

"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, JULY 1, 1880.

No. 1.

OSHTEMO.

As journeying forth to preach the law,
A pretty hamlet, small, I saw,
Where busy people come and go,
The little town of Oshtemo.

In southern Michigan it stands,
Upon the ancient hunting lands;
Where many a red man's blood did flow,
And with it that of Oshtemo.

O, Oshtemo! O, Oshtemo,
Who led thy people here below,
Alas, that as to war they trod,
Thou couldst not lead them unto God.

Yet, know that years before thy day,
When God and angels held their way
Upon thy land, thy fathers knew
Of many warriors such as you;

That they should live and pass away,
Posterior to their ancient day;
And after all thy darkness passed,
The light of Christ would shine at last.

But, ere that bright and happy day,
Thy tribe and thee have passed away,
And Nahum's chariots come and go
Upon thy land, O, Oshtemo.

But yet a child of God thou art,
Of Abram's blood and bones a part;
Descended from old Israel's stock,
For whom great Moses smote the rock.

Thy children, then, shall yet be free,
"Delightful people" shall they be;
For Joseph's seed shall bloom and grow,
Upon the land of Oshtemo.

Exceeding sweet, this reverie,
Came into my heart, as I could see
The everlasting mercy given,
To lead "all people" up to heaven.

Exceeding sweet, as on I sped,
Where God's unerring spirit led,
To tell the world God loves the low;
Yes, even loves poor Oshtemo.

WATERMAN, Illinois.

G. F. WESTON.

FROM SISTER PEARL.

HAVE never written anything to the *Hope*, but as I am your friend and sister, and striving to do what is right, and trying to advance God's work, I wish to write something that will be for the benefit of all.

I have not been a member of the Church very long, therefore you would not expect me to write a very long letter. I feel like pressing onward and upward, though sometimes I get discouraged and down hearted.

But, when I think of our Savior, who was nailed to the cross and who died for us poor sinners, I do not see why I ought to be discouraged. Just think of the agony and suffering that he must have endured! Dear readers, if any of you ever get discouraged go to God in secret prayer, and he will answer; for God is ever near, even ready to help, to sustain and to bless.

O! do not be discouraged
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you long for knowledge
On him you may depend.

Our Savior is a friend who will never, no, never forsake us. If we do what God commands us and are faithful, no doubt we will gain an inheritance with our Redeemer. And not only with him, but we will meet and reign with those loved ones who have gone before. A blessed thought it is to think of meeting our loved ones.

But there is something else to do besides thinking. We must work and watch and pray, and we must strive to be worthy to meet them. And we must do unto others as we would have them do unto us. If any who have wronged us come to us and ask forgiveness, we must not turn a cold shoulder to them. We must have a forgiving spirit. We must forgive them their trespasses, for, if we do not, how can we expect our heavenly Father to forgive us our trespasses.

My dear readers, there is no virtue in the human heart which so adorns the life and character of an individual, nor is there a duty that is more enjoined upon the Christian than that of forgiveness. For proof of this look at the example of Christ, who, while suffering on the cross by the hands of his enemies, exclaimed in the anguish of his soul, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Dear readers, how many of us are as willing as Christ was to forgive those who would, or have, injured us? What a blessed thing it is to have a forgiving spirit, and to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

Try and follow that example, and if any have wronged us, may we cry "Father forgive them," and if we would be loved by the worthy and virtuous, let us cherish that Christ-like spirit of forgiveness, and we can not fail to be happy.

Let us press onward and never falter, never waver, but always to the right be true; let us never fear, but trust in God, who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him may not perish but may have everlasting life. Then, in the morning of the resurrection, it will be said to us, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

May we be permitted to meet each other when this life is over, where there will be no more sorrow, sin, nor death.

BUFFALO, IOWA.

THAT RAINY DAY.

BY MYRTLE GREY.

IT is just raining pitchforks! and when we wanted to try our new kite; it is too bad!" and Harry Brown threw himself into a chair discontentedly.

"Such a horrid day!" exclaimed his sister Ellen.

"I'm sure, I don't know what we will do, it is terribly disagreeable, and will be awful dull all day," said Mary, the eldest of the trio, a girl of seventeen.

"I'll tell you what we will do," said Mrs. Brown, who happened to overhear the conversation. "As Reform is the order of the day, we will commence right here among ourselves."

The children looked up in surprise.

"Here is Harry," explained their mother, "saying it is 'raining pitchforks,' and I have yet to see a single one. Ellen says it is 'a horrid day,' but I do not see anything in this slow, quiet rain that is hideous, or that tends to excite fear in the least. And Mary calls it 'terribly disagreeable,' and 'awful dull.'"

Are you very much frightened, my daughter?"

"Why, no, mother, but"—

"But you all have a way of using adjectives, without realizing how much you are exaggerating. I'll put the dictionary on the table, and every time any one of you exaggerate the truth, or use a slang phrase, you will place here a forfeit."

"When to be redeemed?" asked Harry.

"When you pass a whole day without once exaggerating, or using a slang phrase. Our language is generally called plain and easily understood, but what can you expect of foreigners when our own countrymen turn and twist it, misplace words, make whole meaningless sentences, and these, I am sorry to say, come into common use. Now remember the forfeits, and you can each choose for the other what you are to pay. Are you agreed?"

"Yes!" they chorused.

"And it's going to be mighty nice," said Harry, gleefully.

"Mighty," said Ellen, getting the dictionary. "Having great strength; powerful, strong, vigorous." Master Harry, place that book on the table."

"The first and last," said Harry, as he laid down the book.

"We shall see," answered Mary, as she took her work basket and sat in a corner apart from the others, who were employed in watching for mistakes, and laughing when the forfeit was paid.

"Look, Ellen," said Mary, after some time, "this card case is just going to be superb!"

"Dictionary!" exclaimed Harry. "'S-u, perb,' here it is. 'Superb. Grand, magnificent, elegant!' Now I can't see anything grand, or even elegant in that piece of paper darned up with yarn; so lay it here on the table."

Mary relinquished it, though reluctantly.

"That puts me in mind of Annie Storms," said Ellen. She said Ella Jones' hat was superb, and I'm sure the ribbon on it was as old as the hills,—oh."

"Forfeit!"

A rap at the door. It was an errand boy with a pair of boots that Harry had sent to be mended.

"What a villainous patch!" he exclaimed as he opened the paper. "At least, I know they are the worst looking pair of boots I ever saw."

While Ellen was selecting his forfeit, Mary had left the room, but soon returned with a pair of old, worn out boots, and, putting them on the floor, claimed the others, and placed them on the table with patches in plain sight.

"Well!" said Harry, eyeing them comically, "this is getting pretty thin," then sat down with the air of a vanquished general, while the others enjoyed the laugh.

At the dinner table Ellen was relating an incident that occurred in school, and said, "I thought I should die laughing."

"Were you then so near death," asked her mother.

Ellen colored and Harry motioned his head towards the sitting room door.

"It was very amusing, mother, I mean."

"Then you should say so, and not have us understand you came near dying when there was nothing the matter."

"But you knew what I meant."

"Perhaps so, but would a foreigner have known? No, he would have taken it in its literal sense, and would have thought you were in severe pain."

"I'll try to be more careful in the future."

But the habit, being thoroughly formed, was hard to break. For, not an hour later, Mrs. Brown heard a commotion in the sitting room, and, going to the door to ascertain the cause, she found the windows thrown wide open, and Harry holding his sister with one hand, while with the other he was applying the camphor bottle to her nose. The forfeit table was drawn out, and Ellen's favorite chair placed thereon.

"What is the matter, Harry?" asked Mrs. Brown somewhat alarmed.

"Ellen said she was suffocating," was the reply.

"Oh," said the mother, turning to her work with a relieved smile.

So the day passed, and at night they stood looking at the unusual display of articles on the heretofore neatly kept table. Mary was the first to break the silence.

"Well! the prospect is not very flattering, to say the least."

"You're whistling right it isn't," said Harry emphatically, and Ellen, notwithstanding his rueful countenance, set his pretty ship, his most precious toy, in the chair. And Mr. Brown coming in at that moment, said, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "That caps the whole business."

When the sitting room door was safely closed and they had separated for the night, Ellen opened the door of her brother's room, as they were passing, and using one of his pet phrases, said mischievously,

"It's just boss, isn't it, Harry?"

"You bet!" he answered dolefully. At which they all laughed, and assured each other that they would win back every forfeit, and declared it would be a long time before they would forget the experiences of that rainy day.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 33:

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.



AVING this mosque and its rock, we were next taken to the Mosque El Aska, built by Justinian in the sixth century. It is a monster building, two hundred and eighty feet long, one hundred and eighty three feet broad, and the dome though smaller is nearly as high as that of Omar. A short distance from this is another mosque for educational purposes. Also another for Western African Negroes, one hundred and seventy feet long. There are also numerous smaller structures; one is called the Mosque of Jesus, and another is said to mark the spot where Solomon stood to pray at the dedication of the temple.

Among the wonderful things of the temple

area are the old substructions and underground wells and reservoirs. There are many passages here, hundreds of feet long, entirely under ground, supported by columns and covered with arches. Some suppose that much of the costly furniture and treasures of the temple lie concealed in some of these subterranean vaults. What became of the Sacred Ark, with its mercy seat and cherubims of solid gold, has long been a mystery, and many of those old Jews who weep by yonder wall will tell you they believe it lies concealed there, and in the fullness of time it will be restored to Israel.

We have seen the most prominent features of the holy city and its vicinity. We will now visit some of its neighboring towns and see what we can find useful and instructive.

Bethlehem is about six miles south of Jerusalem, and Hebron is about fifteen miles south of Bethlehem. We left Jerusalem about 4 p.m., intending to spend the first night in Bethlehem. We passed out of the Jaffa gate, crossed the valley of Hinnom, near the ruins of the old aqueducts built by Solomon. On this side of the city can be seen what industry and enterprise can do in restoring the fertility of these rocky hills. English and American skill and capital have been expended in the erection of buildings and in the cultivation of the soil. In one place a long row of neat stone tenements has been put up by a wealthy Jew, all now occupied by Israelites engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The ruined terraces upon some of the hillsides have been restored, and the vine, fig, and olive trees have been planted. The result shows that these barren hills can be made fruitful, and from these little cultivated spots one can understand something of what the country once was when all these hillsides were clothed with a luxuriant growth of vegetation.

About a mile from the city we passed along the valley of the Giants. Here it was that the Philistines came up and spread themselves, making a demonstration against Jerusalem when they heard that David had been crowned king of Israel; and here David smote them with great slaughter, so that they fled and left their images, and David and his men burned them. Not satisfied with this defeat they came again, and the Lord directed David to fetch a compass behind them, and come upon them over against the mulberry trees. "And let it be, saith the Lord, when thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the trees, thou shalt hasten thyself for then shall the Lord go out before thee to smite the hosts of the Philistines." It is a beautiful green valley terminating in the south-west in what is now called the Valley of the Roses.

About two miles from the city we came to a large well in the middle of the road, called the Well of the Magi. It is walled around the top with great hewn stones, and preserved with great care, not only for its abundance of water, but for a traditional story connected with it. "When the wise men," the tradition says, "left Hebron to seek for Jesus, they

wandered on in uncertainty till they came to this well. Looking into it and attempting to draw water the wonderful star was mirrored from its deep waters."

We now ascended a sloping hill for about a half mile. On its top just half way between Bethlehem and Jerusalem stands now the Greek convent of Elijah. It is a huge but neat looking stone building, surrounded by a high stone wall. It is said that here Elijah, worn out with fatigue, lay down to rest, when he fled from the persecuting Jezebel. The road from Jerusalem to this place is the best I have seen in Palestine, most of the way a carriage might be driven over it.

THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

As we neared Bethlehem we turned aside a few rods to visit it. This is a Moslem mosque, in a rather neglected state. From the mosque leads an iron door, opening into an oblong monument, built of brick, stuccoed and neatly whitened. The Scripture says, "And Rachel died and was buried on the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." And Jacob, we are informed, set up a pillar upon her grave, which Moses speaks of as standing in his day. That this is the very spot of her burial none dispute, and I verily believed that then I was gazing upon the very spot, where the dust of this memorable woman had mingled with its original dust.

Selected by Sister S. A. ROSE.

HOW MAGGIE HELPED HER FATHER.

CHAPTER I.—TROUBLE.

"Even a child is known by its doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."



MAGGIE BROWN sat alone in her little room. It was Sunday afternoon, and she was sitting on the carpet under the window, with her father's large bible open in front of her.

Maggie did read the Bible sometimes because she loved to, but this afternoon she was studying her Sunday School lesson. Some Bible-verses seemed to her very different from others. There were some that she could not understand at all, although she knew the meaning of every word; and some seemed not like Bible verses, but like threads woven into her doings and sayings and thinkings,—they were such a part of herself. Maggie's step-mother said that Maggie lived some Bible verse, and her father said she had received the kingdom of God as a little child.

No one ever questioned Maggie about her feelings, and she never questioned herself. She loved Bible verses, and she loved to weave them into her life. She was doing it unconsciously. How could she help it, when God had listened to her prayer and made her father a sober man, and had given her a kind step-mother, as kind as any own mother.

"It is enough to make me glad all my days," Maggie said, half aloud; "and I wish to do as nearly right as I can, to show Him how thankful I am."

Maggie's lesson was soon learned. The

Lord's prayer was a part of it; and when she repeated it she bowed her head reverently. Maggie often wished that she could understand this prayer. No one had ever explained it to her, and she was too timid to ask questions about anything, and much too reserved to speak at all of her deeper feelings. She always repeated it every night. Perhaps the reason why she loved it was because it began with, "Our Father." She always prayed with a full heart, "Give us this day our daily bread." She thought no one could know better what that meant than herself. She could not forget that "daily bread" meant everything we need for daily comfort; but the other petitions were not so clear to her. Perhaps they would be taught to her as that one had been. Her finger ran along the words, "Lead us not into temptation." She thought her father knew the meaning of that, for his voice repeated the words with so much feeling,—with more feeling than any other words in the prayer. She wondered if he were afraid of going back into his old ways again. She had never imagined that he could.

