in on you, and it's worse than a fit of blue devils. But come in a few minutes Charley; I haven't had my breakfast."

No more have I, John; nor don't want any. When you see the old Squire you can tell him he needn't take any unnecessary trouble in looking for me as I have taken French leave. By, by, old chum," and away he trudged, and that was the last seen of him in those parts for years.

A TREE THAT GREW IN SIX MONTHS.

BOYS and girls who love to see things grow should plant castor-oil beans. The plant has a splendid, palm-like, tropical look, and soon attains great size in any garden—though not quite as tall as the bean stalk in the story of Jack and the Giant.

The castor-oil plant is a native of India, where it is a perennial, fifteen or twenty-feet high, with a thick stem. In cold climates it becomes an annual. The rapid growth of the plant is illustrated by an instance reported in a garden in Memphis, Tenn. A castor bean was planted in May, 1871, and in November it had grown to the height of twenty-three feet, a spread of foliage fifteen feet in diameter. The trunk ten inches in circumference.

Another one in a Kansas garden grew to similar size in the same time. It was so strong that a man weighing two hundred pounds climbed up its stem ten feet without bending it.

It is almost invariably true that responsibility develops ability. It sometimes seems actually to create it. Put a boy into a store where he must keep the books correctly or lose his place and good name, and in nine cases out of ten, he will do the work properly. When men have to do a thing they find out, nearly always, that they can do it. They have to be pounded by the law of

Necessity, very often, to bring out their latent talents. Of course, we do not mean to include any half-witted subjects in these classes, but just ordinarily gifted human beings. We have seen boys and girls pining in idleness, and worse than wasting their precious moments, all because they were left aimless, unused. Every such boy and girl should be put into some responsible place by the parents, if only to develop the inherent worth of character. Here is something for the mothers and fathers of growing families to consider.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

IF we could only be certain that the cross on which Jesus hung "in agony and blood," when he was "made a curse for us," was really set up in the place pointed out in this Church, and that the spot where He lay, still and cold in death, was really that designated as the Holy Sepulchre, how thrilling it would be to stand and meditate there! But it is impossible to have any certainty about it. We are told by one of the sacred writers that He "suffered without the gate;" and by another that the place where His crucifixion occurred "was nigh to the city." Both these statements point to a spot outside the walls of the ancient city, as that where the crucifixion and burial of Jesus took place. But the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which covers these reputed hallowed spots, is near the very heart of the city as it now stands. It seems impossible to imagine that these localities could have been outside the walls of the former city.

The present Church is a sort of patchwork of very varied architecture. Some parts of it date back to the time of the Crusades, while other portions are of much more modern construction. In 1808 a large part of the building was destroyed by fire, but was subsequently restored. This gives to that portion of it quite a modern aspect. It is a large irregular pile, 350 feet in length by 280 in breadth.

On entering the building, the aspect which it presents is that of gloomy grandeur. The whole interior is filled up with reputed sacred localities connected with the sufferings, death and resurrection of our blessed Lord. Of these there are altogether about seventy. As you look round the vast enclosure there seems to be no end to aisles, windows, stairways, vaults, tombs, dark recesses, chapels, oratories, altars, concealed relics, and such like sacred attractions.

Some of these localities are appropriated to the exclusive use of one, and some to another, of the five bodies of Christians represented there, viz., the Romish, the Greek, the Armenian, the Syrian, and the Coptic Churches. Others, again, are held in common by them all, and are used by each in turn.

Of course the object of chief attraction is that after which the building takes its name, the Holy Sepulchre. Externally it is covered by a small marble house, 26 feet long by 18 broad. Stooping low, we enter by a narrow door, and stand within the reputed Sepulchre.

A great number of lamps of gold and silver, hung from the roof, are burning continually, and shed a brilliant light, while fragrant perfumes and sweet incense fill the air. Here the traveller lingers,—solemnized, almost awestricken,—gazing at pilgrim after pilgrim, in endless succession, crawling in on bended knees, pressing lips and forehead and cheeks to the cold marble, bathing it with tears and sobbing as if the heart would break, and then dragging themselves away, still in the attitude of devotion, until the threshold is crossed again.

After examining the Sepulchre, and indulging in the thoughts and feelings naturally suggested by such an object, we turned away to look at some of the "many inventions" which have been found out here. There is the altar of Melchizedek; the chapel of St. John; the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea; the sweating pillar, against which

Jesus is said to have leaned on the way to Calvary; the chapel of the division of the garments; and of the finding of the true cross; the place where Mary Magdalene stood; the altar of the penitent thief; the marble chair in which St. Helena sat; the sacred spot which marks the center of the earth, and from under which the dust was taken out of which the body of Adam was made; the rent in the rock whence his skull leaped out; and so on, and so on, till we felt our hearts sicken within us to think of the depth of human credulity on the one hand, and the utter shamelessness of the priests in ministering to that credulity on the other.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"WILLIE, why were you gone so long for water?" asked the teacher of a little boy.

"We spilled it, and had to go back and fill the bucket again," was the prompt reply; but the bright, noble face was a shade less bright, less noble, than usual, and the eyes drooped beneath the teacher's gaze, as if there was something that he wished to conceal.

The teacher crossed the room and stood by another, who had been Willie's companion.

"Freddy, were you not gone for the water longer than was necessary?"

For an instant Freddy's eyes were fixed on the floor, and his face wore a troubled look. But it was only for an instant—he looked frankly up to his teacher's face.

"Yes, ma'am," he bravely answered; "we met little Harry Braden and stopped to play with him, and then we spilled the water and had to go back."

Little friends, what was the difference between these two boys? Neither of them told anything that was not strictly true. Which one of them do you think the teacher trusted more fully after that? And which was the happier of the two?

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Who would have believed that the little pet lamb which followed Mary everywhere would now be helping to save the Old South Church? All children know the old song:

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

And many of them know that there is in Boston an old church, on Washington street, at the corner of Milk. The land upon which it stands is worth a great sum of money, and, as the property was offered for sale, there was much danger that the house would be torn down to make room for a block of stores. The old church has been so famous in the history of Massachusetts that there was a strong feeling against tearing it down, and to save it, a number of women of wealth bought it, pledging over \$400 000. For months they have been hard at work in a great many ways to secure money enough to pay for it. For several weeks past "Aunt Tabitha" has held a spinning bee in the church. Three or four old ladies, who were famous spinners in their young days, when it was the custom to wear homespun garments, have had their hatchels, and reels, and wheels, and have spun for the people. A great many have watched them at their work each afternoon. To add to the attractions of the exhibition, the old ladies have been dressed in the styles which were common when they were young, and have worked in an old-time kitchen, with its open fireplace and glowing logs.

Among the visitors one day was the real Mary, who, when a little girl, had the pet lamb for her own. She was very willing to tell the story; suppose we listen with the rest. Little Mary's name was Mary Sawyer, and she lived in Sterling, Mass. She is now Mrs. Tyler, of Somerville, a vigorous lady over seventy years old.

One morning she went out to the barn and found two little lambs, which had been born in the night. One was so weak and small that her father said it was of no use to try to raise it. Mary's tender heart pitied the tiny creature, and she begged her father to let her try to save it. He gave it to her care, promising that if it lived it should be her lamb. Mary took it into the house, wrapped it up, laid it in a warm place, and fed it carefully with milk. All day she watched it, and all night too. In the morning how glad she was to hear her father say that the lamb would live!

It was no wonder that the pet lamb loved its small mistress, and wanted to go everywhere with her. The day that it went to school and was turned out, it happened that a young man was there who saw the whole, and wrote out the story in the verses which the children know so well. The lamb lived and thrived, and had lambs of its own; it run in the fields with the cattle, till one day a cow with sharp horns, while playing, tossed it into the air, and it fell bleeding at the feet of Mary, who happened to be in the field. With deep grief she watched its life go out. From the lamb's wool a quantity of yarn had been spun, and Mrs. Tyler brought some of it to Aunt Tabitha's bee, and sold it at twenty-five cents for each piece, so that up to last week Mary's little lamb had earned sixty dollars toward paying for the Old South Church in Boston. This is the true story of Mary's little lamb.

BOYS AND TOBACCO.

PHYSICIANS are well agreed that the use of tobacco by growing boys is full of danger. Recent investigations—especially in France—have demonstrated that a whole train of nervous diseases are to be traced to this practice. If you want to stop growing, if you want to have a set of nerves that are like those of an invalid old lady, if you wish to grow feeble and thin, if you wish to look sallow and puny,—I do not know of any better way than to smoke tobacco. It will make a drain on your nervous system which will be sure to tell after awhile. Let us hope that if a thousand boys read this, some of them will be saved from forming a filthy habit which most men regret.

THE SURE REWARD.

DEAR HOPES:—This is the first time I have attempted to write to you, so if this is not a first-class letter I hope you will excuse me.

I have just been thinking of the glorious gospel of Christ, and what it has cost to set the ball in motion, and what the profits realized will amount to. It has cost the best blood of the nineteenth century, to bring to light these glorious principles, that have been so long lost, and it has cost the best blood that ever stained the earth to make it possible for these principles to exist.

When I think of this great cost and then hear people say they would obey this gospel if they were not afraid they would lose their friends, it causes my heart to feel sad; for I know that then Satan rejoices, because there is one more who does not dare to face the frowns of an evil generation. And then again when I see those who have professed the name of Christ, living carelessly concerning the interests that are at stake, I feel still more sad, for their danger is much greater; for, if we fall away after once having known the truth, our condition is terrible indeed, there being no forgiveness for such an awful sin. But if we continue faithful unto the end, our reward will far overreach all the troubles of this life.

"For," says the Apostle Paul, "I reckon the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be named with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

This is indeed encouraging; and it should stimulate us to a zealous discharge of every duty,

and when this is done we can say, with one of old:

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory."

"Then we will see the earth reel to and fro like a drunken man, and the hills and mountains shall be brought down, and the valleys shall be exalted, the rough places made plain, and the crooked places made straight; and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all nations shall see it together. Then shall those who have kept the faith, be found as wheat gathered into the garner, while the chaff will be burned with unquenchable fire." In conclusion I would say, let us as Saints of God, hold fast to the "rod of iron, which leads unto the tree of life," ever remembering that as our works are so shall our reward be. Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain your brother in hope of eternal life,

M. B. WILLIAMS.

MIDDLETOWN, Ohio.

BREAKING THE CHILD'S WILL.

THE grand blunder which almost all parents and nursemaids commit is, that when the child takes a whim against doing what he is wanted to do—will not eat his bread and butter, will not go out, will not come to his lessons, etc.,—they, so to speak, lay hold of his hind leg and drag him to his duties; whereas a person of tact will almost always distract the child's attention from its own obstinacy, and in a few minutes lead it gently round to submission. We know that many persons would think it wrong not to break down the child's self-will by main force, to come to battle with him and show him that he is a weaker vessel; but our conviction is that such struggles only tend to make his self-will more robust. If you can skilfully contrive to delay the dispute for a few minutes and get his thoughts off the excitement of the contest, ten to one he will give in quite cheerfully; and this is far better for him than tears and punishment.

PLEASE.

"AUNTY," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts and make them so willing, for you know, Aunty, God took my father and mother; and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter."

"What is the key?" asked Aunty.

"It is only one little word; guess what." But Aunty was no guesser.

"It is please!" said the little child. "If I ask one of the great girls in school, 'Please show me parsing lesson?' she says 'Oh, yes,' and helps me. If I ask Uncle, 'Please,' he says, 'Yes, puss, if I can; and if I say, 'Please, Aunty—,'"

"What does Aunty do?" asked Aunty herself.

"Oh, you look and smile just like my mother, and that is best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms around Aunty's neck with a tear in her eye.

Correspondence.

SOLDIER VALLEY, Iowa, June 14th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am fourteen years old. I was baptized April 7th, 1877. Pa and ma belong to the Church. I have a little brother named John, and a little sister named Myrtle. My grandma takes the *Hope* and she lets me read it. I go to school and try to learn. My school will be out in three weeks. I wish you all to pray for me, that I may be faithful. Your sister in Christ,

SADIE A. JOHNSON.

ELVASTON, Illinois.

Brother Joseph:—I am trying to serve my heavenly Master the best I know how. We have prayer meeting every other Sunday, but we have no Sunday School, and but little preaching. My pa is the teacher of the branch. I have two sisters and one brother-in-law that belong to the Church, and two sisters and two brothers who have not joined the Church of Christ yet, but I want you to pray for them that they may turn the right way before it is too late. I also wish you to pray for me that the Lord will see fit to

give me his blessing, and that I may ever be a faithful worker for the Lord and that I may obey his commandments; for he has said in his word "If you love me you will keep my commandments." I wish to have a part of the first resurrection. Your sister in the Church of Christ,

R. E. WELLS.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 7.

I am composed of eighty letters.
 My 5, 7, 48, 10, 45, the youngest son of Jesse.
 My 14, 49, 20, 72, 63, 69, 66, 42, a sea in the eastern part of Galilee.
 My 20, 62, 64, 65, 41, 25, 76, 1, a pool in Jerusalem having five porches.
 My 13, 67, 74, 75, 38, 30, 68, he who lied to the Holy Ghost for which he suffered death.
 My 80, 53, 54, 38, 5, he who wrote the most psalms.
 My 73, 34, 56, 20, 16, 31, the oldest son of Jacob.
 My 23, 21, 17, 19, 76, he who cast John into prison.
 My 24, 27, 26, 8, 69, 79, 62, the distance from Mt. Olive to Jerusalem.
 My 8, 43, 36, 28, 29, 58, 59, 11, he who was chosen to take the place of Judas the traitor.
 My 6, 13, 1, 8, 66, 50, a Syrian Captain.
 My 8, 72, 60, 29, 56, 25, 16, 79, 35, 15 the oldest man the Bible tells us of.
 My 39, 3, 79, 4, 11, 68, 10, 74, 44, 42, one of the books of the New Testament.
 My 2, 72, 27, 67, 41, 42, 66, 12, 21, 18, a fertile plain west of the sea of Galilee.
 My 63, 55, 46, 47, 8, 55, 75, one of the kings of Israel.
 My 32, 33, 62, 26, 22, 9, a country which in the New Testament is called Hellas.
 My 56, 57, 20, 43, 6, a companion of Paul.
 My 51, 62, 58, 43, 57, an ancient town in Philistia.
 My 77, 72, 38, 42, 40, 78, 8, the first son of Moses.
 My 52, 66, 56, 30, 17, 74, a city in Mannasseh.
 My 25, 53, 70, 71, 30, 64, 38, 78, 75, that which we all hope to obtain.
 My whole is a proverb. ELIZA FRANCE.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 12.

My 1st is in joy, but not in grief.
 My 2d is in love, but not in hate.
 My 3d is in hope, but not in woe.
 My 4th is in North, but not in South.
 My 5th is in come, but not in go.
 My 6th is in freedom, but not in bondage.
 My 7th is in ocean, but not in sea.
 My 8th is in yes, but not in no.
 My 9th is in seventy, but not in eighty.
 My whole is a well known servant of God.

THOMAS W. WILLIAMS.

ANAGRAM.—No. 10.

Henw Nozi nad Ruslamjee
 Allsh lacl erthi pleoce ehmo,
 Ho amy ew anstd, lla ni a dnab,
 Ot ese ruo Vioras omeo,
 Ereth ew allsh ese uor Viorsa's ceaf,
 Fi ew tub chare taht pypah ceapl.
 Read tltil Poehs, neth elt su ryt
 Ot viel yb thaif dan verne ide,

LCSHRAE L. GTOINR.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of June 1st.

- 1 To Scripture Word Puzzle, No. 2.—Cain; On; Rehoboam; Nicodemus; Egypt; Lot; Israel; Uz; Sinners. The initials—Cornelius.
 1 To Word Puzzle No. 10.—Confirmation.
 Answer received from Annie Mickleson to No. 1.

THE 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 July 78.

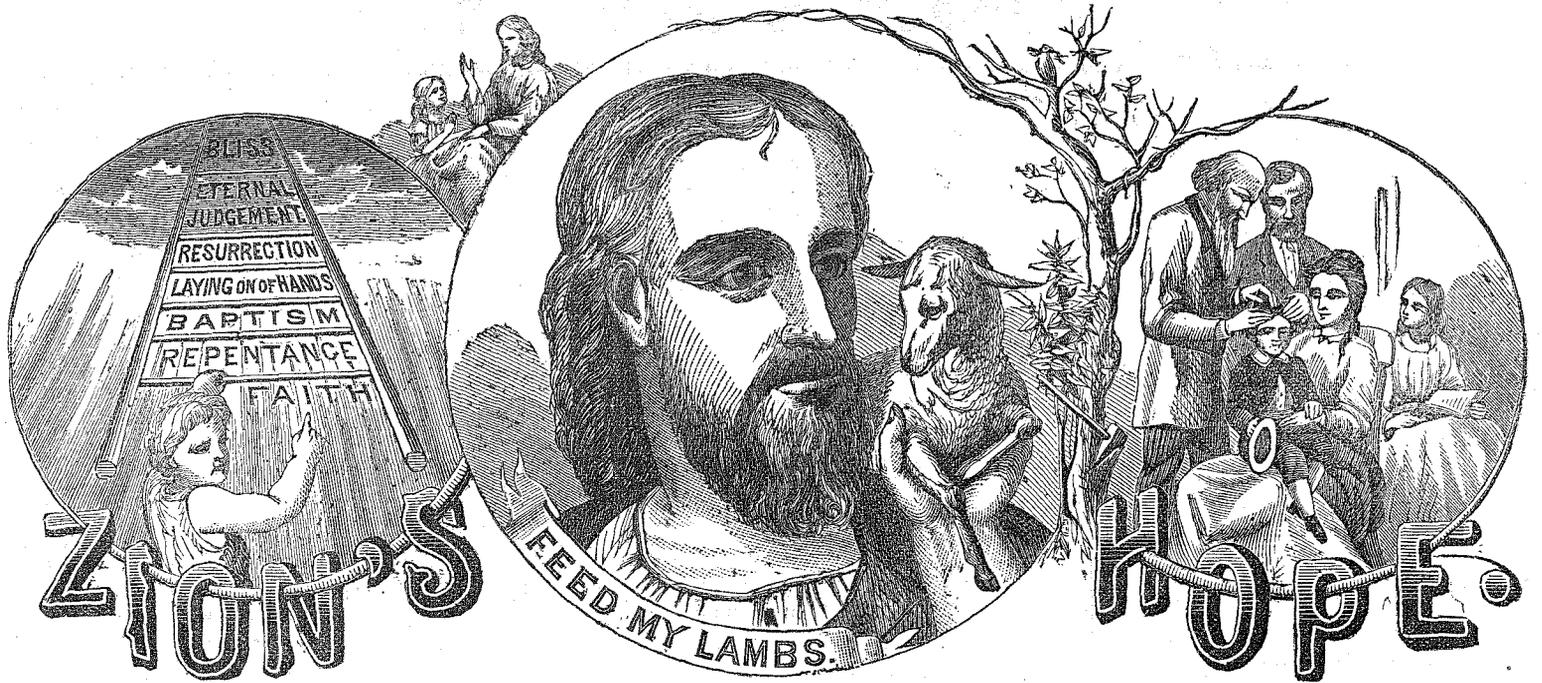
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work 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 Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

Vol. 10.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JULY 15, 1878.

No. 2.

THE LADDER OF LIFE.

Higher—still higher!
Is it not glorious?
Those who aspire
Are the victorious.
Step by step, slowly,
Sternly, yet tender;
All things are holy,
Full of God's splendor.

Higher—still higher!
Who talks of failing?
The true never tire,—
Reach the top railing.
Gratefully sing
Morning and even,
Like a soul winging
Nearer to heaven.

Proudly ascending,
Slowly, but surely,
Ever depending
On thyself purely;
Always be ready—
'Tis nature's teaching,—
Ready and steady,
Till the top reaching.

Life is all motion;
Streamlet and river
On to the ocean—
On, on forever!
Higher—still higher!
Through the dark portal;
Those who aspire
Are the immortal.

Higher—still higher!
Is it not glorious?
Those who aspire
Are the victorious.
Step by step, slowly,
Sternly, yet tender;
All things are holy,
Full of God's splendor.

WHAT I'LL DO.

BY PERLA WILD.

PART II. AFTER TEN YEARS.

A LITTLE village in a beautiful fertile prairie. A woe begone appearing man standing idly before a miserable looking habitation, gazing vacantly at a carriage passing along the street.

"Hello, stranger," cried the man in the carriage, drawing rein, "Is there a hotel in this village?"

Then looking about him in the uncertain twilight.

"Yes, two; old Bar's and the Cliff House," replied the man on the street.

"Which is the most quiet and respectable?" questioned the traveler.

"You don't suppose we keep any but respectable houses, do you, sir?" responded the slovenly man, coming up closer to the carriage. "But if you want a jolly, lively going place, stop at old Bar's on the hill yonder. Plenty of every thing that a man of spirit and stamina could ask. Such a real born gentleman as you seem to be."

"You don't frequent the place do, you?" asked the woman in the carriage.

"What a queer question madam," replied the man. "Well, yes, since you ask me; I do go there occasionally because its a lively place, as I said, for a man of spirit and stamina."

The lady laughed. "Which scarcely applies to you, Charley Morgan, for you look as if you hadn't a particle of either left. What in the world does this mean, Charley; you look an old man at twenty seven?" And she held out her hand while her husband looked from her to the man below in amazement.

"Ah—um—you must be mistaken in the person, madam, my name's Charley Cane, madam. If you don't believe it ask my neighbors who have known me for years, and they'll tell you that my name is Charley Cane." And he turned toward the tumble down house behind him.

"Yes, yes," returned the lady, "Your name is Charley Cane, of course, but there's another behind it, old Coz; you can't deceive me. Come shake a hand, old fellow for the sake of old times and scenes to mem'ry dear."

But the man turned his face away. "I don't know nothing about you, and the Cliff House is the quietest place—just one door beyond the corner, to the right." And he went doggedly into the house, closing the door after him.

"Are you sure it is Charley, Cordelia?" asked the gentleman as they drove on.

"Yes, John, morally so; and how changed."

"I should think so," returned the husband, "I wouldn't have known him."

After they had partaken of supper, Mr. and Mrs. Marcy, John Marcy and his wife Cordelia, Charley's cousin, strolled out to look at the town by moonlight. Presently they found themselves, by accident, quite near the place they had seen Charley.

"Let's go in, John."

"No, I don't think I want to. It would be only an aggravation, he's so changed. Besides, you know, Cordie, we always suspicioned he had

something to do about the death of my poor sister."

"Yes, I know, John, but I never believed it. Charley was a wayward, misguided boy, but he was not cruel and wicked at heart. I believe the report we heard at the time was true. She was very rash and hasty, and it would be just like such a nature to commit suicide, if crossed in love affairs; as you know she was. Your father had better not have been so hasty in his reply, when she wrote home from school asking his consent to marry 'poor, dear Charley,' as she called him. Then she wouldn't have drowned herself, and maybe Charley would not have been what he is to-day. I tell you I believe in parents giving children permission to choose for themselves, as you and I did, John."

"So do I, Cordie, if they choose in reason. But not permit a school girl of sixteen to wed a white fingered boy of seventeen, without a penny, or a grain of discretion or experience."

"But then, you know John, that Alice only wanted your father's consent, and then Charley could go to work with a will and make a fortune, and they would wed when they were old enough. But, I am going in."

"Well, adieu, then, little woman, for a while. I'll hie back to the hotel and to bed. Don't tarry late."

A shuffle of feet, a man's surly voice, a whimper of children, and then the door opened in response to Cordelia Marcy's rap at the shaky old door.

"Come in, Madam," said the man gruffly. "I expected you'd come, but hoped you'd forget or be too tired."

Rather an ungracious reception, but Cordie went in nevertheless, and took the chair brought by a pair of dirty little boyish hands, while two black eyes opened wide with delight as she laid a silver piece on one of the grimy palms. Two other boys younger, drew him away to a corner to examine the prize, while a baby on the carpetless floor pleaded in a beseeching, though wordless manner, for a share of attention from some one.

An awkward silence fell between the two, Cordie and Charley, cousins so long separated.

"I'm sorry the woman isn't here, madam. If you have any errand it must be with her," he remarked gruffly.

Cordie was not to be rebuffed. And she replied, "O never mind the woman. I came specially to see you, and have a little chat with you about old times."

He stared at the lady in evident surprise. "Pretty good acting, cousin Charley; but it wont do, you might as well drop your mask and

allow yourself to be natural," and she rose and held out her hand.

Baby caught her by the folds of her silken robes as she rose, murmuring, "Mamma, mamma!" "Don't, Emma dear, don't," cried the father coming forward to loosen the clasp of the little soiled fingers. "Don't, you'll muss the lady's dress, darling."

Cordie caught the child in her arms, looked at it a moment then held out her hand to Charley. "Baby looks like your mother, and you've named her for her. Come don't be obstinate."

Charley hesitated, faltered, then grasped it a moment, swiftly releasing it and turning away trembling with sobs and sank into a chair.

"Give it to me."

"I shant."

"You will."

"Give it to me then."

"No, you shant have neither."

"O! O! O! hoo! hoo! hoo! O."

Such a yelling, and fighting, and pulling, as those three little boys did make over that piece of money. Then Tom the oldest broke away and ran out of doors into the moonlight, the two smaller ones pursuing him, yelling and hooting like wild boys, and nothing else.

"Such a hullabaloo," muttered Charley, in a helpless way, lifting his head and dashing aside his tears.

"O, it's terribly trying, Cord. Such a family. Only think, four children and the eldest only eight. The house is never clean," glancing round the room and blushing like a school girl.

Cordie looked round too, a quizzical smile dimpling the corners of her mouth. Corn, and shavings, and cobs, and dust. A lounge covered with a tattered quilt, the straw of the cushion protruding visibly, and the whole piled with boys coats, caps, boots, sticks, cobs &c. Cordie thought of the last day she had seen Charley at his father's home. Of his high soaring ambition, of what he'd do when he was a man of family. Charley was thinking of it, too. And oh how humiliating the remembrance, compared with his present surroundings.

"I—I think parents who raise a family of children have a great trial,—poor people, especially. There's no use in their soaring high; if they do so at the first they'll soon fall and lie fluttering in the dust. We can say what we'll do by-and-by but when the reality comes, we find that theories are thin and unsubstantial; experience only is tangible."—Then after a pause, "It is terrible to me Cord, so how it must look to you, to see me thus after the highfalutin explosion I indulged in the last time you saw me."

Cordie smiled. "Your parting words to me have come back to you with a vengeance," she said softly, but twas as a dagger thrust to him.

"Yes Cord, I've come down with a vengeance, —down to my proper level"—bitterly. "To repay me for doing as I sarcastically accused you of doing,—putting on airs unbecoming my station. Oh it's hard, very hard." And he sighed heavily.

"Yes, it must be," replied Cordie, "if it has kept you aloof from your family and friends all these years, even denying your own identity. O foolish pride, punishing others, but yourself most of any."

Continued.

SOLILLOQUY by three-year-old Freddy: "I don't want to be a cherub, anyway. Cherubs are little boys without any bodies or legs to them—nothing but little wings right back of their ears. They can't have mustard plasters put on them, but then they don't have much fun, and I guess the angels use them for playing marbles. The other angels are called seraphs. They wear night-gowns and gold rings about their heads, and no end of wings. They hav'nt anything much to do except to tote around little harps and play tag and loaf about on the clouds."

Though the wolf may lose his teeth, he never loses his inclinations.

THE USES OF THE TABLE.

Notation writes the figures down,
And *Numeration* reads them;
Addition makes two numbers one,
And more so, when it needs them.

Subtraction of two numbers makes
A third,—as you have seen them,—
The smaller from the larger takes,
And shows the odds between them

Multiplication, in a word,
Adds much with little labor;
And with two numbers makes a third,
A far superior neighbor.

Division with two numbers shows
How many times attaining,
The less one in the larger goes,
And what there is remaining.

THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD, AND THE BLESSINGS PROMISED TO THE OBEDIENT.

DEAR HOPES:—Are you striving to keep all the commandments that you may receive the blessings promised in the word of God? The promise is only to those that are obedient and not to the slothful. I desire to present a few thoughts concerning some of the promises of God as suggested to my mind for your consideration while sitting alone this beautiful morning meditating on the work of God. The thought arose in my mind of the saying of the Savior "If ye love me, keep my commandments."—John 14: 15. And again: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." Here we find a precious promise, and the question arises. Are we keeping all his commandments, that we may receive the blessings? Are we doing all we can to help the work of God? Are we keeping the very important command which is found in Malichi 3: 10, and which reads, "Bring ye all the tithes into the store house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Who is willing to prove him? Are you, dear young Hopes, and old ones too. The promise is from the Lord of Hosts, even the most high God. Who is willing to test the matter and see if the blessing will not come? Try him, dear Hopes: Each one of you can do something that you may have a little to bring into the Lord's store house, that the gospel may be preached in all the world, that the end may come. Are we not longing for the redemption of Zion, praying, watching and waiting for the return of our Lord and Master? If we do earnestly desire it we must keep these commandments, for this gospel of the kingdom must be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations before the end comes. Can this be done if we do not bring our tithes into the Lord's store house? Have we done this as we ought? Let the empty Church treasury answer. Would the Elders leave the field if this command was complied with? Never; but they can not labor in the vineyard and know that the loved ones at home have not the necessaries of life. These things ought not so to be. Would it be if all the tithes were brought into the Lord's store house? *No indeed.*

And there is another blessing promised to those who do these things. That the Lord will "Rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and not destroy the fruit of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of Hosts." Dear Hopes how many are there of you who believe this, and are willing to prove the Lord of Hosts and see if he will not surely pour you out a blessing? Remember that God can not lie but is a God of truth; and just as sure as you keep these com-

mandments just so surely will the blessing come. I hope you may consider these things. Remember the widow's mite and bring all your mites and cast it into the treasury of the Lord, and surely as God lives you will be blessed; and in the great day when the books are opened then will you receive a greater reward than though you had put your mites out at usury in this world. Then will the Master say "Come ye blessed of my Father, enter into the mansions prepared for you." May God grant that all the young Hopes, and old ones too, may keep the commandments that they may be loved of the Father, and that Christ may manifest himself unto them.

Perhaps you may have to make a sacrifice of some things in order to bring tithes, even by leaving off the use of tea, coffee and tobacco, and by wearing plain apparel. You can bring all the mites gained by so doing, and it will purchase for you a beautiful robe, even the robe of righteousness, which is more desirable than any other, which will be the only apparel that will permit us to enter through the gates into the holy city, and to stand in the presence of the Lamb of God. May we all strive to keep all the commandments, that we may be clothed in a robe of righteousness is the prayer of your sister in Christ,

S. C. H.

GIANT TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

THE elevation on which these grow, is about 4,000 to 6,000 feet. At one point, and one only, this forest is accessible by a wagon road, and this is at Thomas' Mill, forty-eight miles from Visalia. This forest consists mainly, and in some places almost exclusively, of the big trees, and there are also a multitude of small ones in all the ages of growth, some just sprouting, and others saplings only two or three feet through. The largest standing tree as yet measured is forty feet in diameter; a charred stump—the tree itself having disappeared—measures forty-one feet across. A tree twenty four feet in diameter four feet above the ground, is precisely the same thickness sixty feet higher. A fallen trunk is hollow throughout, and the hole is large enough to drive a horse and buggy seventy-two feet in it as in a tunnel.

The forest is so extensive, the timber is so abundant and excellent in quality, and the demand for it so great in the valley at the foot of the mountain, that the trees are cut down and drawn to the sawmills for lumber. The wood is similar in general character to the common redwood, straight in grain, splitting freely, even enough in grain for furniture, and far superior to oak in its keeping qualities in positions exposed to alterations of moisture.

FRIENDS.

TO have plenty of friends is one of the greatest blessings in the world. Without them this life would be dreary indeed. What is more pleasant than to have kind friends to associate with, those whom we can love and trust. Often we feel sad and discouraged, but a pleasant evening spent in the home of a kind and true friend, will soon drive all such feelings away. At such times even a kind word from a friend may dispel sad thoughts for many days.

Those are true friends whom you can trust your troubles and pleasures with; those in whom you can confide as you can in yourselves; from whom you can receive good advice and not be afraid to trust on any occasion. But it all depends on ourselves whether we have friends or not. If we are kind to all and try to do good whenever we can, we are sure to find them and sometimes where we are not looking for them.

Perhaps you may meet persons whom you have had no acquaintance with, and therefore you judge by their looks whether you like them or not. You may not exactly like their appearance, and therefore treat them with coolness and reserve,

whereas you might, with a pleasant word, gain their love and you obtain a friend for lifetime. Therefore be kind to strangers wherever you meet them. Think how you would feel to go into a strange place and have no one take any interest in your welfare.

Yet how often among friends do we find false ones. True friends are worth more than riches, but false ones are worse than none at all. Therefore take care as to whom you trust, and be careful in selecting your friends; for sometimes your worst enemy may pretend to be a friend. Be true to those whom you think are your friends, and if they prove false to you then let them alone. A true friend will never doubt your word or promise until he has reason, and he will always have a kind word for, and will stand by you, in time of trouble when all else seems against you. Prove yourselves worthy of friends and you will have plenty of them wherever you go.

SOPHIA WALLIS.

STEWARTSVILLE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

IN accordance with a resolution, I herewith report that on Sunday, May 19th, 1878, the Saints met at their meeting house to organize a Sunday School. Bro. Russell Archibald was chosen superintendent; Bro. Thomas McKee, Sen., assistant; Bro. Charles Faul, secretary; Bro. Joseph Rowell, treasurer. By resolution the school was named the Rising Star Sunday School of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and the Secretary was instructed to report the organization of said school to the *Hope* as above given. There are now in attendance up to this date twelve girls and thirteen boys. There are four teachers at present.

CHARLES FAUL, Secretary.

"IF THINE HEART BE WISE."

"A WISE son maketh a glad father." It is the joy of the parent to see his children walking in the ways of truth and uprightness. However he himself may have erred or swerved from the paths of peace, he has no desire that his children should imitate his bad examples.

The wisdom which profits the child and makes glad the parent's soul, is the wisdom of the heart; a wisdom which is greater than any intellectual knowledge, a wisdom which not only affects the perceptions and the understanding, but which moulds the heart and regulates the life. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and those who from the earliest years of their lives teach their children God's fear, will have this joy, to see them walking in the truth, and manifesting that wisdom of the heart which is pleasing in the sight of God.

Bitter shame and sorrow come to those who neglect to train their children in the fear of God. However thoroughly they may be educated, however trained in worldly accomplishments, nothing but the fear of God can keep them in the midst of the pollutions of this present evil world. Many a learned man has gone down to the drunkard's doom; many a man, accomplished and polite, has gone through nameless horrors to a pauper's grave in the potter's field; while many another man, lacking courtly grace and varied culture, has yet lived happy, and died happy, and been saved. He has honored God in this world, and has shared the divine blessing, and shall at last receive the crown of glory that fadeth not away.

"Seek first the kingdom of God." Let all our thoughts of wisdom begin with the fear of God; let no earthly ambitions or worldly accomplishments displace this grand chief corner-stone; and beginning with this, and walking in that wisdom that cometh from above, the end will be peace.

"My son, if thine heart be wise, my heart shall rejoice, even mine. Yea, my reins shall rejoice, when thy lips speak right things. Let not thine heart envy sinners: but be thou in the

fear of the Lord all the day long. For surely there is an end; and thine expectations shall not be cut off. Hear thou, my son, and be wise, and guide thine heart in the way. Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. Harken unto thy father who begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old. Buy the truth and sell it not; also wisdom and instruction, and understanding. The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice, and he that begetteth a wise child shall have joy of him. Thy father and thy mother shall be glad, and she that bare thee shall rejoice."—Prov. xxiii: 15-25.

READING.

READING is the best way to improve the mind. Some people have an idea that they must follow a set of rules in order to obtain an education through reading, and that they must study the most solid works. Thus they attempt too much in the beginning. First they will lay out a code of laws that an old philosopher would find hard to live by. They will begin eagerly, and will carry them out faithfully for a time, but soon they will tire of the duties they have imposed upon themselves, and their enthusiasm will die out. They then become discouraged and fall back into their old, careless lives. I do not think that this is the best way to do. A person can not expect to pass from light literature to dry reading at once. A taste for solid reading must be cultivated, and books that are tedious to us at fourteen may be lamps to our feet at forty.

When you first begin the education to be gained by reading, do not choose a book that requires the closest attention and force yourself to read it, with wandering mind and closing eyes. Do not open a dry history, beginning at the first page resolved to read it through anyway. There should not be any regular "course of reading" laid out. When you become interested in any subject, follow it out. That which you read when keenly interested you will remember, and this is the way in which you gain knowledge. If the subject in which you are interested leads you from the book that you began, or sends you to some other subject, so much the better. You are learning and that is the object of reading. When you read a book that interests you, you will naturally wish to know more of its author and his writings. That is the time to study about him and his works.

Some think that history is dry. The way to do in this case is to select some noted person and follow out his history. After getting in this way a portion of the history of a nation, you will feel curious to know its full history. Above all things in your readings, strive to avoid becoming narrow and one-sided; that is, read both sides of a question. You will thus have a good view of the case. Inattentive reading is very injurious to the memory.

"A love for books is one of the greatest comforts in life. No one can be wholly unhappy or solitary who possesses it. A taste for good reading is one of the best gifts in the world. The value of a comfortably filled mind can never be estimated."

LIZZIE G. C.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

THIS great wall was measured in many places by Mr. Unthank, an American engineer, lately engaged on a survey for a Chinese railway. His measurements give the height at 18 feet, and a width on top of 15 feet. Every few hundred yards there is a tower 24 feet square and from 20 to 45 feet high. The foundation of the wall is of solid granite. Mr. Unthank brought with him a brick from the wall, which is supposed to have been made 200 years before the time of Christ. In building this immense stone

fence to keep out the Tartars, the builders never attempted to avoid mountains or chasms to save expense. For *thirteen hundred miles* the wall goes over plain and mountain, and every foot of the foundation is in solid granite, and the rest of the structure solid masonry. In some places the wall is built smooth up against the bank or canyons or precipices, where there is a sheer descent of 1,000 feet. Small streams are arched over, but in the larger streams the wall runs to the water's edge and a tower is built on each side. On the top of the wall there are breast-works or defences facing in and out so the defending force can pass from one tower to the other without being exposed to any enemy from either side. To calculate the time of building or the cost of this wall is beyond human skill. So far as the magnitude of the work is concerned, it surpasses everything in ancient or modern times of which there is any trace. The pyramids of Egypt are nothing compared to it.

And all this work was done to protect the quiet homes of an unoffending people from fellowmen who were eager for blood, and strife, and carnage, and rapine. What a testimony to man's lost condition, what an evidence of the necessity of the coming of the Prince of Peace?

THE CHILDREN.

DEAR CHILDREN:—The Christian Religion is the only one that speaks pleasingly of little children. The religions of the heathen know no mercy toward the children. The heathen mother casts her child into the Ganges, and they are drowned. The mothers think that by so doing they appease the wrath of their God. Others cast their children to the wild beasts. The children of Israel, when they wandered from the path of right, caused their children to pass through the fire. This was contrary to God's holy will.

Matthew, in speaking of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, says: "And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David, they were sore displeased, and said unto him, Hearst thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"—Matt. 21: 15, 16.

We learn by this that the praise of little children is perfect, because it cometh from a heart of innocence and child like purity. A little lisping child once said to the writer—"Do oo know 'e song that say Desus, bessed Desus?"—we answered—yes. He said—"I 'ike 'at." It sounded so sweet and innocent it brought tears to my eyes; to hear the little child lisping the name of him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 19: 14. Again Jesus said, after having called a little child to him, and set him in the midst of them, (the people), "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. * * Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 18: 2, 3, 4. Jesus loved little children then, and he loves them now. Little Hopes—he loves you—and he wants you to be where he is—as the poet said—

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Ten thousand children stand."

Some say little children have need to be baptized. Jesus did not say so. When you arrive at the age of accountability—and are competent of knowing good from evil—then your parents should teach you the difference between what is right and what is wrong. Jesus said: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels (or spirits) do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

Little children, you have a loving Savior—Jesus, the Lord. When he was but twelve years old he was found talking with the doctors and lawyers in the temple of Jerusalem. He told his mother (Mary) that it was time he was about his Father's business. Then do you not think that you, beloved Hopes, could commence to serve the Lord at twelve years of age or at eight, nine or ten—be as the case might be—you who are at that age—and you—*younger Hopes?*

Some children are taught to sing "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand:" but, inasmuch as there are so many allurements in life, and in time your feet might be prone to stray from Jesus—supposing the little boys—learn to sing—"I want to be a good boy, and with the good boys stand." And the little girls sing—"I want to be a good girl, and with the good girls stand."

We read something in the Book of Mormon about little children. In the Book of Nephi 12:2: "And he (Jesus) did loose their tongues, and they did speak unto their fathers great and marvelous things, even greater than he had revealed unto the people, and loosed their tongues that they could utter. This had reference to children so small that prior to that time they could not talk at all. How wonderful the doings of Jesus. Little Hopes—some people who profess to be wise in the things of Christianity, might make game of the idea, but it is less wonderful than what Jesus said in the New Testament—when the people desired that others should not cry aloud, Hosannah &c., that if they kept silence—the *stones* would cry aloud. Hence if it is wonderful that little babes should talk, how much the more that *stones* should be made to talk aloud. We read in the Book of Mormon, that Jesus blest little children. So we perceive that he loved the children of both continents in olden time, and that same blessed Savior loves all of you.

Little Hopes, be good and kind and loving: "Obey your parents, for this is right in the sight of God," your great Father. Learn to love and praise Jesus while you are young, so that when you are old you will not depart from the "way of righteousness." Jesus sometimes called "grown up" people, children, "the children of the kingdom." John, the beloved apostle—called the saints—"little children," because he supposed they were living loving and kind lives—meek and lowly. Paul said to the children—"Honor thy father and thy mother, &c."—But, parents, there is another side to this question, there is a word of advice to you: "And, ye fathers, (and mothers) provoke *not* your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."—Eph. 6:2-4. Then we learn by this language of Paul's—that parents are to bring their children up, &c., not jerk and slap them up—"in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Children obey your parents in all they tell you that is good and right. Parents—use wisdom and discretion so that your children will love you. Your friend and brother,

J. F. McDOWELL.

PLUM CREEK SABBATH SCHOOL.

The Latter Day Saint Union Sabbath School, on Plum Creek Fremont county, Iowa, has existed for four years, with a fair attendance, of pupils; and for the three months past, have had forty names enrolled, divided into three classes, No. 1 a Bible Class, Bro. B. Dempster teacher; No. 2 Testament Class, Miss Mary Read teacher; No. 3 Primary Class, Mr. Willis Miles teacher.

The Superintendent, is Bro. William D. Roberts; the Clerk is Bro. Frank Green.

Number of Scripture verses memorized in the aggregate 558; amount of money paid in during the quarter ending, June 16th, \$1.75. Our school for the last three months has been one of interest, all in the vicinity in and out of the Church attend it, and seem to wish to make it a success. Hoping that the Sunday School cause may prosper throughout the land, we send this report which was submitted and adopted June 22d, 1878. Yours respectfully,

J. F. GREEN, Clerk.

THE OLD BELL OF INDEPENDENCE.

THIS is one of the most interesting relics connected with the Independence Hall in Philadelphia. When the State House was finished, in the year 1734, it was felt to be very desirable to have a bell in the steeple. The first bell was cast in England. It had a fine, clear, ringing sound, but in carrying it up from the wharf where it was landed from the ship, it met with an accident. Then it had to be broken to pieces and cast over again. This was done, however, in Philadelphia, by Messrs. Pass and Stow. Isaac Norris, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Assembly, superintended the casting of the bell. It was he who made choice of the celebrated motto which was cast on the bell. This contained the well known words from Leviticus xxv. 10: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." And this is just what this grand old bell did on the 4th of July, 1776. The man who had charge of it went up into the belfry on that famous day prepared to ring the bell as soon as he heard that "The Declaration of Independence" was passed. There was a good deal of delay in finishing that work. He got discouraged, and said to some one with him, "They'll never do it! They'll never do it!" But at last the word was sent up to him: "It's done! Ring! RING! They've signed the Declaration; our country is free!" And then that bell "proclaimed liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

When the British had possession of Philadelphia, during the Revolutionary War, they took this bell down, carried it up to Trenton, and buried it in the water. But it was afterwards brought back, and restored to its former place in the State House steeple. For many years now it has been cracked; this makes it unfit for use. And now the "Old Bell of Independence" no longer hangs in the belfry to sound the passing hours. Its work is done. It was done nobly, too. As a precious thing, a sacred relic of the past, this famous bell is carefully kept in the hall that runs through the State House. A wire screen is placed around it for its preservation, and persons who go by stop to gaze reverently at it, and to think of the stirring scenes of the past, with which the memory of that bell is so closely connected. May God long preserve to our land the "liberty" which it "proclaimed to all the people thereof."

ORIGIN OF FOOLSCAP.

Everyone knows what foolscap is. It is writing paper of the dimensions of 16 by 13 inches. But it is doubtful whether ten in a hundred of those who use it can tell why it was so called. Oliver Cromwell vanquished Charles I. and was declared Protector of England, a ruler something like the president of the United States. He caused the picture of the Cap of Liberty to be stamped on the paper used by the government.

After his death Charles II., was restored to the throne in consequence of Cromwell's son being unfit to govern the country. One day he sent for paper to write on, and some of this government paper was brought to him. Looking at the stamp of the cap on it, he inquired the meaning of it, and when told, said in a contemptuous tone, "Take it away; I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap." Hence paper of the size above mentioned was called foolscap.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of June 15th.

- 1 To Word Puzzle No. 11.—William T. Bozarth.
- 2 To Enigma No. 6.—Toy, Eye, Dan, Prize, Berry, About, Even, Pond, Fee.—Whole: "Repent and be baptized every one of you."—Acts 2:38.
- 3 To Anagram No. 9.—1 Colorado. 2 Nebraska. 3 Utah. 4 Idaho. 5 Montana. 6 San Bernardino. No answers received. As so little interest is taken in the Puzzle Corner it will be as well to omit it until the demand is sufficient to warrant us in resuming it.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

We continue in this issue the story by Perla Wild. It will, however, be concluded in our next, but we trust that we will be favored with more from her pen before long. Also that Uncle J. will continue his story "Why Not Now?"

We have ready a story called "Maggie and the Mice," selected by sister Sarah A. Rose, which will be commenced in the next number.

The essay on "Reading" found in this issue, we commend to all, both old and young as a thoughtful article. Bro. J. F. McDowell also gives an exhortation to the young.

And now why will not the Saints take enough interest in the Hopes to write sufficient for it to nearly fill its columns each time, instead of our having to select so many articles as we do? We trust, however that our selections are generally pleasing and profitable to our readers, since they force us to rely so much upon selections.

But there is enough talent and ability to write for it good essays on interesting topics, intellectual, moral and social, as well as religious and doctrinal. Will not "Lizzie G. C." and many others favor us with their efforts from time to time?

If "Minnie Urania" will send her true name we will publish her article over the above signature.

Correspondence.

St. JOSEPH, Missouri, June 25th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—It has been some time since I wrote to you, though I think of you often, you will see by this letter that I have moved to St. Joseph. I think it is lovely place. I was disappointed in not finding more Hopes here, but I went to visit one family and there were seven little Hopes. How lovely they looked; such rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. As I climb the glorious hills I wish I could have all of you with me to see the wondrous beauties. I often think of the Hopes I left in Providence, and wish them all here. Hoping that I may yet meet many of you, I remain your sister in Christ,

ANNIE HOLT.

SOLDIER, Monona, Co., Iowa,
June 30th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I do not take the *Hope*, but my sister does, and I always read the letters from my dear brothers and sisters. I am eleven years old. I was baptized when I was nine. We have a nice Sunday School here. We are going to have a picnic on the eleventh of July, and all of us little girls will be dressed in white. I wish that all of the little Hopes could be here and enjoy the day with us. Your sister in Christ,

JENNETTE C. BALLANTYNE.

BARNARD, Mo., June 9th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—It is so long since I wrote that there have been some changes with us. My grandfather is dead and we have moved down to live with grandma. My pa is very sick. I ask you to pray for us. Your sister,

HANNAH CHRISTENSEN.

SEDGWICK, Decatur County, Iowa,
June 15th, 1878.

Dear Uncle Henry:—I went to conference. On Sunday there were five baptized; and one on Monday by brother Adams. Yours truly,

HARRIET SHEEN.

THE 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.

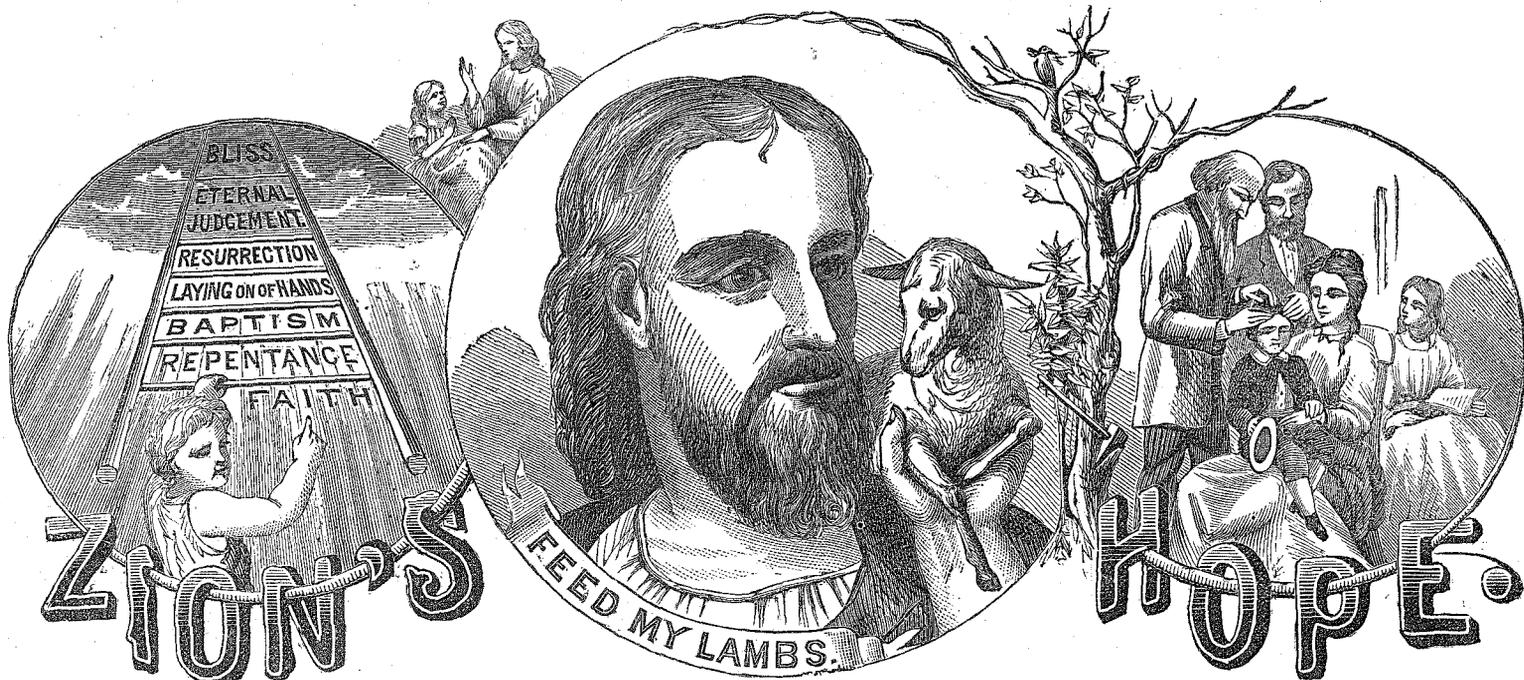
15 July 78.

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 Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

Vol. 10.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., AUGUST 1, 1878.

No. 3.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
 The liar's a coward and slave, boys;
 Though clever at ruses
 And sharp at excuses,
 He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
 'Tis better than money and rank, boys!
 Still cleave to the right,
 Be lovers of light,
 Be open, above board, and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
 Be gentle in manners and mind, boys;
 The man gentle in mien,
 Words and temper, I ween,
 Is the gentleman truly refined, boys!

But whatever you are, be true, boys!
 Be visible through and through, boys;
 Leave to others the shamming,
 The "greening" and "cramming;"
 In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER XI.

THEY reached Mr. Lebrae's without further incident. All but Leonie took part in the cheerful discussion of Bible history, doctrine and character, which of late had been the staple of conversation between parts of the family for some weeks. Leonie was, however, if possible more quiet and still than usual; and though none seemed to remark it, she was in deep thought. Mr. Lebrae had found the young lawyer a willing and ready listener, and a good conversationalist; courteous but decided in the expression of his views, and by no means averse to hearing what others had to urge; in fact, as Mr. Lebrae afterwards expressed it, "he seems to be one who thinks himself to be right; yet is willing to be shown that he is in error."

The topic of conversation on this evening was especially the character of the apostle Paul before and after his conversion, as related in Acts. Mr. Lebrae was of the opinion that Paul's character was not materially changed, but that his convictions as to who Jesus was, had changed; that he remained much the same man, except that the fact that Jesus was the Christ changed his speech and identified him with the Jewish believers, and thus he became a Christian in name, without materially changing the honesty of the man, or his convictions of the final state of man.

Mr. Mason was of the opinion, that the conversion of Saul completely changed the man's character; that whereas he had been intolerant and bigoted in the Jews' religion, he became tolerant and persuasive in the christian faith; that where he had been fierce, and almost bloody minded in the propagation and defence of his Jewish tenets, he became calm, dispassionate and argumentative in presenting his christian experience. This he thought was witnessed by his letters; but more especially by the manner of his defence before Agrippa; in which defence he presented his Christian hope as that to which he had sought by his Jewish traditions, but failed to find until enlightened by the light of Christ. He wished all had received of that light, and were not only "almost but altogether as I am; except these bonds." Saul could forget the pain and distress of a Stephen dying under the stoning for heresy; but Paul could not forget to exempt from the pain, distress and shame of being prisoners, all those whom he wished to be Christ's followers. All this was thought to be indicative that Paul was a changed man to a very great extent after his conversion.

Philip, was much interested in the talk, and showed that he was fast assuming the habit of thinking for himself.

Mrs. Lebrae, joined in from time to time as opportunity served, and by her homely hits made a decided impression on her hearers as a woman of shrewd observation.

The evening was a very pleasant one, and when Frank rose to go to his lodgings, Mr. Lebrae accompanied him to the gate; and as he stopped longer than quite needful to bid his guest good night, let us take historian's privilege and follow them. Just as they reached the gate, Frank Mason, turning to Mr. Lebrae, said, "I have a question which I wish to ask you, Mr. Lebrae, and as your answer will affect my intercourse with your family, as it may be favorable, or otherwise, I wish to ask it now, before my visit to Pentland, where I go Monday, on business for the firm; and would prefer that your answer be deferred till my return, which will be in about a week, if I am reasonably successful. The question is this, I wish to pay my addresses to your daughter Leonie, with the purpose, if I succeed in pleasing her, of making her my wife. I would not wish to continue my visits without informing you of my desires; as to my mind that would be dishonorable. You may make such inquiry about myself and business during my absence as you choose; and at my return I shall expect your answer. Of course, I do not wish anything said to Miss Leonie, as it might annoy her."

This frank avowal surprised Mr. Lebrae, who did not answer for a moment, during which time Frank stood waiting; but at length he said; "I confess to surprise. I respect you for your honorable course, and will take the matter under advisement; consulting Mrs. Lebrae and will leave my answer in writing at your boarding house within the week of your absence. In the meantime I wish for your success in your business."

The two men then bade each other "good night," the one to go to his place of rest; the other to return to his family circle, thoughtful and occupied.

The Sunday passed about as usual; the friends whose history for a few weeks we have been trying to trace visited the church; Flossie and Bessie excepted, for the little girl would not yet consent to go; so Mrs. Lebrae sent Flossie over to be company for her; and the two little ones would get on famously; for Bessie had quite recovered. She insisted that Mr. Frank had cured her by his prayers, and her confidence in him was unbounded.

The afternoon conference on the Bible was held at Mr. Lebrae's, at his request, and the subject was the twelfth chapter of first Corinthians. The questions were: Were the things named in the chapter as appertaining to the Church, essential to its existence at the time Paul wrote? If so, was there any good reason for believing that they were not essential now? Is there reason for believing that the things named as gifts should be found in the Church now?

It will be unnecessary to re-tell here all that was said, and read from the Bible, on that day; suffice it that Mr. Lebrae seemed suddenly to have aroused to something new, strange and startling; Philip was surprised and elated; while Frank Mason, seemed to have yielded himself to the spirit of the apostle's words, he was so prepared to believe the testimony of this man of God, as he found it in this epistle to the Corinthians. The three separated at last, without deciding definitely what answer to give to the questions, Mr. Lebrae, saying, "I must think all this over again. I am not willing now to speak what I think."

That evening they all went to church together, a new minister had come into charge of the congregation in the principal church, and of course there was anxiety and curiosity to hear him. But neither of the three who had been reading the Bible together that afternoon were pleased with his effort; to them there was something lacking, whether the preacher was only common place, or that their thoughts were engaged with the afternoon's lesson, is only to be conjectured.

Nothing was said by either to betray what was passing in their minds.

Mr. Mason left the family at the gate and passed on to his home; and Mr. Lebrae, after the younger members had retired to rest, laid the desire of Mr. Mason respecting Leonie before Mrs. Lebrae. That good lady was pleased and gave consent at once; but he proposed to make some inquiry about Mr. Mason's habits and business tact before he consented. However they agreed, that if the inquiries threw nothing in the way that they would consent to their daughter receiving the young man's addresses.

On Monday, Mr. Mason was off for Pentland; the family of Mr. Lebrae, and the others with whom our story lies all took up the routine of their daily life, and every thing went smoothly along. Mr. Lebrae lost no time in making his inquiries, and found to his satisfaction that the reputation of Mr. Frank Mason was excellent.

JAPANESE AND THEIR MONEY.

ONE of the curiosities of Japan is the wonderful variety of coins that are used daily. In some instances it takes one thousand pieces to make one dollar; these are called "cash." Imagine making a trade of five cents, and giving a man a fifty-cent piece, then receiving in change four hundred and fifty of these coppers. This coin is peculiarly made, having a square hole in the center. They are about the size of our dime pieces, and nearly two-thirds the thickness. Next to this comes the quarter of a cent, eight-tenths of a cent, and the one and two-cent pieces. Of silver coins they have the five, ten, twenty, fifty cent and one dollar pieces. Of gold, the one, two, five, ten and twenty dollars. Next to this comes the government stores of paper money, in various denominations, ranging from five cents to one hundred dollars. In China, between 1830 and 1860 the "cash" became scarce. The then emperor, the celebrated He en Foong resolved to make money plenty and cheap. He therefore issued some millions of iron cash. The new coin was worth about half as much as the copper cash, but was decreed to be equal to it. It sank lower and lower as the quantity of it increased. In 1857, 1,000 copper cash were worth 5,700 in iron. Owing to the enormous issue of the iron coin, prices rose faster than money could be struck off. Then paper "cash" was made by printing presses; but the paper cash depreciated with even greater rapidity than the iron. In 1858 a copper cash was worth between ten and twelve in bills. Money was cheap, but goods were high. Rice cost so much that a famine seemed near at hand. A somewhat rude remedy was chosen. A mob seized the viceroy, and hauled him around by the pigtail until he promised that the currency should be brought back to par, and the Celestials have since then been contented with cheap rice and hard "cash."

CAN'T RUB IT OUT.

"DON'T write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you cannot rub out? You made a cruel speech the other day to your mother. It wrote itself upon her loving heart and gave her pain. It is there now, and hurts her when she thinks of it.

You can't rub it out.

You wished a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written in the book of memory. Be careful, the record is everlasting.

You can't rub it out.

MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

Inspiration's most gloriously bright light,
Shining in, on this infantile mind;
O, burst forth, I pray, in this dark night
Upon mortals lost, wandering and blind!

Thus humbled and chastened my soul cried,
When compelled it's mock wisdom to own,
To the dear little babe by my side,
She asked bread, but I gave her a stone.

Keeping still, with her doll and her play-book,
While I rocked little sister to sleep,
Just see what an odd turn her thoughts took,
And how she fathomed the subject so deep.

Keep the little one still, and it's mind acts;
She soon motioned and whispered and said,
"O, mamma; don't cry when my shell cracks,
For you'll know little Ruthie ain't dead."

I slyly looked down at her flushed face,
But the sparkling eyes heeded me not;
At length, seeming to come to a dark place,
She sadly said, "Some of them rot."

Thinking on, she seemed soon lost in wonder
That the fledglets so cosily housed,
As to fear not the hawks, nor the thunder
Should by visions of freedom be roused,

"O, see, how they peck at the hard shell;
And the old mother pecks at it too!
O, yes, now I know. But can they tell
When they're out what they're going to do?"

"In there, they can't see the sweet flowers;
Can't peep; nor can't sing; nor can't fly.
And I souse, in these bodies of ours,
We can't see the nice things in the sky."

Then resuming her theme, she said, "Say, quick,
There's the shell!" and I ventured to say,
"O, the hen, darling, so loves her dear chicks
She won't care if you throw that away."

Like a flash, the bright vision had vanished,
With a look of indignant surprise,
Caught up were the toys she had banished,
And tears, filled the little bright eyes.

Pressing her close to my heart, and then
Begging her pardon, I found
That she loved not the chicks, nor the old hen,
For they ate dirty things on the ground.

But the beautiful birds in the tall trees;
A nest full of them, had she seen;
And thinking that we should be like these,
To be chickens seemed lowly and mean.

Ah me! how the human heart pineth
To be like the fair, and the pure;
And yet, God's assistance declineth,
Not deeming his promises sure!

See him, in his mercy displaying
His Spirit right here in our reach;
And also his wisdom, in saying,
"Without it, attempt not to teach."

But with it, how useless disguise,
For how plain every motive it makes;
How needless these heart-aches and sighs,
That are frequently caused by mistakes.

LITTLE SIOUX, IOWA.

ALICE E. COBB.

DECISION WITH CHILDREN.—Whatever you think proper to grant a child, let it be granted at the first word, without entreaty or prayer, and above all without making conditions. Grant with pleasure, refuse with reluctance, but let your refusals be irrevocable; let no importunity shake your resolution; let the particle "no," when once pronounced, be a wall of brass, which a child, after he has tried his strength against it half a dozen times, shall never more endeavor to shake.

PRECIOUS JEWELS.

LITTLE HOPES:—This is life's morning with you. The rays of its beautiful sun shine into your hearts and reflects, their radiance in your beaming faces. You feel happy, and perhaps you imagine it will always be sunshine. This will in a great measure depend upon how you use the moments of life's morning. You must remember that every moment is a jewel; yes, a jewel given by your Heavenly Father, one of priceless worth, one that will not tarry with you, therefore it must be used as it comes. In each of these jewels is hidden other jewels more precious than gold. These last named jewels are opportunities, and they in turn are laden with other jewels, still more precious, if possible. Remember the first named jewels are moments, short spaces of time linked closely in with each other, so that you can not perceive when they begin or when they pass away. They form the span of your lives, the number of your days on earth, and none of them can ever be recalled,—they will never return. Call them as you may, entreat them with tears, mourn for them with heavy sighs, plead for them with bleeding hearts, still they heed not,—when once gone they are gone forever; and, if they are not improved, the hidden jewels are gone with them, and like their beautiful caskets never to return.

The jewels these precious moments contain, are opportunities we said; yes, that is the name, we cannot give them a better. Opportunities to improve your minds, by gaining knowledge of all things; first of yourselves, your own hearts, your inclinations, your dispositions and how to control them. Then you should gain knowledge of God, your Creator and preserver, and of Jesus Christ your Redeemer, and of their great love for you and desire to bless you. There are opportunities to serve God, by doing his will, and thus becoming his children, heirs to his blessings, his joys, and his eternal glory. There are opportunities to make others happy by kindly acts, by loving and truthful words, and by beaming smiles. By these you will grow more and more like the holy child Jesus, whose life may be summed up in these words: "He went about doing good."

What a glorious history is his life. How complete, how grand! And what a lesson is taught in these words, "Doing good," no evil. No, he had no time for that. His moments were laden with these jewels we have called opportunities, and he used them. So are ours and shall we not use them?

The proper and timely use of these jewels will develop the third class of jewels that we have referred to, and they are very numerous and of infinite value; their worth cannot be told. And, what is better, you can wear them now in life's morning, and they will also shine just as brightly at the noon and in the evening of life as in the morning. Yes, their brilliancy will be so increased that they will light up the dim, dark portals of death, and shed their radiance far beyond the tomb to a land "More glorious and fair than the children of earth ever knew." And thither they will lead your weary feet, never to wander in darkness again.

These last named jewels are faith, wisdom, knowledge, patience, godliness, virtue, chastity, purity, goodness, mercy, meekness, love, joy, happiness and eternal life. Children, would you love to wear such jewels? These adorn the Wedding Robe, the righteousness of the Saints. With these on you can stand in the presence of the all glorious God, without shame, and can sit down at the "marriage supper of the Lamb" without fear, and, through Christ can claim the privilege of eating of the "tree of life." Without them your lives will be blanks, and your end will be darkness, sorrow, shame, and woe. Prize the moments as they pass; use them wisely, use them well; cherish well the golden opportunities they bring; let none escape unemployed; search diligently, labor faithfully and pray trustingly,

for the possession of these priceless gems, that are offered in your precious moments and glorious opportunities, that your lives may not be in vain. Your hearts are tender now and susceptible of sweet appreciation, not having been hardened, seared and embittered by long years of sin and shame. They are not weighed down by care and trouble now, and if you begin the right use of your moments the task will be easy, and the noon of your life will be glorious, and the evening will be clothed in such radiance that the beams thereof will illuminate the inner portals of the darkest hearts, and light them to the pathway of glory and of God.

UNCLE CHARLES.

WHAT I'LL DO.

BY PERLA WILD.

PART III.—CONCLUDED.

THE weary baby lay sleeping in the tender arms of the motherly woman, with its dirty, tear-stained face betraying a pinched, worn expression.

"Dear little sun ray," murmured the father as he took the little one in his arms and bore it to the cradle.

In scampered the three noisy boys and baby waked up and pleaded sweetly and piteously for "mamma."

"Come boys, go to bed and stop your noise; cried the father impatiently.

"I do' wont to," whined Tom; "I lost my putty money: Boo, hoo."

"If you'll wash your little rollicking selves and sit down and let cousin Cordie look at you," said that lady kindly, "I'll give each of you a piece of silver.

"Will you, really? Come John and Bill, let's wash quick," and out the three noisy urchins scampered again.

"Mamma, mamma," pleaded the sweet patient baby.

"Where is your wife, Charley? and what is she like?" asked Cordie.

"O, she went out to see a sick child, and it must be worse or she wouldn't stay."

There was a step at the door, and a shabbily dressed, sad eyed woman entered, pausing at sight of a stranger, then going briskly over to clasp the little one eagerly in her frail but loving arms.

"Charley looked from one lady to the other without speaking. Cordie raised up, then sank back with an exclamation of startled surprise and joy.

The mother stood with baby arms encircling her neck, blushing and yet silent, as if contending with mingled emotions."

"Alice!" cried Cordie at last; "Alice Marcy! John's sister and my old school mate, and alive! and Charley's wife! when we all thought her dead! Is it possible! Come here and let me hug you, Al, I'm so surprised I feel weak as a babe."

After a while Cordie thought of John. Quick as thought she drew a memorandum from her pocket, pencilled a few lines, tore out the leaf and folded it, and then turned to cousin Charley.

"Here, cousin, take this to the Cliff House and give it to John, and tell him I want him to come here for a special reason. And as you come along break the news to him that Alice is alive. But don't tell him that she is here; and don't gainsay any thing I do, please don't."

You needn't beg so hard; it's a pleasure to serve you—now; be I bad and foolish as I may have been, years ago.

After the door closed behind Charley, Alice asked, as she laid her baby, asleep in its nest, "Who is John, Cordie?"

"My worthy husband, Alice, and one of the best men in the world, if he was a little toadyish when young. He outgrew that very rapidly."

The little boys had grown tired of examining and admiring their money by this time, and one began to nod, and another to whine, and the

third to tease for a piece of bread and butter. "Come here boys," cried Cordie, suddenly, "Come here quick and I'll tell you a secret." Then as they all huddled around her eager and open mouthed and all wide awake now, she whispered, but loud enough for mother Alice to hear, "We're going to have an oyster supper, boys, a real genuine oyster supper all to ourselves, if you'll help right briskly. You, John, get mother's biggest kettle and put it on the stove; and Tom get a pail of water, and fill the kettle half full; and Billy stir up the fire;" and the children ran to perform her bidding.

At the hotel, John Marcy sat wearily yawning and wondering why Cord didn't come, when a rap at his door aroused him.

"You, is it, Charley? Well what will you have?"

Not very cordial, truly, as Charley keenly felt; but felt too that he merited all.

"Here is a note from your wife, Mr. Marcy, and she asked you to come to my house with me."

"Charley remained standing while John read these words:

"Stop at the grocery and get three cans of fresh oysters, and a quarter's worth of crackers; Quick.

CORD.

He looked up at Charley for an explanation, but saw that he was not conscious of what the note contained. He rose reluctantly and a good deal annoyed by such odd proceedings, ready to continue in his frigid manner toward him, when the strange pallor that swept the face of the latter completely changed the current of his feelings.

"Charley, old chum, don't look so woful; life has many a mercy and brightness left yet. We've both learned much since we were boys. Though my life has been laid in fairer paths; and for that reason I should take you by the hand and help you over the rocks and mountains. Come," linking his arm in Charley's in his old time boyish fashion.

By the time the two men reached the humble abode the kettle was boiling merrily and Cordie was not long in preparing a most savory repast that made three pairs of boys eyes glisten, and three pug noses sniff with (expectant) relish.

"You will deal in pug noses, Charley," whispered Cord playfully, "much as you used to dislike them."

"Hush you hector," chided John, sitting by.

Cordie had sent Alice off to put on her best gown just before the men came, laughing softly to herself at the delightful surprise she was going to serve with the supper.

"I suppose, Charley, you'll enjoy your long deferred oyster party won't you, as well as if you were seventeen. You are not as particular about the style and the select company, now,"

"Great heaven," cried John, starting to his feet, "is it Alice? My sister, my darling sister! Where have you been all these years; and how cruel to deceive me into thinking you were dead, and by your own hands."

"O John, dear brother, don't blame me. I've been Charley's wife nine years. And I didn't know you thought me dead. But John," raising her head, while she disengaged herself from his embrace, "Cordie never told me you were her husband."

"Come, now, supper is ready," called Cordie. Seated round the table they all waited for, they seemed all to know what, but reluctant to signify. Then Charley bent his head and in trembling grateful tones, thanked the beneficent Father for his great present mercies. They all then fell to with a will, even baby, who had waked from the unusual commotion, supped the light healthful food with evident satisfaction.

"You've turned carpenter, I hear!" remarked John.

"Yes," replied Charley, "but I haven't the brain for it, and don't succeed very well. Indeed I find as you told me ten years ago, I haven't intellect enough to serve me a good purpose without capital, and experience. Experience I have

had; and still lack brains enough to prosper without capital."

"Never fear about capital Charley," returned John. "Father has kept a nice little piece of farm land down on the west side of the homestead where Cord and I live, hoping against hope that little Alice would yet be found. There's a nice house and no one to occupy. So when we come back from our pleasure trip some time next week you must be ready to return with us."

"No, never!" cried Charley and Alice in a breath, "We couldn't face the friends there, the Marcy's nor the Morgan's."

"Pooh," cried John. "Stuff and nonsense. The two fathers will kill each a fatted calf in honor of the return of the prodigals, and will have a general time of rejoicing; and then settle down to real life with a clear conscience, a name we are not ashamed to own, and thankful hearts that 'tis thus well. There's no use demurring. You must go. We'll take the children any way."

"But there aint room in the carriage," chirruped little John.

"It's only hired from the station, little man, we can engage a bus next time," replied Uncle John.

"But papa don't know how to be a farmer," declared Tom.

"He can learn," answered Uncle John.

And he did.

The end

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he, in a short time, selected one, and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman. "He had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book, which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call those letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the fine letters he can bring me."

"COME TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL!"—Of those members who stay at home and only rally when the bell rings for church, some stay because they are ignorant of the Bible or reading, and too proud to expose the fact; some are diffident, and have not the courage to meet the hand-to-hand conflicts of the class room; some never did go, and so think they never need to; a few think the Sabbath School is a device of Satan, and a trap for those who have more zeal than knowledge; some think they cannot attend both, and so choose church-service only; some think it is only for children, and such as can or will teach them.

Who is powerful? He who can control his passions. Who is rich? He who is contented with what he has.

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

THE following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold and being placed in a conspicuous place in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.
4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it and see that is done.
5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your command.
7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember a little present punishment when the occasion arises is more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at any one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale bearing.
14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence, of angry and resentful spirit.

ANIMALS IN BIBLE LANDS.

THE elephant has always been an object of great attraction and interest, because of its mammoth size, its curious trunk, its peculiar habits and its remarkable intelligence. Among all the land animals now living, it walks as a very giant. A noted African traveller estimated the average weight of a full grown elephant at five and a half tons, of a rhinoceros at three and a half tons, and of a hippopotamus at three tons.

There are only two kinds of the elephant now known—the African and the Indian. The African elephant may be easily known from the Indian, since it has a rounder head, larger tusks, and its ears are of huge size, covering the shoulders, and often afford a good refuge to shelter the natives from the storm.

The elephant formerly was probably quite common in the more northern countries, and perhaps in Syria. The bones and other remains of this animal are found in great abundance in Asiatic Russia and in nearly all parts of Europe, which seems to show that the elephant once lived in these regions.

There are many curious and interesting facts worthy of notice in the structure and habits of this huge animal. When an elephant lies down, it does not bring its hind legs under its body as other beasts do, but extends them out behind it. When it wishes to rise, it gradually draws its hind feet under its vast body, and thus gets up without any apparent effort. In captivity it seldom lies down, taking its sleep on its feet; indeed, elephant's bodies have been known to remain standing on their broad feet after they were shot dead.

The elephant is one of the most sure-footed of animals. In going down steep places, it often kneels upon its knees, and puts out one fore-leg to find a safe footing, or readily makes a sure place by hammering the soil with its broad, heavy foot. This done, it will make a place for the other fore-foot in the same way, and then draw one of its hind-legs cautiously forward into the foothole, from which it takes one of its fore-legs, and so descends very steep hills with ease and safety. This work, too, is done so rapidly, that

the elephant would descend quite a hill in this way, in the time one would take to read this description.

The trunk of the elephant is a most remarkable, though homely-looking part, of this large beast. It is very useful in at least three different ways. First, it is an organ of smell, and enables the elephant to scent any savage beast which may be approaching, and especially his greatest enemy—man. Second, it serves as a kind of pump, by which it can suck up water from a pool too shallow for a horse or cow to drink from easily. As, however, there is no passage through the trunk to the mouth, the animal, when the former is full, doubles up its trunk so as to bring the end of it into its mouth, and then squirts the water therein. And third, the trunk is the elephant's hand. Having a projection like a thumb upon it, the elephant can with the end of its trunk pluck up grass, grasp a branch of a tree above its head, or pick up a sixpence, and even a pin, with ease.

"SWEAR WORDS."

THE Scotch say that "Those that will swear will lie;" and some who do not wish to be considered profane, use "swear words" which might be omitted.

A little five year old boy overheard a workman, who was repairing the sitting room, drop an exclamation over some slight mishap. "That's the first swear word I ever heard in my father's house," was the grave rebuke of the little boy. It so touched the rough man that he went to the mother of the boy and confessed his fault. While engaged on the job, he never again lapsed into vulgarity or profanity.

The boy, now a tall lad, wields the influence over his mates. They understand that his part in the game is ended as soon as bad words are introduced. The knowledge that his father's tongue was never polluted by profanity, together with his mother's precepts, and a child's natural desire to be like his father, have given this salutary bias to his early life. Boys, keep from "swear words" of all kinds. They do no good whatever, but always defile and dishonor those who use them; and the habit once established is a bad one to get rid of.

SMALL TALK.

Many girls have such a happy way of saying trifling things, that their hearers do not realize how superficial their conversation really is until they afterwards reflect upon it. These girls who have more vivacity than understanding will often make a sprightly figure in conversation. But this agreeable talent for entertaining others is frequently dangerous to themselves; nor is it by any means to be desired or encouraged very earnestly in life. Conversation should be the result of education, not the precursor of it. It is a golden fruit when suffered to grow on the tree of knowledge; but, if precipitated by forced and unnatural means, it will in the end become vapid, in proportion as it is artificial.

THE PALINDROME.—The palindrome is a line that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's first remark to Eve: "Madam, I'm Adam." Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, replied: "Able was I ere I saw Elba." The latter is the best palindrome, probably, in the language.

1 August 78.

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 Two Months.

PRIZE SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

- One of the deacons of the Church at Jerusalem?
The hill where David hid from Saul?
Where were twelve wells of water?
Who killed six hundred men with an ox goad?
What king had his thumbs and great toes cut off?
One of the sons of Merari?
Who took wine and gave it to a king?
Who was the father of Abraham?
Who sang at midnight with Paul in prison?
Whose daughter danced before Herod?
Who was the mother of Timothy?
Who saw her sons slain in barley harvest?
A land which received two paraoides?
Who was Paul's first convert in Europe?
What noted personage sat at a king's gate?
Who was the grandmother of Saul?
Who dipped in Jordan seven times?
Who wanted an apostle to join the world again?
A servant of the house of Saul?
Who was Daniel's father?
The last letter in the Greek alphabet?
A city where Christ performed a miracle?
Who carried the gates of a city away?
Who slew all the children in Bethlehem?
What king built Samaria on a hill?
Who was Joseph's father-in-law?
What prophet obtained rain by prayer?
Now take these name's initials,
And set in order true;
Two papers published by the Church;
They'll quickly show to you.

Mr. William Street of Chester, Pennsylvania, sends the above enigma, and offers the following prizes for the solution of the enigma;

First an elegant lithograph, of the Lord's prayer, Beatitudes and Ten Commandments; size 24x30 inches, to the Hope who sends the most correct answers to the Scriptural Enigma. Second best, a view of the Centennial Buildings; size 24x30. Third a steel engraving, entitled "The offer," and "Accepted;" size 22x28. Fourth "Miss Lillie's Flirtation;" size 22x28. A prize will also be given to the Hope who has learned the most verses this year, up to the time this is printed. Also to the one who has obtained the most subscribers to the *Hope* this year. Eight weeks will be given from date of publication. Direct all answers to us.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of July 1st.

- 1 To Enigma No. 7.—
David. Methuselah.
Tiberias. Colossians.
Bethesda. Gennesaret.
Ananias. Solomon.
David. Greece.
Reuben. Urban.
Herod. Gerar.
One Mile. Gershom.
Matthias. Fauara.
Naaman. Salvation.

Whole:—A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

2 To Word Puzzle No. 12.—John C. Foss.

- 3 To Anagram No. 10.—
When Zion and Jerusalem
Shall call their people home,
Oh may we stand, all in a band,
To see our Savior come.
There we shall see our Savior's face,
If we but reach that happy place.
Dear little Hopes, then let us try,
To live by faith and never die.

CHARLES L. TIGNOR.

Annie Carter answers Nos. 1 and 3 correctly, Mary A. Atkinson No. 1, and John Benson No. 3.

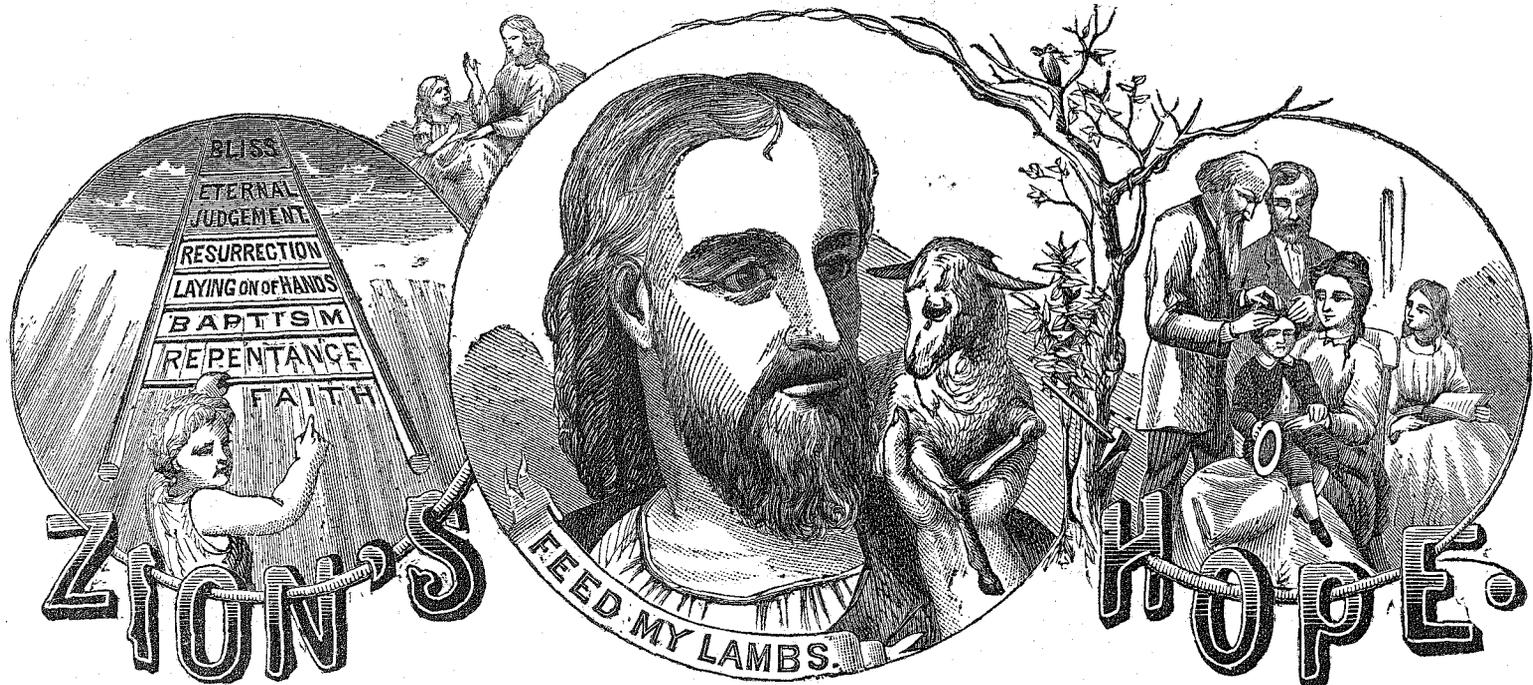
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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



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

Vol. 10.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., AUGUST 15, 1878.

No. 4.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

A wasp met a bee, on his travels one day,
And he paused for a moment, good morning to say;
Then added, "I wish you would tell me, my dear,
Why people regard me with horror and fear.

"Ah! you need not look sorry and shake your wise
head,

You know that my presence is greeted with dread;
If I buzz round the windows the ladies will cry,
And the children all shout, 'O that wasp! it must
die!'

"Deliberate murder is stamped on each face,
And really for me there is no resting place;
'Tis surely no wonder that your family thrive,
And men all stand ready to build you a hive.

"I do not make honey for others to sell,
But I eat it and like it, you know very well;
We resemble each other, although it is true,
That I have more gold round my person than you.

"We speak the same language, we sing the same
song,

Though your body is stout while mine is quite long,
And my waist is more taper, my clothes such a fit,
While my sting is much stronger, as you will admit!"

"Oh! that is the trouble," then answered the bee,
"And it makes a vast difference between you and
me;

"I'm busy all day, and so keep on the wing,
And in laying up sweets I forget I can sting.

"For clothes are so fine, and for jewelry rare,
I have not the time to arrange, I declare;
And I frankly confess that I am in such haste,
I never once think of the size of my waist.

"I like to be useful, for I've understood
That even an insect is here for some good:
You'll own, my dear friend, there is great satis-
faction

In leading a life of industrious action."

"Good-by," said the wasp, as he turned up his nose,
And buried himself in the heart of a rose,
'I'd take your advice, I am sure, if I could,
But it's late in the day for a wasp to be good!"

The moral, I think, little children, is clear—
If you wish to be happy, be useful while here;
Take care of the moments, for swiftly they go,
And you will be storing up honey, you know.

Selected by ESTHER J. SMITH.

If by losing any thing we gain wisdom, we are
gainers by the loss.

MAGGIE AND THE MICE.

SELECTED BY SISTER S. A. ROSE.

CHAPTER I.—MAGGIE'S NEW HOME.

LITTLE Maggie opened her eyes and stared
about the pretty room. Then she leaned on
her arm to take a better survey. "Where are
all the beds with the girls in them," she said to
herself. What is that picture over the mantle?
Oh, I know now," she exclaimed, a rosy flush
spreading over her pale face. "I've got a new
home, a beautiful home, with a kind mother to
love me. Wont I try to be a good girl! I wish
Sarah, and Maria, and Rosalinda could come and
live here too. Now I'll get up."

She sprang out of bed, and here another sur-
prise awaited her. When she came from the
asylum the day before, she wore a gray dress and
a high-necked apron. She remembered the very
chair on which she had placed them when she
had undressed; but now they were nowhere to
be found. In their place was a soft flannel skirt,
nicely wrought with silk, a tiny hoop with a white
tucked skirt to wear over it; and—O what a
beauty!—a blue merino dress, looking like velvet
in the soft folds. She stood in her night-dress,
timidly examining one article after another, the
worked drawers, the merino stockings, the laced
shoes, each in its turn passing under her notice.
Suddenly the door opened, and a lady entered.
When she saw that Maggie was awake, she smiled
and said "good-morning," in a pleasant voice.

"I can't find my clothes"—the child began.
"I saw all these,"—touching one and another,—
"but I am afraid they,—I didn't know you meant
such nice ones for me."

"Yes, dear, these are yours; and I have a pretty
muslin apron for you to put on over the dress.
Susie will come up presently and give you a bath."

"Is it cold water?" asked Maggie, with a
shiver.

"Not quite cold, and the bath-room is warm,
so you will be comfortable."

"I don't like cold water, it makes me shake
so. Some of the girls say it makes them feel
warmer when they are dressed; but it don't make
me warm."

"Did you sleep well, dear?"

"O yes, ma'am, I didn't wake once; and this
morning I couldn't think where I was. I used
to dream beautiful dreams about my mother com-
ing with golden wings to carry me away with
her, and when I saw that picture I thought I
was dreaming again. Who is that man, ma'am?"

"It is the blessed Savior, my child, and I hope
that you love him and will try to please him by

being a good girl. But have you forgotten that
I told you to call me mother?"

Maggie burst into tears, and then hid her face
in the bed clothes. Mrs. Ropes saw that she
was excited by the sudden change in her circum-
stances, and she only placed her hand caressingly
on the curly head.

At this moment Susie entered and took Maggie
to the bath-room. In less than half an hour a
light footstep was heard running down stairs,
while a pleasant voice exclaimed, softly, "I'm
ready mamma; may I kiss you?"

Mrs. Ropes gazed one moment in the sweet,
loving face, and then pressed the child to her
heart. Already she realized the truth of this
promise, "It is more blessed to give than to
receive." The yearnings of her maternal heart
were once more satisfied. She led the little girl
to the breakfast-table, happier than she had ever
been since her own precious babe was transported
to the skies. Maggie instinctively folded her
hands while the lady asked God to bless the food.
This she had been taught at the asylum. After
that she looked about her in delighted wonder.
Only the morning before she had marched with
Sarah Holt into the eating-room, with her hands
folded on her breast; and had sat down content-
edly to her plate of rice and molasses, with a
mug of cold water for her drink. But now how
differently she was situated? A cloth of snow
white damask reached to the floor; behind the
gilded tray stood a massive silver urn, and under-
neath it the lighted spirit-lamp making the water
boil and bubble. A broad band of gilt encircled
the plates, and the cup from which she sipped
her chocolate was of the most delicate china.
They had scarcely finished the thin slice of ham
with the bread and butter, when Jerry, the wait-
er brought in hot muffins, and fricasseed chicken,
to which the lady helped her young charge most
abundantly. Taking all in all, it is not strange
that Maggie felt herself floating about in dream-
land, nor that she scarcely dared speak or move
for fear she should find herself back, not in the
asylum, where she had been so happy, but in
that distant far off garret, from which she had
been rescued by benevolent friends.

Continued.

UNION CENTER SUNDAY SCHOOL.

REPORT of the Union Center Sabbath School,
of Spring Valley, Monona county, Iowa,
from March 24th, 1878 to July 7th, 1878.
Number of officers, 4, of teachers, 6, of pupils,
63; total 73. Average attendance of pupils, 35.
Total number of verses recited by class A, 1568;

by class B, 1408; by class C, 1228; by class D, 446; by the infant class of girls, 337; by the infant class of boys, 471; total by the whole school, 5458. J. M. Putney, superintendent; J. W. Wight, assistant superintendent; Orson Jonhson, treasurer; A. E. Montague secretary.

FALL RIVER PICNIC.

THE Bethel Sabbath School of the Fall River Branch of the Massachusetts District held a picnic on the Fourth of July. The morning was bright and clear, and all the scholars and their friends were in excellent spirits. One portion of the school gathered at the house of brother John Potts and waited till the team came along, when we all got in and started for the chapel, where the other half of the school was waiting. They also got in and we started for the picnic grounds. The ride was very long and tedious, it being about twelve miles; but we had a good view of the country, which is a treat to the factory operatives. The singing from the school hymn book also tended to make the ride more pleasant.

We arrived at the grounds (brother Edward Rogerson's farm) and found it nicely arranged for our accomodation. Tables were set under the trees, a swing was prepared, and there was a meadow in which to play ball. In fact he had taken a good deal of trouble to make it comfortable in every way. On our arrival we were met by brother John Smith and family, Father Nichols, and friends from New Bedford, whom we were glad to see. We then took dinner under the trees, after which the fun of the day commenced. The boys played ball; then the girls and boys played blind-man's-buff, drop the handkerchief, snap the whip, and several other games. The boys took turns swinging the girls, and all went in for a good time—a Fourth of July romp in the country. About 4 p. m. the scholars all gathered under the trees, and, as return for the free use of the place, gave brother and sister Rogerson, a concert, which was very good. We then had something more to eat, and then continued our fun till 6:30 p. m., when we started for home. We arrived safely, and all of us felt well pleased with the way in which we spent the day.

We give credit to sisters Sarah Jane Gilbert and Jane Pitton for singing to our friends the piece composed by brother John Potts, on the Book of Mormon. Nothing was done that would bring reproach upon the Church. This I believe to be the way in which to spend our Fourths of July. It takes the little ones from the evil of the city, and keeps them from being hurt by fire works, none being allowed at the picnic. With this brief sketch, I close, praying for the prosperity of all the Sabbath Schools in the kingdom and with my love to all the little Hopes, I remain yours in faith,

THOMAS WHITING.

ETERNITY.

DEAR HOPES:—This is a subject for much reflection. Eternity! Yes, there is a never ending eternity, and you and I are fast approaching it. There is no stay with time; it will soon close, and are we prepared? This life is given us to prepare for eternity, and when this life ends eternity begins. Dear Hopes, let us act while the day lasts, for by-and-by the night will come wherein we can not work. The sound of that trumpet, which will awake the sleeping millions, will be heard ere long, and all nations, kindreds and people will be brought to stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Let us prepare ourselves for that great and solemn day, so that we may be able to stand. We can offer no excuse to prolong the summons, and no show of righteousness clothed with deception will escape the all-searching eye of Him with whom we have to do.

Dear Hopes, these are realities, without the shadow of fiction, and I hope that you will con-

sider these things and prepare yourselves for that day when the great Judge of all the earth shall come to reward every one according to their works. God grant that our works may be works of righteousness, that we may be able to stand, is the prayer of your sister in Christ. S. C. H.

LETTER FROM SISTER JENNET.

DEAR Hopes of Zion:—I mean you who have enlisted in the army of the Lord, and who have buckled on your armor and girded on your sword. It always affords me pleasure to make you a visit in this simple way, for I cannot have a chat with you in any other. I wish to tell you how I am getting on in the work, what my hopes are, and what I have been trying to do since I last wrote you. I am ashamed to own that I am making little or no progress, as far as I can see. When I scan my works I see many blank pages, which might have been filled with good acts, had I been up to the mark, in keeping the commandments, in a blameless manner, as we are told in scripture to do.

Also I have done worse, for, instead of leaving a blank page merely, I have filled it with doing those things which I ought not. But I now feel like putting forth every effort to keep my Covenant; for I shall be rewarded according to my works, whether they be good or evil; and, as I desire to receive a good reward, (even the reward of eternal life), I must do good works. But I feel my weakness in making this effort, and I would once more ask you, one and all, old and young, to pray for me that I may receive grace to overcome every weakness and all carnal ways and light mindedness. The latter is my greatest failure; and it is the greatest hindrance to me in keeping my garment of righteousness clean and white.

For light-mindedness often leads me to neglect of duty; and neglect of duty brings a decrease of the Holy Spirit, without which I am in darkness. The evil one, that old serpent is ever on the look out for me; and sometimes he captures me, and gets me to do some thing for him which I ought not to do, and which I do not wish to do.

But, in order that I may live the life of a Saint, and always be able to sing "O 'tis good to be a Saint in latter days." I ask you to not only read my request, but also that you who can pray and have faith, should pray for me, that I may have power over all seducing spirits, and that I may be saved at last, when I have finished my labors here on earth, may I be worthy to meet you all, and to be crowned in the Celestial Kingdom of our Lord. I will still strive to pray for you all.

I will now tell you what I have been trying to do; I have been trying to impart to some who knew nothing about it, a little of the light given to me; and, this is the way I did it: (and, now, dear little girls, when you read this account I hope you will remember your promise you made to me when we kissed good bye.)

On the second Sunday in December I went to see if I could not find some little ones of the kind I mentioned the last time I wrote to you, even those who have no Sabbath School to go to. And I did find some, and they came to school; and I tried my best to gain their confidence, so that I could plant the seed in good ground. I asked God to bless the sower and the seed, which I feel sure he did do, and in a future day I hope to see or hear of them going forth in obedience. I endeavored to instruct them in such a way that they might never forget it, but that they might remember them (the instructions) when I perhaps, would be passed beyond the vale. For, according to promise, eight little girls met me at Sunday School the next Sunday. Five of them, as you will see, took great interest and became punctual attendants, learning and reciting verses of Scripture. Also there came three little girls whose parents belonged to the Church, and one who I believe came just three weeks before my

departure. She was a nice little girl, for she loved to listen and learn. I often wish now that I could see them; and I suppose that they would like to see me too; but, as I have said, so would I say again to them, remember your promise and I will remember mine; so that if we never meet again on earth, we may meet in heaven, where parting will be no more.

The following is the report of the verses learned by each scholar during the ten weeks:—Sarah Betts, 10; Annie Crossan, 20; Polly Jaques, 30; Sarah Kinghorn, 30; Little Katie, 25; Margaret Shinton, 125; Mary Totch, 30; Lizzie Smith, 125; Minnie Garr, 50.—Total number of verses learned in ten weeks, 445.

The method was for each one to learn as many verses as they could recite correctly. If one learned ten verses one week and recited them, they were to learn the same number the next week, and also to recite the preceding ten, and so on, until they had the whole one hundred and twenty-five verses learned. Then they were to commence at the first and recite to the last. If you count up this report you will see how many merited the reward. They all strove hard, but some had a better memory than others; and, I believe, that if time had permitted, they would all have merited one. One of the rewards was, "The finding of Moses." They were fine looking, and the pupils strove hard to get them, and the little girl whose name is Minnie Garr learned and recited fifty verses in two weeks. By vote of the class she received a reward equal with the other two. All the others were rewarded according to their work. Praying for the welfare of Zion, I am, as ever, your sister, JENNET ARCHIBALD.

STEWARTSVILLE, MO.

NO SAFETY EXCEPT IN OBEDIENCE.

A GOOD old man and woman living at Joliet, Illinois, several years since adopted a poor orphan boy. They both loved him dearly, as though he had been really their own son. He delighted to call them father and mother, and generally he was very dutiful and obedient. But at the age of fifteen he began sometimes to think that they were a little too careful of him, and he desired a little more liberty than they thought was for his good.

The mother seemed to have a presentiment that some evil would befall him, and had often forbidden his going near the river or canal, unless accompanied by larger boys or men. On the morning of July 3d, 1878, she said to him,

"My son, this is the last morning before our national holiday, and I have always considered the third of July as the most unlucky day in the year, and to-day above all others please don't go near the water."

But the boy had made up his mind that he would go into the water and have a good time. He waded into the canal, came out and said to two little boys who were with him, "Now I am going in deeper." He did so. Then he came out again and said "Now I am going in still deeper." He waded in until the water was nearly up to his chin, and then said, "Now I am just going to take one more step and then I am coming out." These were the last words he ever spoke. He took one more step and sunk in deep water. One of his little companions, a boy ten years old could swim. He swam out to the place where the poor boy went down, and told his still younger mate to throw him a rope that lay on the bank. He said, "He will come up presently, and I will catch hold of him; and you hold on to the end of the rope and help pull us ashore. But the boy did not come up where he went down; and it was some moments before they caught sight of the body afloat some distance below. The brave little boy swam to it caught hold of it and said "He is so heavy I can hardly hold him; I know he is dead." And so it proved; for, after a severe struggle, the ten year old boy dragged the body to the shore, and a physician was called, who, upon examination, found that

the skull was broken and the boy was dead.

Little Hopes, let the wish of your parents be a law to you, and never disobey their commands. They know better than you what is for your good.

Nearly all who are tempted to break God's laws are like this boy who was drowned. After they have disobeyed once, they almost always want to go a little deeper, then to take just one more step. Now, for all such there is a last, and a fatal step. There is but one safe path and that is the path of obedience. "Blessed are they that do his commandments."

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart."

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

H. S. DILLE.

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER XII.