"Maggie," said Mrs. Brown at the door, "will you run down to the spring and get the water for tea?"

Maggie did not reply immediately.

"Hurry, child," said Mrs. Brown impatiently.

Maggie looked up now and saw that her mother had been crying.

"Is anything the matter, mother?"

"Yes, there's matter enough; your father has lost his place."

"Lost his place!" replied Maggie in a bewildered tone.

"Yes, now hurry; I suppose he'll want his supper just the same."

"How could such a thing happen?" said Maggie, rising with a bewildered look.

"Such things happen easy enough. They are always happening. I don't know where he'll get another situation, or what will become of us."

"Why, mother, that don't sound like you," said Maggie.

"I don't feel like myself," Mrs. Brown replied, "my throat is sore, and I'm in a raging fever."

Maggie looked troubled. "Can't you lie down. A little mustard plaster would be good wouldn't it?"

"Poor child!" Her mother smiled; "don't be troubled. I'll lie down a little while."

Maggie took the cedar pail and went out the back door, and followed the path that led to the spring. She did not swing the pail by its bright brass handle, nor stop to pick lillies, but went on slowly, as if her feet were tired and her heart heavy. What would they do if her father had no work? Last year he had thought it a heavy trial when his year's savings were lost; but he had comforted them, saying that he was strong and well and could save more. He was strong and well now, but Maggie was afraid this trouble was heavier. Her mother seemed to think it was.

"The world is big," Maggie said aloud; "I should think there was work enough for everybody."

"So there is," said her father's voice, behind her; "don't grow old before your time. Here child, give me your pail."

Maggie gave him her pail and trouble together. His voice sounded as usual; he even whistled as he bent over the spring. Maggie stopped at the lilac bushes to pick a bunch of lilacs, and went in to find the little yellow pitcher to put them in. She was singing unconsciously her old hymn, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," when her father came in with the water.

"That's right, Maggie," said he heartily, "I can't bear to see you troubled. Now make a cup of tea as quickly as you can for your mother: she seems to be complaining a little."

Maggie thought she was "complaining more than a little," for every two minutes she spoke of how badly she felt, and Maggie had never heard her speak even fretfully before. She sat wrapped in a shawl, crouching over the stove. She said she was shivering; but her face looked red, and she talked incoherently about Mr. Brown losing his place, saying excitedly that she could support herself but what would poor Maggie do? Maggie was too frightened to make replies, and persuaded her father to send a neighbor's son for a physician, instead of going himself.

"I don't like to stay alone with her," she said, half crying.

"Poor child," said her father, laying his hand on her head, "I'll go over and see if Charley Huffman will go."

Maggie watched at the window till he came back, and was very glad to see Mrs. Huffman coming with him. She cleared the supper table, and swept the kitchen; then stood with a frightened, bewildered face at the window, wishing very much that somebody could do something.

Mrs. Brown looked up, saying, pleasantly, "I'm glad you have come. I never felt so badly in my life."

Mrs. Huffman answered, solemnly, "You are very sick, Mrs. Brown."

"Perhaps I'd better go to bed," she answered wearily.

"I think so," said Mrs. Huffman energetically. "Where is poor Maggie? I thought she looked frightened."

"I'm here," said Maggie, coming forward into the room.

"You'd better go to bed, dear. Good night."

Maggie kissed her and said "Good night," and she was glad to be alone in her room. She could not sleep, but she lay waiting for the doctor's coming, but fell asleep listening.

"Maggie!" Her father stood at the bedside with a lighted candle in his hand. "Maggie! Maggie! poor child!"

Maggie opened her eyes. "Why, father!" she said, starting up.

"Your mother is very sick; she's out of her mind. Mrs. Gray has come to stay with her; you mustn't go in her room at all."

"Is it small-pox?" asked Maggie, staring up at her father.

"No, but I think you'd better go over to Mrs. Huffman's."

"Now?" said Maggie, in a puzzled tone.

"No, child, in the morning."

"Who will keep house for you?"

"I can do what little keeping there is for myself."

"I don't want to go; I'd rather stay;—that is," she added, "if you are willing."

"Well, you may stay, I suppose if you keep down stairs. Perhaps"—He went out, closing the door softly. Maggie was too much frightened to cry, and fell asleep again, wondering if her mother would die, and wishing she could do something to help everybody.

To be Continued.

Editorial Chat.

THE HOPE AS A WEEKLY.

MANY wishes have been expressed, especially by the little folks, that the HOPE would be issued every week. The Sunday Schools would like to have it every time they meet, and all its other little readers, those who have no Sunday Schools to attend, would also like to see it that often.

Furthermore, some of the grown up readers and writers plead their ardent desires to have the HOPE published weekly, and a few offer a little aid towards its accomplishment. We are glad they feel that amount of interest in the children's paper, and, were it practicable, would like also to see every Sunday brightened to the little folks by the coming of a fresh paper for them to read.

But, for all these wishes, the list of subscribers does not increase from year to year according to the growth of the Church, nor, what should be, an increase in interest in the Church publications, in the Sunday School cause and in the children's welfare in the way of reading good and proper things. In the Sunday School season of the Summer-time each year there is a moderate gain in the lists, but this gain is spasmodic, and does not last beyond a few months.

In fact, the number published is smaller now than it has been at some other times, and especially than it has been before, since the kind letter in behalf of the "Neglected HOPE," published nearly two years ago, had the effect of causing some to labor in its behalf. But the effort was brief, and the list slowly decreased again till the present Sunday School season increases the number a trifle again. But, we now send out only a little over sixteen hundred copies, and some of these are sent on time, even for the small sum to pay of sixty cents per year, postage included. Thus, though the Church membership grows at a good rate of increase annually, and though the number of children likewise increases accordingly, and notwithstanding the Sunday School cause is looking upward all the time, at least we know it should do so and suppose it does, by the care of parents, of teachers and of the ministry; yet, notwithstanding all this, the HOPE (and in this respect it and the HERALD are much alike) does not gain entrance into very many of the Saints' houses that it really ought to go into, for their good. Or so it seems to us who love its special work and who watch over its interests daily. We are glad that it is appreciated by so many of those who are no longer children, as well as by those who are, even the lambs of the fold, who are the special objects of Christ's loving care, and eminently so if their hearts and lives are guarded and guided according to His will by those who are placed in charge of them.

In considering our paper and its price, every one should also consider its small circulation as shown above, and also the fact that the Sunday School papers that are published in the great cities are generally without denominational mark and are received everywhere without any prejudice of name. Also they are issued by multiplied thousands, fifty, seventy-five, a hundred thousand copies each. Our foreman, Bro. John Scott, mentioned one

lately that printed one hundred and forty-two thousand copies! Think of that compared with our one-and-a-half thousand, or a trifle more.

Now, at the present price (about fifty cents besides the postage) it is estimated that in order to issue it weekly we would need at least twenty-five hundred subscribers, possibly three thousand, for of course the work would be doubled. And where shall we get them? Who has zeal, energy, devotion sufficient to bring about such a result? We confess that we have no hopes of seeing such a thing accomplished at present, not till the Church is larger, better located, and till there is more harmony in all things, Sunday School, Sunday School books and papers, and the children's interests generally.

As for the proposition to increase to seventy-five cents per year for a weekly issue, we do not believe that such a price would be satisfactory to the majority, even for the sake of double the number of papers. The number of subscribers would no doubt lessen instead of increase at that price.

But who will not, parents, old folks, young folks, children and all, strive to gain subscribers as it is now published? All who read it, both old and young, enjoy it, and all who do not now read it would enjoy it if they would only subscribe for it and interest themselves in it. Who will help it as a weekly, or as a semi-monthly, as the case may be? Also who will write for it, brief and pleasing articles suitable for children, to go along with the travels, longer articles and continued stories, all of which are good and acceptable, but we need a variety. Numbers who used to write have ceased. Will they please try again, and will the many others who can write please do so. Please begin, O, contributors, and please come forward, O, subscribers.

We call attention to the choice variety of reading in this issue, the first one of volume twelve. There is the chapter of travels, the letter from Sister Pearl, the first chapter of a pleasant story selected by Sr. Sarah A. Rose, and last, but not least, "That Rainy Day," by Myrtle Grey. All should take a lesson by that, and all will also be interested to know "How Maggie helped her father."

BROTHER HENRY.

Letters from the Hopes.

WIRT, Jefferson Co., Indiana,

June 12th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I have often thought of writing to you, but I thought I couldn't write good enough, but I will now do the best I can. I am nine years old. I have been going to school. I study reading, writing, geography and arithmetic. We live in sight of Union Branch. We have no meeting nor Sunday School. Mr. Springer and Mr. Weston were here in March and preached for us. We have had no meetings since. I don't belong to the Church but intend to when I am old enough. My mother wants to go to the conference in Ripley county. I would rather go to the Saints' meeting than any other. I have a sweet little sister, fifteen months old to-day. It would do you good to see her. We call her Minnie. I take the *Hope*, and I like to read it, in particular the letters. I will bid you good by for this time.

MAGGIE FORD.

PLANO, Illinois, June 6th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old, and am a member of the Church. I was baptized April 1st, 1880, by Uncle Henry.

Your sister in Christ,

NETTIE HOGLE.

WOODBINE, Harrison Co., Iowa,

June 1st, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am eleven years old; I was baptized when I was eight years old. I do not take the *Zion's Hope*, but my brother Will does, and mother, father and I read it too. I have a little sister; her name is Susy. She is a twin. I have another sister; she is five years old; her name is Irene Cora. Susy is thirteen or fourteen months old. I go to school every day. I like to go. I got the prize of the Winter school. The prize was fifty cents and a chromo. The other scholars got a chromo each. I got the first pick after the four little ones had theirs. I have a brother. He is seven years old; his

name, is Eddie Carlton. I read in the United States History. Father was very sick nearly all last fall. We then belonged to a big branch, and none of the branch came to see us only when we sent for them. I think that was wrong.

ELECTA JANE LINDSEY.

PLANO, Illinois, June 6th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—Since I last wrote I have been baptized, and also my brother David. We were baptized on the 25th of April. Ellen Cricik and Willie Pitt were baptized at the same time. Uncle Henry officiated. And we were confirmed by him, assisted by Bro. Pitt. I have two little brothers that are not old enough, and one baby sister. I have two older sisters, who belong to the Church, Carrie L. and Zaide V. Smith, and I have another sister who is married. She, too, belongs to the Church. Her name is Emma McCallum. She has a little boy. His name is Alma. He will be two years old September 19th, next. My brother David Carlos Smith was born August 14th, 1870, Mary Audentia Smith was born March 23rd, 1872, Frederick Madison Smith was born January 21st, 1874, Israel Alexander Smith was born February 2d, 1876, Bertha Azuba Smith was born October 15th, 1878.

We have Young Folks' Prayer Meeting every Tuesday evening, and I enjoy them very much. Pray for me, dear brothers and sisters.

From your sister in Christ,

MARY AUDENTIA SMITH.

ST. JOSEPH, Missouri,

May 23d, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I was thirteen years old last October. I have belonged to the Church about three years. I am still striving to serve the Lord, yet I know that I fall many times. But, by the help of the Lord, I am lifted up again. Dear Hopes, let us live faithful, so that we may all meet on Mount Zion.

CHARLES A. SMITH.

CANTON, Illinois May 23rd, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old. We have a nice Sunday School here. I do not see many letters from Canton. I belong to the Church and so do my pa and ma and my sister. I love to read the letters.

Your sister in Christ,

JULIA A. RELYEA.

LUCAS, Iowa, June 13th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I take my pen to inform you of a great loss, that of a brother and a good Sunday School teacher, Bro. Thomas T. Thomas. He was one of the founders of our Sunday School, and he first preached the latter-day work in this place. He died June 6th and was buried on the 7th. It was one of the largest funerals ever held in Lucas. The Sunday School walked before the body. He was well liked by every body. He was born in Carmarthenshire, Wales. He left a wife and six children. I wish that the little Hopes will remember them in their prayers. Elder Jones preached the funeral sermon.

Pray for me,

WILLIAM TRUMAN.

Keep the tongue from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds—not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart; so much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted, so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused.

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.

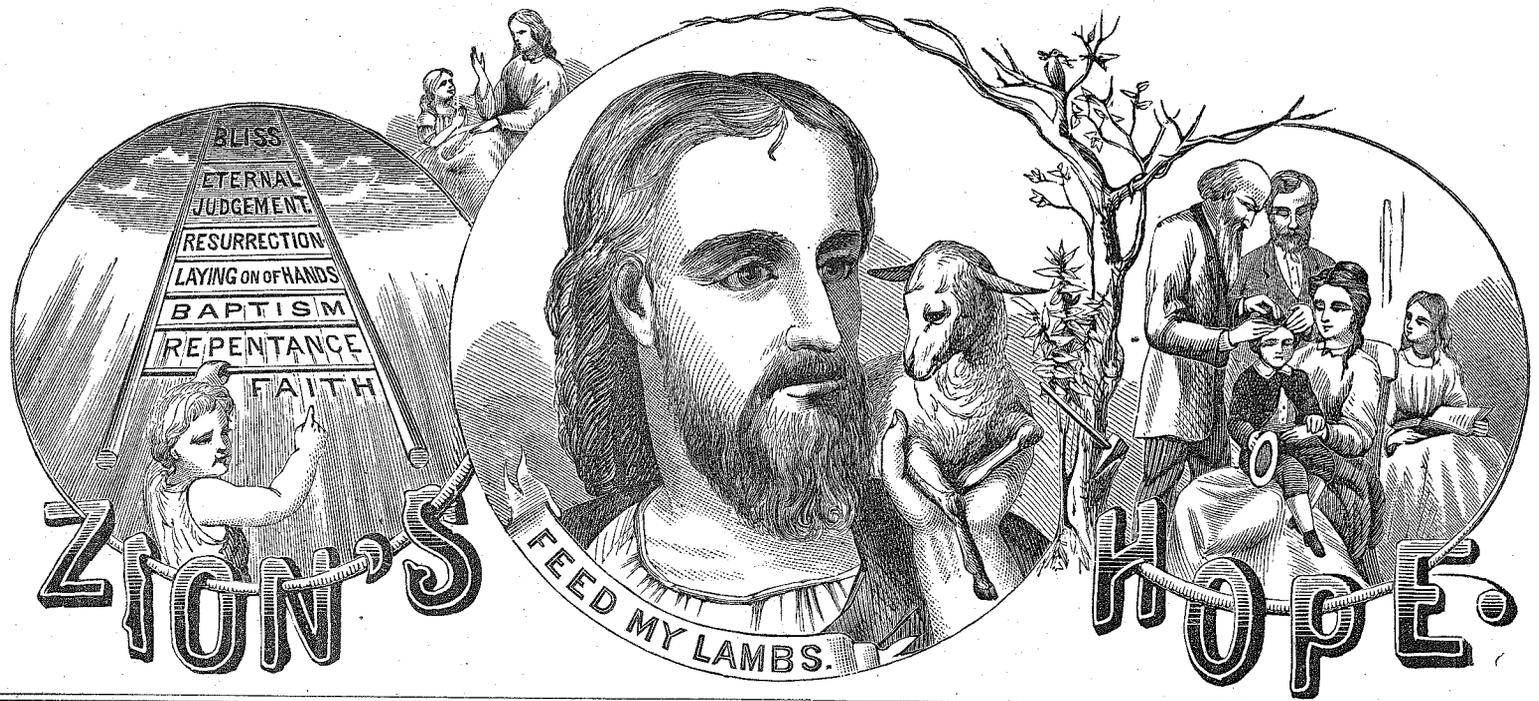
1 July 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

Zion's HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

Vol. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, JULY 15, 1880.

No. 2.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

WOULD that every soul might know,
The love of Christ divine,
And bow in reverence at his feet,
And worship at his shrine.

O, that all who live below
Would look to Him above
And seek the gospel plan to know,
The worth of sovereign love.

Help us, O, thou God on high,
The glorious news to spread;
Till Zion shall in beauty rise,
Her radiant light to shed.

Teach us from thy wisdom pure;
Clothe thou our feeble tongue;
Help us to the end endure,
Till the gospel's tocsin's rung.

We will gird on our armor, Lord,
The gospel sword to wield;
Till Jesus with His heavenly host,
The opening clouds reveal.

Blest and holy shall he be,
In life's great harvest day,
Who hath a part in Life's pure tree,
Found through the narrow way.

GEO. S. HYDE.

HOW MAGGIE HELPED HER FATHER.

CHAPTER II —COMFORT.

"Even a child is known by its doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

MAGGIE awoke early and went out into the kitchen. The door leading to the stairway was closed, and she heard light foot-falls overhead. The room looked unpleasant and disarranged, and she went softly about, setting things in order, and piling up the stray dishes on the table. She was kindling the fire when her father came down stairs. Maggie looked up quickly. His eyes were heavy and bloodshot.

"How is she, father?"

"No better. I think she grows worse."

"Won't she get well?"

"It is doubtful if she gets well at all."

"Does the doctor say so?"

"Yes; he hasn't any hope at all. She hasn't any constitution. I'm sorry she knew about me losing my place. It seems to worry her."

Maggie longed to ask him how he lost it, but she went on lighting the fire silently.

Her father was walking excitedly up and down the room. "If the old man had lived it never would have happened me. His son always had a grudge against me. I did him an evil turn once, and it seems he can't forget it."

"Can't you make up for it?" Maggie said quickly.

"No, even if we repent of some things the consequences follow us. If it had only come some other time!"

"I wonder if he says the Lord's prayer," said Maggie, closing the stove doors.

"Who?" Mr. Brown stood still.

"The man that made you lose your place."

"He is not much of a Christian."

"He can't say it and not forgive you. Perhaps he don't think."

"I don't believe he does," replied Mr. Brown, continuing his walk. "If it only didn't worry your mother so!"

Maggie prepared the breakfast. Her father ate very little, then went up stairs. Mrs. Grey came down for a "sip of coffee;" and, after telling Maggie to be prepared for the worst, went up stairs again, leaving her alone.

The day was very long to Maggie. A vague fear of "preparing for the worst" haunted her all day. Her father's face was full of trouble. Maggie thought there was a great deal of sorrow in the world. She was glad there was no trouble in heaven. Maggie was very busy; there were errands to run, and duties enough for the willing hands. The neighbors came with proffers of help, and went away looking grave, telling Maggie her step-mother had been a good mother to her, and that she must be a comfort to her father. She was so tired at night that she could not think, and fell asleep from weariness and much crying.

On Saturday, at twilight, Maggie was out in the yard. She stood by the lilac bush, picking a bunch of fading lilacs to pieces, and

she did not hear her father's step, but she felt his arms around her. She looked up into his eyes, and saw what he had come to tell her. She did not speak, but crept into his arms, crying and trembling.

"We are alone again, Maggie," he said after a moment. "She went easily; she did not know when she died; but, if any one can be ready, she was."

"She was so good to me," sobbed Maggie. "I can't believe it, father."

"Poor little thing!" he said, kissing her. "You are cast adrift again."

"I have you, father."

"I'm a poor possession," he said, smoothing her hair.

"I love you," said Maggie, fervently; "and you are my father, if you are poor."

"You don't want to go back to Mrs. Snow's?"

"Oh, no, no!" said Maggie. "Father I want to stay with you. I've only been a year with you."

"It has been a pleasant year," he said, more to himself than to his little listener. "God has been very good to us, Maggie."

Maggie kept her arms around his neck; the happy year had ended in this! It would be very hard to go back to Mrs. Snow's.

"O, father I can't," she sobbed.

"Can't what, dear child?"

"I can't go away from you again."

He unclasped her arms from his neck and kissed her. "You are a good little daughter, Maggie."

"That's what I want to be," said Maggie brightly.

"You had better go over to Mrs. Hoffman's. It is not pleasant for you here."

Maggie stood irresolute. "Arn't you going to be here?"

"Certainly."

Maggie spoke very timidly, "Then can't I stay with you?"

"I'm afraid it will be lonely for you," he said, undecidedly.

"Perhaps you will be lonely, father; per-

haps I can do something for you. Am I not a bit of comfort, father?" she asked wistfully.

He walked away quickly, leaving her among the lilac bushes.

"Maggie! Maggie!" called a voice softly. It came from the back door. Maggie went up the crooked path to find Charlie Hoffman standing in the doorway. "Your father says for you to come and sleep at our house, and come back in the morning."

"Well," said Maggie reluctantly.

"It isn't your own mother, you know," said Charlie, making an awkward attempt at consolation. Maggie looked at him without replying. "So you can't feel as bad you know."

"I don't know any such thing!" said Maggie, angrily; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I only thought"—began Charlie.

"She didn't scold me anyway; and your mother is always scolding you."

"It's wicked to be so angry when your mother is dead in the house," answered Charlie, as angrily. "You must go home with me; your father said so."

"I don't want to go," said Maggie, beginning to cry.

"I'm real sorry," Charlie said gently. "I didn't mean anything. I'll give you my Robinson Crusoe, if you will."

"I'm not a baby," said Maggie, wiping her eyes, "and I'll go if father says I must. But I must get supper first."

"I'll get you some kindlings, shall I?" said Charlie, eagerly.

"Yes, please," said Maggie pleasantly, glancing into his face. Mrs. Brown had always liked Charlie.

Charlie kindled the fire and filled the tea kettle, and he would have set the table had not Maggie insisted on doing it herself. "Do you suppose she's in heaven now?" he asked, coming close to Maggie.

"I don't know; yes, I think she is."

"Does it say so in the Bible?"

Maggie tried to think. "I wonder if it would make father feel badly to ask him."

"Perhaps he don't know," said Charlie.

"Mother knows," said Maggie, in a low tone.

"I wish I was good," said Charlie bluntly.

Maggie looked at him again, without replying.

"You are good, I guess."

"I don't know it."

"You don't forget to say your prayers now, do you?" Charlie's tone implied that he was imparting a secret concerning himself.

"Not now. Sometimes at Mrs. Snow's I used to. I was so tired, sometimes I'd be asleep before I was half through."

"Then what did you do?" His tone implied that her reply might concern himself.

"If I awoke in the night, I'd think of it."

"And say them then?"

"Yes, why not?"

"O I don't know; I didn't think of that; I'm dreadfully wicked."

Maggie did not know what to say.

"I think I'll begin all-over again; I often

do, but it don't do any good. I guess my feelings don't go all the way through," said Charlie, very thoughtfully. "Yours does."

"I hope so," said Maggie. "I don't want to be wicked."

Mr. Brown was standing in the doorway. "Why, father!" said Maggie, "were you here?"

"Are you getting tea for me? I'm not hungry, child."

"Perhaps the tea will do you good," said Maggie, speaking low.

Charlie went out hurriedly. "Are you coming, Maggie?" he called back.

"I don't know," said Maggie, looking up at her father.

"She needn't if she don't want to," he said.

"Then I'll stay," said Maggie promptly.

Tea was taken silently. Mr. Brown sat with his head in his hands, and Maggie wished that she knew just what to say to comfort him. She laid her head on her father's knee while he read the Bible, and in his reading was answered Charlie's question. He was reading of the crucifixion; and one of the thieves who was crucified with the Son of God said to him, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

Maggie raised her head with a quick motion. "There it is, father."

"There is what?"

So Maggie told him what Charlie had asked.

"Yes," he replied, softly and reverently, "She is with Him now in paradise." Maggie's head went back and he read on. She listened with a softened feeling, which by and by melted into tears. She cried for a long time, and her father read on only half aloud.

To be Continued.

TEMPERANCE.

EVERY man that ever trained for a supreme exertion of physical endurance or skill, knows that Tom Sayers, the great English pugilist, spoke the truth when he said, "I am no teetotaler, but when I have got any business to do, there's nothing like cold water and the dumb bells."

Richard Cobden, whose powers were subjected to a far severer trial than a pugilist ever dreamed of, whose labors by night and day during the corn-law struggle were excessive and continuous beyond any other member of the House of Commons, bears similar testimony. "The more work I do the more I go to the pump." Benjamin Franklin said on one occasion: "I drank only water; the other workmen were great beer drinkers. One day I carried up and down stairs a large form of type in each hand, when others carried one in both hands." Horace Greeley once visited James Parton, the historian and husband of "Fanny Fern," and after an absence of several days, returned to his own office only to find letters and work that would have been appalling to any man

but him. He shut himself up for several hours, ten a.m. to ten p.m., and wrote steady without leaving the room. During the late "war," he wrote his autobiography, doing every day about two days' work, namely from nine to four on his history and seven to eleven on the *Tribune*.

WM. STREET.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 34.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS,
BETHLEHEM.



SHORT walk from Rachel's tomb brought us to this place. It is indeed the place that has given mankind the living bread and the flesh that sustains the life of the world. The city is situated upon a hill. The grey stone houses, rising tier above tier, presented quite a substantial and formidable appearance, while the stone buildings of the convent and Church of the Nativity, with the massive fort-like wall that inclose them, form the most conspicuous features of the place. It was formerly a walled city, but the walls, no longer considered essential, have been allowed to fall into decay. Its 3000 inhabitants are nearly all Christians. The streets are narrow and dirty, and, like all others of Palestine, full of fleas. Here the vine and olive are extensively cultivated, and the country around has a more flourishing and fruitful appearance than around Jerusalem. The women of Bethlehem are quite beautiful, having in their features much of the European stamp, while the whole population appear to be industrious and well disposed.

Our home at Bethlehem was to be at the convent, and the monk we brought with us from Jerusalem had the sesame that opened its ponderous doors to receive us. We were served with a plain repast of bread, meat, eggs, and coffee, and were assigned our rooms for the night. This place is an immense pile of stone buildings of great antiquity. There are three convents within these walls, Latin, Greek and Armenian, the inmates each retaining their respective forms of worship, and all having access by different passages to the "holy places."

The chief attraction of the place is the Church of the Nativity. This is said to be built on the grotto, or cave, that formed the stable in which the Savior made his advent into the world. But was this grotto beneath the church the identical one? That of course I cannot tell. In 327 A. D., Helena built a splendid edifice over this cave. It was certainly so regarded then, and has continued to be so regarded since. The present edifice is said to be the same that Helena built. If so it has undergone many changes. It is one hundred and twenty feet long and one hundred and ten broad, and is the oldest specimen of Christian architecture in the world. The roof is of wood. The naked beams and the rough framework supporting it is left on the inside uncovered, giving it a very unfinished appearance. This roof is supported by forty eight Corinthian columns, arranged in four rows of twelve each. These

columns are each of one single stone two and one half feet in diameter and twenty feet in height, and are supposed to have been taken from the porches of the temple at Jerusalem. This great church is seldom used for worship. It seems to be only a vestibule or thoroughfare to the smaller building of the convent, and especially to the grotto.

Passing down the narrow passage that leads to the grotto, the monk handed each of us a lighted taper, and led the way down a narrow stairway, cut in the solid rock. What was once a grotto has been so fenced in and covered by the great church, and transformed by the hand of art, a visit to it now is like a descent into a cellar. We were shown the altar and tomb of Saint Eusebius, also that of Saint Paula her daughter, that of Saint Jerome, and, what was of more interest to me, his study. This is in a vault or chamber, twenty feet square and nine feet high. It is cut in the rock; is now used as a chapel by the monks. On one side a handsome altar is erected, and his picture over it represents him in the attitude of writing, while a lion is resting at his feet.

In another apartment is an altar said to mark the spot where was buried the innocents slaughtered by Herod. Passing through two other apartments a door was reverently opened, and we entered a room forty feet long and eleven wide. At one end was an altar; beneath it, raised a little above the floor, a marble slab; on the centre of the slab a large silver star, fifteen to eighteen inches in circumference. Around this star is engraved in Latin, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Around this star and over this altar are suspended sixteen silver lamps, kept continually burning. The chapel is richly embellished with gold and silver ornaments and pictures. The monk who guided us approached the place reverently, fell upon his knees, and kissed the revered spot.