MR. FRANK MASON arrived at Pentland, a little hamlet amid the hills, located in a valley rightly called Pentland; for it was closely surrounded on all sides but one, by high hills fertile and covered with verdure to their tops; while the valley glowed in the sun, with a wealth of grass and grain, such as our farmer born hero had seldom seen. "Surely," said he to himself as he entered the valley, "an inheritance here is well worth looking after. I don't wonder my client, whose business I am here upon, is anxious to know how his titles are." He took up his quarters in the village hotel, secured a horse and buggy at the livery stable and sat down to examine his papers, and fix upon his plan of action. He found the papers all correct, and decided that he would first get a knowledge of the locality of the farms. So he set about it, making notes of the numbers of the land, and marking on the map the farms in question, some half dozen of them. After he had done this, he found the day too far advanced to attempt any view of the premises until the morrow; and so he went to the landlord, a Mr. Hutchins and made the necessary inquiries about the roads and directions. By this time the supper was ready and he went in with the rest, some dozen of guests, into the dining room. He took no part in the conversation, being a stranger, but he noted of all that was going on.

A topic of general conversation was the eccentric ideas and peculiar doctrines of a preacher, who had found his way into the village from the south somewhere, and who had been preaching in the school house. From what was said about him, Mr. Mason determined to go and hear him, as he learned that he was holding meetings nightly.

After the supper was over, Mr. Mason inquired of the landlord where the school house was, in which the meeting was held, and went out for a walk around the town, intending to find his way to the school house in time for the preaching.

But, everything in this world is uncertain, and what man proposes to do is frequently set aside for causes unknown to them, sometimes trivial and transient; sometimes grave and permanent. Mr. Mason had walked some time, and was quite out of the village, when he suddenly found himself surrounded by four, or five men; rough, and disguised, who demanded that he should go with them. He was not inclined to go without knowing why he should go, and by what right they demanded it. He refused to go, and insisted upon being told why they interrupted him.

One who seemed to be the leader, bluntly told him that he must go; that they would take him any way; and that they might not detain him long, or that they should put him out of the way "for awhile anyway," as he jokingly put it.

Mr. Mason was not armed, there were five to one; he was a stranger, and at their mercy. He decided to go with them, and if the worst came to do the best he could to get away.

So in obedience to the direction of the leader,

who seemed anxious to get off the highway, as soon as possible, two of the gang seized him, one by either arm and with the leader going before and the other two following after they went a few rods on the road and turned in at a dim road way turning to the left of the main road. They went thus about a mile; when they stopped in an orchard in the front of a large brown house, where, from their actions, Mr. Mason believed one of the men lived. It was dusk, and rapidly growing dark, but was still light enough to distinguish faces. The party sat down under the trees telling Mr. Mason that he might as well sit down and rest as they were waiting for some one, and until he came they would remain where they were; warning him that any attempt to escape would subject himself to injury.

They waited here but an hour when some one rode up on horseback, hastily dismounted tied his horse to the fence, and came to where the party was sitting.

The leader rose and greeted him; they conversed together for a few moments, when Mr. Mason was told to come forward. He did so, when the man who had come up on the horse, turning to the leader, suddenly exclaimed, "Why, Clark, this is not the preacher. This is not the man we wanted. How could you make such a mistake?"

"Why, Johnson, I never saw the preacher; and I thought this man answered the description you gave me of the preacher. But, if it is not he, what shall we do?"

The new comer, called Johnson then turned to Mr. Mason, and said, "What is your name?"

"My name is Frank Mason," replied he.

"What are you doing in Pentland valley?"

"I came here about business connected with my profession as a lawyer, Sir; By what right do you question me?"

"Well, Mr. Mason, we will not discuss that at present. A mistake has been made, and you are the victim of it. You are at liberty to return to the town about your business. But it will be as well for you to forget anything that has been done, or said here to night."

To this Mr. Mason replied. "Well, Mr. Johnson, from what I see, this is not a lawful assembly, or these men would not be disguised. I am a law abiding man; and do not willingly submit to an outrage of this sort. I shall make no promises nor threats."

"I regret that you have been annoyed, Mr. Mason, but as you know only my name; and I was not connected with your arrest, I shall let what you say pass, and will myself accompany you to the highway."

Frank saw that it was useless to say anything further. He simply looked round him in the gloom; but could not distinguish anything by which to mark the place. So bidding his captors "Good night" he left the yard in company with Mr. Johnson, who untied his horse, and leading him, walked on by Mr. Mason's side.

After they were out of hearing of those they had left in the orchard; Mr. Johnson remarked. "You may think this a strange piece of business, Mr. Mason; and in fact, so it is; but, the facts are about like these: There are a few good orthodox church members in the village; I am one of them. Of course we have our preachers and regular service, and don't like to be interfered with. Lately, there has been a man preaching here in the valley, whose name is Percival. He belongs to neither of the local churches; professes to be a Saint, and is disturbing the people's religious convictions; he has large crowds to hear him; and says that he is preaching the "Gospel of Christ;" and that it is by revelation that it is restored to earth. This does not suit us; and we determined to stop it, and having failed to make a successful defence any other way, we are going to drive him off. The five who captured you and myself are appointed to do the work. We have blundered this time; but we will have better luck next time.

"May I inquire, Mr. Johnson, if in your opinion that is the best argument to use in putting a stop to an error, if it be an error in faith and doctrine?"

"No, I suppose that it is not; but, what can we do? Our church membership is in danger, and if the man's statements are correct, we are all in a bad fix; so far as heaven is concerned."

"Have you ever heard this man Percival?" inquired Mr. Mason.

"No," said Mr. Johnson; I have heard, however, all I want to about him. He is a pestilent fellow."

"Well, I am now more than ever determined to hear him, Mr. Johnson. I as yet belong to no church; but have my own views of the scriptures and the claims of religion. If he has anything worth hearing, I am willing to hear him."

The two men now came to the highway, the moon was just rising, and Mr. Johnson said, "We part here Mr. Mason. I go out of town you into it. I am half inclined to abandon the molestation of Mr. Percival and let him go on. But we will see."

"Come and see me at the hotel to-morrow afternoon, and let us talk it over a little. It may be I can help you to a good determination in the matter," said Mr. Mason, and bidding each other good night, they separated. It was ten o'clock when Mr. Mason reached the hotel; and retiring at once he soon slept soundly.

To be continued.

UNCLE J.

REFLECTION.

How sweet to reflect on the joys that awaits me,

When Jesus in glory returns from on high,
With patience I'll wait till he comes to receive me,
And give me a home in the "Sweet By and By."

I have read an article in the last number of the *Hope*, entitled "Reading," which I cheerfully commend to all Saints, both old and young; and at the same time I offer a few thoughts upon a subject of equal importance, and that is "Reflection," reflection upon that which we read.

That mind which does not reflect, is doomed to suffer the stigma that will be placed upon them by all, with whom they come in contact. That stigma is ignorance. To be devoid of reflection is to be in possession of ignorance. As well might the stomach be devoid of the "gastric juice," which digests the food, as for the mind to be devoid of reflection. If the stomach is not kept supplied with this "gastric juice," the victim of course becomes a dyspeptic, the food will not digest, and the consequence is, the victim becomes weak and nervous, and is unfit for the duties of life. Just so with the man who does not reflect, he becomes a mental dyspeptic, and is also unfit for the spiritual, intellectual, and moral obligations that are resting upon him.

But the mind can be cultivated. In the first place the reading that we do should not be of a light, trashy character, and we should not read too much at a time. Also read slowly, in order to understand the import of what you read. We should try to remember the important parts of what we read, and to put the principles thus obtained to practical use. Battles have been fought and victories won by putting into practice this noble principle, while thousands have been destroyed by refusing to cultivate the same.

Parents, you whose children are old enough to be brought into subjection to the principles of truth, and have not been taught the way of life, now is the time to call to your aid this principle. Reflect? What has your conduct been in regard to the training of your children? What will be the result of the neglect of this duty? Surely, "the sin shall be upon the heads of the parents."

Let this principle of reflection be in us, and no difficulty will be insurmountable. The mist of darkness that hitherto has hindered the Spirit of God from having free course, will roll away from our eyes. "Read," and "reflect." Remember the subject. Your brother in the one faith,

MIDDLETOWN, Ohio.

M. B. WILLIAMS.

SLANG PHRASES.

THIS is one of the worst habits into which one may fall. It is very easily formed, but is it as easily abandoned? No. It is as hard to break as any other vice. In this fast age these phrases are gaining considerable ground. Not only gentlemen, but ladies also, use them. Allow me to retract the words "gentlemen" and "ladies" for no true gentleman or lady indulges in slang phrases.

The habit is easily formed—so easily that you almost unconsciously glide into it. You first begin by using mild terms, such as "Good gracious!" "Mercy sakes!" etc. Soon you require something stronger, and still stronger, till, after using all the "bywords," you are on the brink of swearing, although, when you first began you had no idea of such a thing.

The habitual use of slang phrases should be classed with intemperance, and is generally found with it, as are also a great many other vices. Boys quickly form the habit by hearing their elders. Even the babe just learning to talk repeats them and by some one is thought smart or cunning, and is even encouraged in it. In after life would not the parent have given much to have instructed that child differently? For as the child grows up that habit still clings to him and he is powerless to shake it off. Let us hope that the day may come when these phrases are heard no more.

DEW DROPS FOR THE HOPE.

SAID one little girl to another, "If you will not tell your mother, I will tell you something." To this her little mate replied: "That which is not fit for my mother to hear is not fit for me to hear." That is right, little girls; never permit any one to tell you anything that you would not be willing to tell your mothers, and thereby you may be saved from many a snare and from much sorrow.

If you would strengthen your memory, read little, read carefully, and read only what is worth remembering. Throw your novels into the fire, or stow them safely away in the rag-bag, and let them be sold to the first peddler that calls.

Several samples of the "Palindrome," or sentences that read alike whether backward or forward, were recently published in the *Hope*. The longest sentence of the kind I ever saw I read when a boy, as follows, "Snug & raw was I ere I saw war & guns."

Never flatter the appetite, or you will soon become its slave. Slaves to strong drink, tobacco, or even to tea, coffee, or to any thing else that they can not easily abandon, are in bondage to that which destroys both body and mind.

Dare to do right; have correct principles, and maintain them, and you will always enjoy all the freedom you require. H. S. D.

BABYLON.

BABYLON is noted throughout the world for its former splendor and extent, but the most prominent objects only, can be considered in this place. The first of these were the walls. They were of enormous height and length, and were in the form of an exact square, each side being fifteen miles in length, giving an entire circumference of sixty miles. In each side of the walls were twenty-five gates of solid brass, one hundred in all, and there were several times that number of towers. Surrounding the walls was a ditch of great length and depth. As all the bricks for the walls were taken from this ditch, its vast size may be inferred. The river Euphrates divided the city into two parts, the east and the west. Across the river was built a bridge of wonderful construction. The bed of the river was sandy, so that no piles could be driven in for the support of the bridge, and it was entirely supported by arches. At each end

was a palace, the old and the new. It was in the court of this latter that the famous Hanging Gardens were situated.

These gardens consisted of terraces elevated by means of arches or pillars, it is doubtful which. Over this was placed a layer of large flat stones, next one of reeds, then a double layer of bricks and cement covered with zinc, and over the whole of this was laid the mold for the garden. Not only on the top were the plants growing, but on every side, so that from a distance it looked like an immense mound of solid green. In the recesses of these gardens were bowers, and rooms for refreshments, luxuriously fitted up.

Another object of interest was the Temple of Belus; the most prominent object there, an immense tower that had the appearance of eight towers, one above the other. This delusion was on account of a winding staircase that wound around the tower in eight spirals. Some writers aver that this was the renowned Tower of Babel. On its summit was placed an observatory, and it was partly owing to this that the Babylonians acquired such proficiency in the art of astrology. In the temple itself were many images of solid gold, one of which weighed *four tons!* The total value of the images in this temple has been estimated as something over six hundred millions of dollars!

Of all this magnificence in Babylon, now remains only a few ruins, so few, indeed, that its site cannot be accurately determined! And yet to possess such is the glory of man.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

Bro. Oscar L. Ferguson of the Lamoni Branch, Decatur county, Iowa, writes that they have a very good Sabbath School in that branch, the attendance and interest being alike good. Bro. Wilson Hudson is the Superintendent of it.

We also hope that the other Sabbath Schools throughout the Church are equally prosperous according to their size, and that the brethren and sisters, the grown up ones, including the Elders are striving and will strive to advance the usefulness of this branch of the service of Christ to the instruction and salvation of the young.

Alice Anderson and Katie Lampert have sent correct answers to Anagram No. 10, published in *Hope* of July 1st.

Correspondence.

OSHKOSH, Wisconsin, July 7th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—I have not written to the *Hope* for a long time. We have quite a little branch here, only six members. I hope I can be in a larger one before long, for I love to go where I can hear the gospel preached, and I know that I have to learn a great deal more. I like to read the *Zion's Hope*. My oldest sister and I belong to the Church. I have two brothers and three sisters which do not belong, but I hope they will obey as soon as they have a chance and are old enough. And I wish you will pray for me so that I may keep faithful. Your brother in Christ, JACOB LAMPERT.

KEWANEE, Ills., July 17th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I was baptized February 14th, 1878, by brother T. W. Smith. I am fifteen years old, and I am trying to be a good girl. My mother belongs to the Church, but I have three brothers and a sister who do not. There is quite a large branch here, and seventeen have been baptized since conference. I wish some of the Hopes would write to me. You must excuse all mistakes as I have not had the same chance of going to school as a great many have had. I ask an interest in your prayers. Your sister in Christ, MARY A. ATKINSON.

OSHKOSH, Wisconsin, July 7th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—It is quite a while since I wrote to the *Hope*. I have been in other parts of Wisconsin and Illinois where there were no Saints' meetings. My oldest brother and I are now living in Oshkosh, with our uncle Joseph Lampert. My mother is now well in mind and body. She is staying with her relatives. There are no Saints there. I hope and think that by next Spring we will move down to Lamoni Branch, in Iowa, where we lived about two years ago. I wish to meet all the Saints in Zion. I hope you will pray for me. Your sister, K. LAMPERT.

KEWANEE, Henry Co., Illinois.

Dear Hopes:—We have a splendid Sunday School and good meetings. Seventeen have been baptized since the last conference here. I was baptized last February. All our family are in the Church but my brother, and I hope he will be soon. I am trying to do my duty as I ought to, but it is hard some times. I ask all the brothers and sisters to pray for me, that I may live humble and faithful, and in the end be saved with you all. Your sister in Christ,

ANNIE CARTER.

SOLDIER VALLEY, Iowa, July 9th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am glad that Perla Wild is writing again. I like the stories, "By a Heavenly Father's Hand" and "Why Not Now?" I always liked the stories written by Perla Wild and Myrtle Grey. I was at Little Sioux the Fourth of July. It was a very warm day, and it has been very warm ever since. Our school was out the third of July. The teacher's name was Rose Latta. I study reading, spelling, geography, arithmetic, grammar and history. There is no Sunday School very near. The nearest is two miles. I would like to have the *Hope* come weekly. Pray for me. Your sister in Christ, ALMENA VREDENBURGH.

BUFFALO, Scott County, Iowa,

July 20th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve year old. I was baptized when I was eleven. We have a nice Sunday School here every Sunday. I take the *Zion's Hope*. I wish that I could see all of the little Hopes. I lost a dear little sister last March.

She has gone to that beautiful land,
Where the Saints in glory stand.

I am trying to walk the straight and narrow path that leads to eternal life, so that I may meet those that have gone before me, and that we may all meet at last on that beautiful shore. I wish that all of the little Hopes would pray for me. Your sister in Christ, MARY C. REYNOLDS.

BUTTE CITY, Deer Lodge Co., Montana,

July 16th, 1878.

Dear Brethren and Sisters:—My age is twelve years next month. I would like to be with you. I think there are no Saints here but ourselves. We all say our prayers at night. I have a sister who has not been baptized yet; she is ten years next month. I hope that you will pray for me and I will pray for you. MARY HANNAH BOWEN.

EMSWORTH, Penn., July 28th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I hoped that before I would write again I could say that I had been baptized, but I am sorry to say that I can not, although I intend to be as soon as I can; and I hope that will not be long. I wish some of the Elders who could make it convenient would come. I would like very much to have them do so. I was sorry to see no puzzles, and none answered in the last *Hope*, so I thought I would try my hand at an enigma, to see what I could do. May God bless you all is the prayer of

CORA A. RICHARDSON.

DEER CREEK, July 17th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am six years old. I intend to be baptized when I am old enough. I love to go to meeting and hear the Saints talk about the good Lord. I wish to do right, and my ma has learned me to pray. Your little friend, MARY RACHEL LOOMIS.

15 August 78.

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.

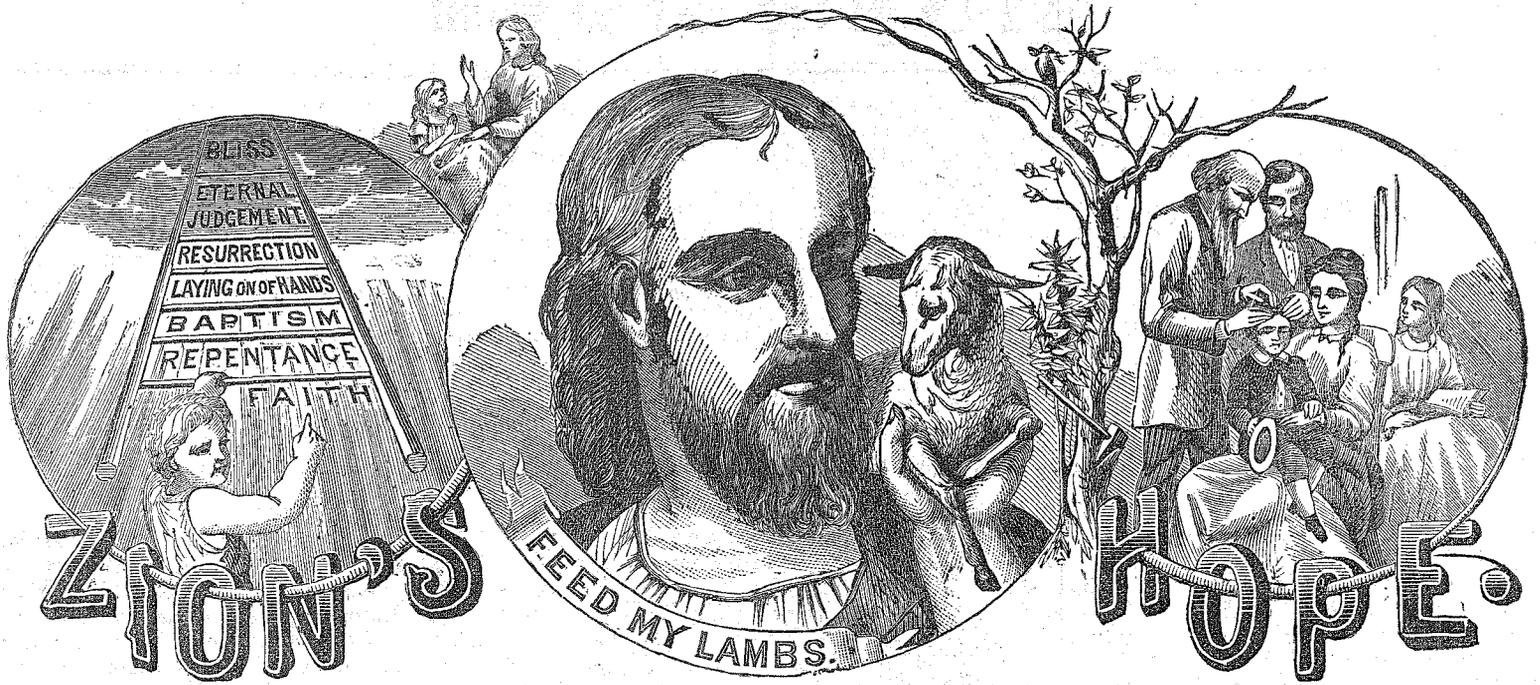
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden to swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
Then she teased and pouted full half a day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am school doesn't keep!"
And she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her the best?

WILD OATS.

IT is a common expression, when a young person is reckless and wild, not caring for anything but the gratification of foolish and sinful pleasures, that he is "Sowing his wild oats." This saying applies to girls as well as boys. I want to show you, that the sowing of wild oats is a dangerous and a pernicious practice, and it always results in misery, mental and physical. What are called "Wild oats," are having bad practices, acquiring bad habits, keeping evil company, using evil words, disobeying parents; in short, everything that is contrary to God's will, and that does not tend to benefit the person who practices them.

Now there is no necessity, for sowing wild oats, because they never benefit any one, and the necessity of a thing is proved by the benefits it confers; and where no real benefit is derived from a practice there can certainly be no necessity for the practice, hence to indulge in it is certainly a waste of time, and that is one of the most precious things God has given to man. If you want to know its value, go and stand by the bedside of some dying man, who has frittered away his life in vanity and folly, or in sowing wild oats, and who is now reaping the harvest, in a blasted life, a harrowed conscience, a wasted existence, and a hopeless end. He would give worlds, if he had them, to live that time again. He would tell you

that wealth, honor, fame and sinful pleasures were nothing, compared to that priceless boon—Time, time that will never return, for it is only given once to all; time, in whose casket is found all our golden opportunities; time, for which all mankind must account at the Great White Throne. Time, the full value of which eternity alone will reveal.

The sowing of wild oats, to say the least, is a waste of time and should never be indulged in, neither by the young nor by the old. Every act of disobedience to parents, every act of unkindness to brothers and sisters, or to any one else, every unkind look, every harsh, unkindly word, every foolish habit, every cruel act, every evil practice, of whatever name, whether upon yourself or others, all these are wild oats; and God has said "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

When you keep bad company, when you listen to evil counsel, when you drink in the poison of the flatterer, when you follow bad examples, when you spend your spare hours in foolish novel reading; in fine, whenever you love the things of the world more than the things of God, you are sowing wild oats, you are sowing to the flesh and God has said, "He who soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." There are tens of thousands of instances where sweet and lovely girls, who by nature were fit to grace and beautify any home, and were calculated to gladden every heart, have listened to the tempter, disobeyed fond parents, fostered evil passions in their own hearts, and yielded to their powers until they became an easy prey to the seducer and have been dragged by him into the disgusting paths of crime, where they have been hurled down to shame and contempt, and made a spectacle of misery and disgrace so terrible that my feeble pen cannot paint its horrid hues; and in this condition, shunned by men, avoided and despised by their own sex, and utterly unworthy of God's least mercies, they hide away in dens of infamy and have ended their miserable existence in filthy gutters or in the dark, pestilential slums of shame, without a friend to cheer, an eye to pity, or a heart to commiserate their woes. They have sown their wild oats, and if this is the beginning of their harvest, what shall the end be? They have sown the wind and they reap the whirlwind.

Sweet and darling Hopes, how is it with you to-day? Are you sowing wild oats? Would you like the harvest? "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap."

There are tens of thousands of instances where lovely boys, those who were once a mother's joy

and a father's pride, blest of God with every ability to shed a halo of gladness around their homes, and to get to themselves a name of honor and renown, as well as to bless their fellows and honor God, but who have fostered a spirit of self-will and of disobedience, who have cared nothing for a father's reproof or for a mother's tears, but loved the company of the disobedient, have frequented the seat of the scorner, have listened to the siren song of the tempter, until they yielded to the degrading examples of those who were steeped in crime, until they acquired habits that were degrading in their tendency, lest their love for truth, made lies their refuge, trained their eyes to covetousness and their hands to stealing, in order to pander to their degraded appetites, to their base passions and to their love of ease and pleasures, until their manhood was utterly lost in shame and disgrace. "Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them;" shunned by the pure, hated by their own class, objects of suspicion and distrust, despised by all and subjects of their own internal and undying shame, condemned to a felon's cell or to end their degraded lives in a murderer's doom, a spectacle of sin, hateful in the sight of heaven, despised by men and mocked by demons, they too have squandered their precious moments in sowing wild oats.

This is the beginning of their harvest; what shall the end be? "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." "They have sown the wind they shall reap the whirlwind."

Hopes of Zion, what are you sowing? Is pride of dress your hobby? Is disobedience to parents and to God your practice? Are you cultivating bad habits? Do you love the company of the vain? Do you love to read empty trash? Are your hearts set upon vain and foolish pleasures? Do you pander to your lusts? If so you are wasting your precious time, you are "sowing to the flesh and of the flesh you will reap corruption."

Do you know the meaning of the last word? Imagine all the evil you can, everything that is vile, hateful, loathing, destructive, and damning; everything that would make existence odious, unbearable and miserable; then add to it all the horrors of hell, all the misery of demons, and you have it wrapt up in that one word *corruption*. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life."

The path of truth, virtue, honor, and righteousness is the way of peace, blessedness, and eternal glory. Hear what God says:

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—Gal. 6: 7, 8.

If you love God, if you love your parents, if you love God's truth and seek to be clothed upon with his righteousness, you are sowing to the spirit, and your harvest shall be a glorious one, for you will be loved and admired, honored and trusted by the good here, and will be heirs of eternal life hereafter. Scatter not wild oats, but by blessed examples sow righteousness and truth, and may God strengthen you to fill the measure of your existence, is the earnest prayer, for all the Hopes of Zion, of

UNCLE CHARLES.

A RAFFLE FOR FREEDOM.

FROM a German sketch of American travel, Appleton's Journal translates the subjoined account of an incident alleged to have occurred on a Mississippi steamboat a short time before the war.

"I ascended the Mississippi," says the writer, "on a steamer on board of which were Judge J— and General K—, of Pennsylvania, with both of whom I was slightly acquainted.

'A hard set, these Natchez men,' said the captain, who met us on the cabin stairs. 'There's some of them down in the saloon playing a high game. How men can be such fools I could never see.'

'Let's go down and look on awhile,' suggested the judge.

In the saloon we found four men seated at a table, around which a crowd of spectators had gathered. The four were the 'heavy players.' The game was poker, and the money changed hands rapidly. We had not been looking on long, when one of the players, a middle-aged man, who I learned was a cotton planter, bet his last dollar against the hand of one of his antagonists. The latter showed four kings, while he had only four queens. He was 'cleaned out,' and rose as though he were going to leave the table.

'Are you broke, colonel?' asked one of the men.

'Dead,' was the laconic reply.

'Never mind; I'll lend you.'

'No; I can make a raise, I reckon. Here, Pomp!'

'Here, massa!' responded an old negro, as he emerged from one corner of the saloon.

'Bring that girl and her youngster here, that I bought in Natchez. Wait a few minutes, gentlemen. I'll raise some money.'

The old negro went on his errand and soon returned with the girl and her youngster. The girl proved to be a stately mulatto woman about thirty-five years old. Her youngster was a fine, intelligent boy, eleven or twelve years old, whose complexion showed him to be much more nearly allied to the white race than the black.

'Here, gentleman,' said the planter, as they entered; 'you see this girl and her boy—two as fine niggers as you can find anywhere. I paid eight hundred dollars for them yesterday, in Natchez. Who will give me six hundred for them?'

'Will you sell them separate?' asked some one.

'No, I can't do it. I promised not to. The girl swears she'll take her life if she's separated from her boy, and her old master said he was sure she'd keep her word. But don't you all see that the girl is worth more money than I ask for both of them? Come, who will give me six hundred for both?'

The planter waited a moment for a reply, and then said:

'Well, I must have some money. Come, what say you to a raffle—thirty chances at twenty dollars a chance? Out with your cash, gentlemen. The first on the list has the first throw!'

This proposition created a decided stir among all present. The three players led off by taking

three chances each. Their example was followed by the spectators, and twenty chances were taken as rapidly as the planter could write down the names and take the money. Then there was a slight pause. The planter himself now took two chances, and he was followed by his three fellow players, who each took one chance more. Finally three more chances were taken by the spectators, when the planter cried out:

'Two chances still, gentleman. Who will have them?'

General K— whispered something in Judge J—'s ear, and then went to the table and laid down two ten-dollar gold pieces.

'Name, sir, please.'

'Never mind the name. Put it down for the woman.'

'Eh—what! for the girl herself?'

'Yes, certainly; let's give her a chance.'

'All right! One for Ninette. And now—' 'That's for the boy,' said Judge J—, quietly, as he laid twenty dollars on the table.

'Good! bravo! bravo!' cried the planter and several of the bystanders. 'One for Tommy, which makes the thirty. Now gentlemen, let's see whom luck favors.'

The dice were brought and the throwing began. Each chance entitled the thrower to three throws. Thirty-six was the highest thrown until the holder of the eleventh chance threw. He scored forty-two. Then a less number was thrown, until number twenty-one scored forty-nine. The excitement became intense. Forty-nine was hard to beat; the highest throw possible being nine sixes—fifty four.

Again and again the dice rattled in the box, until it came to twenty-nine.

'Come, Ninette—it's your turn now!'

As the poor woman came forward, her hands crossed and pressed convulsively on her breast, it was truly painful to witness her agitation.

'Won't the gentleman that took the chance for me please throw?' she asked, in a low tremulous tone.

'No; let your boy throw,' replied the general; 'perhaps he would have more luck than I.'

'Come, Tom,' said the planter.

Tom came forward and picked up the box. The woman pressed her lips firmly together and clasped her hands, as if in prayer. The boy trembled like an aspen leaf, but shook the dice and threw—three!

For a moment he stared at the dice as though he could not believe his eyes, then he put down the box and stepped back pale and dejected.

'Come, Tommy, throw again,' urged the planter.

'It's no use, master; I couldn't throw forty-nine now.'

'True, true! But you have your own chance. Throw that.'

'Certainly,' said Judge J—, 'that one was your mother's. Now throw for yourself on the chance I gave you. Have a stout heart, my boy, and may heaven smile on you!'

Again the boy returned to the table and took up the box. He pressed his lips together, and did his best to control his trembling limbs.

Not a sound was to be heard in the saloon but the rattling of the dice. For a moment every man seemed to hold his breath.

He threw.

'Two fives and a six—sixteen!' said the planter, putting down the number, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd.

One of the bystanders gathered up the dice and put them in the box, and the boy threw again.

'Two sixes and a five—seventeen!'

The excitement knew no bounds, and the 'bravos' resounded on every side. The boy, as he took up the box for the third and last time, was as nearly colorless as it was possible for him to be with his yellow skin.

Out rolled the dice, and up came three sixes, which made fifty-one!

'Tommy, my boy, I congratulate you!' cried the planter. 'You are your own and your mother's master! Fill up the necessary papers, captain, and I will sign them. These gentlemen will be witnesses.'

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. In the general satisfaction, one of the roughest looking men in the crowd proposed a subscription for the freed negroes. The proposition was received with such favor that in less than five minutes fifty dollars were collected.'

MAGGIE AND THE MICE.

SELECTED BY SISTER S. A. ROSE.

CHAPTER II.—THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

MAGGIE'S new mother, Mrs. Ropes, was a lady in delicate health. She was not a widow, though as yet no mention has been made of her husband. He had gone to Europe for a few months, and had wanted her to accompany him; but, as she had already crossed the Atlantic twice, she preferred spending the winter quietly in her own house. Formerly Mrs. Ropes had been very active in visiting the poor and in relieving distress wherever she found it; but for some years her strength had not allowed her to do this. But recently one of her friends had adopted a little girl, and she was so delighted with her young charge that Mrs. Ropes resolved to follow her example, and, before her husband sailed, he visited several homes with her for orphans, but without finding a child altogether such as she wished. The week after Mr. Ropes left the country, she went with a friend to the Orphan Asylum where Maggie Ray had lived for four years. She sat for an hour in the school-room scanning eagerly one face after another, but without feeling her heart warm to any one in particular, without discovering one whom she wished to adopt, until suddenly a child entered the room, and advanced noiselessly to her seat.

'Maggie Ray,' called out the teacher, 'come to the desk.'

The little girl obeyed, casting shy glances at the visitors as she passed them.

'Why are you so late, Maggie?' asked the teacher.

'Nurse said I might hold the sick baby ma'am; but I learned all my lessons first.' She looked so sweet when she said this, her clear, honest eyes gazing full in the teacher's face, her cheeks flushed with pink, as she heard the sound of her own voice, that Mrs. Ropes wanted to take the child in her arms and kiss her.

As the little girl returned to her seat, she could not resist the inclination to pass her hand over the soft brown curls, and to say: 'I'm sure you're a good girl, Maggie.'

With a frank smile the child answered, 'I'm naughty sometimes ma'am; but I'm trying to be good.'

This fixed the half formed resolve to adopt the interesting little stranger. When, however, she mentioned her desire to the matron, a shade of regret crossed the lady's face.

'I wish you had chosen any other,' she said; 'Maggie has been here so long and is such a help with new girls. Indeed, she is such a pet with all, that the house would seem strange without her.'

'Do you know who her parents were?'

'Yes, her's is a sad story. Her mother married at sixteen a man twice her age, and with treble her fortune; but he failed in business and grew disheartened. She lost two children before Maggie was born, and by that time they had become very poor. In the time of the cholera a gentleman visited the infected district, in company with his physician, and found Maggie crying in an old garret; her father and mother both dead by the terrible disease. She was carried for a few months to the almshouse, where one of our committee saw her and removed her here.'

'Is she amiable in disposition?'

"She has a good deal of spirit, but can easily be managed through her affections. She has a warm, loving heart."

"Just the child I have been looking for. I have visited many asylums, but have never felt drawn to one child as I do to her. I must adopt Maggie."

The matron sighed. "I had hoped," she said, "to keep Maggie here for some years yet; I do not know how I can part with her, and yet I haven't a right to stand in her way. You will—"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Mrs. Ropes; "and I promise, God helping me, to train her as I would have trained my own child, had her life been spared. My husband has promised to make immediate provision for any orphan I may wish to adopt. He will rejoice that I have found one I can take to my heart. Now when can I see the committee?"

"Not before Monday; I will then state your desire to them."

"And say that I can not be disappointed. Shall I see Maggie and tell her of the change in her prospects?" "Not yet, it would only excite her needlessly, as she must stay till the committee have acted and the arrangements are completed."

Monday came at last; and the necessary papers were passed between Mrs. Ropes and the directors of the asylum. Maggie was then called up, and the matron, with tears in her eyes, told her that she was to leave them and go to live with the kind lady as her own child. At first she could scarcely realize it, and hung about the matron's neck, begging to stay, and crying bitterly. This pleased Mrs. Ropes, because it proved her to be loving and grateful; and she waited patiently while the matron explained to her why she was going away, and begged her to remember the instructions she had received. She waited too, while the little orphan flew to the school-room to bid her companions good-by; then to the nursery to give the sick baby one last hug and kiss; and at last to the kitchen where all the servants cried and wept over her by turns.

"Good luck go with ye wherever ye carry yer swate face," called out Bridget; wiping her eyes with her apron. And this was the way Maggie left her old home for her new one.

Continued.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

HOW touching is this tribute of Hon. T. H. Benton, to his mother's influence: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me never to gamble, and I have never gambled; I cannot tell who is losing in games that are being played. She admonished me too against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I have attained through life, I have attributed to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age, she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother."

SOME PEOPLE I KNOW.

I KNOW a boy who is troubled with ugly dreams during his sleep. He springs up in bed, and shouts to imaginary soldiers, who he thinks are helping him to fight the Indians. He reads "Nickle Library" and other stories, that ruin the mind. I know a people who are miserable, because they have few friends. The reason that their friends are so few is because they have always a very disagreeable way of saying very disagreeable things, about almost everybody, with whom they are acquainted. The remedy for both the above evils, is to quit those bad habits, and to pursue a different course. I know a sister in the church who attends dances, and

when reprov'd, she replies "I guess I have a right to dance if I want to, and it is nobody's business." "Hold! my sister; you have no right to make others unhappy for your own gratification. To sacrifice our own selfish and sinful desires and habits for the happiness of others, and for the good of Christ's cause is noble. Try it, and you will find a happiness you have never known."

I know a man who is always making blunders. All his work shows heedlessness. This is a constant source of trouble both to himself and others. The remedy we recommend is watchfulness, carefulness, and prayerfulness. H. S. D.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.

The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng.

Of human beings who passed her by,
None heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep;

Passed the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet,
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

A CHILD QUEEN.

ONCE upon a time, as our grandmothers say, there was a king called Richard II. This king had a wife whom he loved very dearly, and when she died he deeply lamented her loss. But you must know that sometimes kingdoms rule kings, as well as kings, kingdoms. Richard's people wished him to take another wife. Now Richard was as averse to bestowing his name and affection upon another, as one of you would be to go out into the world and choose another mother, after yours had been laid "sleeping" in the grave. So he essayed to please both himself and his kingdom, and married a little girl only nine years old. Just think of it! A little girl like yourself, or your younger sister, queen of England!

Little Isabel was the daughter of the king of France. She was both beautiful and good. Her eyes were gloriously large, and dark as black cherries, and her skin was as fair and bright as a

sunset on Winter drifts. The people of England, however, were not pleased to have her their queen. Her father and Richard were old enemies, and moreover she was too young to share the throne with an old monarch like Richard. It was like a dove mating with a lion.

"They tell me I shall be a great lady," she said gleefully. But she did not find the life of a queen so joyous as she anticipated. Richard was moody and full of business troubles, waking in the night to complain that "his bed was covered with blood." Still he was kind to the child, taking her in his arms at parting, and surrounding her with luxuries. She loved him very dearly, and when one day he kissed her and went away, and did not come to her again, she sorrowed greatly, and was frightened lest evil had befallen him.

Evil had befallen the unfortunate king. His own cousin, Henry of Bolingbroke, whose life Richard had thrice saved, ungenerously taking advantage of Richard's unpopular marriage, and other matters, had raised an army, won the people, and tore the crown from its lawful wearer. Richard was confined in a tower, fed on bread and water, not allowed to even bid little Isabel a last farewell, and at length, was cruelly murdered. Meantime, Isabel was hurried from place to place, kept in close confinement, a poor little imprisoned queen, and told nothing of Richard's dire misfortunes, until her little heart was like to break with fear and sorrow. She never saw her royal husband again. She did not even know he was dead, until long after his faithless people had taken their last look at his trouble-marked face.

Henry of Monmouth, the young and handsome son of her husband's false cousin, now became a suitor for the hand of Isabel. But she scorned him, and continued in deep mournfulness for her husband's death. How pitiful it seems, looking back into the dim annals of history, to think of a child widow, only thirteen years old!

Isabel returned to her own country, France, and afterward became the wife of her cousin, a celebrated French poet, whose verses upon her death are almost world renowned. Her last years were happy, and hope made her forget the dark and miserable days when she was a child prisoner in England, and wife of the unfortunate Richard II.

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN, the next afternoon, Mr. Johnson dropped into the hotel, and was shown to Mr. Mason's room, the latter showed no surprise; but, extending his hand, said, "I see that you have not forgotten me Mr. Johnson."

"No," replied he, "I have not. After parting with you last evening, I returned home. But I could not sleep for hours. My mind was so disturbed by the unlucky mistake we had made,—and—and, besides that I just got to looking at it differently; and so far as I am concerned, Mr. Percival may preach what he is a mind to; I'll not disturb him. It seems to me now, mighty mean business to mob a man just because you don't like his religion."

"Good, Mr. Johnson, I am really pleased to hear you say that; and now, so far as my part in your warfare was concerned, put it out of your mind, I am not harmed in the least, and we will let it drop right where it is."

"You see, Mr. Mason, I have never heard Mr. Percival, and don't know what he talks about, and for that reason, as I now think, I ought to say nothing about it; and then what I have heard comes from a few of our particularly pious folks, and they may have made the stories too large. They say that he is a Mormon, and Mormonism is every where opposed and derided, at least in this part; and so I thought I would help start him off, and I guess if I had not met you last night, I should have been for driving him away."

"Well, Mr. Johnson, your present views about the subject are certainly clear and correct. I

have myself, always been of the opinion that every man must be left free to his own choice, in a question of so much importance as his religion" should be; for it involves his destiny for time and for eternity. No one is so much interested in it as he is himself; and as no one but himself will suffer loss if he makes a bad or unwise choice, so no other ought to interfere. And how shall men decide as to what their choice shall be unless they hear what others think and believe, and why they so believe and think? You may be satisfied and pleased with your choice; hearing another might not change your views, might in fact make them stronger; while I, who have not yet made a choice might be helped, or altogether decided by what a man should say. I have listened to a great many and shall likely hear some others, including this Mr. Percival. If he has nothing worthy my notice, I will at least, have added to my knowledge of men and principles. If he has any truth I want it. So, I admire your present determination to let him preach on. How will the rest of your committee take your determination when they know what it is?"

Mr. Johnson at this question laughed a little, but said, "It will surprise some of them, but then, Mr. Percival will not be disturbed by them. They will lack a leader. I saw one of them as I came in and told him to have the others meet me at the corner of the lane where we struck the main road last night, and I would tell them something important to them. I feel stronger to tell them what I shall do, now that I have seen you. You are a stranger to me; but I do not feel as I do with most strangers. I don't want you to think I am a bad man."

"No, Mr. Johnson, I shall think only this, that influence improperly exerted misled you, before you took sufficient thought on the subject; and your views expressed to day, show that when your sense of right and wrong is enlisted you decide in favor of right. This is proof that you are not a bad man."

"Thank you. I feel humbled, Mr. Mason, by your plain speaking; I do not feel angered, but humbled that a stranger, one whom I have never seen before, should have found just occasion in me to give so stern a rebuke to me."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Mr. Mason, "I did not intend to wound you. I was only expressing what my thoughts were. I am sorry if I too bluntly stated them."

"No, no, sir, you said not a word amiss; it was only my own thoughts accused me. I feel differently than I would a week ago about the matter; but why I should have waited till a stranger by his presence taught me better views of man's duty to man, I am not able to tell."

Mr. Mason led the man's thoughts away from his chagrin, and soon had him interested in the business that brought him to Pentland. Mr. Johnson had lived in the region many years, and was acquainted with the farms he came to look after; so Mr. Mason succeeded in getting him to agree to go with him in a visit to them on the next day. After quite a chat they separated.

That night Mr. Mason went to the school-house to hear Mr. Percival. He found the preacher to be very much like the Mr. Percival whom he knew in his own town; indeed, at first he thought him to be the same; but a closer look showed him that he was not.

The subject was one upon which Mr. Mason had often heard men preach; but the views expressed were quite different; the subject was the responsibility of man. The house was full, but the service was unusually interesting; at least so it appeared from the close attention all paid to the speaker. He was quiet and earnest, at times quite impressive in his manner. His line of remark was about this, as gathered by Mr. Mason:

The responsibility of man to his God was like this: he owed to God the proper use of the faculties with which he had been endowed, in a service here upon the earth; that service was to be

performed in worship and praise to God, and in doing good to man while man lived; and in obedience to the commandments of God, by which a man was to be made free from sin. For this service God would give eternal life. Of course the preacher dwelt more distinctly upon each part of the subject but this was the sum of it. The sermon itself Mr. Mason might have heard elsewhere and it would possibly not have touched him; but, somehow, there was something peculiar about the man who spoke, that he had never seen in any other. He was so calm, so earnest and yet so evidently under strong influence; so decided and firm in what he said, that he filled the souls of the hearers with a sensation, as if they were listening to one from near the throne of God.

Mr. Mason determined before the close of the service to get an introduction to the preacher, and if practicable to have a chat with him.

At the door of the school house, as he was passing out, he met Mr. Johnson, who said gravely; "I could not stop away. I am going in to shake hands with Mr. Percival, and ask his pardon for what I contemplated doing to him. I see my responsibility much clearer than before. Will you go in with me?" Mr. Mason consented and the two passed into where Mr. Percival stood with his hat in his hand, speaking with two or three who had gone forward to see him. The two men went forward quite near to the group, and stopped. Mr. Percival looked up, and seeing them waiting as if desiring to speak with him, bowed to them and said, "Good evening, gentlemen; would you wish to see me?" Mr. Mason stepped forward and presenting Mr. Johnson, said, "Mr. Percival, permit me to introduce Mr. Johnson;" then turning to the latter said, "Mr. Johnson, Mr. Percival." He then stepped aside, and Mr. Johnson came up and shook hands with Mr. Percival, and in turn introduced Mr. Mason.

Mr. Johnson, at once proceeded to say, "Mr. Percival, I am here to apologize to you, as a minister for Christ, for a very unchristianlike deed to which I had given my consent. He then related the whole story of his intent to drive Mr. Percival away; and ended by asking pardon. Tears stood in the eyes of Mr. Mason and the rest as they listened.

Mr. Percival was silent a moment, then extending his hand grasped that of Mr. Johnson and said, "I freely pardon you Mr. Johnson, for any wrong you might have thought to do me; and all the more freely, as I can see how much it has cost you, in feeling, to make this statement to me. Please forget the circumstances, for I doubt not God will more freely pardon than I can do."

The two shook hands a moment in silence looking each other in the eyes; when Mr. Mason relieved the embarrassment by remarking, "I am at the hotel for a few days; when could I see you for an hour's chat, on the subject of religion?" To this Mr. Percival replied that his evenings were occupied but that he was at Mr. Mason's opportunity at any time during the day. He made an appointment for a day or two in advance; and as the man who looked after the house waited to put out the lights and close the doors they bade each good night and left the house; each going his respective way.

THE DIAMONDS AND MAGPIE.

A NOBLE lady had ordered a jeweler to make her a beautiful gold ornament, and had given him several valuable diamonds to put in it. Robert, his apprentice, was delighted with the lovely stones, and often admired them. Suddenly the jeweler missed two of his best diamonds. He suspected his apprentice of the theft, and searched his room, where he found the precious stones hidden in a hole in the wall. Robert assured him that he had not taken the diamonds, but his master flogged him, said that he deserved putting in prison and turned him away.

The next day another diamond was missing, and the jeweler found it in the same hole. Now he watched carefully to try and discover who hid the precious stones there. A magpie, which the apprentice had tamed, alighted on the work-table, took a diamond in its beak, and carried it to the hole in the wall.

The jeweler was then very sorry that he had unjustly suspected the poor boy. He took him back again and treated him very kindly, and was careful in future how he judged others.

"Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry."

LET none stand idle, waiting until all are ready; but let each begin with whatsoever his hands find to do, and he shall not long labor alone. If your Sunday School is needing help, give it yours at once, and others will soon follow. One glowing coal, blown upon from heaven, may soon kindle a heap of dead ones.

Correspondence.

DEXTER CITY, Noble County, Ohio,

July 31st, 1878.

Dear Brethren and Sisters:—We are still striving to live faithfully and to prove true to the cause, which we know is the work of God. If all the young Hopes would only contemplate aright the privileges they have in Christ, and be more self-sacrificing, more kind and affectionate to each other, as the Saints are commanded to be in the Scriptures, it would save them many trials. Brother Hogue and other Saints have been out to our house, and we had a good time, having preaching both in the forenoon and in the afternoon, and when we went home we had a prayer and testimony meeting, and we enjoyed the Spirit. I was at the Monroe county branch, and went to Church once. There are some good Saints there. Your sisters in the cause of Christ,

LIZZIE WIPER,
IDA COLEMAN.

DOWVILLE, Iowa, August 9th, 1878.

Dear Readers of the *Hope*:—I love to read the letters in the *Hope*. I was baptized when I was twelve years old. I go to School this summer. My studies are, history, spelling, arithmetic and geography. Your sister in the love of the truth,

EFFIE J. RUDD.

DOWVILLE, Iowa, August 9th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—It has been some time since I wrote to you. We have a nice Sunday School here. Brother Clarence Wilder is the superintendent. "The Pearly Gates" is our song book. I think "Why Not Now?" and "What I'll Do," are very nice stories. Yours truly,

I. M. RUDD

CAMERON, Mo., July 15th, 1878.

Dear Little Hope:—I am but nine years old. I belong to the Church. I was baptized July 7th, by Elder J. M. Terry. There were two other little girls baptized at the same time; also brother and sister Simmons. It would be nice for all the little Hopes to meet in Zion. I want you all to pray for me. Your sister in Christ,

MATTIE P. BOZARTH.

1 September 78.

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 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.

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

LOVE EACH OTHER.

Little children, love each other,
Kind and good and gentle be;
Brother should be kind to brother,
Sisters should in love agree.
Love your playmates, try to please them;
Let no thing be said or done,
Which would hurt or tease or vex them,
Or would injure any one.

Quarrel not, but love each other,
And be ready to forgive,
Let each sister and each brother,
Seek in love and peace to live;
Not in word and tongue love merely,
But in deed with heart and mind,
Show you love them truly, dearly;
Both in word and act be kind.

Little children, love each other,
Show true love to great and small;
Love your father and your mother,
And love God the most of all.
God is love; and he has told you
If you try to live in love
Then will he with love behold you,
And will bless you from above.
Selected by ELLA FLANDERS.

OUR TRIP TO NIAGARA.

ALL of my little readers have no doubt heard of the wonderful cataract and falls of Niagara—one of the "Nine wonders of the world," as it is called. On the 8th of August last, having an invitation to accompany some excursionists on a visit to this point, your writer gladly availed himself of the opportunity to see this wonderful work of nature. We boarded the train at Greenville, Pennsylvania, five minutes past six in the morning, and after a pleasant, though dusty ride of two and a half hours, arrived at the city of Erie, on Lake Erie, and sixty three miles from where we started. Although but little could be seen from the cars, yet from what we did see we thought it a beautiful city. Here we stopped only long enough to take on another coach full of excursionists, and to change our Erie & Pittsburgh Engine for one of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, for we were now on that road. Our train now numbered thirteen coaches and one baggage car, and no empty seats, in all about twelve hundred persons. We left Erie about eight forty-five and were soon gliding along that splendid road. The morning was clear and a pleasant air reached us as we went smoothly along,

and we noticed quite a change on this road, it being free from dust and cinders that had occasionally rained down upon us on the other road, but there we had two engines to make the dust &c., and having a number of grades to ascend, and a heavy train to draw, it naturally caused more of it.

We passed rapidly through many charming towns on the Lake Shore road, catching occasional glimpses of the Lake, with sailing and steam vessels here and there dotted over its surface, though so far away that but little could be seen of them. We made a short stop at Dunkirk, another pleasant looking city, and the wheels of our coaches were tested to see if all were right and then away again, passing Angola, the scene of such a fearful accident a year or so since, looking quiet and peaceful enough now, and with nothing to evidence the fact that such terrible suffering and destruction had ever occurred there. A few miles west of Buffalo we passed the Indian Reservation, a tract some twelve miles long and about one mile wide extending to the edge of the lake. The land appeared to be good, and as we passed along we observed some of the Indians at work putting up their hay. Many of the houses looked comfortable, but had a rather neglected appearance, and seemed to lack the cleanly thrift we see around so many of the farm houses in this state. We were informed that they, like nearly all of their race, were too fond of "fire water." In the winter they employ their time in making ax handles, etc., which they carry to a village opposite their reservation, about midway, and trade for whiskey. They are to be pitied more than blamed. It is the men who make, and the men who sell the vile stuff that are to be condemned, and they surely will receive their reward; but what a fearful one it will be.

We soon arrived in sight of Buffalo, which has the appearance, as you approach it from the west, of standing out in the lake. When you first catch sight of it you are away to the right of it, and it does not look from the direction in which the train is running that it went within several miles of that city; but, after running a few miles more the road takes a long curve, and runs into the Union Depot, where the road ends, this city being the eastern terminus. However, our train was not run into the Union Depot, but went straight through to the depot of the New York Central and Hudson River Rail Road in East Buffalo, where the Lake Shore engine was exchanged for one of N. Y. C. & H. R. road, it being a branch of that road that was to take us to Niagara. We were now forty-four miles from Erie and twenty-two miles from Niagara. After

a short delay we were again on the way—running along side of the Niagara River, a noble stream, which begins at Buffalo and flows from Lake Erie down past the falls and empties into Lake Ontario. This river has a rapid current, and about half way between Buffalo and Niagara is said to run at the rate of nine miles an hour. Among the pretty places we passed was Tonawanda, N. Y., containing about four thousand inhabitants. We made no stops at any of these places, it being a special train. About five or six miles from the falls we passed through the fruit growing section, a beautiful country, and containing the finest looking young orchards we ever beheld. Many acres of fine looking trees well trimmed and evenly planted, the rows, I should judge, being about twelve or fifteen feet apart. We could only see two kinds, apple and peach; it was a pleasure to look at these orchards. At several of the towns there were vessels loading and unloading, for though we had left the lake at Buffalo, yet the Niagara River is a small lake of itself, broad and deep so that large vessels have no trouble in passing over it.

To be Continued.

GOLDEN RULES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE persons who first sent these rules to be printed says truly, if any boy or girl thinks it would be hard to keep so many of them in mind all the time, just think also what a happy place it would make of home if you only could.

1. Shut every door after you and without slamming it.
2. Never shout, jump or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons up stairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do, or not to do a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not of those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table, or in the parlor with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last and best friend be your mother.

"THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS."

"THE Bridge of Sighs!" What kind of a bridge is that? I think I hear the little Hopes inquire.

I will tell you. In one of the largest cities of our country (New York) is a great prison enclosed by high walls, around which sentinels constantly stand guard. In the center of the main part of the building, are the offices of the Superintendent, the clerk, and the wardens. Passing up one flight of stairs, you come at length to a door opening out upon a bridge, connecting this with the wing opposite, in which are several long rows of iron-grated cells.

The poor unfortunates who are detected in crime, are committed for safe keeping to the different stations or watch houses of the city, from whence they are collected in what is called the Black Maria, and carried to the prison, where they are locked up in cells until their trial; or, if then condemned, where they are remanded to await their execution or to suffer the penalty of the law.

When the Black Prison Van reaches the prison it sometimes contains twenty-five or thirty prisoners, stowed into a space that can scarcely accommodate as many sheep. These, under a strong guard of police, are conducted up over the wide staircase to the Police Court, which is in the main building, and then, if condemned, through the outer door, across "The Bridge of Sighs," into their cells.

How much agony and remorse, how many sighs of regret for the past, how many forebodings, how much looking for judgment in the dark future, what a world of sorrow, what an ocean of tears that bridge has witnessed, no pen can describe, no imagination can fancy.

Never was name more appropriate than that inscribed in large capitals on the front of this arch, "The Bridge of Sighs." To many a poor youth just entering life, but yielding to some of the many temptations with which the city abounds, to many a maiden decoyed perhaps with a few honied words from the path of virtue, and then left to plunge more boldly into crime, to many a gray haired man, old in sin, but too cunning to be earlier detected; to fathers and mothers, to husbands and wives, to sons and daughters, this bridge, separating one as it does, from all the relations of home and friends, those things which render life dear, has proved indeed a bridge of sighs.

On the other side of the arch is a text of Scripture which here finds a most apt and impressive illustration "The way of transgression is hard." Oh, how many convicts, crossing that bridge, leaving liberty and light and hope behind them, and plunging into darkness and despair, have echoed those inspired words. Here at last the Sabbath breaker, the reviler of God, the blasphemer, the thief, the adulterer, the murderer, each in his turn has felt the force of the sentiment, and from the depths of his soul, "The way of transgressors is hard." If we could trace the history of those who have passed over this dreadful bridge, what a volume of admonition it would form, not only for the young, but for persons in riper years. The Rev. T. F. Richmond, five years city missionary in New York, reports that the great majority of the convicts, by their own confession, began their career of crime in Sabbath breaking, disobedience to parental authority or from truancy, from which they passed, almost without a qualm of conscience, to petty acts of vice at which the too indulgent parents sometimes winked. One kind of education, sometimes called street education, is prolific of crime. The child of wealth and refinement, and so, too, the children of those in moderate circumstances, are here brought into intimate companionship with profanity and vulgarity at which their parents would shudder. From hearing profane words it is easy to learn to speak them, and thus the mind is corrupted, the moral sense blunted, until at

length the man becomes a convict and finds his way across "The Bridge of Sighs."

CHESTER, Pa.

WILLIAM STREET.

THE PAPER DIME.

IT was collection day, and Will had forgotten his contribution. There was the good superintendent with the hat in his hand, coming straight to their class, and he had'n't a penny in his pocket.

"Here, take this," said Tom Rider thrusting into his hand what seemed to be a silver dime.

Will was very grateful—so grateful that he did not see the knowing look in Tom Rider's eyes.

"It's real clever of Tom," he said to himself as he dropped the supposed money into the hat. "I'll take a dime to school to-morrow and return it to him."

After school, however, Tom thinking it too good a joke to keep, told him that he was "sold," that what had seemed to be a dime, was nothing but a round bit of pasteboard, such as hunters use in loading guns. Will was indignant, but the echo of his teacher's voice was still in his heart, and putting his hands behind him, he hurried away without a word.

Not long after, the superintendent was surprised to see Will walk into the room and lay a silver dime upon the desk.

"I was afraid you'd think you had some mighty mean boy in school," he said, as he made the explanation, but he did not tell who the "mean boy" was.

"God bless you for your honesty," said the superintendent, when Will had finished. And the next Sunday, at the close of the usual exercises he told the school the story of the paper dime. It seemed a trifling thing, he said; but the boy who would cheat in such a way, would be very likely, by and by, to commit larger and more serious frauds, while he who was honest in such small matters would surely make an honest man.

There were no names mentioned, but Tom Rider's sheepish face told plainly enough who was the giver of the counterfeit, and so thorough was his repentance, that no one ever heard of his doing the like again.

MAGGIE AND THE MICE.

SELECTED BY SISTER S. A. ROSE.

CHAPTER III.—THE PROUD GIRL.

MAGGIE was nine years old. This fact had been ascertained from a pocket Bible found on a chair near the couch where her father and mother lay in the embrace of death. This Bible Mrs. Ropes received from the matron when she took Maggie home, the only link to her past life. It was astonishing, even to Mrs. Ropes herself, how quickly the days and weeks flew by, now that she had an object of interest. Maggie every day discovered some new charm. She was so frank, truthful, and conscientious; so full of life and energy; so grateful and affectionate. In the midst of her plays, she would leave her dear dolly in its cradle, and run many times in an hour to kiss her dear mamma, who loved her ardently, and was making her so happy. The lady suffered greatly from debility. She was often obliged to pass whole days on the sofa; and then little Maggie was her nurse.

"O mamma," she said one morning as she entered the chamber and found Susy carrying a cup of tea to the bed, "I'm so sorry you're sick again;" but presently she added in a whisper, "I'm not wholly sorry mamma. Is it wicked for me to be just a little mite glad?"

She looked so anxious as she asked the question, that Mrs. Ropes could not help smiling, and she looked at her inquiringly and said, "why are you glad I'm sick, Maggie?"

"Because I can have you all to myself. If

those dressed-up ladies call, Susy will tell them you can't go down; and I'll take such nice care of you." Here she gave a little hop of delight, "I'll smooth your hair real softly; and I'll walk on tiptoe, just so," stepping daintily on her toes like a fairy, "and I'll bring you whatever you want."

"You are my darling child," exclaimed the lady, kissing her, "and you are the best little nurse I ever had."

Maggie stood thoughtfully by the bedside while Mrs. Ropes sipped her tea and ate a piece of crisp toast. She was evidently in deep thought, and her mamma did not want to disturb her. At last, when the waiter had been taken away, she sighed as she said,—"O, I wish I could read well enough!"

"What do you mean, my dear, by that?"

"O mamma, I was thinking how nice it would be if I could read as well as a lady, Then I'd get the Bible, and we would have prayers, you know!"

"I think, my love, that you can read well enough for that! Or you may repeat the beautiful psalm you learned last Sabbath."

So Maggie commenced the words, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Afterwards she sang one of the hymns she had learned in the Asylum; and then, kneeling down, she offered her simple prayer, adding to it a petition for her mother's speedy recovery to health. Mrs. Ropes' heart was full.

"How did I ever live without her?" she asked herself many times that day. Truly her giving an orphan a home had been returned an hundred fold.

But the day began so peacefully was destined to have some trials. Toward noon Mrs. Ropes told Susy to take Maggie out for a walk, and in the meantime do an errand to the store. They were gone but an hour, when the servant re-entered the chamber alone.

"Where's Maggie?" eagerly inquired the lady.

"In the parlor, ma'am."

No more was said, but after waiting half an hour more, Mrs. Ropes' wonder at the child's delay in coming to her increased so much she rang the bell.

"Where is Maggie?"

Susan's face flushed; I've been trying to coax her to come up here, ma'am, but she only shakes her head and sobs the more."

"Sobs! what is she crying for?"

"I'd rather she'd tell you herself."

"Tell her I want to see her."

Susan went down, prepared to carry Maggie up, if she did not readily obey; but, to her surprise, the child had scarcely heard the message when she darted up stairs, and was presently hiding her burning face in her mother's pillow. For a long while her sobs were so violent that she could not speak. Mrs. Ropes waited patiently, only passing her hand softly over her silken hair, when she burst out,—

"O mamma! I've been so naughty, I'm afraid God won't let me be your little girl any longer, I've—" here she began to sob again.

"Tell me all about it, darling," whispered the lady soothingly, and you will feel better.

"Well mamma," and the child resolutely controlled her tears, "Susy put on my prettiest coat, and I had my little muff. I met Rosalinda from the Asylum, and a new girl with her. I felt proud of my nice clothes, and I—oh dear! I'm so sorry, I acted very foolish and wicked."

"Tell me all, Maggie; I hope you weren't unkind to your old companions."

"Yes, I was; Rosa said 'There's Maggie Ray,' and she looked real glad; but I told her my name isn't Maggie Ray now, 'It's Maggie Ropes; and my mamma's the richest lady you ever saw.' Then I said, 'See my pretty muff;' and told her I had lots and lots of nice playthings. Rosa grew very red, 'Your name ought to be Miss Proud,' she said; you're so puffed up. I'll go home and tell the Matron you're ashamed of your

old friends at the Asylum.' Then I was angry, and put out my hand to strike her, 'you shan't tell her so,' I said; and then Susy took my hand and pulled me along. O, O! I'm so sorry I am!"

Continued.

KEEP YOUR HONOR BRIGHT.

A BOSTON lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy, who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer had a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and is, moreover, a methodical man. So pulling out a large drawer, he exhibited his stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me two shillings for that?"

The boy looked at the paper doubtfully a moment, and offered fifteen-pence.

"Done," said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag of the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the mighty mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

"No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes sir."

"Very well; if you consider your note is good, I'd just as soon have it as the money; but if it isn't good, I don't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen-pence, which the boy signed ligibly, and lifting the bag of papers, trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow returned, and producing the money announced that he had come to pay his note.

"Well," said the lawyer "this is the first time I ever knew a note to be taken up the day it was given. A boy that will do that is entitled to note and money too;" and giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and a happy heart.

The boy's note represented his honor. A boy who thus keeps his honor bright, however poor he may be in worldly things, is an heir to an inheritance which no riches can—the choice promises of God.

THE THREE SIEVES.

"MAMMA," cried little Blanche Phillips, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Phillips, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, *is it true?*"

"I suppose so: I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, *is it kind?*"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was. I would not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And, *is it necessary?*"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue. If we can't speak well, speak not at all."

A WORD TO YOUNG LADIES.

WE wish to say a word to you, young ladies, about your influence over young men. Did you ever realize that you could have any influence over them? We believe that a young lady, by her constant, consistent, Christian example, may exert an untold power. You do not know the re-

spect, and almost worship, which young men, no matter how wicked they may be themselves, pay to a consistent, Christian lady, be she young or old. A gentleman once said to a lady who boarded in the same house with him, that her life was a constant proof of the truth of the Christian religion. Often the simple request of a lady will keep a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case very frequently; and young men have been kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from chewing, just because a lady whom they respected, and for whom they had an affection, requested it. A tract given, an invitation to go to church, a request that your friend would read the Bible daily, will often be regarded when more powerful appeals from other sources would fall unheeded upon his heart.

LITTLE ALLIE'S FAITH.

ON the evening of July 21st, I had been preaching at Reeder's Mills, in Harrison county, Iowa, and tarried for the night with brother Thomas Wilkins of that place. On the Monday my wife and daughter, Pearl, and little granddaughter, came to fetch me home with the buggy, and were persuaded to stay and make a visit. The next morning sister Wilkins was taken very ill with violent pains in her stomach and chest, and seemed to suffer terribly, and in fact she felt that she could not live. My little granddaughter five years old, was standing by the suffering woman's couch listening to her groans and cries of pain, when she placed her little dimpled hand in that of the sufferer, and with eyes full of pity looked her in the face, saying:

"Aunty don't you want to be administered to?"

The childish accents penetrated the woman's heart with all the force of a rebuke from heaven, and filled her with shame to think that she, who had so long professed faith in God, could not in the hour of need muster sufficient faith to claim God's promise. For a moment shame rendered her silent; but, seeing the little pleading eyes still looking up into hers, and feeling the pressure of that dimpled hand waiting for an answer, she mustered courage to say: "Yes, darling, I do."

Instantly little Allie came into another room where I was, laid her hand on my arm to attract my attention, and, with an earnest look in her face, said "Pa, wont you come and administer to Aunty?"

I replied, "Yes, darling, if she wishes me to."

"Well she does," was the answer.

I spoke to brother Wilkins, and we went to the bedside of the sufferer, bowed in fervent prayer and administered the ordinance for the healing of the sick. The relief was but temporary. Soon we administered again and she soon began permanently to amend, and last Sabbath after meeting in the place where I am now sitting, sister Wilkins assured me that she had no relapse and could never forget the rebuke she felt, expressed in the pleading but confiding accents of that little child for her want of faith. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfect praise."

C. DERRY.

DISSATISFIED BOYS.

TO the boy who has become dissatisfied with his home and its wholesome restraints; who thinks he is hindered from being all he could be; who thinks the family are no help to him, who speaks of father and mother as "old man" and "old woman," who is determined to leave home whether they are willing or not—allow me to say in all kindness, you are getting yourself into bad shape. Such thoughts are poison; if you continue to cherish them no one will suffer more than yourself. Nothing, absolutely nothing, can be done to better your condition while you are in such a frame of mind. As has been said before, in order to be successful you will have to move

with much caution, all the good counsel your family can give you will be so much clear gain. So let me entreat you to get rid of the thought that they are willing to be all that you may be. When you go among strangers you will find for a long time that the community have only taken you on trust. There may be nothing wrong about you, we will allow that you are all right, but some one has said that "confidence is a plant of slow growth," so you see, if you go among strangers you must for awhile stand before the people "on trial." If the time ever comes when good men are obliged to "let go of you," it will be a sad day for you.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

"SIR," said a lad coming down to one of the wharves, and addressing a well known merchant, "Sir, have you any birth for me on board your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered once in school for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard the vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a wood pile, and can bridle his tongue, must be made of good stuff."

SHORT LESSON IN PHYSIOLOGY.

THE backbone is a wonderful piece of work, showing design, wisdom and skill in the Creator, who made your body. It is composed of twenty-four little flat, round pieces of bone, each one of which is called a *vertebra*. Now, every two of these little bones have between them a piece of *gristle*, not so soft as flesh, and not so hard as bone, placed there to protect the bones from rubbing together, and to enable them to move easily upon each other. And there is another important fact in relation to these twenty-four little bones in your spine (or backbone). As they lie each upon the other and form one *curved* bone extending from the head to the hips, the inside surface next to the vital organs is entirely smooth, while the outside is covered with rough edges, or little bony hooks. Now why is one side of the backbone smooth and the other side rough? Because the inside must come in contact with the bowels and some of the organs which support your life, and if this side were rough, as the other side is, it would tear the parts in pieces and destroy your life. And the rough points on the outside are made so on purpose, to fasten the muscles of the body, so that the twenty-four separate bones in this large bone may be firm, as well as easily bent.

Still another remarkable fact to be mentioned in relation to the backbone is, that each one of its pieces has a hole through its middle part, and when all these pieces are in their places, one upon the other, there is a hole through the entire spine, like the hole in a gunbarrel, only the one is bent and the other is straight. Now I want you to remember another curious fact. The spinal marrow, a soft substance like the brain in your head, runs all the way through the backbone, and with the brain, is really the seat of life. If this spinal cord should be bruised in the back of the neck, you would die instantly; if it should be severely bruised in the small of the back, all that part of your body below that point would die at once, and there would never again be any feeling in your lower extremities. So you see how curious, delicate and important is this backbone, with what it contains. And you would naturally sup-

pose, in running and jumping and twisting, as you do in your play, you would injure this spinal marrow. But very few accidents of this kind occur, because you are "fearfully and wonderfully made." Yes, you were made to play and jump, and enjoy yourselves, and activity is the very means of your growth and health, as well as of your youthful enjoyment. If anybody tries to prevent you from running, and tumbling, and laughing and singing, as children do, at proper times, that person is your enemy, and should be banished to some country where no children live! Your sportiveness is your life; it is your right; it is your duty, and God has not only made you capable of such enjoyment physically and mentally, but He has made you capable of developing into men and women, in no other way.

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. MASON accompanied by Mr. Johnson, made the tour of the farms, the next day, and had much pleasant chat on the way. Mr. Johnson seemed much pleased with the trip; and, as he had been especially useful in helping Mr. Mason find the lands he was in search of, the pleasure was mutual. Before separating Mr. Johnson informed Mr. Mason in regard to the result of his interview with his friends, who were with him the night that Mr. Mason was arrested by them.

Said he, "When they all came together, I told them plainly, just what I told you, that I was sorry of my part in the matter, and what I had done and was going to do. At first there was some disposition to murmur, one man especially, thought I was proving to be a traitor to them; but when I talked to them awhile longer they agreed that I was right, but they thought Mr. Percival ought to be made to go, right or wrong, anyway. So far as my being a traitor was concerned, I said to them, that I was under no pledge; and if I was, that my feelings had changed, and I would not aid in injuring the preacher; nor would I see it done, either. This determined the matter, for none of them can afford to quarrel with me," and he laughed as he said it. Mr. Mason's interview with Mr. Percival took place on the Friday afternoon, and was a great surprise to the former. He began, lawyer like, to ask the preacher questions, and wound up by listening intently to the preacher's statement

"Mr. Percival, in your discourse upon the responsibility of man, I saw nothing to seriously object to; nor did I see much that was in any way different from the faith of many others. I am a seeker after truth, and a believer in the Bible, but am not a member of any church. Now, what I want to know is, what you believe and teach concerning the gospel of the New Testament, we shall not disagree in regard to God, nor Jesus Christ, the Redeemer; but I expect we will about the gospel.

The preacher smiled, but said, "It is to be hoped that our differences may not be of such a nature as to annoy either. But is not the gospel, good news. That is the usual definition given, why should we object to that?"

"I do not object to the idea that the gospel is good news; or that good news reaches man through the gospel. I had hoped that you might have some other idea of it than I have heard from others." And Mr. Mason said this in a sort of disappointed tone.

"Well, well, Mr. Mason, suppose I tell you that I accept and believe the gospel of the New Testament literally, and as if it were written, or spoken directly to me, personally; would that be in harmony with the good news idea of it, as usually declared?"

"Yes, partially so. But, as I do not grasp your idea fully, you must pardon me for asking. Do you mean to say that you take the commands in a literal sense?"

"Yes Mr. Mason, that is just what I mean to say; that the gospel commands are to be literally accepted, and the promises will be as literal in their application."

"Well," said the lawyer, "that opens a train of thought."

"Do you not believe that when John the Baptist came preaching to the Jews, telling them that he was sent of God to warn them of the wrath to come, and commanding them to be baptized, that he was declaring the 'way of the Lord; as stated by Mark and Luke?"

"Wait, Mr. Percival, and I will get my Scriptures, and look up the reference."

"Mark 1st chapter, and Luke 1st," suggested Mr. Percival.

Mr. Mason turned to the places and read, and Mr. Percival waited quietly. At length the reader said "Yes, I believe that."

"Well, when did the 'way of the Lord' change?"

"Ah! sighed Mr. Mason, that is what I want to know; when did his way change? For changed it seems it is."

"No, my friend. The way and ways of the Lord, have not changed, and one part of this good news is the fact that his way is the same, though men's ways have changed. And when Mark declares that John came to prepare the way before him, in fulfillment of the word, 'The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight;' he gives a clue to all the work of Christ that followed; and was no meaningless message. The command was an imperative one, and upon it depended their light, truth and life. If they refused, they 'rejected the counsel of God against themselves; not being baptized with John's baptism.'"

"Ah, I see," said Mr. Mason, "You mean that baptism was one of the ways of the Lord declared by John."

"Certainly, we are warranted in believing it was of heaven."

"The baptism of John was only for the Jews. How then can you join our gospel plan, if we have any plan, with John's baptism?"

"Just this way. Jesus came to John's baptism; and when he demanded to be baptized, John, you know, refused to accede to his demand. But Jesus overcame, his objections by saying, 'Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness.' This is the same as if he had said, John, you and I have been sent of God to be teachers; and in order that we teach acceptably to Him, and savingly to men, we must ourselves honor the law He sent us to teach, we must therefore righteously submit to baptism, and I shall now do so, and you must baptize me. There can be no question but that in a similar way, all men must fulfill the same law of righteousness. I can see no force in the words of Christ when he says, 'Come, follow me,' if we are not to do in a similar way to what he did. Besides this, by recognizing John's authority, Jesus admitted that God had sent and endowed John, and so bore witness of it. This makes the fact of God requiring John to preach baptism as one part of the 'way of the Lord,' and Jesus to submit to it as the great example, as well as to teach it afterward, very clear. Now this is evident, that it was so then and there, whatever we may think of it as being for us now."

Mr. Percival's face had gradually lighted up as he spoke, until it fairly glowed with his earnestness.

To this Mr. Mason, after a moment's thought, objected, "But, Mr. Percival, this baptism you have been talking of was John's baptism, and not the baptism that the gospel requires, if any is required."

"I know," continued the preacher "that this is objected, and supposed likely that you would present it. But please answer Christ's own question 'John's baptism, was it of heaven, or of

men?' If it was of heaven, the objection fails; because the wisdom of the heavenly host can not be at fault in what it demands of men; and there must be a close relation between the two baptisms. But as I must go now, we will renew our chat on the morrow."

UNCLE J.

To be continued.

NEBRASKA CITY SABBATH SCHOOL.

REPORT of the Zion's Hope Sunday School of Nebraska City, for the quarter ending June 30th, 1878:

Held eleven sessions. Total attendance 312; number of verses recited 208; amount of cash collected \$4.59.

Average attendance of 28 4.11; of verses recited 18 10.11; of amount collected 41 8.11 cents. The school lacks interest on the part of the parents, but we have good material in the way of Teachers and Scholars, as far as they go.

J. W. WALDSMITH, Secretary and Librarian.

Rise, son of Righteousness arise!
With healing in thy wings,
Illums these long benighted skies,
And show us better things;
Make straight and plain the way of peace,
Thy captive children free;
Let truth and peace, and joy increase,
On earth continually.

WHAT NEDDY REMEMBERED.—I knew a blessed lady to whom God had sent no children; so she took five orphan little ones as her own. At her death they were scattered in new homes, and Neddy, six years old, came to bid me good-bye. "A good many things mother taught me I 'spose I'll forget," said he. "I'm so little. But one thing I shall remember." "What is it, Neddy?" "She told me 'fore I 'lowed myself to think of anybody's badness, to stop and think real hard to see if I didn't have some badness, too."

Correspondence.

SOLDIER, Monona Co., Iowa.

August 12th, 1878.

Dear Hope:—With pleasure I write to you. As I was looking over the paper the other day I noticed that a prize was offered to the Hope who had recited the most verses this year up to August 1st; and so I thought I would send my report. I have recited this year up to July 28th, 1878, 1,121 verses.

Our Sabbath School, the Union Center, commenced March 24th, 1878. I love to go to Sabbath School. I think it is much better than running around fishing or hunting with bad boys who fight and swear. We have a good Sabbath School. Mr. J. M. Putney is superintendent, and he is a good one too. Yours,
J. E. MONTAGUE.

15 September 78.

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 SAINTS' HERALD.

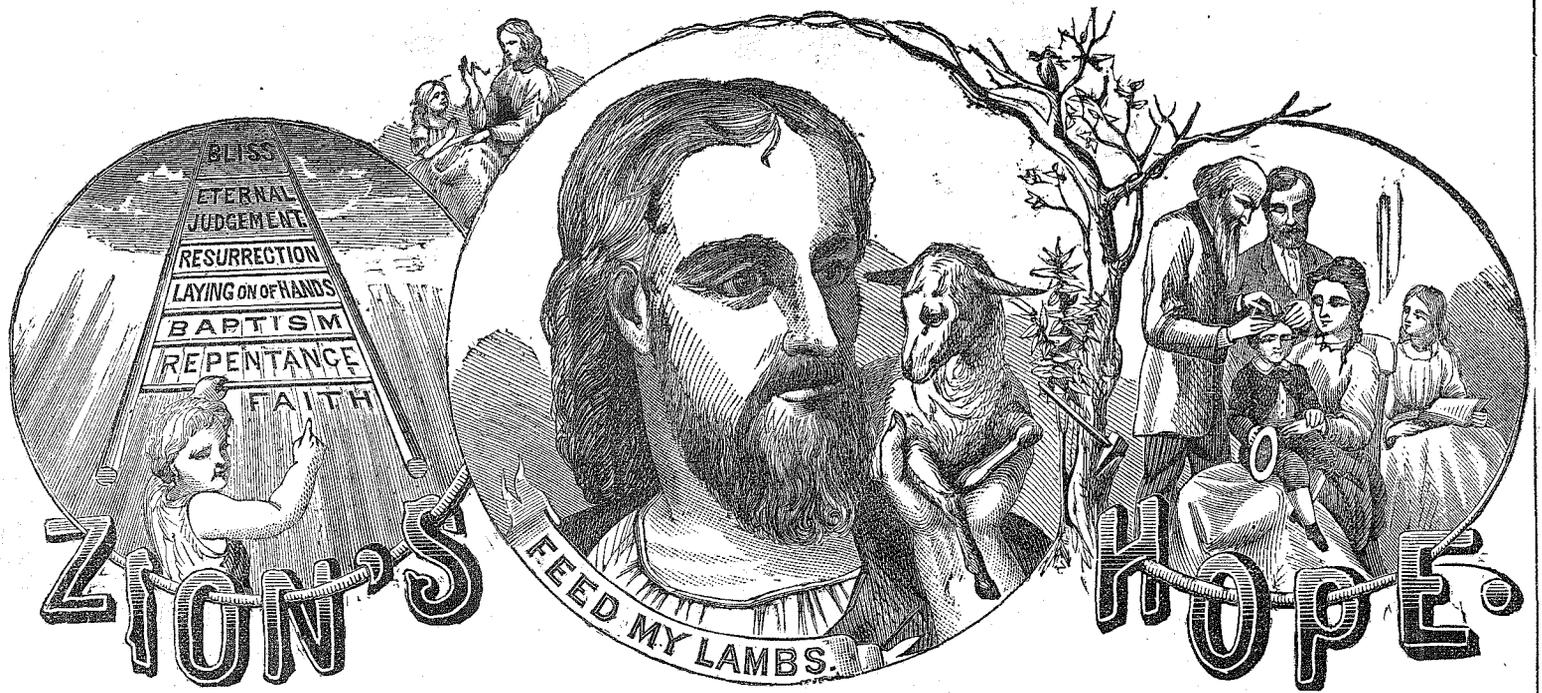
The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

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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. 10.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., OCTOBER 1, 1878.

No. 7

OUR CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Before Thee now,
O Lord, I bow,
And grateful homage pay,
For daily food,
For every good
Conferred on me this day.
My sins, I pray
Thee, wash away,
That I, all pure, may stand
Before thy face,
A child of grace,
In thine own heavenly land.

Now, Lord, in love,
Look from above,
And grant refreshing sleep;
Around my bed
May angels tread,
And faithful vigils keep.
Here free from harm,
And all alarm,
May I, in peace, repose,
All through the night,
Till morning light
Again around me flows.

Then through the day,
Lest I should stray,
Thy holy spirit send,
My soul to feed;
My footsteps lead,
Until this life shall end:
And then through grace,
To see thy face,
My soul, O Father, take;
From earth set free,
To be with Thee,
I ask for Jesus' sake.

INSTINCT IN BIRDS.

NO subject connected with the history of birds furnishes more interesting material for study than that of instinct. Young birds of different species show that they have very different degrees of instinctive knowledge. Some are able to take the entire care of themselves, and do not need a mother to watch over them; others on the contrary, are perfectly helpless, and need teaching before they can do anything for themselves except breathe, and swallow what is put into their mouths. The young chicken, a short time after it leaves the egg, knows how to take care of itself nearly as well as does the year old bird. It

can run after its mother, use its eyes, pick up food, and answer the call of the old hen; and it does all this without instruction. How different it is in all these respects from the barn swallow! This is blind, and unable to run, or even to stand, knowing only enough to open its mouth when it hears the old bird return to the nest, and to swallow the food placed in its open bill. Far from knowing from instinct how to use its wings, as the young chick does its legs, it does not learn this until it is well grown, and has had several lessons in flying; and even then it flies badly, and improves only after long practice. After it has learned to fly, it is still very helpless and baby-like, and very different from the active, bright-eyed, independent little chick of the barn-yard,—and, indeed, the young of all the *Rasores*, or scratching birds, such as the hen, the quail, the partridge, the pheasant and the turkey.

The scratching birds are not the only ones which can take care of themselves at an early age. This is true of the running birds, such as the ostrich; and the same is the case with many of the wading birds, such as the woodcock; and among the swimming birds, there are several kinds that take full care of themselves soon after leaving the shell.

Far from standing in any need of instruction, young ducks take to the water by instinct, even when they have been brought up by a hen; and they know that they are perfectly safe upon it, although the anxious hen tries in every way to restrain them and to call them back.

There are many ways in which some of our young birds show their really wonderful instincts, but there is nothing more curious in this respect than the habits of the little chickens, which most of us have opportunities of noticing—if we choose to take the trouble. These little creatures, almost as soon as they are born, understand what their mother "clucks" to them; they know that they must hide when a hawk is about; they often scratch the ground for food before they see their mother or any other chicken do so; they are careful not to catch bees instead of flies; and they show their early smartness in many ways which are well worth watching.

But, sometimes a brood of these youngsters find something that puzzles them, as when they meet with a hard shelled beetle, who looks too big to eat and yet too small for a playmate.

Conscience is a clock, which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning, in another the hands point silently and strike not, meantime hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes judgment.

Pay as you go, and keep from small scores.

OUR TRIP TO NIAGARA.

WE at last reached Niagara about one o'clock in the afternoon. Leaving the cars we walked down the main street, a beautiful place with large shade trees, fine buildings and broad well paved streets. As we passed along we could hear the roar of the cataract, as the water rushed against the huge stones on its swift journey to and over the falls. We found the merchants very, very polite, and we had numerous pressing invitations to dinner. Every few steps some one would greet us to stop and take a nice warm dinner which was "just ready" waiting, and that it would only cost fifty cents, we were forced to decline their proffered kindness (?), and with thanks pursued our way fallward. Having taken a goodly luncheon along and disposed of a sufficient part of it, we had lost our appetites, and hence the most tasty viands could not tempt our stay.

We found the Hackmen also very solicitous about our comfort, and would fain have saved us the fatigue of a walk, assuring us they would "show us all that could be seen for fifty cents each," but having come there to leisurely view the wonders to be seen, and not run rapidly over the ground and pass everything with a mere glance, we steadily declined their solicitations also. Besides that, having lived in cities a great part of our lives, where hackmen most do flourish, we knew, as a general rule, that they were a delusion and a snare (at least their kindness is), and we afterwards saw that there were no exceptions to the rule.

Reaching the entrance of prospect, and presenting our "cards" (tickets), we were admitted, and were soon gazing on the scene. Being somewhat crowded we were unable to get a good view here, so we only tarried a few moments, and started for the new Suspension Bridge. This bridge is suspended from one bank to the other. We should judge it to be over two hundred feet long and nearly that distance above the water. We had a good view here of the American falls close by, and of the Canadian falls about a mile above. We soon reached the other side and were out of the United States on the dominions of Her Majesty, the Queen of England, or, as her title now is, the Empress of India. Her majesty's son-in-law, the Marquis of Lorne, has lately been appointed Governor General of Canada. Going off the bridge we again encountered more polite people, who gave us very cordial invitations to view the curiosities in their stores, have our photographs taken with both falls as background, and numerous other invitations to warm dinners,

"just going on inside;" and one old colored man was so anxious about our welfare that he very energetically pointed out, to us, free gratis, where lager beer was sold, notwithstanding the sign hung out very conspicuously, so that "he that runs might read," if he choose; yet this old man was very solicitous lest we should not regard it. I suppose he thought our visit to Canada would be a failure unless we tasted of the frothy fluid on foreign ground, but whatever his thoughts were upon the subject we were under the necessity of disappointing him, as we had not the slightest inclination to have our countenance soured by the bitter stuff.

We hurried along to the falls regardless of all invitations, and, after a walk of fully a mile, if not more, we reached it; and what a grand sight it was; enough to create enthusiasm in the most stoical. The grandest sight, without doubt, is on the Canadian side, and the largest falls. Here they form a half square like this

and where the waters meet, in the corner they spring up and the spray rises from the bottom higher even than the falls. How the water does foam and boil from the force of the fall and weight of water, keeping it white as milk for quite a distance, as it flows sluggishly on. What a beautiful rainbow spreads out continually over the waters when the sun is shining, and the bow gradually rises up as the sun lowers. There is one universal sentiment expressed concerning it, that is: "It is grand!" Numerous birds were constantly flying in the mist, why they did we could not see, but if they came out to the edge they wheeled around and re-entered the thickest part again, always on the wing, as long as daylight lasted, we suppose. They had the appearance of the Martin, though somewhat smaller.

As we lingered there we felt that we should like to stay for a week and see the beautiful scenes presented by this magnificent creation at different times, morning, noon, and night. There were other places of interest too, which our limited time would not allow us to view. W. H. G.

Continued.

A GOOD MEMORY.

"HAL has got a real good memory," said a young friend of mine. "It takes him only a few minutes to get a lesson I have to study an hour; and if you tell him about a thing, or if he looks into it and understands it, he can go away and tell all about it. And he doesn't forget it right away either. He'll tell you about it just the same six months afterward. Review days he doesn't have to study at all. Don't I wish I had such a memory? I'd get lots of time to read."

"What would you read, Cady?" I inquired.

"Oh, I'd read stories, ever so many of them, that I want to read," and then he hesitated a little and flushed up, for we had had some talks about story reading.

"Yes real good books," he added, "for a great many of the stories are good, you know."

"Perhaps so, but that might not be the best way to cultivate your memory," I said. "Does Hal read stories?"

"No, indeed. He is always poking over voyages and travels and natural history and such things, because he says he wants to read something worth remembering."

"Yes, my boy, and that is the reason he can remember. If he should go to reading stories that are not worth remembering, and that he would not try to remember, he would soon lose his power of memory. A good memory is too precious a thing to be abused, and if you wish to keep it you must take good care of it, and not make it carry loads of rubbish. If you should read

a story that is not worth remembering and that you do not try to remember, it is very much as if you should put into your stomach a lot of trash that you could not digest, and that you did not wish to digest, but to throw up again. You would soon spoil the best stomach in that way. In the same way you spoil a good memory by loading the mind with things you can make no use of, and which you do not try to remember, reading just for the fun of it, instead of for the good it will do you. If your friend Hal should go to reading stories, as many boys do, he would soon spoil his good memory."

WHAT GEMS MEAN.

A FEW centuries ago it was thought precious stones had the power of conferring health, beauty, riches, honor, good fortune and influence. Men and women carried then about their persons, and called them amulets. They were thought, also, to have some connection with the planets and seasons. A special gem was worn for each month, thus:

January, the Hyacinth; February, the Amethyst; March, the Jasper; April, the Sapphire; May, the Agate; June, the Emerald; July, the Onyx; August, the Carnelian; September, the Chrysolite; October, the Beryl; November, the Topaz; December, the Ruby.

The twelve apostles also were represented by gems, called apostle stones, viz.:

1. The hard and solid Jasper, representing the rock of the Church, was the emblem of Peter.
2. The bright blue Sapphire was emblematic of the heavenly faith of Andrew.
3. The Emerald, of the pure and gentle John.
4. The white Chalcedony, of the loving James.
5. The friendly Sardonyx, of Philip.
6. The red Cornelian, of the martyr Bartholomew.
7. The Chrysolite, pure as sunlight, of Matthias.
8. The indefinite Beryl, of the doubting Thomas.
9. The Topaz, of the delicate James the younger.
10. The Chrystoprase, of the serene and trustful Thaddeus.
11. The Amethyst, of Matthew the Apostle.
12. The pink Hyacinth, of the sweet-tempered Simeon of Cana.

In later times an alphabet was formed of precious stones and half-precious stones.

<i>Transparent.</i>	<i>Opaque.</i>
A. Amethyst.	Agate.
B. Beryl.	Basalt.
C. Chrysoberyl.	Cacholong.
D. Diamond.	Diaspore.
E. Emerald.	Egyptian Pebble.
F. Feldspar.	Firestone.
G. Garnet.	Granite.
H. Hyacinth.	Heliotrope.
I. Idocrase.	Jasper.
K. Kyanite.	Krokdolite.
L. Lynx-Sapphire.	Lapis lazuli.
M. Milk-opal.	Malachite.
N. Natrolite.	Nephrite.
O. Opal.	Onyx.
P. Pyrope.	Porphyry.
Q. Quartz.	Quartz-Agate.
R. Ruby.	Rose-Quartz.
S. Sapphire.	Sardonyx.
T. Topaz.	Turquoise.
U. Uranite.	Ultramarine.
V. Vesuvianite.	Verd-antique.
W. Water Sapphire.	Wood-opal.
X. Xanthite.	Xyolite.
Z. Zircon.	Zurlite.

If, for instance, you wanted the word Alice represented in a ring, you would choose Amethyst, Lynx-Sapphire, Idocrase, Chrysoberyl and Emerald; or any group of stones whose initial letters spell the name.

MAGGIE AND THE MICE.

SELECTED BY SISTER S. A. ROSE.

CHAPTER IV.—CONFESSION.

"O MAGGIE!" The tone of sadness cut the child to the very heart. She clung to her mamma crying out, "Don't stop loving me; I never will do so again."

"Stop crying child. There is no danger that I shall stop loving you. Stop and compose yourself; we will talk about it by and by." Mrs. Ropes lay back on the pillow, pale and exhausted.

"O now I have made you sicker!" Maggie faltered, tears again filling her eyes; "and I meant to take such good care of you." Her mother groaned feebly, putting her hand to her head. Instantly all thought of herself vanished. Maggie darted from the room to summon Susy; then brought the bottle of bay rum, and began to bathe her mamma's head. Though terribly alarmed at the continued paleness, yet she bravely controlled herself so as to be of use. An hour later Mrs. Ropes lay so quiet, that Maggie thought her asleep. The room was darkened, but by approaching the window the little girl could make out to see the letters in her Bible. Softly she drew her low chair behind the curtains and began to whisper the words,—

"In my father's house are many mansions." Then, with a loving glance toward the bed, she knelt down and told Jesus her sorrow.

"O God! I'm so very wicked that I'm almost afraid to ask you to forgive me. I've been proud and ugly to a real good girl. I forgot all about being 'kindly affectionate one to another', and I've been proud of my pretty clothes; and I tried to strike Rosalinde; and, O God! I made my dear, darling mamma a great deal sicker; and I'm afraid my heart is so wicked that you wont love me, and mamma wont love me, and then I shall grow worse and worse all the time."

Here her tears flowed so fast that Mrs. Ropes, who had heard every word, said softly,

"My little daughter, will you ask Susy to make me a cup of gruel? Maggie was out of the room in a moment, wiping her eyes as she went. "Now you may brush my hair, darling," said mamma, when she returned; "My head feels better."

The next morning Maggie came to the bedside with a very serious face; "I want to do something if you are willing, mamma. But first, did you give me that dollar last week for my very own?"

"Yes, dear, and what is the great favor?"

The child blushed deeply as she answered, "I want to go and see Rosalinde; I thought of it in the night."

"And will you give her the dollar?"

"If I may mamma, to let her know how real sorry I am."

"Well Maggie, James shall take you there in the carriage."

"Couldn't I walk, mamma? and then James could stay at the door; and I could walk right in."

The little girl was very fond of riding, and the lady understood at once that she wished to avoid appearing above her companions; so she gladly consented that James should accompany her on foot.

She was gone nearly two hours, but returned with a fine glow on her cheeks; "I'm happy now," she exclaimed; "Rosalinde didn't tell the matron, and she loves me again; but I told her though. She asked me whether I was growing better, and I told her all about it, and I had prayed God to forgive me for being proud and ugly. I love every body now. Rosa wouldn't take the dollar at first, till I told her you gave me leave to carry it to her. I'm so very glad you let me go, mamma."

"Yes, my precious child, I am glad too, that you feel how wrong it was to be proud of your clothes, or to be ashamed of your old friend. It is God, you know, who has given you all the

blessings you enjoy, and in order to please him you must be grateful, and ready to share your happiness with others. God loves good little children, and knows all they say or do, and hears them when they pray. Now you may call James to take us for a ride."

"O dear, mamma, I'm going to try to please God, and not be naughty any more," whispered Maggie, kissing her mother affectionately.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BUNCH OF RAGS.

EVERYBODY liked Tom Hall and everybody was sorry for him. It was sad to see such a fine young man a victim of drunkenness, and Tom had fallen into the mocker's power unwittingly, it seems.

A new spirit shop had been opened close on the foundry at which he worked, and he along with others was in the habit of going in for a glass of ale. When the cold weather set in he took something stronger, and he imagined that spirits agreed with him. Time went on, and the liking for strong drink increased and grew stronger, until at all hours he might be seen staggering out of the "Rainbow," dizzy and stupefied with the dregs of the intoxicating cup.

Tom's was a very sad case, for he belonged to a very respectable family, and had been religiously trained and until he was drawn into the snare he was an affectionate son and brother; and friends counseled and ministers preached and every means tried to reclaim him, but all effort seemed lost—Tom was bound hard and fast in the invisible chains of the mocker. His family mourned him as lost, and many a silent tear his sister let fall on his tattered garments as she sat darning and patching them.

Tom was infatuated, all agreed; but for all that he was a favorite from the mansion to the meanest hut in Airlie, and some good people prayed for poor Tom Hall.

"Ah, these rents will not darn again!" sighed Jeannie, as she turned over Tom's ragged raiment.

In Tom's better days he had pride, and it was a sad change when he didn't care who saw him "out at the elbow."

But somehow Jeannie could not find it in her heart to abandon the brother she still loved, and so Tom's tattered habiliments were taken up and made the most of.

"Kindness may win him back," said Jeannie, and when he came back home at the worst he was met in peace, if in sorrow.

Just when the trees were beginning to bud with the promise of spring, Tom came home looking thoughtful. He was sober after a long run.

In the rays of the setting sun his sister was trying to cover some old darns.

Tom sat down beside her, and silently watched the patient fingers for some time.

"That's tiresome work, Jeannie," said he. His sister held up her seam before him.

"Why, that is a bunch of rags," laughed Tom.

"Yes, Tom; and a bunch of rags would be the best signboard that a publican could hang across his door," said Jeannie, sadly.

Tom made no reply; he looked at the rags in silence.

Next morning Tom went back to his work, and continued steadily for two or three weeks.

He looked into the "Rainbow" but didn't go.

"Hallo! what's up with Tom Hall?" wondered Sinclair, as he filled up a glass of Tom's favorite whisky for another customer at the counter.

Sinclair was not the only one who was astonished at the change.

Every day Tom went to his work; every night he came home sober, and after a time he appeared at church on the Sabbath. Then people began to believe Tom was in earnest, and really meant to reform.

"Has Tom really become a teetotaler?" wondered Sinclair, when a whole month had passed

without a visit to the "Rainbow." Well it seemed so, for nothing stronger than water had passed his lips in the shape of drink since that night on which his sister had shown him the bunch of rags. "I'll have a talk with Tom and learn how he got off the scent, though," Sinclair resolved.

An opportunity came sooner than he expected. In the beginning of summer a terrific thunder-storm passed over Airlie, and among a general devastation, Sinclair's signboard was shivered to atoms.

Tom happened to be passing the "Rainbow" next morning, and stopped to glance up at the old mark,

"Fine work here," remarked Mr. Sinclair, who was standing in his door; "the storm's done for us, and I'll have to get a new signboard."

"Is it so bad as that?" said Tom.

"Yes, the "Rainbow" is in shivers," said Mr. Sinclair.

"Then you'll want a new signboard," said Tom.

"Of course; isn't that what I'm telling you?"

"Is it to be the 'Rainbow' again?" asked Tom.

"I suppose so," answered Mr. Sinclair, "unless you can give a new idea, Tom," continued he, laughing.

"I think I can," returned Tom; "but I must go home first."

"Don't forget though," said Mr. Sinclair. "You're a stranger, nowadays, by the by, Tom."

"I won't be long," cried Tom, and with a brisk step he walked down the street.

"Hallo, Tom, what's your hurry?" cried a friend, as Tom came slap against a corner.

"Oh! Sinclair's signboard was destroyed last night, and I am going to him with a new one," answered Tom, with a smile, which was diametrically opposed to his new principles.

"Oh! that's it, is it?" resumed his friend.

"But perhaps it would be as well for Airlie if the 'Rainbow' was never set up again."

Tom was out of hearing.

A better sign than the "Rainbow" Mr. Sinclair did not expect to get; he was only joking with Tom Hall, and he raised his eyebrows when Tom made his appearance with a bundle under his arm, and requested him to look at the new signboard.

"I didn't think you would catch me up; but step in, Tom, and let me see your idea."

Tom gravely untied his bundle, and held up a bunch of rags before the publican's astonished eyes.

"What do you mean, Tom?" asked Mr. Sinclair, feeling confident Tom had lost his senses.

"You want a new signboard, don't you?" said Tom.

"Well, what has a bunch of rags got to do with that?" said Mr. Sinclair.

"Ask yourself, sir, if a bunch of rags is not the best signboard that can hang across the publican's door," said Tom, and his lips quivered.

"Was it that bunch of rags that made you a teetotaler, Tom?" said Mr. Sinclair, more confused than he liked to confess.

"It was God's means, I think, sir," answered Tom, "and, perhaps, poor wretches, seeing there the end of drink, may bless you for the signboard."