This then was the spot that has made this a place of pilgrimage for centuries. For it this massive convent and costly church and numerous chapels have been erected. I looked upon the place and around the room and in imagination tried to divest it of its appendages and adornments, and to see only a simple cavern in the rocks, such as even can now be seen around Bethlehem and Jerusalem, and into which the herdsman still drives his cattle to shelter and feed them. I recalled to mind how Joseph and Mary in their extremity, were driven into one of these places, and she brought forth her first son and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. I thought of him who took not upon himself the nature of angels but of the seed of Abraham.

MILK GROTTTO.

This is place of celebrity and one that every pilgrim visits. It is a little cave in the soft rock, upon one side of which the crumbling limestone has a peculiar white, milky appearance, giving rise to the absurd story that here the virgin nursed her child, and the milk was spilled upon the side of the grotto. Hence its name. A few rods brought us to David's Well.

DANGEROUS AND HEALTHFUL EXERCISE.

AS out-door sports begin the girls are sure, this spring, to take their usual turn at rope jumping. Scarcely a season passes without several reports of girls dropping dead, after some long continued effort, as in trying to skip the rope a thousand times; and, even when not so carried to excess, the practice is decidedly hazardous. Dr. Peck, of the Surgical Institute at Indianapolis, pronounces it as a prime cause of cripples among girls. A recent operation, in which the bones of both legs of a little girl were removed, was made necessary by necrosis, (mortification of the bone), caused by 'jumping the rope.' Dr. Peck says that similar cases are of frequent occurrence, though the mischief more frequently shows itself in necrosis of the spine. Not a month passes but cases are brought to the institute to be treated for injuries brought on by the continuous concussions upon the bones in this amusement. He advises parents and teachers to prohibit the 'pernicious pastime' at all times and under all circumstances.—*Sel.*

We want, if any at all, healthful exercise. Those who are students at school or college, will find it beneficial to take muscular exercise in morning and evening, so will boys and girls, and young men and young women. Let the boys and young gents fix up "turning poles," those six or seven feet high, and put under them a lot of sawdust, or straw, of depth enough to avoid injury from falling. Let them get two pieces of strong rope, about six or eight feet long, tie them to a strong limb of a tree, so that the lower ends of the ropes will be seven or eight feet, more or less, according to stature of the parties owning the apparatus; let two iron rings of sufficient diameter be tied to the lower ends, and then take exercise on these in every way you can think of, so you run no dangerous risks.

Let the young "fair sex" get dumb-bells, and gymnastic apparatus and develop their muscular strength. Saw a few sticks of wood every day, and expand your chest. All these things that tend to develop the muscular powers of the body are beneficial, whereas sitting down and playing chess, dominoes, checkers, &c., neither tends to develop the intellect nor muscle. Last fall the writer practiced "chinning." Boys know what that is. When I commenced I could only "chin" four times, but, by continual practice a few times daily, I gained so that I "chinned" thirty times without a failure, i.e., took hold of a pole and drew myself up until my chin touched the pole. I drew myself up three feet.

Get a pair of these spring-balance scales, that draw twenty-four pounds, put one thumb in the ring, the other thumb in the hook and stretch your arms in front of you straight, then draw on the scales. That will test your strength quite well. Hold out weights with your hands at arm's length. They are many ways in which we may have pleasant, enjoyable and healthy exercise and amusement.

Those who labor at muscular labor can spend spare time in developing the intellect. This has been and is yet to a great extent neglected by our young men and boys. We know men who are forty and fifty years old who are ignorant, and they attribute their ignorance "to having had no opportunities when a boy." Many hours were idled away in the which the mind might have been employed intellectually. See to it that no time is mispent. Equalize and economize the time; you'll never regret it in after life. You will enjoy the world better, and will appreciate many things more highly than you otherwise would.

UNCLE FRANK.

THE STRAIGHT PATH.

THE Bible is so strict and old-fashioned!" said a young man to a gray-haired friend who was advising him to study God's word if he would learn how to live. "There are plenty of books written nowadays that are moral enough in their teaching, and don't bind one down as the Bible does."

The old merchant turned to his desk and took out a couple of rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion.

"Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?"

"One line is not straight and true, is it? When you mark out your path in life, don't use a crooked ruler!"—*Churchman.*"

BAD HABITS.

MANY a young man desires to be classed as a "good fellow." It is very pleasant, no doubt, to be told that one is so very liberal with his money. It tickles his feeling of self-love. But is it not pursuing a very dangerous course in thus being classed? Are we not laying the foundation of a course of extravagance that will cling to us all our lives? We do not advocate the other extreme of miserliness. The golden mean in all things should be our endeavor. Then in the pursuit of his extravagant desires, he contracts debts he can never pay. He lives beyond his means, borrows from his friends to keep up appearances, and when asked to pay his debts is unable to do so. Thus he goes on through life, a burden to himself and all with whom he has dealings.

The vice of drunkenness is one of the pitfalls which has sent many a noble heart down to perdition. It may start in with a social glass with a friend, but the end will, if we allow it to control us, be both moral and physical ruin. How many are the brave and manly hearts, with high and noble aspirations, who have been utterly ruined by giving way to the demon of intemperance. Contact with the world reveals them on every hand. With intellect clouded and mind dwarfed, when they should be strong and self-reliant, they rapidly sink into an obscurity and social ostracism, which would not be the case if they did not give way to their evil habits. Instead of perhaps taking rank among the

world's great and good, they are found in the circle of the low and depraved.

Every young man who desires to succeed in life, has need to have all his faculties in full play. Some of the brightest names in the history of the world's progress have risen from the humblest surroundings. But they did not have any bad habits. They worked early and late for the attainment of their desires. They eschewed all surroundings that tended to dwarf their mental faculties. For the realization of their cherished aim and the goal of their ambition, they willingly sacrificed the passing moment's pleasures. No one can ever hope to succeed without thus doing so. When we have reached the object of our life, although it may not be the full realization of it, the hard and thorny road we have passed over will recur to us with pleasant memories, and cause an inner feeling of pleasure no pen can describe.

Letters from the Hopes.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 7th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—At my last writing I was in Walker county, Georgia. Leaving friends and relatives I started for this place on the 1st of April. It was the first time I ever had the chance of riding after the iron horse. I arrived in Kansas City on Saturday, April 3rd, and staid over the Sabbath with the brethren, and also went to Saints' meeting and enjoyed it very much. On Monday I came to this place, where I have been ever since. Here I found my brother, whom I had not seen for six years. This city is very much larger than the one we lived nearest to, which was Chattanooga, Tennessee. This is one of the finest farming countries I have ever seen. Northern Georgia has some pretty good land in the vallies, but the land is mostly hilly and mountainous, and the land generally poor, while in this part of the country land is very rich and well adapted to grain growing and stock raising. I also find here some noble Saints, who love the work, and others who are rather cool. But the branch is improving fast, and I realize what a pleasure it is to be with those of my own faith. By the grace of God, I will try and be faithful unto the end.

Your ever true friend,

THEO. GERBER.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, June 19th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—Again this beautiful morning I feel like writing that you may know I have not forgotten you, although I may not be able to advance many new thoughts. Yet I feel like casting in my mite for the good of our dear little paper and its readers.

The glorious work of God ever burnt within my breast, and I often sigh to think that I am enabled to do no more for its advancement. The heart is willing but circumstances, at present, will not admit of my doing as much as I desire to do. Yet I pray God often that the time may come when I can do much more. I endeavor to be good, and to do good when opportunity offers, but many times when I would do good evil is present with me, but I try to break off the yoke of my bondage and arise in the strength of the Lord. For I know that in his strength alone will I be able to overcome all evil.

Dear Hopes, it becomes us as children of God to live righteously in his sight, that we may escape the judgments that are abroad in the land. Let us fight manfully for a few short hours, as it were, that in the end the crown may be ours. At our quarterly conference the 5th and 6th of this month, the Spirit of God was poured out in prophecy through one of our aged brethren, and it was stated that "the redemption of Israel" was near at hand. Yes, that some under the sound of his voice should, "live to see Israel redeemed." Surely then, the Lord will cut his work short in righteousness. Pray for me, dear Hopes, that I with many of you, may live to behold the redemption of Israel. As ever, your sister in the one faith,

SARAH J. ROSS.

PAYETTE VALLEY, Ada Co., Idaho,

May 16th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—It is Sunday, and there is no church or Sunday School to go to, so I write to you. We take the *Hope*, and I love to read the letters, but I do not often see any from Idaho. There are not many Hopes here. I do not belong to the Church, but I hope that I will some day. There are no meetings held here now. The spring has been very cold and backward. It was very cold last winter, and the water will be very high, as there is much snow in the mountains. With much love to all,

Your affectionate friend,

SHENANDOAH, Iowa,

June 22d, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—This is such a beautiful morning, made so by the bright sunshine, bird-song, whispering breeze, and by all that Nature contributes to make us happy, that I hasten to gather up pen, ink and paper, to write down a few of my happy thoughts before some wind-cloud gathers to sweep them away, and leave my mind desolate of one good thought.

Indeed, this is sometimes the case, and all things look very dark, so that all the solace I have is quiet prayer, and thoughts of childhood. O, those blessed days, aye years! I know the good angels watched over me then as they do now, oft times.

Little Hopes, try every day, to do some good, that in years of manhood and womanhood you will have nothing to regret, and in sorrowful and gloomy hours, a brightness will gleam through the clouds, those that seem to obscure our minds.

Brothers and sisters, be kind to each other now in your happy days, and never, never show scorn to one of your playmates, for the reason that they are poorly clad, or because they are not quite up to the styles of the day. Try to have a great abundance of charity, and always remember that where one fails in one way, you may fail in another, and perhaps the scales may come down pretty solid on your side. But, of course, we do not see our faults as others see them. Do not give credit to all the evil you hear, unless you know the tale to be true; and even then, let silence govern you.

To-day I feel perfectly content with my lot, though I want to do more for Zion's cause, if I could. "Would is not in this sentence," nor does it belong there.

I notice that our little paper is properly provided for by the Saints at present, and I pray none may prove laggards in the future. I read everything in the *Heralds* and *Hopes*, and they seem very short sometimes, but I do not forget the hands that prepare this feast for us. While we are perusing and resting, they are conning a hard lesson. Do we ever thank them? I can say for one that I thank them, one and all. And the time may come, when I can help them with something more than lip service.

I. I. REDFIELD.

WESTON, Pottawattamie Co., Iowa,

June 13th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am eight years old. I do not belong to the Church yet, but I hope to some time. I am going to school now. We have a good teacher. My studies are reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic. I like to hear the *Hope* read. It has been raining this evening. I bid you good by.

LEE R. CARLIN.

LAMONI, Decatur Co., Iowa,

May 19th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I write, in answer to Uncle John. He wanted to know where "Honor thy father and thy mother," is found in two places. In *Exodus* 20:12, and *Deut.* 5:16. It is found in six other places. *Matthew* 15:4; *19:19.* *Mark* 7:10; *10:19.* *Luke* 18:20. *Eph.* 6:2.

His next was, "Our Savior says, 'Let thy communication be Yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' Where written?" In *Mat.* 5:39. His next question was, "What is the promise to those who honor their father and mother?" The answer is, "That thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

I am twelve yeors old; will be thirteen in August; joined the Church when eight years old. My father and mother and sister belong. Our Sabbath School has not begun yet, but they will meet next Sunday to organize

one. I am trying to do right, but I fail many times. I would like to hear from Uncle John again. His letters are very interesting. Pray for me.

Your brother,

ALBERT M. BAILEY.

WESTON, Pottawattamie Co., Iowa,

June 13th, 1880.

Beloved Hopes:—I am trying to do my duty, but I meet with temptations as well as the rest of you. A two-days' meeting was to be held here but on Saturday it rained all day so they could not have meeting. But on Sunday we had a fine time. In the forenoon branch reports were read; in the afternoon Bro. R. M. Elvin preached a real nice sermon. Last Sunday there was preaching and two were baptized, one of them my cousin. I would like to see the *Hope* a weekly paper. I would like to know you all, dear Hopes, but that is impossible. But if you would write I would answer with much pleasure. I only know a few of the Hopes.

Yours, as ever,

FLORA M. CARLIN.

MILLERSBURG, Illinois,

May 2d, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—What a beautiful Sabbath morning it is! The grass is a lovely green, and the cherry and plum trees are in full bloom. How cheerful every thing appears; even the little birds are warbling their sweet songs of praise to the great Creator. Are we as thoughtful as they towards our Creator, to praise his holy name for the blessings we receive daily. Just stop, dear Hopes, one moment, and think of the blessings we receive daily. Can you number them? How little do we realize the mercies of God toward us, for his mercies and blessings are numerous. Let us continue in the good work, and keep striving day by day to do better, and we will grow stronger in the faith of the latter-day-work. I love to read of the desires of the little Hopes to do right.

Your sister,

S. P.

WHEELER'S GROVE, Iowa,

June 19th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am thirteen years old. I was baptized when I was eleven years old. I go to school. My studies are reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and geography. I also go to Sunday School. I am the youngest of our family. I want you all to pray for me that when Christ comes I may be one that will wear a crown. Your brother in Christ,

WILLIAM WINEGAR.

KINMUNDY, Marion Co., Illinois,

June 23rd, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am twelve years old. I do not belong to the Church. My father and mother do. A Sunday School was organized here May 16th, 1880. We have no house for worship. We hold our Sunday School at Mr. Brown's. Elders G. H. Hilliard, I. A. Morris and I. M. Smith have been here. They baptized three on May 30th, and the 31st they organized a branch of twelve members. They named it the Alma Branch. Elder Smith stayed two weeks with us and preached. The people say many hard things of us, but that does not discourage us any, for we know that all who will live godly in Christ Jesus must bear persecution. Pray for us that we may be able to do so like good soldiers of the cross of Christ.

Yours truly,

ARCHIE BREWER.

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.