Tom walked away to his work, and Mr. S. went back to his counter, but all day the bunch of rags troubled him.

He was a kind-hearted man, and believed himself a Christian, and he did not like the idea of being considered the cause of misery and rags. To a man of his disposition it was painful in the extreme, and he couldn't help feeling angry when poor shivering wretches came and laid down the payment of a glass.

When he lifted up the money he felt as if he was stealing *their means*.

It was a busy day, but every new comer seemed more deplorably wretched and worse off than the last served. He was thankful when night came.

The last customer was a woman literally cover-

ed with rags. A little infant sat on her arm. It was crying with the cold! It lifted the rag that covered its naked limbs, and it looked pitifully at him!

"Go home and put clothes on your child," said Mr. Sinclair, flinging back the money the woman had laid down.

"I have nothing but rags," said the woman.

"Tom is right," said Mr. Sinclair, as he locked his door; "the end of drink is misery and rags, and the man who has a taste for that sort of thing may put his name on the *new signboard*."

That summer Mr. Sinclair went into the tea trade, in which he made a handsome fortune. Tom Hall is now a famous engineer.

A SAGACIOUS CAT.

ONE very strange thing I remember happened at the house where I was once visiting. I had been told of it, but never fully realized how peculiar it was till I witnessed it myself. The family consisted of my friend, her husband and four children; and when news was brought that puss had five new kittens, each begged so hard to be allowed to have one that orders were given to save four and drown the remaining one. Whether Mrs. Puss missed her remaining child or not I don't know, but she seemed very well satisfied with those left her, and was more than usually happy when any of the children would pay her a visit at her snug quarters under the kitchen table. A dozen times a day or more would the luckless kittens be dragged from their bed to be kissed and petted and hugged. But it so happened that from some cause or other one whole day passed without any one going to see the kittens, much to their mother's grief, who had frequently gone to the nursery in search of her young friends. Evening came; her whole family was together, the two younger ones being on the floor, when, to their astonishment, in walked the cat, carrying a kitten in her mouth. This she carried to one of the children, and as soon as she saw it was kindly received ran quickly away. Bump, bump, was soon heard, and in came the mother cat with another kitten, which was deposited near another of the children. Curiosity was now excited; the two elder children took seats on the floor, to see if kittens would be brought to them, and in a very short time they were. Then was Pussy's happiness complete; she would purr loudly, rub herself against each one in turn, and try by every means to show how pleased she was.

PAPA'S PROVERB STORY.

"PAPA," said little Johnnie, "here is a proverb I have found in an old English book that I want you to give us a story about. Here it is; 'A little body doth often harbor a great soul.'"

"Yes," say the others in concert. "I know it will be pretty."

So papa began;

"I was stopping some years ago in a town where most of the houses were made of wood, and built very closely together. Some time in the night I was aroused by the cry of 'Fire! fire!' To dress myself and rush into the street was but the work of a few moments. I followed the stream of human beings who were running toward the business portion of the town. In a few minutes we halted in front of a very tall house, where a blaze of fire was already shooting up from the roof. The men were standing in amazement, or running to and fro to no purpose. There was not a ladder in reach of sufficient length, nor any other way of reaching the fire that we could see. All was consternation, for if this house burned, the whole of the business part of the town would be consumed. A thousand suggestions were offered; and as rapidly dismissed. The fire was rapidly spreading, and yet no one could propose a plan for reaching it. Most

of those present had given up the town as lost."

"Just at this moment the form of a little hump-back tinner's boy was seen suspended in the air, clinging by his hands to the roof of an adjoining building. For a moment every one held his breath, even forgetting the fire in view of the danger of the brave lad. The next moment he was clambering over the roof, with a rope dangling after him. Now he is to the edge of the roof which separated this building from the one on fire. There was a space of four or five feet between the two, and how was he to pass this space? Quick as thought, and as nimble as a squirrel, he leaped from one building to the other. The rope was now lowered, and the buckets of water drawn up until the fire was extinguished."

"By this time ladders had been spliced together, and the boy was soon on the ground. 'Brave boy! brave boy!' exclaimed a hundred voices. The delighted inhabitants gathered the boy in their arms, and carried him upon their shoulders through the streets as their deliverer."

"This boy was braver than Hannibal or Cæsar, though only an apprentice-boy to a village tinner."

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER XIV.

AT the meeting in the school house that night, Mr. Mason was much disturbed by the sermon. The preacher spoke upon the subject of baptism, its necessity, mode, subjects, ministrations and purpose. He examined the baptism of John and of Christ; and showed the true distinction to be drawn between them; that they were practically one, and for the same purpose, the one being after Christ's coming, the other before. He made a powerful and complete argument in support of his view, and so impressed the hearers that it was demanded of all men to be baptized, and that too by men, called of Christ, that they might become the children of the Lord, that many, Mr. Mason included, could not deny him. The young man had heard the same ordinance spoken upon before, but never in so convincing and forcible a manner. His own experience was related by the preacher, and his doubts so accurately stated, his fears and strivings so completely pointed out, that he was fairly overcome; and he found himself anxiously asking himself the question, whether he ever heard a gospel sermon before; and whether the message was not for him alone. He went back to his hotel in a maze of thought the result of which was to send him the next morning in search of the preacher, Mr. Percival, with whom he spent the greater part of the day, at the close of which, he went to the meeting a devout believer in the message which the preacher said he was commissioned to deliver. He prevailed upon Mr. Percival to agree to visit the town where he resided and deliver a series of lectures.

The week ran rapidly to a close, and the business upon which he came having been successfully arranged, without proceeding to legal measures, Mr. Mason remained over Sunday to attend the services in the school-house. Some thirty were baptized that day, our friend Mr. Johnson being the first to go forward; and, at their confirmation by the laying on of hands, Mr. Mason was gratified in seeing a shedding forth of the Spirit witnessing to the truth of the gospel.

It was now known that Mr. Percival was a "Mormon," or as he himself stated a "Latter Day Saint," and the message that he bore was the Everlasting Gospel.

He parted with the preacher, and Mr. Johnson, on Monday morning with the assurance of the former that in a month he would come to his town and preach the word.

His thoughts on his way homeward were of a varied character; pleasant, perplexed and apprehensive. What his partner might think; what his acquaintances; what Mr. Lebrae; and last but most important to him just then, what Leonie might think and do were all crowding in upon

his mind; but long before reaching his home, his mind was made up as to what he should do.

His first visit after reporting to his partner and their client upon whose business he had been away, was to Mr. Lebrae's store, where in a few words he informed that gentleman of his experience at Pentland, and of his determination to cast his lot with the people Mr. Percival represented, closing with these words; "It is but right, Mr. Lebrae, that my condition of mind having changed since I made my request to pay my respects to your daughter Leonie, I should inform you of it, that you might decide for, or against me, with a knowledge of the facts."

Mr. Lebrae promised to consult with his wife, upon the matter, and requested in the meantime that the young man should not seek an interview with the girl. This Frank agreed to, only asking that Mr. Lebrae should decide soon.

The consultation with his wife was a long one. She at once decided that a man who took so honorable a course was worthy of trust, no matter what his religious convictions, if he believed in God and Christ. But Mr. Lebrae was mindful of the reputation of his family as belonging to a respectable body of Church going people; and also of the horrible stories told of the Saints, or Mormons. It was finally agreed between them that the young man should be permitted to visit the house, and if Leonie should so decide, he should keep her company. Mr. Lebrae so informed Mr. Mason the next day but one.

Frank Mason next informed Mr. Adams his law partner of what had transpired, and that gentleman, remarked, "Well, I suppose you will be off for Salt Lake, and a dozen wives next," and so the matter passed. But the young man, was thoroughly in earnest, and perfectly sober in his convictions. He was under no obligation to inform any one else of his intentions, as no others were so closely interested in him as to warrant it. One strange thing occurred, however, which strongly confirmed his determination. He was passing by the post office on his way home, in the afternoon, when he saw Mr. Percival, the one who has been before mentioned, as resident in the village and whom we will now call George, who waited on the side-walk till the young man came up to him when he joined him in his walk and said to him, "Mr. Mason, I had a dream last night which I wish to relate; not that I am sure of its nature; but being somewhat a believer in dreams, it has made an impression on me.

My dream was this, "I was standing upon the bank of a gently flowing river, something like our own pleasant Broad River, where it flows through the Barelay Meadows. By my side stood a cousin of mine whom I have not seen for many years, and whom I have supposed to be dead not hearing from him for the past ten years, and whose name is Philip Percival. In his early manhood we very much resembled each other, and were frequently mistaken, one for the other. Just where we stood there was a grassy, sloping bank, smooth and even, down to the water, which was here limped and clear, and varying in depth from the shallows at the shore to deep water in the center. While standing thus my cousin said to me, 'I shall be here soon, and when I come, Frank Mason, and others will come and join us, but will have to cross the river; be ready.' I then awoke. Now Mr. Mason, the reason why this impresses me is, my cousin and I belong to the Latter Day Saints, if he is living. And should he be alive he is preaching and will be here. I wanted to tell you, for if he comes, there will be great stir, and we will be rudely handled by our fellow religionists, and I thought that if I had told you how I was warned of his coming you might aid us in standing the storm of wrong and abuse, whatever might be your conclusions about our faith."

UNCLE J.

To be continued.

He that knows not when to be silent, knows not when to speak.

HOW TO TALK.

"WHAT a funny subject," say our boys and girls. "Of course we can all talk. People would think so if they could only hear us all taking at once." That is so: you know well enough how to make your tongues fly; and how to make a terrible racket with them; but you don't call that talking, do you? The hens cackling, the geese gabbling, and the pigs squealing can do as well as that, and better too. But there is a great difference between talking and gabbling: now hold your tongues tight and listen while we talk to you a little about talking. Very few grown people know how to talk: they know how to use their tongues, and say a great many words, but that is about all. Now if children wish to learn to talk and talk well, they must begin by listening a great deal and saying but little. It is by listening to others that they come to know what to talk about. Then when they read books they should talk about them. It is a great deal better to talk about books, or countries, or places, than to talk about each other. A boy or girl that has a loose tongue is a great torment in a neighborhood, for the habit of speaking loosely and carelessly about others always leads to trouble. But in learning to talk well there are some things specially necessary. Among them is the use of right words. Words are funny things; there are now so many of them, and they have a great many meanings. Words that look exactly alike are very unlike; we must know what they mean and then use the right ones; then we must put the words together so as to make the right kind of sentences; not too long or too short. When we have got so far, we must talk about something which we can understand, otherwise our talking would be nonsense. An intelligent boy always shows his intelligence by the way he talks. If he does not know a thing he will feel his way by making inquiries. Whereas the conceited boy will pitch in as though he knew all about it, and only make a fool of himself. All slang words should be avoided, for they are vulgar and betray a bad taste. Loud and boisterous talking never sounds well. There is too much of the big I in it. Nothing sets off the talking of boys and girls so much as a modest, pleasant manner. Now we are not of those who think children should never talk; we think they should be encouraged to talk. We love to hear them, and when they talk well they are about the best companion old people can have. Therefore let them learn how to talk.

Kind Christian love hath taught the lesson that they who merit most contempt and hate, do most deserve our pity.

He who has once done a kindness will more readily do you another than will one whom you have benefitted.

1 October 78.

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.

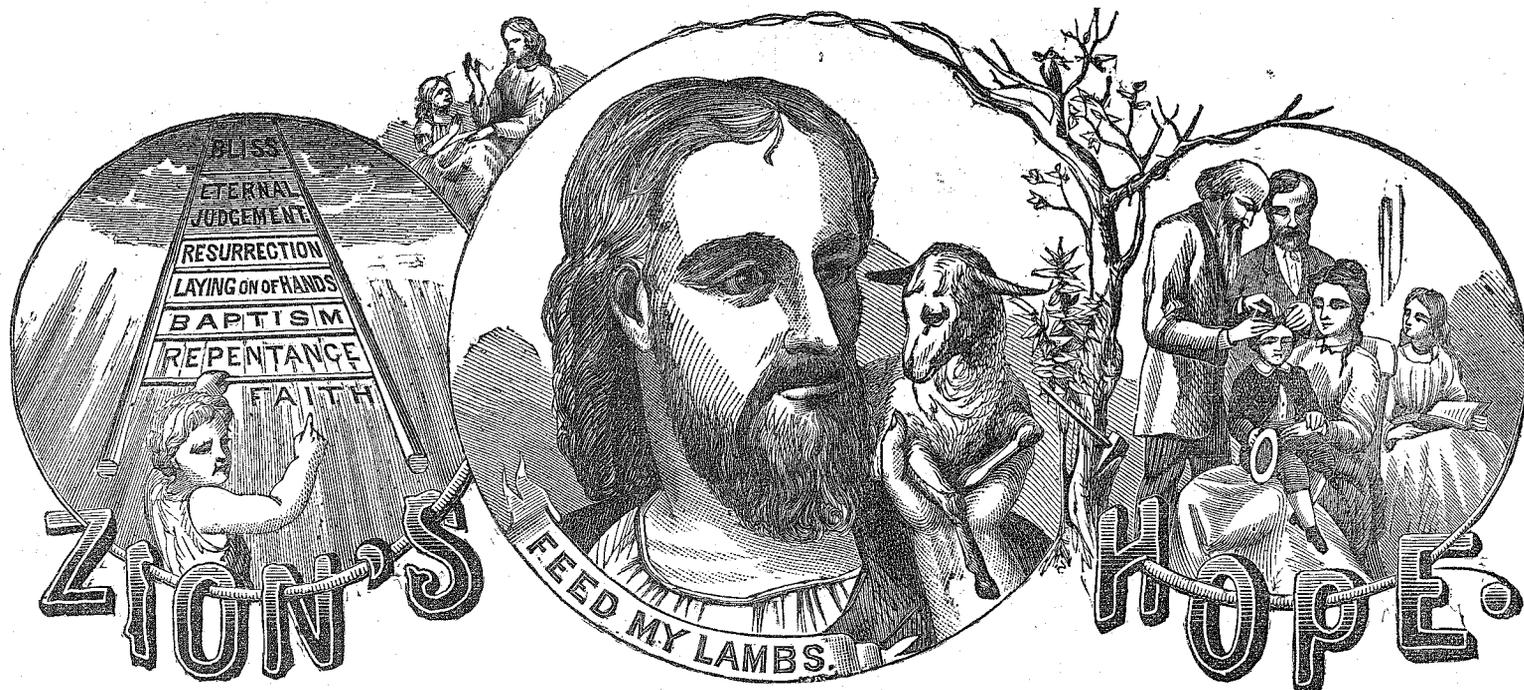
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

FIND A WAY, OR MAKE IT.

Ambition sleeps, lad, in your brain,
Bright hopes may soon awake it—
You see the goal, but ne'er a path,
Then find a way, or make it.

To get the cocoa-nut's rich meat,
The shell is hard—you break it;
The fragrant leaf its odor holds
Until you bruise or shake it.

Untrodden is the path you choose—
You may be wise to take it;
But look ahead, all danger see,
And then you may escape it.

A mountain, far too steep to climb;
Well, then, don't try and do it,
You may be able to go round,
Or patiently dig through it.

A fence, you say, but ne'er a gate!
What can you do? you wonder.
Just scale the wall; mount, if you can,
And if you can't, crawl under.

Your way is muddy? Wait awhile—
Let winds and sunshine dry it.
Still, wait not for another rain,
To see some comrade try it.

A river deep, you can not swim?
No steamer there, you know it?
Well, if there is no other way,
Build your own boat and row it.

Nay, lad, we know the way is hard—
Down hill and up steep mountain;
And oft you'll drink from muddy stream,
For want of some clear fountain.

Go down, and you'll have many a kick;
Go up, and some will push you;
But win your way and praise will come
From those who tried to crush you.

False praise is but it a phosphorus gleam—
For fame we oft mistake it;
Still, for a while it lights our way,
Until we overtake it.

Don't hide your talent through a fear,
But bravely go and stake it.
Wear out, don't rust—to reach your goal,
Lad, find a way, or make it.

Men are like words; when not properly placed,
they lose their value.
There is no such thing as an easy chair for a dis-
contented mind.

THE DOG CHUM.

NO more striking illustration of canine sagacity could possibly be presented than that shown by the dog Chum, which belongs to a Mr. Dodnell Baysworth, England. Every morning this extraordinary animal takes the bell off the stand by the kitchen-door, and carrying the thong of leather to which it is hung in his mouth, calls up the workmen, by ringing it at their bedroom doors. He possesses a great variety of amusing and useful accomplishments. Put the most dainty and tempting morsel under Chum's nose, and say, as he looks at it, the word "Mine!" and he will guard it, but neither eat it himself nor allow any one to touch it but his master or the one who put it in his charge; but if the word "Yours" is uttered, then Chum instantly shows that he understands the morsel belongs to him.

Chum is very playful, and has a habit of jumping up and taking off his master's or the apprentices' cap in sport, but he knows both when to begin and when to end his sport: not before and not after he is allowed does he thus frolic. He can be both merry and wise, a combination that many so-called rational creatures often fail to attain. Chum is so accustomed to see the family assemble to the reading of the Scriptures, that at the opening of the Bible he knows his place, under a chair in the corner, and there he stays, perfectly still, during family worship. But his greatest merit, perhaps, consists of his being a messenger. His master has another house and shop a little distance up the street. Chum goes all the messages between the two shops. He carries a casket in his mouth—a little one when it is only a letter or a small parcel that he has to take; a large basket when he takes packages or the dinner of the young person who serves in the upper shop. If the master or mistress, on sending him, says, "Make haste back!" he understands and obeys the order. They know at the other shop that he must not stay, for he shows signs of impatience and haste in depositing his burden.

Chum's education has been conducted on the principle of love. The little treat and the word of encouragement, combined with patience and firmness, have trained him, and as no harshness has ever developed his angry feelings, he is full of affection. Children, especially, he delights in. On the Sunday and Infant School festivals Chum is looked for with the greatest interest, and he enters into all the sports, giving and receiving pleasure as merrily as any one. It certainly would not be safe for any one to attempt to take Chum's casket or parcel away from him when he is going his messages. He can growl and show

a terrible array of white teeth, and eyes that are in a moment like two flames. So, while in trust, he is not meddled with, to the injury of the property he carries. But he knows that he must not show ill-temper, and of this an evidence was lately given.

He had been very active, both at his messages and in carrying things in the house, and was lying down comfortably before the fire, at his master's feet. His mistress passed him, and the skirt of her dress touched his face; he lifted up his head impatiently, and gave a low growl, something like a saucy treat. "Oh, Chum, you unkind dog, to behave so to me!" said his mistress. Chum reared himself instantly, and looked around the room as if confused. "Bad dog!" said his master, gravely. Then, sitting on his haunches, Chum raised one of his fore-paws and rested it on his master's knee, while he dropped his head and ears nearly to the ground. If ever contrition was expressed by a dumb creature, Chum showed it then, while his paw on his master's knee was like a hand uplifted to ask pardon. I thought I had seen all the changes of feeling that an intelligent child might experience, who had done wrong; first shame, then sorrow, then entreaty. Of course, Chum was forgiven, and then, having gratefully fondled his master and mistress, he stretched himself comfortably, and slept—as wise and honest a dog as any in England. No more striking illustration of animal sagacity can be instanced, nor one that should prompt us to more kindness and consideration for the dumb creatures that pertain to our households.

LEAP YEAR, OR BISSEXTILE.

THE leap year originated with the astronomers of Julius Cæsar, 45 B. C. They fixed the solar year at 365 days 6 hours, comprising, as they thought, the period from one vernal equinox to another. The six hours were set aside, and at the end of four years forming a day, the fourth year was made to consist of 366 days. The day thus added was called intercalary, and was added to February. This almost perfect arrangement was denominated the Julian style, and prevailed throughout the Christian world till the time of Pope Gregory XII, in 1582, when the calendar was altered to its present style. The difference between 365 days, 5 hours, and 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 51 seconds and 5 decimals, which last is the true length of the astronomical year, in the course of years caused 1700 and 1800 not to be leap years: nor will 1900 be a leap year, but the year 2000 will be one.

MAGGIE AND THE MICE.

SELECTED BY SISTER S. A. ROSE.

CHAPTER V.—MAGGIE'S TRIAL.

THE winter passed pleasantly away, every month more firmly uniting Mrs. Ropes and her adopted child in the bonds of love. The lady was now stronger and better able to bear fatigue. This was fortunate, as her husband had written asking her to meet him in New York and accompany him to Washington, where he had business which would detain him a few weeks. Mrs. Ropes was very anxious to introduce Maggie to her new papa. She had filled her letters with accounts of her pet, and received assurances of his cordial sympathy with her in her pleasing work of educating a loving child. At first she determined to take Maggie with her to Washington; especially as she was obliged to take Susy. But on consulting a friend, she dreaded the hotel life for one so young, and therefore reluctantly made arrangements for leaving her at home. Mr. Ropes had an unmarried sister, who accepted the charge of the orphan, as she persisted in calling her, and reached her brother's house for that purpose, only a few hours before Mrs. Ropes and Susy left. The child's grief was excessive at the first parting. She clung to her mamma, begging her to return soon, kissing her again and again, and then crying, "Oh, don't leave me, dear mamma!" It was with difficulty Mrs. Ropes tore herself away in time to catch the train. When seated in the car, she told Susy she was afraid the dear child would cry herself sick.

"I wish she was going too," was Susy's answer earnestly.

"I'm afraid she won't take to Miss Ropes." Not for a month's wages would she have told her Mistress that, running back to the parlor, she saw the lady in the act of shaking the child, telling her to stop crying directly.

In the hurry of leaving home Mrs. Ropes had forgotten to ask her sister to write every day; but she took the opportunity the first time they stopped to do so; and inclosed in the letter a few lines to Maggie, telling her she loved her dearly, and should pray for her till they met again. This message never reached the child, but fared the same as many others that were sent her, was thrown in the fire.

Poor Maggie, she tried in vain to suppress her sobs, the tears would flow. Four weeks under the care of Miss Ropes seemed an age; and mamma might be gone six weeks. For the first time since she came to the house, she went to bed alone. There was no kind Susan to undress her; no tender mamma to hear her say her prayers, to listen to her childish prattle, to kiss her good-night. On her knees, with her face hidden in the bed clothes, she besought her heavenly father to watch over her, and keep her good, and take care of darling mamma, and bring her home very quick. At breakfast her pale face would have touched almost every person's heart; but Miss Ropes thought all this grief put on.

"All art!" she said to herself many times that day; "art which can't impose on me."

Miss Ropes was not a bad woman; but she had never had her heart warmed by the loving embrace of children. The few she had known were ill-bred and untruthful. She judged all by these, and therefore detested them. From the first, she had not liked the plan of adopting an orphan, though to her brother's wife she had never expressed such a feeling. "It would be much more rational and natural," she had told her friends, "to invite me to be a companion rather than go to the almshouse for company. But some people have no sense." She had never seen Maggie except in church, and disliked her for not looking vulgar and rude. "I'll soon cure her of holding up her head like a lady," she said to herself, after she consented to leave her boarding house and go to her brother's; "she is spoiled by indulgence, I'll give her a few lessons." One week

passed slowly; a week that would have been unendurable to the little girl had it not been for the fact that Miss Ropes thought the present a good opportunity to invite her friends from the boarding house to visit her, secretly pleased to be where she could do the honors in a handsome establishment, without any expenses to herself. Maggie therefore passed the time mostly in her own room, though sometimes accompanying James when he went to market, as contrary to Mrs. Ropes' especial desire, her sister had never sent her out for the air. All this time the weary child had never heard a word from her mamma. One morning she ventured to ask whether any letter had come. Miss Ropes said tartly, "Do you think Mrs. Ropes has nothing to do, but write to a girl she took from the Asylum? I dare say she has forgotten all about you before now, or very likely she intends to send you back."

Maggie's cheeks grew crimson at this and with some passion she exclaimed,—

"You're a naughty woman to say such things! I know my mamma will never forget me, I mean to pray God to send her right home; and then you'll have to go away."

"Take that, you impudent, ill-mannered girl!" giving her a blow on the ear, "and go to your room at once, don't you stir out of it all day. I shall write to my sister that you are the worst child I ever saw."

Continued.

A REMARKABLE CAT AND DOG STORY.

IN Beatrice, Gage County, Nebraska, lives a gentleman by the name of M—, who owns a very fine greyhound, named Queen. Now, Queen is a great favorite in that part of the country, not only on account of her beauty and gentle disposition, but also from the fact that she and her pups are noted wolf hunters. She has several times, unaided, run down and killed wolves, and one day last summer, with two of her full grown sons, captured and killed three wolves. About two months ago Queen had a litter of little ones; and a few days after one of Queen's friends, a cat, occupying the same table, had a new family of little kittens. Shortly after the arrival the order was given to "drown some of the pups," but the executioner finished the whole of them. Poor Queen was inconsolable, and went about crying and searching everywhere for the missing ones, looking up in the most beseeching way, to each one of the family. After awhile she went back to the stable, and then her whining ceased. In the afternoon Mr. M— went to the stable, and found Queen in her nest, with the old cat and her four kittens affectionately cuddled up in her "arms." Mother puss did not seem to like this, after awhile, and evidently thought that the new mother was getting the most attention from her babes. So when Queen was out for a few minutes she took the kittens, one at a time, and carried them to her own nest. Queen returned to find her home again desolate, and went immediately and took the kittens all back, the cat following. This performance went on three or four days, the cat carrying the kittens one way and Queen taking them back, until mother puss changed her plan, and while Queen was absent, carried one of the kittens into the loft, to which Queen could not climb. Next day puss took another, and then a third, leaving Queen but one, which she tended most zealously.

HOW TO CURE A BAD MEMORY.

YOUR memory is bad, perhaps; but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One is to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is, to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words

and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Besides inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks, bits of information, political reflection, fashion notes, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading hard to break. Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through story after story, and forgetting as soon as read. I know a gray haired woman, a lifelong lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading.

A help to memory is repetition. Nothing is so certain to keep your French fresh, and ready for use, as to have always on hand an interesting story in that language, to take up for ten minutes every day. In that case, you will not "forget your French" with the majority of your schoolmates.

OUR TRIP TO NIAGARA.

AFTER a stay of an hour and a half beside these falls, we visited the British Museum. We could only take a hurried view of this place and we glanced at the stuffed birds, and animals, and the fish, and shells of all kinds, and stopped a few moments in the Egyptian department, viewing the handiwork and relics of that ancient people, and the remains of some of them, (of which there were several), but only one was really well preserved, the mummy of one said to have been a great warrior. The features were perfect though somewhat shrunken, the beard was of a sandy color, the nose and all the features were small and fine looking. The cloth with which the body was wrapped was of course texture, well preserved. We also saw the mummy of a little child, one, I should judge, about six months old, and also a mummy that was said to be a cat, but in our hurried inspection we could not make much out of it but a bundle of cloth. There were many curious works in this department that we hardly looked at from lack of time, not of interest. On our way out we observed the skeleton of a whale, whose ribs seemed to be ten or twelve feet high, and these gave one an idea of its immense size when in life and surrounded by its huge body of flesh.

From here we went into the garden containing the living animals, which we found to consist of four buffaloes, two bears, an old blind wolf, nearly dead from age, and two owls, and a very brief survey satiated our curiosity in this department, and we started on our return trip to the United States. By this time we thought dinner was about over and so it proved, for we only had one invitation on our return trip. As we passed the place where the lager beer was sold we observed an individual emerging from its shades and from the warped and puckered position of his lips judged he had sampled some of the aforesaid beverage, and we indulged in an audible smile, when we heard him growl out, "Wouldn't drink another glass o' that stuff for fifty dollars."

We made but one more stop on the Empress' Dominions, that was at a store just at the end of the bridge. We found many pretty articles for souvenirs, such as shells, canes, fans, beaded work, marble cups etc.; but we carefully refrained from investing, having it in mind that "Uncle Sam's agents on the other side have a habit of requiring quite a bonus on such things bought in a foreign country, in which Her Majesty's agents are not a whit behind as the sign "Custom House" at the bridge entrance assures us. As we passed back over the bridge we stopped again to look at the view presented there, and it was wonderful that at the immense height and distance from the falls which we were, yet the spray from it reached us, and it felt refreshing and cool to our heated faces after our warm walk.

Having satchels along containing our luncheon we were expecting Uncle Samuel's representatives to get "a finger in our pie" in searching for something upon which to request our assistance in paying off the public debt. Judge then of the relief from our anxiety, and the agreeable surprise to find all they stopped us for was to collect our tickets for crossing the bridge and our pie was safe.

We did feel relieved when no examination was made, for we dreaded to lose the time necessary for such a work, and we were already considerably limited, considering the ground we had to go or rather wanted to go over before train time.

Passing the park again we directed our steps to Goat Island, where some good views were to be obtained. This island is about a quarter of a mile wide and a half a mile long, thickly studded with large trees, a very cool, shady resort in the middle of the day. Our first point of interest was Luna Island, a small one divided from Goat Island by a small stream, eight or ten feet wide. Here a better view of the American Falls was obtained than in Prospect Park. A few minutes stay here and we were off again seeking new sights from different points. We next brought up at the Biddle Stairway. These stairs are boxed up and have the appearance of a tower, and more so when you get to descending them. The box is about four feet wide, and the stairs spiral, or the shape of a cork-screw. We went turning around till we felt somewhat dizzy before we reached the ground, but we did get down at last; and going along the edge of the cliff a short distance we came to the falls. We were not at the foot but about half way, perhaps a little more. Here a set of straight stairs went down under the falls to the foot, and there were little bridges built across the rocks around in front of the falls where guides conducted visitors in gum suits, according to choice, providing said visitors gave the guide something to encourage him, (one dollar and fifty cents is the amount required). If we had been clothed in a bathing suit we should have tried it without the guide, but we did not feel inclined to climb the dreadful stairs and pay a dollar to get a suit and come down again; had not the time even had we felt inclined to do so: neither did we want a drenching bad enough to induce us to go under the falls, and watch the water roll over the top and fall upon the rocks below,—it was indeed a pretty sight; no visitor should miss seeing it. The base of the rock is considerably more narrow than the top, making a curve; and the water shooting over the top falls in another curve, which makes a hollow place, under which tourists are taken, then around in front of the falls over the rocks on the little bridges mentioned before. They are not allowed very much time over this course, the guide having been over it that he has lost his enthusiasm, and his greatest effort is to take his followers through in the least possible time, so he hurries them along as fast as they can go; and, to tell the truth, dear reader, the tourists we observed going over it didn't seem to have a very strong desire to tarry, it looked as if their only object was to have it to say that they had been there, and we noticed the lady required considerable bracing to enable her to complete the round. There were two gentlemen, one lady, and the guide in this party, and coming back one of the gentlemen declared, laughingly, that "none but the weak-minded go there." The spray is naturally very strong in front of the falls and there is also a strong wind, presumably made by the rush of waters, and, although there is apparently not the slightest danger, yet it is laborious and hard to "do" that part of the tour, and hardly one in a hundred undertake it, at least among our excursionists it was the fact.

To be Continued.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else.

THE GOOD OF THE BOY.

Oh, what is the good of a wide-awake boy,
Who whoops and halloes
As he ties on his shoes,
And who dances a jig
While he's combing his wig
And washes his face with a very poor grace:
Who whips on his jacket
And makes all the racket
He possibly can?
Now tell me, I pray, what's the good of this boy?
"Well, a wide-awake boy makes a wide-awake man."

Oh, what is the good of a hungry boy,
Who clamors for food
As no juvenile should,
And, as sure as I live,
Eats all that you give;
Be it fowl, flesh, or fish he empties the dish,
While for soft ginger-bread he
Oh, always is ready;
Pray what will he make?
What sort of a man will grow out of this boy!
"Why, a very safe man, dear, to put down a brake."

Oh, what is the good of a rollicking boy,
Who gets into "snaps"
And all sorts of haps,
Who nothing so loathes
As a new suit of clothes,
Because the first day they so hinder his play,
For the second—no matter,
He'll have them a-tatter
Before set of sun,
Have you something to say for the good of this boy?
"Yes, for enterprise bold he well surely count one."

Oh, what is the good of the careless boy
Who won't wipe his feet
Who can't learn to be neat,
Who treads on the cat
And sits down on his hat,
Yet he's spunky and plucky, this happy-go-lucky,
And cares not a ratite,
But sides in each battle
With him that is down?
Now, what is the good of this bold reckless boy?
"In a popular vote, dear, he'll carry the town."

Oh, what is the good of the horrid boy,
Who wont say his prayers,
And mocks at your cares,
Who hears all the news,
Your advice does refuse,
And he jeers and he teases and does as he pleases,
I wonder if aught he
Performs it so naughtily?
One thing—he won't lie.
Now what is the good of this terrible boy?
"Why, to speak the truth, dear—a great virtue says I."

So, then, there's some good in all sorts of a boy,
The jolly and sad,
The sorry and bad,
The best and the worst,
The last and the first,
You'll have something to say in his favor always?
"Why, yes, since you leave it,
I surely believe it
Is best to judge so,
For though you may question the good of the boy,
How should folks fare without him, I'd just like to know?"

THE FUTURE.

I WOULD like to tell the Hopes what I have been thinking about to night. I have been thinking of the future, and of how little we know of the time to come; in fact it seems almost useless for us to make any plans. One year can change our whole life, and how many changes can be brought about in the short period of five years. How many of our hopes may be blasted; how many of our dearest friends may be laid in the dust; how many troubles and heart aches we have God only knows. Where may our paths lead us in the time to come? Who can answer the question? Will our path be smooth and even with bright flowers and song birds to cheer us on the way, or will it be a dark and lonely way, with but thorns and weeds? Shall we live but for ourselves only? Shall we make it the end of this poor short life to secure nothing but our own

happiness? If we do only this we will be sure to fail.

What will our future lives be? The question is ours to answer. No one else can answer it for us. It depends upon us and upon us alone, and it is a great responsibility. We may make excuses now, but when we are called to an account before the judgment seat of God, we and we alone will be held responsible for our sins. But that judgment is still in the future. We still have a chance to live near to God. Some of us have but a small part of their lives to live out, and some have only begun in life. To some the fair dreams of youth are still bright; the bright pages of romance and love are just spread out to them. The future is still bright. They have yet to find that their dearest friends are sometimes false. They have yet to feel the pang of sorrow pierce their hearts, when they see their dearest friend laid in the cold and silent grave. When we come to our final home, when we look back on our lives, how different will be the past from what we now see the future. God only knows what changes may take place; He alone can tell what hopes and joys have been buried with the past.

MINNIE VARANA.

RAILROADS.

THE requirements of the coal trade in Northumberland, England, gave the first idea of railroads. As early as 1676, coal was conveyed from the mines to the river, near New-castle upon-Tyne, by laying straight and parallel rails of timber; and bulky carts were made, with four rollers, and drawn by one horse. The rapid wear of the timber led to the construction of cast iron rails.

In 1789 Jessop laid down cast-iron rails at Loughborough. This system of rails seems to have been the first that was laid on sleepers.

In 1814 George Stephenson constructed a steam engine for the Killingworth colliery in Northumberland. The first engines made upon Stephenson's principle were not held in much estimation, and a considerable time elapsed before they came into general use.

The first railroad opened for conveying passengers was the Stockton & Darlington road in 1825, and this was worked with horse-power. A French engineer, in 1826, successfully introduced locomotives on the railways from Roanne to Lyons.

The Liverpool and Manchester road was completed in 1825, and the intention of the proprietors being to run the carriages at a high rate of speed, they offered a premium for the engine that would best fulfill certain conditions; which premium was won, in 1829, by the Rocket engine of Messrs. Stephenson & Booth. The next year steam carriages were in regular operation on this road.

In the United States, and before the application of steam to railway purposes, a horse-railroad was completed in 1827, from the granite quarries of Quincy, Mass., a distance of three miles, to the Neponset river. A second road was laid out in January, 1827, from the coal mines of Mauch Chunk, Penn., to the Lehigh river, a distance of nine miles. Of the succeeding great railway enterprises, one of the principal was the Baltimore & Ohio line, commenced in 1828; and originally planned for horse-cars only, but influenced by the success of steam locomotives in England, their employment was adopted here. I quote from authority:

"At a more recent date, when the Hoosac tunnel project was first agitated, a well-known railroad man who advocated it with great persistency, was the subject of much ridicule: and even the boys in the streets would cry out, 'Mister, how's your tunnel?'"

"In 1833, a man in Connecticut thanked God that he lived 'in a hilly country, where it was impossible to have railroads.' Now the cars of the Air-Line railroad run directly through his yard, within four feet of his house."

The following rich item (in the light of the present day) was originally printed in the *English Quarterly Review*, in March, 1825. "We are not advocates for visionary projects that interfere with useful establishments. We scout the idea of a railroad as impracticable. What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospects held out, of locomotives traveling *twice as fast as stage coaches?*"

PERPETUAL FIRE.

IN the neighborhood of Baku, on the Caspian Sea, there is a phenomenon of very extraordinary nature, called the everlasting fire, to which a sect of Indians and Persians, called Garus, pay religious worship. It is situated about ten miles from the city of Baku, in the province of Shirvan, on a dry, rocky piece of ground.

On it there are several ancient temples, but of stone, and supposed to be all dedicated to fire, there being one among them in which fire-worship is now carried on. Near the altar there is a large, hollow cane, from the end of which issues a blue flame. The worshippers affirm that this flame has continued ever since the deluge, and believe if it were suppressed in that place, it would break out in another.

A short distance from this temple there is a horizontal gap, two feet from the ground, about six feet long and three broad, out of which comes a constant flame of the color of that in the temple. When there is a strong wind it rises to the height of eight feet, but is much lower in calm weather.

The earth around, for more than two miles, has this extraordinary property, that by taking up two or three inches of the surface and applying a lighted lamp, the part uncovered immediately takes fire even before the flame touches it. The flames make the soil hot, but do not consume it nor affect what is near with any degree of heat.

It is said that eight horses were once consumed by this fire, under a roof where the surface of the ground had been turned up, and by some accident had ignited. If a cane or tube of paper be set about two inches into the ground, closed with earth below, and the top of it touched with a live coal, a flame will immediately issue forth without consuming the tube, providing the edges be covered with clay. Three or four lighted canes will boil water in a pot, and are sometimes used to cook victuals. The flames have a sulphurous smell, but are inoffensive.

HOW TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

WE want a few private words with the boys. The truth is we have a great idea of boys. We begin to think now that those were old-fashioned notions, that they are all out of date. We look around and see a great many persons grown up, with men's clothes on, who are called men. But they can't act and behave so that we feel certain that they were never made out of boys. If they had been, they would know how to behave better. Where they came from we do not know. But what we wish to put into the ears of the boys is this—be gentlemen. In this country every boy may be grown up to be a gentleman if he will. It is not necessary that he should become rich—and most boys think it is—nor is it necessary that he should become a great scholar, nor that he should become a distinguished man.

But some impatient ones are asking, How can we become gentlemen? How can a boy go about making himself one? Can he work for it? Yes, he can. And the harder he works in the right way the better. Can he study for it? Yes, he can. But he must study with his eyes and his ears. Reading books and newspapers is not enough. He must think and feel, as well as speak and act. Can he buy it? No, he cannot. Money will buy a great many things, but it will not buy what makes a gentleman. If you have

money you can go to a shop and buy clothes. But clothes, coat, pants, and boots do not make a gentleman. They make a fop, and sometimes they come near making a fool. Money will buy dogs and horses. But how many dogs and horses do you think it will take to make a gentleman? Let no boy, therefore, think he is to be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one of all these things do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, have no horses, live in a poor house and spend but little money, and still be a gentleman. But how? By being true, manly and honorably. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and respecting others. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping his commandments.

HOW TO BREAK OFF BAD HABITS.

UNDERSTAND the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice—a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolutions just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is a folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which may have been gathered long years.

A MOTHER'S BOY.

"IS there a vacant place in this bank which I could fill? was the inquiry of a boy, as, with a glowing cheek, he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you could obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, and honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, though half musingly:

"My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then, recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already," said his interrogator. "Why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy quietly.

"But you wish to leave. What is the matter? For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied, with half reluctant frankness:

"I must do more for my mother!"

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener—recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice:

"My boy, what is your name? You shall fill

the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied: "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I wish to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you." So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered. A boy animated by a desire to help his mother will always find friends.

A JAPANESE LEGEND.

THE Japanese have a curious legend of a stone cutter who became discontented with his lot in life. He first expressed the very common wish, "Oh that I were rich!" This being granted by the gods, he next wished to become a king, so that he might have power. In this station he still found a source of discontent. So after many changes, he wished to become a rock, which even the floods could not move. This being granted, he for a time enjoyed his newly-acquired power; for neither the burning sun, rushing wind, nor roaring flood had power to move him. But one day a man with a sharp chisel and a heavy hammer came along and began to cut stones out of the rock; and the rock said, "What is this, that the man has power over me, and can cut stones out of my bosom? I am weaker than he. I should like to be that man." And then came an angel out of heaven who said, "Be this as you have said;" and the rock became a stone cutter, and he cut stones with hard labor for small wages, and was contented.

Correspondence.

COFFEYVILLE, Kan., Sep. 24th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—We have meetings every Sunday. We have five miles to go but we get paid for going with God's blessings. I have a testimony that this is the true Church of Christ, and thank God for it. I take the *Herald*, *Hope* and *Advocate* and would not be without one of them for the price of two. I think the *Advocate* is a good paper and thank brother Blair for it. I hate the name of polygamy. I would advise all to take the *Advocate*; also the book, *Joseph the Seer*, is a splendid book. I got rid of mine and sent for another. It has many good evidences. Dear Hopes, pray for me that I may hold out faithful. My desire is to meet you all in heaven. I love you all. Please excuse my mistakes; remember this is my first trial; I will try and do better next time. I remain your brother in the gospel bonds,

JAMES L. HAERT.

15 October 78.

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.

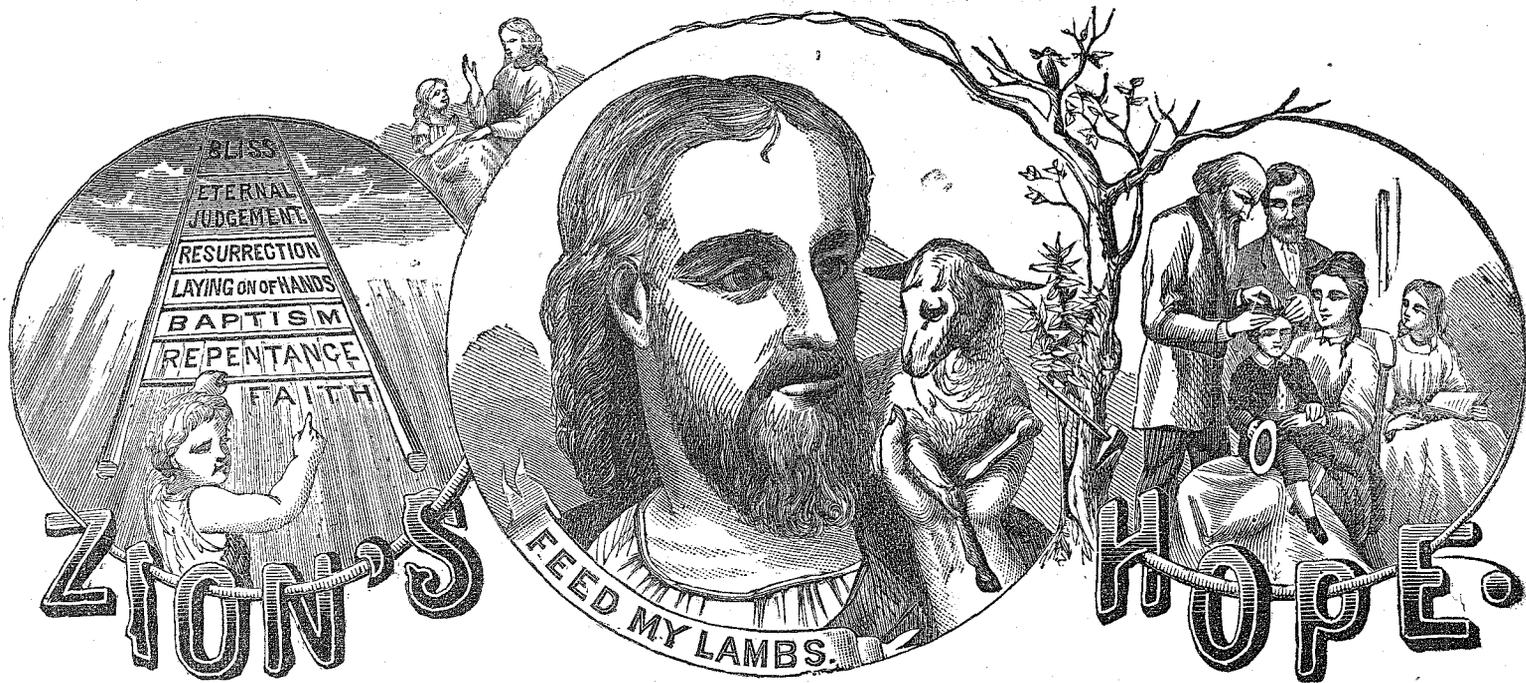
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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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."

WEIGHING THE BABY.

How many pounds does the baby weigh,
 Baby who came but a month ago?
 How many pounds from the crowning curl
 To the rosy point of the restless too?
 Grandfather ties the kerchief knot,
 Tenderly guides the swaying weight,
 And carefully over his glasses peers
 To read the record: "only eight!"
 Softly the echo goes around,
 The father laughs at the tiny girl;
 The fair young mother sings the words,
 While grandmother smoothes the golden curls.
 And stooping above the precious thing,
 Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
 Murmuring softly: "Little one,
 Grandpa did not weigh you fair."
 Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
 Or the love that came with the helpless one;
 Nobody weighed the threads of care
 From which a woman's life is spun.
 Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
 For here on earth no weights could be
 That could avail; God only knows
 Its value in vast eternity.
 Only eight pounds to hold a soul,—
 That seeks no angel's silver wing,
 But shines forth in this human gaze
 Within so frail and small a thing.
 O, mother laugh your merry note,
 Be gay and glad, but don't forget
 From baby's eyes looks out a soul
 That claims a home in Eden yet!

EDITORIAL CHAT.

THE replies to the Prize Puzzle published in August 1st *Hope* we set out to arrange for publication preparatory to the awards, but finding it a task, especially as there were some errors to be accounted for, we forwarded it to Mr. William Street, the putter of the puzzle, for an unravelling, and to find who, if any, have completely answered the questions, and to name who shall receive the rewards. We intend to publish a list of all who entered as competitors. By the letters received we found that several strove very faithfully to solve all the problem; and if enigmas and puzzles of sufficient worth and merit are put, we think there would be quite an interest in a renewal of the Puzzle Department again, though it is quite a bit of extra work for us to attend to it.

Sr. Mary J. Humphrey, of Stockdale, Texas, writes

that the Sabbath School, organized there by Bro. D. H. Bays, is in a flourishing condition, as also is the branch of the Church existing there.

The reason why our correspondence column has been so small recently, is because the Hopes fail to write for it. Some letters are now on hand and prepared for the next issue.

A NEGLECTED HOPE.

DEAR HOPES:—While the Uncles, Aunts, and sisters that usually entertain you are busy with Conference matters, I am going to tell you a story, a true story too, about a dear little neglected Hope that often comes to my house. I don't know just how old she is, but would judge many of my readers that still call themselves Hopes are older than she, though I do not think there can be any that are better. She is always so pleasant, cheerful and kind, not only to the bright-eyed, merry-hearted little Hopes, but also to the unfortunate, and especially the sick. A visit from her never fails to cheer and comfort them; and for that reason all love and welcome her to their homes.

She has no father or mother to care for her, but she has kind guardians. Do you know little ones what a guardian is? A guardian is one who watches over and protects her interests. And those guardians send her around among the Saints to amuse and instruct their children. She is such a nice little teacher too, that there are few parents who are not interested in hearing what she has to say to the children. They know she is wise beyond her years and cannot help acknowledging that she teaches *them* as well as the children. How glad the children are when they see her coming. Some of them fairly clap their hands with delight, for you all know how fond children are of stories, and she never fails to have two or three of the very best stories that little children ever did hear.

And that is not all, for she often gives them lessons on politeness, kindness and industry, and teaches little boys how to be brave and manly. In fact there is not a virtue that she does not try to instil into their useful minds. And above all she tells them of the great love of the Savior, and tries to show all how to come unto him and be his children, teaching them that he requires all who wish to be his to obey him. Is not that right little Hopes? We all want our children to obey us. Another thing I love this little one for, is because she is so faithful. She never fails to come at the appointed time. No matter whether the day is hot, cold, or dry, and notwithstanding she has a long distance to travel too. Some

of the Saints that she visits live so far away, she can not walk so she has to be sent on the cars. Now I know many of you are ready to say, I wish I was in her place. Well it is nice to have a ride on the cars, but I really don't believe she enjoys that part very much; perhaps because she travels so much it is nothing new and the best of the little Hopes would get tired riding in the cars all the time.

Now I presume you think that because this little Hope has so many friends, and because she goes around visiting so much, that she must be very happy, and cannot have anything in the world to complain of. Well, I do not think she is discontented; at least I never heard her complain, although she may not know what it is to enjoy real happiness. But she does not have as easy times perhaps as you think, though it is not as hard for her as for her guardians, for, would you believe it? this little teacher does not get money enough for her kind labors to pay her expences; and sometimes nearly all the clothes she has on are borrowed and not from the Saints either, but from the world. It is not that dreadful? Just think how you would feel if you had to wear borrowed clothes!

You remember I told you she had no mother, so the people where she visited were to provide her with clothing, for her guardians have so many bigger one to take care of that they have not time to make them for her. And do you not think it is too bad for them to neglect her? But she always comes nicely fixed up, and her clothing is not only pretty but rich; for her guardians love her so they will not permit her to wear anything that is not becoming; and for that reason it takes a great deal of their time (which is more valuable than money) to find things that are suitable. It is true I have never given her but one article myself though I have often wished to, especially when her guardians called for some, but when I looked over my stock it was so inferior I was ashamed to offer any, knowing it would take as much time to make them over as to make new ones. Still I would like to do something for her. I'll tell you what I have been thinking of, it would be real nice too if all the little Hopes will join me, for I could not do any good alone:

You all know how nice it is to get Christmas presents and our blessed Master said it was more blessed to give than to receive, and my plan is this: Let us make her a Christmas present. If every little Hope that can will give ten cents, what a long list of pretty names we would have in our little paper to begin the New Year with, and how glad and happy it would make the hearts

of those kind, faithful guardians who toil day after day for our benefit, to see such a little army coming to their relief.

Perhaps there are some of the wee Hopes that have not guessed the name of our little friend. If there are any, put your ear down close and I will tell you as easily as I can, for a Christmas present must be a surprise. Her name is "Zion's Hope." Now don't let us say anything about this, but on the first day of December let us send our presents in little clubs, not forgetting to send each name. And then what a roll of honor it will be.

SISTER EMMA.

MAGGIE AND THE MICE.

SELECTED BY SISTER S. A. ROSE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE LOST MONEY.

POOR little Maggie, how your mamma's heart would have bled, could she have seen you as you lay prostrate in your chamber! At first the child was full of passion. It was a heavy hand that struck the blow, the first she ever remembered to have received; and her whole head throbbed with pain. But her heart ache was much harder to bear; because she presently felt that she too had done wrong. She had been carefully taught by her mamma to control her temper, because anger towards those about her was displeasing both to her heavenly and her earthly parents. "I am sorry," she sobbed, "how could I do so?"

Presently came the conviction that she ought to confess her anger to Miss Ropes; but this seemed for a long time too hard. It was not without a struggle of many hours before she could resolve to do this, and do it at once. Then bathing her swollen eyes, she crept softly from her chamber, her breast still heaving, and her whole frame trembling with excitement. Listening a moment at the head of the stairs she hear the lady's voice below, and hastily, for fear her courage would fail, she began to descend. A visitor had just left the parlor and Miss Ropes was arranging her head-dress before the long mirror when she heard a timid voice behind her. Maggie's face was so deadly pale that for one moment she was startled. Scarcely waiting to hear the pleading voice say; "I'm sorry I talked so, Miss Ropes; will you please to forgive me?" she exclaimed, angrily,— "What do you mean by disobeying me? I told you not to leave your room to-day! If you were really sorry you would have shown it by your obedience. I understand you, Miss, you're afraid of the letter to Mrs. Ropes. It's gone already, and she'll be so angry, she'll like as not send word for you to go back to the Asylum. Now go right back, and don't let me see you again."

Thoughts of running away to her old friend the Matron to stay till the return of her dear mamma, filled poor Maggie's mind, until she lost her trouble in sleep. Oh those were weary-some days for the little orphan? Sometimes she almost lost her faith in God's promise to her prayer, when she found no relief.

Back of the stairs, in the rear of the hall, there was a small room where Mr. Ropes kept his papers, and usually paid any bills that were brought to the house. Here his sister kept the money left her for the expenses of the house. She always locked the drawer of the secretary, putting the key in her pocket. Here, too, she stowed away any nice bit of fowl, or slice of cake that might be left at the table, as the servants began to grumble at her orders for lunch for herself and friends. One day James received a letter from Susy, from which he learned that if he wished to secure her favor he might do so by watching Maggie, and writing about her. She stated that her mistress was always writing to the child and worried that she did not get letters. James treasured up this advice, and the first opportunity he went up stairs to ask Maggie to go out for a walk with him. What was his surprise to find her door locked, and to hear her sobbing within.

"What's the matter, little one?" he asked softly, putting his ear to the keyhole.

"O James! O, dear James, do let me out!" she cried when she heard his voice.

"Who locked you in, tell me that?" he asked, almost fiercely.

"Miss Ropes, and she is going to send me to prison."

"Wait a minute, honey; I'll come back," and down he went to ascertain where Miss Ropes was. Presently he was back again, and taking the key from another door, finding it fitted, unlocked and entered.

With a cry of joy she ran to him, and clung convulsively to his arm. "I didn't steal her money," she exclaimed, eagerly. "I would'n't do such a wicked thing. I want to go away. I shall die if they put me in prison."

It was some time before the honest-hearted man could calm her sufficiently to get at her story. At last he found Miss Ropes had missed money from the drawer, and had charged the little girl with stealing. Maggie, frightened and indignant, grew so red as she denied the charge that it only confirmed the lady in her opinion. The next day not only money, but the dainties had disappeared; and now fully assured that the girl her sister-in-law had adopted was a thief, and the child of thieves, that the whole house was in danger, she had locked her up while she went to consult some of her friends the course to pursue. "If she has a key to one drawer," she said to herself, "how do I know that the artful child has not duplicate keys to every drawer in the house? I think it is dangerous harboring such a creature. She ought to go to jail; but I suppose her baby face would impose on the officers as it has on Mrs. Ropes, and they would refuse to believe my story; but something must and shall be done."

Maggie's fears were wrought up to such a pitch she would not allow James to leave her, and so it happened they were talking earnestly when they heard Miss Ropes at the head of the stairs. There she stopped to speak to a servant and James only had time to slip out the key, lock it inside, and conceal himself in the closet, before she entered the room.

Continued.

MASON'S GROVE SABBATH SCHOOL.

REPORT for the quarter ending September 29th, 1878:

Held 11 sessions. Total attendance 334; number of verses recited 1375; sum of money collected \$1.95.

Average daily attendance 30.36; of verses recited 125; of money collected 17.7.

Average number of verses recited by class No. 2, 30.55; No. 3, 73.7; No. 4, 20.27. Average number memorized by one, Miss Alice A. McKim, 56.55. Total by her 622.

The Officers and Teachers for the ensuing quarter are as follows: Superintendent, John Dobson, Assistant, Newton Brogden; Sec. J. H. Johnson, Asst. C. J. Hunt; Librarian S. C. Horr, Asst. C. Brogden; Treas. Jno. Goff.

Teacher for class No. 1, T. C. Dobson; class No. 2, N. L. Hunt; class No. 3, S. V. Spence; class No. 4 Emma Spence.

J. H. JOHNSON SEC.

OLIVE BRANCH SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE above Sunday School located at Sedgwick, Decatur county, Iowa, reports for the summer ending October 6th, 1878, as follows: Total number of sessions of school 22; Total number officers 4, of teachers 9. Total attendance of officers 46, of teachers 99. Average daily attendance of officers 2.8-11, of teachers 4.5. Total attendance of male pupils 345, of female pupils 363; total attendance of all 867. Average male attendance 15.5-11, of female 16.5, total average attendance of all 39.3-11. Total number of verses learned by the school 379,

daily average 17.5-22. (They were repeated as general, and not as class exercises.) Total amount of cash collection \$3.60; daily average 16.4-11. Wilson Hudson Supt. Earl D. Bailey, Sect.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

RISING beyond the green is Beauchamp Tower, where is the fatal slab I told of in my last article, and its walls are full of inscriptions wrought thereon by the hand of priest, statesman, and warrior. Memory revels here, though in sad guise, for it recalls them one by one, to set against almost all the sentence, ending their loving and hating on Tower Hill.

The first name of note, is that of Robert Dudley. This nobleman was a son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who, having married his son, Lord Guilford Dudley, to Lady Jane Grey, attempted to place her on the throne of England. He perished on Tower Hill, and Robert, though sentenced to be "hanged and drawn," by the Earl of Sussex, lingered in prison a few years, and was then set free. Elizabeth made him Baron Denbigh and Earl of Leicester, and he became the noted favorite of the queen, and the famous husband of the unfortunate Amy Robsart. He was said to have caused her death, though it was given out that she was killed by falling from a horse.

Leicester afterward married the Countess of Essex, and partially alienated the queen's affection, though it was not long withdrawn. At one time it was said that he aspired to his sovereign's hand, so high did he rise in her favor.

The next notable inscription is, "The more suffering for Christ, the more glory. Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor, O Lord! In memory everlasting. He will be just. Arundel, June 23, 1587." Philip Howard, son of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, having lost that dukedom by his father's treason, took the title of Earl of Arundel from his mother, Mary, daughter of Fitzallan, Earl of Arundel. Being a Roman Catholic, he was accused of favoring the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots, and for this was kept in confinement in the tower. Being released, he attempted to leave the kingdom, but was apprehended and brought back, and again committed to the Tower. He was tried for treason, being said to favor the Spanish Armada, and condemned to death. He was not executed, however, but denied the privilege of seeing his wife and child, and the communion of his religion. After a time he was offered his freedom and the full restoration of all his honors, if he would forsake his faith, for which he had suffered so much, but refused, and died in prison when forty years old, October 19, 1595.

The next name is that of John Dudley, eldest son of the Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, before mentioned. He was called Earl of Warwick, and was confined for being concerned in the plot to keep Mary from the throne. He was condemned to death, but reprieved and died in the Tower—October 21, 1554. He has left the most elaborate of the inscriptions, consisting of a device containing the arms of his family, a lion, bear and ragged staff, surmounting his name, and enclosed in a border of oak sprigs, roses, geraniums and honeysuckles, emblematic of the names of his brothers, Ambrose, Robert, Guilford and Henry, all confined at the same time. The A of acorn signifies Ambrose, who succeeded him to the Earldom of Warwick, when released in 1555. The R, in rose, is for Robert, afterward the Earl of Leicester. The G, in geraniums, Guilford, executed for being the husband of Lady Jane Grey. The H, in honeysuckle, is for Henry, released with Ambrose and Robert in 1555, and killed at St. Quentins, in France, in 1558, fighting for King Philip. Underneath this device is an unfinished verse, reading thus:

"You that these beasts do now behold and see,
May chance with ease wherefore here made they be.
With borders eke wherein—"

4 brothers' names who list to searche the ground."

Doubtless the third line should read "With borders eke wherein there may be found," referring to his brothers' names.

The next inscription is in Latin, and translated reads, "He who sows in tears, shall reap in joy. Aged 21. E. Pool, 1562." Edmund Pool was the scion of an unfortunate family. George Duke of Clarence, his grandfather, was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, in the Bowyer Tower, a part of the main fortress. His grandmother, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, fell a victim to the cruelty of Henry the eighth, and died on Tower Hill. Edmund and his brother Arthur were said to have given adherence to Mary of Scotland, and to be concerned in that unfortunate woman's conspiracy. They were apprehended and confined in the Tower, until death came to release them, the usual fate of all who served Mary, Queen of Scots.

The next inscription is "Jane," over a barred shield, the work of Lord Guilford Dudley, and made to commemorate his beautiful wife, Lady Jane, daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk. I have told her fate. She died on the Tower Green and he on Tower Hill.

But one could go on indefinitely, giving names famous in English history, Talbots, Radelyffs, Seymours, Fitsgeralds, and then not name half of those who have thus seen their last earthly sun go down, through the casements of Beauchamp Tower. In the Brick Tower near by, Lady Jane Grey was confined, but no record of her prison life can be found, and after looking into the room that had once known her presence, I left the old fortress, a host of memories thronging through my mind.

Through this same gateway had passed the chosen of England, to die, where? On fields of battle in all parts of the world, and it seems that their ghosts inhabit the cool stone halls that knew them of old, and welcome by an invisible but vaguely felt kindness, the visitors who hold their deeds and memories green.

OUR TRIP TO NIAGARA.

AFTER staying here until time warned us to be going, we started back, and what a time we had getting to the top of that Biddle stairway! Up, up, up, around and around, until our knees began making the strongest or weakest kind of a protest, and our heads seconded the motion; but as all things have an end, so had our climb, and we arrived at the top breathless and weary. A moment's rest, then off again to a point on the left of the Island, we do not now remember its name. Here we have a full view again of the Canadian Falls, from the American side. We stand by them, right on the edge, leaning on the iron railing, we watch the water go rolling over, and strike the immense stones below, which causes great clouds of spray. We cannot stop long here for the sun is getting down, and there are still other points to view. A quiet walk of about five minutes brings us to the first of three Islands, called the Three Sisters. Pleasant, shady retreats, where one can sit amid the surrounding wonders, and muse upon the greatness and power of our heavenly Father. From the farthest one of these, a good view is had of the rapids, where they begin some half a mile above us, and it is a beautiful and interesting sight to see the waters dashing against the stones on a regular down hill chase, for the rapids are considerably higher where they begin than where they go over the falls. You can judge how rapid it must be. Here we partook of our last lunch, drinking from the rapids the pure water, and lingering until admonished by the near approach of seven o'clock when we betook ourselves back to the depot, and taking our seats in the cars, were soon rolling homeward, where we arrived at three o'clock in the morning, without having a single accident, or anything of an unpleasant nature to mar the pleasure of our trip, thankful to our heavenly

Father for his mercies and care, and much pleased with our trip.

And now, dear readers, if any should have the opportunity of visiting Niagara, unless you want to go a considerable distance, let the hackmen alone. You pay them fifty cents each for your ride to Canada, but that don't take you there. You will have another fifty cents to pay for crossing the bridge, then you are driven rapidly to the falls, and after a stoppage and view of one to two minutes, you are taken back as rapidly as you came, giving you but a glimpse, where you should have time to leisurely observe the grandeur of this beautiful place; or, if you desire to ride, engage your hackmen for the day or half-day, taking good care to make your contract or bargain with him before starting, and you will not have much trouble that way; but do not be deceived by their assurance, "Show you all that can be seen for fifty cents." You will find it a "short show."

There were other places of interest we had not time to visit. The inclined railway to the foot of the fall; the trip under the main body of the American falls; "the shadow of the rock" as it is called; the ferry on the river in front of the fall; the trip under Canadian falls; the visit to the railroad suspension bridge, and points around there. A week or more could be spent very profitably and pleasurably by those having the time to spare.

W. H. G.

A BOARDING-SCHOOL PICTURE.

JESSIE Lee had won the first prize for Latin and English literature. It was a grand day for her, not because honor and praises would be lavished upon her, but because principle, devotion to duty, and self-denial were rewarded, and because Jessie really deserved the prize. She had studied early and late, through many difficulties too, which a less studious and a less earnest pupil would have failed under. There were many reasons why Miss Watson, the Principal in Granger's Point Institute, wished Jessie to graduate with the highest honors. Among the large number of scholars at this school, with hardly an exception, all members of wealthy families in the state, one of them, Helen Bowen, was a perfect rival of Jessie's. She was brilliant, ambitious, and proud. The girls looked up to her as a star of wonderful magnitude and beauty. She preceded Jessie a few months in the school, and was quite settled in her position when Jessie arrived. Jessie Lee had not been in the company of Helen Bowen two days when she knew she was hated by Helen. There was something unusually attractive about Jessie. It was not her person, though she was very pretty—a fair blonde. Her voice was musical and full of power, her eye was bright, and looked into other eyes with uncompromising honesty. It was not any one of these attractions which gave Jessie her power. Her teachers knew what it was, though the scholars did not. The latter loved her at once and always all, except Helen; the former knew her to be possessed of not only rare mental ability, but having a soul greatly cultivated, and this culture was due to her sainted mother. While the scholars looked at and admired Helen at a distance, they came very close to Jessie, who always had a smile and a welcome for them. Her unconscious influence was love—and she did love everybody—indeed, could have loved Helen, and she did love her as far as was possible. And so, day after day, while Jessie was growing more and more in favor with all—for lovingness is a most fruitful soil—Helen, in all her magnificence, was let alone. The difference in the two was a simple one after all. Jessie was very unconscious of herself and very thoughtful of others. Helen was just the reverse. She saw no one with clearer vision than herself. She needed no glass-magnifying, nor otherwise, to bring herself to her eyes; she was always there! A few days before the commencement an unusual stir was apparent

in the Institute. Here and there excited groups talking, as school-girls can. "What will she do?" asks one girl. "I don't know I'm sure; she declares she will not take her part in the programme." "Well," speaks a third, "I don't blame her; she has nothing in her wardrobe which will do to graduate in. If I were in her place, I would shut myself up in my room and stay there till I had the cry of my life time."

From out these tangled threads of conversation, I learned that Helen Bowen's dress, boxed and expressed from home in time for graduation, was, among other valuable goods, in the freight office, which the night before was burned to the ground. It was a real sorrow to Helen. Too late for another dress to be made, miles rolled between Helen's home and the school. In vain her teachers tried to persuade her to appear in the best she had, and thus show her womanly sense; but no, she would not appear on the platform. The second prize was hers. The last day had come. In a few hours after commencement, silence would reign throughout the Institute walls. Already baggage and traveling appurtenances were being wheeled to the depot. Helen in her room, was about receiving her check from the express-man for her trunk, she herself to take the evening express train for home, when a servant appears with a huge bundle, unmistakable in size for "Miss Helen." "For me?" she said, "There is some mistake, I think." "Not any. Your name is here"—and again she read, "Miss Helen Bowen, Room 93." And as the wrappings of soft tissue paper were unfolded, a lovely white silk dress, complete in its trimmings, appeared—a beautiful graduating-dress. I need not attempt to describe Helen's surprise, and the excitement among the pupils. The teachers' manifested joy was as great as their scholars'. Questions were asked, but no clew could be found to unravel the mystery. Oh, the power of love in one human heart! The unselfish and sublime outgrowth of a principle whose very essence is found in loving them "which hate, and doing good to them which spitefully use you." There came no struggle in the heart of Jessie Lee, when the angel of peace whispered the thought, which resulted in sending her own dress to Helen, to the fellow-student who had caused so many hot tears to fall on her pillow at night when all was still; but when the comfort came, despite the weeping, at the thought of Him, the loving sympathizer whose "eyes neither slumber nor sleep"—he that keepeth Israel kept Jessie's heart in peace. The hour of commencement came. The teachers wished to make the most of the lesson of love (Jessie had taken them into her confidence), arranged to have the graduates enter singly and alone, beginning with least, so leaving Jessie to enter last. How shall I describe the wonder, the agitation, the look of amazement on all faces as Jessie stepped to the platform with the steel-blue silk dress on which had been seen so often in the academy? But there she stood a queen, next to Helen in her white dress, looking more radiant than ever. She stood there in her great-heartedness and power of love, the admired of all, and the "blessed one" of Him "whose she was and whom she served."

THE FIRST TELESCOPE.

THE year 1609 was distinguished by the construction of the first telescope. It has been asserted that a Dutchman, named Jansen, was the inventor of this instrument. It is true that he and some persons before him had made microscopes, and perhaps some imperfect telescopes; but to Galileo belongs the glory of having first realized the idea of a perfect instrument. He himself says in his *Nuncius sidericus*, that a rumor having reached him that a Dutchman had constructed an instrument by means of which distant objects seemed very near, he determined to make one also. His first instrument made objects appear nine times larger

than they seemed to the naked eye; he perfected it, and increased its power sixteen times; finally he presented to the Senate of Venice a telescope which magnified one thousand times. The Senate, struck with wonder at this discovery, confirmed him in his professorship for life, and gave him an annual salary of a thousand florins.

Galileo hastened to direct his precious instrument toward the celestial spaces, and he saw there what no man before him had been able to see. He saw the mountain-heights of the moon and its shadowy abysses, its oceans, its continents; he discovered that our satellite constantly turned the same face toward the earth, and he observed its librations. He resolved the Milky Way into its myriads of stars. His astonished eyes viewed the moons of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn, and dwelt with delight on the phases of Venus. His wonderful instrument also offered him an unanswerable argument against the Ptolemean theory of the incorruption of celestial bodies, by revealing to him the spots on the sun's surface. He established the movement of rotation of the planet Venus and that of the planet Mercury around the sun. Reasoning by analogy, he concluded that the earth moved, confirming this fundamental truth by those other arguments which Kepler had laid down. Thus each one of his discoveries led him to the system of Copernicus; but each one also gave to his enemies new motives of envy and new pretexts for persecution.

"GERTIE."

BOYS of ten and twelve, seen on the street, appear heartless and without sympathy, and yet you wrong them. Among the houses on Clinton street is one which has missed many a pane of glass in its windows. Rags and papers are used to keep the cold air out or it may blow in and whistle through the desolate rooms without let or hindrance. A girl of ten, whose life has been one long period of hunger, pain and unhappiness, was taken sick one day in March, and people passing by could see her lying on a miserable bed near one of the windows. It was curious that any of the boys coming and going should have stopped to think or care about it, but they did. One of them, feeling sad at the sight of the sufferer's pale face, handed an orange through the broken pane, saw it clasped by the slender white fingers and then ran away. He told other boys, and by and by there wasn't a day that some lad didn't stop at that window to hand in fruit or flowers. None of them knew the family or ever spoke to the girl, and so they gave her the name of Gertie and called her their orphan. Boys went without marbles and other things that belong to boyhood sports that their pennies might buy an orange, lemon or some simple flower for Gertie and their anxiety for her to get well was fully as great as the doctor's or the mother's. Whatever present they had they handed it through the broken pane, waited for her to reach up, and never lingered longer than to hear a soft "thank you," from her lips. Days went by, but the boys did not grow weary, nor did they miss a day. It was romance and charity so well combined that it gladdened their hearts and made them fond of each other. Yesterday morning a lad's hand, holding a sweet flower and big orange, went up to the window. No white fingers touched his as they grasped the offering. He waited a moment, and then with beating heart looked through into the room. The bed had been taken away. On a table rested a pine coffin, and on the coffin was a bunch of faded flowers which had been handed through the window the day before. Death had been there and the boys no longer had a mission.

You might not have seen the boy hiding in a doorway and wiping tears from his eyes. He was seen however, and when asked the cause of his sorrow, he sobbed out the whole sad romance in four words:

"Our Gertie is dead."

THE THREE KINGDOMS.

King Frederick William of Prussia walked in the fair green fields one day,
When trees and flowers were fresh with the life that wakes in the month of May,
And as he walked, 'twas with joy he saw the violet's shady bed,
The primrose pale, and the wind-flower fair, and the birch-tassels overhead.

Well pleased was he to have left awhile Berlin's gay and crowded street,
And forget for a time his kingly cares 'mid the blossoming hedgerows sweet,
And laying aside his royal robes, unnoticed to walk abroad,
To learn, from the beauty of fields and flowers, new lessons of Nature's God.

Spring sunshine flickered across his path, as he strode through the leafy glade,
Till he came to a glen where a joyous group of village children played,
Gathering cowslips with eager haste, as happy as happy could be.
And the King looked on till his heart grew gay their gaiety to see.

He calls them at last all round him there, in the mossy, flower-strewn dell,
And soon they came clustering about him, for they knew his kind face well,
Then, smiling, he held up an orange that there chanced in his hand to be:
"To which of the three kingdoms does this belong, my little folks?" said he.

There was silence awhile to the question, till a bright little fellow said,
"To the vegetable kingdom, your Majesty." The king he nodded his head;
"Well said! Quite right! Now the orange shall be your own, my brave little man!"
So saying he tossed it to him, crying out, "Catch my cowslip ball if you can!"

Then gaily the King in the Sunshine a crown-piece held up to view:
"Now to which of the kingdoms does this belong? Who guesses shall have this too?"
"To the mineral kingdom, your Highness," a little lad quickly replies;
As the silver coin in the sunlight shone, so sparkled his eager eyes.

"Well answered, so here's your crown," said the King, and placed the crown in his hand,
While around him the other children delighted and wondering stand.
"One question more I will ask," said the king, "and 'tis neither hard nor long;
Now tell me, my little people all, to which kingdom do I belong?"

In the group of little ones gathered there stood a tiny blue-eyed child;
Full of thoughtful grace was her childish face, like a starry primrose mild;
Wistfully gazing into his face, with an earnestness sweet to see,
Simply she answered the King, "I think to the kingdom of Heaven," said she.
King Frederick stooped down, and in his arms took the little maiden then,
And kissing her brow, he softly said, "Amen, dear child, amen."

WHAT TO TEACH OUR BOYS.

NOT to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.

When their play is over for the day, to wash their faces and hands, brush their hair, and spend the evening in the house.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, and put it directly in front of the fire, and forget to then offer it to your mother when she comes in to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she was a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as to other boys' sisters.

Not to grumble or refuse when asked to do some errand which must be done, and which will otherwise take the time of some one or other who has more to do than themselves.

To take pride in having their mothers and sisters for their best friends.

To try to find some amusement for the evening that all the family can join in, large and small.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

To cultivate a cheerful temper.

To learn to sew on their own buttons.

If they do anything wrong, to take their mothers into their confidence, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew or drink, remembering these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men, necessary to bad ones.

To remember there never was a vagabond without these habits.

To learn to save their money, and invest it, from the first money they earn, and they are sure to be rich men.

To observe all these rules, they are sure to be gentlemen.

MIND!

MIND your tongue! Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, untruthful or wicked words.

Mind your eyes! Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures or objects.

Mind your ears! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs or words.

Mind your lips! Don't let strong drink pass them. Don't let tobacco pollute them. Don't let the food of a glutton enter between them.

Mind your hands! Don't let them steal, or fight, or write any wicked words.

Mind your feet! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked.

Mind your heart! Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it His throne.

Correspondence.

CORTLAND, Ill., October 13th, 1878.

Brother Henry:—I notice of late that the correspondence from the young Hopes has ceased, and I am very sorry for it, for I like to read the letters. I have not written to you for some time, but I have not forgotten you. It has made me very happy to read the wishes of the brothers and sisters and those of the young Hopes who are engaged in this glorious work. It has been a little over a year since I embraced the gospel. I have not heard any preaching by a Latter Day Saint Elder since last February. I have heard other preaching, but it was not like the truth. Please pray for me for I am young in the faith and have many temptations. I ask an interest in the prayers of both old and young. Respectfully yours in Christ. DAVID CALHOON.

1 November '78.

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 SAINTS' HERALD.

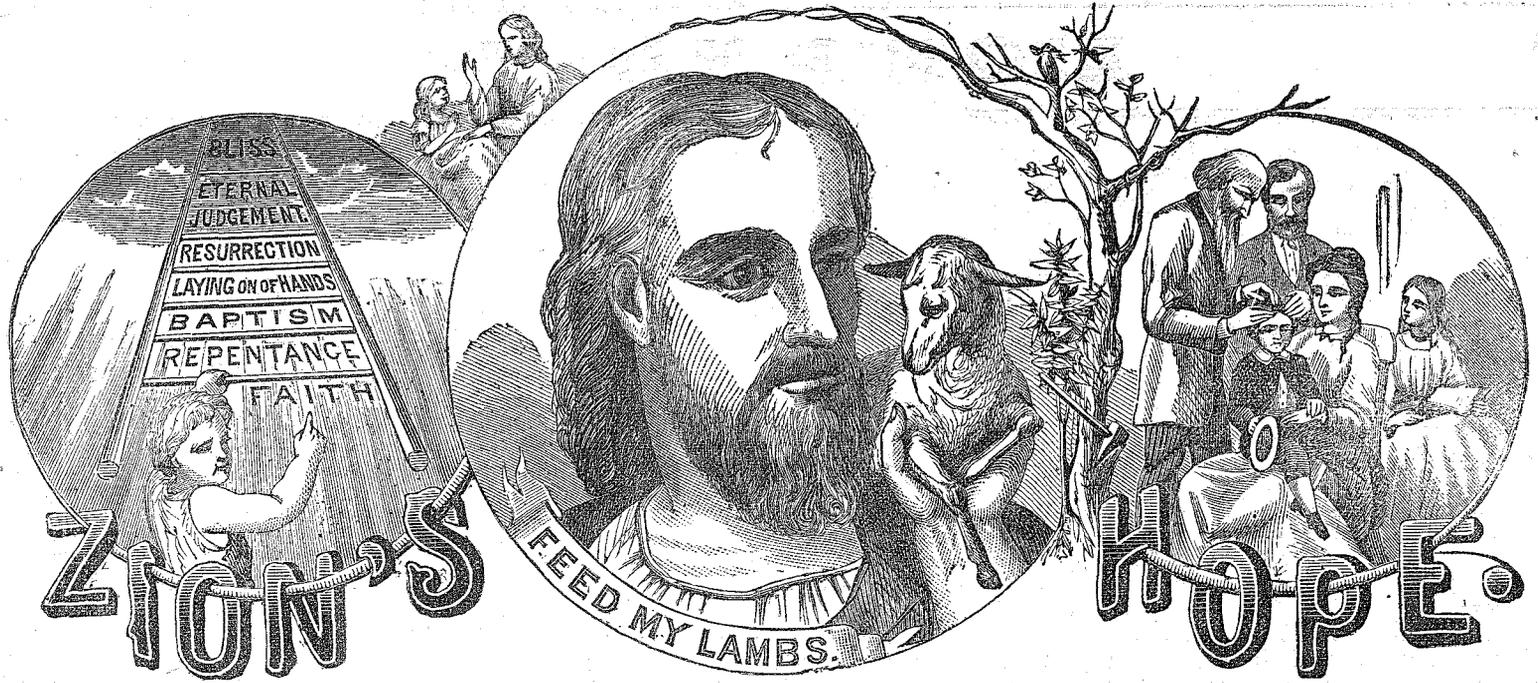
The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

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



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

THE ROCK ISLAND ARSENAL.

DEAR HOPES:—I hardly know how to address you as this is my first attempt; but I think that I shall tell you a little about the Island, as I suppose very few of you have ever been here. The Island lies northeast of Rock Island, and southeast of Davenport, in the "Father of waters." The Island is about three miles long, and a mile and a half wide. There are six large stone buildings here, each covering a square block, classified as follows; shops, A, B, C, D, E & F, and three more are being erected. I am working in the machine shop or shop C. I hold the position of second engineer. I am also learning my trade. The engine here is a very fine one, one of the Corliss manufacture, and is adapted to light work only. They are building a rolling mill here also. They have a very large and a very powerful engine there of the Putnam manufacture. The boilers are supplied with water by means of a huge reservoir, capable of holding 45,262 barrels of water. There is also a large water dam being built. There are a great many things that I have not spoken of, but I will say a few words in favor of Col. Flagler. He is a generous, good, kind-hearted man, well adapted to the position he holds, and "Uncle Sam," may think himself lucky, to have such a man as Col. Flagler, in his service. I have said enough about the Island for this time.

Dear Hopes, I am glad that I am one among you who are called Latter Day Saints. I am fifteen years and four months old. I have a testimony to bear, and that testimony is that I know the latter day work is the work of God; and I pray God that he will continue to bless his work, that it may roll on until it fills the whole earth. My desire is to live faithful, and to press onward after the prize which is set before us, even the prize of a home in Zion. And if we keep ourselves pure and unspotted from the world, live and practice our profession, live for God, we will surely win; and if we win, then a crown of life and eternal happiness with God, will be our reward. O how glorious it is only to think of, and how much more glorious will it be to realize it.

Brother McDowell has been here lately, I love him because I know that he is a man of God. Now if any brother or sister Hopes are coming to Davenport, I wish they would stop at our house, and my sister Ada will bring you over to visit the Island. Your brother in the gospel,
HARRY BRIGGS.

Rock Island Arsenal, Ill., Oct. 29th, 1878.

A companion of fools shall be destroyed.

LETTER FROM PERLA WILD.

DEAR HOPES:—We, a little band of strangers, came a long way and were welcomed as warmly as old friends, by Saints we had never seen nor heard of. We were not criticized, nor suspicioned, nor doubted. No one wondered if we were other than true Saints. But we were made to feel, when we took them by the hand, that they were children of the same King that we endeavor to be, and that they have been partakers of the same blessings as we.

Those who have an abiding testimony of the truth of our gospel, those who are walking in the light, are as members of one family even the first time they meet.

Kindred spirits know and joyfully welcome each other.

Such prayer meetings as we enjoy here, too, every Saint in attendance. All ready with cheerful song, humble prayer, or earnest, heartfelt testimony. No silent, backward, waiting. Each ready with his or her simple offering. And God loves the cheerful giver.

The young Saints here are not mere listeners at our social meetings. The young ladies are not wall flowers. They are not ashamed of their faith, nor without testimony prompt and pure.

We have Sabbath School, Sundays, prayer meeting, and preaching; and social meeting again Wednesday evenings.

Saints and Hopes, all that are able attend Sabbath School, and it is a very interesting exercise.

Such liberal, whole souled people, with such simple trusting faith, God surely loves and cares for. And we are truly thankful that He has led us here. Yours for Zion and her Hopes.

PERLA WILD.

Blue Rapids, Marshall Co., Kansas, Oct. 29th, 1878.

LETTER FROM AUNT ANNIE.

DEAR HOPES:—It has been sometime since I wrote to you. I wish that each of you would write a letter for the *Hope* at least once a month. It cheers the hearts of others and you can each become sunbeams in this way. Would you like to be sunbeams, making hearts glad? You can commence at home. Mind pa and ma; be kind to your brothers and sisters and next to playmates. Then if you live in a village or a city, I am quite sure that you will find some lonely home where there are aching hearts. Speak words of comfort. Think is there not some way that you can relieve their suffering by doing yourself some pleasure. Thus while you bless others you will receive a blessing. Be

sure to speak to that poor little girl or boy, no matter if they are not dressed as well as you. Ask them to come to Sunday School, thus you see you can be a sunbeam shedding rays of glorious light all around. Will you not try? You will be blessed in this world, but, far more important, you will be blessed in the world to come. You will have a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

ANNIE HOLT

St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 21st, 1878.

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. Mason was so visibly surprised, that Mr. Percival noticed it and said, "You seem surprised, Mr. Mason; but I assure you that I am in sober earnest, and hope that you will pardon me for intruding upon you, if distasteful to you."

To this the young man replied, "I am surprised, Mr. Percival, and when I tell you that I saw and heard your cousin, as I now suppose, at Pentland, from which place I have just returned; and that by agreement with me he is to be here in a few days, it will be your turn to be surprised; and if, as you state, no communication has passed between you it is very remarkable. And I am not only surprised, but very much pleased and strengthened in my determination to assist your cousin to an honest hearing."

Mr. Percival stated that he had not heard from his cousin before for years; and further that he should now expect him with satisfaction. They had by this time reached the corner where they separated, and were standing at the side of the walk; shaking hands cordially each went his way.

Mr. Mason's, led him by Mr. Caton's house, and he thought that he would step in and see Bessie. So he passed up the walk and rapped at the door, Mrs. Caton answered the call, and expressed herself much pleased that he had called. Bessie, she said, had had another nervous spell and was troubled; and had asked for him several times. They had not sent for him because they supposed he was absent.

As soon as Bessie heard his voice in conversation with her mother, she called him; he at once went into the sitting room where she was lying on the lounge, and taking her hand sat down by her. She put both hands in his, and wept silently. He waited till the child had time to control her tears partially, before he said anything to her; and then he spoke, kindly asking her to tell him her trouble. Bessie looked up to see if her mother was in the room, but that good

woman, quite satisfied that Mr. Mason's visit would do her child good, had taken advantage of his stay to look after household affairs, just then needing attention. Bessie then said, "I have so wished you would come I have had such a dream; and I could not tell it to Pa, or Ma, as they would not listen to me; and it so troubled me. I knew when you came that you would listen and help me." She then related her dream, which was about like this.

She had gone out to walk with Leonie, when they came to a shady lane, down which they turned, and when they had gone a little way, they came to a stile that led over the fence into a beautiful meadow, the edge of which was close by a small river. She and Leonie climbed upon the stile, and just then they saw a good large company of people standing by the water. They went down the path from the stile to the water where the people were and when they got there they saw a man whom Bessie called "John the Baptist," who was standing close by the water talking to people. She could not remember what he said, but soon, he said "Let us pray," and he and Leonie and herself, and many others kneeled down while the Baptist prayed; "O such a prayer," and the girl's eyes glistened as she said it. After the prayer was over they sung a hymn beginning, "I hear the murmur of the wave;" and then, "I saw you and Leonie and Flossie and Philip, and five or six more go down with the Baptist into the water, and then I went too, and I was so happy," and then she broke down in tears again. Mr. Mason waited, he knew now what had been at work in his home while he had been away. That this little girl, so gentle in spirit, so fragile and so dear to every one on account of her sweetness of disposition and candor should be so directed to the true method of Christ's baptism, softened his heart. He could have wept with her, only he restrained his tears. "Bessie," said he, "the Lord will bring the baptizer to us here, and we can go with him. I have seen him and know that he is coming. You shall walk with Leonie and see the beautiful meadow of your dream."

He gradually led the child away from herself, and finally left her cheerful and smiling. Her mother came in, and was much pleased to see the change his coming had wrought in the child.

The time passed rapidly, Mr. Mason was a constant visitor at Mr. Lebrae's. He and Leonie were on excellent terms, at least, so it seemed. Philip had grown very thoughtful, and spent all the time he could spare conning the Bible, and chatting with Frank, when that gentleman was at leisure. Mr. Lebrae and Mr. Caton, held long consultations together. Little Bessie had at once rallied at the coming of Mr. Mason, and was dancing about the house and yard, and occasionally holding secret sessions with Flossie, who was at the store, at home, at Mr. Caton's and at school busy and sunny, but impetuous. Bessie had adhered to her determination not to go to church; and her mother, would not attempt to compel her to go fearful that it would injure her, by unduly agitating her. Mr. Adams, Frank's partner, made no further allusion to the latter's statement, and all went well. On the Saturday, Mr. Mason received a letter from Mr. Phillip Percival stating the ensuing week he would come and visit him; and if he and others wished he would preach in the place. Mr. Mason went at once to Mr. George Percival and together they secured a good hall, and advertized that there would be public preaching on the evenings of the closing days of the week and on Sunday, in the Good Templars Hall, by Elder Phillip Percival, and inviting all to come. George Percival would not let Frank write his cousin that he was in the place, as he wished to meet him unannounced.

The matter of the coming preacher, and his possible doctrine, were the town talk; only at Mr. Lebrae's did they have any intimation, of the facts. All sorts of rumors were afloat; he

was a reformed drunkard, and a deadbeat; he was an escaped convict; he was a man of many wives; he was a revivalist, paid by the month for creating an excitement; and a host of other things; so that by Thursday night when he was to speak there was a great excitement. George Percival went out of town in the morning of that day, so that when his cousin Phillip arrived they should not meet, and he cautioned Frank Mason not to betray him. This the young man the more readily agreed to because he was anxious to see the meeting between the long separated men.

Philip Percival arrived at the hotel about three in the afternoon, where Mr. Mason at once met him and took him to his own rooms, where he had made preparations and arrangements for him to stop during his stay. Here the preacher found himself at home; a room, and books and desk and writing materials. A cordial welcome from the landlady of the boarding house, to an excellent tea at an early hour by Mr. Mason's request, made him feel that he had found friends.

The hall was partially filled, a large number it seemed was out to hear the stranger; and when he appeared upon the platform in company with Mr. Mason, who was to introduce him; some remarked, "O, we know that fellow. He is one of our own citizens," mistaking him for George Percival. The mystery was increased when, after a hymn and a prayer Mr. Mason, stepped forward and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances make it a duty, and I take pleasure in performing that duty of introducing to you to-night Mr. Phillip Percival, of Morrilton, Indiana, who will address you upon the subject of religion. I am not aware what course he may pursue, nor what views he may express upon this occasion, having heard him for two or three times only, on my late visit to Pentland, in a neighboring county; but, whatever his views, he is entitled to be heard; and whatever may be our conclusions as to the correctness of them, we should first hear patiently, and decide impartially before judging or condemning." He then presented Mr. Percival, who bowed quietly and proceeded to take up the subject of religion and its necessity, in a quiet, dignified way.

Soon after he began to speak, two or three persons came into the hall, one of whom came quietly up the aisle, and took a seat not far from the center of the hall. The speaker on seeing him stopped speaking, turned a trifle pale, and dropped his hand upon the common stand which stood by him upon which the lamp was placed and his Bible lay. He stood silent a moment, rallied and bowing slightly to the late comer, his face lighted up with a smile, and he broke into a fervid and glowing discussion of the subject in hand, that surprised and delighted his audience. At the close, and before benediction he whispered a word to Mr. Mason who went down the aisle and invited Mr. George Percival, who proved to be the one whose coming in had so affected the speaker, forward. He arose and accompanied the young man to the stand, where the two cousins met for the first time for years. Philip hardly waited for George to reach him but met him at the step and embraced him; then turning to the audience he said, "I apologize for my being startled by the coming in of this gentleman, a citizen of your village. He is a dear cousin whom I have not met for many years, and it was as if one rose from the dead when I first saw him." He then asked his cousin to pronounce the blessing of dismissal, as the two men faced the audience they looked like twin brothers; for by some strange peculiarity they were dressed alike, even to the absence of a necktie. The benediction was said and the congregation broke up and separated to their homes.

Continued.

UNCLE J.

Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.—Romans 12: 9.

Amid all our ignorance and weakness what we best know is our duty.

MAGGIE AND THE MICE.

SELECTED BY SISTER S. A. ROSE.

CHAPTER VII.—THE KIND FRIEND.

MAGGIE sat upright in a chair, her hands clasped, and her countenance growing white with terror. She tried not to scream; but she looked so frightened, that Miss Ropes said, "What's the matter you little fool?" James then had an opportunity of hearing the kind of abuse the child had been subjected to; and being quick witted, as well as sympathetic, it did not take him long to decide what course to pursue. "Now," said the lady, turning to leave the room, "if I find more money missing to-morrow I shall send you to jail within an hour. You shall stay here in the dark, without a morsel of supper unless you confess what you have done with the money, and give up your key."

"I can't, I don't know anything about it!" again and again said the little girl, "So please believe me, I never stole any money."

"Where has it gone, then? tell me that."

But Maggie couldn't tell, she could only tremble and weep.

"I'll see about the supper, you poor little innocent! Feth, and Mistress'd be flying through the air, if she knew what is going on in this same house, and how her pet is treated." He stopped a moment to comfort the child, and then hurried down stairs while the way was clear, keeping the key of the door in his pocket.

The next morning a still larger sum was missing. Two fifty cent pieces, three tens and six fives had some how disappeared from the drawer, besides a thick slice of frosted cake, only a few crumbs remained. James, who was setting the table in the breakfast room, heard the exclamation of astonishment, and was not very much surprised at the order to take Maggie a slice of bread and a glass of water; for a child who was a thief ought to starve. James did carry her bread, but he took the liberty to toast and butter it well, and to take his pet a tender piece of steak to eat with it. He was so merry when he unlocked the door with the key Miss Ropes gave him, that the child looked at him in wonder.

"Wait a bit," he said, "and hear me, I'm to carry the ould maid to the house where she used to board, and while she is in it, I'll come for ye, and take ye to a nice place where ye'll be aisy till yes own mamma and Susy comes to take ye back, when the house is rid of this cross ould thing. So ye can tie up all the clothes ye'll want for a week, and we'll be off." * * "Won't it be fun to see her angry? and won't mistress be angry with her?" he said to himself as he returned to the breakfast room.

Never had the horses been brought with greater alacrity. James was fearful that Miss Ropes would go to Maggie's room and frighten the child to death; but this she had no idea of doing. She believed her guilty; and yet there was a mystery about it. She had no idea of jail for the orphan, but she thought herself justified in returning her to the Asylum, branded with the name of thief; and for this purpose she went to confirm her own intention by her friend's advice. It was James' custom to exercise the horses while she made her calls, which were apt to be long ones; so she did not think it strange that as soon as she alighted he drove away.

"Be back in an hour," she said to him, "I may want to go farther." James was on hand long before she was ready. At last when she came to the door, he heard her friend say,

"I think you are right, Hepsah dear; and you owe it to your sister to send the artful child back; there is no knowing what she may do, and you say Mrs. Ropes is so unsuspecting."

"I'll do it at once, then; but I dread the scene when my brother and sister return." * * "Home, James," she said authoritatively; and home James went, laughing so that he nearly dropped the reins. "Wait a few minutes," she said, as he

held the door open for her to alight; "I'm going to take Maggie to ride."

She went up stairs and unlocked the door, but found the room empty. She could scarcely believe herself; but presently rang the bell furiously and asked the servants what had become of the child. It was evident that they were in earnest when they replied that they had not seen her.

[Concluded in our next.]

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage;
So do I.
She has dapple grays to draw it;
None have I.
She's no prouder with her coachman,
Than am I.
With my blue-eyed, laughing baby
Trundling by:
I hide his face, lest she should see
The cherub boy; and envy me.
Her fine husband has white fingers:
Mine has not.
He could give his bride a palace,
Mine a cot.
Her's comes home beneath the star light;
Ne'er cares she.
Mine comes home in the purple twilight
And kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands,
Will hold his loved ones in his hands.
Mrs. Lofty has her jewels:
So have I.
She wears her's upon her bosom:
Inside I.
She will leave her's at death's portals:
By and by.
I shall bear the treasure with me,
When I die.
For I have love, and she has gold;
She counts her's, mine can't be told.
She has those that love her station;
None have I.
But I've one true heart beside me;
Glad am I.
I'd not change it for a kingdom;
No not I.
God will weigh it in his balance,
By and by.
Then the difference will define,
Betwixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

WHO IS GOD?

"MAMMA, who is God?" asked little Emma Lawrence. She had been standing by the window which looked out upon the cornfields and apple-orchard, and beyond them upon the blue hills which seemed to touch the sky. Mamma had been softly singing to herself a sweet hymn, every verse ending with the line,

"God is wisdom, God is love."

"God is our Creator, my dear," she answered; "God is our Father; God is our wise, good King."

"But we can't see Him," said the child. "How do we know about Him?"

"A man who didn't believe there was any God once went to visit a friend. In his house he saw a marble image which was very beautiful. 'Who made it?' he asked. 'O, nobody,' answered the friend, 'it happened there.' The friend did not mean to tell a lie; he only said this to see what the man would answer; and the answer was just what he expected. 'Nonsense,' said he, 'that is impossible, somebody made it.' 'Then when you look at this beautiful world with its hills and rivers, its trees, flowers, birds, and beasts, at the sun, moon and stars, and at yourself, how can you say that nobody made them,

that they all came by chance?" said the friend. And the man couldn't answer a word. Now you and I, my child, know that there is some one who has made us and the world we live in. If we can not see Him we know of him by His works. And we know Him too by His word, the Holy Bible. But we can't understand all about Him. The Bible tells us of two things we must believe; we must first 'believe that He is,' and again, 'that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him!'"

"What does that mean, mamma?"

"That if we pray to Him He will surely answer our prayers."

"Will He let us know who He is?"

"He will."

"It is very wonderful," said the child, slowly and solemnly.

"Very wonderful," repeated mamma. "The Bible says, 'Canst thou by searching find out God?' I once read this story. A king asked a wise man the very question you just asked me. 'Who is God?' 'Give me two days,' said the wise man, 'and I will try to find out.' But at the end of two days he asked for two more. Then he came and said, 'It is too wonderful; the more I think the less I understand Him.' There is only one way by which we can understand God, and that is through Jesus, God's dear Son, who came into this world on purpose to show us His wisdom and love. If we love Him with all our hearts and obey Him, we shall one day see Him, and then we shall know who God is."

THE KREMLIN.

KREMLIN, the "heart" and "sacred place" of Moscow, bears the same relation to this city that the Acropolis did to Athens and Corinth, and the Capitoline Hill to Rome. It consists of a walled enclosure, serving the purpose of a refuge for the people in time of peril, and is the site of the most sacred temples, and the most gorgeous palace for the sovereign.

In the year 1350 walls of oak encircled these heights. A few years after, to resist the Tartars, the wooden walls gave place to those of stone, which were again and again destroyed, but as often rebuilt, until in 1495 it became necessary to protect the Kremlin against the attack of artillery, and they were planned upon a scale never before attempted; and to this day, solid and lofty they stand, enclosing an area of about a mile and a half in circumference.

Five massive gates serve to admit the people constantly thronging its courts. The chief of these is called the "Redeemer" Gate, so named from Smolensk's picture of the Redeemer, suspended above it. Through this holy entrance no one may pass without removing his hat. The Czar of all the Russias never fails to uncover his head when he enters here.

It was up to this sacred gate that Napoleon, with his proud legions stood upon the brow of Sparrow Hills, and the conqueror, excited by the view of the sunny roofs and domes of the golden city, cried out, "All this is yours!" The soldiers caught up the cry, and it ran like fire along the lines until the whole army shouted in concert, "Moscow! Moscow!" And when, an hour after, he reached the city to find its gates open, and its streets a desert without food or inhabitants, he took his silent and sullen way up to the palace left ready for his reception, followed by a starving army, for which there was no means of procuring food.

It was the Kremlin that sheltered them during those fearful days and nights after their entrance, when the city was fired by incendiaries, and as Chateaubriand tells us, "The Kremlin stood forth like some dark island, against which the waves of a fiery sea broke furiously; and when at last the conqueror, unable longer to endure its fury, strove to escape, there was no way found save a postern gate, a tiny wicket of safety. On every side of him the vaulted roofs were fall-

ing with a crash; clock towers, from whence flow forth torrents of liquid metal, bend, totter, and thunder to the ground. Timbers, beams, roofs, crackling, creaking, crumbling, sink down into a Phlegethon; bursting flakes and millions of golden spangles dash onward! Bonaparte only escapes through the cooling cinders of a quarter already reduced to ashes."

Thirty-two churches are within the Kremlin; their many domes blazing with gold and green, and in the midst, and above every other structure in Moscow, rises heavenward the white, solid, simple "Tower of Ivan," standing there sublime in its simplicity and height, a bell of 444,000 pounds resting at its foot, and another of 130,000 pounds swinging in its crown. The whole number of bells contained in this tower is thirty-four; two of these are of solid silver and their tones are exquisitely clear and pure. The bell at its foot, supported by a pedestal of stone, is the largest ever cast in the world; a piece is broken from its side, and lying near; the cavity underneath has been used for a chapel, where as many people can stand as in a circle sixty feet around.

"Moscow," says an old traveler, Samuel Irenaeus Prime, "is the holy city of the Greek Church. Pilgrims come hither from thousands of miles off, and on foot; and when they draw nigh unto the city, and the music of the holy bells, four hundred and more in number, that fill the towers of the three hundred and seventy churches, and are all tolled together on days of high festival in the church, and above them all, the mighty voice from the Tower of Ivan like the 'voice of many waters' is first borne to their ears, they fall upon their faces, prostrate and worship God. If they could go no farther, they would be content to die there, for they have heard the bells of Moscow, and on their majestic tones their souls have been taken up to heaven. The music of Moscow's bells is the voice of the people's loving, longing, beating hearts, all crying out to the great Father in these solemn and inspiring tones, as if their tongues had voice to say—'Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, heaven and earth are full of thy Glory.'"

A DIALECT STORY.

AN English clergyman and a lowland Scotsman visited a school in Aberdeen. They were strangers, but the master received them civilly and inquired, "Would you prefer that I should speer these boys, or that you should speer them yourselves?" The English clergyman, having ascertained that to "speer" meant to question, desired the master to proceed. He did so with great success, and the boys answered satisfactorily numerous interrogations as to the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. The clergyman then said he would be glad in his turn to "speer" the boys, and at once began. "How did Pharoah die?" There was a dead silence. In this dilemma the lowland gentleman interposed. "I think, sir, the boys are not accustomed to your English accent; let me try what I can make of them." And he inquired in his broad Scotch, "Hoo did Phawroah dee?" Again there was a dead silence. Upon which the master said, "I think, gentlemen, you can't speer these boys: I'll show you how I do it." And he proceeded: "Fat cam to Phawroah at his hinder end?" The boys answered promptly, "He was drooned;" and in addition a smart little fellow commented, "Ony lassie could hae told you that."

EVENING HYMN.

Have us in thy holy keeping,
Jesus, through the darksome night;
Guard and shelter us while sleeping;
Bring us to the morning light.

Let us, on thy love reposing,
Fear no evil, feel no care;
But, with wearied eyelids closing,
May each conscious thought be prayer!

THE PRIZE ENIGMA AWARDS.

LITTLE HOPES:—I received fifteen letters sent by some of you in answer to the Scriptural Enigma published August 1st, and after study over them I found them to stand as follows:

- 1 Benjamin F. Curtis, Elkhorn, Douglas Co., Neb.
- 2 Lillie B. Swift, 1511 Madison St., St. Louis, Mo.
- 3 Donna M. Holmes, Ridge Prairie, Illinois.
- 4 Laura C. Flanders, Cameron, Clinton county, Mo.
- 5 Mary J. Montgomery, Burlington, Wisconsin.
- 6 Adelaide Armstrong, Manchester, England.
- 7 J. C. F. Church, Sedgwick, Decatur county, Iowa.
- 8 Hattie Thorley, Caseyville, St. Clair Co., Illinois.
- 9 Sarah J. Garland, Kewanee, Henry Co., Illinois.
- 10 Eliza France, Kewanee, Henry county, Illinois.
- 11 Mary Atkinson, Kewanee, Henry county, Illinois.
- 12 Almena Vredenburgh, Soldier Valley, Iowa.
- 13 Minnie Muetze, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.
- 14 Elizabeth Archibald, Stewartville, Missouri.
- 15 Aurilla Wildermuth, Inland, Cedar county, Iowa.
- 16 Margaret Archibald, Stewartville, Missouri.

Two handsome steel engravings are awarded to J. E. Montague, Soldier, Monona county, Iowa, for reciting 1121 verses in six months.

The names of the prizes are as follows:

- 1st. "Lord's Prayer, Beatitudes," &c., 24x30 inches.
- 2d. "Centennial Buildings," &c., 24x30 "
- 3d. "The Offer and Accepted," 24x28 "
- 4th. "Miss Lillie's first Flirtation," 24x28 "
- 5th. "Music hath Charms," 24x28 "
- 6th. "Charlie in Trouble," 24x28 "
- 7th. "Far from Home," 24x28 "
- 8th. "Going to Work," 24x28 "
- 9th. "The Old, Old Story," (chromo) 14x22 "
- 10th. "Stealing Apples," (chromo) 13x23 "
- 11th. "The Good Shepherd," and "The Shepherd of Jerusalem," to J. E. Montague. Size of each 24x28 "

Some of the answers referred to other references, so I took the best I could find. In some instances I was wrong myself. Most of the letters were well written, and on clean, good paper. Those who excelled in that branch also received a prize. I was sorry to receive no answer for the most subscriptions to the *Hope*.

The answers to the Scriptural Enigma:

Names.	Books.	Chapter.	Verses.
Timon	Acts	6	5.
Hechelah *	1 Samuel	23	19.
Elim	Exodus	15	27.
Shamgar	Judges	3	31.
A doni-bezek	Judges	1	6.
Ibri	1 Chronicles	24	27.
Nehemiah	Nehemiah	2	1.
Terah	Genesis	11	27.
Silas	Acts	16	25.
Herodius *	Mark	6	22.
Eunice	2 Timothy	1	5.
Rizpah	2 Samuel	21	8-10.
Armenia	2 Kings	19	37.
Lydia	Acts	16	14.
Daniel	Daniel	2	49.
Abiel *	1 Samuel	9	1.
Naaman	2 Kings	5	11-14.
Demus	2 Timothy	4	10.
Ziba	2 Samuel	9	2.
Ithamar	Ezra	8	2.
Omega *	Revelation	22	13.
Nain	Luke	7	14.
Samson	Judges	16	3.
Herod	Matthew	2	16.
Omri	1 Kings	16	23-4.
Potipherah	Genesis	41	45.
Elijah	1 Kings	18	41-6.

Those marked thus * had two references.

Answer to the whole *The Saints Herald* and *Zion's Hope*.

Little Hopes: A few words of exhortation I hope and trust will not be out of place. Whoever loves Jesus with a full and vital love will be busy in his service; and the blessings of Him whose thoughts are higher than our thoughts, rest upon every word, every wish, every prayer, every deed which is born of an intense desire to further His work. And that God uses these words, and wishes, and prayers, and deeds; yea, even the simplest and most minute of them—as instruments by which to work out His larger, wider, and more glorious scheme for the spread

of His gospel, and the elevation, usefulness, and happiness, of his creatures.

That those who stand in the high places of the world, that God may choose his humblest child for the choicest mission; and that true religion, true devotion, and an active christian sympathy are not always to be found amongst the wealthy, and so to teach them that the Son of God makes us truly "one in Christ."

And I shall not have written and labored in vain if I succeed in teaching even one little Hope the lesson of faith, and that the hand of both God and man will be reached out to the worthy and persevering. If one, even one earnest soul is strengthened and finds light falling from my pen to light the path of duty, feels that I have encouraged it to be patient, to wait, and to go steadily on with the work while waiting, I shall feel that I have not held up my humble torch in vain.

Little Hopes pray for one another; help the cause and try to be faithful to the end.

WILLIAM STREET.

CHESTER CITY, Delaware Co., Penn.

WHEELER'S GROVE SABBATH SCHOOL.

The Wheeler's Grove, Iowa, Sabbath School was organized April 5th, 1878, by electing brother Samuel Wood as superintendent and brother Lyman Campbell, as assistant; brother Sidney Pitt, secretary; sister Laura Frederickson, treasurer; sister Amanda Wood, librarian. We have met regularly every Sabbath since our organization. Number of classes five, with five teachers, and an average attendance of about thirty. Class number two has committed to memory and recited seven hundred and fifty verses. There has been, and still is, a good interest manifested, the interest not seeming to diminish. There has been paid into the treasury for the use of the school the sum of \$7.60. The school has taken and distributed fourteen copies of *Zion's Hope*, and it is hoped that not far in the future we may be able to increase the number until a copy can be sent regularly into every family in the neighborhood. Trusting that the Holy Spirit may lead us, and that our school may increase in numbers and interest, until it becomes a power for God.

We remain fraternally yours,
S. Wood, *Superintendent*,
SIDNEY PITT, *Secretary*.

Read and approved by the school, November 3rd, 1878.

WHEELER'S GROVE, Iowa, Nov. 1st, 1878.

Correspondence.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., Oct. 1878.

Dear Hopes:—It has been a long time since I wrote to you. "Why Not Now?" and "Maggie and the Mice," are pretty stories. I love to read the letters, but saw none in the last *Hope*. I tried to solve the Prize Puzzle and in three days found eighteen. But as the branch decided to have a sociable to get money to finish our meeting house, we went to learning dialogues, and were so busy that I let the puzzle alone, but I have concluded to send mine. We organized a Sabbath School this summer, but it seems there was not interest enough in it, and it has closed. Brother and sister T. W. Smith started east on the 6th. I wish they could have stayed here.

Let us be watchful and prayerful; let us do our duties; for if we do we will be blessed. Let us progress in the work instead of going backward, yet I am sorry to say that I have made so little progress since I last wrote to you. I have made none at all that I can see. It looks like I have been going back, and I have had many trials and temptations, whereas if I had been doing my duty in keeping my covenant I would have received from the Lord many blessings. My desire is to do the will of our Heavenly Father, that I may be worthy of his Holy Spirit, even of the Comforter that brings to mind things past, things present, and things to come. O how thankful we ought to be to our Father in heaven, and if we will but do what is right he will bless us with greater blessings. Then let us be up and doing, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not. Be ready and be faithful. Pray for me, for I am young and have many of the temptations of youth; therefore pray for

me that I may overcome them; that I may be ready to go and meet him on the way, and you may be sure of my prayers in your behalf. Your sister in gospel bonds, ever praying for the welfare of Zion.

ELIZABETH ARCHIBALD.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., Oct. 8th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—When I wrote to you last I was living in Belleville, Illinois, but now I am near Stewartsville, Missouri. I like this country. It is the first summer I ever lived in the country, but, I like it real well. Brother and sister T. W. Smith left here to go on his mission yesterday morning. We all felt sorry to part with them. We had a good meeting on Sunday afternoon before they left. We enjoyed a good portion of the Holy Spirit and also the gifts of the gospel.

I found answers to twenty of the questions in the Prize Enigma, and tracked some of the others pretty close, but could not find them. The reason why I did not send them when I found the answers was I thought others would send them all, and then we had to learn dialogues and recitations for a concert to get means to finish the meeting house. So I was busy and could not hunt up the rest, and I did not want to send the twenty without the other seven. We had a good time at the concert. Admission was fifty cents for gentlemen and twenty-five cents for ladies. The supper it was good. It was held September 28th. I ask an interest in your faith and prayers, and will pray for you. Your sister in the gospel of peace,
MARGARET ARCHIBALD.

PLANO, Illinois, October 23d, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I like to read all the letters in the *Hope*. I like them best, and always read them first. I am just seven years old and I go in the third room. I go to Sunday School. My ma is my teacher, and I think she is a good one. At Christmas she is going to give a prize to the one who has the most verses, and to the one who has next to the most. We are each trying to get the most. My pa works in the printing office, and I am there most every day.

ETHEL G. SCOTT.

Rome was built on the banks of the River Tiber, fifteen miles from the mouth. It was at first only a few houses upon a little hill near the river, which had a great wall built around it. But as the number of people grew greater, other hills close to were added to the city, and the wall was carried round them also. One hundred and fifty years after Rome's founding there were seven hills within the wall, which was nearly five miles round. So Rome was called "the city of seven hills."

A little boy and girl, each five years old, were playing by the roadside. The boy became angry at something and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie. I am sorry."

The little girl's face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said:

"Well, if you are sorry, it don't hurt me."

15 November 78.

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 SAINTS' HERALD.

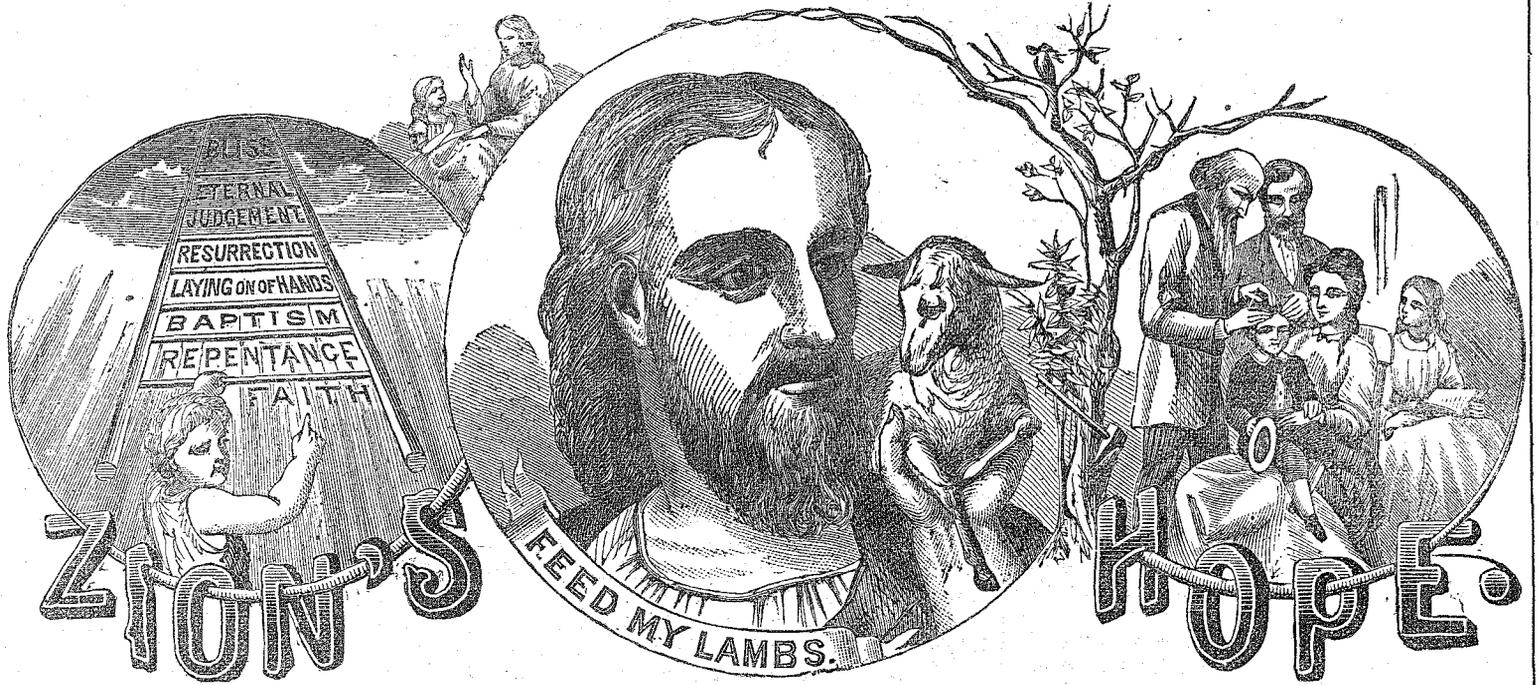
The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

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



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

Vol. 10.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., DECEMBER 1, 1878.

No. 11.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

I call to mind the days of yore,
Enhanced with youthful joys,
I see my school-mates as before,
When we were only boys.

The spring is past, the summer's here,
With all its opening flowers,
'Tis manhood, with its toils and cares,
Mingled with freshening showers.

I see the summer passing by,
And autumn leaves appear,
The summer flowerets fade and die,
And winter's drawing near.

Old winter with his icy hand,
By which we all must bend,
Points to our home amid the flowers,
Whither our footsteps tend.

This is not all! The winter goes,
He who hath reigned as king,
Is gone! and we awake to see
The bright, eternal spring.

M. B. WILLIAMS.

BIBLE CHILDREN IN MANHOOD.

PART I.

THE names of the first children we have any record of in the Bible were Cain and Abel.

CAIN.

When Cain was born, his mother said "I have gotten a man from the Lord." When a child, he was thought much of by his parents—but in process of time he wrought evil in the sight of God and man—and he died a murderer. What an awful death to die—branded and known among others as one who had taken the life of his brother.

ABEL.

Abel, when grown up to years of manhood, wrought righteousness in the sight of God, and did God's bidding—and because of this—and also that God took notice of Cain's offering—it not being a proper one—Cain was jealous and slew Abel whom Jesus in ages after, termed "righteous." Abel was the first man ever murdered upon this earth—but millions of murders have occurred since. What a difference between the two. Dear Hopes, I trust that none of you may ever be guilty in manhood or womanhood, of committing such a terrible crime; but live *righteous lives*, though you should be slain for so doing.

ENOCH.

Enoch grew up to be a good man—one whom God dearly loved. He was a man that worked righteousness—and he walked with God three hundred years—and "Enoch was not, for God took him;" he was translated—and saw not death.

MOSES.

The king of Egypt sent forth a command, that all the male children of the Hebrews should be killed, immediately after birth, but the female children might be spared. This was so ordered, because the Egyptian king was afraid that in subsequent time the Hebrews might have so many men among them, that they would rebel against the Egyptians, and obtain their freedom from Egyptian bondage. After this command went forth a certain child was born, and its mother—fearing it would be destroyed, made a little boat of reeds or rushes and hid the child in it, and put the boat in the river among the flags. And one day when Pharaoh's daughter went to the river to bathe, her maidens being with her,—spied the little boat, and when they opened it they saw the child,—and it wept, and Pharaoh's daughter knew it was a Hebrew child—and she had compassion upon it, and obtained a nurse for the child, which nurse happened to be the child's own mother. Thus we perceive how God can preserve whom he will from the evil decrees of kings and rulers. And the child grew up to manhood—and became a mighty man of valor—and did a great work for God and his people. He communed "with God face to face as a man talketh with his friend." Dear Hopes be good, serve God faithfully, and may be when you arrive at the age of maturity you may be highly favored of God,—nay—you may be in youth.

SAMSON.

An angel of the Lord announced the birth of this child. He was to deliver Israel from the Philistines. He reigned in Israel twenty years. The last we learn of him he died the death of a self murderer, when he by his mighty strength destroyed a large building in which were many of the Philistines, and Samson said—"Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than those which he slew in his life."

SAMUEL.

The names of Samuel's parents—were Elkanah and Hannah. His mother would not go to the

sacrificial offering until the child be weaned—"and then I will bring him, that he may appear before the Lord, and there abide forever." "And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. And the word of the Lord *was precious* in those days; (something like it is in these days) there was no *open vision*." At this time we learn that the Lord called Samuel several times. He was a man of God—and God talked with him—and he spoke the word of the Lord to Israel. Hopes, would not you like to hear the voice of the Lord? O, how highly favored is that child to whom the great God speaketh.

DAVID.

This child while very young, slew a great warrior of the Philistine army. Saul armed David with his armour, but David could not go, for he had not proved it. "He took five smooth stones out of a brook, and took his sling in his hand, and went near to the Philistine; and after some conversation—David said to Goliath; but "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, whom thou hast defied." David slew him—and thus prevailed over the Philistines—and gave deliverance to Israel. David was chosen of God when yet a child to do a work for him. He, in process of time was "a man after God's own heart." He was so long as he worked righteousness, as may any one else be—but David *departed* from the Lord and did evil—and David in subsequent time lamented because of his many sins. God would not permit him to build a temple—for said God—"thou hast been a man of blood." Whether David is yet in paradise we know not—but Peter said in his day, "for David is *not yet ascended into heaven*." He could not have known this but by revelation from God, as to whether a man's spirit was in paradise or in the prison.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I DON'T CARE."

"I am sorry to see my son give way to anger," said the patient mother.

"I don't care," replied the passionate child.

"You will become an ignorant man unless you study better," said the faithful teacher.

"I don't care," he muttered under his breath.

"Those boys are not the right sort of companions for you," said the pastor.

"I don't care," he answered, turning on his heel.

"It is dangerous to taste wine," said his friend warningly.

"I don't care," was his still obstinate reply.

A few years later he was a worthless drunkard,

plunging into every sort of excess, and finally ending a miserable life of crime without hope.

"I don't care," was his ruin, as it is the ruin of thousands. Look out for it, boys and girls. Keep away from it. Don't let it find a place in your hearts, or pass your lips. Always care. Care to do right, and care when you have done wrong.

MAGGIE AND THE MICE.

SELECTED BY SISTER S. A. ROSE.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE THIEVING MICE.

ALL was at once confusion; every room was searched without a trace of Maggie. In the midst of the fright a postman brought a letter from Mr. Ropes, saying that his wife was so anxious, not hearing more direct from her little pet, that they should return the next day. His sister with a pale face told James to drive the horses to the stable, and then sat down to consider what ought to be done.

Presently she started up saying, "she's run off—that's clear; and where would she be so likely to go as to the Asylum? I'll send James after her immediately. I'm sorry that I did not wait till my sister came home."

James returned with the tidings that the matron had seen nothing of Maggie, and he said that they were very angry that she was gone; it showed that she hadn't been treated well, and if she hadn't there was law to right poor unoffending orphans.

Miss Ropes began to quake in her shoes, and she railed at her boarding house friends for having given her such advice. The next day James went to the station for his mistress, leaving the dinner waiting for her, and Miss Ropes very regretful and unhappy, dreading most of all to meet Joseph, her brother. But the dinner was not called for, and spoiled in the oven. James did not get back either.

At last when the chamber girl was doing her work and lighting the gas in the halls, there came the sound of a carriage and a loud ring at the door. Susy rushed in followed by Mr. Ropes bringing a child tenderly in his arms. Then Mrs. Ropes came in, weary and anxious, but turned to her husband, asking,

"Shall he wait?"

"No," was the stern reply; "tell him to call the doctor instantly; and to order a hack to be here in an hour."

"Now Hepsah," said her brother, when he had laid Maggie on her bed, "I wish you to explain your conduct to an unoffending child who was left in your care."

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed when she had repeated the story of the theft; "the idea of such a child taking money!"

She consented reluctantly to go to the drawer, which he opened suddenly, just in time to see a little mouse trying to escape. Without a moment's hesitation, he pulled out every drawer, and there, in the lower part of the desk, was a nest in which the mice had woven the missing currency,—fifty cents, twenty fives, tens, and five cent pieces being made to serve for pillows and bolsters for the baby mice.

"Why, Joseph!" exclaimed Hepsah, "I never thought of accounting for the money in that way."

On examining farther he found crumbs of bread and cake scattered all about, and said,

"The servants have no business to put cake in here. I never saw traces of mice before. The food, without a doubt, has drawn them."

Miss Ropes went to the hack without seeing her sister, who was with the doctor up stairs. Her brother, with a grave, determined manner, waited upon her to the carriage, and then said to her, with deep feeling,—

"Hepsah, before you sleep I advise you to read those passages in the Bible in which God declares himself to be the God of the widow and the

fatherless; and remember that he threatens to be a swift witness against such as oppress them."

"Joseph is as great a fool as his wife. I had no idea my discipline of an ill-mannered girl would turn out so."

Maggie had a long fit of sickness brought on, the doctor said, by over excitement. The name of Miss Ropes was carefully avoided; but one day when a rare and beautiful boquet was sent to Maggie, she astonished them all by saying in her sweet feeble voice.

"Please send it to Miss Ropes, that she may know I forgive her."

As soon as she was well enough to bear it, her father showed her the nest into which the thieving mice had woven the money, the loss of which had caused her so much trouble. To his surprise she burst into tears of joy, exclaiming, as she clasped her hands,

"I asked God to let you and mamma know I didn't take it, and I felt sure he would sometime."

"My darling," sobbed her mother, "we never suspected you."

THE END.

VOICES OF THE TREES.

HAVE you noticed that every kind of tree has its voice, when the wind moves through the leaves, by which we may know it, just as we know our friends by hearing them speak? There is the soft, soothing whisper of the pine; it seems to sigh and invite us to enjoy peaceful rest. Then the poplar tree chatters merrily, and laughs in an innocent way, like a group of happy little children. The oak tree has a sharp, brisk voice, as though attending to business of some importance. But it is difficult sometimes, to describe the different tones, just as it is with the voices of our friends, but we could learn to know them all if we would take notice. And so we might learn a great many things more than we do if we knew.

THE "NEGLECTED HOPE" REMEMBERED.

Bro. Henry and Dear Hopes:—I want to have a chat with you about that one dear "Neglected Hope" of ours, whose excellent character and useful life Sister Emma has told us all about, in such a nice way; and what is better, it is all true, "honest," as our five year old Eddie says. The little fellow himself wants a "piece," and I give him one of bread and butter and he brings me in bucket of coal, which I just need. Little children must work if they want to enjoy their play.

Well, now about the *Hope*. I have four little "hopes" of my own. Edith, the eldest is learning to spell, but she can not read the *Hope*; but they all look forward to the time when we get it. Then mamma reads to them all the articles they can understand, while they sit and listen so quietly; and when I get through, they want I should read more. Little three year old Annie listens as attentively as any, when I read to them about "Maggie and the Mice." And Edith's eyes fill with tears, and Eddie rubs his eyes as though he did not know what was the matter, while they listen to the story of little orphan Maggie.

I explained to them about the little "neglected *Hope*," and asked them if they would like to send some of their money, for they have a little in papa and mamma's bank. They each answered at once, "Yes, do please send ten cents for me." Edith is nursing baby Nellie, and pleading for her too, that we send something for dear baby, and so we will, hoping to see them all lively, good, and useful, Hopes. And we know if they are, then they will be preparing to live with Jesus, our blessed Redeemer, he who so loved little children that he took them in his arms and blessed them.

Then let us, like him, care well for the lambs of the flock. What would all the uncles and aunts and sisters of the Hopes do if they could not have the *Herald* to read. Who is there that could measure the loss it would be to us all? And none the less important is the providing of good

reading, that is suitable to the minds of the children. So let us continue to give our children a paper that is filled with lessons of good, containing pure and holy thoughts, that the little Hopes may grow up in the beautiful path of peace, and that they may make just such men and women as the Lord will use to do his work in these latter days, and such as will be allowed to enter into his bright and glorious presence and be crowned, even at the right hand of the Father.

May this be the happy, yea, the thrice happy lot of all the Hopes in Israel, is the prayer of your sister,

EMMA GARRETT,

OR "JUNE" of former days.

GREENVILLE, Mercer Co., Pa., Nov. 11th, 1878.

"COME TO JESUS."

I WISH to speak to the Hopes about this oft repeated question or subject, and to invite you to come to Christ.

How often do we hear it sung, "Come to Jesus." Not only so, but we hear it preached, and the invitation is extended from nearly every pulpit in the land, and it is sung about, talked about and prayed over, throughout all the Sabbath schools.

But who are to "come to Jesus," and how are they to come? is what we wish to talk about. We hear the invitation extended to both the old, the young, and the middle aged; yes, and to little infants also. In defence of which (that infants must come to Jesus) they will quote the words of our ever blessed Savior: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Then the preacher will take the little babe in his arms and sprinkle it. But does the little infant *come* to Jesus, according to the words of our Savior, or is it brought to the minister, it having no choice in the matter whatever? Again, is the kingdom of heaven composed of little children? The Savior did not say so. He said, "Suffer little children to *come* unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Who is the "for of such" here spoken of? Is it the little children, or is it those who *come* unto him of their own choice? To answer this question, and make it plain, so that you can understand it, we will examine some of the words of holy writ, upon this subject. Though, first, you will doubtless remember that beautiful hymn:

"Know then that every soul is free,
To choose his life and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is given,
That God will force no man to heaven."

Then we have a choice in this matter, have we not? Certainly. How this harmonizes with the prophet Isaiah, where he says: "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." Or, as Jesus says: "If any man thirst, let him *come* unto me, and drink of the waters of life freely." Or, as we read in another place: "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

Who is it that the Savior maketh intercession for? He says it is for those who come unto God; not those who are brought there by their parents.

Now one more passage from the New Testament to show what kind of children the kingdom of heaven is composed of. You will find it in Matthew, 18th chapter. "And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them."

Then this little boy was large enough to "come unto Jesus," was he not?

"And said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Then little children are capable of being converted, are they not? But who ever heard of a small babe being converted?

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one

such little child in my name. receiveth me. But, whoso shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

From the above we learn that the little ones, of whom it is said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," are those who are old enough to come unto the Savior, are old enough to believe in him, and receive his laws. They are old enough to humble themselves before him, hence are old enough to be converted, and fit subjects for his glorious kingdom. This being the case, and having found out who are fit subjects to "come to Jesus," let us, if we can, find out *how* we are to come, and whose duty it is to invite children to come to Christ.

In the Book of Covenants, page 200, we have the word of the Lord, to his servant Joseph on this subject. The Lord says to him:

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, of faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism, and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, when eight years old, the sin be upon the head of the parents."

Therefore children when eight years old, are old enough to come to Jesus, are they not? What are parents to teach their children at that age? They are to teach them to understand the doctrine of repentance. Is not a child of that age old enough to be taught what sin is and the consequences of the same? Are they not old enough to be sorry for their sins, and to try and do better? Uncle W. R. was before he was that age; yes, and to get down on his knees and to ask the good Lord to forgive him, and to make him better.

But the Lord instructs his Saints still further upon this subject. He says to the prophet Joseph:

"For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or any of her stakes which are organized; and their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins, when eight years old, and receive the laying on of hands; and they shall teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

O! what a lesson here is for those who have children to instruct in the plan of salvation; and the Lord will hold them responsible for so doing. Do we as parents instruct those precious jewels that the Lord has given us, in the plan of salvation? Do we try to instill into their hearts the principles of faith in Christ, of repentance from and a forsaking of sins? Do we teach them that baptism is for the remission of sins; and that through obedience to this ordinance the Lord counsels the same, and receives us into his favor? Do we teach them that the Holy Ghost is given through the ordinance of the laying on of the hands of the elders, or servants of Christ; that we must first receive the birth of the water and Spirit? Do we teach them that they must pray.

To be continued.

HAPPINESS.

WHAT is that for which so many have striven, for which so many lives have been lost or worn out in searching for it? What can it be but happiness? Happiness is the motive cause of all our acts. No matter what we do or attempt to do our greatest object is happiness. I do not mean to say that our object is always self-happiness. There are true hearted and noble people whose lives are spent in good deeds, whose lives are made happy by making others happy, but they are few. The most of mankind are content to rush on in blind pursuit of their own happiness, heedless of others, but such usually find that all their labors have been in vain, and that life is not worth the cost of keeping. Life is but short, and why not make the best of it by being good to one another, by living true christian lives,

and serving our Savior the best we can. What greater happiness should we ask for than the chance to serve our Heavenly Master, and yet how hard it seems sometimes to do it. And yet we need the trials, just as much as the flowers need the rain-storms, nor could we live without them any more than the flowers could without the rain; our lives would be just as barren and dry as the leaves of the flowers. So let us look to God for strength and wisdom, and try to do our duty, and stand bravely for the right, as long as we live, and never forsake the standard of truth.

MINNIE VARANA.

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER XV.

THE meetings were continued for the week, at the hall; but on Sunday by the influence of Mr. Mason and Mr. George Percival, with a few more of the substantial men of the place, the largest church was obtained, and filled both morning and evening. The subject upon which Mr. Philip Percival spoke was, "The gospel of Christ continued, or revealed anew." Both discourses were upon the one subject. Great difference of opinion existed at the close of the evening services; the people of the church where the services were held were very indignant; the janitor blew out the lights before the crowd could possibly depart; the pastor, refused to shake hands with the preacher, who had at the close of the sermon, thanked him and his members for the use of the building, and audibly remarked that his pulpit had been disgraced and the sanctuary defiled by such blasphemous speeches; while Mr. Mason, Mr. Adams, Mr. Caton and a leading merchant as cordially endorsed the preacher. Bessie Caton had been persuaded by Flossie and Frank Mason to go and hear Mr. Percival; and so she had gone to the evening services with her parents; Leonie and Bessie, Mr. Mason and her father, with others had gone to the church before time for services to begin, as it was mistrusted that there might be some disturbance at the door; but the Board of Trustees had sent a constable there to see that no one disturbed the meeting, and the precaution was not needed. When the little party reached the church it was already quite full, but they obtained seats near together, and waited. Mr. George Percival gave out the hymn and opened by prayer, and the deepest solemnity prevailed; and when the preacher rose up from a side seat and walked up into the pulpit, Bessie very much excited, leaned over to Mr. Mason and said, "That is the Baptizer, Mr. Frank; and I am so glad!" The young man whispered back, "I told you that you should see him. And you shall see the meadow and the river,"

Mr. Percival spoke fervidly, and his face was shining with the exciting theme; the audience moved here and there like the moving of the grain tops ed in the morning breeze, as his voice rose and fell in his earnest appeals; except where now and then some rigid sectarian sat, whose face was steeled against emotion, and who had already condemned the doctrine of the new preacher. Meeting closed with the announcement that the services would be continued during the week at the hall.

On Monday evening the speaker took up the baptism of Christ, its object and his command respecting it, and on Tuesday evening he showed the great importance of obeying this command. And when he had finished, he told the people that as a part of his duty he now offered them the baptism of Christ; and that those who were satisfied that he had delivered the message of truth, and wished to receive this baptism, might rise to their feet; and, should there be any a suitable time would be fixed upon when he would attend to the ministration of that ordinance.

He paused a moment, when Flossie, ever true to her impulsive nature rose to her feet. Her father checked her, but Flossie put his hand

aside, and said, "No, father, I can't wait; I must go, and why not now?"

Frank Mason who was sitting by Leonie whispered to her, "Will you go with me now, Leonie, and marry me afterwards? Your father said that I might win you, if I could." Leonie looked at him steadily for a moment, put her hand in his, and they rose to their feet. Philip Lebrae who was sitting across the aisle from them, rose, came over to them and shaking hands with Frank, said; "Frank, I shall now answer my own question asked so long ago, 'Why not now?' The time and the truth were not together; now they are here, and I shall go with you." Just then, Mr. Percival the preacher, began to sing an old time refrain from the book of the Saints; "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning." His cousin joined with him, and such singing that hall never rang with before. Mr. Lebrae hardly knew what to do. Here were three of his family who had, without previous consultation with themselves, or with him, risen at the appeal of a stranger with a strange religion; yet, so far as he could see, it was all in accordance with the truth. Just then a noise beside him caused him to turn, and there standing on the seat beside her father was Bessie Caton, her eyes shining like stars and her face radiant with joy. Her voice rang like a silver bell as she said, "I have seen the glory of the Lord; and I am going to him." Her father, with tears streaming down his face, rose too.

The audience was moved to tears, by the simplicity of the girl's manner, and the grandeur of her expression.

Not to prolong the scene, the preacher asked them to rise, and he then dismissed them.

On the following night the hall was crowded; the sermon more than usually impressive, and at its close, another opportunity was given for those who had made up their minds to accept Christ as Mr. Percival taught him, to make their desire manifest. Quite a number rose, among whom were Mrs. Lebrae and Mrs. Caton, and following Sunday afternoon was appointed as the time when the baptisms should take place. The question was asked by Mr. Philip Percival whether there was a suitable place near the village; when a Mr. Billings, a farmer whose farm lay close to the town, rose and stated that on his farm, within a quarter of a mile from the outskirts of the town, there was a place that he thought would suit them; and if they choose, it was at their service. He added, "I am not a member of any church; but your manner and your views, Mr. Percival, please me; and any service that I can render you, I will do cheerfully."

It was then announced that the services would continue at the hall during the week, except Saturday evening, and that baptismal service would be performed at the time and place named.

Excitement ran high during the week; Mr. Lebrae's store was thronged with citizens eager to give advice regarding his children, and condoling with him. Some went so far as to take the impulsive Flossie, who was helping her father, to task for her having so unhesitatingly started the joining of the new church; but that little lady was a host in defence, and stoutly maintained her right; and her father, much as he felt that his children had made a mistake, was secretly pleased at the way the child vanquished her advisers.

Nothing more was said by either Frank, or Leonie to each other about the question he had asked her at the meeting on Tuesday night; but Leonie told her mother that she had promised to marry Mr. Mason; and Frank had informed Mr. Lebrae of the fact of his question and the answer he had received.

All through the week the meetings were well attended; and a number more were added to the list of candidates, until some eighteen were ready.

Continued.

UNCLE J.

REMINDEES.

IN passing through a crowded street, mark the different expressions on the faces we meet.

The happy, guileless school-boy, with his books under his arm, and a well filled lunch-basket in his hand, serve to remind him, as well as us, of the watchful care of a kind mother. While on the other side of the street, we see a poor forlorn-looking boy, scarcely older than the cared for, petted child of a loving mother, vainly endeavoring to awaken the sympathies of the passer by. This brings to our remembrance the miserable hovels where penury's shrill voice is heard, and misery finds her abode.

In the face of the aged, we are solemnly reminded of the frailty of the human form, and of our own mortality.

When we witness a terrible storm which seems to shake the very foundations of the earth, we are reminded of our nothingness, and of the majesty and power of the Supreme Ruler.

When we see a patient soul, striving against the temptations and bitter trials of life, seeking to be worthy of the crown that will be in store for him, we are reminded of Him who, too, bore a cross, much heavier than any we can bear, but who rose triumphant from beneath it, and who now sits at the right hand of the Father, wearing a glorious and everlasting crown.

Yes, we are all silent reminders of the workings of those invisible, yet ever-present powers, which do cause us to perform evil as well as good deeds.

We should all remember that by our fruits we are known, and so act, that when the last page is written, and the book is closed, there shall be no sorrowful reminders to mar the beauty and finish of the whole. HORTENSE.

SACRED BIRDS.

EXTRAORDINARY honors were paid to the goose in ancient times; and it is still held in great veneration by some of the Eastern nations. The figure that occurs so frequently on Buddhist mountains is the Brahmanee goose. The ancient Britons, according to Cæsar, held it impious to eat the flesh of geese. The ibis was another bird held in the highest sanctity by the old Egyptians. There are still numerous pits containing ibis mummies in that country. The largest of them, a little to the westward of the pyramid of Aboukir, is about twenty feet deep.

The floor of this pit, for probably a depth of many feet, is covered with heaps on heaps, and layers on layers, of coarse earthen jars, the lids cemented down, containing each the body of an ibis, preserved with bitumen, and inclosed with numerous folds of narrow cloth bandages. "Some of the mummies are found," says Lord Nugent, in his *Lands Classical and Sacred*, "in a state of great preservation—black and charred, and incapable of being taken whole out of the bandages, but all the bones, the heads, and all the feathers entire. Whether these animals were thus embalmed and brought to this place of burial whenever found dead, or whether collected here only as objects of worship, is a question of which no ancient authority assists in the solution."

Dr. Shaw states that the Mohametans have a great veneration and esteem for storks. It is almost as sacred with them as the ibis was with the Egyptians; and they would look upon a person as profane who would kill or even harm one. So precious were these birds held in Thessaly, which country they are said to have cleared of serpents, that the slayer of a stork was punished with death. They were thought much of at Rome, for when a person who, from a freak of luxury, ordered one to be placed on his dinner-table, he drew upon himself the direful obloquy of the whole city.

The robin is considered in several countries a sacred bird; to kill one is little less than sacrilege; and its eggs are free from the hand of the bird-

nestor. It is asserted that the respect shown to it by man is joined in by the animals of the wood. The weasel and wild-cat, it is said, will neither molest it nor eat it when killed. One cause for the veneration in which it is held may be the superstition which represents it as the medium through which mankind are warned of approaching death. Before the decease of a person, a robin is believed, in many instances, to tap twice at the window in which the sick person is lying. Grimm says that the peculiar veneration with which this bird is treated has been shown by the whole German race from remote times; and he refers to the bird's color and its name as evidences that it was sacred to Thor, the God of lightning.

The swallow, too, in Germany, is deemed a sacred bird. Like the stork, it preserves the house on which it builds its nest from fire and lightning. The Spanish peasants have a tradition that it was a swallow that tried to pluck the thorns out of the crown of Christ as he hung upon the cross; hence they have a great reverence for this bird, and will never destroy it.

In France, in the Pays de Caux, the wren is a sacred bird. To kill it, or to rob its nest, is deemed an atrocity, which will bring down the lightning on the culprit's dwelling. Such an act was also regarded with horror in Scotland. Robert Chambers mentions the following popular malediction upon those who rob the nest of the wren:

Malisons, malisons mair than ten,
That harry the lodge of Heaven's hen!

EDITORIAL CHAT.

WITH this issue of the HOPE closes the pleasant little story called "Maggie and the Mice," selected and copied for us by sister Sarah A. Rose. It seems to have been universally liked, if we can judge for the readers in general by the expressions of those who have spoken of or written about it.

As announcements for the future, when we find place for them, we say that there is in our hands an article by "Myrtle Grey," entitled "Sketches from the Life of an Orphan," in seven chapters. Though we have not yet prepared it, we have no doubt of its worth and interest; for this favorite writer has given much pleasure and profit to the readers of the HOPE in all her previous articles.

Then we have a portion of a story by "Dorinska," called "Our Little Mormon Girl," which we expect to find good also, and to receive the remainder of it and publish in due time.

Furthermore we feel under great obligations to brother T. J. Andrews, of California, who is now, with his family, visiting his native country, England, and also traveling some on the Continent, for a large manuscript record of travels, prepared by him from the work of an able writer and extensive traveler.

The lands discussed will appear by the letter of brother Andrews when it is published. And we are satisfied that this last will make a series of articles that will be of as great interest to the readers, old and young, of the HOPE, as will the other things before mentioned; for they are about countries and scenes which have always been, and which must ever be, of great interest to the traveler, the reader and the Christian or Saint. By these sketches the young folks will become acquainted with those lands and peoples of the past and present, and the older ones will renew their former acquaintance and freshen their memories about them.

Just when these can all be published we can not say, because we do not wish to publish more than two continued articles at a time, but a part of one of these will be inserted soon. The one about the travels it will take a year or more to publish in consecutive numbers.

We were much pleased with the article recently published on a "Neglected Hope," and as will be noticed some hearts have felt the touch so kindly ad-

ministered, and have responded as pleasantly as the first writer pleaded the cause of the HOPE. Names and amounts sent in will be published. The writer of the first article lives in California, and we did not know of such an appeal till it passed through our hands in preparing for the printer.

And now, as the year draws to its close, will not the readers of our paper strive to labor for the sustaining of the HOPE? It is worthy of good patronage we think. It should be paid for as promptly as possible, yet if any find that they can not pay as soon as the time is out, and they can bye and bye, let us know, and it will be continued to them longer, or as long as we think it can, but we believe that all may pay in good season if they try hard.

We wish all the Hopes good success and many blessings in this closing year and for the new one so near at hand.

Sister Flora Russell sent too late to include in the published answer, replies to twenty-one of the twenty-seven questions.

Correspondence.

LA FAYETTE, Ga., Nov. 1st, 1878.

Dear Hopes!—Once more I write you from this part of the field. I am among a people that profess the name of God, but who do not know him, and I have often wished that I might live with the Saints. Let us live as near to our Heavenly Father as we possibly can, we who have heard the gospel of the Lamb. We have but one life to live, and it is the one we will be judged by in the future. I often feel very unworthy. There are temptations and troubles which I have had, and will still have to encounter. The devil has set a great many enticing ways for us to follow, such as parties and dances, and a great many worldly pleasures. I am often led to exclaim, "God help us to overcome such temptations." I see with much regret that the Hopes are neglecting to write, and I am afraid that many of them are getting too worldly and I see that in a few issues of the past the Editors have had to select from other papers. Surely some of them have time and ability to write. It is true that I have not written in a great while, but I will try and do better in the future, yet I know that hundreds of the Hopes could write were it not for their neglecting it.

We do not simply live here for ourselves but to make those around us happy. Let us try to live right before God, and do unto others as we wish to be done by. Pray for me, dear Hopes, that I may be faithful. Your friend, THEO. GERBER.

ANTELOPE Co., Neb., Nov. 5th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes!—I am fourteen years old. I belong to the Church. It has been almost two years since I joined, and I am not sorry that I joined, for I believe it the true work of God, for I have been blessed with God's Spirit in times past. My two sisters and my father and mother are members. We have prayer meeting every other Sabbath, and preaching and Sabbath School every other Sabbath. My determination is to try always to serve God. Your sister in Christ. BARBARA A. GEE.

1 December 78.

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.

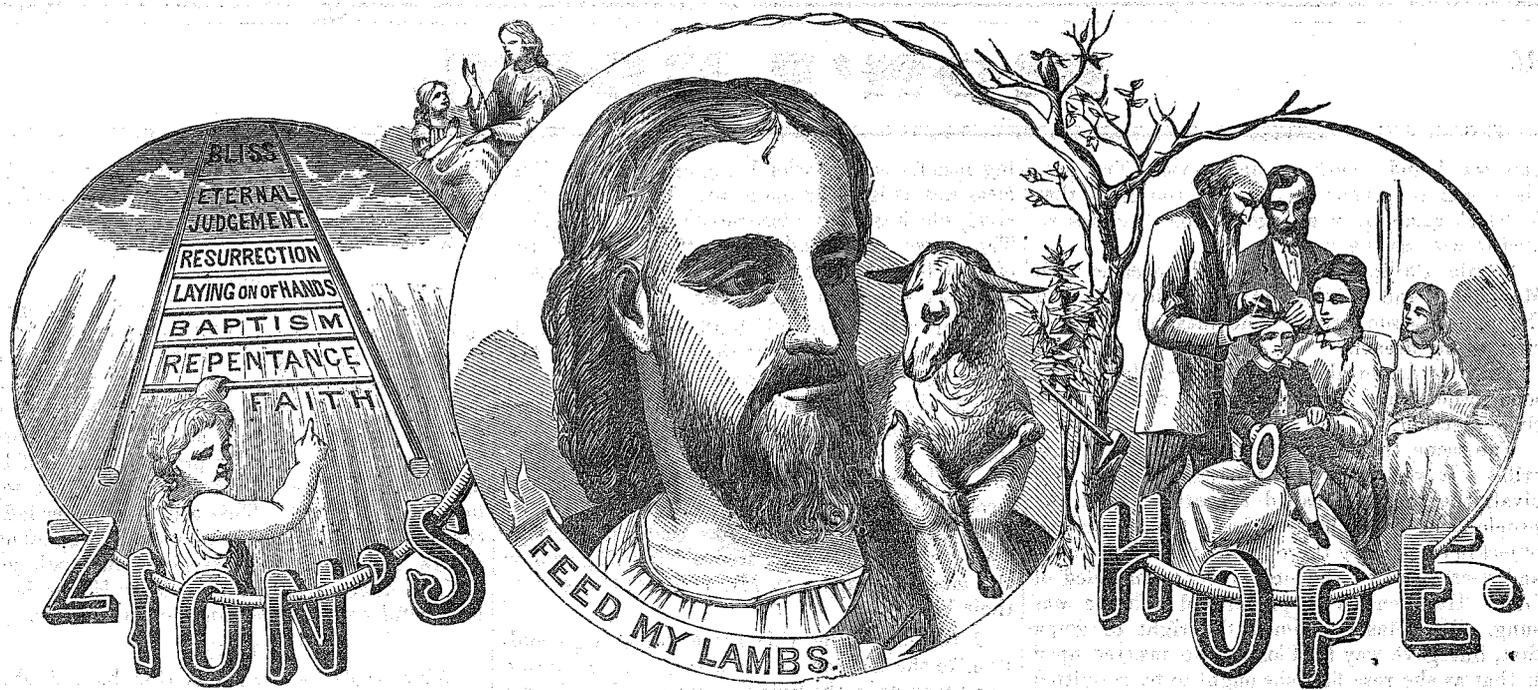
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent of 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. 10.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., DECEMBER 15, 1878.

No. 12.

THE CHILDRENS' HOUR, BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Between the dark and daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the "Children's Hour!"

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-light,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegree,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret,
Over the arms of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,
In his mouse-tower on the Rhine;

Do you think, Oh, blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon,
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruins,
And molder in dust away.

YE ARE THE TEMPLES OF THE LIVING GOD.

DEAR HOPES, you who have taken upon you the name of Christ. If our bodies are the temples of the living God, how important it is that we should keep them a fit dwelling for God's Holy Spirit. Let us examine the Scrip-

tures on that point. We find in 2 Corinthians 6:17, 18:

"And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols; for ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said I will dwell in them and walk in them, and they shall be my people. Therefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Here we find that on conditions are we to become his sons and daughters. The command is, "Come ye out from among them, (the wicked), and touch not the unclean thing." Are there any of my young brothers who use tobacco? If so, you are handling one of the unclean things spoken of. O, cast it away; defile not the temple of the living God, but present your body a living sacrifice. Do you drink tea or coffee? Put this habit also away, and I know you will be blessed. I know this is true for myself. I have not used either for two years, and I am in much better health, and enjoy more of the Spirit of God. I would not again use them under any circumstances. If we defile our bodies, or temples of the living God with such things will they not be unclean and unfit for the in-dwelling of God's Holy Spirit? We should not be conformed to the world, but come out from them and show to them, that we are the people of God.

We have the promises of God, that if we do the things that he has commanded us, his Spirit shall dwell in us, and we shall be his sons and daughters, a glorious God-given promise, one worth living for, and that is worth more than if we should gain all the riches of earth. Having these promises before us, let us, dear Hopes, young and old, cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. Be of a firm mind, determined to walk in the Spirit, not after the flesh; to be spiritual minded which is life eternal; for to be carnal minded is death. Search the Scriptures; let them be your study, and not novels and story papers. They are also unclean, and will cause you to forget your duty to God.

Oh, if one of you is ever tempted to partake of strong drink, of any kind, turn from it as you would from a viper, touch not, taste not, handle not strong drink, if you desire salvation, if you desire to be happy, useful and good men. Shun it as you would deadly poison; for it will poison you soul and body. Towards you are turned the eyes of God's people; for they wish to see you grow up holy men, and to be God's servants in very deed.

You may be mighty instruments in his hands, in rolling forth the great work of the last days, and I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed, by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

Dear Hopes, it is good to walk in the ways of the Lord. It will bring that joy and peace that passeth all understanding, that peace which the world cannot give, neither take away. May you always be found walking therein, is the prayer of your sister in Christ.

S. C. HARVEY.

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER XVI.

AT the morning service, on the following Sunday, the appointment for the baptism was made; it was to be at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and in the meadow of Mr. Billings adjoining town. The meadow was situated in a bend of Broad River, just west from the place, and was reached by the highway, and a wood-land path leading from the road by the farmyard, garden and orchard to the river. Just on the brink of a gently sloping hill to the left of the path lay the meadow, a half a hundred acres, of green sward lying to the south, swept by the gentle breeze and lightened everywhere by the gladsome sunlight. From this wood-land path the meadow was entered over a stile placed in the hedge about half way from the top of the slope to the river edge; and from its narrow platform, one could see the gentle sweep of the meadow, the shining surface of the river, and a part of the little town. On this particular Sunday, it seemed as if a special providence had interfered to make a day suited to the holy purpose which a few had in view, that of giving themselves to the service of God. The sun shone brightly, the air was balmy and filled with perfume from wood, meadow and field; no clouds to be seen but one unbroken expanse of blue was over head, and stillness and solemnity marked the day as the day of service and rest.

Long before three o'clock the people began to gather, singly and in groups did they go out along the highway, down the path and into the meadow, here and there pausing to sit down, or passing to and fro, in the leafy woods. Just before the hour had arrived Mr. Billings, the owner of the land, Mr. George and Mr. Philip Percival came, and proceeded to the river bank to discover the most suitable place. Mr. Billings led the way direct to the middle of the bend, and

here was found a most excellent spot. The people began to gather in, and by the time that 3 o'clock came, quite a large number had assembled to witness the rites.

Leonie, Philip and Flossie Lebrae came with Mrs. Caton and Bessie, and when they reached the stile, Bessie cries, "The meadow and the river of my dream."

They were overtaken here by Mr. Mason, and some others, and they all walked down to the river together.

The scene that followed it is difficult to describe. It was solemn and impressive. Mr. Percival, the preacher, called the attention of the people, and in a short address told them the object in assembling there; and of the importance and sacredness of the ordinance commanded of God. He then led in prayer and a hymn was sung. Mr. Mason claimed the right of going first, but gave way to Flossie who insisted upon it that as she rose first she ought to be permitted to lead them into the water. After her Mr. Mason, Leonie, Bessie, Philip and the rest, all went down into the water and were immersed by the baptizer, as Bessie persisted in calling Mr. Percival.

When Bessie was standing in the water and as the preacher's voice was heard saying, "Bessie, having authority given me of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," a light suddenly shone around the two, and they seemed to be standing in a halo of glory. A solemn hush fell on the assembly, and as the child was raised up from the water, many thought they heard the rush as of wings and the murmur of voices, saying, "Welcome, welcome, to the courts of the Master of Life."

The afternoon's baptismal services went far toward allaying the prejudice that many felt toward the preacher and his doctrine, for when all had been immersed who had offered at the meetings, an earnest appeal was made to the audience to then turn from the world unto Christ, and three or four came eagerly forward; among them the landlady with whom Frank Mason boarded, who came to the baptism, like others, to witness the rite without an intention of submitting, but who was so surely affected by the scene that she could not even wait to change her fine dress, but placing her shawl and bonnet in the hands of Mrs. Lebrae, she stepped boldly to the water's side and said, "I believe that Jesus is the Christ," and was immersed by the baptizer.

The confirmation by the laying on of hands, was set for the Tuesday night following at the house of Mr. Caton, as it was thought more desirable than to meet in the hall; which was crowded full on the evening after the baptism. Mr. George Percival conducted the opening exercises, when it was discovered that he was a man of excellent culture and a good speaker. The discourse was upon the office work of the Spirit, and the manner of its bestowment; and during its delivery the doctrine of laying on of hands was defended. It was listened to in silence and with rapt attention.

That evening after the meeting, Frank Mason escorted Leonie to her home as was now his constant custom; and before taking his leave he had persuaded her to permit the day of their confirmation to be their wedding day. Her mother was taken into the consultation, and although she demurred for a while she finally agreed to the plan and promised them the feast, a supper. Frank would not listen to much display on the part of the bride, and only stipulated that little Bessie and Philip should stand up with them; and that the marriage should take place at Mr. Caton's and at the close of the confirmation services.

No one outside of the families of Mr. Lebrae and Mr. Caton were informed of the contemplated marriage except the preacher, who was of course, quite willing to accede to the wishes of the young people. On Tuesday evening the gathering at Mr. Caton's took place, only a few beside the wait-

ing ones for confirmation being present. Mr. Percival was assisted by his cousin Mr. George Percival, who it was now discovered was an Elder also. These two laid hands upon the heads of the earnest few who had received the rite of baptism, and they were blessed of God.

After they were all confirmed, the friends were informed that two of the converts wished to be united in marriage, and that the ceremony would then take place. Frank, Leonie, and Philip and little Bessie at once came forward, and standing in proper place before the people and the minister, the young people Frank Mason and Leonie Lebrae there solemnly pledged each other to be all that they could be as husband and wife. The company then separated, a few going over to the marriage supper at Mr. Lebrae's the rest to their homes.

A few days after this there was a large addition to the Church in the place, a congregation was organized; the Spirit designated Mr. George Percival as their Presiding Elder and Frank Mason as his co-worker. Little Bessie Caton was specially pleased with this, as she could now go to church again. She said, "Mr. Frank is my preacher. The Lord heard him when he prayed for me, and he will help him to preach the gospel."

The closing effort of the preacher Philip Percival, before he left the village to labor elsewhere, was made from the words "Why not now?" In this, a reason was clearly given why all should now come unto Christ; and come with full purpose of heart to do the Lord's will. In bidding his happy people good by, the baptizer told them that he should ere long return again; and that he hoped when he again came among them he would find them increased in number and in joy.

It only remains for us to state, that at a recent visit to that place the baptizer, as he is still called there, found all of Mr. Lebrae's family in the Church, together with a large company of other citizens, including Mr. Adams, Frank Mason's law partner. They had built a pleasant meeting house and were prospering finely. Little Bessie Caton had grown into a healthy, rosy girl, full of life and vivacity, and was the special friend and adviser of Philip Lebrae; and Flossie, bright, sharp-eyed, impulsive Flossie, was still at work with her father, and was an active aid in all church affairs where she could be useful. And Frank and Leonie were living in their new home close by her father's and were happy and contented; he had a large and increasing practice, and notwithstanding his faith and his preaching, he was quite popular with the citizens. He and Philip often chat over the question so long pending between them and Philip always closes with, "Well Frank, I am very glad you could never answer that question of mine; for if you had gone with me, we should possibly never have known the truth." UNCLE J.

THE END.

BIBLE CHILDREN IN MANHOOD.

PART II.

SOLOMON.

SOLOMON was chosen of God in his youth to do a work for God; he did much good in the forepart of his life—built a great and magnificent temple where the glory of God appeared. And many, many years after, the Apostles of Christ received the endowment of the Holy Ghost in the porch of Solomon's house. Solomon received much wisdom from God and uttered many wise sayings; but after awhile "wine and strange women led his heart away from God." He became a foolish man because of sin. Because an individual may be highly favored of God it is no sign that that person may not or cannot sin, for this has been the experience of many. But the truth which may be uttered by persons when in acceptance with God is none the less the truth when they have turned away

from righteousness, only that truth may stand to their condemnation. "Let us therefore walk in the light as He is the light," and all will be well with us.

JOHN.

An angel of light announced the advent of this child. He was a child loved of God, "sent to prepare the way of the the Lord. When a man he preached repentance to the people—he was a great prophet—he had the honor of baptizing Christ the "Lamb of God." His mission was a great one; the holy prophets spake of him many years before he was born and of the work he should perform. This man was beheaded at the instigation of a wicked woman, who danced before Herod. So you preceive how much good (?) that dance resulted in. Dear Hopes let us be careful how we walk and act in this life.

JESUS.

What shall we say about this blessed child? An angel also announced the advent of this child, as being the Savior of the world. While the infant Jesus was lying in the manger, holy angels appeared to the shepherds in the plains of Bethlehem by night and they said; "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The "wise men of the east" worshipped him. When twelve years of age he taught the doctors and lawyers in the temple. When he had grown up to manhood, about the age of thirty, he was baptized of John in Jordan. God then accepted him as his "beloved son in whom he was well pleased." This Jesus was put to death, his precious blood was shed upon Calvary for you and me and all mankind. He arose triumphant from the grave, thus gaining the victory over death. O, how dearly we should love Jesus, for he has done so much for us. May we revere his holy name, love him as one who loveth us and gave himself a ransom.

TIMOTHY.

We want to talk a little about Timothy, he was Paul's son in the gospel. Paul loved him much, appeared to have a special watchcare over him for his own good. Paul gave him much good instruction. We learn that while he was yet a child he knew the Holy Scriptures, which were able to make him wise unto salvation. Now dear Hopes, you have the New Testament Scriptures, beside the Old Testament Scriptures, which only Timothy had. Paul commended the possession of this knowledge of sacred writings while young in life, because it was and is profitable. Timothy was a young minister in the gospel and one that studied to show himself approved of God. You young brethren of the Hopes, how many of you are going to try and be ministers of God's holy gospel? Would you not like to bear the message of life to a perishing world? God needs laborers in his great vineyard of life, multitudes are passing away without knowing anything about Jesus and his love, Study the Scriptures in your early life, be prayerful, desire to do good and see if God will not call some of you to work for him. Why not you as well as some one else? Take the admonition of Paul to Timothy, "Flee youthful lusts; but follow after righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call upon the Lord out of a pure heart." You who are young men, and are to be young men "let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." O, how needful this is. How many of you young brother Hopes want to become modern Timothys, and that too in the harvest field of God and work for him? Youth is the time to commence. And you little sister Hopes, you can do something for Jesus, you can study the Scriptures, you may become useful in the kingdom of God, you who are old enough may distribute tracts among the famishing ones, such a work has done much good. For instance, we were acquainted with two young sisters who traversed a large portion of two cities and distributed tracts at people's

houses, would sit and talk a little while, maybe five or ten minutes, and the result was that some were induced to go and hear the word of life preached and obeyed the gospel. Go to work, all you young sisters! You little Hopes, from six, seven and eight years old, tell your little playmates to come to Sunday School, give them your *Hope* paper to read, give their parents tracts, if you don't understand their contents, your parents do. You parents of the Hopes—set your children to work! work, work, work for God and his eternal truth; "save a soul from death." Don't one of you say "there is no sense in it;" you must not say so; have the best interests of God's work in your hearts and not all in your heads.

May God bless you all, dear Hopes; may God's special and kind watchcare be around you. Make your paths strait to walk in. Draw lessons of life from the lives of Bible children, imitate their good works in manhood—and take warning by the evil—and shun them knowing the ill that must result therefrom.

Jos. F. McDowell.

"COME TO JESUS!"

Concluded.

DO we teach them to walk uprightly before the Lord, also to keep the Sabbath day holy? And last, though not least, do we teach them these things by example, as well as precept? If so God will bless us and our children, but if not, we may well fear the consequences.

Then, dear children, or Hopes of Zion, (for in more ways than one you are the hope of God's people), let me invite you to "Come to Jesus." You must come of your own free will and accord, for remember that—

"This eternal truth is given,
That God will force no one to heaven."

Do you desire to know how to "Come to Jesus?" If so let me say that faith is the first principle or step towards the Savior. But I need not have told you this; especially those of you who have the reading of our beautiful Sunday School paper, *Zion's Hope*, knowing that you must have often looked upon that very instructive picture where we see the Elders in the act of blessing children; or perhaps it may be some little boy, old enough to "Come to Jesus," whose parents have instructed him how to come, and the Elders are confirming him a member of Christ's Church. If so then they are asking the Father to confer upon him, according to his promise, (for what the Lord has promised he will fulfill), the gift of the Holy Ghost, to keep his youthful feet from sliding in the slippery path of sin.

Who of you dear children, readers of the *Hope*, are there who have not yet come to Christ, and yet who desire to become members of the fold of Christ, and to receive the blessing under the Elder's hands, and the gift of the Holy Spirit? Especially may you feel so when you look upon the center of that picture and see the Savior with the strayed lamb upon his shoulder, and read the line just below, "Feed my lambs." These words convey to our minds, the exceeding love and care that Christ has for all those who "Come to Jesus," especially in their youth.

Then there is that picture just below of someone teaching a little child, perhaps it may be meant to represent the Savior, teaching children how to "Come to Jesus." But when we see that little boy in the left hand corner of the picture with one hand hold of the first round of the ladder to eternal bliss, while with his right hand he points out the road. If he is not one whom his parents had taught to "Come to Jesus" when he was eight years old, or very soon after, he must be there to represent those who are willing to go to their Savior in their youth. See with what boldness he points to the words of Faith, Repentance, Baptism, Laying on of Hands, the Resurrection of the Dead, etc., as much as to say, "This is the way; walk ye in it."

And, dear Hopes, is it not right? for Jesus says, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved." Then if you are old enough to believe and be baptized, you are old enough to "Come to Jesus." Peter said, when certain ones who already believed asked to know what they must do to be saved: "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins." Then if they were old enough to repent and be baptized, they were old enough to come to the Savior and be saved.

Then, again, when we read some of those very interesting letters, on the last page of the *Hope*; some of them from little children, not more than nine or ten years old, we find that some of the writers have been baptized, and are trying to serve the Lord. May the good Lord bless them, and grant unto them his Holy Spirit, to keep them in the straight and narrow path. And he will, my dear young brothers and sisters, if you are striving to keep all of his commandments. Others tell us in those beautiful little letters, that they have not been baptized as yet, but that they intend to be very soon. May God bless them also, and help them to keep their good resolves.

Dear Hopes, you that have not obeyed the gospel, do you think that you are too young to serve the Lord, and that when you are older, you can serve him better? If so, how old was Samuel, when the Lord called him to be a mighty prophet in Israel? And will he not help you by the aid of his Holy Spirit?

Youth is the time to serve the Lord,
O then secure His love and favor;
For heaven will be your great reward,
And Christ will be your loving Savior.

Then hasten while it is to-day,
O wait not for the coming morrow,
But "Come to Jesus" while you may,
And leave behind a world of sorrow.

Yes, come to Him, now in your youth,
Come, while your hearts are young and tender;
This is the sacred voice of truth,
Obedience to the gospel render.

The water's birth you must receive,
The Spirit's birth shall then be given;
Then come to Christ, his laws believe,
And enter now the gate to heaven.
CORLAND, Ills., Aug. 20th, 1878. UNCLE W. R.

THE USE OF EARS.

I USED to know a blind man who lived in a great city. He walked all over that city alone, and found his way by his ears almost as well as though he had eyes. I often met him a great way from his home, and used to wonder to see him go along so straight and turn into the houses and stores where he wished to go, hardly ever making a mistake. Sometimes he would come in where I was and ask for some person, or for something which was sold there. I would try to puzzle him by changing my voice, and ask him if he hadn't got into the wrong store. "Oh, I know where I am," (naming the place) "and I know you very well, too," (giving my name.) At other times I would meet him in the street and ask him where he was. He would tell me at once, and was never mistaken. He said that when walking the streets he knew by the sound of his footsteps or by the tap of his cane just where he was. "Everything has its own echo to my ear, by which I know it, just as you know it by its look. I hear the sound of a large wooden building on this side of the street, and that of an iron fence (or a tree or an open lot) on the other side." His ears were no better than ours who have eyes to see, but he had been obliged to depend upon them more and so had learned more of their use.

It is so also with eyes. But few people know how to use them. I know a young girl who is perfectly deaf, and she has learned to understand a great deal of what her friends say by watching the motion of their lips. She listens with her eyes, as the blind man may be said to see with his ears. This we can all learn to do if we will

only observe, take notice, or as we say, mind. This word "mind" reminds me of an idea that came into my mind of the many meanings to which it is used, thus: To a careless little girl I say, "I have a good mind to give you a piece of my mind, for you ought to make up your mind to mind your mother, and mind what you are about when she tells you to mind the baby. But never mind, some day you'll call to mind what I say, and then, according to my mind, you'll change your mind about it and wish you had minded," etc.

THE TELEPHONE.

IT would be hard to find any one who understands and can explain exactly how it works—it is so wonderful and mysterious. It is the "far speaker"; that is the meaning of its name. It enables two persons to talk together when they are miles apart, and without speaking very loud, either. How is this done?

You speak into a small tube with a mouth-piece. This is connected with another by a wire. The other tube is held to the ear of the person to whom you speak, and he hears by the aid of waves of electricity, which are made by the voice and go instantly along the wire. This explanation will satisfy some people. Others will ask: "How are these waves made and how can you distinguish the words spoken? This is the nice point and the great wonder of the new invention.

On the end of the wire within the tube into which you talk there is a magnet. Over this, and very near it there is a very thin, round plate of metal, about two inches across. The edges of this rest on a narrow rim or shoulder, so that it can vibrate easily. Now we have only to keep in mind that sound is vibration. Every sound makes the air vibrate first, and the air vibrations make everything else vibrate more or less. The sound of a cannon will make strong stone walls tremble, and while a great battle was going on, on a still night, when I was twenty miles away, I felt the ground shake as though the solid earth had a fit of ague.

Every kind of sound has its own kind of vibration. That is why we know one sound from another. In our ears there is a thin membrane stretching tight like the head of a drum so that it vibrates very easily. These vibrations affect the nerves and that is what we call hearing. Now, that thin plate in the tube acts like the drum in our ear, and it has as many different kinds of vibration—one for each kind of sound. Words are made up of sounds differently combined. Many thousands of words are made by putting a few simple sounds together in different ways.

Every vibration of that plate in the tube of the telephone, acts on the magnet close to it and makes a wave of electricity, (electric undulation the scientific people call it.) These undulations run over the wire, and each one makes the same kind of vibration in the plate in the tube at the other end, and so the person who holds it to his ear hears the same sound that was made in the speaking tube.

The sound of the voice makes vibrations in the plate. Those vibrations make waves of magnetism, those waves of magnetism make waves of electricity which go over or through the wire. Then at the other end the waves of electricity make waves of magnetism, and those waves make vibrations in the plate of the hearing tube, and those make sound for the person who holds it to his ear.

MOTHERS AND BOYS.

BOYS cannot be brought up without being exposed to temptation. In the purest rural districts, in the sweetest villages, as well as cities, there are evils. Often, when least expected, boys are led into ruinous vices. To keep them out of temptation would be to take them out of

this present evil world.

What, then should be done? First, keep them out of temptation as far as possible. It is all folly to say that they will be better and stronger for having been exposed. They may be ruined in the discipline. Then, instil into their infant minds good principles; teach them to fear God and keep his commandment; impress on them the beauty and reward of virtue; the hatefulness of punishment and vice; its consequences in the present and future life. Having done all this with constant prayer for preserving, renewing and saving grace, an anxious, believing mother may cast all her care on God and quietly hope and wait.

The hen, gathering her brood when the hawk hovers overhead, is an anxious mother, willing to interpose herself between danger and her young. But the hen knows not a Heavenly Father who never ceases to watch with infinite care, lest any of His little ones should be harmed.

Mothers forget that it is as truly their duty to be patient and hopeful, trusting in God, as it is to pray and watch and teach. Line upon line they must give; morning and evening and always they are to pray; but when their duty is done, they should be cheerful in the promises. There is an over anxiety, a fretfulness in doing, a perpetual spying into the ways of a child, that spoils his temper, sets him against good, and makes him more greedy to get out of restraint and more likely to plunge into evil.

Be careful on this point. Do not coddle a child so as to spoil him. Shut up in the house too much, he will take cold when he goes out. It is better to send him to school with other children than to keep him at home with his books. In a word, be faithful to the boy and then trust him with God.

And when he comes to mingle with the world, he will be thrown at once into the midst of evil; he will find that business men with high reputation for integrity do very strange things in the way of business; that honesty is not universal among men of fair repute, and that some called good are very far from being always on the square. The safety of the boy is founded on the principles instilled when he was at his mother's knee. There is no influence more frequently and surely attended by the grace that keeps and saves than a mother's instructions and prayers.

MAKE SOME ONE HAPPY TO-DAY.

AS Mabel was starting for school grandma said, "Good-bye, dear, make some one happy to-day," and, leaving a kiss on the rosy cheek, she went back to her knitting.

The wood fire crackled away and blazed, while it sung out, "Good-bye, Mabel; make some one happy to-day."

"Good-bye, grandma, good-bye, old fire," and Mabel threw another kiss to each and bounded off to school, dragging her sled after her.

Just ahead of her was her dear friend, Maud Eastlake. Mabel ran faster than ever to overtake her.

But around the corner, between her and her friend, came Philip Saunders and his little sister Dora. A good mile they had come this cold morning, and Dora was crying because she was cold and tired.

Mabel ran by and left them; but some echo voice said, "Make some one happy." She looked on at her friend, sighed a little sigh, then turned around and ran straight back to Philip and Dora.

"This horse is too gay," she said to Philip; "Put Dora on, then take hold, and we'll be a span."

"You're real good, Mabel, Dora is real tired. I've helped her all I can." And Philip lifted his sister on.

"Don't cry, Dora; we'll have you there in five minutes," he said as they started.

But the tears had already been driven back by

the prospects of a ride.

And when at last Philip and Mabel drew up in grand style, it was a pretty happy girl they lifted from the sled. Philip, too, had been made happy.

"Thank you," said Philip again as they stopped. You've made us both happy."

"Ah?" said Mabel, "that's what I did it for." Then she told what her grandmother had said to her at starting.

"Well," said Philip, "you can count two you have made happy already. It's a good rule. I believe I'll try it too."

"And grandma," said Mabel as she told of this and some other things at night, "we ought to count it three, for it made me happy too."

TRUE GENTLEMEN.

"I BEG your pardon," and, with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man, against whom he accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you, we were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit! not a bit!" said the old man cheerily. "Boys will be boys and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join the playmate with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charley Grey. "He's only Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat, or hawks vegetables through the streets, instead of sitting in a counting house." Which was right?

Correspondence.

OAKDALE, Antelope County, Nebraska,
November 11th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—I was eight years old the sixth of this month. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I have a little money bank, and my little brother and I have put all the money we have had given to us, and all we could earn, since last Christmas, into it. We intend to send it to our brother, who is away down South preaching. We have between four and five dollars now. I saw a letter in the *Hope* from a little boy in Maine, by the name of Charlie A. Smith. My name is Charlie Arthur Smith. I can not write yet, so my sister writes for me. Good by for this time.
CHARLIE A. SMITH.

OAKDALE, Antelope County, Nebraska,
November 11th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am nearly eleven years old. I was baptized about two years ago by my older brother, Heman C. Smith. He is away down South preaching, and my little brother and I are saving all our money to send to him. We wish to help him what we can. I go to Sunday School at my brother Hyrum's and he is the teacher of our class. My sister wrote this for me because I can not write good enough. Your brother,
SAMMIE B. SMITH.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, Utah,
November 15th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I wrote to you last Spring, and as the year is drawing to a close, I thought to write to you again. I have been very much interested in the stories of the *Hope*. We are having quite a storm at the present time. I like to read the children's letters, and I think it would be good for us all if we wrote oftener. Good bye. My love to you all,
WARREN H. LYON.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., Nov. 20th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am ten years old. I was baptized when I was nine. I am going to school, and my studies are geography, arithmetic, grammar, fifth reader, and spelling. I have no brother or sister. I was talking with a Catholic woman one day, and she told me that we must pray to Virgin Mary, but I told her that was not right, that Virgin Mary was dead long ago; that we must pray to Jesus. She would not talk with me any more. We have meetings every

Sunday. I wish the little Hopes would write oftener. We have no Sunday School now. Asking the prayers of all the Saints, your sister in Christ,
CORA BEAGLE.

CASEYVILLE, Ills., Nov. 24th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am ten years old. I was baptized a year ago. I go to school. I am in the third reader. My father and mother are in the church, and they teach me to pray. I thank my Father in heaven for the testimony he has given me. We have a good branch, and good brethren and sisters. We would like some of the Elders to visit us more frequently; for we are told in the Scriptures that the Elders are to feed the flock of God, and to exhort them. My desire is to live as becometh a Saint. Your little sister in Christ,
ELIZABETH BUXTON.

IONE VALLEY, Amador Co., California,
November 24th, 1878.

Dear Hopes of Zion:—I was sorry to see so little correspondence in the *Hope*. Let us try to encourage each other to do right. I cannot go to meeting very often, and to read your letters does me good. I was reading in a little paper printed by the Willson tract society. It has no correspondence, but it told a story about a little boy who would always go out in the moonshine under a certain tree to pray, it said the Lord would draw near to them that draw near to him, but why he chose such a time and place I cannot tell. Very true, but it appears to me that he was guided by some good spirit to go out by himself at that time that he might not be disturbed, and to pray in secret that he might be rewarded openly. Very few boys so small as he is that would like to pray in public. Your brother in Christ,
E. T. DAWSON.

November 29th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—I love to read the letters from the little children. And I wish you to be good to all you may have to deal with, and God will bless you all. I have two little children with me and they have no mother. We go to our meeting when we can, for we live four miles from them. We do wish the time would come when all the little Hopes could gather home.
GRANDMOTHER.

NEW TRENTON, Ind., Dec. 3rd, 1878.

Dear Hopes,—We do not see many letters in the *Hope*, and think that perhaps you are becoming neglectful like ourselves. But we hope to see many letters from our little brothers and sisters in the future. We have never seen many of you, but when we read your letters we feel as if we were already acquainted with you. Uncle William Chappelow preaches every two weeks a few miles from here. The people seem to be well pleased, and always seem to be anxious to have him come again. We have prayer meeting every two weeks, and testimony meeting every two weeks. We were much pleased with Sister Emma's piece about a "Neglected Hope," for we do not wish to see our dear little friend neglected, so we will send her a Christmas present; and we think if each little Hope who can will send her ten cents for a Christmas present, and all those who have the ability to write articles for her, will do so, she will not have to wear borrowed clothing. We ask an interest in your prayers, that we may be more faithful in the future. Your sisters in the one hope.
FLORENCE J. & MINNIE F. CHAPPELOW.

15 December 78.

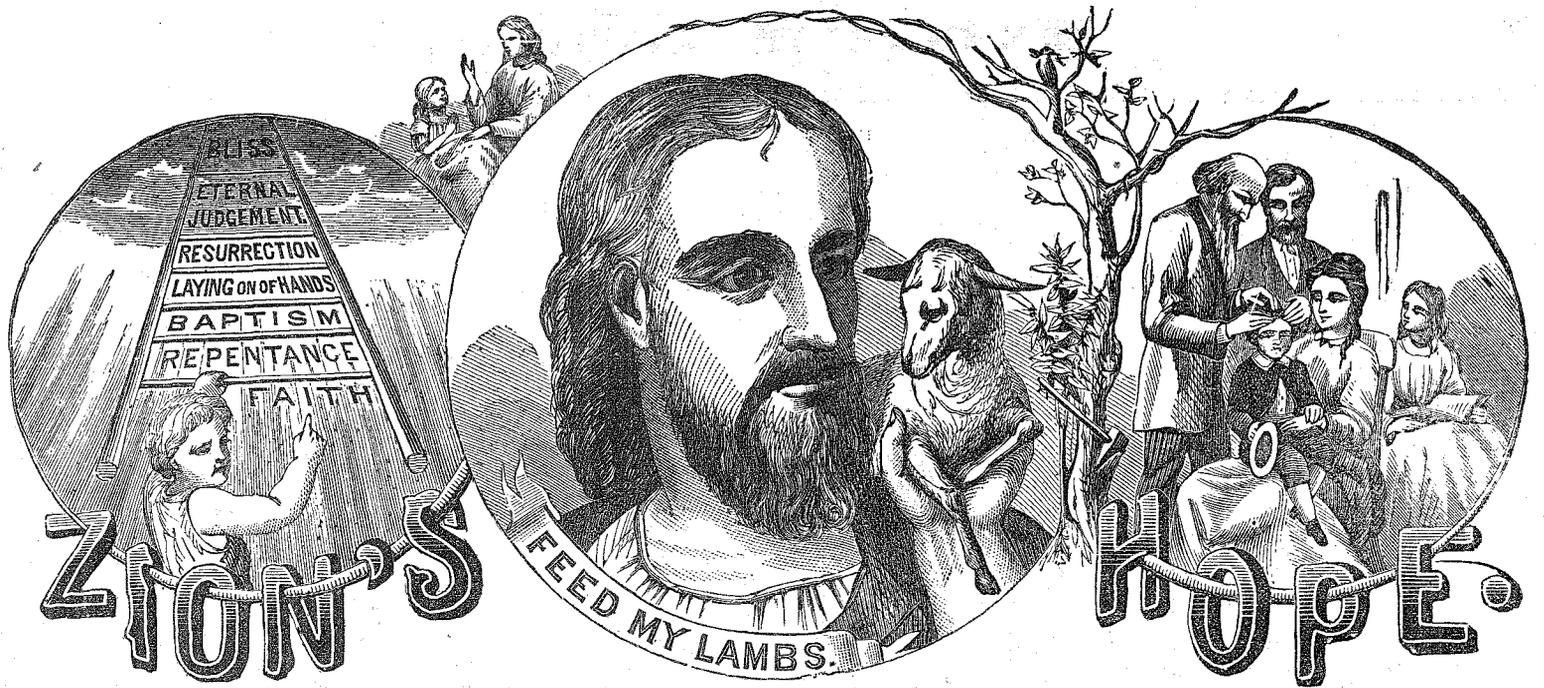
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work 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 at watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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

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No. 13.

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.—No. 1.

BY T. J. ANDREWS.

DEAR HOPES:—Since the first number of your pleasant and instructive little paper was issued, a goodly number of kind uncles have volunteered their services to it, for the purpose of its continuance, and for your edification and pleasure. And from your numerous little letters it is evident you have properly appreciated their labors. Their subjects have been so numerous, so well written, and so suitable for your tender years, that you will always remember them in your lasting affections.

Many of you are now growing into manhood and womanhood, and probably you would have no objection should another uncle offer his services for your benefit and pleasure and to lead you into paths of useful knowledge, different in many respects from those in which you have been traveling; and whilst your new uncle shall be writing for your good we will carry the more young and tender Hopes along with us, that they may share your and his pleasure, and at the same time we sincerely hope that all the uncles in the Hope family will continue their connection with it and work as before for our mutual pleasure and edification.

Most likely you will be now wondering what your new uncle intends to write about. Well, we will tell you that our subject is "Travels;" and now you are saying, "In what country?" Well, there is no end to the inquisitiveness of the Hopes of the Church. They are always thirsting after knowledge, and this is what your uncles desire to see in you; they would be very sorry if it was not so, because then, when you have grown to maturer years, you would be ignorant, unfit and unprepared to be numbered in that great family which we believe is being prepared for the future. All the Hopes have heard about that great work which the Lord stated to Joseph Smith that he was about to perform on the earth, and how he called him to be the first Elder in that work. And how necessary it was that he should become qualified for that position. And what was he told to do? Just what he has told all of us to do that we might be qualified also: to study, and learn, and become acquainted with "all good books;" and with "languages and people." And here, little Hopes, is a wide field to acquire knowledge in. It is in reading good books that we can glean knowledge about nations that are living now, and also about the nations that are now dead. But their country still remains and abounds in evidences of their greatness. Many of them have inscribed upon rocks and chiseled

monuments great and useful facts in their history; many of them, it is true, can not be read by human understanding, but it is a pleasure to look at them at least, we should think; and the learned and pleasure seeking of the present age are making tours to those famed lands and writing down what they see there for the benefit of those who can not go. It is a book of this kind that your uncle has read and was so impressed with its plain and descriptive contents that he was very much impressed with it, as being one of those valuable books out of which we may glean precious knowledge for our edification. You will now begin to inquire into what land has this traveler been, and as to where I propose to take you. Well, it is to Egypt, Palestine and Syria; and if you will accompany us there you shall go and see it for yourselves; not in person though, that would be impossible. At some future time perhaps God's providences may so arrange that some of you may see those wonderful countries with your own physical eyes, but now we will visit them mentally, and see them through another's eyes, those of a worthy traveler who has seen them and wrote what he saw in a book; and in so plain a manner that when you have read them, with a little endeavor to retain you will never forget the story. Those countries are so closely identified with the great work that we have mentioned, not only in the past, but at the present time, and more especially will be in the very near future, when we expect to see them redeemed from the dark shadows of ruin and desolation that has obscured them so long, to enjoy the bright sunshine of peace, prosperity and greatness again. Let us see them through others eyes, and thus be prepared for the changes that passing events are foreshadowing.

Continued.

SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF AN ORPHAN.

CHAPTER I.

OUT from the brilliant blaze of Broadway, to a remote part of the city of New York, we wend our course through by-ways and by-alleys, till at last, through the darkness, we can discern the outlines of an old rickety structure. Now open the door and step through this narrow passage way, and we come to a flight of stairs. We pause for breath, as the damp air arises with its disagreeable odor and then go down the narrow flight till we reach the last step. Here we find ourselves in a long corridor; turn to the right,—nay, do not shrink, open the door, and here we are in a low room which is dimly lighted by a

single candle. In one corner stands an old bedstead, covered with damp, musty straw, on which lies the wasted form of a woman; three other women are standing near, watching. The eyes of the dying woman wander around until they rest upon the face of a little girl. A look of unutterable longing and anxiety passes over her countenance, as she gazes on the innocent child; the lips move as in prayer; the eyes grow dim; a deep sigh stirs the bosom; and little five year old Lina Ainslee is an orphan.

The women go silently about their task of preparing the body for the grave; while not a tear is shed. They feel more like rejoicing than mourning; for well they know from how much misery the spirit has made its escape.

The last offices are performed; the last clod has fallen upon the coffin; and under directions of the authorities, the three friends, take little Lina to an orphan asylum, where she is divested of the miserable apology for clothing, and put in more comfortable apparel. A gold chain from which a locket is suspended, is found welded around the child's neck, a token of former prosperity. One of the women steps forward and opens it. Now, the tears flow freely, as her eyes gaze on a sweet, girlish face, the face of their companion, when they were merry, light-hearted school-girls together.

"Please don't take my mamma," pleaded the child.

"No, little one, you shall keep it," said the kind woman in attendance, and, now that their task is finished, the women return to their wretched homes. But what is the cause of this squalor, and misery? you ask. The answer can be given in three letters,—Rum!

* * * * *

"Who is that girl standing over there, alone?"

The questioner, Ella Willis, a stranger in the school, was standing in the midst of a group of girls, who were giving a general history of the school and village for her benefit.

"Oh, that is Carrot Smith," answered Anna Hall, who seemed to be spokesman.

"Carrot?" said Ella wonderingly, "what a queer name!"

"Her real name is Caroline Ainslee, but we girls call her Carrot, on account of her hair."

"And then, look at that horrid yellow dress!" chimed in Belle Seward.

"Her hair," said Ella taking no notice of Belle's remark, "why I think it would be real pretty if—"

"It was ever combed," finished Anna, as Ella hesitated; "but you need'n't expect to get acquaint-

ted with her; for she wont have anything to do with us, except to break up our plays—"

"And stick pins in us in school, to make us holler so the teacher 'll whip us," said little Alice Ward, who evidently knew something about it by experience.

"Little girls should'nt interrupt others when they are talking," said Anna, gravely.

"She's been in the third reader ever since I can remember," said Belle; and we have had no teacher yet who could make her study."

"But I would think that her mother would see that she did study."

"She has no mother," said Anna Hall, "Mrs. Smith took her from a poor-house, or from some orphan asylum, when she was seven years old, and she has kept her ever since."

"Poor girl," said Ella, glancing in the direction of the object of their remarks.

Caroline was a tall, awkward looking girl of about fourteen; her hair was carelessly pulled back from her face and twisted into as small a knot as was possible to get it, and fastened at the back of her head. Her ill fitting dress, and clumsy shoes served to make her as ungainly as it is possible for dress and shoes to do. No collar, ruffle or ornament of any kind was to be seen; and, as she stood sullenly regarding the girls, her eyes flashed angrily.

"Telling her all about me, I suppose; but I don't care," she said. When the bell rang for school Ella nodded pleasantly at her, as she passed, but only received an angry frown in return.

"Did'nt I tell you so?" whispered Anna triumphantly; but Ella quietly took her seat without a word.

After the opening exercises of the school were over, Miss Hill, the teacher, came to examine Ella's books, in order to put her in the proper classes; and when she turned to walk back to her desk, a titter was heard throughout the schoolroom, which increased till it became a broad laugh. Turning around the teacher sharply demanded the cause of the disturbance. One of the girls stepped up and took from her back where it had been pinned, a piece of paper, on which was printed in large letters, "For Sale."

Mortified beyond expression, Miss Hill asked who the perpetrator of such an act was. All eyes turned directly towards Caroline Ainslee, who sat looking indifferently out of the window.

"Caroline, did you pin this to my back?"

The girl turned her head and answered, "Yes'am."

"Come forward!" commanded the teacher sternly.

She arose, shuffled carelessly to the desk, and, as blow after blow descended from the heavy ruler, Caroline held her hand unflinchingly. The boys, who always delighted in seeing her punished, were showing their pleasure in various ways, while the general verdict of the girls, was, "good for her." Ella Willis alone, tender hearted almost to a fault, and being thoroughly unused to such a scene, was crying behind her book.

When Miss Hill was satisfied she could make no impression on the stubborn girl, she allowed her to resume her seat, which she did as carelessly as she had taken her place at the desk, and looking around, to show the new scholar how utterly indifferent she was to such proceedings, she paused as though bewildered; then, flushing to the roots of her hair, she took her seat, and not once through the remainder of the morning session did she attempt the various tricks, with which she so annoyed her school-fellows.

"Oh, Caroline, what did you do that for?" asked Ella Willis when school was dismissed. In spite of the other girls' warnings she was determined to speak to this strange girl, and to see if she could win her friendship.

"Just mind your own business, miss," was the reply; and, in an instant, she had darted away out of sight.

"Don't pay any attention to her, Ella," said Anna Hall; "we never do."

UNCLE JOHN'S CHAT.

MY dear little Hopes:—I wonder if you have forgotten your Uncle John yet. I tell you I have not forgotten you. It has been through neglect that I have not written to you oftener. I am now living a great many miles from where I lived when I last chatted with you,—only I done all the chatting. That would be chatting at you wouldn't it? Very well, if you want to chat I will keep still. It looks like you are getting neglectful about writing as well as I, for I have seen very few letters in your dear little paper lately. You must not think that your letters are not wanted, for we all love to read them.

Well here is a verse I want you to commit to memory:

I will never drink,
Whisky or gin,
Ale, beer or rum,
Or any thing
That makes intoxication come.

When you have done so, write and tell me whether you are willing to make this promise or not. And tell me all the evils you can think of, which result from drinking strong drink. I am living near a town where there is a great deal of strong drink sold. One day when I was in town there was a great excitement, and the cry of "a man murdered," spread over town very quickly. I went to the place where the dead man was, and there saw him lying on the floor, with his face very badly cut, and with a hole in the side of his neck. The murderer had struck him with his knife and severed the large vein of the neck, and let out his life blood. How ghastly he looked! How thankful I felt that I had embraced that gospel which teaches us to shun such habits as led this man to such a terrible and untimely end. This man was one who drank, and he also sold liquor to others, and this practice led to his death. Paul says "Be not drunken with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." Will you tell me where it says so? On last Saturday I was in town again, and just opposite where I was standing, two men in front of a saloon began to fight, because the influence of whisky had stirred up an old grudge between them. What a disgrace it is for men to drink whisky, to get drunk, and to wallow in the gutter worse than a brute. Yes, little Hopes, after you consider the great evil of intemperance, I know you will be willing to make me the promise made in the verse.

I spoke of intemperance. Be assured there are more ways than one of being intemperate. We are commanded to be temperate in all things, temperate in eating, drinking, working, playing, sleeping, talking; in short every thing that we do should be done with moderation and wisdom. We are commanded to offer our bodies "a living sacrifice, holy acceptable," etc. To do this, it is necessary that we preserve the body in as healthy a condition as possible; and every intemperate act is a violation of the laws of hygiene, and must result in disease or pain. If the mind, which rules the body, abuses its subject, the subject will never forget the injury, but at some time, will arise and smite its oppressor.

That we might have healthy bodies—holy and fit for the in-dwelling of the Spirit—God has revealed the "Word of wisdom," which, if we observe, he has promised us health. This will naturally result, for, unless we partake of that which injures, we will not be injured. This word tells us what is injurious—"hot drink," "tobacco," &c. And if we always partake of such aliment as is naturally adapted to the system then health will follow.

In conclusion, I want to ask you little Hopes to form habits of temperance while in childhood, and when you get old it will not be hard to follow them. When you eat, do so with good manners; and because you have nice victuals, dont eat more than will just satisfy you. Dont play too much; and above all things dont be disobedient. When

your pa or ma tells you to do anything, do it cheerfully; and dont complain if you cannot have every thing you want, for they know best what you should or can have.

And now farewell, my little Hopes,
I bid you all adieu,
I'll write to you some other time,
When I have heard from you.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

DEAR HOPES:—I wish you a happy new year. That is a very common wish you know, my young friends, on the first day of the year. And I wish you a very happy new year, and I propose to show you how you may be happier this year than you have ever been before. I will just ask why some people are not happy? Why because they are not good. If you would have a happy new year, then the very first thing you must do is to become good. The bright angels are happy because they are good. To be good, is to love God. Those children who have died and gone to heaven are happy, because they love God. But how must I love God? I hear some thoughtful boy or girl ask. I will try to tell you who does love him, and who does not, and then you will see what it is to love him. That boy who lies down at night and rises in the morning without praying to God does not love him. Those who say their prayers over as fast as they can speak, and are thinking of something else all the time, and would not say them at all if they were not obliged to do it, do not love God. Those boys who call others hard names, and who sometimes tell lies to hide their faults, do not love God. Those who spend any part of the Sabbath in play, because their teachers do not see them, do not love God. All these, if they do as they have done, will not, we are afraid, have a happy year, for they are guilty and wicked, and God does not love their ways. Perhaps they may think that they are happy, just as we sometimes dream that we are happy, and then awake in great pain. Those children dream when they think themselves happy, while they do not love God; and, by and by, they will awake and find themselves dreadfully mistaken. I will now tell you who do love God. Those children who love and obey their parents because God has told them to do so, and those who fear to offend God because he is a good and a glorious being. Those love God who obey him, with all their hearts; who love the Sabbath; who love the Bible and love every thing that God loves, and who hate everything which God hates. You love your teachers do you not? Well now, observe how you feel, and how you act towards them. If you love your parents you will obey them, and it will be pleasant to you to obey them. So if you love God it will be pleasant to obey him. You will not obey him because you are afraid of being punished, but because you love to obey him. Now, my dear young friends, if you see that you do not love God, we want you to think and say in this way:—"I have now begun a new year. I may not live through it, for a great many children as young as I am, have died; and if I should die what will become of me? As I do not love God I can not go to heaven. I have seen children as young as I am lying on dying beds; I, too, may die, and I am not prepared. Shall I think of my play and of my body, to the neglect of my soul? I may die this year; what, then, must I do? I will go and give my heart to the Savior,—then I shall be ready; but I must do it now. If I put it off I may forget it, and, before I am ready, death may come. Now, Lord Jesus, make me sorry for my sins. I come and give myself to thee!"

Give yourselves, dear children, to Christ; and this will not only be a happy year to you, but the beginning of a happy forever. Amen.

PLANO, Illinois.

SISTER ELLEN GEORGE.

Habit, with its iron sinews, clasps and leads us day by day.

WANTED—A BOY.

HE had been hanging about the depot all day—a forlorn-looking youngster in blouse suit, gingham apron, and broadbrimmed straw hat. Every now and then he would approach a traveler and enquire anxiously, "Want a boy, sir?" But no one seemed to want a boy. They would glance down quizzically at him, and tell him he'd better run home.

Poor little fellow, he held out pretty well until along about night, when he began to get very tired, and a look of discouragement crept into his great blue eyes. Dear me, I thought to myself, I wish somebody did want a boy, for it seemed just as if some mother ought to take him in her arms and rock him to sleep.

By-and-by, an old farmer, in a shabby coat and slouched hat, came in, and sat down to wait for the train.

"Don't you want a boy, sir?" said the baby voice, so plaintively; "I've looked most everywhere to-day, but nobody don't want none. I'd do awful good."

"What!" exclaimed the farmer in surprise, "you little shaver, you. Where's your home?"

"I hain't got none. I runned away from the place where I did live."

"Run-away! What for?"

"Cause," and the tears commenced to roll down his cheeks, "I was used awful. She beat me for something I never did do—beat me till the bleed comed, and runned and runned. Oh, dear!"

"Your ma?"

"No, I haint got no mammy. She died long ago; but she telled me—I can remember jest as plain—I mustn't never take what wa'n't mine, or tell what wa'n't so, and when aunt telled me I'd got that money, I jest telled her no, I hadn't touched it. But I couldn't make her believe it, no way, so she beat me, and shut me up where it was all dark. I was awful scairt."

"Did she find out you didn't take it?"

"Yes. When uncle came home she telled him how wicked I'd been and he telled her it wa'n't no sich thing—that he took the money himself. He come right up where I was and when he seed the bleed running, he felt awful. He jest let me out of that place, he did; but I couldn't get over it no how, an' when they all got to sleep I climbed out of the window and runned in the cars ever so far. I won't never go back—I'd be dead first!"

"Waal, waal!" exclaimed the farmer, "that was mean. She was an old vixen, that aunt of yours. I'd like to have the fixin' of her. What do you think of doing?"

"I'm trying to get a place to work."

"How old are you?"

"Goin' on seven."

"You, a little shaver going on seven years old, a thinking of stepping out in the world that's chuck full of sin and vice, when you ought to have a ma to put you to bed an' hear you say your prayers every night! You a goin' to shirk for yourself, an' git all black an' smut, when you ought to be as pure as an angel! Not, by John Robinson, if I can help it! You jest come along home with me, I want a boy, and so does ma. We hain't got none. We'll take good care of you. Ma won't lick ye I'll warrant. She's that tender-hearted she wouldn't hurt a flea; an' I don't look very ugly, do I?"

"You look awful good to me," sobbed the little fellow, from very joy.

"Waal, then, chirk up! Here, I guess I've got a sandwich in my pocket, if you are hungry. It'll kinder stay your appetite until we get home. Ma is going to have a strawberry short-cake for supper. I declare won't she be tickled to see me bring a right smart boy in. She often says, 'Pa, we'd just be happy if we had a boy.' Come, now, chirk up, while I tell you about our chickens and calves. You feed 'em every day. O, I tell you we'll have good times."

Half an hour later, when the eastern-bound

train steamed into the depot, you might have seen an old man and youngster, with a dilapidated carpet-bag between them, making their way on board. But I believe it would have puzzled you had you been asked to tell which looked the most delighted of the two—the boy who had found a home, or the man who wanted a boy.

THE CROSS.

Blest they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit meek,
The way of truth.

To them the sacred Scriptures now display
Christ as the only true and living way;
His precious blood on Calvary was given,
To make them heirs of endless bliss in heav'n.
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Savior's grace.

For them he bore
His Father's frown;
For them he wore
The thorny crown;
Nailed to the cross,
Endured its pain,
That his life's loss
Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part,
Nor dare refuse
The Lord your heart,
Lest He declare
"I know you not,"
And deep despair
Become your lot.

Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died,
And trust to Him who there was crucified.