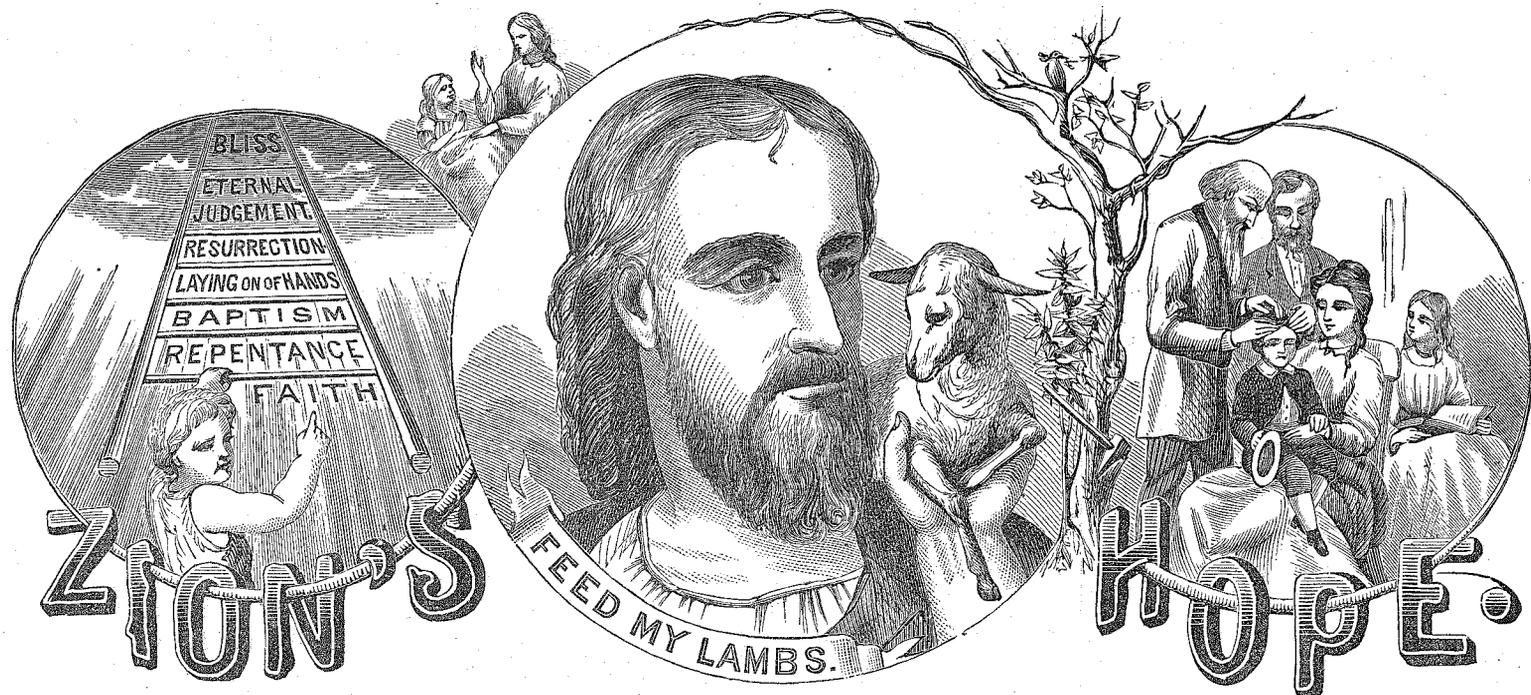
15 July 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 1, 1880.

No. 3.

HOW HAVE YOU BUILT?

HAVE you built upon the rock?
All is well—all is well;
Satan may tempt and sinners mock,
The truth it must prevail.

If you've not built upon the rock,
Haste to build—haste to make;
Christ will come with all his flock,—
He will vengeance take.

I'm glad I'm built upon the rock,
For I know—for I know,
That God will make his promise sure,
To whom his law obey.

Then haste and build upon the rock,
Ere it's too late—ere it's too late;
Come join with Christ's own chosen flock,
And be a faithful Saint.

EMSWORTH, Pa.

S. R.

PARENTS' DUTIES.

DEAR HOPES:—How often I think of you and pray for you too. When I think of the very important part which you are to perform, if faithful, I think what a great responsibility rests upon parents to bring you up right, and to educate your young minds for the work before you. I know I did not do all I ought to have done for my three oldest children; but I am trying to discharge my duty with my two little girls, Nellie and Della.

But I have found by experience that religion is a progression. If my dear ones were little now I could do so much better. Dear fathers and mothers of the Hopes, do not let cares, or temporal things keep you from this first of all duties, to give your children the proper training that is required of you. Keep them in possession of useful reading matter; and above all things, teach them the necessity of cultivating patience. Dear Hopes, this (impatience) has been my besetting sin. I have asked my heavenly Father to help me to bring myself, all, in subjection to his will, oftener than any other one thing, and, as many times, the evil weakness in me would hinder this prayer from being fully answered. I ask the prayers of all the little Hopes, and big ones too, that I may be able to place self entirely in the care of my Master, and

never from him stray for even one moment.

Now little Hopes I am going to be one that will give fifty cents to make the *Hope* a weekly, for my little ones love it; and if it comes oftener they would love it better. We that do not have any Sunday school to go to, or any Saints meetings of any kind, are very anxious for both *Herald* and *Hope* to come every week. And we pray that they may bring us the good things of God's law, as well as the progress of this most grand and glorious work, in which my whole heart is, for I know it is God's work, and we, little and big, are his instruments in carrying it on. He does not have any use for an idler in his kingdom, nor is there room for any. We must all be workers, or there will be no crowns for us to wear. And whoever does all that is possible to do, whether it is preaching or praying, by precept or example, or in helping the sick or needy ones, or by giving to the Lord's store-house, or who attend to all the various duties each one may have, then the more stars shall be in their crown.

Your sister in the new covenant,

M. A. CHRISTY.

PORTLANDVILLE, Plymouth Co., Iowa.

SHINE!

DEAR HOPES:—Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light. We often sing these words; but do we shine? I was standing at my window the other evening. It was a dull wet afternoon, and growing very dark. Presently a light came quickly along, a lamp opposite was lighted, and out shone a bright light. What a difference it made! The street did not look so dull, people could see their way better, and every thing looked more cheerful just because a lamp was lighted.

Now, dear Hopes, we must shine for Jesus. He wishes us to do so. He says we are to let our light shine for those who grope in darkness. This command is only to his children, because of course no one else can shine, for they are not lighted. We must first have

the Holy Spirit, and our hearts be lighted with his love and then we can shine for him. Some of the little Hopes may say, "How can I shine for Jesus?" You can shine by being loving, gentle and obedient; by trying to do good to all around you. This is pleasing to Jesus. He says, "Love one another." Let the world see that we are Christ's, not so much by talking about it, but by living like him. There are many in this world who are in great darkness and who need the true light to shine in upon them. Many do not love God at all. There is much sin and suffering and darkness in this world; but if every child who loves God would let their lights shine brightly for him, how much good they might do, how many might be cheered and lighted. Let us never be afraid to let others see that we are trying to please and serve God. Perhaps by the shining of our lights some may learn to trust and seek God, and we may meet them in celestial glory in the sweet by-and-by. "Hopes we must shine; You in your small corner, and I in mine."

S. A. R.

GLIMPSES BY THE WAY.

IT is more to fulfill my promise, to tell you something of my home, than the thought that it will be of interest, that causes me to take up my pen this warm, sultry summer day to write a few lines to our little paper. I might give you Uncle John Patterson's definition of our town; he says it is a little dull old place. But we forgive him; it doubtless seems so to him, in comparison with all he has seen, and in a certain sense it is so to us, in comparison with others, yet still,

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us here,
Which seek the wide world through, is found not elsewhere."

It is our home, a peaceful, quiet little country town of between two and three hundred inhabitants. It contains three churches, and the usual complement of stores, shops &c. The moral atmosphere of the place is good,

for one scarcely ever hears an oath or profane word uttered, and a drunken man on our streets is a strange and unusual sight.

About the only thing we have to be proud of is the public school grounds, and the large square brick school building, and the pleasant, grassy, shady grounds and well sustained schools. The school is the pride of our little village. The three churches alluded to are the Methodist (which has the largest membership), the Presbyterian, and our own little church "around the corner" It is a small plain building capable of seating about two hundred people, but fully large enough, excepting at conference times, to contain all who attend even in "revival times."

And, by the way, we have here as elsewhere a few "Uncle Billys" and "Aunt Katys," though that don't just happen to be their names, who are usually found at their post. May God ever bless them, and we are sure that in the great day of rewards, they shall not be forgotten. A short distance from our little church, and north of town in the woodland, is the cemetery, where lies all that is mortal of many whom we have known and loved. Among others, Lilly, of whom little Moroni told you not long ago as being now in "the good man's house."

As to my own home it is rather indescribable but I will try: A white house with porch the whole length in front, nothing grand outside or inside—it is only homelike—with the narrow small yard with flowers in it, and plants on the porch, hanging vines, &c, Uncle John do you recognize the picture? and can't you give us a glimpse of your new home? My love to all the Hopes. VIOLA.

MILLERSBURG, Ills., July 6th, 1880.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE DISPLAYED.

ROBERT BRUCE the great traveler when dying in despair was led to trust in God's providence, from seeing a small green plant blooming in the midst, and in the sands of an Abyssinian desert.

A little girl once was plucking flowers in England and singing, "Come to Jesus," and an old woman who was almost broken hearted by sorrow, heard her and became a Christian.

The singing and soaring of an English sky lark, was the influence that melted down the haughty spirit of Richard Emmett, the Oldham infidel.

A woman in Kendall, England, who was for thirty-eight years afflicted in bed was deeply mourning her condition, when she saw a portrait of John Milton after he was struck blind, and she dried her tears, and thanked God she could read her Bible and see the glorious light of day, the green fields, and the beautiful flowers, &c.

WILLIAM STREET.

Remember, little ones, you never will have but one mother. Obey and honor her. Listen to her words, and God will bless you day by day.

A little child was asked, "Where do you live?" turning to its mother who stood near by, the little one said, "Where mother is, there is where I live."

HOW MAGGIE HELPED HER FATHER.

CHAPTER III — LONELINESS.

"Even a child is known by its doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."



MAGGIE and her father were alone. Her day-dream was coming true. Perhaps she could be a comfort to her father, and make his home happy. Maggie had not attended school since the beginning of her mother's illness; her father was too much occupied to speak of it, and she was so busied with household duties that she thought she had no time. She moved around in a very womanly fashion, with a grave face and unchildish ways.

"She'll be herself again," her father said, watching her.

Mr. Brown wrote many letters, and was often away from home all day. Every day he grew more silent; every day his little daughter watched him with a failing heart.

"There is no butter for supper, father," she said one afternoon, finding him in an abstracted mood, and touching him on the arm before he knew it.

"Eh! what?" her father said, starting; "no butter? Well we can do without butter for awhile, can't we?"

He did not see her face when she turned away; it was more than grave. She took the cedar pail to go to the spring. The bright brass bands, and handle were just as bright as when her mother had burnished them; her father thought of it every time he took it into his hand, and it brought such an undefined feeling of comfort and appreciation of his little daughter's thoughtfulness that would have made that little daughter very happy if she had known it. Maggie went a little way down the crooked path; the pail was dropped and she hid herself among the lilac bushes to cry over more than having no butter for supper. Her father called her presently and she ran in, forgetting her swollen eyes and tear-stained cheeks. But he held an open letter in his hand, and did not notice her face.

"Maggie I must go away to-morrow. I think I may find a situation. What can I do with you?"

"You can't take me?" said Maggie her eyes filling with tears.

"No, not yet. I'm not sure of the place; and what would I do with you in a strange city? You would get homesick enough."

Maggie did not say what she thought, that her father was not used to caring for her yet. "I wouldn't be homesick with you, father."

"You can come by-and-by," he went on a little impatiently, "as soon as I can make a home for you. Do you think Mrs. Snow would be willing to take you back?"

"Yes," said Maggie, trying to speak cheerfully.

"I must go to-morrow. I can put you in the cars. Do you know how you can get to the farm from the station?"

"No, and I don't know any body."

Mr. Brown paced the floor. Maggie did

not look at his face. She felt like crying heartily. But then, she thought, that would be a poor way to be a comfort. So she wiped her eyes and tried to keep them dry, and stood twisting her apron, waiting for her father to speak. He stopped in front of her.

"You can write to Mrs. Snow and Mr. Snow can meet you at the station. You can stay with Mrs. Hoffman till you hear."

"Well?" said Maggie.

"You are not a box of goods that I can stow away, but a live, breathing little girl,—which is far better than a box of goods," he added.

"I'd be less trouble," said Maggie.

"And less comfort. No; I'm satisfied. I'll speak to Mr. Hoffman and have this furniture sold. I put all her things in that chest. Mrs. Hoffman will take care of that. I shall have to pay this rent two weeks longer. Well—"

He began to walk again. Maggie was disposed of as easily as her mother's clothes in the chest. The clock struck five. She was glad it was tea-time. It would be pleasant to get supper once more in the old way. And, after all, if her father could get a place it would be something new to live in the city. Perhaps she would only have to stay a little while with Mrs. Snow, and she might not be so cross as she used to be. Perhaps she would say, "Maggie," now, instead of "Mag." It wasn't pleasant to be only "Mag" again. And little king Davy, how rejoiced he would be to see her! The cedar pail was picked up with a lighter heart than it was dropped, and the tea table spread with almost as light a step as when her mother sat sewing at the window. She did not know that her father was watching her, and that every note of the hymn she was singing did him good, almost as much good as her brightened face and busy ways.

"I wonder if that child has had a struggle, and is resolved to do the best she can?"

He went out and stood on the front steps, and when Maggie called "father," he went in with a changed face, as if he had had a struggle, and resolved to do the best he could. Maggie's "father," was very sweet to him—perhaps because no one but Maggie had ever called him "father."

After supper the letter to Mrs. Snow was written. Maggie could write a very pretty hand now; perhaps Mrs. Snow would think it prettier than hers; Maggie certainly did. She played with the pen, and screwed the top off the inkstand and on, again and again, wondering how to address the lady. She would rather write to Mr. Snow, but that would be so strange. She just knew how Mrs. Snow would look when she read, "Dear Mrs. Snow."

"Oh!" Maggie laughed aloud, "It's so funny! father, I don't know how to begin."

"Say, 'dear madam.'"

"I don't like to."

"Isn't it polite enough?"

"It's—it's—why, it's queer. It sounds as if I didn't know her; and I lived there so many years. And she don't look a bit like a 'mad-

am,' in her old dress; and she is too cross to be 'dear.'

Mr. Brown smiled, and paused in his walk. Maggie dipped her pen in the ink and began to write. She wrote very carefully, stopping often to think. At one time she dipped her pen in the ink six times before she wrote a word.

"I should think you were writing a book, Maggie," said her father, stopping behind her chair.

"I don't believe it's as hard to write a book; people wouldn't write so many if it was hard."

Mr. Brown sat down at the table and watched her as she wrote the last words. "Did you say, 'from your most obedient servant?'"

"I'm not that," Maggie replied, soberly. She laid the letter in front of her father on the table, and stood with a flushed face beside him while he read it:

"Dear Mrs. Snow:—Father says I must write to you to ask you if I may come back; not for a long time, because as soon as he gets work again I am going to live with him. Mother died three weeks ago. She was so good to me, and we miss her very much. I want to see Davie very much. I will help you all I can, if you will let me come. I have been to school since I left your house, but I can work just as well. I hope you will excuse all mistakes. I will come as soon as Mr. Snow will meet me at Bloomfield.

"MAGGIE BROWN."

"Well that will do; you come right to the point, and there isn't one mistake for Mrs. Snow to excuse."

"I never wrote but one letter before," said Maggie, proudly.

"And that I wouldn't sell for a hundred dollars."

"O, father!" said Maggie.

"You must go to school as soon as we are settled; I want you to be somebody, Maggie."

"Perhaps I'll be a teacher one of these days,—or a missionary,—or a dress-maker."

"I wish I could always keep you, my little Maggie. You don't know how much good you do me, daughter."

Maggie smoothed his hair with happy fingers. "I hope it won't be very long before you send for me, father."

"I hope not," but his tone was not like Maggie's.

A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING ANGEL.

DOMINIE H. was one of the old-times circuit riders, whose rough exterior and somewhat non-society ways often obscured his real goodness of heart. One day he was caught in a shower in Illinois, and, going to a rude cabin near by, he knocked at the door. A sharp-looking old dame answered his summons. He asked for shelter. "I don't know you," she replied, suspiciously. "Remember the Scriptures," said the dominie. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have enter-

tained angels unawares." "You needn't say that," quickly returned the other; "no angel would come down here with a big quid of tobacco in his mouth!" She shut the door in his face, leaving the good man to the mercy of the rain and his own reflections.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 35.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.



DAVID'S WELL.

THIS is a long, deep cistern, hewn in the solid rock. The event of its celebrity is found in Chron. 1:2.

A night's rest in the convent, and we left Bethlehem and continued our journey towards Hebron. We made a slight detour from the road to visit the celebrated water RESERVOIRS OF SOLOMON.

Upon entering a ravine between two rocky hills, these great works of antiquity were suddenly revealed to our view. They are partly excavated in the solid rock, and partly built of hewn stone. Many of the stone are of great size and bear the marks of great antiquity. There are three of these great tanks, ranged along the ascent of the valley, one above and beyond the other, so arranged that the bottom of one lies as high or higher than the top of the one next below it. Thus when the lower one is exhausted the second one can be emptied into it, and then the third through the second. The upper pool is in length 380 feet, in breadth 232½ feet, and in depth 25 feet; the middle pool is in length 423 feet, in breadth 232½ feet, and in depth 39 feet; and the lower pool is in length 582 feet, in breadth 177½ feet, and in depth 50 feet. The supply of water is abundant, as well as excellent, a large stream of waste water flowing down the valley after the cisterns are full.

Having examined the pools we proceed about forty rods to an open field covered with barley. Here we found a small opening in the ground, like the mouth of a well, nearly choked up with dirt and rubbish. My companions examined it as well as they could from the top, and decided they would not attempt to enter through so dirty and small an aperture. I told them I had come to see all that could be seen and I was going down it, if it was possible to do so. So it was arranged that I should go down into the well, and if I found anything worth seeing they would follow me.

The descent was perpendicular for about seven feet and then turned in an angle of about forty-five degrees. There was scarcely room to crowd the body through, and I was soon involved in darkness. I slipped along a muddy inclined plane for fifteen feet, until I could stand partly erect. Then I drew from my pocket some matches and a candle, and struck a light. Fifteen feet below me I could see an open chamber and heard the gushing of running waters. Believing the place worth a visit I returned and called my companions. Soon they were all in the open chamber. By the aid of a few more candles we were enabled to explore this wonderful place.

We stood in a vaulted chamber, 40x25 feet.

On one side was an opening into a smaller apartment of the same character.

This is the fountain head from which those vast reservoirs are supplied. The water springs up in copious streams from four different places, and is brought by smaller passages in a large basin, from whence it flows away in a broad subterranean passage. This passage, which is large enough for three men to walk abreast in, is walled and arched, and communicates with the uppermost pool in its north-west corner. A branch passage from the first carries a portion of the stream into the second, and another into the lower pool, and continued on to bear its surplus into a large reservoir at the foot of the pools, from whence it is carried in a winding course to Jerusalem. The wisdom of this arrangement for the production of an unfailling supply for the city must be apparent.

The entrance to this underground fountain was no doubt guarded with great care, and from this Solomon is supposed to have drawn the beautiful comparison in his song, "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." This place, by the Monks, is called the "sealed fountain."

We now start off towards Hebron, having fifteen miles to walk under the rays of a burning sun from a cloudless sky. Four miles south and we came upon a broad, cultivated valley, with natives diligently at work. They were dressed in Turkish costume, with loose robes gathered at the bottom, and turbans on their heads. Some had broad swords or cutlasses dangling at their sides, and old flint-lock muskets near at hand. Their working implements were of the rudest kind; their plows the same as two thousand years ago, a crooked stick with a pointed iron at its end, that scratched the ground but two or three inches deep; their yokes a straight stick lashed to the oxen's horns. Their draft animals were varied and fantastic. In one place we counted nine teams ploughing in one field. One man had a tall camel fastened to his plough, another an ox, another a cow, a fourth a little donkey, not much larger than a sheep, yoked to a small heifer, and so on in amusing variety.

As we passed along I noticed two or three lime kilns. One at first wonders how, in this country so destitute of timber and even shrubs, they can contrive to get up a sufficient heat to make lime. It is done by gathering various kinds of woody herbage that grows upon the hill sides and along the valleys, and leaving them exposed to the hot sun till they were thoroughly dried. Their ovens are still heated in the same manner with the same material. I several times saw this process of making heat. It takes an incredible amount of this light fuel, but they succeed in making a very hot fire, and, when necessary, in keeping it up day after day. I was forcibly reminded of the words of the Savior, "The grass of the field that to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven."

But we are now close upon the ancient city, and important personages have traveled along the way we are traveling. Over this road most

probably Abraham walked, when upon his solemn errand to offer Isaac as a sacrifice upon the altar. It was over this road that Jacob traveled when fleeing to Haran from the wrath of his brother Esau. Over it David led his invading army when he went up and wrested Jerusalem from the Jebusites, and made it the city of the great King and the capitol of the Hebrew nation. And here too most likely Joseph and Mary passed with the child Jesus, when fleeing from the blood-thirsty Herod into Egypt.

FLORICULTURE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

FLLOWERS children take to as natural as ducks to water—an instance designed by our Creator as a means of moral education and as a source of happiness. By these they fellowship with nature and with God. Children also delight in cultivating flowers, especially when they are allowed to have a garden of their own, where they may plant and sow, and weed and hoe, in their own way, and watch the daily growth and development of leaf and stem and bud, until the crowning blossom appears. It affords them healthful recreation and pleasing instruction at a very little expense. And who can estimate the value of a flower garden as a means of making home more beautiful and attractive to young people, and thus in some degree checking their desire for unsafe pleasures?

It is gratifying to notice how rapidly of late the taste for flowers has increased in this country, not only around our towns and cities, but also among the better class of farmers. Almost everywhere we now see beds of flowers where a few years ago barren yards alone met our view. In our large cities the use of flowers for decorations, especially at parties, weddings, etc., has increased wonderfully, so that it is not an unusual thing for one thousand dollars to be expended for flowers for a single evening's use; and more than a million of dollars is expended annually for plants and flowers in New York City.

In a charming little book for young folks, entitled "Three Little Spades," the author, Anna Warner, says in the preface:—"I want you all to be gardeners. If you have not a dollar to spend for seeds take fifty cents, and if not that, take ten; or begin with a five-cent paper of mignonette or a little cutting of rose or geranium, and then work with it, and you will find it the best play you ever did in your life. Only love your flowers enough, and they will be almost sure to grow; and then, when you have learned to know and love them, God will let them teach you wonderful things. His flowers can do that."—*Sel.*

KEYS.

Hearts, like doors, can open with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that they are these:
"I thank you sir," and "If you please."

Then let us watch these little things,
And so respect each other,
That not a word, or look, or tone,
May wound a friend or brother.

S.A.R.

Editorial Chat.

WE notice with pleasure the fact stated by Bro. W. G. Pert of Sedgwick, Hancock County, Maine, namely that "the Sargentville Baptist Sabbath School made a present to our, the Brooksville Branch, Sabbath School of a small library of thirty-two books. The branch returned them a vote of thanks." We feel like thanking them too, in behalf of the brethren and the cause.

The story of "How Maggie helped her father" contains seven chapters in all, four after the one printed in this issue. It seems to be much liked and all seem anxious to know its length. We have two short stories from Myrtle Grey ready for the opportunity to publish. Also a series of chapters on temperance by Bro. J. F. McDowell, and have just received two short stories from Pearla Wild.

Letters from the Hopes.

FREEBURG, St. Clair Co., Ills.,

July 8th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I would like to know how you all enjoyed yourselves on the Fourth of July. I was at conference at Belleville on that day, and the time was taken up with business, so that we did not have sacrament meeting; but we had about an hour for testimony, and had quite a good time. After finishing, or pretty near finishing the business at night, Bro. Reese, the president of our district, preached a little while. I did not enjoy myself as well as if business had been done on Saturday or Monday, and had preaching and sacrament meeting on Sunday. On the 5th, the Belleville Sunday School had a picnic in Ward's woods, and I enjoyed myself well. There is no branch here—the nearest is Belleville branch, about nine miles from here, so I hardly think I will get to meeting often. On the 2d of January, 1880, I left Belleville for St. Joseph. I stayed there five months with my sister Jennett. I would much rather be at St. Joseph, or Stewartville, than here or Belleville. It is now five years since I was baptized, and when I look back I can see many crooked paths I have made; but now it is too late to remedy those, and all I can do to remedy them is to do better in the future. During the five years which I have made little progress to that which some others have made, yet the Lord has blessed me with great testimony, so that I know for myself that this work is true; and therefore I wish you all to pray for me that I may strive to keep down pride and all other follies of this world, for they are many. Pride can and will, if we are not careful, lead us of into wrong paths, perhaps we are aware of it. Let us all strive to keep our own little garden clean of weeds, or bad habits, for if we are not, the weeds or bad habits will soon choke the flowers or good qualities which we have. For weeds do not need any hoeing or attending to as flowers or vegetables do. I know that I do not watch the weeds in my own garden as I ought to, yet by the assistance of your prayers and the help of God, I intend to do better and improve more in the next five years than I have in the past five. I would like to see some of those begin again who used to write so often. I would like for some of the young Saints of Bevier to write and let me know how they are getting along there. I hope you will all pray me that I may continue faithful to the end, for if I do not, the knowledge which I have will condemn me in the last day. I hope I may never deny it, nor turn from it. I think I will close, as I can not write anything very interesting, and may have wearied your patience already.

Your sister in the bonds of love and peace,

MAGGIE ARCHIBALD.

PLAINVILLE, Mass., July 10th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I was twelve years old the eighteenth of December. I live in Franklin, but am visiting my friend Ora in Plainville. She is fourteen, and belongs to the Church. I do not; but I want to as soon as I can. I love to read the *Hope* letters and to attend the meetings. I have two other sisters—one is twenty-three and the other will be nineteen next month. I go to school and study reading, arithmetic, history, geography, grammar and spelling. I want you all to pray for me.

I remain your friend,

LIZZIE M. KING.

BEVIER, Mo., July 13th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I have been cold in the work; but I desire to live according to our Father's laws and commandments at all times, though I fall short many times. I pray that we may live humble and faithful to the end, that we may receive the crown of glory which is waiting the faithful. I have many trials, but I hope to overcome them all by the help of the Spirit of God. I ask you all to pray for me that we may all meet where we will be parted no more, and where we will know each other. We have had the company of brethren Lake and Springer, and also that of Bro. Lewis of Stewartville. Bro. Springer left us on Saturday. May the Lord bless them in their work. My uncle, Gomer T. Griffiths, is away preaching the gospel of Christ, and we hope and pray that he may ever continue to the end.

Your unworthy sister,

MARIA J. THOMAS.

BUFFALO PRAIRIE, Ill., July 9th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—It has been some time since I wrote to you. We have no Sabbath School here, but I hope we will have one sometime, for I love to go. We have meeting every Sabbath, and will have a conference here next month. Our day school is out now. We had a very nice time at our picnic. We had a very good teacher. I would like to hear from you all. Good by.

RACHEL A. LARUE.

PLAINVILLE, Mass., July 12th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am fourteen years old. I belong to the Church, as do also my father, mother and brother; I was baptized in November. At school I study reading, writing, drawing history, physiology, spelling and arithmetic. We have no Sunday School, but hope we can by and by. There are twenty-nine members in our branch, and meetings are held twice a week—on Sundays and Thursdays. Our leader is Brother C. A. Coombs.

Your sister in Christ,

ORA V. HOLMES.

MONDAMIN, IOWA.

Dear Hopes:—I was twelve years old the Fourth of July. I like to attend the Sunday School and meeting. I belong to the Church. I have one sister and one brother; he is seven years old, my sister is fourteen. She is fourteen. She belongs to the Church. I know that if we are prayerful and faithful we will be saved in the kingdom of God. Good by.