THE HOPE AND ITS FRIENDS.

DEAR HOPES:—I felt sad and glad too, at the reading of the "Neglected Hope," said that our dear little *Hope* should be neglected, and glad that a friend should plead its cause.

Now I, for one, would like to see our paper come out at New Years dressed in its own clothes, and said clothes the names of its friends. I am sure it would please me to see the names of my little brothers and sisters fill the paper.

Now children, from the oldest of the family to baby, tell father and mother to please give you all ten cents apiece for the *Hope*, instead of for candy; then see how pleased you will be to see your names enrolled in the Roll of Honor.

Now I would like to suggest that the Superintendent of each Sabbath School get a list of all he can, names and dimes, and let us see how many from each place. I expect to see a long list from St. Louis, and from many other places also.

I suppose you think I can say nothing but money. Well children I have seen many people prospered when they have been liberal, and I expect to take the *Hope* and *Herald* as long as I have money for bread; for I do not know how I could get along without them. I love to read the little letters from the children; and also from our brothers and sisters. By the way where are the instructive pieces we used to see in our paper from brother Forscutt?

Now children I want to tell you something that came to my notice lately. A good brother was at our house and in conversation I referred to something in the *Herald*. "Ah," said he, "that is something I miss; I can't get the *Herald*." "Not get the *Herald*," I said, "I do not see how you get along without it!" In course of the conversation, for he talked quite a while, he remarked something about the *Inter Ocean*, a Chicago paper, then after a while he said something about two other papers. I looked straight at him, and said "Brother, do you take those papers?" He said, "Yes." I said, "And too poor to take the *Herald*!" He made some excuse about how he

could pay for the other papers, but his excuse were so poor they could not do with me.

Now, dear children, if you know of a brother or sister who is too poor to take our Church papers, they are poor indeed. Let us pray our Heavenly Father to help them spiritually and temporally.

Now, in conclusion, I would ask every Hope young and old, to try to be more faithful, more prayerful, and more careful, the coming year. Then we will be blessed with more of the love of God in our hearts, for our fellow men, and more determined to help roll on the cause of our blessed Savior, with our means as well as our influence. May our Father in heaven bless the children and make them useful, for every child has some influence over some of the older members of the family.

I wish you a Happy New Year to one and all.
From your sister,
MRS. E. ALLEN.

PLEASANTON, IOWA, Dec. 11th, 1878.

DIPHThERIA—A SULPHUR CURE.

A FEW years ago while diphtheria was raging in England, a gentleman accompanied the celebrated Dr. Field on his rounds, to witness the so-called "wonderful cures" which he performed, while the patients of the others were dropping on all sides. The remedy to be so rapid must be simple. All he took with him was powder of sulphur and a quill, and with these he cured every patient without exception. He put a tea-spoonful of flour of brimstone into a wineglass of water, and stirred it with his finger instead of a spoon, as sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water. When the sulphur was well mixed he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in man, beast, or plant in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommends the swallowing of it. In extreme cases in which he has been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closing to allow the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill, into the throat, and after the fungus has shrunk to allow of it, then the gargling. He never lost a patient from diphtheria. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel, and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone at a time upon it and let the sufferer inhale it, holding the head over it, and the fungus will die. If plentifully used, the whole room may be filled almost to suffocation. The patient can walk about in it, inhaling the fumes, with windows and doors shut. The mode of fumigating a room with sulphur has often cured the most violent attacks of cold in the head, chest, etc., at any time, and is recommended in cases of consumption and asthma.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

We greet the readers of the *Hope* with a "Happy New Year" and begin 1879 with fair encouragement and cheering prospects for our little paper.

We are pleased to publish the first instalment of a new story by "Myrtle Grey," and also the introductory letter of brother T J Andrews to the promised series of travel notes in the olden lands of sacred and profane history, and feel that rich treats of reading are in store for our patrons. Sister Elizabeth Allen and others give us friendly chats and good thoughts, and some from others wait their turn.

"Sister Emma's" appeal has brought forth many tokens of love and expressions of favor from those in all parts of the land who seem to have such an affection for the dear little teacher as "Sister Emma" represents her to be, and financially the response has been very general, not only from the little folks but also from the grown-up ones, for which we thank them one and all. We will publish a list of names and amounts donated for a Christmas present for the *Hope*, no longer a "Neglected *Hope*" it seems, nor one forgotten. Many others we know would like to

give something if they could, but we will take the will for the deed just as heartily.

And hereby brother Henry takes this opportunity of thanking them one and all, both givers and those who do not give, for the good words and good wishes received; and to all we are grateful for aid of every sort sent in; for, not only are dimes being contributed, but also articles are being written more plentifully than heretofore. But, to put in with the continued articles, we need shorter pieces, to make a variety for all, of which we ask those who may write for us to take notice.

Brother N. Lindsey's "Lead Mining," brother M. B. William's "Paper Making," Dorliska's "Our little Mormon girl," with articles on "Ill Manners," "Too Late," "Hot Coals," and others will appear as soon as may be.

We must not neglect to mention that the branch where "Sister Emma" lives contributed over six dollars on her appeal.

Sister Sarah Millard of Nevada, speaks of her pleasure in helping the HOPE. She would not be without it, and that is what dozens of others say.

Brother G. O. Kennedy of Colorado says that it contains so much that is good for both old and young, that he would not be without it for several times its cost, and he often says "God bless the little HOPE."

And so we greet you all, dear Hopes, and wish for you an abundance of God's favor and blessings this coming year, and earnestly pray that your faith and obedience towards him may triumph many times over sickness, temptation and evil, and that its close may find you advanced in the way of righteousness and peace, better prepared than you may now be for the state of peace and rest of the hereafter.

Other letters are on hand that we have no room for.

Correspondence.

EDENVILLE, Marshall County, Iowa, December 8th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I will improve a few moments writing to you this snowy Sabbath morning. We have meetings here every three weeks and Union Sunday School every Sabbath. We have no Church here yet, but have a good school of sixty scholars. There has been a great deal of sickness here this Fall. I will only add that the *Herald* and that little "Neglected Hope" are very welcome visitors.

ADDIE WHITE.

BECKVILLE, Mo., Dec. 5th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am ten years old. I was baptized when I was eight years old. My pa and ma belong to the Church. My sister plays the organ in Church. We have a nice little Sunday School. My sister is a teacher in it. I love to read Maggie and the mice. I am sorry it is finished. I go to day school and read in the fourth reader. Pray for me. Your sister,

ELIZA J. STREET.

GOSPEL SWAMP, Cal., Nov 24th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am not a member of the Church yet, that is, I have not been baptized; but papa and mamma have, and I think I shall be when I am a little older. I like the piece sister Emma wrote about the "Neglected Hope." I think all of the little Hopes ought to remember and help a little to get the Christmas present. I ask an interest in your prayers.

ADA M. RICE.

GOSPEL SWAMP, Cal., Nov 24th, 1878.

Dear Hope:—I am ten years old. I have a brother and sister. My brother is seventeen, and my sister twelve. I was baptized when I was eight years old. My father, mother, brother and sister are in the Church. I went to meeting to day. We have Sunday School in the morning, and meeting in the afternoon.

ADDIE BURTON.

GOSPEL SWAMP, Cal., Nov. 24th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old. I was baptized four years ago. My parents and brother and sister belong to the Church. Both of my parents have the gift of tongues. We have a large branch here. I go to school and read in the fourth reader. I hope you will all pray for me.

DORA J. BURTON.

BECKVILLE, Mo., Dec. 8th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—As it is a bad day I cannot go to

church and I will write to you. I was baptized July 18th, 1876, by Bro. John Sutton, superintendent of my Sunday School. I go to school and read in the fifth reader. I am eleven years old. My oldest sister and I belong to the Church. Your sister in Christ,
EMMA WADE.

BECKVILLE, Mo., Dec. 6th, 1878

Dear Hopes:—I am nine years old. I was baptized when I was eight. My papa and mamma do not belong to the Church. I have a sister eleven years old, and she belongs. We have a nice little Sunday School Good bye, little Hope, and pray for me that I may be faithful. Your sister,
MARY WADE.

BROOKLYN, New York, Dec. 7th, 1878.

the readers of the *Hope* of my visit to this city, with my pa. From Plany it is a long journey on the cars. We left home on thanksgiving morning and would have called on a sister in Chicago, but we left on the evening train. In passing through Indiana there was a deep snow on the ground. In crossing the Pennsylvania mountains the cars went through a

Uncles Joseph and Henry.—I would like to inform dark tunnel, one mile long. The Horse-Shoe bend was pointed out, to me as a place of interest, and it was a sight on see the train go around the horse-shoe and travel to the opposite side of the ravine, with a deep ravine between. Passed through Pittsburg, aboutnoon. I would not like to live there, as it looked dirty and smoky. I only saw tax depot at Philadelphia which was very large and nice. Early in the morning we left the cars at Jersey City, and then took a steamer for Brooklyn. This was the first steamer I ever rode on. Here, on the East and North Rivers, are very many steam and sailing vessels. The first vessel I ever saw was at Chicago, as we passed through. Brooklyn and New York are very large cities; the streets are crowded with people all the time. There are very many street cars here; and in New York there is an elevated iron railroad, high up over the side-walk. It is called the Rapid Transit railroad. A locomotive and three cars make a train. They run very fast, and make a terrible noise, and must be very annoying to the storekeepers; indeed some ladies are afraid to ride on those cars, or even pass along the street. I have visited Prospect Park, and saw many gold fish in a stream; we threw bread on the water, and the fish came and ate it. There was a lake in the park, on which are swans and fancy breeds of ducks; we threw bread to them also. I have been through Cooper's Institute, and saw in it many fine pictures, and a very large reading room full of people reading. I also went to a museum, and saw a woman which weighed nearly six hundred pounds, and as she saw me intently looking at her, she smiled. Along side of her on the raised platform, were three little German people, two ladies and a gentleman, whose combined weight was less than one hundred pounds. The group made a striking contrast. There was a boy without arms, who could cut patterns and whittle sticks with his toes, and he loaded and fired a pistol. More next time.

ETHEL G. SCOTT.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 1.

- My 1st is in wind, but not in air.
- My 2d is in rabbit, but not in hare.
- My 3d is in elk, but not in deer.
- My 4th is in lager, but not in beer.
- My 5th is in kiss, but not in caress.
- My 6th is in basque, but not in dress.
- My 7th is in marriage, but not in wed.
- My 8th is in scatter, but not in fled.
- My 9th is in book, but not in verse.
- My 10th is in good, also in worse.
- My 11th is in Zion, but not in heaven.
- My 12th is in bread, also in leaven.
- My 13th is in respect, but not in love.
- My 14th is in turtle, but not in dove.
- My 15th is in taught, also in teach.
- My whole is one called the gospel to preach.

D. E. W.

ANAGRAM.—No. 1.

- "Ogd naeol wkosn htaw ipna
- Esmo ratshe eedurn;
- Ohw hyte dene hapysmyt,
- Ndtree nad repu.
- Ew tof ni guloneehhssstt
- Refgi nordu hmet nwid;
- Ho! hwne ew aon, ot lal
- Edl su eb dikn.

LELD REDOWN.

Peace hath her victories; more fall in love than in war.

Christmas Present for the Hope.

Edith E. Garrett \$ 10	T. E. Morgan \$ 10
Edwin H. Garrett 10	E. H. Morgan 10
Anne M. Garrett 10	Janet Strang, for Willie... 50
Nellie E. Garrett 10	F. W. Burton 10
Alfred Lawrenson 10	Dora J. Burton 10
John Lawrenson 10	A. M. Burton 10
Lizzie Taylor 10	Amnon Goff 10
Katie Taylor 10	Corintha Goff 10
Robert Taylor 10	Addie Goff 10
Crisie Taylor 10	Sherman Goff 10
Mother Webb 10	Harvey Ladd 10
A. D. White 20	A. M. Rice 10
Eva E. White 20	Mary Rice 50
Cora E. White 20	A. L. Carter 50
John White 25	Joseph Gregg 50
Mary White 25	Edwin Forest 10
Addie White 25	Jac. Forest 10
Mary A. Ogden 15	Mattie Forest 10
Id. Curtis 10	Estella Forest 10
Mary Curtis 10	Mary Forest 10
Tessy Curtis 10	Willie Best 10
Caroline Eliasson 40	Frank Best 10
Ivor Davis 25	Ella Knight 10
Mary Crompton 1	Hyrum Holt 50
V. C. Waltonfield 10	Jas. Sterling 50
S. M. Nightingale 10	Nathan Prothero 20
Mary Batten 10	Samuel Dungan 15
Hannah Batten 10	Mary Dungan 15
Parley Batten 10	Robert Dungan 20
Daniel Batten 10	Joseph Mills 25
Amor Batten 10	Willie Mills 25
Rebecca Dayton 10	Harvey Hemmenway 10
Thos. Stuart 10	Maria Hemmenway 10
Louisa Stuart 10	M. Hemmenway 10
Eddie C. Stuart 10	L. Hemmenway 10
Elizabeth Chick 10	M. O. Walker 10
Charles Pierce 25	Sarah Pickering 10
Daniel Munns 10	Anilla Judson 10
Sarah Munns 10	Priscilla Judson 10
Florence E. Munns 10	Emma B. Burton 10
Laura B. Munns 10	Mary Brush 10
Daisy M. Munns 10	Emma Brush 10
Sarah Parker 10	Clara Best 10
Lizzie Parker 10	Addie Best 10
Josephine Parker 10	S. Jones 10
Annie Parker 10	Arthur H. Mills 10
Jennie Parker 10	Frank Mills 10
Addie Parker 10	A. Riddler 10
Emma Parker 5	F. Willmott 10
Belle Parker 10	S. Millard 72
Addie Wolfe 10	Mrs. Cook 10
Lillie Munns 10	Thos. Millard 50
Nellie Hougas 10	Milton D. Butler 10
Willie Hougas 10	Adelaide Butler 10
Wm. T. Williams 10	M. A. Christy 10
Lizzie Williams 10	Waldo Christy 10
R. K. Williams 10	Nellie Christy 10
Mary Ann Williams 10	Idella Christy 10
Lizzie Allen 50	Polly Ann Reese 50
Joseph A. Williams 10	Jno. D. Reese 40
Abar Teasedale 10	Mary E. Reese 25
Margaret Teasedale 5	I. A. Monroe 50
Caroline Eliasson 10	Edith Monroe 50
Minnie F. Chappelow 10	Agnes Adams 10
Florence J. Chappelow 10	D. E. Sutherland 25
Walter C. Chappelow 10	C. W. Sutherland 25
Eddie G. Chappelow 5	G. R. Sutherland 10
Dorinda Dawson 50	Frank Harvey 10
E. T. Dawson 1	Charles Tomlinson 50
Alex Greer 30	Lillie Tomlinson 50
Bertha A. Greer 20	Jane M. Ferris 10
Mrs. E. Allen 10	Janet Hay 10
Frank H. Allen 10	Helen Ballantyne 10
Sarah E. Oliver 10	M. Ray Goodale 10
Octavia Jeffries 10	C. H. Jay 10
Evaline Jeffries 10	Jas. L. Hart 10
Josephine Jeffries 10	G. W. Hart 10
Victoria A. Buckingham 1	Alex C. Hart 10
A. K. Jones 10	Thomas & Mary E. Reese 3 00
T. W. Jones 10	Anna M. Cooper 8

To December 19th \$50 00

When in an ill humor, say little and keep silent, especially in argument; for you are not only liable to increase your own unhappiness, but wound others' feelings.

1 January 79.

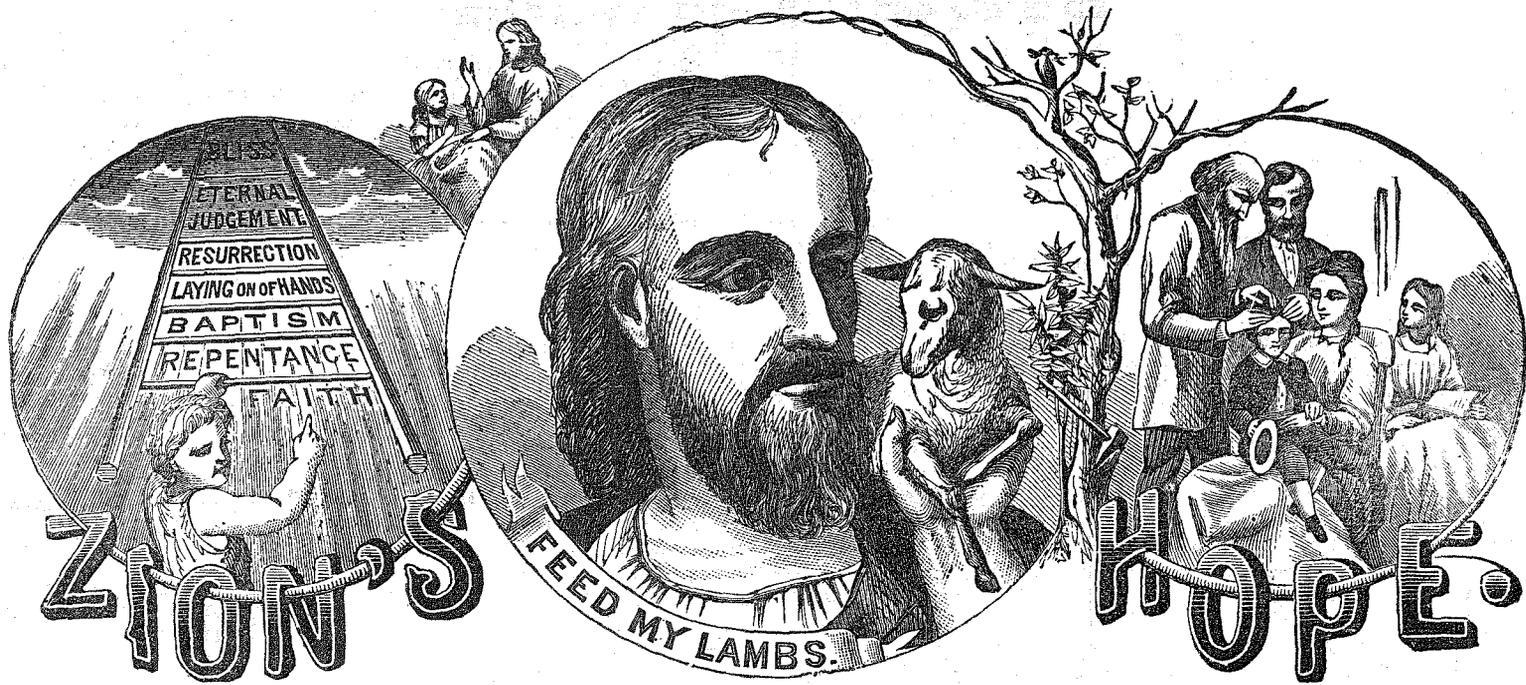
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work 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 SAINTS' HERALD.

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

SNOWING.

One morning a dear little maiden arose
From her couch where she sweetly had slept
through the night,
And went to the window to gaze on a scene,
Which to her was a wondrous and beautiful sight.
A covering of white did the earth overspread;
So fleecy and soft it appeared to her eyes,
That she longed o'er the beauteous white carpet to
tread
One so carefully spread by the Father all-wise,—
'Twas snowing.

The house was roofed with the beautiful whiteness;
Would those that they sheltered from stain were as
free!
The trees' outstretched branches seemed speaking a
welcome,
As, catching the snow-flakes descending in glee,
They swayed to and fro in the gentle-winged breeze,
And bore burdens sweet at this new morning's
birth.
The soft, feath'ry flakes, lightly chasing each other,
The window panes kissed ere descending to earth—
'Twas fast snowing.

And glad beat the heart of our sweet little Maude,
As she hastened to mamma the news to convey—
"Dear mamma, arise and from your window look,
What beautiful snow God has sent us to-day!
May I go and walk on the ground, mamma dear?
'Tis all smooth and white, and I'll walk up just
right;
'Cause the stones and the rough things are all cover-
ed up,
And the snow'll cover me too, and make me all
white.
'Tis snowing."

"The snow is too cold for my little girl now,
But wait till to-morrow, when papa will come."
"And then may I cover me all up with snow,
And be a snow lady when papa comes home?
So funny I'll look all dressed up in white snow,
That papa won't know me and'll think it's a ghost."
The mother her darling pressed close to her heart;
Not every fond mother such a treasure could boast.
'Twas still snowing.

But ere morning broke o'er that home once so blessed,
A fever had seized on the loved little child;
Her mother in anguish her eyes raised above,
And prayed God to spare her dear child yet awhile.
But God, in his wisdom, the little one took.
Again was it snowing, as forth from her home
They bore her and laid her away in the tomb.

In truth was the angel one made white and pure,
As her father in heaven took her to his home,—
And on a mound snow-covered papa did look,
'Twas snowing, snowing.

BY ELEDA

LETTER FROM AUNT MARY.

DEAR LITTLE HOPES:—Please give me
your attention a little while, and I will tell
you about a party given by the parents of little
May Downey, on the occasion of her fifth birth-
day, which was the fifth day of December. Fif-
teen cousins, besides grandpa and grandma
Downey, May's papa and mamma, two aunts
and one uncle, met to spend the day together.
The eldest cousin present, was Andrew Watson,
who is somewhere between twenty and thirty
years old; the youngest was Sarah G. Downey,
aged fifteen months. The names of the other
cousins were, Roxie, Ella, Willie, Minnie,
Abbie, and Bertie Watson; Charlie, Hattie,
Birdie and Lula Downey; which, with May's
brothers Charley and Lewis made fifteen cousins.
I want to tell you how much we missed the
cousins who were here one year ago, but who
now live near Davis City, Iowa, for we know they
will get the *Hope* and they will know we remem-
bered them. A bountiful dinner, which I will
not attempt to describe, except to mention the
big, fat turkey, and the splendid birthday cake
(with May's name in the center) was spread be-
fore the little company, but they seemed to en-
joy the meal very much. May's birthday present
from her papa was a beautiful wax doll, which
can cry; and is as large as a live baby. She
had other presents, but the dollie was the nicest.
Little May is a lovely child, the pet of the house-
hold, and an only daughter and many fond hearts
pray that she may long live to be a comfort to
her friends, and that she may have very many
happy returns of her birthday. When she is
older she will write a letter to the *Hope*. Yours
in love,

BINGHAMTON, WISCONSIN.

AUNT MARY.

MEDITATIONS OF A SISTER.

BELoved HOPES OF ZION:—I have been
writing to a sister, and when I had finished
her letter, I sat gazing out of the window in
meditation. Perhaps some of you would like to
know what I was meditating about. When I
looked on the stand and saw a copy of *Zion's
Hope* lying there, it caused me to think of the
promise that I made nearly a year ago to write
to the *Hope* again. I will try to redeem that
promise before the old year passes away; for the

New Year may find some of us off the stage of
action, and let us, who bear the name of Saints
and Hopes, keep our promises if we can.

Now to my meditations: Many things passed
through my mind while gazing at the beautiful rain
which was so pure as it fell from the clouds. It
filled the cups of the pretty shells that lay around
the borders of the flower mounds, and how pretty
they look in their beds of green grass, and the
little green pines look so hopeful. This caused
me to think of how we now in winter appreciate
the few remaining traces of the beautiful summer
that has passed away, never to return, of the
many beautiful flowers and plants that only live
in summer, and were made by the great Creator
for a purpose. Do we appreciate his handiwork
as we should? While thus meditating it came to
my mind: Are we, who call ourselves Saints and
Hopes, passing the summer of our lives as we
should? Do we appreciate his great mercy striv-
ing to keep his commandments, and doing all the
good we can, so that we need not blush to own
our names? For, dearly beloved Hopes, it is
my opinion that any of us who are claiming to
be children of God, would surely blush if the
dear Savior would come to gather God's children
out from among the wicked and find us bearing
those holy names unworthily. So, little and big
Hopes, should we not strive to be worthy of the
names we bear?

Now I think I hear some of the bright little
Hopes asking their pas, mas, uncles, aunts and
sisters what must I do to be worthy of being
a Hope, so I need not blush when Jesus comes?
Dear little Hopes, I will tell you a few things for
you to do, leaving the rest for those whom you
ask to tell you. Go to Sabbath School when you
can, and listen to what your teacher tells
you; read *Zion's Hope*; do what it tells you;
read it for the little Hopes who can not take
or read it; love the dear Savior, and obey your
parents. Then Jesus will love you; and I think
all of you who can write nice little letters for the
correspondence columns should do so, as it is
cheering to little Hopes. Some of the Hopes
have been writing very useful and instructive
articles, while some could do nothing at all for it.
Some of the Saints, so called, do not let their
children take it. Shame on such. If they
only knew its worth, and how the true little
Hopes hail it with joy, they would surely take it
for them and read it themselves.

Brother Henry, one of the kind guardians of
the little *Hope*, requested all who could to write
short original pieces for the *Hope*, and I think
we all should try to aid in making it instructive,
useful and interesting to all classes of the Hopes.

The older class of Hopes should remember that the young Hopes are the tender vines of the vineyard, and need more care than the full grown ones, that when they come to be matured they may bear such fruit as will be well pleasing to the divine Master.

Sister Emma did a worthy act in her piece the "Neglected Hope." I think it will touch the hearts of all the true Hopes. I also think that sister Emma Garrett's letter contained much truth. For truly, as she said, what would all the uncles, aunts and sisters do if they could not have the *Herald*? I think the *Hope* just as necessary for the little folks as the *Herald* is for the Saints. Also there is a lesson to the older Hopes in her letter. She reads the *Hope* to her little ones that cannot read it yet. By so doing she instills in their minds a love for it, even such as little three-year old Annie. Now to the little Hopes I would say be good Hopes, and the uncles, aunts and sister Hopes will try to write nice, true and good pieces for your little paper. Before long I will try to write you a short story of a little eight year old Hope, that I know. The story will be entirely true. I will now close wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Your sister Hope,

SARAH A. ROSE.

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.—No. 2.

BY T. J. ANDREWS.

THE traveler who is to introduce us to the wonders of Egypt and Palestine is an American. In January, 1861, we find him in Boston, standing upon the deck of the ocean steamer *Canada*. Its Blue Peter was flying at its mast head. He knew no one, and no one knew him. Without any friend to bid him the good bye, he stood amongst strangers, and soliloquized thus upon the object of his journey.

"When some years since Lamartine went out on a similar expedition, he tells us he went as a philosopher and a poet. Others have gone as men of literature and science. I go simply as a Christian. As such I wish to visit the places dear to every Christian heart, to stand among the monuments where the people of God stood and toiled; where Moses wrought his mighty miracles; to look upon those renowned waters that stood on heaps to make an open passage for the escape of the captive race; to stand upon the summit of that mount that trembled beneath the awful majesty of a descending God. I want to visit the sacred waters of the Jordan; to look upon that mysterious sea that rolls its dark and leaden waters, an everlasting monument of the displeasure of God against the doomed cities of the plain; to visit Jerusalem, Gethsemane and Mount Olivet. I want to stand in Bethlehem, where Jesus was born; upon Calvary, where he died; to weep at the sepulchre where they laid him; to stand upon the mount from which he ascended to Heaven. In all these places I want to take lessons from Him who teaches as never man taught; to mark the footsteps of the Almighty and trace the records of his wonderful hand. I go trusting in Israel's God; he will be my protector."

Little Hopes, we will let this be the traveler's own introduction to us and now as the ship's officer's sharp cry, "All Aboard," is heard, we will notice a few incidents of the ocean voyage. At 10 a.m. the Blue Peter came down, and the stars and stripes went up; the ponderous machinery is set in motion; the guns on board give their parting salute; we move rapidly down the channel, pass the ports, drop our pilot into a schooner anchored there to receive him, and we are fairly "Out to sea." Nothing of an unusual nature occurred for a few days, or until the 12th. This morning the clouds broke away, the sun came out, we had a fair, brisk wind, all sail was set, and we moved on under the combined power of wind and steam at from ten to thirteen miles per hour. We are now nearing Cape Race, a dan-

gerous and stormy part of the coast. Night is closing upon us. Dark and stormy clouds are hanging about the horizon foreboding no favorable night. Sunday the captain stood well off from Cape Race to avoid a dangerous reef of rocks lying about one hundred miles from shore. The Storm King was abroad during the night; the ship labored heavily, and rolled from side to side, reminding us whilst in our berths that we were in the midst of a fearful commotion of the elements. As soon as daylight appeared we dress and determine going upon the deck to view the ocean in a storm. Reaching the promenade deck, we took shelter under the lee side of the great smoke stack, which not only protected us from the spray, but also kept us warm, for it threw off heat like a monster stove. The scene was a novel one, and for two hours we stood enjoying the strange grandeur and majesty of it. Our great ship was pitching up and down, riding upon the awful billows, like a feather in the wind. We rode upon huge mountains—waves of a dark leaden color, capped with molten glass, and tipped with silvery caps of foam. Once the sun burst through the angry looking clouds, and touched them with his golden light, kindling the pearly drops into myriads of sparkling diamonds, and throwing over all the prismatic beauty of the rainbow. We thought we had seen water in its greatest majesty and glory at Niagara, but here was vastness and grandeur, an exhibition of sublimity and power in its most impressive character, and which excelled and totally eclipsed anything we ever witnessed before. Through wind and storm, sunshine and calm, with wondrous power our noble ship carried us onward. Again we come in sight of land. It was a pleasant and cheerful sight. Cape Clear was passed. Cork harbor was gained. Monday the 21st we were steaming up the Irish channel, enjoying a calm sea and beautiful sunshine. At six p.m., after an unusually stormy passage, we dropped anchor in the Mersey opposite Liverpool, the great shipping emporium of the world. Now, little Hopes, we have proceeded thus far on our journey, and are now in the "Old world," as it is called since the discovery of the new, or the American Continent. Liverpool is a great commercial seaport, belonging to England, to which vessels come from every land laden with their products, where they always find ready purchasers, and in return are distributed again into every land upon the face of the globe. Its shipping accommodations and commodious are fine, having seven miles of enclosed docks, walled around, and shut in from the sea with massive gates, so that vessels once in there are perfectly safe from violent storms on the outside.

We must now proceed on our journey, for we have a long one before us, and many wonderful things to see when we arrive.

TOO LATE.

TOO late! What sad, sad words are these; how full of sorrow and pain. How many lips have spoken the words in hopeless, sad despair. Too late to save their wealth, to secure their happiness, to save their lives; and, saddest of all, too late to save their own souls. O, how often God has plead and in vain with an erring and sinful young man or woman; how often he has tried gently and kindly to lead them in paths of truth and goodness. How often in answer to the prayers of friends has God kindly led a child of the world to a neighborhood where the name of God was honored; and has not only placed them in a neighborhood where they can feel the sweet influence of religion, felt in coming in contact with christian people, but has also by his Spirit striven with them time and again. He has given them every chance that he could, he has tried in every way to lead them to him, but in vain; for they work against the Spirit of God with all their might. They will not believe what they ought to know to be so, because it does not agree

with what they think. Let us remember, young friends, that now is the time to begin. It is not safe to put it off one day longer. If you do, then when you come to stand before the Judgment seat of God, what answer will you give to the question "What have you done with all the time which God has given you to spend here below?" Wish that you could all feel what a sad step you are taking when you turn away from God's earnest love and tender care. Shall our lives be such that we can end it in calm peace and rest, or will our last words be "Too late, too late!" What will we leave behind us, to show what we have done? Shall all that we have done be forgotten in the years to come?

Be careful what you do now, and remember that what you do now can never be undone.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

Remember that this may be your last chance; remember lest, when you lie on your death bed, you may look back with pain and regret on the time when you had a chance to join the people of God. When you feel that you are near to death; then, when it is too late, you will feel regret, bitter and keen. At least your time is short; another hour may not find you alive, and, even if your life may last many years, yet death must come at last, and then you will feel sorry that you have cast aside the loving care of God, until it is "too late." For the sake of your soul, do not put off for another week even your union with the people of God, but go forward, and do not let your pride stand between you and the gates of heaven.

MINNIE VERANA.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE OF AN ORPHAN.

CHAPTER II.

"WE never pay her any attention!" Could you, dear girls, expect to go through life with happy smiles on your faces, if you were neglected by older ones, looked upon with disdain by your school mates, were made the butt of a joke whenever opportunity offered, and at the same time being chided for having no "feelings?" And more than this, could you bear all, calmly and uncomplainingly, without having the sympathizing ear of a mother to pour all your troubles and anxieties in?

But let us follow Caroline to her home. It is not a very home like place; a tall, prim house set in a yard where not a flower or vine was allowed to grow, as Mrs. Smith considered it a waste of time to cultivate them. But the yard was kept with extraordinary neatness. Inside the house the same order prevailed. No pictures were allowed to hang on the walls to "gather dust," and carpets were considered as a "sure sign of a lazy housekeeper;" but, instead, the floor was thoroughly scrubbed and sanded twice a week; even the chairs stood against the wall as if in mortal terror of soiling something.

As Caroline entered the kitchen door, she was greeted with,

"Now just go back and wipe the dust off your shoes, then come in and take the baby, and set the table." Lifting the child out of the cradle, she proceeded to spread the tablecloth, but finding this too hard a task, she put it back again, and went on with her work. Soon the baby's screams brought the mother to its side, and, perceiving she had been disobeyed, she proceeded to take what she called "proper measures" in training disobedient children, for taking down a large switch, which she kept hanging in the room, she laid it in heavy blows across Caroline's shoulders. "So this is what I took you from the poor-house for is it? well, we'll see who can be made to mind."

At this moment, Jim the oldest, a boy of nine years, entered and said tauntingly, "Gittin' two lickins a day, hey?" then he related to his mother the incident of the morning in school, which lost nothing by his telling; and, once more, the now thoroughly angry woman, whipped till she

was obliged to desist. "I regret every day of my life that I ever saw you, and I heartily wish you were back where you came from," she said, as she sank panting into a chair.

"You don't wish it any oftener than I do," answered Caroline doggedly.

"What's that? You'd better keep still if you know what is best for you," with a significant glance at the stick.

When her duties were performed, Caroline, instead of going to school, walked past the school-house, to a cool shady wood. Seating herself under one of the many trees that grew on the mossy banks of a small stream, that wound its way through the wood, she gave vent to the angry feelings that rose in her breast. She thought of the many bitter scenes she had passed through from time to time, realizing that she had no friend to whom she could go for consolation, and wondering whether Ella Willis was really in earnest, or only making sport of her, as did the rest of the girls. Then, as her anger gave place to calmer feelings, she vaguely wondered if her mother were not even then looking down upon her; and, with this thought to console her, she arose, bathed her aching head in the brook, and walked slowly back towards home. As she came to the school-house, she paused irresolutely, and was about to pass on, when, catching a glimpse of Ella Willis' face in the window, without another moment's hesitation, she turned and walked into the school-room.

"Carrot has been doing the penitent," whispered Belle Seward to her neighbor, as Caroline took her seat; and Anna Hall wrote on a slip of paper, "The carrot has wilted," and threw it on Ella Willis' desk. One of the most daring of the boys threw a paper wad at her head, but it elicited no response.

Such an unusual circumstance could not be permitted to pass by unnoticed, and, when school was out, the boys one and all surrounded her. She, however, took no notice of their taunts and jeers, but walked steadily on, determined she would not give way; and, when the temptation seemed almost too hard to resist, she thought of her mother, and silently called to her for help. Coming up to a bevy of girls, she overheard remarks about herself that were anything but flattering, and evidently intended for her ears. All the old resentment rose again, the angry blood surged through her veins, and the new born resolutions were hurled from their place in her heart and anger took the throne, and reigned supreme. Belle Seward turned toward her with a grimace and said,

"The carrot looks as if it had been boiled," at which the girls laughed as they always did at Belle's remarks. Caroline could bear it no longer, and stepping up to Belle, she dealt her a stinging blow in the face, turned and fled. The girls were highly indignant at such an insult, and many were the plans laid to revenge themselves on the cruel girl.

As Ella Willis neared her home, she caught sight of her little sister running to meet her. Instantly she thought of her as being homeless, friendless and cast upon the world at her tender age; and keen feeling of remorse cut through her heart, as she caught up the child in her arms and carried her into the house. Mrs. Willis looked up from her sewing as Ella entered, and, with a mother's quick perception, she saw something had happened to disturb her daughter's peace of mind. Seating herself near her mother, Ella told her what had been troubling her.

"You like Belle Seward and Anna Hall then?" questioned Mrs. Willis as Ella paused.

"Oh yes," she answered with enthusiasm, "and their parents are the richest people around here, so they told me."

"Does that make them any better, or their minds and thoughts purer and nobler? Does it give their words any more weight? And, my child, should it encourage you to hurt another's feelings, because they do so?"

"No, mother, but Belle says things in such a comical way, one can hardly help laughing."

"And by your laughing you encourage her, and cause another to be made sport of. From what you say Caroline Ainslee must be very sensitive, and only to-day noon you were wishing that you could win her friendship, because she was an orphan and seemed so lonely."

"I know mother," said Ella tearfully, "but I didn't intend to hurt her feelings, only I didn't think, and she is a strange girl, as all the girls say."

"I know it was thoughtlessness on your part, Ella, but you must learn to be more careful in the future; and it is no wonder she is a 'strange girl.' I doubt if many would not be stranger than she is, under the same influences; and you must not call her 'Carrot' or any other name of derision, but always be kind and affectionate towards her; and I doubt not that you will win not only friendship but love. Try my daughter, and your influence may draw the other girls with you. Just think if you or little sister were"—

"No, no, mother, don't say that, and I'll try ever so hard," interrupted Ella quickly. And, as the days glided into weeks, she faithfully kept her promise.

Continued.

VULGAR OR ILL MANNERS.

OR thoughts as they occurred, on seeing a man entering a ladies' waiting room at a depot the other evening.

Pope, the poet, pronounces man the noblest work of God; and even the psalmist David declares him but little lower than angels. But, if that learned poet had witnessed the sight that came before my view that evening, he might have said they *ought* to be the noblest work of God, but now, O how fallen? And the good old psalmist, I am inclined to think, would have paused before he had made that declaration, that man was but a little lower than the angels. The evening in question a form in the shape of man entered the room and seated himself in a chair, utterly indifferent to the comfort of those around him. I saw a movement of the hand and arm, and very soon learned its mission, for it was not long until saliva began to flow from his mouth, and the man that ought to be, commenced making small lakes upon the floor from his mouth. A neatly dressed lady entered the room, (I must say with a dress a little long), and in crossing the room to get a seat, the lady had to pass through these lakes of tobacco juice composed of alcohol, licorice &c. I wondered if that young man had a mother, a sister, or even a sweet heart; and had he no respect for either of them? Or were they indifferent to his ill-manners and common vulgarity. I thought his poor old mother might have been ignorant of his habits, until it was too late, and I must not accuse her too rashly. The sister too, if any he had, might have carelessly overlooked the obnoxious habit. But what must I say in regards to the other one? Is she, too, so blinded by her affections that she is totally indifferent as to his habits or appearance? I fear that she was, and I am sorry for it; for I believe that we girls are much to blame for a great deal of this tobacco habit. I feel sorry when I do see any the Saints using tobacco and, more especially, if used by the young brethren, who will some day, and that before long, have to go out and declare the word of God, and that they are the messengers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and who will need to proclaim the gospel to all the human family. Young Saints, if any there are who have formed this tobacco habit, let me advise you to forsake it, and, that you may, is the prayer of your sister in the true and everlasting gospel,

NELLIE ROE.

Give a child his will, and a whelp his fill, and neither will thrive.

Pride is a flower that grows in the Devil's garden.

LETTER FROM SISTER CHRISTY.

DEAR HOPES:—I can tell you what a very great consolation the gospel is to me. I do not have the privilege that some of you do. I don't hear much preaching, for, only once in a great while one of our Elders come here, and when they do, the people are afraid to come out and hear the unpurged truths of heaven that fall from their lips, as they are inspired by the Holy Spirit to speak. No, they don't believe in the Holy Ghost preaching in these days, but my earnest prayer is that the honest may be permitted to hear the truth and obey it; for oh I do feel so anxious to have people that are deceived by the cunning precepts of men, come to a knowledge of the glorious plan of redemption that God in his infinite mercy has provided to save mankind.

Dear Hopes I have many trials, but I thank God for trials, for it is only to those who overcome that the reward of eternal life is promised, and if no trials there would be nothing to overcome. The one whom we serve left his foot prints for us to walk in, and passed through many trials, and it is enough, if the servant be as his Lord. Let me exhort you one and all to be faithful, and so much the more as you see the day approaching when Jesus shall come. Your sister in the everlasting covenant.

M. A. CHRISTY.

PORTLANDVILLE, IOWA.

Correspondence.

BELLAIRE, Belmont County, Ohio,
December 4th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—How I would like to become better acquainted with you all. We have no Sabbath School at our branch, but we have preaching and prayer and testimony meetings every Sabbath. Bro. Devore preached an excellent sermon last Sabbath. We were all edified and strengthened: thanks be to God for his tender mercies to his people. I have great reason to be thankful that he gave me a heart to obey the gospel. I can bear a faithful and true testimony of the truth of the latter day work. I have been healed by the administering of the Elders, and my desire and determination is to strive on and keep his law as near as I can, so that I can obtain eternal life with all the faithful. I, too, have many of the temptations of youth to overcome, but I know that if I am faithful and trust in God He will give me strength to overcome all. Then let us strive to live faithful and obtain the prize at the end of the race. May God bless you and keep you all faithful to the end, is the earnest prayer and desire of your sister in Christ,

ANNA E. EBELING.

PLATTSBURG, Clinton Co., Mo.,
November 23rd, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—Why is it, dear Hopes, that we do not take more interest in helping to make our paper interesting? We can thus help to forward the glorious gospel, in which we are, or ought to be engaged. I, for one, want to try and discharge the duties which devolve upon me, as one of those who have taken upon them the name of our Savior. Let every one be more prayerful that all may be blessed. Your sister in the Gospel,

SARAH A. SUMMERFIELD.

INLAND, Cedar County, Iowa.

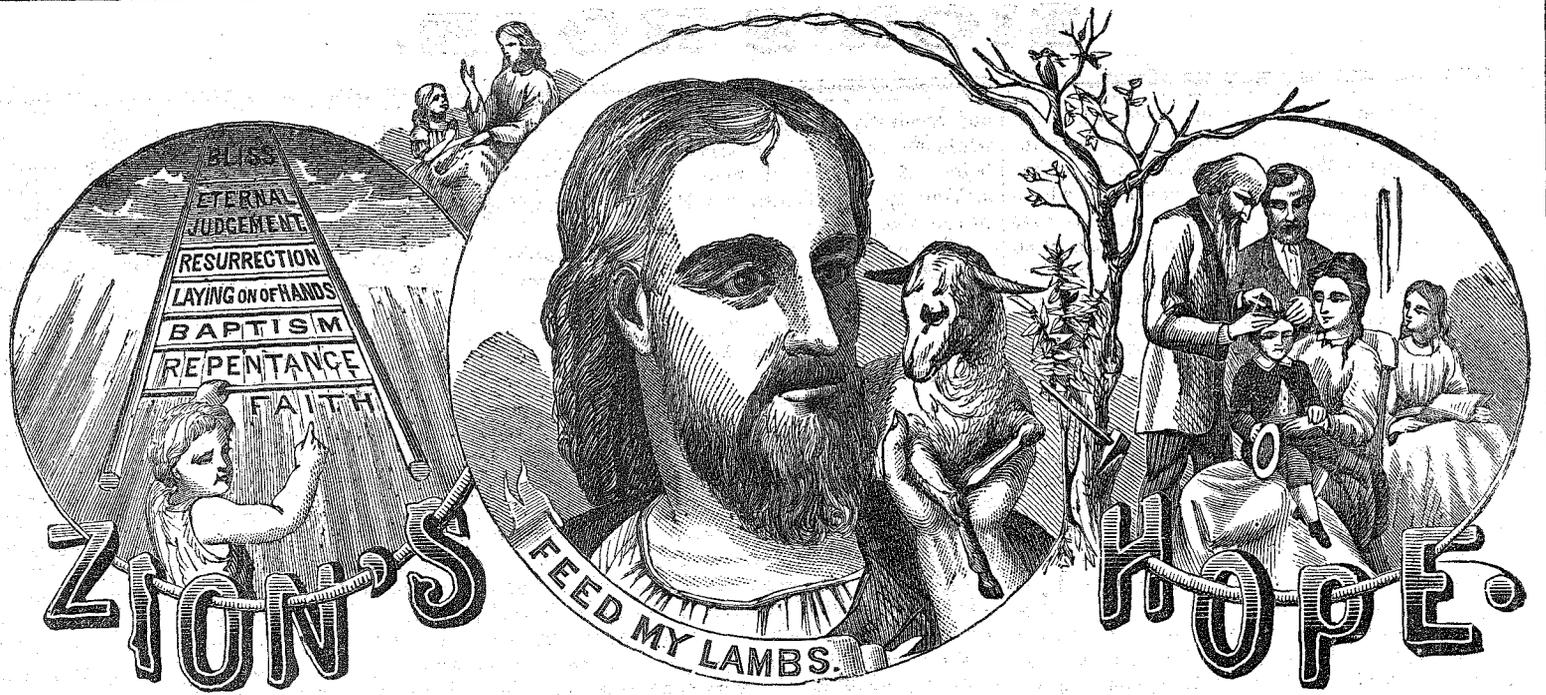
Dear Little Hopes:—I thought to write to you this pleasant Sabbath. Uncle Eli and Aunt Perla Wild, (you all know her), have often written for our little paper. I am very lonesome without them and my cousin. They went to Kansas last fall. They used to live but half a mile from our house. My little sister Elsie is very cute; she can walk alone some; she has blue eyes and is very sweet. Some of you little Hopes, write to me if you please.

MABEL MATTIE RUSSELL.

OREGON CITY, Butte County, California,
December 4th, 1878.

Bro. Stebbins:—I am twelve years old, and was baptized when I was ten. We have had no preaching here for a year, nor any Sunday School. There are not many children here to attend one, and the most of them are Catholics. I go to school. We have a very good teacher, I read in the fourth reader, and study arithmetic, geography, writing and drawing. We are going to have two week's vacation during the holidays. Your brother,

WILLIAM STRANG.



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

Vol. 10.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

No. 15.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! It is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of doubt's canking fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
Never give up; or the burden may sink you—
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or trouble bethink you,
The watchword of life must be, Never give up!

Never give up! There are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one;
And, through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever success—if you'll only hope on.
Never give up; for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And, of all maxims, the best is the oldest,
Is this true watchword of, Never give up!

Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle,
Little shall harm you, though doing its worst.
Never give up, if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
And the best council, in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of, Never give up!

WHAT IS MY CHRISTMAS?

DEAR HOPES:—I trust you all enjoyed a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; and, most of all, I hope you all had good health, and comfortable houses to live in, and sufficient clothing to keep you warm. All those things were mine to enjoy, and I am thankful for the same. Those are great blessings for which we should be thankful; for there are many who have not those comforts, but who go shivering from door to door. Dear Hopes, have you ever seen or assisted any of those? There are many such poor people who we (by a little sacrifice) can help. All of you whom Santa Claus brings toys, candy etc., do you think of the poor little girl and boy whose father is dead and whose mother lies sick in some poor cold garret, with little to eat, with little to wear, and no wood or coal to burn to keep them warm. Just think how nice it would be for some of us (instead of having old Santa to visit us and bring such things that we do not need) to go to such and play Santa Claus with a load of wood or coal, or with something to eat, or some warm clothes to wear, and with a merry laugh on our face to cheer them. Just think how we would rejoice to see the distressed relieved by a little sacrifice on our part. And,

greatest of all, we would have our reward in heaven. While, if we have Christmas Trees and much pleasure for an hour or two, we are afterwards sorry that it did not last. Dear Hopes, which do you think would be the happiest child, the one seated beside a Christmas Tree, or the one who has given of its pleasure to comfort those who are comfortless. I think I can hear you all say that the latter is the happiest in this world and will be the rewarded one in the world to come. Let us think about such things, and try to let the world be some better for our having lived in it. Let us try to wipe the tears from the eyes of the bereaved ones, and cut down some of the thorns that are in the paths of those who are not walking the same path that we are, and our lives will be happy indeed. If you do not believe it just try it for awhile and see. I am trying to be a Saint, but have many short comings, many little faults to overcome, before I can say that I am a Saint indeed. I am still striving and find the evil one as great a coxer as ever. He tries every way to coax me to leave the gospel and to follow after this world, but I know this world is only to stand for a season, and the gospel will stand forever, and the gospel is peace, but this world is malice, strife, envy, pride; and all such things will come to an end, but the love of God and the peace of the gospel will remain. I hope that we who profess the name of Christ will see to it that we have oil in our lamps and trimmed ready to be Christ's at his coming. Let us watch and pray lest we be found as the foolish virgins. With love to you all and a hope in the gospel I am your sister,

JENNET ARCHIBALD.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., Jan. 6th, 1879.

CHRISTMAS AT CANTON.

BRETHREN Joseph and Henry:—I write you of the good time had by the Sabbath School of the Latter Day Saints at their hall, on Christmas Eve. The exercises were opened by brother Relyea. The title of the play was "The old Chimney Corner." The scenes were painted upon canvass, ten by twelve feet, representing the age in which the people lived a hundred years ago. Brother Relyea acted the part of the old man, and sister White the part of the old lady. Brother Jones represented Santa Claus. After that a number of speeches were made by the boys, singing by the scholars; also a dialogue by Rosa and Julia Relyea and Ada Riggs. It was greeted by a well filled house. After that Miss Rosa B. Relyea delivered a speech, which was considered the best of the season. The presents were numerous and all seemed to be well

pleased with the entertainment. It was a success financially. The admission fee was ten cents.

We number about forty scholars. There is more love and harmony existing among the members of this branch than there was six or eight months ago. Yours truly,

M. L. WHITE, Secretary.

CANTON, ILL., Jan. 3d, 1879.

A SERMON FOR THE YOUNG.

TEXT, Proverbs 8 : 17 : "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

IT is customary to take a text as the foundation of a discourse, and in so doing that text must be proven true, or the text has failed to accomplish its object. We shall undertake to prove that God really does love those that seek him early. I quote 1 Sam. 2 : 11 : "And the child did minister unto the Lord before Eli the priest." (How many of you children and young folks minister unto the Lord as the child Samuel did? If you do not minister as faithfully as he did you can not expect to be loved as he was).

We here learn that a child ministered unto the Lord, and sought him early. Did the Lord love that child? Read the history of Samuel, and you will discover that he was one of the most favored men of the Lord that ever lived. The Lord thus proved true what he uttered through the wise man.

Now turn to 2 Kings 5 : 9 : "And she said unto her mistress, Would God that my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy."

Here we find a little girl, a captive in a heathen land. She had been taken from a nation that served the Lord, and no doubt she had been taught to seek him early. But mark the the result of her simple advice. The leper goes to the land of Israel and is healed by the Lord, through his prophet. But here some may imagine to themselves that it was Naaman that the Lord loved and not the child, but I think that he loved both. He loved Naaman so much that he healed him of his leprosy. As for the little girl, she was in a strange land, without friends, except such as her pleasant manners and faithfulness had won for her. Would not this circumstance win for her numerous friends, and thus prove that God had loved her, and would it not strengthen her determination to serve him? It certainly would.

If this little Israelitish girl could serve the Lord so effectually in that generation, can not the girls and boys of the present time serve him just as effectually? Let us each make an effort, and see if the result will not be a blessing to us and those around us. And if so, it will be one

more proof that the Lord loves those who seek him early. Having proved by the above mentioned instances that the Lord was true to his word, and being unable to find one place where he has proven untrue, we naturally conclude that he is trustworthy to the fullest extent; and if so be, why is it that we are so slow in coming forward and boldly declaring our intention to give our heart to him who alone is worthy of our entire confidence? God is the source of every blessing that we enjoy, and to serve him with all our might, mind and strength is only our reasonable service.

If you will read Ecclesiastes 12:1, and compare the advice there given with what we have already read, and remember, and also act in accordance therewith, we will be so very, very glad.

In conclusion, I would say to those who have entered into a covenant with God to serve him, Be faithful, be upright, and endeavor to discharge every duty which the law of God requires at your hands, and your joy shall be unbounded, and your reward shall be as great as your heart's desire. And to those who have not obeyed the ordinances of the gospel we would say, Does the law of God require anything that you can not accomplish? If it does not, why is it that you do not come forward and enter into a covenant with your Maker in the waters of baptism, to serve him as long as time shall remain.

BROTHER K.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE OF AN ORPHAN.

CHAPTER III.

A MILD friendship had sprung up between Ella Willis and Caroline Ainslee, after a most trying experience on Ella's part, and a still sharper conflict on Caroline's. Ella had determined to let the wayward girl see that she was not making sport of her; and, by her sincere and friendly manner, she had won a sort of half confidence from her, although Caroline was suspicious it was not to last long, thereby making herself miserable and wounding Ella. One day, after an unusually severe contest, occasioned by her temper, and love of mischief, Caroline came home from school, went immediately to her room in the attic, and flinging her bonnet on the bed, exclaimed, "I will be like other girls!" Unfastening her hair, she proceeded to comb out the tangles. This done she let it fall around her shoulders, and sat down beside the open window and gazed out on the landscape. The expression on her face grew softer as she sat there, and the sunlight falling on her hair gave it the tint of gold. Few would have recognized her as "Mrs. Smith's Caroline," had they seen her then; she seemed utterly lost to anything but the scene before her, or her own pleasant fancies.

"Caroline," called Mrs. Smith, at the foot of the stairs, "come down this minute and do the churning! Do you think I took you from the poor house for you to waste my time this way?"

How that harsh, rasping voice grated on her nerves! She started, half bewildered, at first, so deeply had she been absorbed, then rose, gathered up her hair, gave it a vengeful twist, fastened it in its accustomed place and said, "It's no use; that's always the way. I wonder if Ella's mother ever speaks so to her."

"What were you doing up there so long?" asked Mrs. Smith as Caroline reached the kitchen.

"Combing my hair."

"Combing your hair! and at this time of day; that's likely! Now tell me what you were doing."

"Well," said Caroline brusquely, "I was going to curl my hair."

"Curl your hair!" almost shouted Mrs. Smith. "Curl your hair! Make a lady of yourself, I suppose; but you needn't think of going round with that shock of red hair dangling in pig tails, I can tell you. Now go to your churning, and don't play either," she said, as Caroline sat down

and carelessly lifting the dasher let it fall again, while she sat down and tried to soothe the cross baby. A shadow fell upon the threshold, and looking up, Mrs. Smith saw Ella Willis standing in the door way.

"Come in," she said curtly, and Ella entered, nodded pleasantly to Caroline, and sat down in the nearest chair.

"I came," she said timidly, "to see if you would let Caroline come over to our house, and stay till after tea."

"No," answered Mrs. Smith, "she has the churning to do; and, besides, I don't approve of letting young girls run around."

"I'll help her churn," said Ella gathering courage, "and then she can go, can't she?"

"I don't see what you want of her anyway. I'll see after the churning is done."

Splash, splash, went the dasher, while Caroline remained silent; for she knew too well that a word from her would not help any; but her eyes glistened at the prospect, for she had often secretly longed for this very time to come. The girls churned vigorously by turns, and in fifteen minutes they peeped into the churn and saw a yellow flake of butter. To take it out, work it, great and divide it into little pound rolls, was the work of a short time, and when they returned to Mrs. Smith, she very reluctantly gave her consent.

Caroline looked ruefully at the much despised yellow dress; and, as Mrs. Smith caught the look, she said, "That's plenty good enough for you. If I wore it four years without complaining, I think you might wear it two and be thankful for it."

As there was nothing more to be said, the girls put on their bonnets and started.

"Don't mind your dress," said Ella, as Caroline was trying to pin up the loose folds around the waist. "It will wear out some day," she said doubtfully, as she saw that, notwithstanding its age, it was still in a good state of preservation.

"Yes," answered Caroline, "that's what I thought two years ago, when she put in that great tuck, and told me it 'fit me precisely,' and it's as good now as it was then; oh dear," and she sighed discontentedly.

"Well Carrie," said Ella soothingly, "you're just as good in that as you would be in a nice new one, now aint you?"

"No," said Caroline, "I'm not, for the very sight of the dress makes me angry, and keeps me in a bad temper as long as I have it on."

"Then you must not think of it any more," and Ella drew her on to talk about other matters, so that, by the time they had reached Mr. Willis, she had forgotten her vexations for a season, and was looking expectantly toward the house.

Mrs. Willis started, when she saw them coming through the gate, but when they reached the door she greeted Caroline with a pleasant smile, and led her into the cheerful sitting room, made so by her own hands, for she had a knack of making simple little things really beautiful; plants and flowers seemed to thrive better under her care; a touch to an awkward bow or ribbon, and it would assume a graceful shape; and, as her acquaintance proceeded with Caroline, she knew that there was something in her nature that was not yet revealed. She drew her on to talk about pictures, showed her a fine collection, and also some of her own girlish sketches, and was surprised to find in the awkward looking girl, quite a critic.

"You like pictures then," remarked Mrs. Willis.

"Oh yes ma'am," was the answer, "I could live in them!" Mrs. Willis afterwards said to her husband, "Strange, is it not for one who has been raised as she has been?"

"Not at all," he answered. "Nature will assert herself, no matter what the circumstances may be."

"But, don't you think naturally refined natures may become coarse by continual association with such?"

"Certainly; and more rapidly than coarse natures can become refined by association with refined people. Character is stamped on the face; thoughts form the character in a certain sense. Therefore, it is as essential to have pure thoughts for companions, as well as pure and good associates. There is something about this girl that reminds me of Miss Walton, back in York State, if you remember."

"Distinctly; and, since you speak of it I can see a resemblance; but, for all that there may not be even the remotest relationship."

"And still there may be," added Mr. Willis.

Supper passed off pleasantly. The kind attentions paid to Caroline by Mr. as well as Mrs. Willis, made her forget her awkwardness; and she passed through the before dreaded ordeal without once thinking of it. After the dishes were washed, Mrs. Willis, together with her little girl and Ella, walked towards home with Caroline, leaving her nearly at the gate, with a kind invitation to come often, the sincerity of which she did not for a instant doubt.

To be continued.

A PLACE OF PRAYER.

LITTLE HOPES:—Do you love the place of prayer? It is a place that ought to be dear to us all, to both old and young. What unnumbered blessings are there. How many times the writer of this has been to the place of prayer feeling weary and dejected, and her soul has been made glad, her spiritual strength has been renewed, her courage raised, her faith increased and her hope confirmed.

Do you, dear Hopes, love to go to the place of prayer, or do you go because your parents desire you to go? And not only should you be punctual at prayer meeting, but you should also do your duty there, not only pray in secret but vocally. Be lively Hopes. Don't go to prayer as the jaded ox to the furrow, but go and do your duty when there, as if it was a pleasure in which you delight, and not a cross.

Don't forget to enter into your closets, and when you have shut the door, shut out the world, turn your thoughts from the things of earth and pour out your souls to God in fervent, earnest prayer, and God who seeth in secret will reward you openly. There you can make all your wants and wishes known. Cast your care on Jesus and he will give you strength to stand. And when you kneel to pray and you remember that you have ought against any, forgive them from the heart, or your heavenly Father will not forgive you your short comings. Our Savior said that "inasmuch as we forgive one another our trespasses, our Father in heaven would forgive us our trespasses."

Every Saint should have a place of secret prayer, where they will gain strength and courage to enter vigorously into the conflict before them. The birds of the air had nests, the foxes had holes, but Jesus had not where to lay his head, yet he had a place of prayer which no doubt was dear to Him.

Dear Hopes, pray much that you may overcome all evil and become the children of God of a truth and in very deed. May you be humble and prayerful followers of the meek and lowly Jesus is the prayer of your sister in Christ.

S. C. H.

CRESCENT CITY SABBATH SCHOOL.

THE Crescent City, Iowa, Sunday School has been organized a year, and has had a fair attendance of pupils. The officers for the ensuing quarter are as follows: superintendent, H. N. Hanson; assistant, R. Kirkwood; secretary, C. W. Lapworth; librarian, J. Kirkwood; treasurer Jane Strang.

CHARLES W. LAPWORTH, Secretary.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.—No. 3.

BY T. J. ANDREWS.

WE take the cars for London at nine a.m., and move away upon the Great North-western Road, and take our first view of English scenery. The little Hopes will now notice how very different everything appears from what they are accustomed to see in America. The most striking feature is the almost entire absence of timber lands; every acre seems to be cultivated, and the whole landscape reminds one of an extensive farm divided up into small divisions, separated by numerous living hedges instead of the ordinary board fence as used in America. If we could see them clothed in the habiliments of Spring and Summer looking like beautiful banks of snow-white roses and May blossoms, until the whole surrounding atmosphere is redolent with its fragrance, we would be more deeply impressed with the beauties of English scenery than to view it in the midst of Winter. As we speed on our journey numerous cities and villages are passed, multitudes of great black smoke stacks amid slender church spires, and heavy towers, side by side rise in majesty towards the heavens, indicating that religion and industry are here in close proximity.

A ride of one hundred and seventy-five miles in nine hours and we are in London. London is the great metropolis of England, and the greatest city and commercial mart in the world, a perfect labyrinth of streets and squares, ware-houses and stores, churches and palaces, where nearly four millions of inhabitants, of all classes, grades and conditions, find homes; a city which covers seventy-eight thousand acres of land, where every year they consume fourteen million bushels of wheat, eat up two hundred and fifty thousand bullocks, two million sheep, thirty thousand calves, forty thousand swine, and fish and game in proportion; a city where, besides all other drinks, fifty million gallons of porter and two million gallons of ardent spirits are consumed, where twenty-five thousand tailors are constantly employed, thirty thousand shoemakers to take care of their feet, and forty thousand milliners and dressmakers to attend to their habits; where an army of more than twenty thousand servants are daily employed, and the smoke of their coal fires darkens the country for more than thirty miles around. We have seen but little of London, and we did not intend to see much when we came here. Our purpose here is to complete arrangements for our intended journey, as all travelers do who are visiting European or Asiatic countries. Our first and greatest necessity is to procure our passports. In coming to London we did not require any, because England does not make it obligatory for her visitors, no matter from what land they come, to certify through an official of their own country, to their character and the object of their visit. All can come here without passports, and all alike are expected to keep the laws, otherwise they will have to bear the punishment of the transgression, but when we leave here for other countries, no matter what is the object of our visit, or what are our characters in our own lands, we must have a passport, or, as soon as we land upon a foreign shore, we are under police surveillance continually, and our journeyings will be interrupted, and a perpetual annoyance will be the result of our neglect. We will endeavor to avoid this, and as we do not wish to have our pleasures marred by any unjust suspicions of evil intent, we will therefore apply to the proper official, state our business, obtain our passports, and then continue our journey without apprehensions of vexatious delays.

As we have come from America, and are its subjects, the American Consul is the proper official to protect us. Therefore from him each obtains a document which reads as follows:

"To all whom these presents shall come greeting: I, the undersigned, Consul of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it

may concern to permit, safely and freely, to pass the (name), a citizen of the United States; and, in case of need, to give him all lawful aid and protection." Then follows a description of the bearer's person, with signature and the Consulate Seal. This precious instrument obtained we can now proceed with safety.

We purchase our railroad tickets to take us from London to New Haven, and from New Haven we will embark upon a steamer for Dieppe, a seaport of France, where we will procure tickets and proceed by rail to Paris. A few incidents of this short journey might be worth relating. We left London Bridge Station at 10:20 in the evening, and at 9 o'clock the next morning we were in Dieppe, France. Here our baggage was examined, and our passports received the official signature of the police. Our two hour's stay here was consumed in a pleasant stroll through the town, which is a very antique looking place. It contains about sixteen thousand inhabitants and has a very fine harbor for shipping, commanded by a citadel and a formidable old castle. The most worthy object of special note, is a venerable stone church of fine architecture, having massive moss-grown walls and ivy-decked towers. Another railroad ride of one hundred and twenty-five miles and our train stopped in a spacious and magnificent depot, the door of our car was thrown open, and the conductor called out "Paris."

Now, little Hopes, we are amongst Frenchmen who speak a different language to ourselves; and, as we are not endowed with that precious and most convenient gift of the gospel, tongues, we will do the best we can to make ourselves understood. As we emerge from the depot with carpet bags in hand, a number of the natives surround us, "Any one here who can speak English?" we inquire, "Vat you wants, zur?" said an attractive little Frenchman, "Vants ze a hack, zur?" we reply "Yes," and he politely conducts us to a stand, asks us our destination, reports our wants to a driver, and soon we find ourselves opposite our intended resting place.

Let us now take a look at this beautiful city—Paris. Paris is justly the pride of the French nation. It is fifteen miles in circumference and contains about one and a half millions of inhabitants. It is indeed a city of magnificent buildings, splendid palaces, large and costly churches, and of beautiful parks and ornamental fountains. No other city in Europe can compare with it in the extent, richness, and beauty of its adornments; it is not excelled, probably not equalled, by any other city in the world. As interesting as it has been to visit the churches, palaces, gardens, museums and picture galleries of Paris, we cannot afford to linger longer here; we must hasten to other lands, where we can visit not so much the magnificence and splendor of the present and the living, but the homes, the ruins and monuments of the past and departed.

LITTLE THINGS.

DEAR HOPES:—A few words on little things. Springs of water are little things, but they are sources of large streams. A helm is a little thing, but we know its use and power. Nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together. A word, a look, a smile, a frown, all are little things, but they are powerful for good or for evil. Think of this and mind the little things. A cent is a little thing, but if you will save them, in time they will make a dollar, or you can spend them in candy and see them no more. Now my little ones I will tell you what you can do. Save your cents and send them to help build Zion, for we can do a great deal of good with little cents. So mind little things.

PLANO, Illinois.

ELLEN GEORGE.

"Enter not into the path of the wicked. Avoid it, pass not by it."—Prov. 4: 14, 15.

Endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

WHAT HAS IT COST YOU?

WHAT has religion cost you, my dear little Hopes? I have just read an article in the July 1st number of the *Hope*, entitled "The Sure Reward," and the writer says: "Religion has cost the best blood of the 19th century." True, my brother, and in addition to that, it has cost many lives, many tears, many trials without and within. It will cost a great deal to be religious; but it will cost a great deal more not to be so. Religion is the best armor that a man or a woman can have; but it is the worst cloak. "He that sows bountifully shall reap bountifully, but he that soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly." My thoughts run back at this moment, and I know well a nice, intelligent young lady who was prospered in the Church for many years, and who has had much of this world's goods to make her comfortable and happy, but who is to-day classed with the lowest of the low. A promising young man was at one time clerk in one of our most flourishing branches in the East, but he is to-day without work, and has few friends. A few days ago he wrote to me, and boasted that he was in the Methodist Church, and that he would die a Methodist, because his good mother did. Had this brother and sister but done their duty, probably they would not have been in their present position to-day. Wherever duty calls you should there be found, fearless and firm. Duty is not only the voice of the law, but it is the stern daughter of the voice of God. Life is, in fact, a battle. Evil is insolent and strong; beauty enchanting but rare; goodness very apt to be weak; folly very apt to be defiant; wickedness to carry the day; drunkenness to be in great places; people of sense in small, and mankind generally unhappy. But the world as it stands is no illusion, no phantom, no evil dream of a night. We wake up to it again and again, forever and ever: we can neither forget, nor deny it, nor dispense with it. My dear readers, turn to the 1st Book of Kings and 12th chapter, and you will find that a man no sooner becomes king than he forgets that his elevation is due to God. He relies on human policy rather than on the will of Jehovah alone. He rejects the true God and commits idolatry all for self interest, but the plan he institutes brings about his own ruin. For it was a truth then and it is a truth now, that the cause of God is harmed, and not helped by the schemes of wickedness, and that every sin committed for the sake of expediency, is in God's sight filthy and vile.

Last Sunday I heard the Rev. Chas. E. Barto, Secretary of the American Tract Society. He spoke on "The Printed Page," and how God had blessed it. He believed that the printing press was ordained for the saving of men's souls, but Satan had seized it for his own interests and he publishes ten cent novels and other fictitious literature which is largely circulated in this country. Who are the millions that gaze in "Harper's Weekly," Frank Leslie's "Boy's and Girl's Weekly," "Saturday Night," "New York Ledger" and hundreds of other papers with fictitious reading? Who are the tens of thousands who crowd our theatres? Vice President Wilson in a speech at Washington just before his death, said, that we have 60,000 churches in this land, 60,000 clergymen at least, and 8,000,000 church members. The ministers of these churches profess to believe that God has placed us here to prepare ourselves for a higher and better life; also they believe that they have consecrated themselves and all they are and all they hope to be to the cause of the Divine Master. Now we have in the United States 600,000 drunkards from the bar, bench, pulpit and the halls of Congress, spending 1,500,000,000 of dollars, sending 200,000 men, women and children to the Alms-houses, and 60,000 to drunkards, graves every year. There are 133,000 places in the United States where liquors are sold, giving employment to 570,000 people, costing the country for crime

forty million dollars annually. Where are the voices of the 60,000 clergymen? Where are the activities of the 8,000,000 church members? I have little hope of the temperance cause until they rise in their might by precept and example. The following facts are taken from the statistics at Washington, 1875: "The whole amount of revenue received on tobacco was \$37,303,461; the number of consumers in the United States 8,800,000; the numbers of pounds of tobacco on which revenue was paid, was 128,615,190, and the numbers of cigars 1,967,950,662. Suppose the average expense is 80 cents a pound for tobacco and 4 cents for every cigar, this will give for the exports and imports for this filthy weed including what escapes the revenue, \$200,000,000. How are we to get rid of these two evils? drinking and tobacco. The following illustration will show:

"The rats once assembled in a large cellar to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relatives snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said, 'It is my opinion that, if with one paw, we can keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other.' All the rats present loudly squealed assent. Then they were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak: 'My friends, I have tried the plan you propose, and you see the result. Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap: *Let it alone!*' That was a sensible rat. If you wish to escape the tobacco trap, *let it alone.*

Another means of getting rid of the evil, may be used by the ladies as suggested by the following stanza:

May never lady press his lips,
His proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth
And keeps its chimney burning!
May each true woman shun his sight,
For fear his fumes might choke her;
Let none but those who smoke themselves,
Have kisses for a smoker.

What has the lack of true religion cost the United States to-day? 500,000 tramps, and years of stagnation of trade is the result. What has the lack of it cost some of the wealthiest families of New York? Discontentment, poverty and disgrace? Yours in faith, hope and charity,
WILLIAM STREET.

Correspondence.

BOYER VALLEY, Iowa, Dec. 15th, 1878.

Dear Little Hope:—I am always very anxious to read the letters and stories you contain, so I thought I would help to dress you up for the new year. I am eleven years old. I was baptized last conference at Galland's Grove. My desire is to live faithful, and I wish you to pray for me. Your brother in Christ,
INGVART MATHISEN.

REESE CREEK, Mont., Dec. 10th, 1878.

Dear Hope:—If our dear Hope gets weak again I trust that she will call for help; the Hope and the Herald are the only preachers we have here. There is good instruction in the Hope for both young and old, and I wish it a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and may it live long.
JOHN E. REESE.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, Dec., 15th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—We have a small branch here. Bro. Rowley is the presiding Elder. There are twenty members in all. We have preaching on Sunday morning, prayer meeting every Sunday evening, and also on Wednesday evening. There are several strangers attending our meetings, and they believe that it is the work of the great God. I am eleven years old. I do not belong to the Church yet. Yours truly,
CARRIE E. BRIGGS.

SOLDIER VALLEY, Iowa, Dec. 19th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I see no letters in the Hope from here. There are a good many Saints living here, but they are scattered. There are no Sunday schools of

our own faith near here. It has been quite cold weather for three or four days. I have been going to school nearly three weeks, and have a mile to walk. I was at Galland's Grove conference last fall. I have just read the Hope and I wish Uncle J. and Sister Perla would write something more. Good by, and a Merry Christmas to you all.
MENA VREDENBURGH.

PALACKY, Ellsworth county Kansas,
December 20th, 1878.

Dear Hope:—I will try and tell you about Ellsworth county. There are no Saints here but our family. Bro. Harder of Lamoni, Iowa, talks of coming down here this winter. I hope that he will come, and bring some of the Saints with him. We have had a very nice winter here so far. This is a fine country, if there were only Saints here so that we could have meeting. But we have to spend the Sabbath reading the Herald and Hope. I liked the story "Why not now," and hope that we will have some more as good as that was. Your sister in Christ,
G. R. D.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa, Dec. 22nd, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—It has been a long time since I have written to you, but seeing that our dear paper is in need of encouragement, I will try and do my part. How I do wish that we could have the Hope weekly, it is so long to wait. We have preaching once in two weeks. Bro. M. H. Forscutt preaches most of the time. If we had a nice little church of our own, we could have meetings every Sabbath, and also Sabbath School; but we are thankful that we have so good a chance of doing our duty as we have. Will all the little Hopes remember me in their prayers, and I will do the same by you. Your sister in the true and everlasting gospel,
ZELLA MOORE.

LOGAN, Harrison county, Iowa,
December 23rd, 1878.

Dear Uncle Henry:—I read the pretty pieces in the Hope. I do not know what I should do without it. I go to Sunday School. I like my teacher very much. Her name is Mrs. King. My sister has been going to school in Logan, but she is at home now. I go to school and I sit with Pearly Derry. She is my playmate. Christmas is near, and I expect that Santa Claus will be at our house. I am only a little girl so you will not expect much from me. Good bye.
MAY ADAMS.

Iowa, December 24th, 1878.

Dear Uncle Henry:—Our little five year old is very anxious to write a letter to the Hope; and as she can only print words as we tell them to her, one by one, and as she gets sentences "wrong end first," she has coaxed her mamma to write for her. She is a funny little girl, and gets into a good deal of mischief, but she likes to hear the pretty things in the Hope read, especially the poetry. She wants me to tell you that her grandpa is away from home, telling the sweet, sweet story of Jesus, who "called little children as lambs to his fold," and who said: "Except ye become as one of these, ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of Heaven." Our little Tot loves to hear the story of Jesus. She knows it all through. Just now she is very anxious about Santa Claus, and what he will bring her. She thinks that she has nothing more to say, she is such a little girl, but she would like to wish you, and all the Hopes a Merry Christmas, and say good bye.
Written by mamma, for a very little Hope.

DOWVILLE, Iowa, January 5th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—I trust that if we are faithful, the time will come, when we will see one another face to face. I take pleasure in reading the Hope. I have many faults, but I hope, by the help of God, to overcome them. Pray for me that I may be faithful, and at last meet you all in the "Sweet by and by." We have meeting every Sabbath. As ever yours for truth,
IDA M. RUDD.

DEER CREEK, Madison Co., Nebraska,
December 28th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes;—I wrote to you last fall, and as the year is drawing to a close I will write again. I hope to see many letters from my little brothers and sisters in the future. I have never seen many of you but when I read your letters I feel as if I was already acquainted with you. Pa holds meetings every Sunday. There are but a few who attend, for they are so scattered that they cannot attend. I was pleased with Sister Emma's piece about a neglected Hope, for I do not wish to see our dear little friend neglected. So I will send her a New Year's present, that she may not have to wear borrowed clothing. My brothers intend to send some too. My love to you all.
CYNTHIA M. LOOMIS.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE—No. 2.

My 1st is in dew, but not in rain.
My 2d is in Jew, also in Maine.
My 3d is in love, but not in hate.
My 4th is in pure, but not in late.
My 5th is in holy, but not in good.
My 6th is in willing, but not in could.
My 7th is in new, but not in old.
My 8th is in merry, but not in bold.
My 9th is in work, but not in play.
My 10th is in go, but not in stay.
My 11th is in word, but not in act.
My 12th is in deed, but not in tact.
My 13th is in done, but not in did.
My 14th is in found, but not in hid.
My whole is the name of a friend so dear
Whose name in the Hope should often appear;
For those who have talent should try to improve
The mite God has given them in the "Labor of Love."

PUZZLE.—No. 1.

What title is that by which dignities or rulers are often addressed, that can be expressed by using 10, 50, N, 100, converted into their proper terms.

ONE OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

Answers to Puzzles For January 1st.

1 To Word Puzzle No. 1.—William T. Bozarth.
2 To Anagram No. 1.

"God alone knows what pain
Some hearts endure;
How they need sympathy,
Tender and pure.
We oft, in thoughtlessness,
Griefs round them wind;
Oh! when we can, to all
Let us be kind."
DELL WORDEN.

Answers to above received: Addie White No. 2; Fanny S. Curtis 2; Fred J. Curtis 1; J. L. Williams 2; Effie A. Cook, 2.

Christmas Present for the Hope.

Previously reported\$48 35	Cynthia Loomis\$ 50
M. Greenwood 2 52	Nellie Powers 20
Jane Hacking 10	Ella Powers 20
Caroline Hacking 10	B. M. Carmichael 25
Harriet Hacking 10	Mrs. A. D. Howard 1 00
James McKee 10	Thos. Harris 1 00
Jane McKee 10	Dan. R. Harris 1 00
Chas. E. Tillinghast 15	Emma Bowers 10
Saml. Smith 10	Ella Bowers 10
Wm. Pucil 15	Mary A. Calhoun 10
Ann McKee 10	Rebecca H. Calhoun 10
Susannah McKee 10	Lorena D. Calhoun 10
John T. McKee 10	Geo. Hicklin 30
Mary J. Brindley 10	Rosetta Pearl Derry 35
Alfred Leather 10	Allie Derry 35
Alice Holland 10	Martha Curtis 05
Sarah Holland 10	Isabel O. Curtis 10
John P. Fitten 10	Fanny S. Curtis 15
Jane Fitten 10	Eliza France 50
Margaret Coombs 10	Emma Steele 10
Sarah Pucil 10	Zella Moore 10
Mary Rawston 10	Lottie Moore 10
Willard Petty 07	Mark Moore 10
John Smith 10	Fred Moore 10
Hiram Smith 10	Mary Pace 10
Ester Jane Smith 10	Corde Badham 10
Chas. Wilson 10	Luck Ledingham 10
Thirza Linney 10	Sarah R. Ledingham 05
Mary J. Rogerson 10	Mrs. Wm. Redfield 50
Mrs. Bodman 10	Mrs. Viola Redfield 50
Caroline Rogerson 10	Francis Wilcox 10
Mrs. Owen 10	Hannah Wilcox 10
John Potts 10	Mary Fisher 10
Fredk. W. Gilbert 10	Eddie Fisher 10
Mary A. Rigby 10	C. Steele 10
Mary McKee 10	Leonie Anctin 10
Chas. E. Tillinghast 10	Miron Fisher 10
Thos. Whiting 10	Ida L. Derry 10
Elizabeth A. Whiting 10	Bertie G. Derry 10
Jennie Rohrer 43		
Emma Burtis 25		

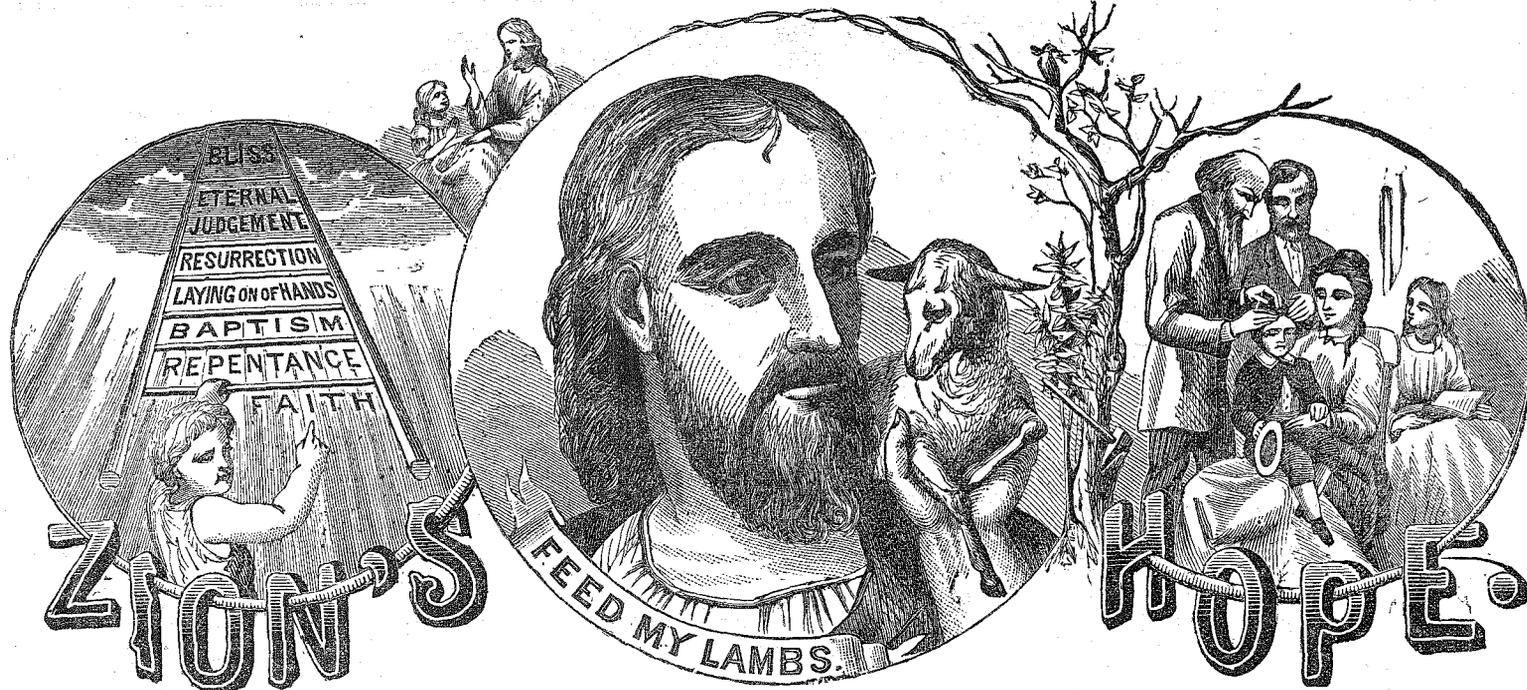
Receipts to Jan. 20th '84 42

1 February 79.

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."

LETTER FROM SISTER ELIZA.

Brother Henry and Dear Hopes:—I have made many attempts to write to you heretofore, but have failed. So I try once more. I like so much to read your letters in the *Hope*, I should be very sorry to have the "Correspondence" column discontinued, and I think "the puzzle corner" is greatly missed by many, although some did not take an active part in it. I hope that the story which appears in place of "Why Not Now," will prove as interesting as it was. We have a very good Sunday School, although the attendance is not quite so large as it formally was. We had a Christmas Tree on Christmas night, the first one we have had in our new church. The tree, although quite large, was well filled with presents, and I think, judging from appearances, that all present enjoyed themselves. The day school which I attend has now two weeks' vacation, including Christmas and New Year's days. During the two next terms I intend to take up Physiology and Latin. These studies are quite new to me, yet I think I shall like them. Our district conference convened on the 7th and 8th. Quite a number from other branches of the district were present, and the meetings were pretty well attended, considering the weather, which was very stormy on Sunday. I hope we may have conference here twice every year as we have in the past, but I don't suppose we will. It is about nine years since I was baptized. During that time I have had many testimonies of the only true work of God, for which I feel grateful to him. Dear Hopes let us each try more earnestly to live as becometh the name we bear, that each day of our lives we may come nearer unto perfection. We can let our lights shine by deeds of kindness; but, above all, let us be humble and prayerful. I ask you all to pray for me, for I have many temptations which I hope I may overcome. I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Your sister in the cause of truth,

Kewanee, Illinois, Jan. 7th, 1879.

ELIZA FRANCE.

LETTER FROM SISTER EMMA.

Dear Hopes:—I need not tell you how anxiously I have been looking for the January number of the *Hope*, and doubtless you all know it was to see what the "Christmas present" would be. Well it has come, and been read with much pleasure. Dear, kind, generous little Hopes, and big ones too, how unmistakably those long rows of figures, and the many kind words spoken in behalf of our little paper, show how all prize it,

and can not think of doing without it. "Long live Zion's Hope." A sister remarked to me not long since, that the single story of "Why not now," was worth the full price of the paper, saying nothing of all the other interesting and valuable matter contained in the *Hope*, during the past year; and for one she would not be without it for double its price. So say I, with a heart felt "God bless Zion's Hopes," I bid you adieu for this time.

SISTER EMMA.

Newport, Los Angeles Co., Cal., Jan. 17th, 1879.

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.—No. 4.
BY ELDER T. J. ANDREWS.

WE have another railroad journey of five hundred and forty miles to make from Paris to Marseilles, before our voyage over the blue Mediterranean Sea begins. So we procure the endorsement of the American Consul upon our passports, and also a clearance from the Chief of Police. At 11 a.m. we leave the Paris and Lyons depot for Marseilles, and are whirled away from Paris, leaving it clothed in a dense morning mantle of fog. The cold frost of the night had covered the trees and shrubbery with beautiful decorations of frosty whiteness. As we emerged from the fog the cheerful sunlight unrobed the landscape of its silvery drapery. The face of the country was beautiful, but the soil appeared shallow and seemingly unproductive; for, where the surface of the hills was broken, they presented the same white, chalky appearance as is seen in Dieppe and Dover in England.

As we are traveling southward we soon leave this wintry aspect behind us. The field gradually assumed a green and spring-like appearance; vineyard plantations dotted the hill-sides in all directions. As in England but little timber is to be seen, and, like it, looks old; the gray hairs of age are upon it. A ride of three hundred and sixteen miles brought us to the City of Lyons, the chief manufacturing city of France. It has a population of three hundred and seventy-five thousand. It was night when the City was passed, but as morning opened the eastern gates and poured in its flood of light upon the world we caught a distant view of the City of Marseilles. This City is the grand emporium of the south of France, and the center of her commerce with all countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. It is one of its most ancient cities, and once was called "Massila." It was founded by a colony from Phocæa, a city of Ionia, about 600 years before Christ. At present it has a population of one hundred and eighty-five thousand inhabitants; has a spacious harbor, capable of receiving 2000

vessels. Anciently its streets were narrow and crooked, but time has wrought its changes in these matters, and at present it contains very fine streets, buildings, fountains and squares. A beautiful hill adjoining the City is finely laid out as a park, and affords a magnificent view of the city, harbor, and surroundings.

As the little Hopes will know this is the place of our embarking upon our Mediterranean voyage. This sea intervenes between us and the lands of our intended tour, but the journey will not be a long one, and, as there are some noticeable places and sights to be seen on the journey, we trust it will combine pleasure with briefness. Our passports have brought us safely so far; but, as we are to sojourn in more strange lands, we must procure the necessary endorsement upon them to insure entrance into, and safety in Egypt. This is obtained from the chief of police to whom we report as wishing to leave France. We pay him two francs for his permit, which he stamps upon our passports, and we are now "vised" for Egypt and Syria. We must procure our tickets for passage on one of the Oriental Company's Steamers for Alexandria. This done our arrangements are all completed.

Wednesday morning, February 26, at 9 a.m. on board the Steamer *Valetta*, we left Marseilles bound to Alexandria. As we passed out of harbor the sky was clear and pleasant, and the glory and beauty of Spring was upon all the surrounding landscape. The gulf of Lyons, over which we had first to pass, is noted for its turbulent winds, and we did not entirely escape them. Upon going on deck early on the following morning, we found that we were just passing the Straits of "Bonifacio" Sardinia, upon the right, and Corsica upon the left. The latter place the little Hopes will remember as the birthplace of the great Napoleon Bonapart. On the following morning we had a high wind and heavy sea, causing many of the passengers to pay the customary tribute to Neptune, the mythological god of the sea.

Soon we were in sight of Sicily, straining our eyes to catch a passing glimpse of Mount *Ætna*; but, though he lifts his head ten thousand feet above the sea, the clouds that hung over the island so wrapped him in their ample folds, as to hide him from our view.

A run of six hundred and fifty miles brought us to Malta. We entered the port of *Valetta* about 5 a.m. Breakfast over, we had two hours to spend on the island. Its aspect from the ship is rocky and barren, with alternate strips of cultivated land, fresh and green, in strange contrast with the desolate, wintry aspect of the northern

countries, through which we had just passed. Its length is about sixteen miles, its breadth about nine. Small as it is, yet events connected with it, both in ancient and in modern times, make it one of the most important places in the world. Its inhabitants are African in origin, having swarthy skins, flattened noses and frizzly hair. They are said to be frugal and industrious, and to be excellent seamen. The base of their language is Arabic; but both race and language have become much mixed with foreign elements.

Valletta is one of the best harbors of the Mediterranean, and is strongly fortified. It is shut in by the land on every side, and is capable of safely anchoring five hundred vessels. The appearance of the town is most picturesque; the houses rising tier above tier along the very steep hills that surround the harbor. The streets are steep and narrow, many of them but stone stairways cut in the solid rock, and not unfrequently arched overhead. The island belongs to England and is considered the commanding key to the Mediterranean. Its fortifications are considered impregnable. Its importance to England as a naval station is very great, having every facility for repairing ships &c. Its importance has made it the scene of contention for thousands of years. Many nations have coveted it, and many bloody battles fought for its possession. By the treaty of Paris in 1815, it was ceded to England. The city of Valletta abounds in rich and magnificent buildings. The most venerable is St. John's Church, two hundred and forty feet in length, and sixty in breadth. When we entered it we saw devout worshippers kneeling here and there, while gloomy looking monks and nuns, with ghost-like apparel and silent tread, were wandering through its immense corridors. One of the industries of the people is that of selling milk. The milkman brings his flock of goats to some particular place; then takes one or two at a time and leads them from door to door and fills the customers vessels with the unadulterated beverage. Another curious mode of livelihood is followed by persons called Maltese divers. One of them came to our steamer with a boy to manage his boat. His entire dress consisted of a light pair of flannel drawers, short at both ends, and a loose woolen shirt. Bringing his little craft alongside, where several of us were looking over the rail of the ship, and divesting himself of his upper robe, he supplicated as follows: "Sixpence, me dive for sixpence, gentlemen, get him quick, get him sure; one sixpence gentlemen." Curious to see the operation, we tossed a shilling into the water about fifteen feet from his boat. We knew that the water was very deep, and supposed that he would have to go to the bottom for it; but his experience had taught him an easier method. He watches it as with the eye of a hawk as it descended from the rail of the vessel, saw it strike the water, and, poising himself a moment upon the bow of his boat, like a marksman taking aim, head first he went into the sea. The water was sufficiently clear to witness the whole process. Down he went with the rapidity of an arrow, outstripping the coin in the race for the bottom. Before it had sunk fifteen feet he had his hands beneath it, clasped in the form of a bowl, and the shining coin dropping into them he clapped it between his teeth, rose to the surface, climbed into his boat and exhibited his prize with the air of a conqueror. This was repeated several times with equal success. Finally he proposed if any one would toss a quarter into the water from the opposite side, he would dive under the ship and secure it. No one entertained his proposal.

The little Hopes will remember that this island, now called Malta, was anciently called Melita, and here it was that Paul, when sailing to Rome as a prisoner, for preaching Christ, was shipwrecked and cast upon the shore. You can read all the particulars in the Acts of the Apostles. With this longer than intended notice of Malta, we must bid it adieu.

OUR SAVIOR'S LITTLE CHILDREN.

Little birds sleep sweetly
In their soft round nests,
Crouching in the cover
Of their mother's breast.

Little lambs lie quiet
All the summer night,
With their old ewe mothers,
Warm, and soft, and white.

But more sweet and quiet,
Lie our little heads,
With our own dear mothers,
Sitting by our beds.

And their soft, sweet voices,
Sing our hushabye,
While the room grows darker,
And we shut our eyes.

As we play at evening,
Round our father's knees;
Birds are not so merry
Singing on the trees.

Lambs are not so happy
Mid the meadow flowers;
They have play and pleasure,
But not love like ours.

And the heart that's loving,
Works of love will do;
Those we dearly cherish,
We must honor too.

To our father's teaching,
Listen day by day,
And our mother's bidding,
Cheerfully obey.

For, when in his childhood,
Our dear Lord was here,
He, too, was obedient,
To his mother dear.

And his little children
Must be good as he,
Gentle and submissive,
As he used to be."

Selected by Sister Mary A. Fuller.

LETTER FROM SISTER CELIA.

Dear Hopes:—Our Sabbath School at Moorhead, of which I have written before, has closed for the winter. It closed with a Christmas tree, at which all had a nice time. But, as I heard one of the little Hopes say that she was going to write and tell you all about it, I will talk of something else.

The weather is now very pleasant, affording a good time for our meeting which is still held at the Moorhead school house, but at present I am deprived of the privilege of going, for I am teaching day school and am so far away that I can not go.

Perhaps some of the Hopes would like to hear something about my school, for I have a very queer one. My scholars all talk Norwegian, which I can not understand, and I have only a few who can understand me when I talk; but when they read they read English. It would please you to hear them, they sound so odd talking among themselves; and they have such funny ways. But they are nice children, and I would like it if they could talk. If they could I could tell them a great many things about our little paper and our Savior. As it is I can not; for if I should say anything about it they could not tell what I was saying. They can not even understand the meaning of the motto "God bless our school," that I have written on the blackboard. Their parents all belong to some other church and believe in baptizing little children before they can talk. There is to be a meeting in my school house in about a month, at which a pair of twin babies are to be baptized. I intend to go to that meeting and then I will write and tell you all about it. How thankful ought we to be, dear Hopes, to our Savior that we have the privilege of knowing him as we do. Let us pray that these people who do not know him as we do, will yet be led to love and obey him.

In the list of names of those who have remembered our neglected Hope I saw that there were

not many from here. It made me feel as though it was I who had neglected it; for I did nothing but wish that others would, and I am glad that so many did, for I love the little paper and would not do without it, as it is more company to me and does me more good than all the people in the neighborhood, or their talk. And now little Hopes with a happy New Year wish to all, I will bid you adieu. God bless you one and all.

CELIA PADEN.

MOORHEAD, IOWA, JANUARY 12TH, 1879.

A NEW YEAR'S CONCERT.

ON the evening of January 1st, 1879, there was a concert and New Year's tree at Lucas, Lucas county, Iowa, by the Band of Hope Sabbath School, under the direction of Elder Thos. C. Rees, who has good musical ability. He came here from Pennsylvania about eight months ago, and has been a valuable addition to our branch. He is a fine singer, and he has taken considerable interest in training the young people. Brother Rees once led one of the best choirs in the branch at Merthyr Tydvil, Wales, known as the White Lion Branch. He is also the assistant superintendent of our Sabbath School.

Elder John R. Evans, chairman, opened the exercises with a few remarks, and then the school proceeded with their glees, solos, duets, trios and recitations. The singing gave entire satisfaction, the only regret manifested by the audience being that the time passed too rapidly, and showed their appreciation by their repeated applause.

The tree was beautifully decorated, and the presents tastefully arranged by the sisters appointed for that purpose. The committee on decoration consisted of sisters Margaret Powell, Sarah Ann Morgan, Jane Evans, Harriet Birchell and Ann Powell; and it is said to have been the handsomest tree ever seen in this part of the country. The admission price was ten cents to adults and five cents to children, the proceeds to be used for the benefit of the school. The amount realized was \$15.40. Thanks to Brother James Birchell for the faithful performance of his duty as receiver of the admission fees. We have the facilities in this place for a good Sabbath School, and our superintendent, Elder Thomas T. Thomas, is very energetic and a very good man with the children, encouraging and instructing them.

JOHN J. WATKINS, Secretary.

SHADY GROVE.

THE above is the name of a school-house which is located about three miles north-west of Tabor, Iowa. It is a pleasant little house, and situated in a beautiful grove of hickory, oak, ash, &c. On the 8th inst. I visited the school there, which is under the charge of Bro. W. W. Thornton. There were present twenty-five pupils. Spelling was the exercise of the afternoon, and it was amusing to notice how each side put more trust in their leader than they did in themselves. (Children of large growth often put their trust in the arm of flesh, and thereby bargain away their birthright). After the first mistake was made, "wry" faces were many, but it was astonishing to see how soon the last one upon the floor was marching with the many seatward.

One thing is very plain, that the size of a person does not always tell how much they know; but it is the mind, yes, the immortal mind, that makes the man. In unity of this, the Father of all hath, in mercy, and in wisdom, told the Saints that all their garments should be plain, the work of their own hands. But, on the other hand, we are instructed and commanded to improve the mind, to gain all the necessary education to prepare us for every duty of life here, and for the rewards of eternal life in the world to come. Let those who are now in the schoolroom rejoice in their golden privileges to obtain knowledge, and let each shining moment be so employed that

it may prove of lasting benefit. From the ranks of those now in school, will come our future great men; and it is to be hoped that many of them will be those who walk in the paths of righteousness and give earnest heed to increase peace in the land, and faith in the hearts of all mankind.

Bro. Thornton, is but two and twenty, and is teaching the same school for the third consecutive winter. This speaks well for his ability and integrity. "Long may he wave;" and may there be found many who shall, by their noble works and good deeds, make honorable the name we bear, and to this end I try to labor and invite others so to do, even so, Amen. FELIX.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Jan. 1st, 1879.

LIFE SKETCHES OF AN ORPHAN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Smiths held very rigid views in regard to the Sabbath, on which day they were punctually in their accustomed pew, from Caroline to the baby, though it was tiresome for the children to sit through Parson Noall's lengthy sermon, from which, even Caroline could not extract a single idea; and it was doubtful if the elderly Smiths could, for the parson was called a very deep and learned man. But that was of no consequence; they had been to church and had so fulfilled their duty. After church they were marched home, into the best room, where they were obliged to sit quietly the rest of the day, not being allowed to stir except at meal times. No laughing or loud talking were allowed; and even the baby's innocent little crow was suppressed with a "sh." So, instead of looking forward with pleasure, the coming of Sunday was regarded with feelings of dread by the children, and Monday was hailed with unbounded joy when all the pent up forces were let loose, much to the annoyance of the neighborhood. On Sunday Mr. Smith asked a blessing at the table, except when the minister dined with them, as he often did; and he was always holding up the Smith family to the rest of the parish as an example worthy of imitation. But wise mothers shook their heads, and whispers of "Smith's totally depraved children" were distinctly audible.