MARY LANPHER.

SHELBY, Iowa, June 30th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I belong to the Church; baptized me two years ago. I am trying to do what is right. Sometimes I do things that are not right, but I hope that the Lord will forgive me whatever I do that is wrong. We have Sunday School here every Sunday at three in the afternoon. O, how I love to go to Sunday School and learn the true word of God. Let us hold on and serve the Lord in as many respects as we know how. I hope that you will pray for me that I may be faithful to the end. Your affectionate sister in the gospel,

MYRA CHATBURN.

A little girl, defining "bearing false witness against your neighbor," said "it was when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told of it."

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

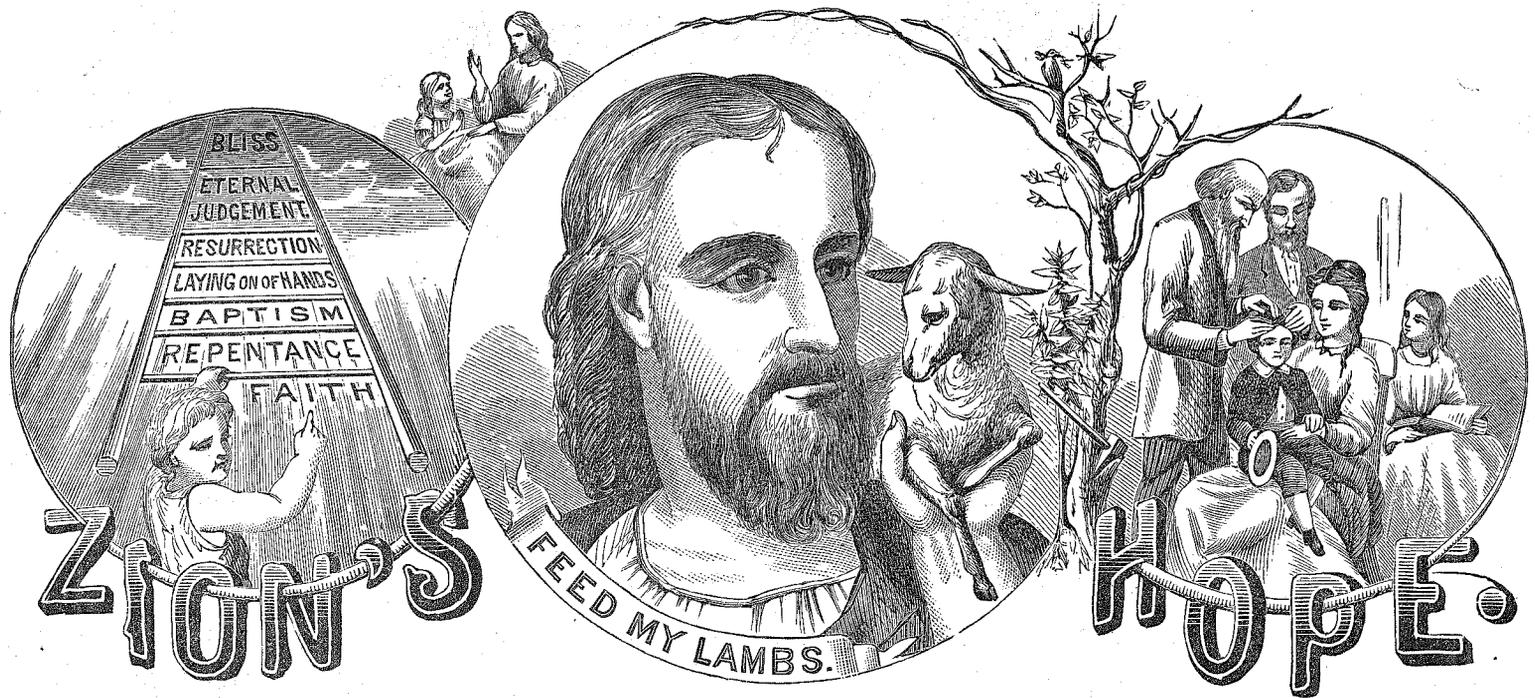
The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

1 August 80

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

ZION'S HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to *Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois*. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents, and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 15, 1880.

No. 4.

DAWN OF THE LATTER DAY.

IN early Spring of Eighteen-Twenty,
Joseph knelt in humble prayer;
By the powers of darkness tempted,
Almost yielding to despair;
Till he saw a fiery pillar,
In the distance o'er his head;
And the youth was sore bewildered,
Till the light around him spread.
Standing in this light, two persons
Gladden his enraptured sight,
Come to answer him this question—
"Which of all the sects is right?"
"This is my Son," exclaimed the Father,
"And O. hear ye none but him;
You no sect shall follow after,
They are all of Satan's kin.
I'm displeas'd with all those people,
Who've the form, but not the power;
But the fullness of the gospel,
Soon shall be thy precious dower."

The Twenty-first day of September,
Eighteen hundred Twenty-three,
In the silence of his slumber,
Did another vision see.
Joseph, in his slumber lonely,
Raised his heart in prayer that night,
Then an angel, named Moroni,
Came in robes of spotless white;
Radiant with Celestial glory,
He did heaven's plan unfold,
Said that hidden in Cumorah,
Was a record writ on gold;
That the fullness of the gospel,
With its precepts all so plain,
For all nations, tongues and people,
Soon should be restored again.
'Tis the gathering dispensation,
Laden with rich gifts to man,
Dawning of the culmination
Of Jehovah's sacred plan.

H. S. DILLE.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

THE day is dark and gloomy, and the clouds are weeping upon the earth, to give new life to tree and flower, as well as to brier and weed; or as the good book tells, God sends his blessings upon the just and upon the unjust alike. If it were not so the pride of the heart would soon leave the world empty and cheerless. God's lesson of kindness to all teaches us to try and be like our Heavenly Father, as much as possible.

*For more than fourteen years I have tried to honor the commandments of God, and since the publication of the first number of ZION'S HOPE, I have been a constant reader

thereof, and have on file a copy of every issue up to this day. As truth is the object of its life, I will pen a few lines for its pages, that perhaps a word of light and comfort may be furnished to the little Hopes, as well as those who are entering upon Manhood and Womanhood. And perhaps the fathers and mothers of some dear ones may be instructed. All of the foregoing persons are included in the following portion of law:

"And you shall fall down and worship the Father in my name; and you must preach unto the world, saying, You must repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ; for all men must repent and be baptized, and not only men, but women; and children who have arrived at the years of accountability."—D. & C. 16:6.

There are two things in the above that I wish to impress upon your minds:

First, When you go to meeting, and the Elder who opens the services, says, "Let us bow in prayer," all those who do not go upon their knees, as does the one who prays, are either ignorant of what God asks of them, or they are careless of the law, or still worse, they are disobedient to its requirements. Pride is the great cause of so many of the members of the Church setting you the bad example of not complying with the law. Should you desire to be good and to live in this life so as to be with Christ and his people, you will have to be watchful and do all things that are required in the word that the father gave for the salvation of all those who love him; and this love is in keeping his commandments. (1 John 5:3)

Second, You notice that children are required to repent and be baptized. As this will interest all those who have not complied with the command of God, please read, or get your father or mother to explain and fulfill the following: "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, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and

of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the head of the parents; for this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized; and their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of hands. And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord."—D. & C. 68:4.

The responsibility of parents is clearly stated in the above, and no time should be lost till every father and mother can come to the altar and find acceptance, by reason that every duty has been performed. Were I called before the Judge of the whole earth to testify as to whether parents were free from blame as to their duty to their children, I must confess that, by the rule given by Christ in Matthew 7:16; I would have to say, "Many neglect their duty."

Some excuse themselves because some have not lived right after baptism. If this excuse is good and valid, then is the knowledge of the parents greater than that of God. For God says that at eight years old children shall be baptized and confirmed. When the parents comply with the law they free themselves from sin, likewise their child. And if the child should do wrong afterwards, it alone will be punished for its sins of commission, while it will also be subject to the privilege of the direction of the light of the Holy Spirit. And the Spirit may come to that child when far from friends, home, or the privilege of complying with God's law.

Little ones, love God and keep his commandments.

Yours in the covenant of peace,

FELIX.

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING.

HENRY, upon being asked how many boys were in his Sabbath School class, said: "If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times

which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth; divide this by the number of Haman's sons; subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark; multiply by the number of men who went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven; subtract from this Joseph's age at the time when he stood before Pharaoh; add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath; subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem; divide by the number of anchors cast out at the time of Paul's shipwreck; subtract the number of people saved in the ark, and the remainder will be the number of boys in the class." How many were they? Who can answer?

WHAT TIME IS IT?

66 "WHAT o'clock is it?" asked the good Emanuel Swedenborg upon his death bed. Being told, he answered, "It is well. I thank you; may God bless you," and the venerable teacher gently passed away.

What o'clock is it? ask the little children, as they blow the feathered seed vessels off the dandelion, and tell the hour by the number that remain upon the stalk.

Civilized men every where repeat this question oftener than any other. And why? Were all things at rest, it could never be answered. Motion alone enables us to measure time. Motion is best exemplified in the heavenly bodies, particularly in the sun. Yet man never asks What o' sun? but simply What o' clock? or What time is it? The red Indian says, Four moons have passed; or, It was ten sleeps ago; and the farmer, It was between day and sun-rise; or, It was half an hour by sun.

Job's expression, "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow;" and Isaiah wrote eight hundred years before Christ, "I will bring back the shadow of the degrees which is gone down in the sun-dial of Ahaz, ten degrees backward," referred to the sundial, originated nobody knows when, with some of the Eastern nations. I have before me what is termed "the world's timepiece." For instance, if I lived in San Francisco, and it was exactly noon, then by looking at my timepiece, I see that in Melbourne, Australia, it is not yet six o'clock in the morning, and most of the people are not out of bed, while in Cairo, Egypt, it is after ten at night, and about time to go to bed. So it varies all over the world. While the inhabitants of some countries are rubbing their drowsy eyes in the morning, others are eating their noonday meals, and others again are worn out with the toils of the day, and are gladly getting into bed. In primitive times, when light and darkness moved over the earth much faster than man, or men's inventions, this wide difference in time made little confusion or misunderstanding. People, when they reached a certain place, were satisfied what time of day it was. But now, when our thoughts

travel over the wires of the telegraph much swifter than time moves, it makes no difference to us whether it is morning, noon, or night, in Calcutta or St. Petersburg.

But we notice some curious things in connection with this wonderful speed of intelligence. If the Prince of Wales had died at eight o'clock in the evening, it would be known in New York at three in the afternoon, or apparently five hours before it happened; and if a little Hope in Berlin should telegraph to me that it was night, and time to go to bed, I would telegraph back that I never go to bed during school hours. Would not you?

WM. STREET.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 35.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

ESCHOL AND MAMRE.



AND here, too, is the rich valley of Eschol, celebrated in the scripture narrative as the place where the spies came to ascertain the riches of the promised land, and carrying home it bountiful evidence of its richness in the large clusters of grapes.

Here, too, is the plain Mamre, and there is Abraham's oak, spreading wide its luxuriant shade. Just by it is a beautiful spring of living water, where one may refresh himself and find protection from the sun's scorching rays. It was here that the Lord appeared to Abraham, and announced the solemn event of the approaching destruction of the cities of the plain. And that high eminence a little to the east of us, from which the blue waters of the Mediterranean can be seen on the one hand, and the valley of the Jordan on the other, is pointed out as the spot where the patriarch stood and saw the smoke of their burning.

Whether these localities are genuine as tradition declares, I can not say. But there the mountain stands, prominent feature; and its prominence above all other points would make it a most desirable position to occupy on such an occasion. There stands the oak, as probably it has stood for at least one thousand years, alone, the ground about it smooth. It is twenty feet in circumference at its base, and its huge branches cover an area of ninety feet in circumference.

HEBRON.

A walk of twenty minutes down the valley brings us to Hebron. This is one of the oldest cities in the world, and a thousand interesting incidents are connected with it, every spot about it having been trodden by patriarchs and prophets. It contains a population of about ten thousand inhabitants, and its houses are mostly of stone, two or three stories high, and very strongly built. For some half mile before entering, we travel upon a road coarsely paved with large boulders, and walled on each side, five or six feet high. An archway supporting a gate seems to be built merely to defend the road, as there is no wall around the town. A small garrison of Turkish soldiers are quartered here, as in all prominent towns in Palestine. There is no

hotel or public house to accommodate travelers. We made application to a Jew who had been recommended to us at Jerusalem, and readily found accommodations for our party.

We learned that there were about forty Jewish families in the city. Many make pilgrimages here to visit the home and burial place of their great ancestors, but Moslem intolerance prevents many of them from making a home here. The people stared and children followed after us, and some of the ruder ones hooted at us, while occasionally a stone would come whirling along our path. We walked through the bazar and bought oranges, figs and raisins, and visited some of the establishments where glass bracelets, beads, and other ornaments are made.

Among its curiosities are two large pools, one called the pool of David, which is supposed to be the one over which David hung the murderers of Ishbosheth (2 Sam. 4). They are square, measuring 130 feet on each side, and are 50 feet deep. They are very finely built with large hewn stones, and they afford an abundant supply of water, a large stream constantly flowing away. Tradition points out other localities, such as Abner's tomb, that of Jesse, David's father, and the spot where Abel fell beneath the murdering hand of Cain, and also the red earth from which Adam was made. But its greatest attraction to Moslem, Jew and Christian, is the

CAVE OF MACHPHELAH.

This cave is upon the hill side, near the borders of the city. I think its identity can not be questioned. Through a long succession of near 4,000 years it has been preserved. Jews, Christians and Mahommedans, have in turn possessed it and watched over it with jealous care. It is now enclosed by a massive stone wall 200 feet long, 150 feet broad, and 60 feet high. Within this forbidden inclosure stands a Turkish Mosque, once a Christian Church, and for aught I know, before that a Jewish Synagogue. Beneath that Mosque is the cave. The story of that little cluster of graves is told in the pathetic language of Jacob, when, his family surrounding him upon his dying bed, he exacted from them that he should not be buried amongst strangers in Egypt. "I am to be gathered unto my people, bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite. * * There they buried Abraham and Sarai his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife, and there I buried Leah." And there they buried Jacob according to his request.