Caroline had begun to think for herself, and she often wondered if the Bible really was a sealed book to all except such wise men as Parson Noall. One day she intimated as much to Ella Willis, for the girls were now firm friends. Ella seemed surprised at first, then agreed to bring her testament to their cozy little retreat in the grove, where they could study together as often as Caroline could be spared. Three times a week the girls would meet there after school hours, and when they came to passages they could not understand they went to Mrs. Willis, who willingly explained to them. The farther they progressed the more was Caroline astonished at the simplicity of the book.

One pleasant afternoon as Ella was nearing the retreat, she heard some one singing in a voice so inexpressibly sweet, that she involuntarily stopped to listen. It was a plaintive little melody, and as she parted the bushes to catch a glimpse of the singer, the voice suddenly ceased, and the singer started up.

"Why, Carrie! was that you singing that way?" exclaimed Ella in surprise.

Caroline blushed and said modestly, "I did not know you were near;" and, as she seated herself, Ella sat down at her feet and begged for "just one more song. Please, Carrie: then we can study better."

Caroline sang again; and as she finished Ella clapped her hands, exclaiming,

"I have it;" and forthwith proceeded to tell her friend what the "it" was.

It took a considerable amount of persuasion to win Caroline over to her way, but Ella accomplished it finally. After the lesson she held a consultation with her mother, who seemed to agree readily with her daughter's plans. Then

Mrs. Smith was consulted. She looked incredulous at first. But what 'twas all about remained a profound secret.

The term of school was drawing to a close, and the scholars were to have a grand picnic and entertainment. There was to be a real stage, and the children were in a flutter of excitement with their rehearsals; for they wanted to appear to the best advantage before their visitors, and were anxious for the success of their enterprise. There was talk of having Caroline in some of the pieces, but it was firmly put down by Anna Hall, Belle Seward and some others, who declared that "she might do well enough, but that yellow dress would spoil everything." So Caroline was left out in the cold. She did not appear to care, but seemed rather pleased than otherwise.

The day for the picnic dawned at last; and, long before sunrise, heads could be seen peering out of windows, watching the clouds. But the sun rose bright and clear, and the village children were in a whirl of excitement, packing baskets for mothers to pack again, dressing and invariably fastening the wrong hooks and buttons, running needless errands, thereby testing the truth of the old saying, "The more haste the less speed."

However, they were on the grounds betimes. The stage had been built and decorated the day before; and, as the visitors had not begun to arrive, they occupied the time with another rehearsal. The people poured in from all parts of the country, till the children said it looked like a "Fourth of July." When the time came for the exercises what a stir there was, smoothing hair, twisting curls, adjusting sashes, tying ribbons, till one would have thought themselves in a grand dressing room.

Ella Willis was chosen programme reader. The valedictory address by little Alice Ward, was well rendered and elicited much applause. The next, a chorus by the school, with Belle Seward at the organ, was admirably done, and the children looked and felt as important as though they had been singing for the president, on some grand occasion. Then followed numerous other exercises, dialogues, instrumental music, and so on, until the last piece on the programme was read. Ella then announced "Vacation song, by Caroline Ainslee." The girls stared and looked at the teacher, who looked as puzzled as themselves. They began to whisper and look at Mrs. Smith, who sat complacently smoothing her apron, with a "I told you so" look, and then all eyes were turned on the stage. Caroline, who had hitherto remained in the back ground, stepped fearlessly forward, as Mrs. Willis seated herself at the organ. But how changed! her hair hung in long curls nearly to her waist, and, instead of the "horrid yellow dress," a pretty, light one had taken its place. It was well made and fitted neatly to her slender form. Soft lace at neck and wrists were her only adornment. The clumsy shoes were changed for a well fitting pair, and, among all that crowd, there was not a better appearing girl than Caroline. After a short prelude Caroline began to sing, tremulously at first; but, before she had reached the middle of the first verse, her voice rose clear and sweet, and remained so to the end of the song. Mrs. Willis could hardly repress a smile as she saw the astonishment of the listeners, and especially that of the teacher. When the singer ceased there was profound silence, for a moment. Then rose a burst of applause that was fairly deafening. Some of the school girls joined in, but not so heartily as did the boys; who, in spite of their manner towards her, were always willing to acknowledge her as conqueror, and, at the suggestion of the oldest boy, "Let's give her a three times three, boys," the woods rang with their shouts. She was finally encored. But for this they were prepared, and instead of singing the same song, she sung "I'm All Alone," so mournfully, and with so much natural feeling and ex-

pression, that it went straight to the hearts of her listeners, and brought tears to many eyes. Some old farmers who would not have thought themselves capable of such weakness, were seen to wipe their faces with their coat sleeve, and heard to exclaim "Well I never!" Nearly all the girls stepped magnanimously over on her side, and one went so far as to take off her wreath and place it at Caroline's feet. She picked it up and placed it gently, almost reverently on Mrs. Willis' head.

LETTER FROM SISTER MARCHANT.

Dear Hope:—I feel like writing you a few lines of encouragement, to thank you for the enjoyment you have given me in the past year, and even from your first existence; for I have had the pleasure of reading you every year, except two, since you were first published, and, like any other true friend, you grow dearer to me each year.

I was glad to see that you received such a nice Christmas present, and I trust that your little friends will not grow weary in well doing, but that they will keep you in remembrance the year round, and by saving their candy money and spare nickels, they can send you to make glad the hearts of many who now have not the privilege of reading such a good little paper. I missed the puzzle corner, which I regretted, for I enjoyed studying out the answers to the scriptural enigmas, anagrams, &c. Feeling that I had not done all that I could have done, toward helping to supply you with proper clothing, (as Sister Emma calls it), I thought I would try my hand at making an enigma. I send you the result, and if it will do to publish, I hope it will afford the young Hopes as much pleasure to search out the answer, as it has me to make up the enigma.

In conclusion, I would say, Go on little Hope in your mission of love. Like the rest of us, "You have a work that no other can do."

M. J. MARCHANT.

EDGERTON, Platte County, Missouri.

REPLY TO UNCLE JOHN.

Dear Uncle John:—I will try and answer your question. I have committed your verse to memory, and, Uncle John, I have always disliked intemperance, and I always intend to keep the nasty liquor out of my mouth. You asked us to tell you the evils that result from using strong drink.

1. It makes a man worse than a dumb beast; for they would not take any thing that hurt them, and man does when he drinks whisky.

2. They are likely to be killed, and they are likely to kill some one when they are drunk.

You asked if any of us could tell you where we could find your quotation. You will find it in Ephesians 5: 18.

I will also ask you a question, Uncle John, one which has puzzled me. It is what was the name of the mother of the Zebedee's children. Good bye. Your nephew,

JOSEPH CURTIS.

ELKHORN, Neb., Jan. 10th, 1879.

NEBRASKA CITY SABBATH SCHOOL.

Dear Hopes:—The scholars of the Nebraska City, Zion's Hope Sabbath School, gave an entertainment in their Chapel on New Year's evening, Elder J. W. Waldsmith presiding. The entertainment opened by singing. Prayer by Elder George Kemp. A short address from Elder R. C. Elvin. The small children did well in their recitations, dialogues and songs, and the audience was much delighted. The older scholars had a few dramatic pieces, which were well performed, the actors showing that they were well qualified to represent their parts. Among those that were especially noticed was a piece performed by Sister Ella Mott, called "A Scene in a Mad House." She acted to perfection her part as a lunatic. A

beautiful solo, accompanied by the organ, was sung by Sister Mattie Elvin. It was the best of the evening's performance. All were applauded and every body went home happy and contented after the evening's amusement. Though the weather was extremely cold yet the attendance was reasonably good.
AN OBSERVER.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

Bro. John Smith, of New Bedford, Mass., writes: "My children are as eager to read the *Hope* as I am the *Herald*. Its arrival always puts a smile upon their countenances, and makes gladness in their hearts. Its contents are devoured with the avidity with which a hungry man eats a well prepared meal"

We have Sunday School Class Books, for the use of teachers, for sale; price fifteen cents each, postage paid. They are very convenient for keeping the roll of each class in our Sabbath Schools, one book lasting a year.

We now have so many original articles that some of them appear later than they ought to have done. But do not cease to write, for we will try and insert all we can now and leave those articles that can wait till a more convenient season,—Spring or Summer, when the writers are not as numerous. We are glad to have a good store on hand, and it is not large yet.

Correspondence.

DOWVILLE, Iowa, Jan. 5th, 1879.

Brother Henry:—I love the glorious work of God, and I rejoice in every thing that marks its onward course. And I am thankful that God gave me a willing heart to obey the truth. I love to meet with my brothers and sisters, and to talk of the goodness of God. We have meeting here every Sabbath. Dear Saints, think of the sacrifice that was made for us; and if we obey from the heart, and are keeping his commands, he will take the truths of God and show them unto us. Pray for me, brothers and sisters, that I may be faithful. Your sister in the love of the truth,
MELISSA S. RUDD.

PLEASANT RUN, Pottawattamie Co., Kan.,
January 13th, 1879.

Bro. Henry: If you will send the *Hope* to me I will pay before the year is out. We are very poor, and I am going to school. There are three sisters of us belonging to the Church. I am twelve years old. I have two sisters and one brother younger than myself. Pa takes the *Herald*, but we want to hear from the young Hopes, and Pa says that he will see that I have the money shortly. If I get this good little paper I will read it and show it around to my school-mates. Pa is from home a great deal, preaching. The *Hope* and *Herald* are so much comfort to all of us in his absence. I hate to ask this of you, but I know you love to have everybody take it that can; so I venture to ask the favor praying that the blessings of God may attend all who work for Zion's cause. Yours in the love of truth,
ANNA L. SHUTE.

GENOA, Douglas Co., Nevada,
December 30th, 1878.

I wish that all the Hopes were as happy as I am. At present we are having two weeks vacation to spend the Christmas holidays. This year I have been promoted. I was nine years old the eighth day of April. My studies are, reading, spelling, geography, arithmetic, history, and I write in a No. 4 copy book. The weather is very pleasant for this time of the year, although it is very cold and frosty at night. We have had but one small snowstorm so far. My love to all, and I wish them a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Yours truly,
ABEDNEGO D. JOHNS.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., Jan. 15th, 1879.

I hope that you all had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I long for the visits of that little *Hope* that Sister Emma wrote about, and when she has a continued story to tell it seems almost too long to wait from one visit to the other. I think "Maggie and the Mice" was a very nice story. I am sorry it ended so soon. I trust that there are more good stories for us to hear. We have no Sunday School. One was organized last Spring, but the Saints live so far apart that they could not attend. We have preaching every Sunday at 11 a.m., Saints' meeting at 2 p.m., and prayer meeting every Tuesday night in Stewartsville; also prayer meeting Thursday nights at the Saints' meeting house two miles north of Stewartsville. At our conference, November 23d and

24th, we had a good time. Bro. M. T. Short was here, and he staid ten days after conference. He preached every night except three, two of which Bro. Charles Derry preached. They both left December 4th. Your sister in Christ,
MARGARET ARCHIBALD.

BUFFALO, Iowa, Jan. 9th, 1879.

I have but little time to write, but I will say a few words. I liked the stories "By a Heavenly Father's Hand," "Why Not Now," "What I'll Do," and "Maggie and the Mice." I am sorry that the latter is ended. We have a nice little Sunday School. I hope that all the Hopes will meet in Zion. I hope that you will pray for me and I will pray for you. I hope that I may be faithful.
MAY C. REYNOLDS.

LITTLE BLUE, Jackson Co., Mo.,
January 15th, 1879.

I am trying to hold fast to this work of God, which I know to be true. I am twelve years old. We have no regular meetings here now, but Bro. W. T. Bozarth preached three times last week, and I think it did some good. We went to Independence last Sunday and heard Sister Beagle's funeral sermon preached. We live seven miles from town and do not go in very often. Pray for me that I may be faithful.
ROBERT PARKER.

PLANO, Illinois, Jan. 21st, 1879.

I am ten years old. I do not belong to the Church but I shall some day. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I think I shall like "Sketches From the Life of an Orphan" real well. I do so far. I thought "Maggie and the Mice" was just the nicest kind of a story, and I only wish I was as good a little girl as Maggie was. Your little friend,
CORA L. HORTON.

BLUE RAPIDS, Kan., Jan. 19th, 1879

I am eleven years old. I am not baptized but intend to be. We came out to Kansas about three months ago. My father keeps store in the city of Blue Rapids. I go to graded school. Read, write, spell, and study geography. We have a Sunday School in this branch. Dear Hopes, I bid you adieu.
EDWIN A. WILDEANUTH.

WEST OAKLAND, Cal., Jan. 10th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—I have long wanted to tell you how I am thankful for a Sunday School, for it was there I learned how to start right. Then I had only to go ahead right. But still I am a very little Hope, although nearly 60 years of age. When young in the Sunday School I was taught to chain myself to stakes to escape the pollutions of the world, and my history is what I would wish it, thanks be to the giver of all good. Stake No. 1, Genesis 39: 9, "That shall be my motto through life;" and here I am not knowing a change. Stake No. 2, "No one shall ever see me going into a drinking shop to take of the intoxicating cup;" both chains are holding good so far. Stake No. 3, "Nothing under the sun worth being offended at;" but sometimes I am like a mad animal trying to break loose from that stake, and still got to examine my chain. More stakes if agreeable. Yours in covenant for eternal life,
J. W. V.

ELKHORN, Neb., Jan. 10th, 1879.

We have no Sunday School here. I am fourteen years old. My sister and I, and our two brothers were baptized on the 22d of August, 1875, by Bro. John Avondet. The weather has been very cold ever since New Years day. The mercury was down to 22° below zero on the 2d and 3rd. We have had not more than one inch of snow this winter. Dear Hopes, please pray for me. Your sister in Jesus Christ,
FANNY S. CURTIS.

FONDA, Iowa, Jan. 17th, 1879.

I am thirteen years old. I go to school. We have no Sabbath School here, but we have once in a while a meeting. Bro. J. R. Lambert preached here two or three evenings. Then pa and I went to Bro. Harts-horne's with him. We would be very glad to have some of the Elders come out here and preach. I send my love to all the little Hopes, especially to those in Plano.
EFFIE A. COOK.

CASEYVILLE, Ill., Jan. 26th, 1879.

I am nine years old. My pa, ma, and two sisters belong to the Church. We have Sunday School at 10: 30 a.m. every Sunday. Brn. Derry and Thomas were here this week. My sister Mary and I had sore throats so we could not go to hear them, though we would have liked to very much. I go to day school and am in the highest room. My studies are reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic. Dear Hopes, pray for me. Your little friend,
EMILY THORLEY.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., Dec. 20th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—We are having a big snow-storm now. I was very much pleased to see the little *Hope* remembered and will send her a Christmas present, and I hope that no one will neglect to send one. I wish you all a Merry Christmas. Good bye. My love to you all.
CORA BRAGLE.

LONDON, Ontario, January 18th, 1879.

I write you how I am getting along. I will be fifteen years old May 31st. I was baptized by Bro. G. Harrington, and confirmed by Bro. Joseph Luff. I received the Spirit the next evening. I hope to be faithful, and that, by God's help, I may be the means of bringing others to the knowledge of the truth. I belong to the Sunday School bible class.
FRANK BILLINSKY.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA, No. 1.

My 1st was heard singing and praying at midnight.
My 2nd is where Paul found certain disciples.
My 3rd is a city which Paul found wholly given to idolatry.
My 4th is the place where Paul shaved his head.
My 5th is the place where the children of Israel encamped, when they journeyed from Succoth.
My 6th was a land of gold in the days of Solomon.
My 7th was a preacher of righteousnees.
My 8th is one of the cities that was given to the children of Aaron.
My 9th was smitten with death for lying.
My 10th is the place where Paul was when he wrote his second epistle to Timothy.
My 11th Paul left at Miletum sick.
My 12th is God's throne.
The initials of these form a part of the chorus sung by the heavenly messengers.
M. J. M.

WORD PUZZLE—No. 3.

My 1st is in March, but not in April.
My 2nd is in Alex, but not in John.
My 3rd is in run, but not in walk.
My 4th is in kick, but not in jump.
My 5th is in hand, but not in foot.
My 6th is in fast, but not in slow.
My 7th is in honest, but not in cheat.
My 8th is in far, also in near.
My 9th is in sister, but not in brother.
My 10th is in carry, but not in load.
My 11th is in cunning, but not in deceit.
My 12th is in tarry, also in wait.
My 13th is in post, also in gate.
My whole is the name of an Elder.
MARGARET ARCHIBALD.

Christmas Present for the Hope.

Previously reported\$64 42	Thomas Williams	05
Mary Bourgeret 50	Mary Thomas	10
Jos. A. Wilson 30	Maggie Thomas	10
D. S. Wilson 10	Emily Thomas	05
James E. Wilson 10	Emily Thorley	10
Wm. Thomas 10	Margaret A. Davis	10
Wm. Jones 10	Benj. Neidorp	10
John Jones 10	Henry Neidorp	10
Eleanor Jones 10	Mrs. Dayton	10
Hetty Izart 10	Rob. Slinger	20
John Williams 10	Eliza Street	25
Theodore Hotchkiss 50	Eliza Street	10
Hannah Davies 10	Chas. Street	10
Ida May Davies 10	Fannie Wade	25
Lewis Davies 10	Emma Horton	10
Harriet Salloway 15			
K. Williams 05			

15 February 79.

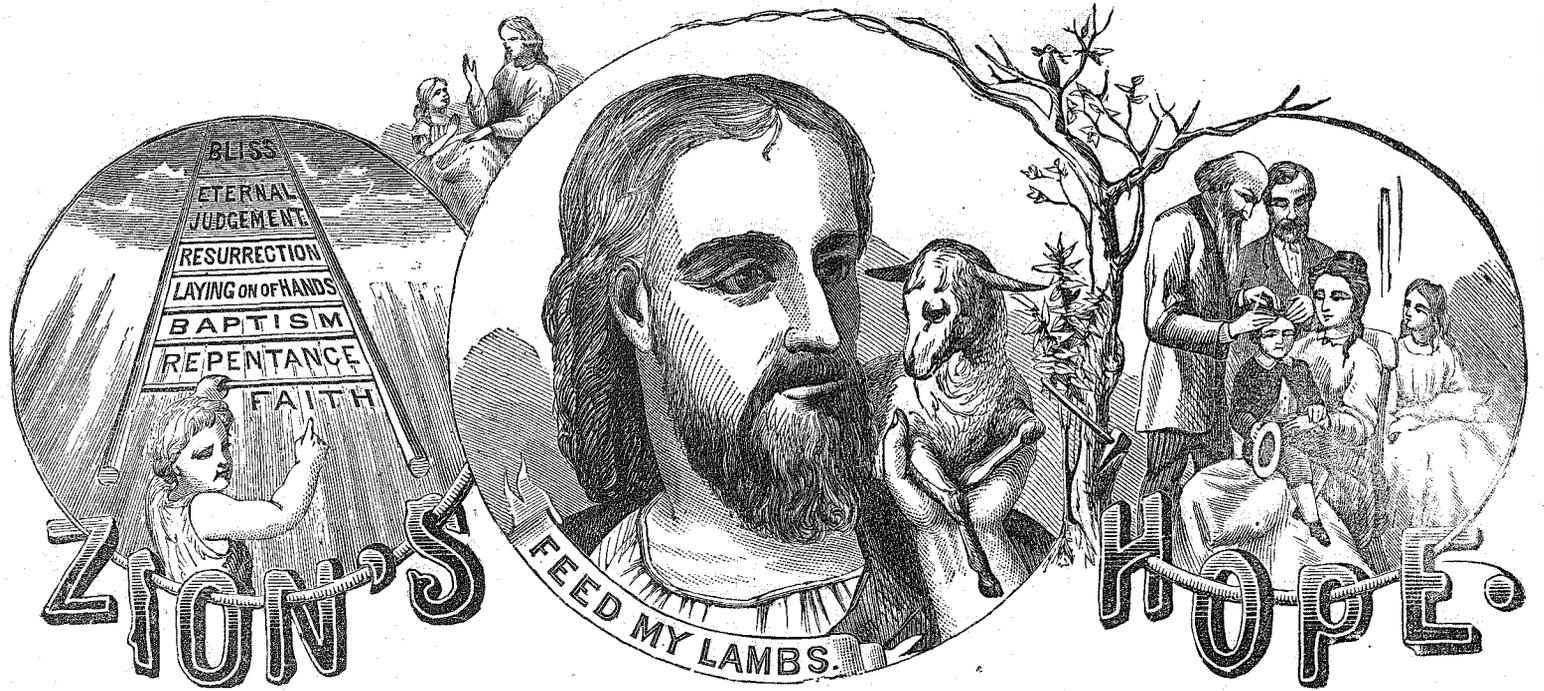
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work 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 SAINTS' HERALD.

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

Vol. 10.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MARCH 1, 1879.

No. 17.

A PIECE NOW.

IN the golden span of life there must be thoughts of the most absolute character, and of the highest and purest, and those of the most lasting kind. At this age we weave a web, and truly, too, it is a web, even for life, one which shall have to be remembered, one that we shall have to give an account of, and feel the strength of in the great day of reckoning.

What has been, and what is now, our walk and conversation, our manner of life? If reasonably good that is quite well, and we may well feel proud over the same; but I question even the probability of that answer. Or, at least, I feel in my heart we have often been too hasty in our speech, too abrupt in our manners, frequently doing the very things we knew were wrong, and would not now do for any money or promised comfort.

It is now running through my mind that we have been living quite careless lives at times; and, more especially, when we should have felt and had the most reason to feel grateful to Him who is fully acquainted with all our ways. Is it not so? Well then, should we not turn from this evil way, and lead more holy and devoted lives? "O, yes! yes," you say at once; but how many times was this resolve made, even at the very time of the transgression, and yet we heed it not.

We have entered upon another year, eighteen hundred and seventy nine, and let us make another firm and determined trial to do better. Let us ask God to help us, and may we be found often at the cross of Christ, imploring him to help us on in the right and true way. I feel to know he has helped me many times in the past when I little deserved his help. We know there are grand and glorious blessings in store for all God's children, for those who will earnestly work for the cause. The Earth is now mantled over with snow, like as the cold, winding sheet of death. Yet Earth's flowers, its fruits, and all its past favors, are not forgotten. And although it has received some of our most affectionate friends to moulder back to dust, yet we feel fully assured that they will be raised again to immortal glory. And, further, that all the beauties of nature will be restored, and that the veil will be taken from before our vision, the Lord himself be visible, and we in his holy presence stand.

Geo. M. Jamison.

Aim high, but with prudence; act with determination and perseverance; let no obstacle drive you from the path of honor and duty, and you may be sure of eventual success.

CONSCIENCE.

What should we do, how should we live,
While passing down the stream of time,
That we unto our Lord may give
A heart that's destitute of crime;
A soul that's true and kind and pure,
That has the grace wrong to endure.

How shall our earthly course be laid,
That we in Christian paths may be;
That we indeed and act be staid,
And shun the evil that we see,
While passing down life's varying moil,
The acts, which do the spirit soil.

How can we know when we do right?
How can we judge 'tween it and wrong?
How can we walk within the light,
Among the world's wide giddy throng?
How can we find the narrow way,
And from God's precepts never stray?

If we would live a righteous life,
And none of Satan's evils know,
And shun the ways of evil strife,
And deeds of rarest virtue strew,
Unto our Conscience first give ear,
For its soft whisp'rings we must hear.

If we unto our Creator give
A service that would please him well,
And in his precepts strive to live,
And of our friends no evil tell,
A kindly hand we must extend,
And all mankind we should befriend.

Our tongues they are with evil fraught,
And oft of others wrong do speak;
Thus innocents with guile are caught,
When they are humble, pure and meek,
And they are sorely grieved to know
That those they loved do evil sow.

The path of evil first descends
With easy strides, which scarce are seen;
But on these first steps much depends,
And soon the soul feels anguish keen;
The habits formed will there remain,
And on the soul will leave a stain,

Now we must hear the whisp'rings low,
Of the conscience God has given,
If we would know just how to go,
To keep our earthly peace unriv'n,
And feel assurance of a home,
When saints above, on earth shall roam.

Lester J. Adams.

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.—No. 5.

BY ELDER T. J. ANDREWS.

AT 9 a.m. we sailed from the harbor of Valletta, and speedily the island, like a little blue cloud in the distance, faded from our view, and again the trackless waste of waters surrounded us. On the morrow, being Sunday, passengers and crew assembled in the ship's cabin for divine service. There was preaching by a clergyman who was on his way to the East Indies. Sabbath on the ocean brings but little change. The machinery rattles and thunders on, the sails swell with the passing breeze, and the boatswain's sharp whistle calls the men to their accustomed work.

Wednesday morning we expected to reach our destination and were early on deck. Already we were in sight of land. On the right the long, low line of the African coast was visible, scarcely rising above the sea level. Not far ahead the outline and prominent features of the harbor of Alexandria are visible. Our hearts beat high, as the eye caught its first glimpse of the land of Ham, the Mizraim of the Hebrews, the field of wonders, in which so many of the mighty miracles of God were wrought.

As we neared the shore one of the first things that caught our attention was the large number of wind mills standing upon the high sand-bank along the coast. They lifted their tall circular forms, and stretched out their huge sheeted arms, like giant spectres keeping sentinel along the coast.

The entrance to the harbor is a tortuous and difficult one. Vessels cannot enter at night, nor can they by day without an experienced pilot. The city which at first looked like a white line upon the low line of the coast, appeared to lift itself gradually upward, and it assumed definite shape and form. The houses stood out more distinctly, and domes, minarets and spires stood up against the sky. We were straining our eyes to catch the first glimpses of aught that was curious and wonderful. There! Just upon that projecting point of land which we are now passing, where you now see an insignificant lighthouse, stood the ancient Pharos. It was one of the seven wonders of the world, a famous and costly tower, bearing upon its top, as it lifted its colossal form above the waves, a beacon light to guide the mariner to his port. So lofty is it that it is said that it could be seen 100 miles away. This gigantic tower was a square building of white marble, erected by "Ptolemy Philadelphus," three hundred years before Christ.

But now we are safe at our moorings. How strange every thing looks. Numbers of great old ships rotting away, and falling stick by stick into the sea. These were once the Viceroy's fleet. The flags of many nations float from ships' masts. A boat is approaching us which is manned by a number of sailors in blue jackets. What pennant is that flying at her bow? It is the stars and stripes. The boat is from the United States war ship, the *Susquehanna*, now lying in harbor. They have sent for English papers and American news. Soon we are surrounded by a shoal of small boats which are manned by a strange set of men, of all variety of shades, swarthy brown and black, turbanned heads, and long loose robes, and they chatter away in a strange jargon of sounds. Parleying with them to take us ashore was useless without an interpreter, so we handed down our traveling bags, and followed after them, and were transferred to the shore. Landing in a little inclosure adjoining the Custom house we discharged our obligation to the boatmen.

Our business was to pass through the Custom house. At Marseilles we had surrendered our passports to the officers of the steamer, and were informed that we should find them at the office of the American Consul, at Alexandria. So, with our luggage in hand, we came to the door of the Custom house, and a liveried servant in Turkish costume guarding the door, politely bowed us through, and we stood before the receiver of customs. He wore a rich Turkish costume, a great turban on his head, a gold hilted sword dangling at his side, and evidently conscious of the dignity of his official capacity. He said in English: "Your name, sir." Receiving a reply, he glanced at a list of names in an open book before him. "All right sir, you can pass." No other question was asked and I moved on; and as I had been bowed in by a liveried door-keeper, I was bowed out by another on the land side, and suddenly found that we were in one of the streets of Alexandria.

We had scarcely passed the door until we were surrounded by a regiment of donkey boys, in dirty blue shirts and ragged tarbooshes, pulling and snatching at our baggage and clamoring for the privilege of taking us to a hotel. An omnibus of European style from the hotel I had selected stood at the road side, with open doors, into which I retreated to the discomfort of my pursuers. Soon we were whirling through the Turkish part of the city, and we said to ourselves, How can we stop in such a miserable, filthy, suffocating place as this? But soon we emerged into the English quarter, and a magical change came over the scene. A fine open square, ornamented with fountains and walled in with great stone-fronted houses, presented a more inviting and home like appearance.

Soon we found ourselves ensconced in a European hotel, conducted by a Frenchman. Its business was mostly conducted in French. One or two of its clerks speaking English, we had no difficulty to make our wants known. I followed the porter, and he deposited my baggage at Room 45 and vanished.

As soon as I closed my door I gave way to a train of reflections. And here I am in Egypt! How often in my far off home I have pronounced that name! What strange things have happened around me. Here was the early home of civilization, the birthplace of literature, the cradle of science and art, the garden and garner of the world. Here I am in Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs, the land of pyramids, of catacombs, of mummies, of obelisks and of Israel's bondage and Moses, mighty miracles. The land where Herodotus, Strabo, and Tacitus came to study history, where Plato, Lyncurgus and Pythagoras went to school, a land of the wonderful creations of human power and genius, a land that has been, and long will continue to be, a place of curiosity and interest to the learned, a land to which trav-

elers will resort from all parts of the civilized world.

Dear little Hopes, we have accompanied the traveler thus far, and, mentally, we have similar thoughts as the traveler. We are in Egypt, and are about to visit some of its renowned localities; let us still accompany him, for he is so good a writer and so eminently descriptive of all that he sees that we can readily imagine we are at his side, and, after we have accompanied him all through his journeying, I am sure you will be able to say that you know more of Egypt and Palestine than you did before.

Continued.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

SINCE the *Zion's Hope* first started I have been a grateful recipient of the good words and healthy moral writings it contained. I have been in the Church some eight years now, and I dearly love the work, and know it to be the only recognized church of our Lord Jesus Christ. We are having hard times in this country. Want and misery are reigning all around us, and snow, snow, snow; nothing but snow, accompanied by cruel, biting, east winds, that seem to cut one, and which find a way through all the various wraps, that we English are so fond of putting on.

To see the great, stalwart fellows, with their wives and little ones, begging for work, money, food, anything; the children with their little limbs bare and blue from the cold, pitiless cold, and the birds too, pretty little songsters, losing their great timidity in the desire to obtain food. They venture into our very houses, hopping off victoriously with bits of bread, cheese, meat anything they can obtain. Tiny little marauders, their hunger must be great, when it causes them to be so daring. Our garden has been crowded with all sorts and sizes of the feathery tribe, from the humble sparrow to some wild fowl, who all come to feed off the tray of bits that I put out for them. Poor little things, they will feel grateful when this dreadful winter has passed by.

We have lately had such mild winters that we are quite out of our elements in all this frost. I'll close now with love to you all. I would like to see and know you. Stand firm in the Faith, dear Hopes. Your sister
ADRIENNE.
ENGLAND, January 29th, 1879.

GRAVOIS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE Sunday School sociable held here in the Saints' Meeting House was a grand success. The house was crowded, so that a great many of the children had to sit on the platform. The exercises began by singing a favorite hymn; and then prayer by Elder W. Still, the president of Gravois branch. Bro. Platt, the very proficient leader of the choir, presided, and we only wish that every branch had such a faithful and good man to help in its Sunday School interests. It was truly delightful. We wish the house had been larger, so that many more could have been there to have witnessed the able manner in which Bro. Platt had disciplined the little Hopes in each of their parts.

It was so pleasant, because it was arranged for every one to take a part; and if you had been there you would have seen little girls three years old, and little boys of the same age, standing up as only true little Latter Day Saints can do, and singing or speaking their pieces; and the beauty of it was that there existed a oneness of feeling that made us all so happy. One little girl said such a pretty little piece about wanting a little piece of calico, about a yard, for her dolly, and that she had so much sewing she did not know what to do. Miss Tillie Still, the daughter of the president of the branch, was there, and, being requested by Bro. Platt, she sang two songs for the children. One was "Take this Letter to my Mother," and "Ship Ahoy;" and, being very

accomplished it had a very pleasing effect. Sisters Ella Street and Wade were so very kind in playing so many pieces and helping so much that amused the children so much. These two young sisters are the very pillars of the school, so regular in their attendance and such devoted Latter Day Saints; but the most of all was our good Sister Platt. I could not begin to tell the little Hopes all she has done to make our sociable a success; if it had not been for her it would not have been half so good; the little Hopes are very glad they have such a dear friend as Sister Platt. But I must not forget to tell you that we had our good Bro. Reese with us; he came ten or twelve miles through the rain to see us, which was very kind; and then another sister and he spoke a nice piece, "The Converted Man," which pleased the children so much. Bro. Wm. Smith was there also, from St. Louis, and he sang a beautiful song; and the last but not the least, came candy, nuts, oranges, &c. &c., and with the benediction by Bro. Still, closed the very happy occasion. Yours in the truth,

WILLIAM JENNETT.

LIFE SKETCHES OF AN ORPHAN.

CHAPTER V.

ONE would have thought Caroline Ainslee's triumphs at the picnic would have made her happier. So it did for a while, but when she came back to every day life, she became more discontented than ever. She sadly missed those daily visits to Ella Willis' home, which had given her so much pleasure. The lessons in the grove had been denied her. Mrs. Smith had told her she'd had holiday enough for a spell, and that she was going to get all the work out of her that was possible. It was a poor prospect for Caroline, and daily she grew more morose, and declared herself worse off than before, now that she'd had a glimpse of another mode of life which had appealed to her better nature. She tried hard to overcome her faults, but, when she was beginning to feel sure of one day passing without her usual troubles, the harsh voice would grate more harshly, a blow would fall more heavily, the children would be more tormenting than ever, and, before she knew it, her temper would rise, and good resolutions would fall. She "knew she never would be any better, for, wasn't Mrs. Smith always telling her that 'nobody expected anything but work from people who had been at the poor-house; and if they were all like her, precious little good they are doing for their betters,' and didn't she try hard enough to do right, and it wasn't of any use; she was just going to give up."

It was in the midst of these conflicting emotions, that a sensation reached the quiet village, in the shape of a lecturer. He was a tall, powerfully built man, with a pleasant countenance, and an equally pleasant voice, and, at the close of the first lecture, he had taken the hearts of his audience by storm. He was a good speaker, and told them, in such eloquent and beautiful language, of an entirely new (to them) religion, pictured it so grandly, and withal proved so forcibly that they were all wrong in making any sacrifice for the sake of bettering their eternal welfare; that it was all progression; they would mingle together in after life same as they did here, the good with the bad; that those minds that were more susceptible to good, would progress more rapidly, and so onward and upward, till perfection was reached. People thronged to hear him. First they wondered, then began to investigate, and the result was that at the close of a series of lectures, nearly all the people for miles around adopted these views, with the most popular and influential ones at the head. Parson Noall stepped bravely to the rescue, but the odds seemed against him, and he was told to take his old musty theology to his study and keep it there. He fought for his church till he had but one adherent, Mr. Smith; then he gave up in despair,

and left for a more fruitful field of labor, feeling incapable of battling against the great tidal wave that had swept over the country. When Mr. Smith found that Parson Noail really was gone he began to look around him, and the result of his investigation was that he became as enthusiastic on the subject as the rest. The ease and freedom just suited him, after such long confinement to the church.

One pleasant afternoon Caroline surprised Mrs. Willis by bounding in the door, all flushed with excitement. "O you ought to have been to the lecture last night. I looked for you the first thing but didn't see you."

"No," said Mrs. Willis quietly, "we did not attend."

Caroline looked surprised. "You went at first didn't you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Willis, "and the first convinced us, so we kept away."

Caroline hardly knew what to say. "Why, every body goes, and they are going to have the old church fitted up, and there are to be two societies, one for the children, and there are to be banners, and picnics, and festivals; and I tell you it will be just grand!"

"Caroline," said Mr. Willis, putting his hand on her head in his kindly way, "You believe we are your friends, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You believe that we would advise you for nothing but your own good?"

"I know you wouldn't."

"Then take our advice and hold yourself aloof from these societies, and in three months, mark you, you will be thankful you did so."

Caroline not wishing to offend her only friends consented but reluctantly.

A beautiful Sabbath day in autumn. A troop of noisy children thronged the village street, each striving to be heard above the other. Mr. Willis moved uneasily in his chair, and laid aside the book he had been vainly trying to read.

"This is getting beyond all bounds," he exclaimed. "Something must be done; one cannot even have a quiet Sunday any more."

"Well," said Mrs. Willis, quietly, "what are we to do about it?"

"There is our wood shed," Mr. Willis answered, after a moment's pause, "why not go to work and gather them in?"

"Our wood shed—"

"Yes," said Mr. Willis; "it is large enough; and I'm sure that with a very little expense, we can fit it up admirably and invite these children, in fact, start a Sunday School."

"Capital!" exclaimed Mrs. Willis, "and we can get Caroline to help us; how she will enjoy it! I am told Mrs. Smith is very severe with her, and since this society has been started here, she has had no restraining influence, but lets her temper carry her away completely."

"Call the children and let us take a walk over there," said Mr. Willis.

While they were on the way, Mrs. Willis explained to Ella the object of their visit, and she was highly pleased at the prospect. When they arrived near the house, Mrs. Willis, stopping suddenly, grasped her husband's arm, and stared mutely in his face. Ella clung terrified to her little sister. Within the house could be heard angry voices in high altercation, intermixed with a regular thud, thud, as of the fall of some heavy weapon. The next instant a form rushed past them swift as the wind, down the street, toward the far end of the woods.

"Father—quick—the pool," gasped Ella, who seemed to understand her friend's movement.

On, on sped the flying figure till she reached the woods; through the brush she tore her way, till she reached a small ravine in which lay a deep, dark pool of water, from which the little babbling brook flowed so cheerfully out into the sunshine. Down on the very edge of the pool the wretched girl sank exhausted. A moment

more and she arose and exclaimed, "Mother! mother! take me to you. I'm coming."

Clasping her hands above her head, and poisoning herself on one foot ready to spring, she said, "It will be only one struggle and then happiness!" Quick as thought a strong arm wound around her and drew her back. Turning, she found herself face to face with Mr. Willis.

"My poor child, what were you about to do? Don't you know how wrong it is to think of taking your own life? Don't you know you would have to suffer the penalty hereafter?"

"No! I should go straight to joy and happiness with my mother."

"Mr. Willis looked at her pitifully.

"Can you expect a murderer to come before the judgment bar of God with the innocent, and have the same portion measured out to him?"

"It makes no difference," Caroline said; and, besides that, there is no judgment bar. It is all joy and happiness, and just as we want it, we shall have it."

The other three came up at this instant, pale and terrified. Mrs. Willis took Caroline by the hand, and gazed into her face, unable to say a word. At last Mr. Willis broke the silence.

"You had better go home to-night, Caroline, and I will talk with your—" (mother, he was about to say), "guardians."

"Home!" Caroline said bitterly. "Look, she said quickly, baring her shoulder, "Can you expect me to go back there? No! I'll go there first," she said, pointing to the dark water.

Her friends turned away faint and sick at the sight. Mr. Willis drew his wife to one side, and held a moment's hurried consultation. It was agreed that they should take Caroline home with them, and, with the consent of the Smiths, keep her till something could be done. Arriving there, Mrs. Willis bathed the wounds, and placed her in a comfortable bed, thinking she would be all well in the morning. But the high state of excitement had brought on a fever, which kept her prostrated for several days, during which time Ella and her mother were untiring in their devotion to her, talking and reading to her when she was able to bear it, even little Gertie throwing in her mite, contributing to the comfort of the sick girl, and receiving in return grateful thanks from a humble, loving spirit.

To be continued.

PROMISES TO THE CHILDREN.

I FEEL constrained to write you a few lines, hoping to sow the seed of truth in your hearts.

The children have great and precious promises; and if you take advantage of them, the prospect is that many of you will live to see the coming of the Son of God. "Honor thy father and thy mother, is the first commandment with promise." This not only refers to children, but also to grown up persons. And the promise is, that "thy days shall be long in the land," or that you shall live long on the earth.

I have seen children of Saints, (and my heart is pained to say it), who do not honor their parents as they should. They are disobedient and cross; and if they are told to do anything they will talk back, and will make excuses; and, when they find that they have to obey, it is done reluctantly, and with a cross look, or impatient gesture; thus showing that it is not love that prompts the action. It should be "love that makes our cheerful feet, in swift obedience move."

This is not honor, neither does it please our heavenly Father. Jesus was a good example, for, although he was the Son of God, yet he rendered a cheerful obedience to the command of his earthly parents. If we have not this Spirit dwelling in us we are none of his.

A cheerful obedience brings joy to the heart of our kind mothers, (and this should be a source of joy to us), whereas a reluctant and slow movement produces the opposite effect.

Now, dear Hopes, if any who read these lines are in the habit of disregarding the wishes of their fathers or mothers, let me tell you that the blessings of heaven will never rest upon you, until you repent. If you have been baptized and are still clinging to the old habits of the world, hasten to get rid of them, lest the adversary enter into your young hearts and destroy you, both soul and body.

Therefore, "Children obey your parents," cheerfully, not from fear of punishment, but because of the love you have for them.

And now, parents, "Provoke not your children to anger lest they be discouraged." Never permit your children to look upon you with a slavish fear; for such fear brings torment; and when the child has reached the years of discretion, or accountability, he will have less respect for you, and in years to come you will feel the sting of the tyranny which you have exercised over them.

I write for the benefit of all Hopes, both old and young.

Hoping that none may find in these lines, a stone of stumbling, I remain, as ever, a friend and lover of the cause of Zion,

MIDDLETOWN, Ohio.

M. B. WILLIAMS.

CLOTHING FOR THE HOPE.

DEAR HOPES:—You have answered to the call in one direction, but some of those nice little garments that I know you all possess have not arrived. At least she (the Hope) is not yet dressed in home-made clothing entirely as she should be. I know your hearts and hands are willing, and your pockets open; but if said pocket is empty, as I know some are, then you must put those willing hands to work; they will accomplish more than your dime. But put both together, and then what wonders you can perform.

The Hope is a very welcome visitor, indeed, even when dressed in borrowed clothing, and if our own little and big Hopes would furnish all she wears, I fear that she would fairly dazzle our eyes. Our eyes get quite dim (can you guess with what?) already, when we read your little letters.

I am perfectly charmed with our little Hope's bonnet. It is trimmed with very becoming flowers, (Faith, Repentance, Laying on of Hands, &c.), and her necktie is perfection itself. These two articles of apparel will last her a lifetime, but her dress, apron, collars, cuffs, rings, bracelets, and so on, should be changed every two weeks, as a sure preventive against her decline. Now please do not fail to send her a change; it is absolutely necessary. Little Hope's elder sister wears borrowed clothing, but we will set the Herald's friends better examples, will we not? Ah, I can just hear a faint "Yes." Now speak a little louder, I am very hard of hearing.

To one and all,
Attend the call,
Send in those short, life sketches;
And clothe the poor
Waif at your door,
For 'tis what Jesus teaches. I. J. R.

REPLY TO UNCLE JOHN.

Uncle John:—I do not drink strong drink, only sometimes I drink a little tea and coffee, but I am trying to avoid it. In answer to your question of what results from drinking strong drink, I know of one man in our place who was killed by a dealer in strong drink; and in a place a few miles from here a man fell into a gutter and broke his neck. He lost his life by drinking strong drink. He was a lawyer. You asked where did Paul say "Be not drunken with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." You will find it in Ephesians 5:18. Your brother in the gospel,

THOMAS W. WILLIAMS.

SYRACUSE, Ohio, Jan. 22d, 1879.

LETTER FROM SISTER DAYTON.

Dear Little Hopes:—I often think of and pray for you that you may grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Acknowledge him in all your ways and he will direct your paths. It is 42 years since I obeyed the gospel, and I know it is true. I know it is the power of God unto salvation. Outside of it there is none; and, as I journey towards the grave, my pathway grows brighter and brighter. Angels have been with me more than once. Though I had not faith sufficient to behold them, yet I knew they were with me. I am 81 years old, and almost at my journey's end; and, like the weary traveler, long to arrive at home. Almost home! How sweet the thought; and I exhort you, dear Hopes to hold fast.—Be faithful, both old and young. Draw near to God, that he will draw near to you. Live sober and righteous lives. Live to honor God's holy name, and to be bright and shining lights to those around you that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father in Heaven, and that you may lead some soul to Christ. Be good and kind to all; obedient to your parents; for this is a commandment of God, And if you desire salvation you must keep all his commands. May God give you grace to overcome, and in the end be saved in his kingdom. I hope to meet you in the "Sweet by and by."

KIRTLAND, Ohio.

REBECCA DAYTON.

NEWPORT SABBATH SCHOOL.

REPORT of the Sabbath School at Newport, Los Angeles County, California, for the year ending December 29th, 1878.

The School was re-organized as a Saints' Sabbath School, December 30th, 1877, with 6 officers, 3 teachers, 33 pupils, total 42. At the end of the year we have 6 officers, 5 teachers, 71 pupils.

Average attendance 35½. Increase: 2 teachers, 38 pupils. Cash received \$11.30, which has been expended for testaments, and for the *Hope*, for free distribution. Officers for the year 1879: Superintendent, R. R. Dana; assistant superintendent, N. W. Best; secretary, N. W. Best; treasurer, Mary Forrest; librarian, Annie Mills; assistant librarian, Mattie Forrest. The interest is fair, and we think increasing. And we hope to hear a better report for 1879.

R. R. DANA, *Supt.*
WM. PICKERING, *Sec'y*

Correspondence.

WHEELER'S GROVE, Iowa.

January 26th, 1879.

I belong to the Church; so do my father and mother. We had a nice festival here New Year's night. I go to school, my studies are the fourth reader, third arithmetic, first grammar, spelling and writing. I liked "Maggie and the Mice," and "Sketches from the Life of an Orphan," real well. Sister Emma's letter was a good one. To Uncle John I answer that the verse you wish us to find is in Ephesians 5:18. Your sister in Christ,

ALICE J. ANDERSON.

NORTONVILLE, Contra Costa, Co., California,
January 23d, 1879.

I am not a member of the Church, but hope to be one soon. You will find enclosed in this letter ten cents in aid of the *Hope*. I will be twelve year old next month. Pray for me that I may become faithful. Your friend,

MARGARET ANN DAVIS.

COFFEYVILLE, Kansas, Jan 22d, 1879.

I wish to tell you about the little party that we had on Christmas Eve. Mother said that she did not like to mix with others, for they despised us. So we had a Christmas Tree at our house, and all the little Hopes from our branch were here. We had singing, and music, and recitations, and a very good time. Our president and wife were with us. There were presents for all. Some of our neighbors' children were present, and they said it was better than they ever saw. We had a nice supper, two fat turkeys and a large cake, and many other beautiful things too numerous to mention. We lost a little sunshine from our party; for mother was called out to give Brother Johns' wife her present, a fine daughter, one

with dark blue eyes and black hair. We have had more snow than we have had for many years, and colder weather. It makes me happy to read your letters. I am trying to live up to my faith as well as I know how. Your brother in Christ,

GEORGE W. HART.

STOCKTON, California, Jan. 24th, 1879.

I am not a member of the Church. My mother and two sisters are members, and I think I shall be when I am a little older. I have three brothers and two sisters. I am eleven years old, and I go to school and read in the fourth reader.

MEDIA DARROW.

MAGNOLIA, Iowa, Jan. 12th, 1879.

I am ten years old. I go to school. I read in the Third Reader. We have a good Sunday School. Mr. Cadwell is our Superintendent. I go only part of the time, for we live over four miles from Sunday School. I have one sister and two brothers younger than myself, My father belongs to the Church; my mother does not. Your little sister,

CARRIE A. EMERSON.

PAICINES, California, January 26th, 1879

I am sixteen. I have three brothers and four sisters. Two weeks ago this Sabbath morning our old hog came at me, and striking me he threw me down, and cut me in four different places, but I am getting so I can walk about some. The Lord has blessed me very much in healing me. Your brother,

THOMAS J. LAWN.

MOOREHEAD, Iowa, Jan. 26th, 1879.

I feel like expressing my pleasure in reading the letters which I find in our excellent little paper. Our Sabbath School had a Christmas Tree, which was loaded with presents for both old and young. Old Santa Claus was on hand the jolliest old fellow you ever saw. It would have made the little Hopes laugh to have seen his jolly red nose, long white beard and tall cap, and to have heard his speech to the little folks, as he told them of his home among the icebergs of the North. He told them Mrs. Santa Claus would have been there but the little Clauses were not very well. Old Santa surprised them all by bringing forward two brides as a present for two young men. One was Arema Montague, presented to Frank Thompson, and the other was Martha Putnam presented to John O. Ballantyne. The two pairs were then legally married by Elder J. M. Putney. This pleasant entertainment closed our Sabbath School until Spring. Yours in love,

NETTIE PUTNEY.

BEAVER, Utah, February 2d, 1879.

Brother Joseph:—I am twelve year old. I was baptized the 26th of last month, by Bro. E. C. Brand. I go to the Methodist Sunday School, and to day school. There are no other ones here but the Brighamites. I hope we will have one of our own church before long. I would like to be back in the States with some of the little Hopes, instead of being here, surrounded by mountains and mines. It would seem strange to us to be where we could not see a mountain. I never was out of sight of one. I do not know what I would do without the *Hope*.

Yours in the faith, SARAH E. COVINGTON.

INDEPENDENCE, Missouri, Jan. 29th, 1879.

Again we will write to you this beautiful evening. We hope you had a happy New Year. The weather is very pleasant. Brother Bozarth has gone to Texas. We hope that he will be blessed in his mission. We were glad to see so much interest taken in our little paper. We would like to hear from grandpa Lanphear. We have not heard from him for a long time. Little brothers and sisters, let us be faithful and keep the Lord's commandments, and he will bless us. We have a large branch, and many good meetings, and we hope to have a church built before long. Your sisters in Christ,

CORA & LUNA BRACKENBURY.

CASEYVILLE, Illinois, January 27, 1879.

I wish to tell you something about Elder Charles Derry, who has been here blowing the gospel trumpet; and I thank my heavenly Father that he is his servant. There is a union chapel here, and we have tried our best to get it for Bro. Derry to preach in, but we could not have it. However, he preached in our meeting-room, and we enjoyed a very good time. Many people will not endure sound doctrine, and the way of truth is evil spoken of. Broad is the way and many walk therein, but narrow is the way and few there be that find it. And I thank my Father which is in heaven that I have found that narrow path, and my determination is to walk in it faithfully to the end. I have two little sisters and one little brother that are being trained up for Zion.

Dear Hopes, pray for me that I may gain more

more wisdom; for I know that this is the only true work of God upon earth, and God has chosen the weak things of the earth to confound the mighty and the wise. Yours sister in Christ,

ELIZABETH BUXTON.

BEAVER, Utah, February 2d, 1879.

I will soon be ten years old. I was baptized a week ago to-day, by Bro. E. C. Brand. He baptized my ma, and a good many more, eight years ago, and then organized a branch; but some went back to the Brighamites, and it was at last broken up. But we have a good branch now. I wish we had a Sunday School of the Church; but we go to the Methodist one, and to day school. I read in the fourth reader, and study arithmetic, geography, spelling, and penmanship. Pray for me, that I may become a good man.

C. C. COVINGTON.

BLUE RAPIDS, Marshall County, Kansas,
January 18th, 1879.

I go to school and study reading, spelling, writing, drawing, geography, arithmetic; and our teacher gives us oral lessons in physiology. I go to the Saints' Sunday School, and my teacher's name is Miss Sarah Goble. Our day school is a graded school. I am eight years old. I have a little brother two and a half years old. My pa is the president of this branch. There are only six families of Saints near here. It is very lonesome without my cousins here. To-day is Sunday. Perla Derry, I know your name sake, Perla Wild. If some of you little Hopes would write to me I would be very much obliged.

ERMINIA CLARA WILDERMUTH.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA, No. 1.

My 15, 19, 22, 14, was an empire.
My 10, 23, 24, 12, 2, 24, 9, a territory.
My 8, 16, 18, 3, 21, 24, a large city.
My 12, 4, 9, 3, a definite article.
My 13, 11, 10, 7, a place we all love.
My 1, 14, 20, 17, 2, 5, 12, a city in Ireland.
My 13, 9, 24, 24, 2, 6, a proper name.
My 2, 3, 20, 9, 24, 12, 2, a capital city.
My whole is the name of a woman and who she was.

JENNET ARCHIBALD.

WORD PUZZLE, No. 4.

My 1st is in joy, but not in sorrow.
My 2d is in loan, and also in borrow.
My 3d is in had, but not in get.
My 4th is in hen, but not in set.
My 5th is in bell, but not in ring.
My 6th is in buz, but not in sting.
My 7th is in hear, but not in sound.
My 8th is in long, but not in round.
My 9th is in when, but not in where.
My 10th is in goat, but not in hair.
My 11th is in tell, but not in convey.
My 12th is in road, but not in way.
My 13th is in ton, but not in hay.
My 14th is in judge, but not in king.
My 15th is in harp, but not in sing.

My whole is the name of a Deacon of a branch in this district.

JENNET.

Answers to Puzzles for February 1st.

1 To Word Puzzle, No. 2.—Delphine Worden.
2 To Puzzle, No. 1.—Excellency. (X L N C.)
Answers to the above received: Eva Redfield to No. 2.
Charles J. Cravens, Margaret Archibald, John Benson and Thos. McKee, Jun, solved Anagram No. 1, of January 1st.

1 March 79.

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.

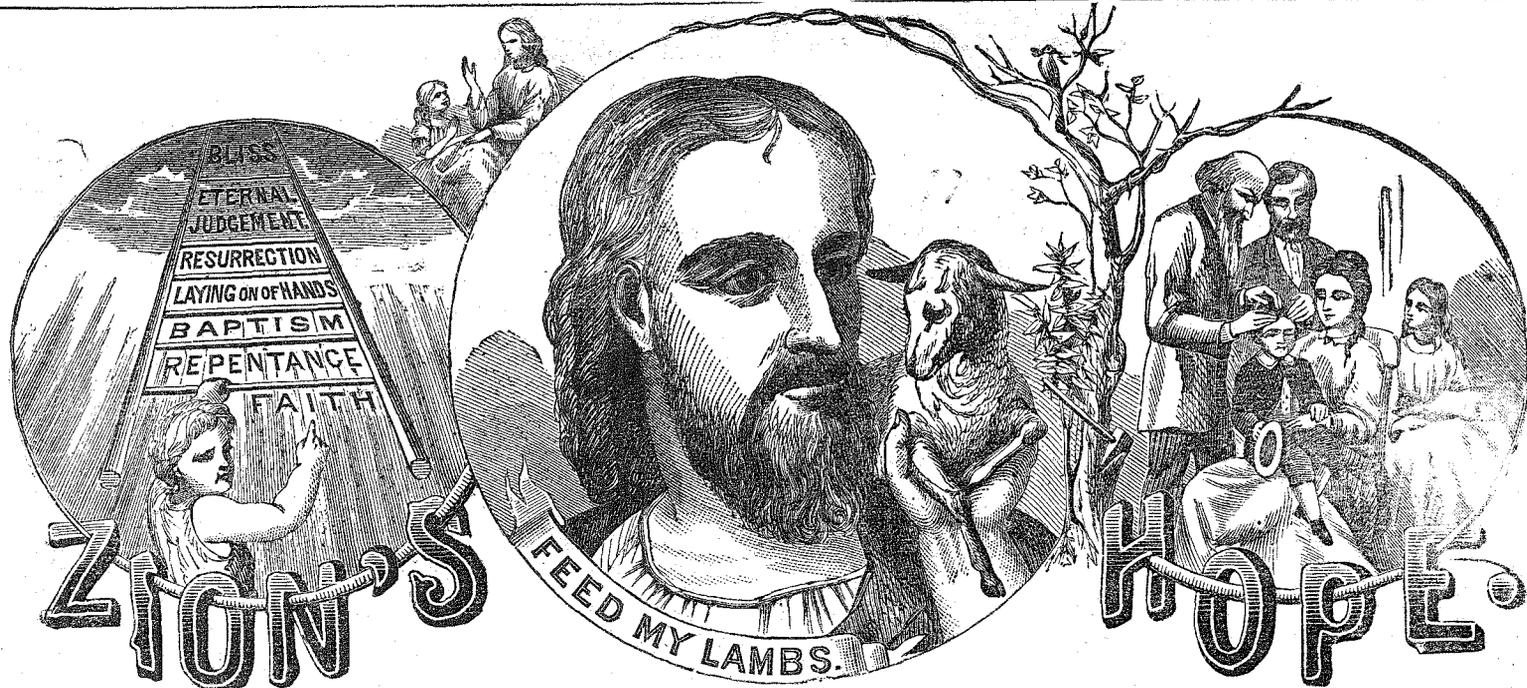
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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



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

Vol. 10.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MARCH 15, 1879.

No. 18.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way we turn,
We always find in the book of life,
New lessons we have to learn;
We all must take our turn at the mill,
To grind out the golden grain,
We must work at our task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again,
The ponderous mill wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

SARAH A. ROSE.

FRIENDSHIP.

PURE, disinterested friendship is a bright flame, emitting none of the smoke of selfishness. Its origin is divine, its operation heavenly; and its results enrapturing to the soul. It is because true friendship is the perfection of earthly bliss that the world has ever been flooded with base counterfeits, many of them so thickly coated with the pure metal, that nothing but time can detect the base designs of bogus friends. Deception is a propensity deeply rooted in human nature, a hobby horse on which some ride through life. Caution has been termed the parent of safety, but it has often been baffled by a Judas kiss. The most cautious have been the dupes and victims of the basest deceivers.

We should be extremely careful in whom we confide, and even then we will often find ourselves mistaken. Let adversity come, that we may know more of our friends. Very often those who have enjoyed the most sunshine, will be the first to forsake, censure and reproach. Friendship based entirely on self, ends in desertion the moment the selfish ends are accomplished. Friendship is a flower that blooms in all seasons, and wherever it is watered by the dews of affection and kindness, there you may be sure to find it. When allied in closest companionship with its twin-sister, charity, it enters the abode of sorrow and wretchedness, and causes happiness and peace. It knocks at the lonely and desolate heart, and speaks words of encouragement and joy. Its all-powering influence hovers over contending armies and unites deadly foes in the closest bonds of

sympathy and kindness. Its eternal and universal influence dispels every poisonous thought of envy and purifies the mind with a priceless and holy contentment, which all the power and pomp of earth could not bestow. In vain do we look for this heavenly flower in the cold calculating worldling; the poor deluded wretch is dead to every feeling of its ennobling virtue. In vain do we look for it in the actions of the proud and aristocratic votaries of fashion; the love of self display and of the false, fleeting pleasures of the world, for they have banished it from their hearts forever.

In vain do we look for it in the thoughtless and practical throng who with loud laugh and extended open hands, proclaim obedience to its laws, while at the same time the cancer of malice and envy and detraction is enthroned in their hearts and active on their tongues.

Friendship, true friendship, can only be found to bloom in the soil of a noble and self sacrificing heart; there it has a perennial summer, and a never ending season of felicity, and joy its happy possessor, casting a thousand rays of love and hope and peace to all around.

No one can be happy without a friend, although they possess all earthly riches, and no one can know what friends they have until they are unhappy.

Where persons are united by the bonds of genuine friendship, there is nothing, perhaps, more conducive to felicity. It supports and strengthens the mind and alleviates the pain of life.

The friendship which is founded upon good tastes and congenial habits apart from piety, is permitted by the benignity of Providence to embellish a world which with all its magnificence and beauty will shortly pass away; that which has religion for its basis will ere long be transplanted, in order to adorn the paradise of God.

FLO. R.

SMILES.

OH the strange, winning witchery of a smile! Tell me, where is the heart that is so cold or so stubborn that it will not acknowledge the charm of a smile? I do not mean the fawning smile of flattery, the studied smile of falsehood, the chilling smile of scorn, the withering smile of revenge, the bitter smile of selfish triumph, the frozen smile of haughty pride, or the mocking smile of hidden sorrow, but I mean that frank, truthful soul-born smile, that bursts like a radiant sunbeam over the countenance when one soul seeks the sympathy of another. How purely beautiful and expressive the

silent language. Words are but an impudent mockery in its presence. How all-potent its powers. It bids the drooping spirit rise and soar upon the pinions of its own re-awakened melody; it drives the lurking phantoms of doubt from the clouded mind, and fills it with the cheering light of hope, and tells joy to sing again. There is character in a smile, I care not what may be the countenance. Every kind, truthful smile is a ray lent us from the lightness of our spirit home, by which we may lighten or dispel the clouds which arise along the way of our fellow-travelers. They cost nothing; and I would that, in this world of weariness and mourning, there might be more cheering smiles for the poor, the downcast and broken-hearted than there are. A smiling face and cheerful heart are always welcome guests. May we, each dear scholar, on the judgment day receive a smile of love from our dear Savior.

MATTIE ELVIN.

DEVOTE YOUR TIME TO USEFULNESS.

IN the New Testament we read an interesting account of a prophetess of some note whose name was Anna. It is not important for us to determine whether the women who prophesied wore the outer garb of a prophet, to distinguish them as being thus favored, but several of them were known, distinguished and revered. Among the women who prophesied are the following: Miriam, the distinguished sister of Moses and Aaron; Deborah, who delivered Israel in the dark night of oppression. Hannah, the mother of Samuel, was remarkable as a prophetess; and Huldah was referred to during the reformation of king Josiah, and with the Spirit of prophecy upon her declared the character of the long lost copy of the law of Moses. Thus we observe that Anna as a prophetess was preceded by others of her sex, who were great women in Israel. From the brief account given of her we learn that she was a widow, and of the age of four score and four years. Her married life was short. Seven years only did she walk the pathway beside her husband, and then he died. Shortly after her widowhood begun, she devoted herself entirely to the service of God. She became a constant attendant and worker in the Church. She had made herself familiar with the prophecies of the coming, "promised Redeemer;" and she was looking for the coming of Him whom she acknowledged as the one typified in the sacrifices offered then and aforesaid. When Mary presented the child Jesus in the temple, to offer the customary sacrifice of Jewish women at the end of the days of purification, Anna was present and saw the vener-

able Simeon as he took the child in his arms, and she beheld his countenance lighted with joy, as he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy Salvation." It is especially commendable in Anna that she desired, having lost her husband and not being encumbered by family, to labor for the good of others. She made the service of God her choice; and as persons who were in sorrow were accustomed to come to the temple with their sorrow, and seek there for ease and comfort, so she was there, ready to see and sympathize with them; to counsel and advise them; and by expressions of friendship and love to give them religious truth, which proved as oil poured upon troubled waters.

And how much women can do to alleviate the load of human sorrow; to teach the lost world of the salvation extended; and how to obtain it. Many of the readers of our dear little paper, by a development of the principles of the gospel which they have embraced, could be the means of making many glad hearts in this world, and the means of saving souls in God's kingdom. Let us, dear Hopes, be constantly engaged, and ready for every good word and work. Then the widow in necessity will find in us a friend and a helper; the orphan a counselor and guide; and those upon whom evils have fallen, and who are crushed in heart by their misery, shall find in us loving friends, those who will in kindness dispel their darkness, and lead them to the glorious light which shines forth in the gospel; and lead them to acquiesce in the will of the supreme Ruler of the universe, and learn them to smile and sing praises, even amid sorrows and tears.

SISTER JENNET ARCHIBALD.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., Feb. 14th, 1879.

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.—No. 6.

BY ELDER T. J. ANDREWS.

WHEN examining the ruins of Egypt, the traveler is led to inquire as to why so much desolation and ruin have overtaken it. The reason might safely be inferred, when we find that it has been conspicuously mentioned in prophetic declarations, and most remarkably have these predictions been fulfilled. Some of the judgments pronounced fell upon its inhabitants in ancient times, and the fulfillment of others is seen unmistakably in the present condition of the country. Hundreds of years before Christ the pen of inspiration had written her history, and the unerring prescience of God pronounced her doom.

"They shall be a base kingdom. It shall be the basest of kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more amongst the nations; for I will diminish them that they shall rule no more over the nations. * * * And there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt."—Ezekiel 29: 14, 15.

"Behold I am against thee and against thy rivers, and I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate. * * * And I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities among cities that are laid waste."—Ezekiel 29: 10-12.

And now we are to walk over the soil of this wonderful land, to wander among its monuments and meditate upon its ruins. And what shall we see? Everywhere the marks of ruin and desolation in its most impressive character, from Syene to Ethiopia, and along the course of the Nile. We shall find the fulfillment of the foregoing predictions that God has been against her and against her waters, that He has made her a base kingdom and her land desolate.

ALEXANDRIA.

The city of Alexandria was once an appropriate monument of the genius and enterprise of the great Macedonian conqueror Alexander the Great. In his march of victory it was numbered with his spoils. It is said that upon its present site previously stood an ancient Egyptian city, called Rhocotis. On its ruins, 332 years

before Christ, Alexander founded the present city, designing that it should be the capital of his great empire. He set the boundaries of its walls with his own hands. It was magnificent when completed, and at once became the center and seat of learning. To her came the noted scholars of the world. Here was the world renowned library established by Ptolemy Soter, containing seven hundred thousand volumes, four hundred thousand in the museum, and three hundred thousand in the temple of Serapis. In the storming of the city by Julius Caesar the fleet took fire and it reached the houses in the city, and spread to the museum. The building was saved but the great library was lost forever. The Romans considered the city next in beauty to Rome. When taken by the Arabs in the year of our Lord 640 the lieutenant in reporting its capture to the Caliph says "I have taken the great city of the West. It is impossible for me to enumerate the variety of its richness and beauty. It contains four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, four hundred theatres, or places of amusements, twelve thousand shops and forty thousand tributary Jews." Since it was founded the desolating storms of human passion have swept over it, and their influences have reduced it to the condition in which we are to see it.

A native guide we must now procure, as we are strangers to every point of interest, as well as ignorant of the language. They are plentiful and as rapacious as wolves. We must not only have a guide but an animal to carry us, for to walk would be entirely too much labor and would require too much time. The former we readily secured for one day. We must now introduce to you the latter a very useful animal, the Egyptian donkey. He is very small, only about three and a half feet high, but claims an honored ancestry, a descendent of the wild ass of Tartary, renowned in both sacred and profane history for its fiery disposition and fleetness. His ears are very long, erect, and inclined forward; his head with sleepy looking eyes is set on the neck like a hammer. He is grave, sedate, looks wise, and minds his own business; is patient and submits to abuse and insult even to a fault, but even with him the limit is sometimes reached and his resentments are kindled by the slumbering spirit of his ancestry. Now we will procure him.

Our want was soon anticipated for a score of boys owning donkeys came and crowded themselves and charges athwart our path. The donkeys' hair was shaved close to their skin leaving but a tuft at the end of the tail. This with the carrying their huge saddles, which nearly covered them, made a ludicrous picture. It was quite amusing to see the earnestness of the boys who, in broken English presented the claim of their respective animals. "Have a donkiy, sir? Good donkiy,—one ride, sixpence." On examining one we were saluted with, "Dat boy's donkiy, he bad, no good donkiy. He tumble over head, he, he, heo. My donkiy, he good donkiy, he go liki steamboat. You take him sah?" The usual charge to foreigners is an English sixpence for one day. Our guide made the selection and as we placed ourself astride its little puny body we must confess that we felt a feeling of sympathy, as it seemed to me that my weight would crush him to the ground. The moment I was on his back my sympathy vanished, and my fears turned to wonder and admiration at the strength and fleetness with which the little fellow bore me, moving off on a canter with the ease of a horse, yet my feet almost touching the ground.

Now that we have a donkey we must have a donkey boy. This class of boys is a distinct one in Egypt, usually from twelve to twenty years of age, and very sharp at their business, and possessed of great power of endurance. Their dress is a simple blue cotton shirt, reaching to the knees and fastened on with a belt around the waist. The bosom constitutes a pocket or receptacle into which nuts, bread, oranges, dates, etc.

are stowed. On the head he wears a tarboosh, or skull cap, which completes his attire. The donkey having no bit to guide it as horses have, the donkey boy runs behind and guides him with a stick right and left, or urges him forward as is required. With stick in hand they hammer and cudgel the poor beast most unmercifully, the hams of many of them being actually hard from these constant inflictions of heavy blows.

The constant intercourse with foreigners has made the boys excellent linguists. It is no uncommon thing to hear one answering readily in English, Arabic, French, Greek or Italian; and he drives his business with astonishing shrewdness. At first I felt a pity one day for my donkey boy who had been following me for between thirty and forty miles, some of the time on a full gallop, and I asked him if he was not tired. He answered me with a contemptuous tone, "Tired? No! Donkey boy never get tired."

But here I am in full canter on a donkey, guide before and boy behind. What shall I show you first? *Continued.*

LIFE SKETCHES OF AN ORPHAN.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Smith's offered no objections, but seemed glad to get Caroline off their hands. "And I'll tell you," said Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Willis, by way of advice, "you'll have a hard time of it, for she's as stubborn as can be, and you don't look strong enough to whip such a great girl, but you'll have it to do, and some days twice a day;" and she scanned Mrs. Willis from head to feet.

"I should be afraid that she would tear me in pieces, if I were as small as you; for she's looked like that to me many a time; and I do believe she'd have tried if she'd only dared to. Why, she began before we'd got away from the Poor-house," pronouncing the last word with evident relish and seeking to impress Mrs. Willis' mind with the fullest sense of the disgrace as she held it. "It was about her name," she continued, "when I asked her to tell me what it was, she said 'Lina Ainslee.' 'Hm,' says I, 'pretty high sounding name for the like of you. You can't take on airs with me,' said I, 'and your name is Caroline, as long as you stay with me. Then you ought to have seen her take on, and specially when I tried to get that fol de rol off her neck; but I've tried hard to bring her up right. I've whipped and whipped till I thought my arms would drop off, and it has'n't done a particle of good. I'll warrant you'll not keep her long, and when you get tired of her, just send her back to me, and I'll put her through."

Mrs. Willis assured her there would be no trouble, and being impatient to get away from the harsh voiced woman, never till then comprehending the extent of Caroline's troubles. She received her few belongings with a bow, and walked hurriedly homeward. A pale face was at the window waiting anxiously.

"It is all right, dear, said Mrs. Willis entering, 'you must not worry any more, but get well as quickly as you can.'" She handed Caroline her small bundle, which she eagerly grasped, and breathed a sigh of relief as she drew forth a calico school bag. She seemed impatient to put them away, and, going to her room, she found Ella arranging her bureau in order to make room for her, for they were to occupy the same room.

"I'm to stay, Ella," was her greeting.

"O, I'm so glad! said Ella heartily.

"But what have you there?" She asked as she spied the school bag.

"Oh nothing but an old copy book," answered Caroline.

"So that is where your copy book went," said Ella laughingly, "let me see it, please."

"Caroline unfolded it and displayed it before Ella's wondering eyes. There were no irregular marks, no long rows of ill shaped letters and pompous capitals, such as are seen in copy books.

But, instead, there were pencil drawings, clear, neat and pretty.

"O, how nice!" said Ella taking the book, seating herself on the floor and scanning the pictures, which she pronounced "perfect." They would have appeared defective to a practical eye, but one glance showed that there was a great talent to be cultivated. "What are they?" asked Ella with her eyes still on the book.

"I call them my memory pictures," answered Caroline.

Ella motioned her to a seat beside her, and begged her to explain.

"Well," said she turning to the first one, "this seems almost like a dream to me, but it is the first remembrance I have of a home." It was a small cottage on the top of a hill, shaded with trees, and having a large garden of flowers all surrounded by a neat fence. "Here we used to live when papa and mamma were alive, and I remember of being so happy, and of mamma playing hide and seek with me around the trees. Then there was a change. Mamma never played with me now, but would sit and cry, it seemed to me for hours, and, young as I was, I knew that there was something awful about it. Then I remember of the pretty garden going to weeds, the fence broken and the furniture sold; and, last of all, of our going away in the night, and how mamma clung to me and cried. We went to live in a large city. Mamma took sick and papa acted so strangely, and took us to live in the awfulest place I ever saw."

"Turning a leaf she showed an old tumble down building, bare and repulsive. She had pictured it only too true.

"Surely not there!" said Ella.

"No, not in the house, but way down in the cold, damp cellar; and there we had to stay day and night. O how frightened I used to be; but there were other families there besides us, and they all knew mamma and cried over her when she came there. Then papa was brought home one night, shot dead. After that mamma took me and we went to this house," turning to the picture of an elegant mansion. "How well I remember it, the beautiful rooms, and pictures. It seemed to me like the heaven mamma used to tell about. I remember she talked to a splendid looking man, but he used angry words, when mamma was begging him to take me and care for me. She said that she would go away and die, and not trouble him, but he turned us both out of the door. We went back to the old cellar, and mamma grew worse, and one day they told me I was an orphan. Little did I then realize the meaning of the word."

They were both crying now, one from sympathy and the other at the remembrance of the loving mother, lying pale and still, and the utter loneliness which surrounded the child. Presently she went on.

"Then these women took me to an orphan asylum, where I lived till Mrs. Smith came and took me away, for they said that I was big enough to work. Here is the picture. She called me Caroline and I hated the name."

"Wasn't it your name?" asked Ella deeply interested.

"No; mamma always called me Lina, but Mrs. Smith said it was short for Caroline, and, since then, I've been glad she did call me Caroline, for it would have been hard to have heard that voice calling me a name that has seemed almost sacred to me. I never knew what a beating was while mamma lived, and since she died I've known nothing else. Here I am ignorant, and illtempered as can be, and—"

"No, no, you are not," said Ella impulsively, "you shall study with me, and draw your pretty pictures as much as you want to; on real drawing paper, too, with pencils. Mamma has them, and you sha'n't be called Caroline any more. Lina is so pretty and fits you better than Caroline."

"See, Ella, she tried to get this away from me;

and I had to fight for it, for I was determined not to give it up, if I died."

And she drew from her bosom a locket. Touching a spring she opened it and said simply, "Mamma." Ella looked at the face, so like the one by her side. Hearing a quickly drawn breath she looked behind her, and saw her mother standing over them.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Ella.

"Yes, I've heard it all. I came to the door and seeing you were so busily engaged I thought I would not disturb you and sat down, waiting till you should see me. I hope I hav'n't offended," she said.

"No, no!" exclaimed both girls at once.

"To think after all, her name isn't Caroline, but Lina, and we'll call her Lina won't we?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Willis, "if she prefers it; but perhaps she holds it too sacred."

"Oh no, I was glad Mrs. Smith didn't call me that, but you are so near to what I remember my own mother to be, it will seem as though the rest had faded out."

"We will try to make your future more pleasant, for you are to remain with us as long as you wish. You must try and forget the past, all of it," and Caroline knew why she emphasized all.

She could only reply by burying her face in Mrs. Willis' lap and weeping heart-felt tears of gratitude. But she had faithfully kept her promise, and, as Mr. Willis had predicted, was glad she had done so, since she had seen in so short a time, the effects of a doctrine that seemed to make people hard hearted and irreverent. The few weeks she had spent in this home, had obliterated from her mind these teachings, and in their place the wholesome truths of the Gospel of Christ had become firmly established. She entered with a will into all the preparations for the Sabbath School, and was anxious to see it started. Her pictures, drawn by one so young, and without the aid of a teacher, astonished Mrs. Willis, who could now see why she had such a passion for pictures.

The two girls were constant companions, working together at home, relieving Mrs. Willis of nearly all the household cares, studying at school, laboring together in the village in the interests of the Sabbath School, which for its very few was dear to them, and there were very few in the village, but loved, admired, or respected Ella Willis and Lina Ainslee.

To be continued.

GRATITUDE.

Darling Hopes:—Do you know the full meaning of the word at the head of this article?

It means thankfulness for kindnesses or blessings received. You feel thankful to your fathers and mothers for their love for and care over you. That is gratitude. Now, it is our duty to have the same feeling toward our Heavenly Father. He is much more kind than our parents can be. He gives them the power to bless us; and even their desire to bless us is fostered by His spirit. He gives us our life, and all things that we enjoy; and he has also given us the power to enjoy them. This beautiful earth is his gift to man. The pure limpid water that we drink, the air we breathe, the light we see, the pleasures we feel, are all the gifts of God.

But what would all these things be to us if we did not have the power to enjoy them? When in Nebraska City lately, I saw five young men walk into the church, whose steps seemed uncertain. They put out their hands to touch everything they came near. They were blind! How sorry I felt for those poor young men, just in the bloom of life, and deprived of one of God's greatest gifts. God had not denied them of it, but perhaps disease, the consequence of sin, was the cause. Perhaps it was owing to some neglect of the laws of nature by their parents; or the cause was some act of wilful and foolish disobedience to the laws which govern our bodies. However,

they were blind, but God, in his kindness, had in a measure compensated them by giving them a keener sense of feeling and hearing, so that they could still enjoy many pleasures, but not all of the thousand joys that the light of the sun affords. They could feel its warmth, they could enjoy the fruits it caused the earth to bring forth, but not the ten thousand varied beauties of the earth, the trees and the flowers. These they saw not; they were to them as though they had not been. Is it not sad?

You, dear Hopes, have this blessing. Do you appreciate it? Are you thankful for it? If so, do you give thanks to God every day for the blessing? Do you prove your gratitude by loving him? Do your youthful lives prove your love to him? If so it is well, and you feel the joy of gratitude; and it causes your love to increase daily; and by this means you are becoming more like Jesus, and better prepared to appreciate his love to you.

But physical sight is not the only blessing you enjoy. To you is given the privilege of spiritual sight. I mean by this that you have the gospel light to shine into your minds and hearts. This is even better than the light of the sun. The sun only lights your pathway on earth and shows you its beauties, but the gospel points out the pathway to glory, and shows you the glories of the Kingdom of God. It leads you to the Tree of Life, and to the streams which make glad the heavenly city. You can eat of that tree and live forever. You can drink of those streams and never thirst again. How much you have to be grateful for! Cherish the spirit of gratitude while you are young, and it will gladden your hearts, and make your burdens light, and will help to fit you for the full enjoyment of all God's blessings, in time and in eternity.

Thank God for that precious, priceless gift,
Through whom salvation flows,
Who came from heaven our souls to lift
From everlasting woes.

Thank God for the light He has given
To guide your wandering feet:
For the gospel sent down from heaven
To make your joy complete.

Thank God for the hope it now affords
The crushed and sadden'd heart:
For its gracious gifts and cheering words
The joy it does impart.

Thank God that your blissful lot is cast
'Mong those who love the Lord,
And strive to prove while life shall last
Your gratitude to God.

UNCLE CHARLES.

WEEDS.

WHAT have you done, little Hopes to pull up the weeds? When I wrote before on this subject, many of those who read my article were boys and girls, but are now grown up to be young men, and young women. Of such I would ask again, What have you done to pull up the weeds?

You remember I told you of a garden which was so full of these ugly, useless things, that nothing that was useful could grow. Now if we should, at the different seasons of the year, pass that way again and see this same garden clean from weeds we would say at once that the gardener was doing a great deal better than before; and if, besides, we should see useful plants of different kinds growing there, we would say, that the gardener was doing right, that he was faithful to his duty.

You can see from this, dear Hopes, that we cannot do all that we ought to, unless we not only get rid of the bad habits, but fill our time and lives with good habits. It is much easier not only to get rid of bad habits when they are first learned; but it is also easier to learn good ones when we are young. This, we who are grown to be men and women, know to our sorrow.

Do you not wish to be of that number to whom our Savior will soon come, to give them pleasant

homes, where there will be no more weeds? We must then pull up the weeds while they are young and tender. If you do not, then, bye and bye they will be strong and tough, and the roots will reach so far down into the ground that it will be hard to pull them up, and we can only do it by the help of our Father who is in heaven.

We love to see a clean garden, and do you not think that God loves to look on a clean life? He would have you obedient to your parents, and wishes you to avoid bad company; to be gentle and kind to your brothers and sisters and school-mates. You should remember the words of one who loved the Savior very much. He said "Little children love one another." Solomon, who was called the wisest of men, said, "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Hoping that you may all live so that you will fulfill the hope of your parents and Sunday School teachers, I bid you good bye, and remain your friend,

UNCLE BOB.

AN UNCLE'S LETTER.

My Dear Hopes: Not long ago I promised one of your number that I would write a letter for your little paper. It was agreed that we should write turn about, and thus have a letter for each number.

Now I have a desire that the *Hope* may become more and more interesting to its readers, that it may keep its place in the hearts of all the young, and those of their uncles and aunts, and that it may win its way into new hearts, thus having a larger field for its usefulness.

Now I trust that all readers of the paper have just such a desire, and that each one will try to do something to help brothers Henry and Joseph make the paper interesting and useful.

I shall try to send a list of new names to the office as subscribers to the paper. I am in the field trying to do something for the advancement of the truth. We have been having some good meetings, and our efforts still continue.

Praying our Heavenly Father to bless the Editors, the Elders, the writers for the *Herald* and *Hope*, also all the young readers, I will say good by for this time.

AN UNCLE WHO IS A L. D. S.

FALL RIVER SABBATH SCHOOL.

MEETING of the Bethel Sabbath School held in the Saints' Chapel, at Fall River Massachusetts, February 23d, 1879, for the election of officers for the ensuing year. After singing and prayer, Brother John Potts was appointed chairman, and Thomas Whiting clerk. The retiring officers reported their labors for the past year, and then the following were elected in their places. Thomas Whiting, superintendent; Charles H. Wilson, secretary; James McKee, treasurer; Thomas Taylor, librarian; John Potts, music teacher; Alfred Leather, janitor; Sarah J. Gilbert, organist; Chas. E. Tillingham was appointed agent for *Zion's Hope* and Mary J. Rogerson and Ann McKee were chosen as auditors for one year.

CHARLES H. WILSON, *Secretary.*

Correspondence.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Feb., 18th, 1879.

Bro. Henry:—While reading the little *Hope*, our hearts were cheered with the good that it contained. But we suddenly came across the letter of sister Anna L. Shute, pleading for the *Hope* to be sent to her. We suppose that you have sent it, and I remit you the necessary amount for it. Myself and sister furnish this money, and we pray our Heavenly Father to bless Sister Anna, and to prosper her, in this world's goods, and give her a bright crown of eternal life in his kingdom. Dear Hopes, be faithful, and let us all live so that we may meet on Mount Zion with our robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Your sister in the gospel,

MARY J. FULTON,
CAROLINE C. HACKING.

TURNER, Missouri, February 8th, 1879.

I am thinking this evening of this bright and glorious work of God, and of the many blessings that he does bestow upon us. But still many are very backward in keeping the commandments of our Maker; and fall short many times, and often do things which are not acceptable to my heavenly Father, but I wish to press onward. I ask an interest in your prayers. Your sister in the bonds of peace,

SARAH E. HAYDEN.

HOPKINS, Mich., Feb., 25th, 1879.

We have meeting at our house. There are but six that attend who belong to the Church. I am glad to hear that you had such a nice Christmas present. We have a well thirty feet deep and the water runs over the top, and don't freeze. I am nine years old. Good by,

HERMAN D. SMITH.

CAMERON, Mo., Feb. 28th, 1879

I am trying to live faithful and to do my duty, though I fail many times. We have meetings every Sunday and Wednesday night. Bro. Sherard is our president. We think he is a good man, and is striving to do right. I go to school. Our teacher's name is Bro. Terry or "Uncle John" in the *Hope*. We think that piece he wrote was very good. When I say "we," I mean my twin brother, and my brother William, and my sister Laura. We are all very thankful that we belong to the Church of God. We desire to be worthy of a rest with the chosen ones of God.

OLIVE E. FLANDERS.

CAMERON, Mo., Jan. 29th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—I am glad to see you trying to do right, which is the will of God. I like to read of the meetings you have. I dreamed the other night that I was in meeting, and I arose to bear my testimony, and I began to speak in tongues. It was a hymn, and I received the gift it brought light to me. I thought that I could see Christ on the cross before me. The hymn given me was as follows:

The time of your redemption,
The time is drawing nigh,
When you shall see Me coming,
With Saints amid the sky.

Inasmuch as thou art faithful,
And give heed to My commands,
Even I the Lord will aid thee,
In redeeming Zion's land.

Inasmuch as thou art faithful,
And give unto the poor,
So I, the Lord, increase thee,
Ten fold, or even more.

I think that the Lord has great blessings in store for those that keep His commandments. Let us try to live near to God every day, and ask Him for wisdom and knowledge, that our minds may be enlightened. Your brother in Christ,

ELI CURTIS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Feb., 18th, 1879.

Brethren Joseph and Henry:—I have solved Word Puzzle No. 3. It is Mark H. Forscutt. We have no Sunday school of the Reorganized Church, but we have nice little meetings at sister Harmon's house. Bro. Thos. N. Hudson is our president. I go to the Methodist School at present, and I learn reading, spelling, Geography, Arithmetic and writing. There are a great many wild flowers up by the mountain, and some are very handsome. My father and mother, and one of my brothers and myself belong to the Church. I was baptized and confirmed by Brother Z. H. Gurley. We hope to sell our house and go to Iowa. Your sister in Christ,

CLARA CLARK.

CAMERON, Clinton County, Missouri,
February 23d, 1879.

I have taken the *Hope* for four years, but I never before knew its worth, because I can read it and understand it better now than I ever did before. We came from Utah last June, and pa has bought us a home in Zion, or in the borders of Zion. I thank my Heavenly Father for opening the way for us to come. I hope that all who wish to come to Zion may have a chance. I was baptized last July by Brother J. M. Terry and confirmed by Brother Kinneman. I like this country much better than where I came from. I love the Saints and like to go to meeting. I want to be a good girl. Your sister in Christ,

GUILLETA SIMMONS.

EMSWORTH, Pa., Feb., 9th, 1879.

We have no church of the Saints here, but I hope there will be some time. I love to read the letters and the pieces in our dear paper, and I do not wish to see it neglected, so I will send a new year's gift to it. I am thirteen years old. I am not baptized yet. I go to singing school every Friday night. My love to you all,

LIZZIE A. RICHARDSON.

TURNER, Missouri, Feb. 8th, 1879.

I was baptized when I was ten years old. I am now twenty-two. I have not lived as I ought, but I wish to press onward in this great work, for it is glorious indeed, and I thank God for the plan he has given. Dear Hopes, let us be faithful and do all the good we can. I wish for one to keep God's commandments, so as to be worthy to be saved in his kingdom. Let our thoughts be of God and of his goodness, and not of the world and the pleasures thereof. Your sister in the gospel,

ALICE M. HAYDEN.

TABOR, Iowa, February 24th, 1879.

Brother Henry:—I love to read the little *Hope*, and I love the *Herald* too. I was baptized two weeks ago yesterday, and so was my little sister and four more besides. I will soon be twelve years old. We have a Sunday School here and we hold sacrament meeting every two weeks. We shall reorganize our school next Sunday. Brother Robert M. Elvin baptized and confirmed me. We look for him next Sunday and hope he will stay with us a few days. Your brother in Christ,

M. W. GREEN.

EMSWORTH, Pa., Feb., 9th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—I go to school now. My teacher's name is Mr. Arbuckle. He is a good teacher, I think. We have essays, speeches, select reading, and spelling matches every Friday afternoon. After that we sing. The teacher has an organ which he brings in on every Friday afternoon, and he teaches us the notes. A singing school is started, and all meet at the school house Friday evening. I like to attend. The teacher gives music lessons, and we sing. I saw the names of those who sent money for the *Hope's* Christmas gift, and, although it is pretty late, I will send mine yet, for I feel ashamed that my name was not in the roll. I will send ten cents apiece for my brothers Charley and Sammy.

CORA A. RICHARDSON.

GILBERT, Iowa, Feb., 5th, 1879.

Dear *Hope*:—I like you very much, and I wish to make your acquaintance by giving you a little sketch of my life. I was born in England, my mother brought me to this country when I was seven years old. I do not remember my father. My mother married again when she came to Davenport. Then I had a little sister, and then a brother, but they are all dead now, and I am adopted by Elder R. Rowley and wife. Father assisted me a little in the few lines I have sent. Yours truly,

ISRAELLA T. ROWLEY.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa, Feb., 9th, 1879.

I signed for the *Hope* last June. I can earn sixty cents in a year and that goes for the *Hope*. I was baptized by brother James Badham, when I was ten years old. We live three miles from town and cannot attend meeting as often as we would like, especially evening prayer meetings. Uncle Mark H. Forscutt thinks of lecturing here next week. It will be splendid I know. Us little folks never think of getting tired or sleepy when Uncle Mark occupies the stand.

EVA REDFIELD.

OMAHA, Nebraska, Feb., 9th, 1879.

I was baptized Sep. 6th, 1871, by Elder E. C. Brand. We have no Sunday School now. I go to meeting every Sunday, and I am always glad when Sunday comes, so that I can go. My brother is preaching out west. I pray God to bless him. Dear Hopes, pray for me that I may be faithful, so that I can receive the reward which is laid up for the righteous, is the desire of your sister,

MAMIE H. RUMEL.

15 March 79.

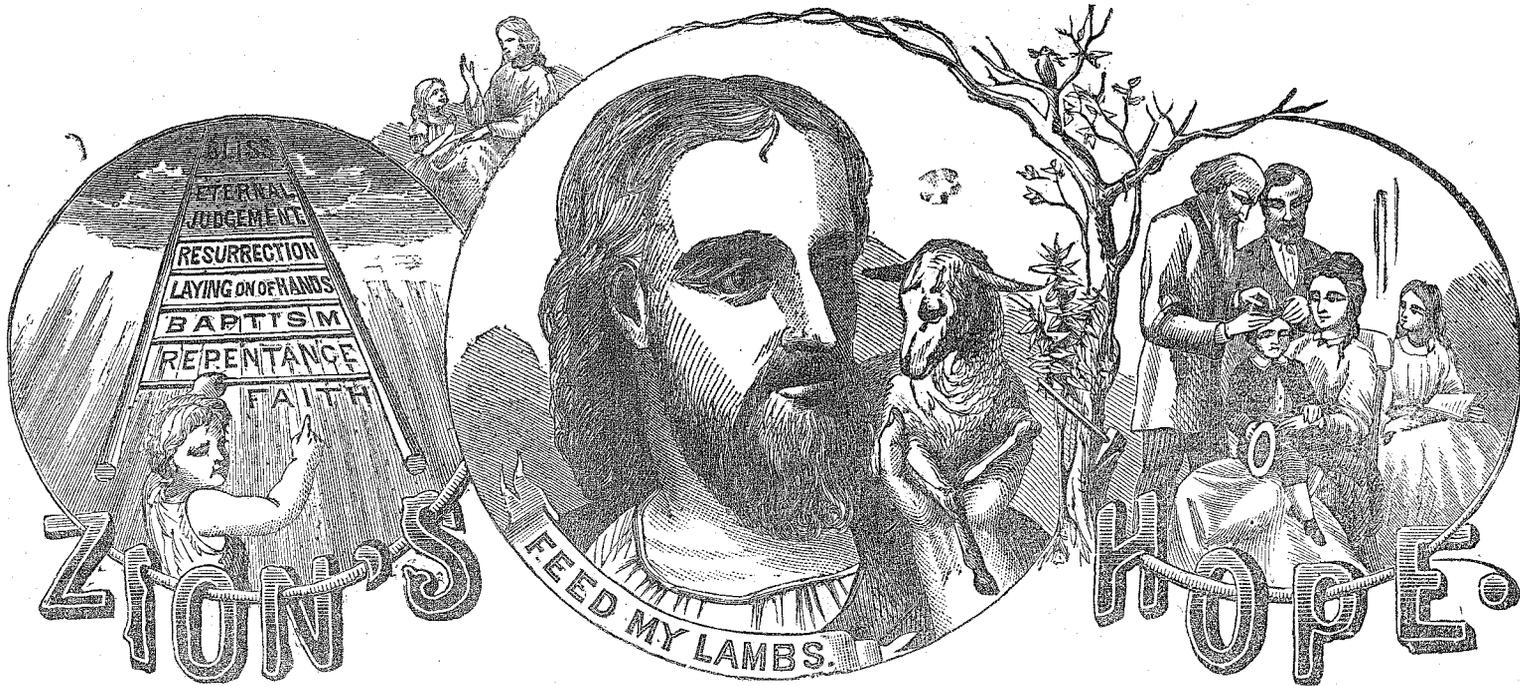
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work 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 SAINTS' HERALD.

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

Vol. 10.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., APRIL 1, 1879.

No. 19.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

GEORGE Lamb, whom we have this day laid to rest, beneath the snow covered soil of the Kewanee cemetery, was not (speaking from experience) the worst by any means of our young and promising young men, whose parents are members of the True Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; but he might be considered nearly one of the best.

Such being the case I thought I would chronicle a little of his history, especially that of his last days. Some two weeks from to-day, Sunday, March 2nd, 1879, he went, in company with other boys, and out of true respect to the funeral of poor little Sammy Dunn, at Fairview, near Anawan, some six miles north of this place, and on their return home they felt as ever the venturesome, determined spirit of youth, and tried to pass several buggies on the way, and, in an unwise effort to pass one, their buggy upset, throwing them all out upon the hard, frozen ground, and poor George underneath. The team stopped and a very slight appearance of injury seemed to exhibit itself upon either of the boys, unless a little in one of the boys shoulders, and in George's left side.

Arriving at home no complaints were made to their parents to cause them to seek medical skill, as their bravery of spirit would not in the least allow them to complain. George was determined to attend to his work (mining), being as was truly said of him, a very good boy to work, and knowing as he did that he was all the support his father had in helping him to care for a family of nine children. He was the eldest, being nearly eighteen years old.

Sometime about the fore part of last week he went with his father to trim some trees, preparing them for spring grubbing. Having struck a blow or so with the ax, he said to his father, "Father I cannot do it, I feel bad." His father told him to go home and rest himself, which he did, but not fully satisfied in his mind with leaving his father, fearing, as he often said, that they would be behind in their work.

Poor boy, that was the last of his work. Soon he was confined to his bed, and medical advice was sought. The doctor gave but slight hopes of his recovery.

Now comes the test, the struggle, which I would advise every loving Hope of Zion to guard against. George soon found that his stay here would be short. He had been a member of the Church, but had been expelled with seven others some few months ago. He turned to his mother whom he loved above all upon earth, and said:

"Mother, if I will get well again I will be baptized and be a better boy than I have ever been. How often have I hurt your tender and loving feelings by my unwise manner; but I will never do it again."

His mother advised him to take comfort and not let the latter trouble him. George grew worse and worse. In the meantime he resorted to prayer, and said to his parents:

"If you had lived nearer the Lord I should not die now; for your prayers and faith would bring me the blessing of health; but I must go and I hope it will be a warning to you not to forsake your duty as I have done."

He fell asleep and had a most beautiful dream in which he saw heaven in all its beauty and grandeur, which he described after he awoke, telling them that he would like to go there, and his dear parents to follow him. He wanted to see all his youthful comrades, for he said that he had something to tell them. Some of them were then with him, but his parents wanted him not to talk, as he would, by so doing, hurt himself, throwing up, as he did often, a quantity of blood. He was administered to by two of the Elders, and said he felt better. He sang two verses of his favorite hymn, frequently sang in our Sabbath School, "I'll follow Jesus any where." He requested his mother to come very near him, and lie by him, for, said he, "The nearer you get the more of the Spirit of God I feel."

Shaking hands with the boys and kissing his mother, he passed away in peace, leaving his dear and loving parents, brothers and sisters, and his playing companions in tears, especially the poor mother who will not be comforted by any kind act, or tender and sympathizing word expressed by those desiring to administer comfort in this sad and trying hour.

His funeral exercise took place this day, March 2d, hundreds being present. Bro. R. Holt preached a touching sermon on the occasion, and the Sabbath School choir chanted their sweet and loving hymns; and at the last George's favorite hymn, "I'll follow Jesus any where."

Dear little Hopes, I am indeed deficient in language to portray to your tender minds the love and sympathy manifested by the assembly, but merely say that all was done in the purest of love and good feeling. I trust that it will be a lesson to our young men, especially to forsake the follies of the giddy and the thoughtless, and that they will prepare their hearts in time for the great and everlasting hereafter. For what good is this life, if in it we lose sight of that heavenly one beyond. As one desiring the salvation of all men, I subscribe myself,
Kewanee, Illinois.

WISHFUL.

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.—No. 7.

BY ELDER T. J. ANDREWS.

NOW little Hopes, the traveller has been some time introducing us to the sights, but let us follow him, and though we have neither guide, donkey, nor donkey-boy to give us ease nor to trouble, we will endeavor to be on hand to see all that he may have to show us. We will let him pursue his journey in his own style.

Passing out of the gate at the southern side of the city you have only 1800 feet to ride when you reach an irregular eminence upon the summit of which stands Pompey's pillar. It is an old renowned monument having a pedestal, base, shaft and capital. The pedestal is a huge block of granite about ten feet square. On this is laid a thinner but broader stone, constituting the base of the column; from this shoots up an elegant round shaft of red Syene granite, smooth and polished. On this rests the capital of a different kind of stone and of inferior workmanship. The diameter of the capital is sixteen feet six inches, and on it is supposed to have stood an equestrian statue. This beautiful shaft, rising in lonely and solemn grandeur from the ruins of a buried city, is all of one piece, seventy three feet high, and twenty nine feet eight inches in circumference. The whole height from base to capital is ninety feet nine inches, the lower end of the shaft and base have been much defaced by travelers chipping off portions as mementoes of their visit.

We passed through the city and directed our course towards the Cleopatra's Needles, just within the city walls and near the sea shore. Of these obelisks there are two, one standing, the other has fallen down, and is now nearly buried in the ground. They are of the same material as Pompey's Pillar. It is said that they originally stood at "Heliopolis" before the temple of the Sun, and were brought to Alexandria by one of the Caesars. The standing one is seventy feet high, seven feet seven inches at the base tapering to less than five feet. Three long lines of hieroglyphics stretch from base to apex along each side of this huge shaft. Upon two sides of this monument the characters have been much injured by the action of the wind and drifting sand, but those on the other two sides retain a remarkable freshness, and we wonder how they could so long have resisted the corroding power of the elements of time. Formerly to look upon those characters inspired one with a profound feeling of awe, for there was an awful veil of mystery enshrouding them; but modern patience and skill have partially triumphed, and the secrets of the obelisks, Tombs, and monuments of Egypt have been partially unfold-

ed. The central line of characters is found to be much the oldest, and gives the date of the king in whose reign it was erected. Wilkinson finds here the name Thotmes 111, a monarch who reigned 1495 years before Christ. In the side lines are the orals of Remeses the Great, the supposed Sesostris, 1353 before Christ.

Now, little Hopes, about that fallen one, which the traveller tells us was almost buried in the ground when he saw it. Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, gave it as a present for favors received from it, to the English Government, which allowed it to remain as it was for many years. Subsequently its apathy towards such a valuable relic of antiquity aroused the spirit of eminent antiquarians in that country, who spurred the government to action, and finally a contract was awarded to a person to bring it to London. A peculiar vessel called the Cleopatra was built and sent out, upon which it was placed and a powerful steamship took it in tow to bring it to England. In the Bay of Biscay, off the coast of Spain, it was overtaken by a fearful storm, and, to insure the safety of the steamship and crew, the Cleopatra, and the obelisk on board, had to be cut adrift upon the rough sea. The steamship made her way to some safe port, from which the sad news was communicated that most likely the Cleopatra with its precious cargo was lost. But soon the anxiety was relieved by the news that it had been found still floating upon the rough billows, about eighty miles distant from where it had been cast adrift. Subsequently it has been safely taken to London and a site selected upon the banks of the Thames, where it will raise its lofty head as an evidence of the advanced civilization of Ancient Egypt, and where the learned may examine its long lines of characters, and perhaps reveal some important truths recorded there.

From Cleopatra's Needles we turn to visit the Catacombs, situated about two miles and a half from the city. The ground near the entrance to these wonderful subterranean structures was once covered with costly habitations and gardens, attesting the former greatness of the city. The underground tenements for the dead excite admiration, not only for their vast extent, but for the architectural symmetry and beauty found in many of them, and the more because they are chiseled out of the solid rock. My guide took me to a small temple entirely under ground. There was an altar and a seat for the officiating priest, and a ledge of the native rock running around on three sides, intended for seats. Many doors opened from it into adjoining chambers, having numerous niches cut in the walls as receptacles for the bodies of the dead. How solemn and impressive must the obsequies of the dead have been in those lower regions. The profound stillness, the dim light of the flickering lamps, the solemn chant and funeral wail, all the gloomy associations of the place must have added intense solemnity to the scene as the mourners and friends gathered around the bier in this lone charnel house.

Most of the tombs are now empty. Through chamber after chamber scarcely a bone can be found. Some of them date back to an early period. In them has been found sarcophagi, mummies, gold and silver ornaments, vases of different materials and of curious workmanship, which have been taken to enrich the museums of Europe and America.

Ancient Alexandria amid all her magnificence and splendor is now nothing but a heap of ruins; the modern city stands upon the ruins of the past. The costly palaces of kings and gigantic temples of deities have fallen and crumbled, and on their ruins the desert sands have drifted; and on the accumulated piles of broken shafts, capitals, and entablatures, the rank weeds flourish, and the careless villager roams. The wild Arab came with his sword and spear, and spread the desolation of war over the place, the monuments of splendor, wealth and art wasted before him. Pompey's pillar, Cleopatra's Needles, alone are left—lifting their giant forms against the sky, as

enduring monuments, marking like grave stones the site of a dead and entombed city.

THE WATCHMAN'S CALL.

Every fifteen minutes during the night in Alexandria, a yell rings through the city that makes the traveler think some impending calamity is its cause. Every fifteen minutes the leader of a division taking an assigned position, gathers himself up for the effort, and commences a long shrill cry, each watchman catches the key note and continues the cry. It goes from street to street, from square to square, till every dome and turret, and battlement rings with the echoes. A calm of fifteen minutes succeeds, and again the prolonged shout assures the waking citizens that "all is well."

THE MUEZZIN'S CALL.

Five periods are set apart in each day for prayer, which all good Mahomedans are expected to observe. From the minarets of the mosques the call is regularly made. One call is made just after midnight, another about the break of day. At the appointed hour the Muezzin ascends the minaret, and in a monotonous chant commences: "God is great. God is great. Prayer is better than sleep. I testify that here is no deity but God. I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle. Come to prayer. Come to prayer." The time for the morning call is just as the light is dawning. At the very moment, says their books that a man can distinguish between a black thread and a white one. Those pious watchmen have harmonious voices, and, as they come breaking in melodious strains upon the still air of night, there is in them a simple and solemn melody, at once peculiar and touching. *To be continued.*

IN MEMORIAM.

Our dear mother has left us and passed
Through the shadows of death, to the sunlight
above;
A thousand sweet memories are holding her fast,
In the places she blest with her presence and love.
The work which she left and the books which she
read
Speak mutely, and yet with an eloquence rare,
The songs that she sung and the words that she said,
Still linger and sigh on the desolate air.
We, too, will go home o'er the river of rest,
As the brave and the lovely before us have gone;
Our sun will go down in the beautiful west,
To rise in the glory that circles the throne.
Until then we are held by our love and our faith,
To the loved who are walking in Paradise fair;
They have passed beyond sight and the power of
death
But they live, as do we, in God's infinite care.
*Selected and revised by Sr. Mary J. Cazaly in memory
of her mother who died Jan. 30th, 1879.*

LIFE SKETCHES OF AN ORPHAN.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was a cold, blustering day in mid winter when a sleigh drew up in front of the residence of Mr. Willis. A stout, middle aged man, the only occupant, sprang out, and walked nimbly up the path, knocking at the door. "Hallo Henry," said a cheery voice as the door opened. Mr. Willis looked confounded. "Ha, ha," laughed the stranger, shaking the snow from his coat, "and this is the way you forget your old friends, is it, after vowing eternal fidelity."

"Ralph Acton, I do believe! Where, in the name of wonder, did you come from?"

"New York City."

"Come in, come in."

He led the gentleman into the sitting room, who drew a chair before the fire, and exclaimed, "Ah, this is comfort!" as he rubbed his hands.

Mrs. Willis entered the room, and on being introduced, was left to entertain the stranger, while

her husband was seeing to the horse. Lina Ainslee now a tall graceful girl of eighteen, was in the dining room, busy with a class in drawing. Ella Willis was teaching the village school, and her sister, Gertie, was one of her pupils.

"Now give an account of yourself," said Mr. Willis, seating himself by the side of his friend.

"I haven't much of an account to give, more than I'm hunting a young lady, but not as the 'Prince with the slipper,' he said laughingly. "Judge Walton, of New York, is dead, and has left his fortune, with the exception of enough to found some kind of an academy, to his only grandchild, if she can be found; if not it goes to some distant relatives, and there are plenty of them clamoring after it. Before his death he confided to me the whole story, and put the case in my hands. I was with him when he died, and I pray God that I may never witness another such death bed scene as that! Such remorse of conscience it was never my lot to see before. I've traced some people who had the child, here to this place, when I accidentally heard your name mentioned, and on enquiring supposed you to be an old friend and playmate, and came directly here, and you see how nearly I was right."

Mrs. Willis looked at her husband with a meaningful smile.

"What is the name of this heiress?" she asked.

"Why, she's the daughter of Ned Ainslee," answered the lawyer, "a first cousin of mine; he married a Lina Walton, as nice a girl as one could wish for a wife, and a great deal too good for Ned."

Mr. Willis was about to rise from his chair, but his wife gave him a warning glance.

"Was he dissipated?" she asked.

"Yes, that is, he got into bad company after he was married, then let his little home go to the rumseller, and came to the city to live. There he got in with a gang of counterfeiters, and was forced to live in one of those curses to a Christian country, an underground tenement. Detectives were on their track and recognized them in a gambling den, and Ned, seeing that they were caught, drew a pistol and shot himself before he could be prevented; and, strange as it may seem, the married men of the gang had chosen for their wives girls out of the school where poor Lina graduated. What can not rum do? Those men were once the honored and respected husbands of tender, loving wives. Now they are filling felon's cells, while God only knows what became of those women. Poor little cousin!"

As he struggled with emotions which almost overcame him, Mrs. Willis quietly slipped from the room, and, as Lina had dismissed her pupils, she drew her into the sitting room. As lawyer Acton's eyes fell on her, he rose to his feet and exclaimed, "Cousin Lina!—but no that was years ago," and sat down again, with his eyes still riveted on the astonished girl. Both Mr. and Mrs. Willis were satisfied now.

"Excuse us, Mr. Acton, this is Lina Ainslee, who has been with us four years."

"I knew it! I knew it! the resemblance struck me so forcibly that I forgot myself, and thought it was in reality her mother." "Lina, Mr. Acton was your father's cousin," said Mrs. Willis. "How we do get mixed up!" she said laughing.

Lina's newly found cousin drew her down beside him. "Have you a picture of your mother?" he asked.

"Yes sir," and she drew forth the little, dearly prized locket.

"Yes that is it, allow me," and, before Lina was aware of his intentions, he had touched a spring hitherto unknown to her, and the locket dropped into his hands. He smiled at her surprise. "Yes," said he as he looked at the portrait, "further proof would be unnecessary." Touching another spring, he showed another compartment which held a folded paper, which, on being opened, proved to be the marriage certificate of Edward Ainslee, and Evangeline Walton.

Handing it to Mr. Willis, he said, "There is proof positive."

Lina could not comprehend it all. "I was with your mother, when she had that done," the lawyer said, pointing to the slender chain around her neck, "and it was a lucky move too, or you might have lost it." And he folded the paper in its place, and snapped the locket back on the chain. "There," said he "when you become mistress of that great house, you will have a magnificent oil painting of your mother to look at."

Poor Lina looked more bewildered than ever. Forgetting till then that she was ignorant of the facts they explained it all to her.

"I'm thankful enough for the money, but I'll never leave these dear friends for it all," she said decidedly.

"That's right," exclaimed her cousin, "stick to your old friends and true! I was afraid the thoughts of that splendid home, and that circle waiting to welcome the heiress, would turn your head; but I'll attend to it all, and you can have it here as well as in the great city; that is if you prefer this place."

"We have a work to attend to here," she said, simply; then crossing to Mr. Willis' side, and laying her hands caressingly on his shoulders, she said "Now we can have our church, and Ella her music, and ever so many things."

"So that is the programme is it? Well cousin, I'll trust the money will not be wasted in your hands," and he nodded approvingly at Mr. Willis, who in turn looked gratefully at Lina.

Mrs. Willis brought forth those little sketches, Lina's "memory pictures," for Mr. Acton to examine, and he recognized the little cottage in an instant.

"Ah," said he, "I've spent many a pleasant hour there. That was before the curse fell upon Ned." "H'm," said he, as he turned the leaves of the book, "cultivate that talent, Lina."

Ella rejoiced with her friend in her prosperity as sincerely as she had sorrowed with her in her adversity, and, like girls they laid many plans in regard to the Sabbath School and Church, of the manner in which they would support the poor of the village, and so on, going to rest that night with their heads filled with the noble, generous deeds that should be carried out in the future.

Ralph Acton remained with them three days, then took his departure, to attend to the finishing up of the business intrusted to his care. The news of Lina's good fortune flew over the village and through the country like wild-fire, causing envy among some, while others declared "she deserved it all." Mrs. Smith was not overlooked, but received a generous sum, that amply repaid her for all the trouble she had taken with her, while she said "Carline always was a good girl," and was fond of pointing her out to her friends as "the girl I brought up."

The church was built, an efficient Elder sent for, and the work of gathering in began in real earnest. Several had given their names for baptism, and so unusual an occasion brought forth a crowd of people. The first to step into the water was Lina Ainslee. Looks of scorn followed her as she passed by her former schoolmates, and she caught such words as "shame," "so brilliant," "talented," "such a fortune," "horrid church," and so on. She took no notice of the indignation she had roused, and when she emerged from the water, a sweet, mellow light shone on her countenance, a holy calm settled down around her, giving her a sweet sense of pure and perfect rest, which fully atoned for all those weary years of trials and longings.

Oh, dear friends, little do you know from whom you are turning so contemptuously; yon, too, who have wept childish tears, listening to the story of His death and sufferings on the cross! Ah! then your little hearts were pure!

Next followed Ella, childlike and trusting, with full confidence in the blessings that were to fol-

low. One after another they came, till the last candidate was baptized.

Thus the branch and Sabbath School became a permanent organization in the village; and, as month after month passed away, the gradually increasing membership gave evidence of the prosperity of the little fold; and, three years after, when Ralph Acton again visited the village, he was highly gratified by the change, and nothing could have been more sincere than his manner in praising Lina's unselfish interest in all the affairs she took upon herself, and called her work; having in Ella a constant helper.

"Ah," she answered, "do not give me more praise than is due; for what would have become of me had not these dear friends interested themselves in my behalf, when I was a wild, reckless girl, scorned and neglected by every one. Thank them, cousin, for I can never repay them, though I spend my life time in their service, for they have been the means of bringing a soul in the Kingdom of God; but up there is their reward."

Ralph Acton bowed his head reverently, saying, "Ah! how little we realize how much we will have to answer for by stifling the teachings of the inward monitor by our selfishness and worldliness! Truly God's work is noble, grand! the greatest and best!"

To be continued.

GRANDMOTHER GRAY.

Faded and fair, in her old arm-chair,
Sunset gilding her thin white hair,
Silently knitting, sits Grandmother Gray;
While I on my elbows beside her lean,
And tell what wonderful things I mean
To have, and to do, if I can, some day;
You can talk so to Grandmother Gray—
She doesn't laugh, nor send you away.

I see, as I look from the window seat,
A house there yonder, across the street,
With a fine French roof, and a frescoed hall;
The deep bay windows are full of flowers;
They've a clock of bronze that chimes the hours,
And a fountain—I hear it tinkle and fall
When the doors are open. "I mean," I say,
"To live in a house like that, some day."
"Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

"There's a low barouche, all green and gold,
And a pair of horses as black as jet,
I've seen drive by—and before I'm old
A turn-out like that I hope to get.
How they prance and shine in their harness gay!
What fun 'twould be, if they ran away!"
"Money will buy them," says Grandmother Gray.

"To-morrow, I know, a great ship sails
Out of port, and across the sea;
Oh! to feel in my face the ocean gales,
And the salt waves dancing under me!
In the old, far lands of legend and lay
I long to roam—and I shall, some day;"
"Money will do it," says Grandmother Gray.

"And when, like me, you are old," says she,
And getting and doing are done with, dear,
What then, do you think, will the one thing be
You will wish and need to content you here?"
"Oh, when in my chair I have to stay,
Love, you see, will content me," I say,
"That money won't buy," says Grandmother Gray.

"And sure enough, if there's nothing worth
All your care, when the years are past,
But love in heaven, and love on earth,
Why not begin where you'll end at last?
Begin to lay up treasure to-day,
Treasure that nothing can take away,
Bless the Lord!" says Grandmother Gray.

Wide Awake.

OBEYING PLEASANTLY.

HARRY had seen some older boys flying their kites from the tops of the houses, and he thought it would be nice fun if he could do so, too. So he came to his aunt and said:

"Aunt Mary, may I go up to the top of my house and fly my kite?"

His aunt wished to do everything to please, but she thought that it was very unsafe; so she said:

"No, Harry, my boy. I think that it is a very dangerous sort of sport. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

"All right, then I'll go out on the bridge," said Harry.

His aunt smiled, and said she hoped that he would always be as obedient as that.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother one day.

"Spinning my new top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage, and I'll bring him down."

"All right," shouted the boy, as he put his top away in his pocket, and hastened to obey his mother.

"Uncle William, may I go over to your shop this morning," said Harry one day at breakfast; "I want to see those baskets again that I was looking at yesterday."

"Oh yes, Harry," said his uncle, "I shall be very glad to have you."

"But I cannot spare you to-day, Harry," said his mother. "I want you to go out with me. You shall go to the shop another day."

"All right," said Harry, and he went on with his breakfast.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or what refusal he met with in asking for anything, his constant reply was, "All right." He never stopped to worry or tease. He never asked "Why can't I?" or "Why mustn't I?" Harry had learned not only to obey, but he had learned to obey in good humor.

HOME JEWELS.

IN the true idea of home there are other ties than that of property. It is the parental bond which sweetly clasps and crowns all other bonds of home. The joy that burst from the lips of Hannah and of Elizabeth and Mary in exultant song is the peculiar joy and glory of woman. Antipathy to that song is the fearful mark of modern degeneracy. The true ideal is pictured in that historic scene that will never lack import, and may well be brought to mind in this day. A lady friend calls at the house of Cornelia, and takes pleasure in showing her jewels, and at length turns to Cornelia, saying: "Where are your jewels?" Cornelia retires for a moment, and returns leading her two sons, and saying with true womanly dignity: "These are my jewels." The Roman matron, wiser than many in our day, knew what was woman's highest title and highest throne of usefulness and power.

"PURE AS THE SNOW."

Dear Hopes:—Sitting by the window this beautiful Sabbath morning, looking out upon the pure white snow, which forms a thick carpet over the earth, one so pure and spotless that, with the sun shining from heaven above, one can not look at it without it dazzling the eyes. I almost long to be as pure as this spotless snow; for I know that when Jesus comes to number his jewels, if I am not found as spotless as this beautiful snow, I shall not be one of his jewels.

Again, I have been thinking what shall I do to become pure and spotless? God, who made this snow so spotless and pure, can he not cleanse us from all sin, and make us white and pure as the snow? He will help us if we ask him in faith, but of course I will have to do my part

and my part is to do his will in all things; for if I only obey part of his commands I cannot be one of his jewels, and he will not have half of one but he wants a perfect jewel.

Dear Hopes, let us try and make our hearts as pure as the snow, that our light may shine. And let our works be good so that those around us can see that we are children of the most high God. The Lord has blessed me, for which I thank him. May we be spotless and pure as the snow. Your sister in the gospel,

MARY E. HULMES.

GREENVILLE, Pa., March 2nd, 1879.

DO IT NOW.

Do not live an other hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and go straight through from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is take hold at once, and finish it up squarely and clearly; then do the next thing without letting any moments pass between. You may often have seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to do it." There is the secret—the magic word now.

Christmas Present for the Hope.

S. C. Harvey	20	Emma Hall	40
R. Dayton	10	Henry Stawpert	50
Ellen George	10	Theo. Stawpert	25
T. J. Lawn	15	David Williams	10
Nellie A. Delos	68	David Williams	10
Ether Lytle	08	Ida Williams	10
Arthur Lytle	09	Edmund Williams	10
Nettie Putney	40	Phebe Williams	10
Ann Smith	10	Wm. Williams	25
Ann Nelson	10	Bettie Williams	10
Vickerman	10	Geo. Thomas	10
Emma Clark	10	Sarah Thomas	10
Harriet Spinning	10	Lizzie Johnson	10
D. Spinning	10	Eliz Johnson	20
Willie Spinning	10	Margt. Clew	15
A. Anderson	10	Mrs. Green	10
B. Babcock	20	Sarah Thatcher	25
Dora Sellon	25	Lydia Thatcher	25
Mary Schnell	10	Dahlia Estis	10
Maggie Deane	15	Jno. McCartha	10
Rose Donaldson	15	Anna Bailey	30
Ruth Johnson	10	Thos. Bailey	20
Emma Donaldson	15	C. L. Albertson	1 00
Lizzie Sawyer	10	Annie Flower	10
Geo. Sawyer	20	Jessie Bastian	10
Eli Deane	10	L. J. Rddy	10
Brodie Sellon	05	Estella Burr	25
Oscar Donaldson	10	Mattie Burr	12
F. P. Schnell	10	W. H. Bacon	15
Chas. Craig	10	Ruth Cadwell	10
S. Sawyer	10	Coro A. Richardson	10
Chas. Hall	30	Lizzie A. Richardson	10
R. T. McFarland	1 25	Charlie Richardson	10
Lizzie Alexander	10	Samuel Richardson	10
Jane Alexander	10	J. M. Harvey	25
Mary Alexander	10	C. G. Dykes	25
John Roby	10	Sallie E. Cleveland	22
Joseph Roby	10	David Waltenbaugh	10
Edwin Roby	10		
Thos. Cana	10		13 54
Jas. H. Fother	10	Previously reported	68 92
Thomas Rend	05		
Roby Rend	05	Total, March 15th, 1879	\$82 46
Carrie Rend	05		
Jas. Rend	95		

Correspondence.

TABOR, Iowa, February 16th, 1879.

Bro. Henry:—I am a member of the Church. Conference was held here two weeks ago to-day, and Bro. Robert M. Elvin preached here seven nights after. He baptized six the Sunday before he left, my little sister and brother were baptized, and I hope that I may be a help to them in trying to obey the commands of God, as I am older than they are. We have meetings every Sunday and Sabbath School. I am living close by so that I can attend every Sunday. I hope to be faithful, and by God's help I may be the means of doing some good in the Church. I love the glorious work of God and I rejoice in it. I am thankful that I am a member of the Church. We have had a pleasant winter but it is very snowy now. Pray for me. Your sister in Christ,

FANNIE M. GREEN.

IONE VALLEY, Amador County California, February 2d, 1879.

No doubt we all feel happy to see our lovely paper come with its own clothes on. I, for one, have been prospered by paying tithing which is one tenth of all my surplus, which is required of God. I belong to a thriving branch at Sacramento, but it is so far I can seldom go. I rejoice to see the progress of the work of God. I have been edified by reading Brother

Blair's reply to Mr. Sheldon; also the *Advocate* and *Herald*. I am a poor scholar, but I desire to learn and become acquainted with all good books. I often feel my unworthiness, and so weak and unworthy. Still the Lord has healed me of my afflictions, and I have had a knowledge from God that we are his Church and people, and may he bless all of us young Hopes. May we grow up in righteousness to do much good. May the cause advance; may Zion prosper, is the prayer of your brother,

EDWIN T. DAWSON.

TABOR, Iowa, February 16th, 1879.

Bro. Henry:—I am nine years old. I was baptized last Sunday, and so was my older brother, by Brother Robert M. Elvin. I was confirmed by Brother George Kemp. I have been going to school all winter, and have not missed a day this term. Our school will be out Friday. I study reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic. We have Sunday School at 9:30 a.m. and meeting every Sunday. Pray for me. Your sister,

NETTIE GREEN.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa,

January 28th, 1879.

I am eleven years old. I go to school. My studies are third part arithmetic, second geography, grammar, fourth reader, writing, and drawing. I have three little brothers. I have no sisters. My youngest brother can just walk. His name is Byron. He is so cute. We have meeting every other Sunday, and prayer meeting every Thursday evening, but no Sunday School of our own, but there are three others, and a Palestine class. Your sister in love.

CORA BADHAM.

LEWISVILLE, Monroe Co., Ohio,

February 14th, 1879.

I am eleven years old. I go to school every day. Bro. and Sister Devore were here January 1st, and we had meetings four or five times. I am not baptized yet, but I hope that I soon will be.

NELSON McMULLEN.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, Utah,

February 10th, 1879.

Through the kindness of my uncle William Cloggie I am able to take the *Hope* another year. I think it a very instructive little paper, giving good advice to all. I am very much interested in the article written by T. J. Andrews. I would like very much to visit those countries myself some day. I have three sisters younger than myself, the youngest a little darling baby just a month old the 6th of this month. We have had a very severe winter and I shall be glad when spring comes. My love to you all,

WARREN H. LYON.

ILLINOIS CITY, Ill., February 11th, 1879.

We have preaching here every two weeks. I go to school and read in the fifth reader and study geography, spelling, arithmetic and drawing. I am fifteen years old. I have a little brother just five months old. The snow is gone and we are looking for the river to break up.

RACHEL B. DAVIS.

February 16th, 1879.

I am twelve years old. We go to meeting every Sunday, only when it is too cold. There is no Sunday School here now. We had a Christmas tree, and we had a nice time. Old Santa Claus gave the presents to us. There was two couples married, and Santa Claus gave away the brides. We are going to have an exhibition at the close of our school. There will be about thirty pieces. Your sister in Christ,

J. C. BALLANTYNE.

FARRIS, Illinois February 20th, 1879.

I am seven years old. When I am eight I want to be baptized. I did not go to school this winter; it was too cold. I will go next summer. I read in the first reader. My little baby brother was very sick this winter, but God healed him. Georgie and I say our little prayers before we go to bed at night. We go to meeting every Sunday, unless some of us are sick. Good by,

HATTIE ANN HEAD.

VALLEY VIEW, Iowa,

February 23d, 1879.

We have had a pleasant winter; a little cold at times, that is all; not much snow, hardly enough to have a sleigh ride. I belong to the Salem Branch, and I am proud of it too. We live five miles from the meeting house, and I have missed but one or two Sundays this winter. As we live almost in the center of five different branches I have a good opportunity of going to meeting, but we have had no Sabbath School for nearly a year. I desire to press on in this work, for it is the work of God. There are no Latter Day Saints in the immediate neighborhood of our

family, and there is dancing and card-playing going on in the community, so that I have the allurements of the world to combat with, but I can say this much for myself, that, as yet, I have never had a deck of cards in my hands, and by the help of God I never will. I have been charged by some of my friends with being a skeptic, but I hope that charge will never be laid to me again. Praying God's blessing to attend each and every one, I am your brother,

CHARLES DYKES.

FARRIS, Illinois, Feb. 20th, 1879.

I am four years old. I study in my primer at home. Mamma was reading a nice little poem from the *Hope*, about the little birdies and lambs and children. I like for mamma to teach us our little lessons about Christ and God, and about the beautiful city that will come down from heaven. I was very sick with the lung fever this winter, but God healed me. Good by.

GEORGE FRANKLIN SIEGFRIED.

February 20th, 1879.

I was baptized January the 26th. There were four baptized the same day, (the fruits of Uncle Mark's labor here), and one was baptized the next Sunday after. We have a real nice Sunday School here at 9:30 each Sunday, and meeting at 11 o'clock, and also in the evening. The first Saturday and Sunday in March we will have conference here again. My father and mother are members of the Church; have been for two years. Yours in this good cause,

ADDIE M. SHEPARD.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA, No. 2.

- My 1st was one of the sons of Israel.
 - My 2d was Paul's fellow prisoner.
 - My 3d was the apostle that was chosen in the place of Judas.
 - My 4th was the prophet that caused fire to come down from heaven.
 - My 5th was heard singing at midnight.
 - My 6th was one of the spies sent to the land of Canaan.
 - My 7th was a king that reigned three years in Jerusalem.
 - My 8th was a Roman governor whose wife was a Jewess.
 - My 9th was what Christ called Herod.
 - My 10th was one of the sons of Zeruiah.
 - My 11th Christ raised from the dead in Bethany.
 - My 12th was where the children of Israel encamped when they journeyed from Rimonparez.
- The initials placed in order true
An Apostle's name will show to you.

JOSEPH CURTIS.

Answers to Puzzles for February 15th.

- 1 To Scriptural Enigma, No. 1.—Paul, Ephesus, Athens, Cenchrea, Etham Ophir, Noah, Eshtemon, Ananias, Rome, Trophimus, Heaven.—Whole, "Peace on earth."
 - 2 To Word Puzzle, No. 3.—Mark H. Forscutt.
- Answers to the above received: Annie Binstead, Nos. 1 and 2; Wm. C. Flanders, 1; Mary A. F. Curtis, 2; Joseph Curtis, 1; Isadore H. Sellon, 1, 2.

Answers to Puzzles for March 1st.

- 1 To Enigma, No. 1.—Rome, Montana, Boston, That, Home, Belfast, Hannah, Atlanta. Whole—Bathsheba the mother of Solomon.
- 2 To Word Puzzle, No. 4.—John Burlington, or so intended, but imperfect.

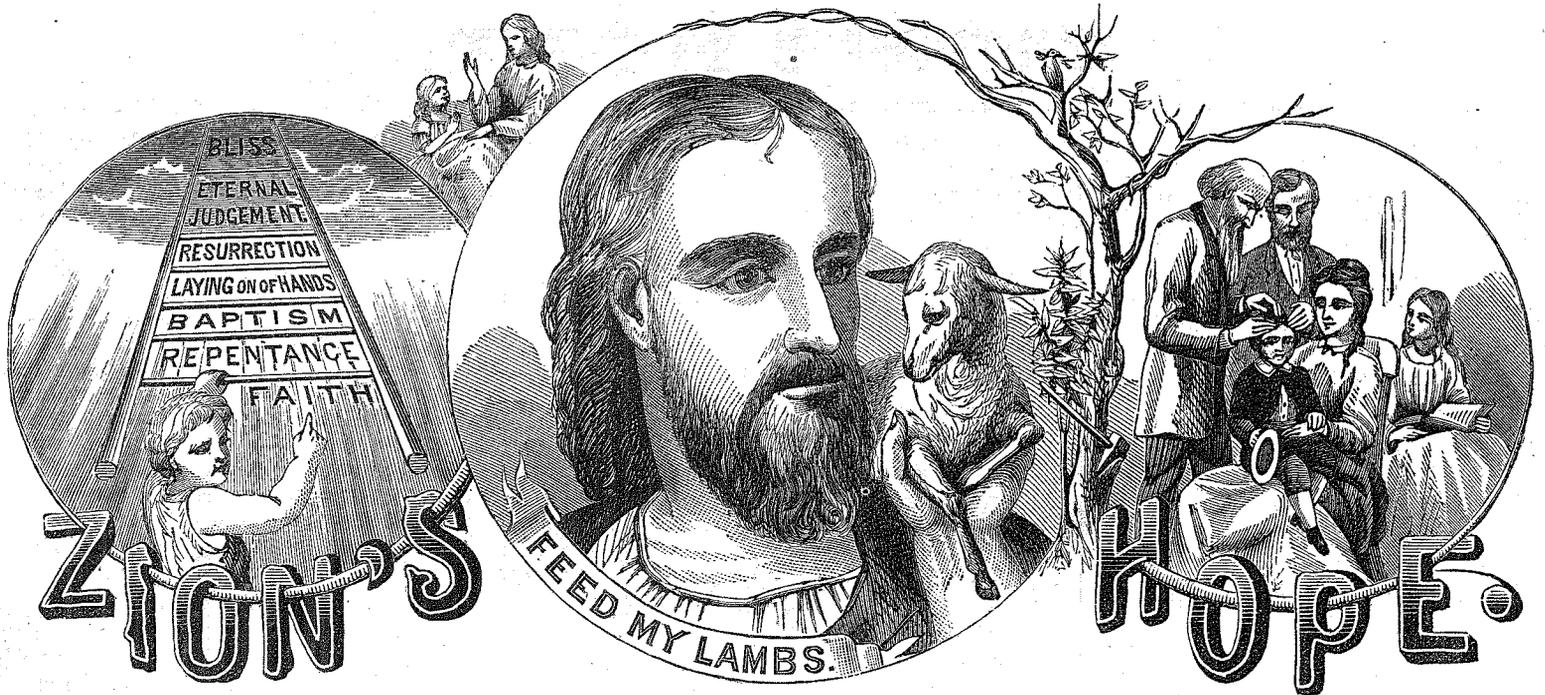
1 April 79.

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 SAINTS' HERALD.

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

SELF-RELIANCE.

A determination to be one's own helper, and not to depend on others for support, is one of the most essential elements of success.

Self-reliance is the true cause of all individual growth; and, when it is possessed by many, the root of all national growth. Help from without enfeebles the mind while help from within strengthens it.

It is very unwise and wrong for a young person, when his character is forming, to be perpetually running to others for advice instead of depending on himself.

If we begin in this way, we are almost sure to continue to do so during our whole lives.

While at school, if we go to our class-mates for aid in difficult lessons, instead of studying it out carefully and perseveringly ourselves, we will not only lose the benefit that we might derive from patient perseverance in our studies, but also the habit of seeking aid from others will become so firmly fixed in our natures that it will be almost impossible to break it.

A man who dares not follow his own judgment is of no use to the world. He could hardly be called a man, for it is intellect that makes a man, and such a person's intellect must be very weak. There are some men who, instead of putting forth all their energies to make a mark in the world, are always waiting for some wave of good fortune to make it for them.

It was never intended by our Creator that a strong, independent being, should be reared by clinging to others, but by standing alone and bravely battling with those billows of misfortune which almost overcome him. Every trial, every hardship and every disappointment, which a man must meet and overcome in life, is a real blessing, and each one that has been successfully encountered leaves him more competent to overcome the next.

A person who starts in life with nothing to carry him through but his own will and energy, is almost sure to be far more successful than he who begins life with a large fortune.

The cause of this is that in the first case the man knows that all depends on himself, while in the second, he thinks that no effort is required on his part but that his money and friends will carry him through.

If we examine the history of most all great men we will find that they were of lowly parentage and were brought up in poverty with no opportunity for an education.

There is a chance for every body to become of some use in the world, but of course, every one can not be a Washington or a Shakespeare: but,

with a strong will and energy to make use of it, a man will be successful in life.

We should always remember the saying "that it is not helps, but obstacles; not facilities, but difficulties, that make men."

LIZZIE G. CURWEN.

WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN DO NEXT?

When 't is raining, or snowing, or bitterly cold,
And the children are gathered within;
When they've read all the stories, both recent and old,
Played button, and Simon, and pin;
When the house has been ransacked for something
that's new,
'Till mamma is pained and perplexed,
The question arises, "Now what shall we do?"
"What shall the children do next?"

When they've played exhibition with the blanket and shawl,
Spread over the clothes-bars wide;
When rail cars, constructed of chairs in the hall,
Have borne them safe home from a ride;
When the dog has been saddled, the kittens been yoked,
Until all are weary and vexed;
Again is the momentous question evoked,
"What shall the children do next?"

When they've played fighting battles betwixt blue and gray,
And come home with each limb out of place;
When Indians have stolen the baby away,
And pursuers returned from the chase;
When all have recovered from sickness and pain,
Through their doctor's skillful pretext,
When wearied of all, comes the question again,
"What shall the children do next?"

I'll tell you dear children, what next you may do,
Sit down with a pencil and slate,
Make a line for each blessing that's given to you,
No matter how trifling or great;
Remember them all, not leaving out one,
Food, clothing, health, parents, and friends;
The sweet night for rest when the daylight is done,
And every good thing that God sends.

Then when you've a mark for each blessing you know,
Cross each with a line for the ills,
Whatever surrounds you which causes you woe,
Or your heart with unhappiness fills;
Now number the lines without crosses, and say
That your hearts have learned a good text,
"Life's blessings overbalance the ills in our way,"
This let the children do next.

TEMPERANCE.

IN this day of "Red" and "Blue Ribbon" Societies, "Good Templars," "Sons of Temperance," "Temple of Honor," and the several other agencies for prevention of "dram drinking," it is surprising that the evil is on the increase; and it is for the "Hopes of Zion" that they should be the means in a great measure of the final overthrow of this besetting curse.

Let me tell you some of the simple ways in which you can thus become of great use in this labor of love and mercy.

Obeys the counsel of father, mother and your teachers; seek to be kind to your dear brothers and sisters, both in word and action, both when you are alone by yourselves, and when you are in the presence of strangers. For, should you only be kind in the latter case, then are you acting the part of the hypocrite, and this is one of the sins of almost all intemperate people.

Avoid doing anything that you have been taught is wrong, notwithstanding some one, whom you believe to be good, does that same thing. As we may illustrate: Noah, was a good man and was a preacher of many years, perhaps nearly five hundred years, and the Lord manifested many blessings; still we find, by reading Gen. 9:20-21, he became drunk upon wine; and many foolish men have followed this very evil example, to the shame of themselves and the church they thus disgraced.

One thing be assured of: The practice is of no good, and it will sink any man who tries it. Drunkenness is of the flesh, (Gal. 5:19), and is therefore against the will of God; and "drunkards," as such, "can not inherit the kingdom of God."—1 Cor. 6, 9, 10.

Angels teach temperance. As a proof of this read in Judges 13:13, 14, where one of God's servants came and gave commands to Manoah that she was not to drink "wine" or "strong drink." Perhaps you sometimes sing "I want to be an Angel."

If you do the works of righteousness all your lives, and you shall be able to accomplish the full desire of your hearts; your reward in heaven will depend upon your own faithfulness in the things of trust and labor of preparation here.

Daniel made choice to be a temperate man, and not defile himself with wine.—Dan. 1:8. The king's men seemed to consider the choice of Daniel as a very foolish one, but he asked for a trial of ten days, and at the end of that time, he was "fairer and fatter," than those who drank wine. v. 15. In the 17th verse we discover that for his choice the Lord gave "knowledge, skill,

learning and understanding." Now if Daniel could refuse a king, can you refuse a friend; and when he asks you to do wrong, say calmly, "No," and thereby set an example that will live and may bring forth fruit for good.

In Jer. 35: 6 there is a command against drinking of wine, and in the 18th and 19th verses we are told that God, was pleased because those to whom the command was given obeyed the same; and he promised that the house of Rachab should be permitted to have a witness forever.

Dear Hopes, there are still many things that I could write, but I will close, praying that many children may be blessed in escaping the errors of their fathers, and be led in the path of duty and right.

FELIX.

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.—No. 8.

BY ELDER T. J. ANDREWS.

OFF FOR CAIRO.

ALEXANDRIA and Cairo—the latter the capital of Egypt—are connected by rail, and there we propose to go. At 9 a.m. the starting salute of the iron horse is given, and we strike out into the great delta of the Nile. Upon our right, as we pass, is Lake Mareotis, renowned in ancient Egyptian history. Our traveler fails to give us any particular details about this famous lake but I will give some to the Hopes as another has related them.

"The noblest and most wonderful work of the Kings of Egypt was the Lake of Moeris, considered as a work in magnitude superior to the pyramids and labyrinths. It was built to correct the irregularities of the Nile, as a receptacle into which its surplus waters could be received, thus preventing too much overflow and a reservoir from which water could be drawn when the river failed to furnish a sufficiency. Moeris was the King who caused it to be built; hence its name. When built its circumference was 3,600 stadia, and 300 feet deep. Two pyramids, on each of which was placed a colossal statue, seated on a throne, raised their heads to a height of 300 feet in the midst of the lake, while their foundations took up the same space under the water. This lake had a communication with the Nile by a great canal more than four leagues in length and fifty feet broad; great gates either open or shut the canal and lake as occasion required."

Away to the left is Aboukir, where Nelson with his fleet met the French and defeated them in 1798. And now we are in sight of the great Mohammed Canal, which is about 60 miles in length, connecting Alexandria with Atfeh; it had been a canal centuries ago, but portions of it had become choked with the drifting sands. Mohammed Ali, seeing its great importance, had it repaired designing thereby to make Alexandria the commercial capital of Egypt. He made a compulsory command upon the villages for workmen. It is said that 20,000 men were employed upon it without pay, and was prosecuted with such energy that it was completed in six months, but 20,000 workmen died from exposure and fatigue in that time.

As we near Cairo the fertility of the land seems to increase, an immense green plain stretches out on each side of us as far as the eye can reach; the second crops since the inundation are growing; crops of some kind grow all the year round, except when the lands are inundated by the overflowing of the Nile; there is no frost nor snow to prevent the growth of vegetation.

Now our eyes catch a first glimpse of Cairo, its minarets are towering high into the air, and its walls and the higher portions of the Citadel can be distinguished; we turn our eyes to the right and look across yonder plain; we see two or three dark looking objects rising up directly from the immense plain; they are the Pyramids, looking exactly, at this distance from them like some monster haystacks. These mighty wonders of the world, "Cheops and Cephrenes," are twenty miles

distant, and here distance lends no enchantment to the view; those impressions of diminutiveness comparatively will be dissipated when we stand under their shadow.

At 4 p. m. we arrived at Cairo; we landed upon the platform amidst the strangest crowd of human beings that seemingly could be congregated. There was the dignified Turkish official, with great loose sleeves and flowing robes, gold hilted sword, and turbaned head; half naked donkey boys; loathsome looking beggars; wretched looking women and squalid children. A respectable looking man accosted me thus. "Sheppards hotel, sir?" "Yes sir." "All right; omnibus right here, take you right up sir." In ten minutes I was snugly housed in my comfortable hotel.

Cairo is one of the ancient cities of the land, hoary with age it would be compared to American cities, but by the side of Karnac, Thebes, and Memphis, it is a mere child. These in one sense are its mother, for each has poured in liberal contributions from its ruins to aid in its construction. It was founded by Abbo (Aboo) Tummin, who conquered Egypt in 970 A. D. It is about two miles in length and one in breadth, and is surrounded by a substantial stone wall built by Saladin; its population is 300,000. You may ask how can such a number find homes upon such a small area as that. "Come and see" how narrow their streets are, how closely their houses are packed together; how many of them live in the streets. What a place it would be and has been for plague and pestilence to hold carnival. Take the road along this shady avenue; this is the Ezbehiah, and is to Cairo what Central park would be to New York. A beautiful plat of ground covered with fine walks and ornamental trees; here, citizens of all classes congregate; beneath the inviting shade all manners of amusements are in operation in the evenings; bands of music regale the listening ear.

They have but two seasons here, Spring corresponding to our winter, lasting from April to November, and no country in the world has a more salubrious climate than Egypt during these months. The atmosphere is clear and dry, and nights cool and invigorating. Cairo is purely an Arab city. No other is more free from foreign adulteration than it; its streets are narrow and crooked, having but one in its business part, wide enough for carriages. This is the Musk'ay, with a width of thirty two feet; the houses have a peculiar construction, the upper stories projecting over the lower ones, having large prominent windows, elegantly latticed and projecting still beyond the houses, thus the windows of the upper stories are brought so close together you could easily step from one into the other; these narrow streets serve to protect the citizens from the scorching rays of the sun, during their long cloudless summer.

BAZARS.

These are the market places; these occupy the whole streets, an excellent shelter is provided by placing poles from house to house and covering them with mats and reeds; in one place almonds, figs, and other fruits are sold; in another cotton and woolen goods, beds and cushions; and thus all merchandize are classified and have their respective apartments. The bazars are usually busy places and thronged by multitudes of people; through its avenues there is constantly flowing a mixed and motley multitude. Here are camels, horses, donkeys, men, women and children, commingled in strange confusion, while the noise and bustle, the pushing and scrambling, the screaming and gesticulating, presents a wild scene that can be witnessed no where but in an Arabic city. Aside from this scene, there is the great variety of oriental costumes; turbaned heads predominate, the black one of the Copt, the dark blue one of the Jew, the green and white of the Moslem, all mingle and enliven the scene. There moves the lordly Turk, with all the dignity of his nation. The swarthy skinned, half naked fellow,

and the grandee, with his rich flowing robe of silk and lace. There is a barefaced, toil-worn country woman with tattooed lips, and, by her side, the dignified city matron, with long close veil, all enveloped in an enormous loose robe of black silk. Now you meet an elegant Mamaluke dress of richly embroidered cloth, and are then peering into the wild, flashing black eyes of a genuine Bedouin of the desert, with his head and shoulders enveloped in a strange costume, half bonnet and turban. The English dress has become quite common also, and when moving amongst those varied costumes with my grey frock coat and tall bell crowned hat created no special attention.

To be continued.

THE GOLDEN KEY.

Dear Hopes:—I have just been reading over again "Precious jewels," in August 1st, written by uncle Charles, and uncle John's chat with the Hopes in Jan. 1st; and the love I have for our dear little paper, and for the Hopes who read the same, and for the work in which we are all engaged, is indeed renewed by the reading. And I ask the Hopes to do as I have done. Read those two articles again. How beautiful they are, and how full of love to the Hopes, exhorting them to watch carefully their every act, and to try, with all the power given them, to subdue, and put away from them all evil desires, and to improve every opportunity to do good, in order that they may wear the wedding robe, pure and white, and decked with the precious jewels, the last named being eternal life.

Paul tells us that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for those that love him; showing how great shall be our reward, if we are faithful, and seek the Lord often in prayer, knowing full well, that without his divine aid we shall not overcome.

I have heard people say that it was useless to pray, (only to give thanks), that the Lord knew better than we did what our needs were. So he does; and so also do earthly parents know the wants of their children and they love their children also, doing all they know how or can for their comfort, making it a life work to train them to be obedient and respectful to parents, asking for things needed, and thankful after they are received.

Just so it is with our heavenly parent. He knows our wants and is ready to give, if we are respectful unto him, and walk in the way ordained by him that we may receive his blessings, being thankful after we have received them.

Let us not dictate unto him, but always remember that he loves us, and is ever ready to bestow good upon us and will help us with all that we need, if we try to please him. Prayer is the key which we must use very often if we would obtain the precious treasures. These treasures are for each one of the Hopes, old and young, if we use the golden key given us by the divine hand. In this way we shall finally become like Him who went about doing good.

AUNT LUCY.

LETTER FROM SISTER HARVEY.

Little Hopes:—Could you, to-day if called from time into eternity, say like this little boy, "I am going straight to Jesus;" and you who have not yet come to Christ, who are almost persuaded, but put it off until some future time. If you were taken away could you feel as this little one did and say, I am going straight to Jesus. O come while it is to-day. "If to-day you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." To-day is yours, to-morrow may never come. Come, ye little Hopes, come, ye older ones, who have not yet obeyed the gospel. Come while it is to-day so that, if you are called away from earth, you too, can feel that you have that assurance that you are going "straight to Jesus," straight to the

Paradise of God. Don't put it off any longer, but come before it is too late, before the harvest is passed, the summer is ended and your souls not saved. The spirit says, Come and enter in and partake of the water of life freely. May the kind Father help you who have named the name of Christ to live so that when called to the mansions above you can say "I am going to Jesus." Your sister in the gospel,
S. C. HARVEY.

LEAD MINING.—No. 1.

BY BROTHER NATHAN LINDSEY.

LEAD is found in nearly every part of the world. The chief lead-mining districts of the United States are in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Missouri, but lead is also found in many other places. I think small deposits of it have been found in the territories of Utah and Idaho, and in the state of Nevada, and perhaps in some others. In Illinois the mining district is about Galena, [the home of President Grant], and its vicinity. The mining district in Wisconsin is in the south-western part of the state in the vicinity of Plattville, extending up as far as Prairie Du Chien, and the district in Iowa is around and in the vicinity of Dubuque, in the north-eastern part of the state, and extends as far north as McGregor, in Clayton county.

These mines have yielded an immense quantity of lead. They were worked by the Lamanites or Indians long before the European's foot ever trod the soil of this continent, and perhaps the Nephites knew all about them many centuries ago. The earliest working of them done by the white men, was not earlier than the year 1820, possibly as late as 1832. The French might have worked them in the neighborhood of Dubuque earlier than that, but if they did we have no definite history as to what extent they carried on the work. These mines have nearly supplied the world with lead, and even now they yield large quantities every year.

Lead is used for a variety of purposes. Great quantities are used for sporting and war purposes, and an immense quantity is used in the manufacture of paint. Nearly all the paint used in painting houses, etc., is produced from lead. It enters largely into medicine also. Cisterns are lined with it; piping is made of it, and all its uses can hardly be told.

Lead, before it is "smelted," as the process of melting the ore is called, does not look much as it does after it is smelted. The color is about the same, but the nature of it is entirely changed. The ore is very brittle. It may be beaten and thus pulverized till the wind will carry it a short distance. This is very fortunate for the miners, for were it as tough as the real lead is, some times it would be very difficult to dig it out of the ground.

It is found in the ground in three different forms. The first is called, "chunk," the second, "perpendicular sheet," and the third, "flat sheet." The last two are really only one form, but in two positions. The chunk form is round or square pieces scattered through the dirt, varying in size from that of a pin's head to that which will weigh ten thousand pounds. The largest piece I ever saw weighed ten thousand pounds, but possibly pieces have been found weighing more than this. The sheet form is a flat, solid mass, either occupying a perpendicular or horizontal position. Sometimes these sheets contain hundreds of square feet of surface. The most extensive sheet I ever saw—a flat sheet—contained about four thousand nine hundred and twenty square feet, equal to about three acres of surface, and the average thickness was about two and a half feet. Sometimes a sheet is not larger than one's hand, and these are found at intervals in various widths. The sheet form is said to contain a better per cent of lead than the chunk. Usually about seventy-five pounds of lead is got from a hundred

pounds of ore or mineral, as the ore is called by the miners; or, in other words, a hundred pounds of mineral will make seventy-five pounds of lead. This is the average. The best sheet will make eighty-five to ninety pounds, and the poorest of any form making not more than fifty pounds. Besides this, the lead contains a small quantity of silver which is usually extracted before it is prepared for any use. This in former days was done in England, but now it is mostly done in the United States.

Mineral is usually found in crevices of solid limestone. These crevices extend from the surface of the stone many feet down. In fact no one knows how far down these fractures extend. I never heard of the bottom of one being found, and I suppose they extend through the crust of the earth. Doubtless the readers of the *Hope* have read in the Book of Mormon about the convulsions this continent underwent as the time of the crucifixion of our Savior. There were earthquakes, thunderings and lightnings, and the darkness was so dense that even rays of light from fire could not penetrate it, and this lasted three days. Mountains were raised where a plain had been, and in other places mountains were sunk and cities were buried in the ruins. Such another shaking up never was since the world began. These rents or crevices where the mineral is found were doubtless made at that time. You who live where great cliffs of rock may be seen, especially in the mountains, have no doubt wondered many times what could have tossed and fractured those huge piles of rock as they have been, but this wonderful convulsion must have done it. These crevices extend as far as they have been explored, which has been several miles, to say the least, in some instances. Crevices extending east and west generally bear the most mineral, and when one crevice is found containing mineral there are generally two others near it, say from two to four rods distant from each other, about equally well stored with this desirable ore. So that when a miner finds one he generally expects to find one or more in close proximity.

To be continued.

A TRIP TO INDIAN TERRITORY.

Brethren Joseph and Henry:—I arrived at home last week from a trip to the Indian Territory, down among the Lamanites, whom I read so much about in my Book of Mormon.

Perhaps the young Hopes would like to hear how they live down there. I was down as far as the Sac and Fox Agency, about one hundred and seventy miles from here. I went with flour for the Agency. The Creeks, the Sacs and the Foxes are pretty wild yet. Some of them live in log huts and try to farm, but some live in wigwams and huts made of sticks, and covered with hides. Many can not talk a bit of English; at least they pretend so. They are very lazy. All they know is to hunt and lay round and beg tobacco and coffee. They depend on our government for a living. On our way home we were hindered by the river being up. This was about fifty miles from the line, between Kansas and the Territory. It was in the Cherokee Nation. We were compelled to stay there ten days. We had food to last two days, so we had to board with the Cherokees eight days.

The Cherokees live in log houses, and some of them farm and talk English; and some can read and write. They treated us kindly. They would talk on religion with me; said they would like to hear one of our preachers. One by the name of David Read come home with us. We took him to meeting with us, so he heard one of our Elders, he said he liked the sermon. He took up the Book of Mormon and my brother asked him if he knew the book. He looked at it a while then said "The Book of Mormon." He could not read very good, so I told him it was a history of his

people, or forefathers. I think some Elder ought to go down there and preach to them.

I was gone twenty seven days; started January 10th, got back February 5th. I was very lonely without my *Hope, Herald* and *Advocate*. I like to read them very much. So Brother Henry I enclose \$3.25 to keep off the blue mark. I think too much of them to have them soiled with the blue mark.

I am still trying to live as a Latter Day Saint should. I am strong in the faith; and I love the truth and all the Saints. And I feel thankful to God for a knowledge of the gospel, and for a home where strong drink is never used. I go to meeting every Sunday when at home. Your brother in the one faith,
JAMES L. HART.
COFFEYVILLE, Kan.

THE LADY.

THE true lady will try to clothe herself with those virtues and graces becoming to her sex. The outside apparel is but a poor index to the heart and mind. She should seek to cultivate and possess those precious ornaments that glisten as diamonds. She should not boast of self; she should be kind and polite to all; the rich and poor alike should share her smiles. She should first learn to do her duty at home in all the useful arts. She should seek to associate with true and elevating companions. She should never cast rude remarks and reflections on others.

She should try to think and hope well of all, remembering that charity is a good grace and overcometh a multitude of sins. She should help the poor and encourage the weak. She should never yield to evil communications, for they corrupt good manners. She should read good books and thus supply her store-house. She should, as a lady, learn that example is better than precept, and these with having the love and grace of God in her heart, will furnish the characteristics of the True Lady.
ESTHER ROHRER.

THUNDER.

WE could but remark the difference observable in the conduct of some children at a fashionable hotel recently, during a very heavy thunder-storm. The little ones, who with their nurses, had been enjoying the shade of the broad and cool piazza in the afternoon, still remained after the heavy drops came pouring down, and the heavens were rent asunder, as it would seem, by the artillery of the sudden storm. Many of the little children ran to their mammas or nurses; begged to go indoors, cried lustily and were evidently frightened "within an inch of their lives." But one group of brothers and sisters kept on with their play, seemingly indifferent to or unconcerned of, the state of the weather. They were engaged in "playing horse," and paid not the slightest attention to the lightening or thunder, until two little boys broke away from them and with white, scared faces, hid their heads in their mother's lap.

One little girl followed them evidently much aggrieved. "Why don't you tum and play?" she said, pulling the little fellow's jacket.

"I can't, I'm afraid! Oh, hark at that!" with an expression of horror, as an unusually large bolt broke over our heads.

The little girl glanced at his head with an indescribable mixture of expressions which indicated astonishment, annoyance and contempt, and said: "What you 'fraid of? Don't you know its Dod that does it?"—walking off with an injured air, to again join in the merry play.

We smiled when we thought what a sensible and wise and good mother that child must have had. How infinitely superior was her simple faith to the boy's fear. She was happy and free and contented in the most fearful thunder-storm of the season, and no doubt it was greatly owing to the manner in which she had been taught. To her dying day she will probably experience

no timidity during a shower, and is thus relieved, before hand, of those unpleasant and fruitless terrors which render people, even in old age, an annoyance to themselves and every less timid person about them. We beg those parents who themselves feel extreme fear in a thunder shower, when before their children to conceal it and control themselves. Explain to them frankly the dangers possible in this frequently occurring state of the atmosphere in summer, and advise them to avoid direct currents of air, or other peculiarly unsafe positions; but do it in the same spirit as you would warn them about going near the water or a railroad track. If, then their natural fearfulness leads them to question regarding the loud concussions and startling gleams of sudden fire, give them that answer which shall lead them to say with that brave little lady: "What you 'fraid of? Don't you know it is Dod that's doin' it?"

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

A GENTLEMAN is a person not merely acquainted with certain forms and etiquette of life; easy and self possessed in society, able to speak and act and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something beyond this; that which lies at the root of every Christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance what others should do to him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society he scrupulously ascertains the position and relations of every one with whom he comes in contact; that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation any subject that may needlessly hurt their feelings, how to abstain from illusions which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never assumes any superiority to himself; never ridicules, never sneers, never boasts, never makes a display of his own power or rank, or advantage, such as is implied in habits or inclination which may be offensive to others.

THE OCEAN.

I WRITE you about the wonders of God's mighty ocean, as many of the Hopes who live away from it never see the wonderful things that grow therein.

Among the many shell-fish, the clam is one of the most useful. It grows in the sand or mud, where the tide flows over it, and it can be found by a small hole. It is used very extensively for bait to catch cod, haddecock and other smaller fish. There are large heaps of clam shells on the eastern shores of Maine that have been there for years. It has been a mystery to the white people how they came there, but an old man here said he heard his grandfather say that he asked an old Indian about these large piles of shells and he said "Ugh! Many moons ago big fire, all over land, drive all game away, poor Indian starve, had to eat clam."

Now little Hopes see how alwise the great Creator is in all his works, even making the little clam, only to be noticed by a little hole in the sand, which, when all other means were swept away, saved the lives of hundreds, yea I don't know but thousands of people. Although we think we have many hard trials to contend with, yet if we put our trust in God and obey his command he will come with a remedy and carry us safe through, as he did the poor Indian.

D. S. SEAVEY.

Every pale, half-starved, ragged wife or child of a drunkard is a positive answer to the shallow assertion that "Liquor wont hurt you if you let it alone." They are the innocent sufferers of the accursed traffic, and would gladly banish liquor from the earth entirely.

Correspondence.

CAMERON, Mo., March 16th, 1879.

My pa has gone to Texas. He will be home next month. It is lonesome without him. My grandfather died last spring. Our school is out. I study geography and third part of arithmetic and read in the fifth reader. My mother assisted me in these few lines I have written to you. I have two brothers and two sisters younger than myself. Your sister in Christ,

MATTIE P. BOZARTH.

DENNISPORT, Mass., March 11th, 1879.

I was eleven years old the sixth of last August, and I do not belong to the Church. My father does but my mother does not. I can see the church from my house. I go to Sabbath School and to day school. My Sabbath School teacher's name is Sister Rosa Chase, and I think she is a very good teacher, and I think that we have a real good Sabbath School. Bro. T. W. Smith and his wife are here. T. F. Eldridge is the presiding elder of our branch. Bro. Smith has baptized quite a number since he has been here, but he thinks of leaving us to-morrow. I take a great deal of pleasure in reading the *Hope*, especially the letters. At day school I study reading, spelling, geography, arithmetic, and grammar. Our branch is increasing rapidly and we have many good meetings. Yours truly,

LILLIAN LONG.

HOME LEPAS, March 20th, 1879.

I am living in the South, in the middle portion of Lepas. I have never seen a letter in the *Hope* written in the southern states, except one that sister Mary wrote before she died, and she has been dead four years last December. The first of this year mamma was going to send for the *Hope* for me, but some kind friend sent it to me, I do not know who it was. I certainly feel grateful to the one who sent it. There are no Latter Day Saints here. I have never heard one preach. I would like to hear one. There are five churches here, the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian and Catholic. We go to the Methodist Sunday School. The forest trees are clothed in green, and the gardens and flower-yards are beautiful. We have peaches as large as a bird's egg, and plums as large as a green pea, this 20th of March. I am very much interested in the pieces called "Life Sketches Of An Orphan" and the "Travels through Egypt and the Holy Land. Mamma belongs to the Methodist Church. My Papa is dead. I have one little sister and one little brother. We all go to school. Your little friend,

MATTIE E. MORROW.

I am ten years old. I was baptized by Bro. J. M. Terry and confirmed by Bro. J. D. Flanders. I have been to school two terms to "Uncle John." Our school is out now. We had a very nice time the last day, for Uncle John's wife came in and treated us to candies and a nice large frosted cake. I have a sister eight years old, and a baby brother two years old. We have taken the *Hope* for seven years. Your sister in Christ,

EVA BEEBE.

PLANO, Ill., March 14th, 1879.

Dear Uncle Henry and Papa:—Please tell the little Hopes that I go to Sunday School, and that my sister Carrie works in the Herald Office. And so does my Pa and Uncle Henry. I will be seven years old on the 23d of March. My brother David and myself go to the Public School. If any of the little Hopes come to Plano please tell them that they may come to see me. Good bye,

M. AUDIE SMITH.

BARNARD, Mo., March 19th, 1879.

I take the opportunity of writing to you. I am only twelve years old. I have one sister. She is eight years old. I am not yet baptized. We have meeting here every Sunday. My father and mother belong to the church, and I believe that it is the only true gospel. Yours truly,

M. P. MADISON.

RIVERTON, Iowa, March 18th, 1879.

We like to read your letters that we find in the *Hope*. We have preaching by Elder J. R. Badham once in four weeks, but we have no Sunday School. Yours Truly,

LORENZO D. DONALDSON.

MARSH BASIN, Cassia Co., Idaho,
March 22d, 1879.

I am a little Hope, living away out in Idaho. I have my pa write a few lines for me, for I can not write well enough myself. I am eight years old. I go to school. This is the first term I have ever been to school, I am learning to write. I study reading, arithmetic, geography, spelling, and writing. I read in the 2nd reader. I love the *Hope*. It has such pretty stories in it. I want to hear what became of 'Lina Ainslee.' I have not learned obedience to all

"our Savior's" teachings yet. I wish the prayers of all the Hopes, young and old. I want to gather with the "pure in heart," to Zion, and help build the temple. But I must learn to be better. I was blessed by Bro. E. C. Brand when I was quite young. My love to all the little Hopes. CHARLIE ALBERTSON.

DEER CREEK, Neb., March 24th, 1879.

Uncles Joseph and Henry:—I think we ought to be proud of such a good little paper as the *Hope* is. I love the Saints and all those that do right. I intend to keep all the commands of God. I am eleven years old. Your brother,

DENSLOW ALMA LOOMIS.

LAWRENCE, Van Burn Co., Mich.,
March 17th, 1879.

I am eleven years old. I am not a member of the Church yet, but I intend to be. There are not very many of the Saints here. We have no preaching here now, but we expect to have before a great while. We have prayer meeting every Sunday, and I attend regularly. I have two sisters and one brother younger than I am. I am the oldest. We would like to have Bro. C. Scott come back here and preach to us some more. Yours truly,

NEVA BENTLEY.

DEAR CREEK, Neb., March 24th, 1879.

Dear Little Hopes:—I can not write myself and my mother writes for me. I like to go to meeting. I am seven years old. I intend to belong to the church as soon as I am old enough. I never went to school one day in my life, but I can read good in the second reader. My ma teaches me. Your little friend,

RACHEL LOOMIS.

DEER CREEK, Neb., March 25th, 1879.

Uncles Joseph and Henry:—I love the *Hope* very much. I like the good information it contains. I am determined to serve the Lord and keep his commandments, but Satan tempts me some times. I have a Bible that pa gave me, which I love to read, and I know that my prayers have been answered. We have meetings at our house. Our number is very small. Pa intends to go to conference next Sunday at Columbus. I'm not acquainted with many of you, but you seem near to me. Your brother in the true and everlasting gospel,

CHAUNCEY CHARLES LOOMIS.

DEER CREEK, Neb., March 25th, 1879.

Uncle Joseph: I am nine years old. I want to tell the little Hopes about the large garden spot that pa has given us. We raised quite a crop from it last year, and we think it very nice to farm. I like to read in the Bible. We have no Sunday School, but pa and ma have a Bible Class on Sunday, and they teach us about the Lord every day. It makes me try harder to do right. Your brother,

JOSEPH W. LOOMIS.

USE GENTLE WORDS.

Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall (as manna fell)
Upon some fainting heart!

In lonely wilds, by light-winged birds,
Rare seeds have oft been sown;
And hope has sprung from gentle words
Where only grief had grown.

Thirst teaches all animals to drink; but drunkenness belongs only to man.

15 April 79.

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.

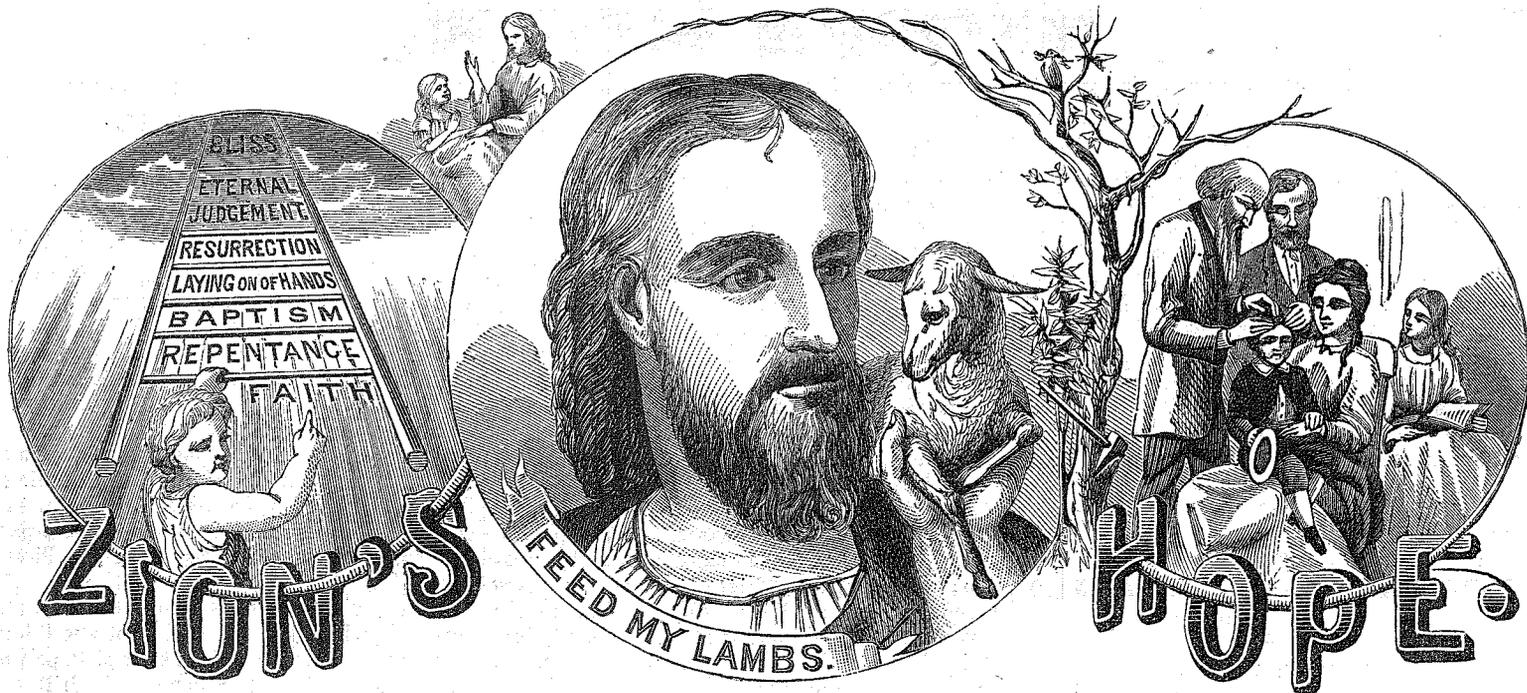
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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



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

Vol. 10.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MAY 1, 1879.

No. 21

LINES FOR THE HOPE.

May heavenly wisdom guide their pens,
Who write for *Zion's Hope*,
That they may every truth defend,
Each error, too, point out,
Directed by the Spirit, pure,
May they such words indite,
As will to *Zion's Hopes* secure,
Hope of eternal life.

Faith and *Repentance* is the way,
That leads unto the gate;
Baptism, through this we enter
Into His kingdom great.
The *Spirit* then to us is given
Through *laying on of hands*,
Which testifies of Jesus,
And brings to memory his commands.

In *faith*, then, we should ever aim,
Pure, virtuous lives to lead,
And *knowledge* gain from Holy writ,
Which we should daily read.
Then *temperance* should be added
To the virtues I have named,
So that we be always sober,
And unruly tongues restrain.

To *temperance* couple *patience*,
Which is a Christian trait,
Enabling us to bear our cross,
And for His promise wait.
Then *Godliness* demands of us
To love our fellow men,
Forgiving them their trespasses,
As God forgives our sins.

Brotherly kindness, it should be our aim
To show to one and all,
Who in like precious *faith* abide,
And on the Master call.
And now let *charity* crown all;
Then to us will be given
A *knowledge* of the things of God,
To guide us on to Heaven.

S. N.

LETTER FROM SISTER T. W. SMITH.

Dear *Little Hopes*:—I have often thought I would write a sketch of my travels since I am acquainted with so many of you, and this will reach you all. I hardly know where to begin, as my journey has been so long, but very pleasant—the happiest hours I have ever enjoyed.

It being decided at the Conference that my companion should labor in the East, and I was

granted the privilege of accompanying him, we left home about the first of October, calling at Bevier and Hannibal, Missouri, where we had a pleasant time. We also stopped at Pittsfield, Illinois, and were here kindly received. As this was not the first visit we had had with them, we were glad to see them. From there we visited some of the different branches in southern Indiana and Ohio, and also stopped at Pittsburg and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Allentown, New Jersey; Providence, Rhode Island; Dennisport and Boston, Massachusetts, making fifteen different places. I would like to write of them all, but time will not permit. However I can say that we met with a hearty welcome, and all wished us God speed on our journey. The last six weeks has been spent at Dennisport, Massachusetts, and a happy season it has been to us. It seemed good to meet the dear Saints after an absence of eleven years. There have been many changes since that time. Some have passed away. Their cheerful voices full of comfort are silent, and others fill their places. The branch has increased in number since that time. The work is onward there and we had a splendid conference at that place.

After conference we held meetings nearly every night for six weeks. Eleven persons were baptized and all but two testified publicly to the truth of the gospel and their enjoyment of the Spirit. Many were believing, but not able to give up all for Christ, though they will in time I hope, for there has been truth spoken that can never be forgotten. The power of God was shown in many ways, especially at the water side in baptism. Those who were sickly the Lord made strong, and tempered the wind and the waves to their weak bodies, as the sea is not like the rivers and lakes of the Western States, but roar and dash upon the shore, especially at this season of the year. There was one lady who had been under the doctors' care for a year, and had not been able to use her arms because of the lung disease, but who was somewhat better at the time of the meeting. She heard the gospel preached and she said she must obey it. Her husband was fearful that she could not endure it, but said he would not hinder. So we followed her to the water side and it was an act that will be remembered by all present; her countenance was changed with the Spirit and her body was made strong. Is not the word of the Lord verified? We bade farewell to the Saints of Dennisport yesterday morning. It was with sorrowful hearts we parted, but we shall meet them again, for the work there is not done yet.

We are stopping with Brother E. N. Webster,

191 Hampden Street, Boston Highlands, Massachusetts. I would be pleased to hear from any that would write me. Remember the work in the East. Great is the harvest, the laborers few. I will close by subscribing myself your well wisher in the gospel,
HELEN P. SMITH.

DILIGENCE.

DILIGENCE is the art of keeping on in what ever we have to do until we have accomplished our desire, so far as that may be possible. Not only this but it teaches also that when we have a task to perform or a certain plan that we wish to work out that we will be constant and untiring while we are thus engaged. A good Apostle has said in one of his letters to the brethren how to act, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." And if it was necessary for the people in those days to serve their Maker, is it not just as necessary for the people in these days to do so. Children, we can serve the Lord as becometh children as earnestly and devotedly as our fathers or our mothers. Then let our diligence be shown in what ever we do either for God or man. Diligence pays here and hereafter. Then, dear readers of the *Hope*, let us not grow weary in well doing, but perform the duties which rest upon us, and in a way and manner that will be pleasing and acceptable to our heavenly Father. And in the end he will reward us according to our works.

SALLIE A. SUMMERFIELD.

LETTER FROM GEORGIA.

Dear *Hopes*:—I write you of how we are progressing here in the sunny south. A little over a year ago I promised to tell you something about the debate between Bro. Hansen and Mr. Williams of Utah. My older brother told me not to write about it as Bro. Hansen would write to the *Herald*, but I must say that Bro. Hansen had a great deal the best of the debate, and surely the Lord's side will gain every time if his servants are faithful. I have a cousin in Utah and he belongs to the Brighamite church, (although I am sorry to say so). He sent my father one number of the *Deseret News* that contained the Taylor and Hollister interview. Mr. Taylor did say that the Bible, Book of Mormon and Book of Covenants are our standards and yet they will not be led by those most sacred books. Nearly all of you, dear *Hopes*, know they vary from those books. Comment is unnecessary.

Dear *Hopes*, read the 5th chapter of the Book of Mormon, where Moroni speaks of the last

days, even our generation, and O how literally it has been and is being fulfilled. Is not our God one of power, of truth and of foreknowledge? O how can any one disbelieve the word of God. Let us try to put all pride away and become meek and lowly and keep the future before our minds, and let us try to keep God's commandments, and perhaps we may be saved, if we prove faithful.

We have not heard any preaching in this part since September, 1878, and so our progress as to numbers is very small, but I think when Bro. Hansen comes back that there will be a number that will join us. Pray for us, dear little Hopes, and big ones too, that we may become more faithful. Yours in the gospel of peace,

THEO GERBER.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, Ga.

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.—No. 9.

BY ELDER T. J. ANDREWS.

MODES OF RIDING.

OCCASIONALLY a horse may be seen, and now and then a camel, bearing a bedouin almost blocking the narrow streets; but these animals are not adapted to such crowded thoroughfares; but here might be seen the great convenience of the little Egyptian donkey, so small that it can scarcely be seen amongst the masses of human beings; he carries his burden of living freight or merchandise, picking his way through a crowd with all the patience and gravity of a Turk; sometimes you see him dashing along under full canter driving directly toward a woman carrying a huge water pot upon her head, and just as you look to see the burden rolling in the dust, from the force of the collision, the cautious little animal is sure to miss the mark and slip by without even jostling the well poised burden.

The streets are so narrow that carriages are not much used, only in the suburbs. The riding of the grandees and Turkish officials is an imposing ceremony; when out on business or pleasure they are dressed in robes of state, chariot and steeds richly caparisoned; a liveried driver, and a footman with a long white skirt and green turban, they go rolling along with the dignity of a king; but what is most peculiar, a runner in Turkish costume, having a sword or staff of state, runs constantly about fifteen yards ahead of the carriage, calling out vociferously for the way to be cleared, and thrusting any obstinate ones right and left as unceremoniously as though they were swine. These runners have great powers of endurance and speed, keeping their proper distance even when the horses are in a fleet canter. The ladies usually ride upon the donkey, astride, the ample folds of their long veils and loose robes almost hide the little animals from sight.

A MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

The preliminaries have all been arranged, the contract completed, the dower paid, and now they are conducting the bride with great ceremony to her future home, where the bridegroom awaits her. The bride is preceded by some of her married friends, enveloped in a great black silk robe from head to foot. She walks under a canopy of silk of some bright gay color, carried by four men; it is closed up on three sides but open in front; she is generally richly dressed very richly, but her rich clothing and jewels are all concealed, being enveloped in a great cashmere shawl. Two female friends walk with her under the canopy, one upon each side, while the procession is headed by a band of music; flutes, pipes and tambourines, and sometimes a kind of Arabic drum, beaten by the hands; the harmony of this music is terrible; it is accompanied by singing and clapping of hands, and other strange demonstrations. Sometimes wrestlers and swordsmen go before and entertain the spectators; gymnastic feats and mock battles; for the sake of display the procession takes a circuitous route traversing the prominent streets of the city. The

bride wears a paper crown, and if wealthy, a costly circlet of diamonds and gold may be seen over the cumbersome muffings of silk and cashmere that envelope her.

In these bridal processions many strange and astonishing feats are witnessed; when the Seyyid Omar made a marriage for his daughter a young man walked in front of the procession who had made an incision in his abdomen and drawn out a portion of the intestines which he carried before him on a silver tray, from which he finally recovered. On the same occasion another person ran a sword through his arm, for the amusement of the spectators; in this position he left the sword for a long time. These processions are to be seen almost every day; on one occasion I stopped to witness the performance. A young man, shabbily dressed, was the harlequin of the occasion; he threw himself into a trance, with eyes closed; in this condition, keeping time to the music, he threw his arms and legs and body into all kinds of attitudes both ludicrous and graceful; he detained the procession about fifteen minutes and received its applause.

A STRANGE SIGHT.

There comes a man with a tarbosh on his head, feet and legs bare, an old sash binding his loose dirty shirt to his waist, converting the loose folds of the bosom into an ample pocket. "Sir," says he, "I can show you a thing;" he pulls out a greasy looking bag, unties the string, thrusts in his hand and pulls out a knotty mass of living vipers; he rolls them over and tumbles them around as though they were as soft and harmless as a bundle of loose ribbons; he displayed his familiarity with them by winding their slimy bodies around each other and turning them over, through and under, and tosses the writhing mass upon the ground; each viper with demon eyes and forked tongue writhes to disentangle itself from the gordian mass, in order to make its escape; the operator keeps his eye upon them, and claps his bare foot upon one here, seizes another by the head there, and tosses them back into the ring, playing with them like a child with its toys. With this brood around him, he thrust his hand into his bosom and drew out an enormous cobra, or hooded snake, four or five feet in length, and cast him among the vipers; this is one of the most venomous of snakes; he tossed the vipers upon him, and pinched his back to irritate him, when the enraged monster raised a foot or two of his body, standing erect, spread out and flattened out the sides of his neck and head in the form of a hood, and struck at his tormentor, with all the fury of his venomous nature; we suppose he had extracted its fangs or otherwise a horrid death must have been the result.

We have now seen enough of Cairo, we must pass on to

THE PYRAMIDS.

Having engaged a donkey and donkey boy, we started out; three miles brought us to old Cairo, situated upon the banks of the Nile, and upon the site and ruins of old Egyptian Babylon; it is three hundred years older than New Cairo, and contains some antique buildings; here are the ruins of the old Roman fortresses, besieged and taken by the Moslems; the remains of solid walls and great towers are yet standing; and, in one place might be seen a Roman eagle; it is now a Christian village. One of three convents here is called the Greek, and in it the traveller is shown a room where Joseph and Mary and Jesus had their abode during their sojourn in Egypt; here are also found the supposed treasure and grain houses built by Joseph the son of Jacob, during the famine times, all very ancient structures.

In one of the chambers of the Roman fortress, is an ancient Christian record, sculptured in wood; the upper part of the frieze has a Greek inscription, and below it a representation of the Deity, sitting upon a globe, supported by two angels; on either side is a procession of six figures evidently the twelve apostles.

To be continued.

LEAD MINING.—No. 2.

BY BROTHER NATHAN LINDSEY.

THE miners, as well as the dirt, stone, ore and other things, are drawn from the holes, or shafts, by means of a windlass and rope, the windlass being one form of mechanical power known as the wheel and axle.

The land from which the ore is dug, is owned in lots by different persons, according to their ability to purchase. Some men own very large tracts, while others only own a few acres, and these owners charge a stipulated part of all the mineral found for the privilege of searching for it. This part in some mines is one-fourth; in others one-fifth, and so on, to as small a part as one-tenth. We paid one-seventh at Elizabeth, Illinois.

A set of mining tools comprises a windlass, rope, tub, which latter is made like a well bucket only larger, spade, shovel, sinking pick, poll pick, an assortment of gads, a hammer, a drill, a needle and tamping bar. The spade used is such as is commonly used on the farm; the shovel is short handled and round pointed; the sinking pick has two points, one flat and the other square; the poll-pick has a point on one side and a poll on the other, each point in both picks being about ten inches long, the handles being straight and about three feet long, and about as large as an ax handle. The gads are made of steel about an inch and a half thick, and from four to six inches long and pointed at one end, designed for splitting and fracturing rock. They are a sort of a double wedge. The drill is about three feet long and made of the best eight and a quarter square inch thick steel bar. The cutting end is flattened very beveling in such a manner as to cut a hole in the rock about an inch and a half in diameter. The needle is a rod of soft iron about two feet long, and about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter at the thickest end, and tapers gradually to a point at the other, with an eye at the thickest end, about an inch in diameter. The tamping bar is a three-quarter inch bar of steel with a groove made in one side large enough to admit the needle.

The hammer, which is much such a one as blacksmiths use, the drill, the tamping bar and the needle constitute the blasting part of a miner's set of tools. Blasting in the sense that a miner uses it, is bursting rock, either with common or giant powder. The scraper, which I had forgotten to mention or describe above, belongs to the blasting tools and is a rod of common iron about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and about two feet long, flattened at one end and this flattened part is bent so as to be at a right angle with the rest of the rod. This is designed for taking out the chips or stone that the drill cuts in drilling a hole to put in a blast.

Whenever it is necessary to burst a rock, the miner selects a suitable place in the rock, and taking his drill and hammer in hand, and holding his drill in his left hand, flattened or sharpened end down and the hammer in his right hand, he places the drill on the place selected and strikes it on the end with the hammer, then turns it a little and strikes again, and thus he keeps turning and striking it till he cuts a hole say an inch deep. He then takes the scraper and clears out the stone thus cut loose, and then puts in his drill and resumes the turning and striking process, and cleaning again, until the hole is deep enough. He then clears it out well and puts in the powder. He now puts the needle into the hole and puts into the hole a quantity of rock, no piece of which is larger than a common pea, and with the tamping bar, he beats it down on the powder as solid as he can, and putting more small rocks in he again beats it down, and so on till the hole is filled, when he draws out his needle, which leaves a small hole from the entrance to the powder. A common wheat straw is then filled with powder, and put

into the hole left by withdrawing the needle. Next a piece of paper of suitable length say an inch or two long, is thoroughly saturated with tallow and placed against the straw, and then lighted with a match. The miner then gets into some secure place, or comes to the surface till the explosion takes place. This is blasting.

Whenever a person takes a notion to dig, (as the miner terms eegaging in the mining occupation), he buys or borrows a part or a whole of a set of tools, and commences business on any spot not already occupied by some other miner, and the question of occupation is determined by "ranges." These ranges consist of one or more crevices which run near and parallel to each other. In consequence of this, when a miner strikes a crevice he can hold a claim two rods wide on each side the whole extent of the mineral lot he is on; and these mineral lots contain from five to hundreds of acres, so if the lot extends ten miles he may hold a strip embracing his crevice or crevices to that extent four rods wide.

In some localities the rent is collected by the lot owner himself, and in others it is collected by the mineral buyers. The land is open to every one who may wish to engage in the business, and all he has to do is to collect such tools as he may need and go to work.

After he decides to go to digging, the first object of search is a crevice. That found, then he "proves" it. This consists in ascertaining whether it is a mineral bearing crevice. If he finds but a few ounces of mineral at the top of the crevice, his prospect is considered very flattering. If his crevice happens to be an open one, he is fortunate, and he and his partner "investigate" the prospect, as it is called, till water stops them. But if it be a tight one then blasting tools have to be resorted to until they reach what is called an opening. An opening is a widening of the crevice wide enough to work in comfortably. These openings usually occur once or twice before water is reached, and the miners have great hopes before reaching one that when that is reached, their fortunes are made.

But, like all hopes predicated on earthly contingencies, the reaching of the opening is, in many cases, only the blasting of their anticipations. So the discomfitted miners take up their line of march for the lucky place. But when any mineral is found at the top, these openings commonly remunerate all labor and expense incurred in reaching them and sometimes pay very largely; for there is hardly ever any mineral at the top when there is none below.

To be continued.

LETTER FROM SISTER CELIA.

Dear Hopes:—In my last letter I promised to tell you about a certain Lutheran meeting which I expected to attend, but I can not keep that promise for I did not go to the meeting. I was prevented by sickness. The people with whom I am boarding attended, and when they returned home, I asked them about it and they said they had a good meeting, and there were four babies baptized. It seems cruel to serve the little things so; they are innocent, they have no sins, and why should they be baptized? They were redeemed in Christ. I said this to a woman who belongs to that church, and she told me that they had one sin and therefore they must be baptized; this is what their preacher told them, and they all believe what he says. They think he knows all, or pretty nearly all about it, for he has been to school nine years, studying nothing but religion while there. I fear his teachers have taught him a useless lesson, or they have deceived him. He also believes in eternal punishment, for all who do not happen to get to the highest place in heaven. And they think that our belief is outrageous. Let us pray, dear Hopes, that they may some day be undeceived.

Dear Hopes, I rejoice to see that you are trying to do right, and to read your dear little let-

ters in our paper. It is like receiving letters from old friends, and, to see your faith, strengthens me and makes my faith greater. The weather is very pleasant now and we are looking for the birds to come back, and for the flowers to blossom. We will reorganize our Sunday School at Moorhead next Sunday, we all anticipate a good time at Sunday school this summer. May the Lord bless you one and all, and may you ever continue to grow in grace and happiness, and glorify our Father in heaven, is the prayer of your sister,

SOLDIER, IOWA.

CELIA PADEN.

GOLDEN BIBLE.

Beloved Hopes of Zion:—Again I wish to talk with you. Zion in her scattered condition is, or ought to be, the pure in heart, and so must she be when gathered to the land of Zion, that God may own and bless her; for he has said that his should be a pure as well as a tried people. The Psalmist David has said:

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandments of the Lord are pure, enlightening the eyes."—Psalms, 19: 7, 8.

Now, as the law, the testimony, the statutes and the commandments of the Lord are necessary for our conversion, wisdom, happiness and purity, how necessary that we become acquainted with the above named requisites. Then as Jesus says; "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."—John 5: 3, 9. But what are Scriptures? Webster says, they are the Old and New Testaments. But this could not have been what Jesus meant, as the New Testament was not then in existence. May we not find a solution of this question in the writings of Paul? He says:

"All Scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Hence the necessity of searching the Scriptures, if thereby we are to become perfect. Then that which is given or brought to light by the inspiration and power of God, for the conversion and happiness of mankind, must be what the Savior meant when he said, "Search the Scriptures." This being true, if the Lord ever has or ever shall cause by inspiration, or by his power, other books or writings to come to light for our benefit and happiness, will they not be Scriptures likewise? Then the Book of Mormon, being written by the inspired prophets and disciples of the Lord, being hid up in the earth for centuries and then brought to light by holy angels and translated by the power of God, surely that book must be Scriptures; and the Bible being but another name for Scriptures, why may not the Book of Mormon be a Bible also? Then again the Book of Mormon being written or engraved on plates of gold, and the golden rule being taught in it as plainly as Jesus taught in his sermon on the mount; why may it not be truly and with propriety, (what our enemies, through contempt, derision and hatred have named it) the golden Bible?

Go read this precious book, dear Hopes, and Saints also, and note the lessons of love, patience, meekness and christian fortitude and forbearance is contains! Go read the teachings of Jesus to his disciples and the multitude on this continent; also the teachings of those disciples, together with those of Abinadi, Alma, Jacob, Mosiah, King Benjamin, Mormon, Moroni, and many others; and see if its friends could have given it a more appropriate and a more correct name than have its enemies! O how truly has the Psalmist said that the Lord would make "The wrath of man to praise him."—Psalms 76: 10.

O that the name that our enemies have called

us by, "Mormons," with the meaning or definition of the same, (more good,) was as appropriate as the name that they have given to the Book of Mormon, and that we might so live that we might truly merit the name of Mormon, or more good, and that our lives and actions showed that we did truly appreciate and love the teachings of that most precious book:

Yes, golden Bible, Book of Mormon,
Long hid beneath Cumorah's Hill,
O how precious are thy teachings,
In thee we learn the Master's will.

How rich in wisdom are thy pages,
The golden rule, thou dost make plain,
That as we would have others do,
To them we must perform the same.

It teaches man to love his neighbor,
To love the Lord with all his heart,
To shun the least approach of evil,
To never from his Lord depart.

That Saints must love their enemies,
That they must bless while others curse,
To feed the hungry, clothe the naked,
And give to him that is athirst.

Those deeds are done unto the Master,
When done for those who love his cause;
Then let us thank him for this Bible,
And strive to keep his holy laws.

CORTLAND, ILLINOIS.

UNCLE W. R.

UNCLE JOHN'S CHAT.

Dear Little Hopes:—When I seat myself to chat with you, my heart so burns with a desire to please and instruct you that I can scarcely decide what to talk about. My anxiety arises from the fact that your impressions are made largely by what you read, and if the lessons taught in what you read are fraught with good, moral and religious truths, the impressions will be good; and what still adds to the intensity of my desire is that you are now cutting out, and framing a course which will perhaps be followed by you through life, and how necessary that it be a righteous one. The seed is cast into the earth. At first, germination takes place, caused by the cherishing influences of warmth and moisture. Afterward a tender shoot appears, which, if properly nourished and protected, will finally grow to become strong, and almost immovable.

Now, little Hopes, the facts are true in more than one sense. The seed, which is the word of God, is sown in the heart. It is sown in your hearts by what you read and hear. And if the proper conditions are found there, which are honesty and the warmth of affection, the seed will germinate, that is begin to grow. Soon it shows itself above the surface and this showing is habit, which at first is tender like the young shoot, but if properly nourished will grow to be strong as the mighty oak and become almost immovable. Let me tell you little Hopes there are many seeds which are not good. Beware of them, they take root without much nourishment, as the noxious weed, and will speedily develop into bad habits. Some of the bad seeds I may mention are, novel reading, keeping company with bad children, disobedience to parents, chewing tobacco, (I dont mean this for my little nieces), Sabbath breaking &c. All of these may not be the seed but what are not are the habits derived from bad seed. The one main seed which leads to nearly all bad habits is "disregard for the word of God." Now how many of the little Hopes can tell me where to find a parable about seed, and how many different parables are there about seed, and where are they. Get your bibles and search, and while you read try and learn some good lesson from each one, and let the seed be planted in your hearts if it be not there already. And if it is not too much trouble, will you tell me what the lessons are that you learn.

I thank you very much little Hopes for your energy and interest in answering my questions of the past. I have before me now two *Hopes* with correct answers. The reply of Joseph Curtis is

very good, and I hope you will continue to dislike strong drink. Always shun and abhor it as a venomous reptile, and keep the verse fresh in your memory. It is no wonder your little brain is puzzled over a question that older ones can not answer. Thomas W. Williams, of Syracuse, Ohio, gives some correct answers, and good reasons why strong drink is not good. But how can you drink tea, Thomas, after reading that article in the *Herald*. I think nice milk is better than coffee. Yes, there is little "Olive," whose ears I should pull for telling who I am; but it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, so when you wish to come and see me you will know where to come to. Well, good bye for this time. Write often.

DULL BOYS.

DON'T be discouraged. Slow growth is often sure growth. Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They are slow in growth, but they are striking their roots deep. Some of the great men have been dull boys. Dryden and Swift were dull as boys; so was Goldsmith, so was Gibbon, so was Sir Walter Scott. Napoleon, at school, had so much difficulty in learning his Latin that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood that at nine he was scarcely able to read. Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest divines the Church of England has ever produced, was so impenetrably stupid in his early years that his father more than once said that if God took away any of his children he hoped it would Isaac, as he feared he would never be fit for anything in this world. Yet that boy was the genius of the family.

A CHEERFUL FACE.

CARRY the radiance of your soul in your face. Let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good, wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams on the just as well as on the unjust.

Such a disposition will yield a rich reward, for its happy effects come home to you and brighten your thoughtful moments.

Cheerfulness makes the mind clear, gives tone to your thought, adds grace to the countenance. Smiles are little things and cheap articles to be fraught with so many blessings, both to the giver and the receiver. Pleasant little ripples to watch as we stand on the shore of every day life. They are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotion of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them; those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them and would find sympathy for their buoyant nature in the cheerful, loving faces of those who need them. Let them not be kept from the middle aged, who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of the summer, making fresh and verdant the long weary path of life. They look for them from you, who are rejoicing in the fullness of your life.

ELLEN GEORGE.

CRESCENT CITY SABBATH SCHOOL.

REPORT of the Sunday School at Crescent City, Iowa, for the quarter ending March 31st, 1879.

The average attendance is 28, the average collection 20cts. The officers for the ensuing quarter are as follows: H. N. Hanson, Superintendent, William Strang, Sen. assistant Superintendent, C. W. Lapworth, Secretary, Jane Strang, Treasurer, J. C. Lapworth, Librarian, John Curry, Janitor. It is hoped that there will be more interest taken in the school, by the older persons, in the future than there has been in the past.

C. W. LAPWORTH, Secretary.

THE ORNAMENT OF A MEEK AND QUIET SPIRIT.

Lord, if thou thy grace impart,
Meek in Spirit, pure in heart,
I shall as the Savior be
Clothed with sweet humility.

Simple, teachable and mild,
Humble as a little child;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in thy care and love.

I was lost but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek His face;
From a wild and lonely desert,
Brought me to his fold of grace.

Selected by ELLEN GEORGE.

A "BROTHER OF GIRLS."

WHEN speaking of a man who is chivalric towards women, we call him a "thorough gentleman"—schoolgirls pronounce him "splendid." But an old Arab, a donkey driver of Cairo, once gave a much finer illustration of the feeling towards women which should characterize a gentleman.

An English lady asked him if Abdel-Kadir, the Arab general taken prisoner by the French in Algiers, was coming to Cairo. He replied that he did not know, and then asked if the chief was not, "A kuhl benat" (a brother of girls).

"I do not know if he has sisters," prosaically answered the lady.

"The Arabs, O lady," said the old donkey driver, "call that man 'a brother of girls' to whom God has given a clean heart to love all women as sisters, and strength and courage to fight for their protection."

Our English phrase "a thorough gentleman," or even "splendid," seems almost unmeaning beside, "a brother of girls."

Correspondence.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa, April 13th, 1879.

Again I seat myself to write for our dear paper, telling the dear Hopes some of my desires. I do love the work of God, and I desire to see all the Saints making rapid strides toward perfection, and I desire to be one in helping roll on this mighty work, and we have got to work fast for the time is short. Oh how sad it would be for us to say "The harvest is past and my soul is not saved." We have had a feast in hearing Brother Mark Forscutt tell the good things of the kingdom. How we all enjoyed it, for he had the Spirit of God to aid him, and may God continue to bless him in his endeavors to do our Father's will in preaching the gospel. Our branch is prospering. We have a good presiding Elder. He is highly esteemed by all who know him. Ever hoping for the welfare of Zion, I am your sister,

ZELLA MOORE.

MAGNOLIA, Harrison County, Iowa,
March 15th, 1879.

Brother Joseph:—As I have been reading the letters from the little Hopes, I thought I would write a few lines too. I have two sisters. My mother and father belong to the Church. Our school is out now, but it will commence in two or three weeks. Yours truly,

SARAH E. GARNER.

MONDAMIN, Iowa, March 26th, 1879.

I was baptized a year ago. We have no Sunday School here. I love to read the stories in the *Hope*. My pa and ma do not belong to the Church yet. I have two sisters that are members, and thank our Heavenly father that they have seen the right way, for I know that this is the Church of God, and if we are faithful and prayerful we will receive the blessings that he has promised to his children. Pray for me that I may be ever found faithful. From your sister in the Church,

HATTIE GAMET.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa, March 12th, 1879.

Please state to our brother, who does not know what borrowed clothes means, that I think it means articles not spun and woven expressly for your (the *Hope's*) benefit. He says, in *Herald* of March 15th, that he wonders what the good Saint means by bor-

rowed clothes. I have answered to the best of my knowledge, and now I would like to ask him, pray what is meant by the term "Good Saint," as applied to some one he does not know? More original matter in the *Herald* or *Hope* would not hurt the Saints I fancy, but would give them quite a rest, for they see and hear enough of the world every day to last as much as a month, I know. If my small effort gave any one the idea that I deplore texts of Scripture or anything that will edify the Saints, I am very sorry, for I did not so intend. The *Herald* is very welcome as it is, and I read every word and want to abide by all the good council therein contained. With all due respect I remain

J. J. REDFIELD.

WOODBINE, Iowa, March 9th, 1879.

Dear Hopes: I am fourteen years old, and belong to the Church. It is a beautiful Sabbath morning, and I feel like writing to you. We have a branch here, and meeting every Sabbath. I like to read the *Hope* very much. I do not know what I would do without it. The pieces in the *Hope* are very interesting, and teach us useful lessons. There is no Sabbath School here at present, but I think there will be soon. The weather has been very cold here this winter, but spring is coming now. I always like to see it come, with its beautiful flowers and green trees. I will tell you something about my home. It is a pretty place on the edge of a grove. In front of the house, in summer, is green grass, and there are cherry trees, full of white blossoms, which look very beautiful. I go to school and try to learn my lessons well. There are no little boys or girls that belong to the Church attending my school. Pray for me, little Hopes. Your brother,

J. S. ELLISON.

LONGTON, Elk county, Kan.,

April 7th, 1879.

I am eleven years old. I read in the Fourth Reader; and study arithmetic, geography, and spelling. I have three sisters and one brother. I am not a member of the Church; pa and ma are members, and pa is president of the branch. We rode ten miles last Sunday to fill an appointment. I had a nice little rabbit, but it has disappeared; perhaps the cat caught it. It would wash its face and hands

MARY C. LOAR.

GENTLE WORDS.

One gentle word that we may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ANAGRAM No.—2.

Mrof eehsl fluidhelgt montisfa wolf
Mosrlbiaa lislr of sureplea,
Nac amn ceidrs, aac eenvha swtebo,
A oerm nneedpslrl rruataes.
Naoerdd hwti esgm os cheryl itrgbh
D'ew omfr a nutilloaiaec,
Eewrh vyree rats, hiwt tosdem hitgl
Ashl ldig ish rreppo oasnit.
Who rndag ni eag, who rafi ni whyot
Rea wrep "iidprhnsfe, vleo nad uhitr."
NNEEJT AADBCRHLL.

1 May 79.

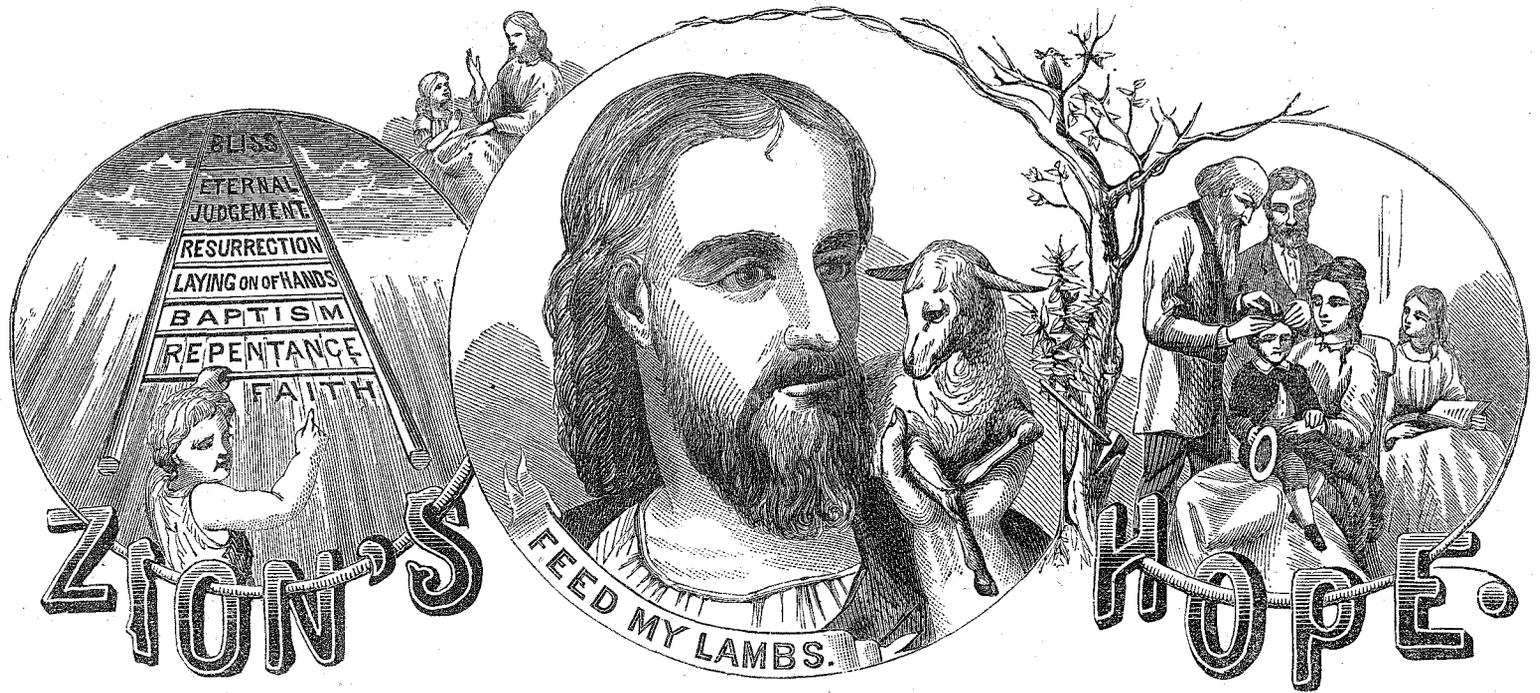
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work 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 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.

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

Vol. 10.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MAY 15, 1879.

No. 22.

A REQUEST.

Little Hopes of Zion, will you
Sip the dew-drops by the way,
Sent to moisten every flower
Blooming on the leafy spray.
Do not pass through life indifferent
To the calls of mercy given
By the Savior, all sufficient,
Little Hopes to lead to heaven.

Read and study well the Bible,
Book of Mormon, Covenants too;
Christ's commandments will enable
You to steer probation through.
Do not read each trashy novel,
Naught but fiction, when compared
With the heavenly, God-sent gospel,
That a people be prepared

Christ to meet when he descendeth
In his glory, through the air,
Here to reign—and recommendeth
All the meek, His bliss to share.
Do not disobey your father,
Loving mother—see the tear
Trickling down for you—then rather
Their kind teaching do revere.

Quarrel not but love each brother,
Little sisters love each one;
Do not run and tell your mother
Every ill they may have done;
But forgive with gladness, freely,
Never harboring wicked hate,
It may grieve you some day, sorely,
Perhaps, dear Hopes, when it is too late.

Do not say a word that's grievous,
To your playmates, friend or foe;
If they act at times mischievous,
Think awhile, and let it go.
Do not speak a word untruthful,
God can hear as well as see,
But the little tongue make useful,
In that way that will agree.

Never take your blessed Savior's
Dear and loving name in vain,
Lest you lose his heavenly favor
Feel for it a stinging pain.
Ne'er allow your hearts to covet
What does not belong to you,
'Tis no matter much you love it,
Christ expects you to be true.

To wind up this brief instruction:

Do not forget to watch and pray,
As you'll meet with sore temptation
In the straight and narrow way;
And for you, your wishful brother
Will continue to beseech,
In the name of Christ, the Father
Life eternal's bliss to reach.

Kewanee, Illinois.

WISHFULL.

LEAD MINING.—No. 3.

BY BROTHER NATHAN LINDSEY.

BUT, as in all kinds of mines, the miners of lead are annoyed by the accumulation of a poisonous gas called "damps." In the summer the damps will occur at a distance of seventeen to twenty feet below the surface. This annoyance is obviated by sinking two shafts or holes near each other, and then connecting by digging or "drifting" from one to the other. No matter how deep the shafts are, there is a continual circulation of air from the one to the other, which carries the damps out at the shaft that may be the most elevated at the surface.

When proving a prospect, pipes made of canvas cloth, connecting with or attached to an air machine, (which is constructed much after the plan of a fanning mill), is used. With this, pure air is driven to the bottom of the shaft, which causes the poisonous air to rise to the surface; and, when the shaft is sunk deeper, the pipe is lengthened. If the prospect proves to be valuable enough, an air shaft is sunk, (say two rods from the main shaft), and this shaft has to be sunk even if it must be done through solid rock. Sometimes a miner will, even when prospecting, begin at the bottom of a hill and dig horizontally into the hill, or as the miner says, run a "drift" into the hill a distance of many yards. Some very paying "leads" have been "struck" or found in this way. As inconsistent as it may seem, damps never occur in these drifts no matter how far they may be extended.

Shafts are carefully braced and secured by timbers, (to prevent caving in), from the very commencement till the shaft is abandoned. Very few accidents happen either from damps or from caving in. Once in a great while a miner gets careless and the earth caves on him, but I never heard of a death from damps, though I have known several to narrowly escape death.

The chief danger in damps is when the miner comes to the surface into the pure air; he is liable to faint and fall back into the shaft, and be killed by the fall. I have worked in holes myself so

full of damps that my candle would not burn, and yet I could perceive no hurt from it. But I had to be careful not to come too suddenly into the pure air. The pictures we see in geographies, aimed to illustrate the surface appearance of a mining locality, is about as nearly correct as those pictures of angels we see in books, are of a real angel. When the two angels came to Abraham's tent, (you have doubtless read the account of it in the Bible), he thought they were ordinary men. Had they had great wings attached to their shoulders, it is not probable that the old patriarch would have mistaken them for men. So we may safely conclude that angels have no more wings than we have. In like manner these mining pictures give you anything like a correct idea of a mining locality.

Windlasses may be seen on every hand, and the dirt piles nearly cover that part of the face of the earth, and they are of all sizes, from that made by digging an ordinary well to that which will cover nearly a half acre of ground to the height of ten feet or more. And the ground is honeycombed with holes so thickly that it requires extreme care to walk among them without tumbling into one. These are mostly prospecting holes or "sucker holes," varying in depth from four or five feet to a hundred and sixty and a hundred and eighty feet.

So long as a windlass and rope be left in proper position on a shaft, it remains the property of the person or persons who own the windlass and rope; but, if the windlass and rope be removed, it is considered abandoned, and any person may take possession and commence work. For this reason you may see many windlasses and ropes standing in position that have not been worked for months.

The land owners are very prompt in enforcing rules and regulations that the miners may establish, and they are also enforced by authority of local law, so that one miner cannot unjustly seize upon and appropriate to himself the claim of another.

In all the mines with which I am acquainted, mineral is not found at a greater depth than about a hundred and eighty feet, but I am told that in England it is found at a depth of three thousand six hundred. In the United States what is called the mineral bearing rock is a gray lime stone, and that only extends about a hundred and eighty feet in depth. At that depth, a blue lime stone is reached, in which I never heard of a particle of mineral being found.

As the mineral is dug out, the larger pieces are separated from the dirt and rock and sold to the

mineral buyers. But there is much that is in too small pieces to gather out with the hands; and when it is thought that a sufficient quantity of this remains in the dirt to pay for the trouble, it is laid aside for "wash dirt." If it is not considered rich enough, it is thrown out with other dirt. Whether the wash dirt is considered rich enough to save for washing, depends altogether upon the price of mineral. If mineral is low, some very rich dirt is heaved out with other dirt. And so it is not an uncommon occurrence to see dozens of boys, aged from five to twelve years, with short handled hoes in hand, "picking mineral." They will begin at the bottom of a dirt pile and overturn it all in search of such mineral as may have been thrown out with dirt and rock. And I have known boys (and some girls) in this manner to pick from fifty to a hundred pounds of mineral in a day, thus making very good wages.

When enough wash dirt has accumulated, it is taken to a place to be washed. This wash place is at some swift running small stream. A box open at one side and each end made of boards about a foot wide and about ten to twelve feet long, is placed in the stream so that about four or five inches depth of water will run through it. The wash dirt is thrown into this, and vigorously stirred with a shovel or spade, and the mineral being so much heavier than the dirt, (which is usually sand) and rock, settles to the bottom of the box while everything else is carried away by the water. The mineral is then carefully taken out, when it is ready for sale. The mineral buyers are always notified previous to washing, so that they are generally on hand ready to weigh it and pay for it as soon as it is washed.

Mineral is sold by the thousand pounds, and the price is governed more by the quantity of money in circulation, than by supply and demand. For instance in 1848, mineral was only nine dollars per thousand, and in 1864 it was worth one hundred dollars per thousand, and now it is only worth about forty-five dollars per thousand. I do not think the demand will ever be so nearly supplied as for that to affect the price much.

To be continued.

DANCING.

I WOULD ask the Hopes how much good there is in dancing? We can see what was done by dancing in ancient times. We see that David's dancing caused hatred,—1 Chron. 15:29. And when the daughter of Herodias danced before Herod it caused the shedding of the blood of a man of God,—Mark 5:22. And now, dear Hopes, I wish that none of you would ever be guilty of such acts of this kind as those recorded in the Bible and Book of Mormon. Some may say that the Bible says there is a time for all things. Very well. How would it look for us to advocate such a doctrine? What would you think of any Elder if he should tell you that it was all right to murder, to steal, to lie, to curse and swear? You would say that he was an impostor, and from beneath. Now if it is right to dance it is also right to do the rest. I know that none of you will say that it is right to murder. Dancing lowers us with the world; and it breaks our rest; and also it destroys our influence with our young friends; for it destroys their confidence in us as Christians, and as followers of Christ. And it not only destroys their confidence in us as a people, but they would condemn the principles of the gospel by our actions. This brings to mind a passage of scripture which you will find in 1 Cor. 15:33: "Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners." Now, my little brothers and sisters, what kind of manners do you find at a dance? You will find all manner of evil. Paul says, "Abstain from all appearance of evil,"—1 Thes. 5:22. "Flee also youthful lusts, but follow righteousness,"—2 Tim. 2:22. With love to all the Saints, I am yours in Christ,

FREDERIC J. CURTIS.

ELKHORN CITY, Nebraska.

TIME.

Time is long, or time is short,
Time is measured by the year;
Time is past and time is coming,
Yet Time is always here.

Time is without beginning,
Time is old and time is new;
Time is without an ending,
Time it takes to lead us through.

The age of time the years will tell,
Reckoning from the time of Christ,
The time of year the seasons tell,
As signs of times that we have passed.

I. N. ADAMSON.

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.—No. 10.

BY ELDER T. J. ANDREWS.

MODES OF RIDING.

UPON the opposite side of the Nile is Gizah, from which the pyramids are named; with the means of a ferry boat ourself and donkeys and boys are passed over this famed river. The Nile here is broad and shallow. Our boatman spread his rude lateen sail so as to have both wind and current; as the waters came rippling against the boat's side they seemed to speak to me of by-gone days; our boat floated upon Rhoda, a beautiful little island whose grassy banks and shady groves have long been the resort of pleasure parties from Cairo; here stands the celebrated Nilometer. This is a square chamber built of stone, in which stands a graduated stone pillar; by its scale the daily rise of the Nile is ascertained and proclaimed in the streets of Cairo; upon this island is fixed the hiding place of the child Moses by his mother. Now we are approaching the main shore; on landing at Giza we found it an old dilapidated ruin; a perfect wreck from what it once was. From the Pharaohs down, Giza has been renowned for the multitude of chickens raised here by artificial means; its chicken ovens are yet standing. One building contains about twenty ovens, and is called a mammal, and secures at one time 150,000 eggs; in 1831 the official report gave in Lower Egypt alone one hundred and five of these establishments, using up annually 19,000,000 of eggs, 6,000,000 of which spoiled, returning 13,000,000 of lively chickens. Passing along the streets, oranges, dates and other fruits, with bread and vegetables are observed for sale; intending to dine upon Cheop's top we lay in a supply and proceed on our journey; we have now a ride of four or five miles to go across the open plain, the huge pyramids all the time in sight, but so far distant that no conception can be formed of their size. The first impression of travelers is one of disappointment; this should be suspended till they have climbed their rugged sides. We now come to the boundary line where the rich vegetation of the valley and the sands of the desert keep up a continual warfare; the gray forms of those great monuments now lay but a short distance before us; their huge proportions seem rapidly to increase as we near them. At a distance they appear perfectly smooth, and pointed at the top; as you approach them they assume a more rugged outline; the top of the largest one appears a little flattened; they stand upon a rocky eminence, their base elevated about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the surrounding plain, lying at the foot of a range of hills behind which lies the vast oceans of sands, constituting the great Lybian desert. We had about forty rods yet to go when my donkey sank to its fetlocks in the yielding sand; dismounting and giving the reins to the boy I walked on. There are five groups of pyramids, numbering in all about 40, extending up and down the valley for ten miles. Most of them are small, only a few having such gigantic proportions as justly entitle them to be the wonders of the world; they all stand elevated;

the most noted group are Dashoor, Sakkara and Gizeh. Near the pyramids are the mummy pits, where large numbers of sacred birds have been embalmed, sepulchered and honored with religious care and reverence; also are to be found here mummies of snakes, sheep, oxen and other animals in large numbers; these were the gods of ancient Egypt. One cemetery here contains the embalmed bodies of their sacred bulls, evidently interred with great pomp and state; here are long underground passages, on the sides of which are deep recesses, each containing a large granite Sarcophagus about thirteen feet long, seven broad, and of proportionate height; inscriptions upon the walls give an account of the successive bulls, and the names of the kings in whose reign they lived and received honors.

We will now visit the pyramids. On approaching I met a dozen sturdy Arabs; saluting them in English, one of them responded, "Want to go up the pyramid?" in very good English. "Take up, up, take you inside, all around good." "How much you ask?" said I. Pointing to an individual among the crowd who stood erect, holding the folds of his striped blanket with the dignity of a Roman senator, "He's de sheik, he make de bargains." I turned to him with the inquiry "Have you charge of this place, sir?" "I am sheik here sir; you want to go up to de top?" A bargain between us was arrived at; and now for the ascent of Cheops. The vandal acts of the Egyptians in removing layer after layer of stones from Cheops has not only reduced it in size, but reduced it to the condition of an immense stairway; these steps are from two to three feet in height, corresponding with the thickness of the original layers of stone; of these layers there are two hundred and six in number; the ascent is not difficult but quite fatiguing; an ordinary agile person could ascend in ten minutes, but one half hour had better be consumed in the work. My guides proffered me personal aid but I preferred to go alone, one going before and another behind. I found it indeed a giant stairway; the strides were long and fatiguing; having reached an ascent of fifty or sixty feet, and gained a broad platform in one corner of the structure, I stopped to rest, and we all chatted together in great glee. Another ascent of about the same distance and another rest. I looked out upon the broad plain before me; there was something exhilarating in the air and in the scene, and I shouted with my Arab companions in boyish glee; by this time I was quite out of breath, and was glad to avail myself of the assistance of my swarthy companions. One took my right hand, the other my left, and, stepping before me upon the rocks, pulled me after them. On we went with great rapidity; as we got well underway they broke out into a wild song, a mixture of Arabic and English at once complimentary and suggestive to me. Up, up, and up we went, occasionally stopping to rest. I made quite free with my assistants, praised their skill and agility, and they in turn had compliments in broken English for America and American gentlemen. Once upon the summit what a scene of beauty is before one. There was the green valley of the Nile, stretching away up and down as far as the eye could reach. Along the line of the valley could be traced for many miles the majestic and wonderful river, winding like a great serpent its voluminous folds in strength and dignity, as it rolled onward to its ocean home. Away yonder were the Arabian hills skirting the barren sandy desert. Nearer by the Mokuttum hills and the quarries of Masarrah, from which this mountain of stone upon which I am standing had been chiseled, and the eye could trace the long laborious distance over which the great causeway was built upon which these massive stones were transported. Nearer by an attractive spot upon the landscape, was the great city, Grand Cairo, its walls, its great, grey, towering citadel, its mosques, and multitudes of towering minarets. Around my feet was the awful steril-

ity of the Lybian desert, a striking contrast with the fertile valley that bloomed by its side. Then I turned and looked down upon the battle field where Bonaparte inspired his men with valor, and pointing to these monuments exclaimed, "Forty centuries are looking down upon you from those mighty structures."

To be continued.

A FATHER'S STORY.

A GENTLEMAN was a little annoyed one evening by his three noisy little children prattling upon his knees. The gentleman had just returned from a long journey and was urged every few minutes to tell something about his trip. So he told them if they would keep quiet for a few minutes he would tell them about a wonderful and very useful object which he had brought from Paris.

They instantly quieted down and paid their strictest attention while the story was being told. The gentleman continued: "First I will tell you about some of the uses and wonderful qualities of this object. It is very nearly round and partly transparent. The middle portion of the inside is colored several shades, while all the rest is of a milky white."

"What is the name of the object, papa?" interrupted the children every few minutes.

The father would smile and go on with his story. "This object will dart from where I stand to those distant blue cliffs we can see from the door. Or, even up to the starry heavens, or back again, as quick as you can wink your eye. It is a very tender and delicate organ, so much so that if you were to touch it with your fingers you would injure it.

"Then how do you handle it, papa?" spoke one of the children.

The father replied, "I have to keep it in a soft case. I do not allow my hands to touch it, and at night I close it up for the night."

"What did you pay for it?" cried the children.

"I did not pay anything for it; it was given to me, yet I would not part with it for what I am worth."

"Are there any more back there?"

"Yes, plenty of them," answered Papa.

"Did you bring it home with you?" inquired the children.

"I have it with me now," was the reply.

"Then tell us, papa, do tell us what the name of this object is, and let us see it," cried two or three voices.

"Well," (pointing to it) "it is called, an eye."
I. N. ADAMSON.

SOMETHING TO BE DONE.

EVERY person has a work to do, if they would be saved in the kingdom of God. Faith is shown by acts, and if Gabriel were here he could not perform those acts for us. Do some ask "What must we do?" Believe God's holy word, and render obedience to its requirements. If you, earnest seeker, do not clearly understand what is required of you, go to the true Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, under the leadership of Joseph Smith, the chosen prophet of God, and take the Church papers, and what your duty is will be clearly illustrated to you, that you should become a citizen of the kingdom of God. And when you learn what is your duty,

"Do it so bravely, so humbly, so well,
That angels will hasten the story to tell;
Dare to do right, dare to be true,
We each have a work that none other can do."

Since we have greater light, now the true gospel being restored to earth for the last time, let us seek the true light, in which we can know we are not deceived.

SARAH A. ROSE.

GOOD WORDS OF ADVICE.

Dear Hopes:—As I am unknown to most of you permit me to introduce myself as a new recruit in the band of Hopes. Although older than many of you in years, I am younger than most of you in the gospel. But, young or old, I have lived long enough to realize in after life the benefit of those impressions made upon my mind when a Sabbath School scholar. While I have not been a professed follower of Christ until quite recently, and although my life has been a varied one, spent in almost every clime, and often in contact with all classes and conditions of men, yet to-day, as I look back over it, my heart wells with gratitude toward that earnest, faithful teacher, who by example as well as precept, strove to plant in my young heart right thoughts and desires. His efforts have indeed borne good fruit. Many times when exposed to temptation, I have felt those impressions standing like a wall across the path of evil. I did not then experience that love toward God and the desire to serve him that I do now, and of course, often did things that were not pleasing to him; yet I know that my Sunday School training was a light that guided my wandering feet safely past many of the snares which beset the path of life.

There is one thought that I want the young Hopes to ponder over, and perhaps some of you may profit by it. If, when I was a young boy in the Sunday School, I could have had the veil lifted from off my future life, and could have seen just how much benefit I would derive from my teacher's words, I would have paid a great deal closer attention to him than I did then. While he was talking, my eyes would not have been directed to another part of the school, neither would I have been engaged in talking to the scholar next to me, or playing some boyish prank, all of which I am afraid that I did sometimes, but none of which I trust our Hopes do. On the contrary, by the closest attention to what he was saying, I should have endeavored to manifest my appreciation of his efforts to do me good. I trust that this is the conduct of all our Hopes. My earnest prayer is, that when you arrive at man or woman's estate, you, like me, may be able to say, "God bless my Sunday School teacher."

And now I wish to say a few words to the teachers, for I have had some experience in that capacity also. I do not presume to offer advice, for I am sensible of my own need in that respect, but simply to give you my own thoughts on the subject of teaching, hoping that they may accord with your own experience, and may lead to an interchange of thought and desire that will inure to the benefit of all concerned. I have many times asked myself the question, Do I fully realize the responsibility that attaches to the position of teacher. There are two ways in which we may impress the minds of the children. One is by precept, the other by example; and the latter has perhaps oftener than we are aware of, more weight than the former. There is a subtle, almost indefinable influence, that we, by our modes of expression, manners, and deportment, often unconsciously to ourselves, exert upon those around us.

This is especially the case in regard to children. They generally love their teacher, and, being close imitators, the deportment of the teacher not only as respects order, but also in regard to a proper reverence for every thing pertaining to the things of salvation, makes an impression upon their minds, which may last through life. I think that every teacher should feel this, not that we should assume a solemn, chilling manner that would induce gloomy thoughts in regard to religion; for it is, as Paul says, *Righteousness, Peace, and Joy*, and these three characteristics should be exemplified by the conduct as well as the teaching. How important then it becomes that every teacher should strive to not only inculcate the points of doctrine contained in the lesson, but the spirit of

the work as well; and, as in teaching, we can not impart knowledge that we do not ourselves possess, so neither can we impart the spirit and love of the gospel if our own hearts are not full of it. That our constant desire may be to obtain more of this spirit to help us in this great work, is my earnest prayer.

WORKER.

T-O-D-A-Y.

MANY are the duties of to-day; and great are the responsibilities resting upon us in regard to the performance of these duties. How apt we are to say "Not to-day; to-morrow will be time enough."

To-day belongs to us, to-morrow to us will never come. "It is to-day until the son of man comes." "To-day, if you hear my voice, harden not your hearts." "Now is the day of salvation." Children, now in the morning of your life, begin the Christian race. What joyful news to us to know that we are to meet some dear friend to-day. What joy it must have brought to the heart of the man, when the Savior said to him, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." And what joyful tidings were those brought to the shepherds of Bethlehem's plains, when the angel of God said to them, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

If these things bring joy to our hearts, do you not suppose that "there will be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth?" Then let us go to work to-day to do good, by spreading the glad tidings of salvation abroad. Do not wait till to-morrow, but do not let this day's sun go down and find one single duty neglected, one heart left sad by our conduct, but let us live each day so that we may feel that we are made better by its deeds, and thus add sunshine to our own hearts and houses and to those of others.

M. B. WILLIAMS.

OPINION AND THE TEMPERANCE TREE.

IN expressing our opinion we are oftentimes found to flinch; but, as we are our own free agents, let us take an independant start, notwithstanding fiery darts may be hurled, and the finger of scorn may be pointed in opposition to our feeble efforts.

The cause of Temperance is a stronghold of truth, and in its primeval beauty was established by our veteran forefathers, whose lives were prolonged by their temperate habits. Let us compare the past ages for a moment, and we shall find that man has become degenerate, and has fallen in strength and in vigor; their years are cut short, as it were, by the scythe of destruction. The Creator did not design, when he placed man in the beautiful garden of Eden, that he should abuse his appetite in after years by an unnatural thirst for intoxicating drinks, and thereby become worse than the brute. They also injure the lungs by the frequent use of tobacco. Too sad to relate are the effects of intemperance. Too many to communicate are the deaths yearly. Shall we sit still? Or shall we not rather help suffering and fallen man? How many families there are that are made destitute, crying for bread. Why should they die with delirium tremens when we might snatch them as brands from the burning. How pitiful the story of the fair young wife and child left to bemoan a drunkard's lot. The child looks up into the pale face of tears and enquires, "Do God and the angels love papa in the saloon to-night?" "Let us kneel my son and ask him." The father returned earlier that night, listened and heard the earnest prayer. The small, still voice opened the door of his heart. He went in and said, "Wife, forgive me; it is the last bitter cup I will take." Think you not there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth? Sunshine once more gladdened their hearts. These and other daily reports are encouraging to the Tem-

perance cause. Let us take them by the hand of charity and try to make heaven below. Do not say that the cause will die. The tree in winter is not what it appears when alive, full in every part, root, stem and branch, of vigorous but hidden vitality, which frosts and storms are maturing. All summer the life is there, and wrapped up within itself the gems of future verdure, awaiting the coming spring. Let us ever watch and keep the canker-worm from destroying this noble Temperance Tree.

ESTHER ROHRER.

PROPAGATING EVERGREENS.

The cones of all evergreens are gathered when ripe and allowed to dry: after which the seeds should be beaten out and cleaned. Mix the seeds with at least ten times their bulk of sand in boxes, having so thorough drainage that water will pass freely therefrom. Water thoroughly and place them where they may freeze and thaw slightly. In the Spring sow thickly in beds lightly shaded from the sun: keep free from weeds, and when one or two years old pick out into rows one foot apart by four inches in the rows. When large enough, transplant into nursery rows, until large enough to finally transplant to the places where they are to stand.

The mind of youth cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will gather elsewhere that which is evil.

Correspondence.

BEVIER, Mo., March 5th, 1879.

I was nine years old Feb. 28th. I don't belong to the Church but my father and mother belong to the Church. I wish to belong when I can be a good boy. I wish you all to pray for me that I may be. I go to day school, and read in the third reader. Our teacher's name is Lilly Pierce. We have a good Sabbath School, which I go to every Sabbath. My teacher's name is David J. Jones.

DAVID WALTEBAUGH.

SOLDIER, Iowa, April 20th, 1879.

I go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Mary Chase. I like her real well, and I guess all of the scholars do. There are twenty-two of them. I do not attend meeting very often because it is so very far to go. There are enough members here to organize a branch, but there is no one to take the lead. I would like to correspond with some of the Hopes, if there are any of them that will correspond with me. I ask all of you to pray for me. Your sister,

SARAH A. JOHNSON.

BROOKLYN, New York, March 3d, 1879.

I was nine years old February 11th, 1879. I have not been baptized yet, but I am going to be as soon as I can. I hope to be a good boy; pray for me. I go to school. My studies are geography, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, and I am also learning the German language, which will be very useful to me. We have a little branch in Brooklyn of nine members, and have meetings every Sunday afternoon and Wednesday night.

JOSEPH SQUIRE.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, May 1st, 1879.

I am well, but my little brother has been ill for a few days. He has been healed many times when the doctors had given him up to die. I am not yet in the Church. I am a going to be baptized as soon as it is convenient. I would like some of the little Hopes to write to me, for I would be pleased to receive a letter and I would answer it. I ask an interest in your prayers that I may be faithful. Your true friend,

CARRIE ELNORA BRIGGS.

STAUNTON, Va., February 27th, 1879.

I often think of you and wonder what you are all doing, and how you are getting along. The *Hope* and *Herald* are all the preaching we have now. There are no saints here except our family. I sometimes feel very lonely, and almost discouraged, but I hope and pray that the Lord will put it into the hearts of some in the neighborhood to turn from the sin and error of their way and seek God while he may be found, and knock while the door of mercy may be opened unto them. I am trying to live faithful, though I often make missteps. I am glad to see the *Hope* remember-

ed. I will send it a little present, and hope that all will give something. I want you all to pray for me, that I may meet you all in heaven. Your sister,

SALLIE E. CLEVELAND.

BUTTE CITY, MONTANA, April 16th, 1879.

I am twelve years old. I was baptized when I was eight. My pa baptized me and he baptized three more. My parents belong to the Church. I have two sisters younger than me who wish to be baptized. I hope you will all pray for me and I will pray for you.

Your sister in the Church, MARY H. BOWEN.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, May 1st, 1879.

I am only a little boy, but I love the *Hope*. I can not write but my sister writes for me. I am nine years old. I go to school. I am lame. I have been helped some by the prayers of the Elders. My pa and ma are in the Church, but I am not, yet I hope soon to be. I would like some of the Hopes to write to me, for I am very lonesome. We have prayer meeting at our house every Sunday night. I enjoy them, for the Spirit of God is in our midst. Little Hopes, pray for me, for I am lame. Your true friend,

WILLIE ORSON BRIGGS.

COFFEYVILLE, Kan., April 8th, 1879.

I never heard of *Zion's Hope* till James Hart came to our place to work. I think it is the best Sunday School paper published. I read every number carefully, especially the children's letters. I attend your meeting every Sunday, though I am not a member of your Church. Elder France is the minister. He is going to lecture on the Book of Mormon next Sunday. He has a good congregation most every Sunday.

JAS. A. THORNTON.

BOSTON, Mass., Apr. 24th, 1878.

I was baptized December 5th, 1877, and my father, my mother, and three brothers were baptized at the same time. My little brother Louis and myself go to school together, and we love our teacher very much, for she is very kind to us. We have preaching on Sunday afternoon and prayer and testimony meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Our numbers are very small for the present, but we love to go to meeting and bear our testimonies and sing the sweet songs of Zion. I rejoice in the gospel and ask the prayers of all the Saints that I may remain faithful. Your loving sister in Christ,

HELANA BERTELSEN.

STOCKDALE, Texas, April 25th, 1879.

Brother Henry:—I am ten years old. I was baptized three weeks ago. We have had a pleasant winter, a little cold at times, but that is all. I belong to the Stockdale Branch, and I am proud of it. We live one mile and a half from the Sunday School, and I go every Sunday. I desire to press on in this work, for it is the work of God. Brother Bays baptized me. Pray for me. Your brother in Christ,

OTIS N. HUMPHREY.

MONDAMIN, Iowa, April 26th, 1879.

I will say to the readers of the *Hope*, never neglect your duty to your heavenly father. The more I learn of the goodness of God, the more I feel to praise his great and holy name, and also the more I desire to do my duty towards him.

I am a young sister in the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, but I can with truth say that it is more precious to me than gold. I have received of riches that are more precious than rubies. And I have the assurance within my breast that if I live as becometh a saint of God I will know happiness that money can not buy, such as can be had only by obedience to the gospel. There is no happiness in this world of wickedness, of sorrow and of death, outside of the gospel. We see those in the world who have all the happiness that money can get, but in comparison with the happiness that we receive through the gospel, I think it is no happiness at all. We may have money without the love of God, but we can not buy happiness. But when we have money and the love of God too, then we can gain happiness; for we can visit the poor and the needy, the fatherless and motherless, and, by having the love of God burning in our bosoms, we can buy happiness, and we can put money into the storehouse of the Lord, so that the wants of those poor and needy ones, from whom God has called the head of the family to go and cry repentance, can be supplied. Thus we can buy happiness.

My dear companion has been called to work in the harvest field of the Lord, but I am not needy like some who have had their companions called away from them. I am living with my father and mother. They do not belong to the Church, but I pray God they may some day, and that before long. My heart is often filled with sorrow when I contemplate their condition in regard to the future world. I have many near and

dear relatives, but few of them know anything about the goodness of God, or have ever sought to know.

But, let us, who have made a covenant with our heavenly Father; yea, we who have taken upon us the name of Christ, try and live by every word that proceedeth out of his mouth. Little we know the happiness that is in store for us if we do our duty before God at all times and in all places.

I humbly ask an interest in the prayers of all who may read this article, for I feel that I need them.

SISTER H.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA, No. 3.

- My 1st is the founder of the Jewish nation,
My 2d the Lord rebuked through an animal.
My 3d is that which Hiram furnished for the building of Solomon's temple.
My 4th danced before the Lord.
My 5th is the summer residence of the Persian kings.
My 6th is one who was present at Ephesus when Paul wrote his first epistle.
My 7th was treasurer in the Temple.
My 8th is the glen in which Gad and his multitude were swallowed up.
My 9th is called the prince of the prophets.
My 10th slew five kings, and cast them into a cave where they had been hid.
My 11th is the clearest and most valuable of Bible books, historically speaking.
My 12th is a lamp mentioned but once in the Bible.
My 13th was the meekest man upon the face of the earth.
My 14th was the tutor of Solomon.
My 15th is the place which yielded fine gold, gems and precious wood for Hebrew commerce.
My 16th was the bearer of "Paul's Epistle to the Romans."
My 17th was a christian of Corinth.
My 18th is one of the four angels that stood around the throne of God.
My 19th was noted for his physical strength and moral weakness.
My 20th is the number of proverbs spoken by Solomon.
My 21st is the garden in which Manasseh was buried.
My 22d is one of the ten sons of Haman slain by the Jews.
My 23d is that for which Solomon was noted.
My 24th is that chapter in Joshua in which he commands the sun and moon to stand still.
My 25th is that letter with which no Bible name begins.
My 26th the priest who anointed Solomon with oil. The whole is what the Hebrews used in their notations. These initials will be the answer.

ELIZA FRANCE.

Answers to Puzzles for April 1st.

- 1 To Scriptural Enigma, No. 2.—
J udah.—Gen. 29: 35.
A ristarchus.—Col. 4: 10.
M athias.—Acts 1: 26.
E lijah.—I Kings 18: 36.
S ilas.—Acts 16: 25.
C aleb.—Num. 13: 6.
A bijam.—1 Kings 15: 2.
F elix.—Acts 24: 24.
F ox.—Luke 43: 32.
A bishai.—2 Sam. 18: 2.
L azarus.—John 11: 43.
L ibnah.—Num. 33: 20.
The whole James Caffall.
No answers received.

15 May 79.

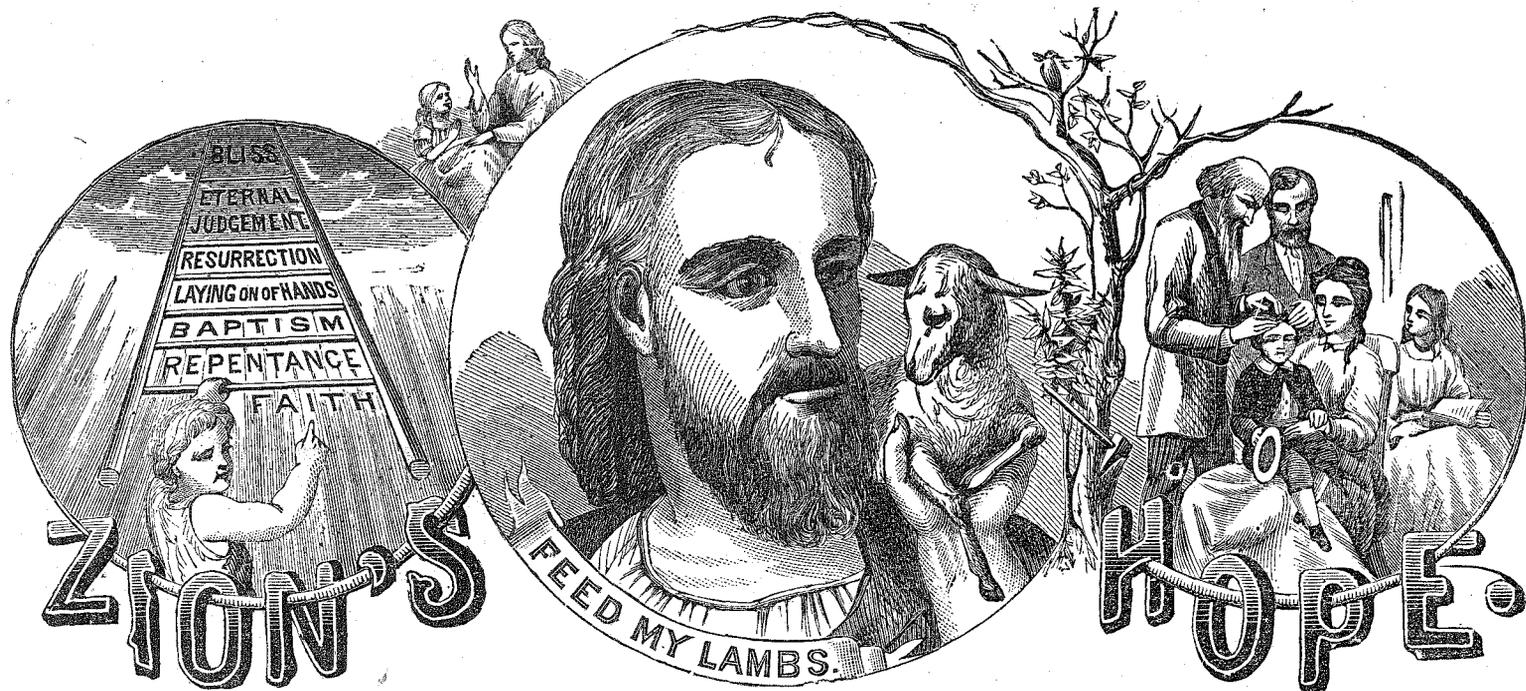
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work 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 SAINTS' HERALD.

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

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do you hear the cry of the children?
It is heard in the home and the street,
As it mingles with musical laughter
And the patter of many feet.

Do you hear the cry of the children?
They call on the men who rule,
And demand with imperious urging,
The freedom and right of the school.

They say: "In this land of freedom
The schools are all free, no doubt;
But look! they are fearfully crowded,
And thousands are still shut out.

"The schools should entreat the children
To come to their sheltering care;
But now when the children would enter,
The portals are shut to their prayer.

"Oh, men of this generation!
You sow what your children must reap,
And the wheat and the tares together
Are growing while you are asleep.

"Be sure that the grain is scattered
All over the fertile ground;
For wherever a spot is neglected,
Just there will the tares abound.

"Your schools should be beautiful temples,
And triumphs of taste and skill,
With space which the growing millions,
Will not be enough to fill.

"Build large as your hopes of fortune,
Nor fear for an empty seat;
Then gladly the children will gather,
And none will be left on the street.

"Oh, men! you have wasted millions,
By trusting to knaves and fools,
And well you may close your purses,
But not to the claim of the schools."

Do you hear the cry of the children?
It is well if you hear and heed;
For all of your hopes and ambitions
Are naught to the children's need.

LETTER TO UNCLE JOHN.

Dear Uncle John:—I am trying to sow good seeds, but there are so many temptations that sometimes I get angry; but after I get over it, I feel sorry to think that I do not live close enough to my God. I think how unworthy I am of all

the many blessings received from the hand of the Almighty. I am trying to avoid all of those bad habits you mentioned in your chat. You asked where you could find a parable about seeds. You will find it in Matthew, 13th chapter, and in Mark the 4th chapter, and in Luke the 8th chapter. That article in the *Herald* has set me so that I don't drink any more tea or coffee; and I now like milk the best. I will try to live so that when Christ comes I may be found worthy. Pray for me. Your unworthy brother,

THOMAS W. WILLIAMS.

SYRACUSE, OHIO, May 4th, 1879.

"I WOULD DO AS I LIKE."

I WAS requested by a friend of mine to accompany him to see a little boy the other day, but I don't expect any of the little Hopes could guess where we had to go to see him. It was not to some nice home or pleasant Sunday School, but it was to our large county jail.

Now this was a strange place for a little boy to be in, but such was the case.

After we were admitted a man with a bunch of large keys in his hand showed us where we could see him. This man did not open the door to let us in where he was, and there was no window, but he said, "You must speak to him through the door." This was easy enough for us to do, for the door was not made like other doors; it had iron bars in the middle of it a little way apart, so as to serve both for a window and a door. I found him to be a small boy, ten or eleven years old, and, as he came towards the door, I could see his eyes were very red, and his countenance looked so sad, that if any of the little Hopes could have seen him, I know they would have said, he has been crying, and that was just what I thought, and when I asked him why he was there, with great big tears in his eyes he said:

"O, I have been a bad boy. I have such a good mother, but I did not mind her, I would do as I liked. Mother told me not to go with those bad boys, but I would; and the other day we stole a lot of chickens, and the policeman brought me here, and poor mother, I suppose, is crying at home."

And he too went and cried in another part of the cell; if any of you had seen him I think you would have wept too, for every true Christian almost feels to weep when they see any one in sorrow and trouble through sin, and in feeling so we do just what Jesus did, for he wept when he felt how sinful Jerusalem was, with all its little

girls and boys living there, and that is just who we want to be like, for that beautiful hymn says:

"More like Jesus would I be,
Let my Savior dwell in me;
Fill my soul with peace and love,
Make me gentle as a dove."

I visited a Sunday School once where there was nearly one thousand scholars, where they used the black board to help teach the lessons by, and where the singing was so beautiful that a large number of people used to go on purpose to hear the children sing, and, after I went once, I could not stay away, for the order of the school, the teaching of the lessons and everything else done there was so pleasant that the children used to call their school home. It was a model Sunday School, and how very happy the boys and girls used to be when Sunday came to go to school. I knew a little boy who used to attend there, whose kind father had died. He was a particularly smart boy and had a happy smile for everyone. One afternoon I thought I would ask him as he came out of school, what made him feel so good.

"Well," he said, "I did not always feel so happy. Before poor father died he used to talk and tell me what to do, so that when I became a man, I could be a good one. But I did not mind what he said. I was a bad boy then. I would do as I liked, but since I came to this nice Sunday School my good teachers have told me so much about Jesus and what a dear Savior he is, that now I want to do as Jesus likes, so that by and by I may meet my dear father in heaven."

This little boy understood that he was so very much happier than he formerly was when he desired always to do as he liked; and then he discovered another secret, that being happy himself made others happy also.

I once heard of two boys who were taking a walk on a summer's evening by a field where a poor man was plowing, and as it was very hot he had left his shoes by the field; and when they saw them they said:

"Now let us have some fun; let us hide them and wont that fool him."

But a Christian gentleman who was with them said, "Why, what do you wish to do that for?"

"O," they said, "we would like to do it; and then, as it is near the time for him to leave work, we could wait to see what he would do."

"That," he said, "is all right; but do you not know that it is not always wise to even do as we like? I will tell you a better way to surprise him. Take the shoes, and, as each of you have fifty cents with you, put one in each shoe."

They did so, and then hid themselves till the

man quit work. And when he came to where they had been left he sat down to put them on; but when he felt something in it, and put his hand in to take it out, he was much surprised, and he looked around but saw no one, for they were hid. He then took up the other one, and when he found the other fifty cents in it, he put the shoe down fell on his knees and burst out a crying and praying; and he said in his prayer that God had answered his prayer of the morning, and had sent him this money for his poor sick wife and children whom he had left at home. He did not know that these two boys had put it there; for he could not see them, and they thought after that it sometimes paid not to do as you liked.

WM. STILL.

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.—No. 11. BY ELDER T. J. ANDREWS.

UPON AND IN THE PYRAMIDS.

LITTLE HOPES, this is what our traveler saw from the apex of Cheops. I will now give you what another saw at another season of the year, when, instead of the Nile looking like a mighty winding serpent, it looked like a great ocean. He says:

"There cannot be a finer sight than Egypt at two seasons of the year; if one stands upon the largest pyramid of Grand Cairo in the months of July and August, he beholds a vast sea in which numberless towns and villages appear with several causeways leading from place to place, the whole interspersed with groves and fruit trees, whose tops only are visible, all of which forms a delightful prospect. This view is bounded by mountains and woods, which terminate at the utmost distance the eye can reach, the most beautiful horizon that can be imagined. On the contrary in winter, that is to say in the months of January and February, the whole country is one continued scene of beautiful meadows, whose verdure enamelled with flowers charms the eye. The spectator beholds on every side flocks and herds, dispersed over all the plains, with infinite numbers of husbandmen and gardeners. The air is then perfumed by the great quantity of flowers and blossoms on the orange, lemon and other trees, and is so pure that a more wholesome and agreeable clime is not found in the world, so that nature being then dead, as it were, in all other climates, seems to be alive only for so delightful an abode."

I had arranged to dine upon Cheop's brow, and now spread the cloth with due ceremony. My two attendants with expectant looks upon invitation joined in the repast; this over we prepared to descend. My associates now approached me concerning the backsheesh, or usual tribute expected by them from travelers; the descent I found, as all travelers do, much more difficult than the ascent; the treacherous Arabs know this and consider it the most proper moment for an attack upon your generosity; there is not the descent to be made down this awful declivity, but the internal chambers of the pyramid to be visited, which would be utterly impossible without this valuable aid; so we promised them a suitable backsheesh upon our safe descent to the plain. Our descent, thanks to kind providence, was made in safety. As we approached the base my guides led the way to the opening that led to the interior; the entrance is on the north side, and about fifty feet high from the from the base; it certainly is a low, miserable entrance, for so noble a structure, though most suitable for a tomb; for such is the place to which this opening leads; a tomb hidden in the most stupendous pile of stones that the skill and labor of man ever erected.

We had entered but a few feet when the last glimmering ray of light disappeared. Our candles were then lighted, and we proceeded down the dreadful passage for a long distance, and after alternately descending and ascending, changing

our course in various directions, we at last found ourselves standing in an open subterranean chamber, in the solid rock; from this a small unfinished passage extends fifty-two feet farther; beneath this room there is a deep well, for what purpose is not known; this chamber is one hundred and fifty-five feet below the base of the pyramid. Herodotus mentions a subterranean canal by which the water of the Nile was brought into these underground apartments, but no traces of it now remain. Ascending a short distance the low, narrow passage suddenly expands itself into a large majestic hall, called the grand gallery; as you enter this, another low passage branches off, leading into what is called the Queen's Chamber, which stands under the apex of the pyramid, this chamber is smaller than the one above it, and is seventy-two feet from the level of the ground, four hundred and eight feet below the summit and seventy-one feet below the King's Chamber above.

The upward passage from here had formerly been closed by four huge granite blocks, sliding in grooves; these have been removed by the vandals, and the way is now clear to the King's Chamber. This is the grand apartment, and no doubt the great sepulchral room of this astonishing structure; its length is thirty-four feet four inches, breadth seventeen feet seven inches; height nineteen feet two inches; the upper ceiling is flat, composed of huge granite blocks laid across from wall to wall; the sides are cased with polished slabs of granite, with joints, fitting close together; immediately over this chamber are several smaller ones, three or four feet high, intended evidently to relieve the heavy pressure of stone that otherwise would rest upon the roof of the King's Chamber; in these are found the only inscriptions yet discovered; these are painted on the stones with red ochre; they were evidently written upon the blocks before they were laid in their places; for some of them are turned upside-down, and in some the inscriptions are partly covered by the other stones about them; these inscriptions settle a disputed question; they prove that the hieroglyphics are older than the pyramid. Among them the name of Cheops is found, after whom the pyramid is named and by whom it is supposed to have been built.

This chamber has but one piece of furniture, an old, granite sarcophagus, chiseled from a solid block; it measures in length seven feet five inches outside; in breadth three feet three inches; in depth three feet three inches; and its sides four inches thick; and it must have been placed here when the room was built. I stood by it, laid my hands upon it, and gazed into it with a long and earnest look. One of the guides seeing me thus interested ventured to speak, "You like to hab piece of that?" I looked at it; rude hands had hammered a bit till every edge had been rounded by perpetual chipping; the Arab awaits my answer; securing an affirmative reply he vanished into a dark corner and immediately appeared with a stout boulder in his hand, tapped the chest gently at first to show how clear and musical like a bell it would ring; in time the work was done, a small bit of the red granite was placed in my hand, and I gave him the promised reward.

Little Hopes, concerning Cheops that we have now seen externally and internally, another historian has given us some details that are highly interesting and instructive, which we will insert here for you, and then we will bid adieu to the pyramids.

"This pyramid, like the rest was built upon a rock, having a square base, cut on the outside as so many steps. It was built with stones of prodigious size, the least of which was thirty feet long, wrought with wonderful art and covered with hieroglyphics; each side of the base is eight hundred feet, and it is eight hundred feet to the summit; the summit, which to those who view it from below seems a point, is a fine platform, composed of ten or twelve massive stones; each side of the platform is sixteen feet. One hun-

dred thousand men were employed in building it, and were relieved every three months by the same number. Ten years were spent in hewing out the stones, either in Arabia or Ethiopia, and bringing them to Egypt, and twenty years more in erecting this immense edifice. There were expressed on the pyramid in Egyptian characters the sums it cost only for garlick, leeks, onions and other vegetables for the workmen amounting to \$8,250,000; from this it is easy to conjecture what a vast sum the whole cost must have been."

—Rollin.

Continued.

LEAD MINING.—No. 4.

BY BROTHER NATHAN LINDSEY.

IT TAKES a very great heat to melt the mineral. The fire in an ordinary stove would never melt it unless it was beaten into dust; and even then it could not be melted in a day. Very powerful furnaces have to be built, and the mineral broken up in small pieces. These furnaces are called smelting furnaces. To see one in full heat would remind you of the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar into which he cast the three Hebrew children.

A furnace is usually built on the bank of or over a rivulet or creek. The first thing built is a structure that resembles a black-smith's forge, only a great deal larger, say about twenty feet square. This is built so as to slope toward the center of one side, and at the side a huge bellows is placed which is run by the stream near which it is built. This structure except the bellows is enclosed with heavy slab-iron so as to hold the heat, and upon this is placed a huge, long smoke-stack, and a rude house is built around the whole. The mineral is then broken up into pieces of not more than a pound, and from that to dust, and washed well to free it from all dirt and rock that may have been clinging to it. After having been thoroughly cleansed, a layer of charcoal about a foot thick is placed over the bottom of the furnace, then enough mineral to cover the charcoal; and on this is placed a layer of wood, then mineral, then charcoal &c till the furnace is filled. It is then fired and the huge bellows set in motion, and with the great heat that this makes, it requires about eight hours to melt the mineral.

As the mineral melts the lead runs out into an iron kettle placed to receive it, and is then moulded into what are called pigs, each of which weighs seventy pounds. They are about six inches at the top by four at the bottom, and about five inches thick, just about a good load for a man. Before the lead is fit for general use the silver must be extracted, as with the silver in it, it is too hard.

Away back in gold times the smelters used to have more ways to make money than by speculation in lead on which they always realized large profits. They always paid us in English sovereigns, what is called in England, "a pound sterling," each of which is worth in United States money four dollars and eighty-three cents. They made us pay four dollars and ninety cents each for them, thus making seven cents on each sovereign they paid for our mineral. This was nearly one and one-half per cent on each sovereign that they gave no equivalent for, and as they paid out thousands of sovereigns each week this small item amounted to a good thing each year.

I said on a former page that it required eight hours' time to melt the mineral. It requires only eight hours to melt the mineral and mould the pigs. So that three sets of hands are required at the furnace night and day. The dirt and rubbish settle at the bottom of what may be called the crucible, and forms a very hard mass called slag. This in color is black and is as hard as iron. Of course this carries down some lead with it, and is remelted to obtain whatever of lead there may be in it. It is melted in what

are called slag furnaces, which are capable of being heated much hotter than mineral furnaces.

In the early days of mining a great deal of mineral was melted in log furnaces. This was done by placing a layer of logs as close together as possible, then a layer of mineral, and on this a layer of logs, etc, till the logs and mineral piled up eight or ten feet high, after which the logs were fired, and after the logs burnt up and went to ashes, and the mass cooled, the lead was picked up and remelted and then moulded into pigs. This method was practiced to some extent till about the year 1840.

Until railroad times, Galena, Illinois, was the lead shipping point for south-western Wisconsin and north-western Illinois; and the amount of lead shipped down the Mississippi river from this point was very great. After the close of navigation, vast amounts of it would accumulate on the banks of the river ready for the opening of navigation. I have seen as much as three acres of ground covered with pigs of lead to a height of eight feet. But as soon as navigation is opened the size of the pile diminished pretty fast. Since the completion of the Illinois Central railroad to Galena, Scales Mound, Council Hill, Warren and Nora have been made shipping points.

It must be remembered that no deposit of lead ore can be so rich as the Consolidated Virginia silver mines in the state of Nevada, or those deposits of silver found in Peru, South America; but there have been found and probably others will be hereafter found from which the owners have realized four hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars. I will cite a few which yielded two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand dollars and let that suffice.

The Haggarty "lead" in the Apple River mines near Elizabeth, Joe Daviess county, Illinois, was struck and owned by Dr. Haggarty. This lead was characterized by three mineral bearing east and west crevices situated about three rods apart besides a great flat opening to the northward of the northward crevice. Two of these crevices were worked out by Dr. Haggarty and the other by the Isbell boys and a Latter Day Saint named Burton, who was a good man, though at that time I did not know he was a Latter Day Saint, but I knew he was a good man, for good men's acts are not hid under a bushel. We can see them dropping as manna from heaven, on every side.

But to return. This "lead" though worked out away back in the years 1851, 1852 and 1853 when mineral was very cheap, compared with present prices, yielded about four hundred thousand dollars worth of mineral, and in war times would have yielded about two million dollars.

The next very notable "lead" was struck at Shullsburg in the south-western part of Wisconsin. This was a cave about eighty rods long having a cord of mineral in it about six feet high and about four feet thick extending nearly the whole length of the cave entirely bare. So that the only labor required to obtain it was to uncord it and send it to the top of the ground. This was owned by Potwine and Maloy. This netted the owners about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Many lodes have been found which netted their owners from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and it was not an uncommon occurrence for them to net their owners from fifteen thousand to forty thousand dollars.

About four-fifths of those engaged in mining make little more than a living, but I do not know of one industrious individual who failed to make a good living. There is always work to be had at good prices considering the times. Indeed when farmers only paid twelve dollars to fourteen dollars, and at most sixteen dollars per month, (and the hand to receive the last named price had to be a good hand), miners were paid one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars per day, and one only gave eight hours for a day's work

at that price, while the farmer required the hours intervening between sunrise and sunset, at any price for labor. The hands in the mines who worked underground got two dollars per day, whilst those working out were paid one dollar and fifty cents.

I will say in conclusion that the mining population in those mines where I am acquainted, are, generally speaking, a spendthrift people. They seemed to think that money was made to spend as fast as earned, and they generally do so, yet there are many frugal, saving people among them.

NATHAN LINDESEY.

The end.

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS.

How sweet the name of Jesus
Must sound in every ear;
How dear to each believer
His blessed words must be.

O, sinner do not tarry,
If with sin and guilt oppressed;
Come thou at once to Jesus,
He knows and loves thee best.

Love, O, love the Savior,
He died on Calvary,
That sinners just like you and I,
His love for us should see.

O, yes, we'll love the Savior,
Because he first loved us,
He never will reject you,
If in him you put your trust.

MARY A. STEINMETZ.

ETHEL'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.

AFTER a long delay I will try and tell the Hopes a little more about my visit to New York, and what I saw there; and I hope this letter will not get mixed up in the paper as my last one did. After our visit to Central Park we had many walks through the streets of Brooklyn and New York, seeing the sights, and particularly the fine display of Christmas goods in some of the windows. All children are pleased at the approach of Christmas, and wonder what dear old Santa Claus will bring them. Those who live in small towns can scarcely form an idea of the vastness of such displays of toys, so I will try and describe one or two stores we saw in our rambles.

Macy's bay windows on the Fourteenth street side of the house are occupied by doll parties. The one on the corner is the scene of a steeple chase, with horses and riders going over hurdles and ditches. The water in the ditches was made with pieces of looking glass imbedded in artificial grass. There is a grand stand and the balcony of a jockey club house, a coach and coaching party, an observatory and judges' stand, and everything complete. The third a doll's birthday party, with music and dancing.

At another store of five large bay windows were two large and costly toys. One called "The Children's Garden Party," or "French Babies at Play," is composed of a number of toys, in fact forming a group of children in a beautiful garden. Each little figure is a work of art, a character doll with appropriate expression of countenance and attitude. All the figures are jointed, and elegantly and fashionably costumed. Two of the children are quarreling over a tart; one little miss is perched in a tree playing a drum and cymbals; another leans from a pretty arbor or elevated grotto and receives fruit from two boyish admirers, who get it from the lattice near by.

The other is a large mechanical toy, a picture enclosed in a glass, and represents a moonlight scene—time, midnight. A lover is serenading his lady with a guitar, and the neighbors are awakened. The young lady appears, and throws

a kiss to her cavalier; another young lady appears at another window, and evidently thinks that the serenade is intended for her. On the right an old woman opens her window to enjoy the music also, and beats time with her hand. Presently the scene changes, and an old man opens an attic window and looks angrily about; every other head is withdrawn, the ardent Romeo disappears, the silken lattice drops, and even the cats cease to move their heads, and sit quite still on the roof of an adjoining house, until the music begins again, when the entire scene is repeated. These two toys were purchased at the Paris Exposition.

There was a monkey playing a harp, with the drollest of airs and the richest of dresses; another, a beautiful flower girl watering her plants, and another, an acrobat tossing his balls with precision, and many others sufficiently lifelike and beautiful to turn the heads of grown-up people as well as those of little folks.

One fine morning with pa and uncle and cousin we crossed the river and took the street cars for Central Park, and we had a good time walking over that large and beautiful place, and saw many curious things. One was goats hitched to small carriages drawing children at ten cents a ride. There was a large collection of wild animals, such as lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas, elephants, bears, one sea lion in a large cistern of water, a lot of such funny monkeys, and many parrots and other birds. There were seven large and two baby elephants, and fifteen lions, and I was afraid when the lions and tigers commenced roaring, which they did twice while we were there. I thought they could get out of their cages and kill us, when they looked so savage.

After a pleasant visit we started on our long journey for home, in time to be at the Christmas tree in Plano and was glad to see ma, and my brother and sisters and all my school mates. I am only a little girl, and pa helps me to write this letter. Good bye and may we all strive to do right.

ETHEL G. SCOTT.

LETTER FROM SISTER DEVORE.

AFTER a hard day's work I was very tired, so I took up our dear little paper, *Zion's Hope*, and in reading over the letters from those so young in years, and the other precious food therein contained, I felt well paid, and calm, noble and sweet thoughts occupied my mind. Then, with my husband, I knelt before our Father to thank him for what he has done for us, and to still keep us for himself in the future. I felt that our devotion came from the deep recesses of our hearts. A holy, calm spirit brooded over us and my mind went out upon the great latter day work. How many souls are engaged in it, the aged, the middle aged and the youth, each striving to do something to forward this pure work of God.

I often feel that I am the weakest of all, yet in my weakness I try to do whatever my hands find to do, and in so doing I am often made happy. I have no little Hopes of my own, but I love to see them, and to attend Sabbath School and gather a lot of little ones around me and teach them such things as their little minds can comprehend. When I go with my husband out in the field, I often gather the Saints' little Hopes around me and tell them about the good Father who dwells in heaven, and the story of the cross. It does my heart good to see their faces brighten and their eyes sparkle as they are eager to learn more.

To-night my mind is carried back to the home of Bro. and Sr. Wiper, where five little Hopes came to me with faces and hands clean, and eager and earnest to hear me tell them how Jesus was nailed to the tree. They were so delighted they could hardly give it up.

Then to see so many hopeful letters written by the Hopes, it cheers my soul and I feel to say,

"Father above, preserve them for thine own."

Let me say to you, strive to make those around you happy; do not weary if it is not always appreciated, but work the more diligently to please them. It is better to do more than not to come quite up to the mark. I often say that if my burdens must be borne let me bear them or the greater part of them. If sacrifice must be made let me be the one; if a low position or door keeper, let me take that place. For he that spake as never man spake said, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant," and, "the pure in heart shall see God." Your sister in the new and everlasting covenant,

ELLA R. DEVORE.

WEST WHEELING, Ohio, May 6th, 1879.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

AS SUMMER draws nigh, the time when the Hopes are especially useful to their fathers and mothers, and when also out-of-door games, rambles, and other attractive pleasures come to take up the long Summer days, and for this reason there will be a scarcity of letters for the correspondence column, and probably also of articles from the uncles and aunts, so that we may have to fall back on borrowed clothing or partially so.

However, we would like to have all be diligent who can and write us something about their trips and excursions, and also instructive, pleasing and cheerful articles on all sorts of good things for our readers, those of moral worth; for the young readers will be glad to read them either now or save them up for leisure time.

Will "Dorlinska" please send the other chapters of "The Little Mormon Girl?" We will soon have room for it, if it all proves to be as good as the opening chapter.

After a long silence "Sister Lena" has again favored us with one of her always acceptable stories, which will appear in July 1st and 15th. We would enjoy having an article from her frequently.

Something further from "Myrtle Grey" would also be welcomed by the HOME readers, as well as a good story from "Perla Wild." We know, however, that the duties of the latter must be many, and will try and wait her time. And others whose productions have been greeted with pleasure are hereby requested to remember the needs of the HOPE, many of them have time to write or can have it, and many others ought to do so.

It is anticipated by us that the HOPE for July 1st, will be printed on new type and have a new heading, if not a new letter at least a new electrotype plate of the old one, as the one we have is worn down and its print appears dim. We make this improvement with the Christmas gift presented to the HOPE last winter, or which present we thank the givers and trust that they will enjoy the new dress as part payment for their kindness.

In this number is a letter from a young Hope, Sister Estella Burrows'. It was sent by her adopted mother, Sister Martha Burr of St. Charles, Michigan, together with a notice of the death of Estella of the same disease of which some neighboring children died, as mentioned in Estella's letter. We regret to know that at the early age of thirteen years her life was thus cut short.

There is so little interest taken in the Puzzle Corner that we may discontinue it again, for it is much trouble to keep it up, and while many send puzzles, few search for answers to those inserted.

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and also to abandon the use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of good language will be; and if the golden age of youth—the proper time for the acquisition of language—be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very properly doomed to talk slang

for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads instead of the slang which he hears, to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

Correspondence.

WEST WHEELING, Ohio,

May 7th, 1879.

Our dear little paper gives me so much instruction. I will tell you of some of my haps and mishaps since I last wrote to you, and of some of my fears, and ask you all to pray for me at the throne of grace; for I am weak and prone to stray from the path of duty. It seems that when I would do good evil is present with me. Dear Hopes, I entreat you, and myself also, to be faithful, watching every opportunity to do good to your associates, and tell them of the glad tidings of great joy which the mighty God of heaven has revealed unto us his children, in these latter days. Let us, by the help of Him who has promised to never forsake, endeavor to let our light shine to the world, even if we are young and weak, even if they do call us Mormons, and all the rest of it. We must remember that He, in whom we trust, is strong, and we can rely on his word. If we will do our part, he will surely do his. Then let us strive to please him, and to fear him,—who is greater than all,—and put our trust in him who will be a friend in every time of need. He hears the ravens when they cry and watches over his children as none on earth can do. From your sister in Christ,

LUELLA J. WILSON.

FALL RIVER, Mass., May 2nd, 1879.

I am ten years old. I was baptized last February. My father and mother are in the Church. I have three sisters younger than myself. My studies are geography, spelling and arithmetic, and I read in the fourth reader. Your brother in Christ,

CHARLES L. POTTS.

ST. CHARLES, Mich., April 5th, 1879.

I do not go to school, but our school will commence in three weeks from next Monday. Two boys died here with the putrid sore throat, one of them had his palate and the roof of his mouth eaten out. I have composed a puzzle for the HOPE. This is all. From your sister in Christ,

ESTELLA A. BURROWS.

CANTON, Iowa, May 2nd, 1879.

I was baptized last January and my brother Walter was too. My father and mother belong to the Church. Bro Jerome Ruby was here but has gone now. I like him very much and hope he will soon come back. I am trying to live faithful. Pray for me that I may be. Yours in Christ,

CORA BELL LOWE.

DAWSONBURGH, Iowa, May 5th, 1879.

I am eleven years old. I go to school and read in the fifth reader, and study geography, grammar, writing, arithmetic and spelling. The HOPE is very interesting. We have no Sabbath School here now, but I hope we soon will have. We have meeting and I live close by so that I can attend every Sunday. Pray for me that I may be faithful.

NORA GAYLORD.

UNIONBURGH, Harrison Co, Iowa,

May 10th, 1879.

I am ten years old. I was baptized the 6th day of last October. I read in the fourth reader and study grammar and third part arithmetic and Swinton's spelling book. I have five sisters and four brothers. We go to Unionburg to meeting. I like to read the stories in the HOPE, and I think that the story of "The Life of an Orphan" was real nice. We have no Sunday School now, or meeting close by. I ask an interest in your prayers that I may prove faithful to the end. Your sister in the Church,

IDA C. YARRINGTON.

UNIONBURGH, Harrison Co., Iowa

May 8th, 1879.

I do not belong to the Church, yet I like to read the stories in the HOPE. I think the story, "Life Sketches of an Orphan" was a good story. I like to see lots of letters from the Hopes. Yours truly,

A. J. YARRINGTON.

May 12th, 1879.

I would like to become better acquainted with you all. We have Sunday School every Sunday, conducted by Elder W. J. Booker. Also prayer meeting

twice a week, and preaching three times a month. I enjoy it very much. My father, my mother and my self belong to the Church of Jesus Christ. Pray for me, dear Hopes, as I also pray for you. Yours in Christ,

WILLIAM H. JONES.

MARION, Williamson Co., Illinois,

May 10th, 1879.

I am seventeen years old and do not belong to the Church yet, but my father and mother do. We have no branch here. The Johnson County Branch is the nearest one to us. I love to read the HOPE letters and stories. Mr. G. H. Hilliard, of Jeffersonville, comes here and preaches sometimes. He is a good speaker. There are four churches here, a Baptist, two Methodist (Northern and Southern) and the Christian. My father gave half the land that the Baptist Church-house stands on, and now they want let him have it for his preachers to preach in. Respectfully yours,

ANDREW J. MANN.

CASEYVILLE, Illinois, May 6th, 1879.

It is with faith that I write this letter. It is faith in the work that makes me try to keep the commandments of Jesus, our Elder Brother. But faith in Jesus without works is dead. When first I heard the gospel I believed it, and then repented and was baptized for the remission of my sins. Then I received the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands of the Elders, and then I received a knowledge of the work of God. Therefore, dear Hopes, I know this work is of God and not of man, and I desire to go on, for we are no more children of the world to be "tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive, but speaking the truth in love we may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ."

We have a good fold of Saints here in Caseyville, and we have a good president who leads the flock, and I pray that God will bless him and all my brethren and sisters everywhere, and I wish to tell you about our good brother, George Hicklin, of Belleville. He has been here blowing the gospel trumpet, and all who have heard him say that he is a good preacher. One has been baptized and a few more are going to be. My love to all the little Hopes far and near. Good by for this time. From your little sister,

ELIZABETH BUXTON.

BELL CREEK, Neb., April 13th, 1879.

Bro. Henry:—I am twelve years old. I go to school and study the fifth reader, writing, spelling, geography and grammar. I have three little brothers and one sister. She has just begun to walk. We have no meeting or Sunday School here, but I try to do the best I can without them. Pray for me. Your sister in Christ,

AMY KENNICUT.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

Answers to Puzzles for May 1st.

I To Anagram, No. 2.—

"From these delightful fountains flow

Ambrosial rills of pleasure.

Can man desire, can heaven bestow,

A more resplendent treasure?

Adorned with gems so richly bright,

We'd form a constellation,

Where every star, with modest light,

Shall gild his proper station.

How grand in age, how fair in youth,

Are pure "friendship, love and truth."

JENNET ARCHIBALD.

1 June 79.

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 SAINTS' HERALD.

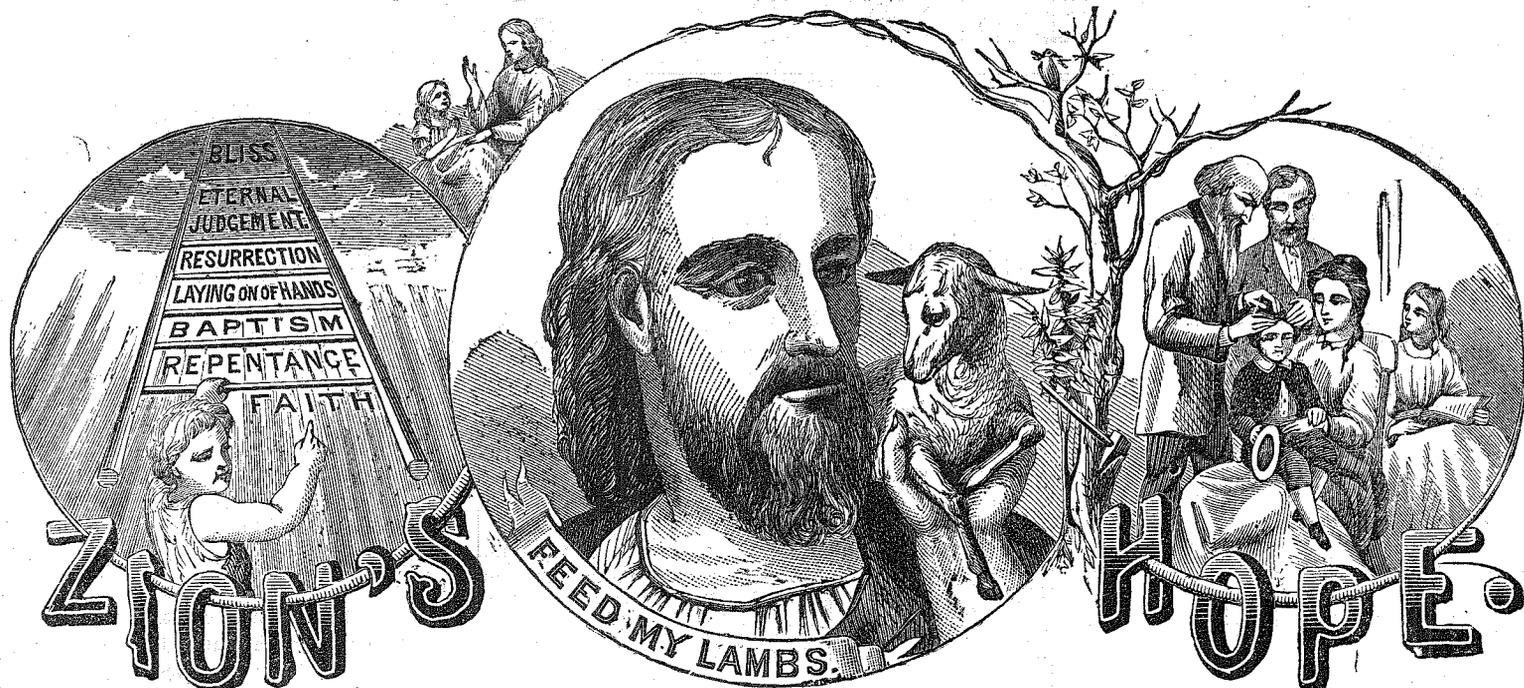
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Agents, gents, and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as agents.



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

Vol. 10.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JUNE 15, 1879.

No. 24.

CANDOR AND RUDENESS, VS KINDNESS AND COURTESY.

WE recommend the following to the attention of our readers, not only the children and their parents as a caution to conduct and government, but also to that class who make themselves obnoxious, to those who so love to tell *all* the truth that they make the apology for their rude and ill-mannered ways by saying, "You see I am plain-hearted," meaning thereby that they are lacking in due courtesy and gentleness of character, or have none of the "milk of human kindness," and are therefore free to give rude reminders, and to say uncourteous and uncharitable things, that wound the hearts of others and cause the speakers to be feared or despised, and avoided or ignored, according to the degree of spirit or social standing of the injured ones.

An elderly lady, a friend of ours, was calling on an acquaintance one day when a little girl, the daughter of her hostess, entered the room. Our friend would have greeted the little girl in her usual kindly way, but the child drew back after looking at her a moment, with the remark:

"What a wrinkled face you have! What makes all those wrinkles in it?"

Somewhat astonished, the visitor hardly knew how to answer, but as the child's mother listened in placid silence, evidently considering that rebuke was unnecessary, she explained briefly that the wrinkles were caused by age, and then would have dismissed the subject. But the little girl, after a further study of the lady's hands, declared:

"Your hands are all wrinkled, too. I don't like them."

Now in our opinion this child ought to have been reprimanded at once, and afterwards told never again to comment rudely on any one's personal appearance. But instead of this, the mother made no attempt to check her child, and was not even annoyed by what ought to have caused her great embarrassment. Subsequently she explained to our friend that she taught her children to be strictly truthful on *all* occasions, never concealing their feelings or opinions, or disguising them in the least, and this was the natural result of her training. "For I want to make my children perfectly candid and honest," she said, "and then it is better that they should not be checked in telling the truth, even when the truth may be somewhat disagreeable."

Surely there are few mothers who could so completely mistake the end in view, or suffer

rudeness and discourtesy to pass unchecked under the name of candor. As for this particular mother, we feel afraid that her teachings will result in rendering her children objects of dislike to all who have the misfortune of knowing them.

We all admire candor and truthfulness, but we all feel that reverence, courtesy, gentleness and tact are not incompatible with their fullest exercise.

Children are prone, if unchecked, to make many unnecessary and embarrassing comments on what they see, but a little care and watchfulness soon correct this tendency.

While we are speaking of children, let us add one word of admonition to fond parents. Don't talk of your children's perfection incessantly! Remember that they are dearer to you than to any one else, and spare your friends the catalogue of their charms, or the recital of their bright sayings. We have known a really interesting conversation broken up, and half-a-dozen people bored, because an unwilling genius of three years old must go through with his recitation for their amusement. How much wiser and better for the child it would have been, if he had never been allowed to recite outside the nursery or the sitting room.

Depend upon it, good fathers and mothers, that the charms and graces of your precious little ones should be left to the discernment of your friends, and not forced upon their notice.

RESPECT FOR PARENTS.

IF children could realize but a small portion of the anxiety a parent feels on their account they would pay far better respect to the parental wishes. A good child, and one in whom confidence can be placed, is the one who does not allow himself to disobey his parents, nor do anything when his parents are absent that he has reason to believe they would disapprove were they present. The good advice of parents is often so engraven on the heart of a child that after-years of care and toil do not efface it; and, in the hour of temptation, the thought of a parent has been the salvation of the child, though the parent may be sleeping in the grave, and the ocean may roll between that sacred spot and the tempted child. A small token of parental affection, borne about the person, especially a parent's likeness, would frequently prove a talisman for good. A Polish Prince was accustomed to carry the picture of his father always in his bosom, and on any particular occasion he would look upon it and say, "Let me do nothing unbecoming so ex-

cellent a father." Such respect for a father or mother is one of the best traits in the character of a son or daughter. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, is the first commandment with promise," says the sacred book, and happy is the child who acts accordingly.

SELF CONCEIT.

THIS is a trait of character sometimes known and vulgarly expressed as "big head," as the term implies that the person possessing it is great in his own estimation, supposing himself to possess certain talents, or attainments, by which he has become a person of importance in the world, or at least among his friends and acquaintances. At the same time he is usually vain enough to overrate whatever endowments he may possess, and is most likely to depreciate similar powers possessed by others, thereby becoming puffed up in his own mind, a circumstance which has very naturally led to the use of the disagreeable phrase already quoted.

Now we all know that a person of this description must be either an object of pity or disgust, according to the views and feelings his associates may hold in regard to his peculiar condition. It is true, if he is not too conceited, he may command respect, and perhaps none of his friends would really give him the "cold shoulder;" but, while there are very few, if any, who have sufficient courage to go and tell him his fault in kindness, there are many who have not yet succeeded in bridling their "unruly member," the tongue, who would speak of him to others in such a manner that he would blush for shame, if he could once be permitted to hear the opinion of his friends concerning him.

Certainly we ought to be truly thankful for whatever talents we have; and, whether they be few or many, it is our duty to improve upon them to the extent of our ability, striving to obtain knowledge, and get learning "From all good books," making it our constant aim to keep the commandments of God and lead a life of usefulness. But to become vain over talents, acquirements, position, wealth, beauty, or any other blessing that we have to enjoy, is very foolish indeed. There is one simple rule which, if kept in mind, will help us to avoid self conceit. It is this: Never allow yourself to think you know much until you have learned enough to enable you to see your own littleness. By so doing you will soon realize how little you know compared with what there is yet to be learned.

I do not know as any of the dear Hopes are particularly in need of a lesson on self conceit; indeed I hope not; but it is said that "To be forewarned is to be forearmed;" and, realizing the weakness of the human heart, and having been led thus to write, I submit these few thoughts.

AUNT CARLIE.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

A BALTIMORE man recently wrote to Herbert Spencer for an explanation of the paradoxical customs of the Japanese, citing examples, as follows: "A piece of cord in Japan is twisted from left to right in the process of manufacture. A plane is drawn towards the person using it. The teeth of a saw are so 'set' that it is the upward pull which cuts. Their books commence at what we would call the end, turning the leaves from left to right, while the lines run up and down the page instead of across, and the pages are numbered at the foot. The face of their clock moves and the hands are stationary. They say 'It is 4 o'clock,' meaning that it lacks four hours of being noon, while with us it is always so much past the starting point." Mr. Spencer replied that the question involves "a wider range than at first sight appears," but declined to express his views on the plea of a lack of time.

EXHORTATION TO HAVE FAITH.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—I am a very little one, but I desire to do all I can to help on the good work, however small my help may be. I have read the *Advocate* since it started. It should be in the hands of every one. My heart leaped for joy when I saw in the number for May that another faithful witness had been gained, one having come from Utah, out of worse than Egyptian bondage, but now numbered with God's people, and one of the cloud of witnesses for Jesus.

As many as have sought the Lord, know that Joseph was a true Prophet of God, and that "Young Joseph" is his lawful and legal successor.

The Lord will answer prayer, if offered up with a sincere heart and real intent. The Bible says, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened." Also that if any lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth unto all men liberally and upbraideth not. "All things whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." "When ye stand praying, believe that ye receive." Comment is needless. The way to know if these promises are true is to try them and see.

When Peter was walking on the sea going to Jesus, he saw that the wind was boisterous, and he was afraid. Then he began to sink and said, "Lord save me." Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said unto him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Jesus as much as says, If Peter had not doubted, but had had more faith, he would not have sank. Again, "If ye have faith of the size of a grain of mustard, ye shall not only say unto this mountain be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea, but ye shall have whatsoever ye shall ask."

When Jesus destroyed the fig tree he said, "If ye have faith the size of a grain of mustard you shall not only do this which is done to this fig tree, but if ye shall say unto this sycamore tree, Be thou plucked up by the roots and be thou planted into the sea, and shall not doubt in his heart, but believe that it shall come to pass, and it shall obey him."

These promises are without limit. They are as true to-day as in any other day. Jesus Christ is "the same to-day and forever." He is "no respecter of person." "In God there is no variability, neither shadow of changing." "He is a God of truth and can not lie; he doth not vary

from what he hath said." A soul is just as precious to him to-day as any other. Much more Scripture could be furnished.

One more thing I feel led to mention: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name (Jesus Christ) that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son; whatsoever ye ask in my name I will do it." "We must first get into Christ and wear him as a garment, then ask in his name in faith and we shall receive; but if we ask and don't receive, it is because we 'ask amiss.' But we should keep on asking till he does answer. The way to get into Christ is to go down into the waters of baptism, representing his death, burial and resurrection; for, "In the name of Jesus Christ I baptize thee." When we get in Christ, then we can ask and receive. One of our Priests was telling me this, and I answered that I had received things from God before I was baptized, "Yes," said he, "there are some of us who never would obey the gospel unless we had some knowledge from God that it was right." I replied that it was so with me. Praying for all God's people, I am yours,

IONE VALLEY, Cal., May 10th, 1879.

E. T. DAWSON.

LANGUAGE OF PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

I love to spend my leisure hours
Among the pleasant plants and flowers;
Whate'er my thoughts, whate'er my care,
I find they are reflected there.
There's not a virtue nor a grace,
But finds in them a resting place;
In every leaf there is a thought,
And every flower with good is fraught.

Red rose, an emblem of pure "love,"
Directs my thoughts to heaven above;
Red rose buds "confession" make,
And teach me to my sins forsake;
The white rose says "my heart is free,"
And bids me from corruption flee;
The rock rose speaks of "popular favor,"
Which I may gain through good behavior.

The moss rose bud of love confesses,
Which with bright hope my spirit blesses;
Wild rose says "let not this world deceive,"
And bids me unto virtue cleave.

"Jealousy," saith the yellow rose,
From which pure pleasure never flows;
"Always lovely," saith the tea rose sweet,
And my heart responds with joy complete;
"Happy love," saith the bridal rose,
Which only a true heart ever knows;
The champion rose, with odor sweet,
Says, "Only deserve my love," complete.

The bay rose warns me to "beware,"
And thus escape temptation's snare;
"Remember me," saith the rosemary dear,
And calls to mind each parting tear;
But "an appointed meeting" you shall see,
Whispers the humble garden pea;
Cape jasmine, with smiling art,
Represents a joyful heart.

Yellow Jasmine expresses "grace,"
Through which we run the Christian race;
The bay, of "glory" doth portend,
Which we may gain when trials end;
"I must be sought to be found,"
Saith the violet white, with grace profound;
Blue violet speaks of "faithfulness,"
The yellow of "rival happiness."

Sweet violet of "modesty" fair;
So each a lesson doth declare,
An humble lesson pure and bright,
Which leads me to the paths of right.
The water lily, with "purity of heart"
A wholesome lesson doth impart;
The white lily with "sweetness" glows,
Which from the pure heart ever flows.

The yellow lily, "false and gay,"
Bids me turn from fashion's sway.
This lengthy list I might increase,
And yet the pleasure would not cease;
Then let me spend my leisure hours,
Among the pleasant plants and flowers;
And ne'er rebuke me for my care,
In cultivating plants so fair.

I find in them a pleasure sweet,
In public or in love's retreat;
They breathe to me a message pure,
Which causes me to rest secure;
When clouds are dark across my way,
I bow with them, and humbly pray,
That He who clothes them with their hue,
Will condescend to bless me too.

O, when through trials I must go,
I'd wear a twig of mistletoe;*
And when the flatterer would beguile,
I'd pluck a bunch of rue† the while.
If by true friends I then am met,
I'd cull a spray of mignonette;‡
Its sentiment I would express,
While hearts would glow with happiness.

When broken-hearted I do sigh,
And care my better hopes defy,
I find in every lovely bower
Some humble, sympathizing flower;
But when bright hopes around me play,
And all my cares have passed away,
In sentiment they then repeat,
All my joys so pure and sweet.

Then strew my humble path with flowers,
Thus let me spend my weary hours;
And, Oh, when in the grave I rest,
Then let them bloom upon my breast.

WILDWOOD.

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.—No. 12.

BY ELDER T. J. ANDREWS.

THE SPHINX.

A MOST interesting object in the immediate vicinity of the pyramids is the Sphinx; it stands 1,700 feet due east of the second pyramid, and 1,000 feet south-east of Cheops; as you come up from the east, it stands facing you as if it was anxious to catch the first rays of the golden morning sun; it is 128 feet long; from the rock on which it rests its lion-like breast, to the top of the head 55ft-9in, while its massive head measures around the forehead, 88ft-7in; its posture is recumbent, and stretches out the enormous paws 50 feet in front of its capacious breast. This monster, except the paws, is a monolith or of one piece, cut from the native rock; its head is adorned with a covering resembling a wig the flowing hair projecting, and can be seen from either side. Time, aided by the drifting sands, has disfigured this noble work of art; the nose has been nearly destroyed; the emblematic horns that adorned the head have been broken off; deep furrows have been plowed in the neck and sides of the face, but there it stands, still grand, noble, and majestic.

Several years ago some scientists hired the sand and rubbish cleared away, that for ages had been gathering around and had nearly buried it, it was found to rest upon a smooth rocky platform, an altar standing before its massive paws; on this platform were found fragments of altars, lions and tablets, clearly indicating that here had been a place of sacrifice, and where burial rites had been performed; it is supposed this is the remaining one of two sphinx that once stood as guardian deities gracing the entrance to a magnificent avenue leading to the pyramids.

And now come, and I will show you Heliopolis, or the City of the Sun, situated about seven miles from Cairo. As we approach the place our at-

*"I surmount difficulties." †"Disdain."
‡"Moral and intellectual worth."

tion is directed to some huge blocks near the road; these are beautiful Corinthian capitals, but the columns they once graced have entirely disappeared; as we approach nearer, a beautiful obelisk lifts its slender form high into the heavens, standing in lone and solemn grandeur, the only monument left to mark the site of this ancient, opulent city; around it are numerous mounds of earth, the debris of ruined buildings, mixed with fragments of stone and broken pottery; the obelisk is a single shaft of red granite 68ft-2in high, and 6ft-3in at the base; this is the father of all obelisks, the oldest in existence and here it stands in its original position, where its builders first erected it; its base and towering head have withstood all the assaults of time; the convulsions of the elements and the devastations of war, the wreck and ruin of four thousand years, have not prevailed against it; it is covered with hieroglyphics, from base to apex; these are deeply cut in the stone; the wasps upon the two sides the least exposed to the weather have chosen them for their dwelling, and have so cased them to the very apex with mud as to make them illegible.

Not far from the obelisk is the fountain of the sun, a beautiful fountain of water springing up from the earth, and as springs are so rare in Egypt, it has made this a celebrated spot; it is said to be the only living spring in the valley of the Nile. Heliopolis is the reputed home of Joseph; here he married the daughter of Potiphera, a priest that officiated in the Temple of the Sun, and here his experiences, from the dungeon to royal honors as related in scripture were realized. Here also was Moses learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, and here he found a home in Pharaoh's house, but like all the notable cities of the Eastern world, it was the object of prophetic declaration.—Jeremiah 53:10. "He shall break also the images of Bethshemesh, (House of the Sun), that is in Egypt, and the houses of the gods of the Egyptians shall he burn with fire;" and here we sit upon the very ground of which the prophet spoke, and here we see around us the desolations that, in fulfillment of the word of God have been wrought.

MEMPHIS.

A ride of fifteen miles, and we are approaching the site of this ancient city; before us an elevated portion of land, covered with palm trees, and a miserable looking village of Arab huts, having ragged, wretched inmates; and this upon the very ground where once stood the populous and magnificent city of the Pharaohs; the great statue of Rameses II, is all that now remains to tell where so much greatness and power once flourished. This wonderful monument stood upon a great pedestal; from this the colossal statue lifts its gigantic form 43 feet high; it is the figure of a man, the face is supposed to be the likeness of Rameses, to whose memory it seems to have been erected; it is carved from one single block of silicious limestone, very hard, and susceptible of fine polish; the front alone was polished, its back being in a rough state. Around the neck hangs an amulet or breastplate, on which is traced the royal name of the king, supported on one side by the god, Pthah, the image of creative power; on the other, by the emblem of Truth. Around the waist is a girdle; on the center and at the side of the girdle are fixed the royal pre-nomen; in his hand he holds a scroll bearing at one end his name, Amun Mai Rameses; at his feet, standing at one side, reaching a little above the knees, is sculptured from the same block the figure of a little girl, supposed to be his daughter; this is how it once stood; how is it now? It has been broken off at the base, and lies face downward, half buried in a dirty pool of water, in which a half dozen naked Arab children were indulging in a bath; the head lies sufficiently elevated to get a good view of the face; it bears a sweet expression of mildness and amiability. Alas!—how fallen. As

we were about to leave the place four repulsive looking Arabs made importunate overtures for a backsheesh, for showing us what we could not avoid seeing; we gave them a few piasters and bade them good by, mounted our donkeys, turned our backs upon the ancient home of the Pharaohs, and retraced our steps through the beautiful palm groves towards Cairo.

MOSQUES.

The Mosque to the Moslem is what the cathedral and church are to the Christian, and these abound in Cairo. It contains at least 400. They are built of stone and are built of alternate layers of different colors to make them grand and attractive, red and white being mostly used. The oldest Mosque in Egypt is that of Amer at old Cairo. It was erected 650 years after Christ, upon the spot where Amer with his conquering Saracen forces, encamped in the first subjugation of Egypt to Moslem power. The one we propose to visit is in Grand Cairo, the next oldest in Egypt, the Mosque of Tayloou; before we can enter we must relieve our feet of the thick and clumsy soled shoes.

A number of truckling parasites are around the door with a supply of slippers for the use of foreign visitors. We give one a piaster for a pair, slip them on and enter. An inscription in Cufic characters gives the date of its foundation 879 A. D., 90 years before any other part of the city was built. There is nothing of special interest to be seen here; it is certainly a dirty, gloomy looking place, the dust of age and the mold of decay are over all its interior, and no pains seem to be taken to make it attractive; we ascend its minaret and look out upon the city; it lies completely at your feet, we gaze long and earnestly upon the novel sight.

Our attention is directed to a massive structure, the Citadel, which we will now visit. It is the fortress of the city, the depository of its munitions of war; it stands upon a hill, its massive frowning wall overlooking the city. In the inclosure is a splendid palace for the Pasha, to which he can flee and shut himself up when the invader drives him from yonder beautiful gardens of Shoobra; it abounds with beautiful fountains and miniature gardens; here too are trained bands and armed battalions performing their evolutions; here, cannon in abundance stand ready balanced to welcome an invading foe; small arms of every description are here in profusion, all in readiness for the work of death.

To be continued.

THE YOUNG MERCHANTS.

TWO country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and, arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own cultivation, and the other supplied with lobsters and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in shining silver in his little money-cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said—

"What a fine large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

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

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

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

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and with man also. I shall remember your little stand in the future."

"Are those lobsters fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Williams.

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

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

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

A man who, by lying and cheating, drives away one customer a day, will in a little while have very few left, and they will soon find him out and leave him.

AND HE KEEPS HIS WORD.

A YOUNG man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and asked for a drink. "No," said the landlord, "you had delirium tremens once, and I can not sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they finished, he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a young man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck in body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me; but they can be saved. Do sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them." The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "So help me God! this is the last drop I will ever sell to any one!" And he kept his word.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

HOW necessary that all of God's children should obey this command of our divine Master, in order that we may grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth. If there is one Hope who can read who does not search the Scriptures, I exhort you to begin to-day. By so doing your minds will be stirred up by way of remembrance and you will be led to pray much, your hearts will be drawn out in prayer to your Father in heaven, for divine aid, that you may be able to overcome every besetting sin, while if you neglect to read the Scriptures every day, you will soon neglect to pray, and become cold and indifferent in the cause of truth.

O, be wise in your days of probation; work while the day lasts, for by and by the night cometh wherein no one can work. Don't spend your time reading novels and story papers, for all such are intended to draw your minds away from God and Christ. Show me a Saint who is given to reading such papers and you find one neglectful of prayer, and one who seldom reads the Scriptures. They are of that class that think all is well in Zion, and thus the devil cheateth their souls and leads them carefully down to hell.

O, ye little Saints, I exhort you, and old ones too, who are given to such things, cast them from you, awake from your listlessness, and remember that after ye have been baptized into Christ that is not all that is required of you. Nay, verily nay, but you are commanded to "add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, patience, temperance, godliness, brotherly kindness. If these things be in you and abound, ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

Can you add these virtues and gain this knowl-

edge, by reading novels? I answer, Never. Hence I pray you to search the Scriptures. They tell us of the glorious plan of salvation, and they tell us the glad story of God's great love and mercy towards us poor erring mortals.

In reading the word of God we find that comfort and consolation which cannot be derived from any other source. It brings peace and joy to the thirsty, hungry soul; even that sweet peace that passeth all understanding, which the world can not give neither take away.

Can you read the 15th, 16th and 17th chapters of John, especially the 17th, without feeling a new determination to live nearer to God. Our dear Savior not only prayed for his disciples but for all that should believe on him through their words; and, dear Hopes, old and young, did he not pray for you and for me? How often when weary and care-worn am I led to read the chapter, and it comforts me to think that my Savior prayed for me. I feel to praise him and to thank him for his word, and that I have it to read; and I beseech of you all to search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they testify to us of a crucified and a risen Savior, that he has ascended on high and is our advocate with the Father; also that he shall again descend from heaven with holy angels, and that this sin-cursed earth shall be purified and cleansed and be restored as in the morn of creation. Then the meek shall inherit the earth, and Christ will reign with the redeemed of earth a thousand years. May God help us one and all to be worthy to enjoy that blessed rest. Yours in Christ,
S. C. HARVEY.

Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 23rd, 1879.

I am twelve years old and do not belong to the Church yet, but my mother and sister and brother do, and I hope that I will be baptized soon. We have meetings every Sunday morning and evening. Bro. Stone is the presiding elder. Good by.

WILLIAM H. BACON.

DAWSONBURG, Iowa, May 25th, 1879.

I love to read the *Hope*. I have been to meeting to-day; heard a very good sermon from Bro. Brand, and after preaching we had sacrament and testimony meeting; had a good meeting; all seemed to enjoy it. Our Conference convenes next Saturday and Sunday at Shenandoah. I will go if I can. I love to attend good meetings better than to go anywhere else. I have been in the Church a good while, but it seems to me that I make very slow progress, but I wish to be found among the faithful. Pray for me that I may be saved with you all in the Kingdom of God. Your sister,

MALINDA TOPHAM.

SEDGWICK, Decatur Co., Iowa,

April 15th, 1879.

Dear Brother Henry:—Here is thirty cents for the *Hope*. I have earned the money myself. Mamma told me that if I would bring in the eggs and take care of them, she would give me one tenth of them to get the *Hope* with. We have moved out to the colony, where Bro. Will Allen lived. It is so lonely here without sister Clara, but it seems more like home to get out here again. They will organize a Sunday School next Sunday. Our district school begins next Monday, then I go to school again. I went down to Bro. Alex. Smith's and spent the day with the girls, and we had a splendid time. Mamma would write but she is sick. I will be glad when I get the *Hope* again. I would like to have you come out and make us another visit. I hope it will not be long before you can make it your home here. Mamma joins me in sending love and good wishes. I am trying to learn to write better. Your friend,

MAMIE THOMAS.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., April 20th, 1879.

I hope that this will find you all enjoying a measure of the Spirit of God. It presses upon my mind to say, Be of good cheer and be faithful. In Matthew we read, "But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I love the reading the *Hope* contains; the first thing I do is to see who of the Hopes have letters written. Then I think to myself, How nice those lines are, and how they speak my mind. I send my love and regards to you all, brothers and sisters in the Church of Christ, hoping that our heavenly father, the good Creator, will bless us

with the bountiful blessing that awaits us, if we only keep the commandments, and are faithful and charitable. For we find in 1 Cor. 12:13: "And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity, for charity never faileth." Remember me in your prayers, dear Saints, that I may be of some benefit in the Church, and not an idle one, that I may be diligent in keeping his commandments, and that he may bless me with a firm mind, with wisdom and knowledge and with good understanding. Your sister,

HANNAH M. LUCHSINGER.

CENTRAL HOUSE, Butte Co., Cal,
May 18th, 1879.

I am a girl twelve years old. I do not belong to your Church, yet I hope I will before long. We do not have any Sunday School here. I think it would be so nice if we had one. My grandma belongs to your Church. I have two brothers and three sisters. My oldest brother takes your paper and he likes it very well. Pray for me, little Hopes. Your friend,

SARAH HARRIGER.

ANTELOPE, Neb., May 21st, 1879.

With pleasure I write once more to our dear little paper. I received it to day, and while looking through the correspondence, I thought some of the Hopes might like to hear from this country. There are but six members here, and we do not get to meeting, so you see it is lonesome here on Sunday, but we hope to have a branch organized here before long. Our nearest branch is fifteen miles, but we calculate to go down there this summer. There are no preacher here of our faith, and most of the neighbors are prejudiced, and then there are some I think would obey the gospel if an Elder would come and preach, so as to show them more of what we believe. There has been no Elders here except my father and Elder Derry. I wish some Elder would locate here, as land is cheap, and good land, both for farming and stock-raising. We need a man that has enough confidence to take the lead. It has been some time since I embraced this great work. I have never once thought of turning back, but feel like doing all I can for our Lord and Master. I have had many bright testimonies which will never fade away, although when I think of the little progress I have made it makes me feel as if I could never repay him for being so merciful to me. Pray for me that I may be more obedient. Your sister,

ELLEN HORB.

CENTRAL HOUSE, Butte County, California,
May 18th, 1879.

I am fifteen years old. I live in California, at Central House. We have no Sabbath School here. I do not belong to your Church, but I hope I will sometime. I am staying with Mrs. Chester. She is a member of your Church and that is the way I get to read your good paper, and I like it very well.

Your friend,
MINNIE FRESHOLZ.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, Utah,
May 22nd, 1879.

The seventh of this month was my birthday, and I am now nine years old. Your names look so familiar to me in the *Hope* that I begin to feel as though I was acquainted with many of you. I was very much interested in the story of "The Life of an Orphan," and would like if the author of it would write again. I am the only one around here who takes the *Hope*. Your friend,

WARREN H. LYON.

DEER CREEK, Neb., May 10th, 1879.

I am fourteen years old and belong to the Church. It is a beautiful afternoon and I feel like writing to you. We have a branch here and meeting every other Sabbath. The pieces in the *Hope* are very interesting and teach us useful lessons. The weather has been very warm this month. I do love the work of God, and I desire to see all the Saints making rapid strides toward perfection, and I desire to be one in helping roll on this mighty work. We must work fast for the time is short. How sad it would be for us to have to say that harvest is passed and our souls are not saved. Your friend in the Church,

FLORA M. HUTCHINS.

CHARLESTON, May 20th, 1879.

I never see anything from this place. We have meeting every Sabbath morning and a union Sabbath School in the afternoon. There are not enough Saints to have a school of our own. I was at Montrose to meeting in May, and had the pleasure of hearing Bro. Joseph Smith preach, and after service there were three baptized. It makes my heart rejoice to read the letters from the dear little Hopes, and know that they are still striving to do their Master's will. Let us one and all strive to live faithful. I wish to obey God, although I feel my weakness very much. Your sister in Christ,

JULIA F. HILLS.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 5.

Dear little Hopes, I have in mind
A sister, who is good and kind;
Eleven letters spell her name,
Please tell me, if you can, the same.

My first you'll find in Kirtland.
My next is in Amboy;
My third is seen in Trenton,
My fourth's in Elgin, Illinois.

My fifth is large in Boston,
My sixth's away in Rome;
My seventh's found in Alton,
A place that's nearer home.
My eighth is found in Davenport,
My ninth belongs in Leeds;
My tenth you'll find in England
As he who runs may read.
My eleventh is in Yankeeland:
Now tell me, do you understand?

S. N.

ENIGMA.—No. 2.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 5, 8, 6, is an animal.
My 3, 1, 4, 8, 7, is an article of food.
My 1, 2, 11, 3, is a flower.
My 6, 2, is a preposition.
My 9, 4, 11, 6, is a garment.
My 10, 11, is a verb.
My 11, 6, 2, 9, 4, is an article of furniture.
My 6, 4, 8, is a stimulant.
My 1, 8, 3, 3, 10, 6, is an animal.

My whole is the name of an Elder of the Church.
ESTELLA A. BURROWS.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

This issue of the *HOPE* closes the present volume and with the next will begin volume eleven, which will be presented in a new dress of type, with a new design for a heading, the old plate being worn out. We think that it will altogether please our readers very much. "Sister Lena's" story will begin and another story, "Hot Coals," will appear in it, with other pieces and a continuation of the travels in Egypt.

Will not our subscribers try and pay up, and will not those who can do so, work for the increase of our list? It should be more widely taken among our people.

Sister Ann Webster writes from far off Australia, and says that she loves to read the dear *ZION'S HOPE* from America, so as a gift she sends a half sovereign to aid it, that being \$2.42 in our money.

GOOD NATURE.

As welcome as sunshine,
In every place,
Is the beaming approach,
Of a good-natured face.
As genial as sunshine,
Like warmth to impart,
Is a good-natured word,
From a good-natured heart.

15 June 79.

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 SAINTS' HERALD.

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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, and the Traveling Ministry are requested to act as agents.