Here then, within that massive wall, beneath the dome of that mosque, are enshrined the ashes of those six ancestors of the Jewish race. Would you like to visit this venerable abode of the dead? You attempt it—and you do so at your peril. You will not have reached the bottom of the stone steps that ascend to the door of the enclosure before a dozen Turkish soldiers will stand athwart your path, and a dozen gleaming bayonets will warn you back. Like the tomb of David on Mount Zion, or the site of the temple on Mount Moriah, it is too sacred a spot to

be polluted by the foot of a Christian. For many hundreds of years it has been carefully guarded, and it has been only by accident or stealth that any knowledge of the interior could be obtained. In the long succession of wars for the possession of these sacred places, in which Jews, Mahomedans and Christians, have struggled for the mastery, a deep and settled spirit of hostility has been nurtured. For many generations it has been perpetuated, and many more will elapse before it will be eradicated. The Mahomedans succeeded in wresting it from the Christians in 1187. They converted the church into a mosque and closed the gates against them with a most unwavering hostility, and have not to this day relaxed in the least their jealous, watchfulness over it. I went to the top of the hill that overlooked the city and the harem that encloses the grave, that amid all the changes of 4,000 years, have commanded the respect of conquerors and conquered. I sat down upon a large rock and mused upon the events that had transpired in this place. But soon I was aroused from my reverie by a troop of young Hebronites who came noisily upon me, with a lot of old coins, beads and relics, which they desired to dispose of for a few piasters. I stopped to barter with them, and they followed me to the foot of the hill and into the town, until I was forced, even with rudeness, to check their importunities.

Our visit to the home of the patriarch over, we bade farewell to the Jewish family that had opened their doors to us, left Hebron and all its interesting associations behind, and retraced our steps homeward.

PROGRESS.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way:
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.—*Longfellow.*

"BRIGHTNING ALL IT CAN."

THE day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly, toward night, the cloud broke, and the sun's rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the whole country.

A sweet voice at the window called out in joyful tones, "Look! oh, look, papa! the sun's brightning all it can."

"Brightning all it can? So it is," answered papa, "and you can be like the sun, if you choose."

"How? papa; tell me how!"

"By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good, that is all."

The next day the music of the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark; the little heart seemed full of light and love; and when asked why she was so happy, the answer came laughingly, "Why don't you see, papa, I'm the sun? I'm brightning all I can!"

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," answered papa.

Can not little children be like the sun every day, "brightning" all they can? Try it children.

HOW MAGGIE HELPED HER FATHER.

"Even a child is known by its doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

CHAPTER IV—ONLY A DREAM.

HERE!" remarked Mrs. Snow, triumphantly handing Maggie's letter to her husband.

"Well?" said Mr. Snow after reading it.

"That shows, don't it, if I had been an inhuman wretch, would she want to come back?"

"Probably not," replied Mr. Snow in an amused tone, "I'm glad she is willing to come back. She was a faithful little handmaiden."

"I'll send Bridget away right off; it seems too good to be true that I can have Mag. again. She's such nice help with children. I'd trust Davie and baby with her as soon as I would with myself. Of course that father of her's has gone back to his old ways. I never trust to these sudden professions of reformation; but 'tis an ill wind that don't blow somebody good, and we might as well have Mag."

"I always thought that women were tender hearted, and now you jump at the most uncharitable conclusions possible. I believe it is just as the child writes, and you had better not send Bridget away, for you won't have Mag. three months; and then you mus'n't put too much upon such a child."

"He's out of his place. Don't that prove something's wrong? I'm very clear sighted; I can see through a millstone as far as any body."

"There's nothing to see. I'd trust that man with all I am worth."

"The more fool you! But Mag. is really a blessing; she's older and stronger now, too."

"It will be hard for her to come back after having a home and a mother—"

"Mr. Snow how you talk! As if I hadn't been like a mother to her!" said Mrs. Snow, indignantly.

"You took a mother's liberties," said Mr. Snow, smiling; "perhaps that was just the same. That letter is very well written," he said, looking at it again. "She must go to school."

"Go to school! Then not one step does she come back here!" said Mrs. Snow, excitedly.

"Will you write, or shall I?" asked Mr. Snow, calmly.

"I haven't any time. How can you think of asking me?"

"I'll write," answered Mr. Snow, the twinkle in his eyes not deepening into a smile.

"Have you written that letter?" asked Mr. Snow the next day.

"Yes," said Mr. Snow.

"When did you say you would meet her?"

"I didn't set any time."

"Then how can she come?"

"I didn't know my letter would interfere with railroad arrangements."

"How provoking you are! When is she

coming? Bridget's month is almost out."

"I don't know."

"What did you say?"

Mr. Snow answered very quietly, "I said I regretted it, but I knew she was better off where she was. She's too intelligent, and too fond of learning not to go to school."

For once Mrs. Snow was speechless. Mr. Snow put on his hat and went out. "I declare," observed Mrs. Snow, as soon as the door was closed, "if that man hasn't taken it into his head to have his own way! But I said she shouldn't go to school; yet she was a master hand with children."

Maggie sat on the back steps at Mrs. Hoffman's house, with the baby sleeping in her arms. The garden was long and narrow, sloping to the end of a pond. The boys are there sailing their boats. The sound of their voices came up to Maggie pleasantly. She thought it was a very happy thing to have a brother or sister. She felt homeless and lonely to-day. Her father was away to a distant city, and, although Mrs. Hoffman was very kind, every face was a strange face, and every voice was a strange voice.

"Where's Maggie?" said a voice in the hall. "Here's her letter."

Maggie arose slowly, mindful of the baby in her arms.

"I'll be sorry to lose you," said Mrs. Hoffman taking the baby.

Maggie took her letter and sat down on the step to read it. Mrs. Hoffman stood beside her. Reading a letter written to herself was an affair of much moment to Maggie. The penmanship was careless and hurried. Maggie arose and put the letter into Mrs. Hoffman's hand.

"Are you disappointed?" asked Mrs. Hoffman after reading the first line.

"I don't know. I didn't much want to go. I must stay somewhere. I can't make myself into nothing. I wish almost that I was an old dress, and you could hang me away in the garret."

"I'd rather you was a new one," said Mrs. Hoffman, smiling. "I'm glad you take the disappointment in the right spirit."

"It is not much of a disappointment."

"I haven't any daughters. I wish we could afford to keep you."

"I don't want to be anybody's but my father's," was the quick reply.

"Your father may think you are safe, and forget to write for a long time."

"He can't forget," said Maggie; "how could he?"

"Mothers can't forget; fathers do, sometimes," replied Mrs. Hoffman, kissing baby.

"My father can't forget, said Maggie. "I can work. I can take care of myself till he is ready for me."

"What can you do?"

"I can take care of children, and — other things." Maggie's eyes were full of tears.

"Don't worry, dear. I dare say you'll hear from your father soon, and till then you are welcome to the best in my house. I haven't forgotten how many things your poor mother used to do for me."

"I'll be content with the poorest," said Maggie, smiling; "and I'll do anything for you, Mrs. Hoffman."

Maggie went early up to her room. She was tired and disheartened. She thought it very hard for a little girl to have such trials as hers were. She was sure her father would send for her as soon as he could; but it might be a long time before he could find a pleasant home for her. Yesterday Mr. Hoffman said to his wife, and Maggie, who was holding the baby on the back steps, had heard it, "I hope Brown won't fall into temptation again. I thought he had the right stuff in him; but no one can tell till he's tried." Maggie had cried over the words then, with her face in the baby's pink calico dress; and now they came to her again, bringing bitter, bitter tears. It couldn't be true; and how could they talk so about him?

"Maggie! Maggie!" called Charley, from the garden; "come down to the pond with me."

Sailing boats seemed very childish to Maggie just then.

"Maggie! Maggie Brown!"

Maggie made no reply; and she heard him running down the garden steps. She cried till she was tired, and then knelt to repeat, "Our Father." "Lead us not into temptation; lead father not into temptation; lead me not into temptation," she repeated, sobbing between the petitions. Then she slept, and she dreamed that her father said, "How could I do wrong when I have a little daughter trying to do right?" It was only a dream; but Maggie was comforted.

I CAN AND I WILL.

HOW many boys there are who *can*, but never do, because they have no will-power, or if they have, do not use it! Before undertaking to perform any task, you must carefully consider whether you can do it, and once convinced that you are able to accomplish it, then say, "I will do it," with a determination that you will never give up till it is done, and you will be successful. The difference between "Give up" and "I can't" and "I can and will" is just the difference between victory and defeat in all the great conflicts of life.

Boys adopt for your motto, "If I can, I will," and victory will be yours in all life's battles. "I can and I will" nerves the arms of the world's heroes to-day, in whatever department of labor they are engaged. "I can and I will" has fought and won all the great battles of life and of the world.

I know of a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed? I said to him: "Shall I help you?"

"No, sir! I can and will do it, if you will give me time."

I said: "I will give you all the time you wish."

"The next day he came into my room, to recite another lesson in the same study.

"Well, Simon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir!" he answered; "but I can and will do it, if you will give me a little more time."

"Certainly; you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like these boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars, and men, too. The third morning, you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of the severest mental labor. Not only had he solved the problem, but what was of infinitely greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical powers, which under the inspiration of "I can and I will," he has continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.

My young friends, let your motto ever be: "If I can, I will."—Selected.

Letters from the Hopes.

LLANELLY, WALES, July 6th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I live in a seaport town, still there are mountains close by the sea. A part of our branch live about six miles from Llanelly, and as we visit them, we have to walk over the mountains, and they live in the valley. We travel for about a mile through the woods. It is very pleasant to do so in the summer time, and view the surrounding country from the top of the mountain. It makes me think of the words of Lehi, in the Book of Mormon. When he came to the valley he wished his son to be as steadfast as it was: "Oh that thou wast as steadfast as this valley." And when he saw the river, or stream, running through the valley, he said unto the other son, "O that thou wast like unto this river, continually running into righteousness." I think of the good man's word as I look at the valley and the rivers and the happy home of the Baglan Saints, for such is the name of the place where they live. I trust that the blessing of God may be given to the readers of the *Hope*, and to you dear brethren. May our little *Hope* prosper, and all that gives it help. Let all the Hopes of America pray for their fellow Hopes of Wales, and may the time come when all may dwell together in peace and unity, the good Shepherd to be in our midst. LOT BISHOP.

STARFIELD, Clinton Co., Mo.,
July 25th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: Again, on a beautiful Sabbath morning I feel like writing, that you may know that I have not forgotten you. I may not be able to write much, or to advance many new thoughts. As readers of our valuable paper, we should each one do all we can for its advancement. For what could we do without our paper? I feel that I would be lost without it. Yes, it is a comforter to me. I always long for its arrival.

Dear Hopes, can we not exert an effort to make our dear paper a weekly? Would we not feel the good of it more fully if it came every Sunday to our homes and Sabbath Schools? Would it not be more interesting to us to read on Sundays than any other paper? I have often tried to get subscribers for the *Hope*, but have failed so far. Yet I do not feel to give up, but will try, try again; for if at first we don't succeed, try, try again.

Let us pray, dear hopes, that the time may soon come that we will have no trouble to get subscribers for either *Herald* or *Hope*, but that all may see as we see, and obey

the true gospel of Christ. Pray for me, hear Hopes, that I, with all the Saints, may be worthy of everlasting life, and that we may all meet to part no more.

Your sister,
SARAH A. SUMMERFIELD.

HAVEN, Iowa, July 25th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I live in Tama county, Iowa. There are no Saints living in the county that I know of. I am thirteen years old. I do not belong to the Church. My father died in Davis City, Decatur county. He belonged to the Chariton branch. I think it would be nicer to have the *Hope* come every week. Pray for me.

ETTA MCCOY.

LLANELLY, Wales, June, 1880.

Dear Hopes: Let us all pray for one another, for we know we have temptations and trials very often; but let us pray that we may master them. If we shall not see each other in this world of trials, let us hope that we will meet in the next, where Satan can not gain admittance to tempt us. Dear Hopes, think of the joyful time that is to come. Why should we fear death if we know that we have done our best while upon this earth. How we wish that all could say that they had done their best, and that they had no fear of death, but almost welcomed it; for as they say, "After the bitter comes the sweet." Yes, it will be sweet for ever, if we have been faithful. Let us pray that we may conquer our trials. Let us ask our heavenly Father's help; and if we ask with an earnest heart we will surely receive; but we all know that, and we are only young in the Church ourselves. Dear Hopes, you who are older, can give us information of the work of God, and can tell us what we ought to do.

Your brothers,
LOT BISHOP. JOSEPH HOWELLS.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., July 25th, 1880.

My Dear Little Friends: I have read a good many Sunday School papers, but I have seen none that I like as well as I do our little paper. I would like to have the *Herald*, but I am not able to take it. I feel unworthy even to write to you, but I hope that the Lord will forgive me, and I am praying night and day. Dear friends, I long to be with the Saints again. I have the Book of Mormon, and I love to read in it more than in any other book. Without doubt this work is of God; I know that it is. My mother and my little sister have been healed by the Elders of the Church.

I would say to all boys who have homes to stay there for the first step in wrong is leaving home; the second step is disobeying parents. You must all pray for me.

Your most unworthy friend,
E. M. MERCER.

ANTELOPE, Neb., July 12th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: Some may like to hear from this part, and also about our Sabbath School. We have been favored with health and strength. Our crops are looking good, and we feel that we have been blessed. And we still hope that all will try and serve the Lord. Although we are few, we feel that we will be aided so long as we serve God and keep his commandments. Our Sunday School for the last quarter reports as follows: Present 3 officers; scholars, total attendance, 147. Officers for next quarter: James H. Smith, superintendent; Ellen Horr, teacher of Bible class; Olive Kirk, teacher of second class; Sylvester Horr, assistant; Kizzia Smith, secretary.

Yours in the gospel,
KIZZIA SMITH.

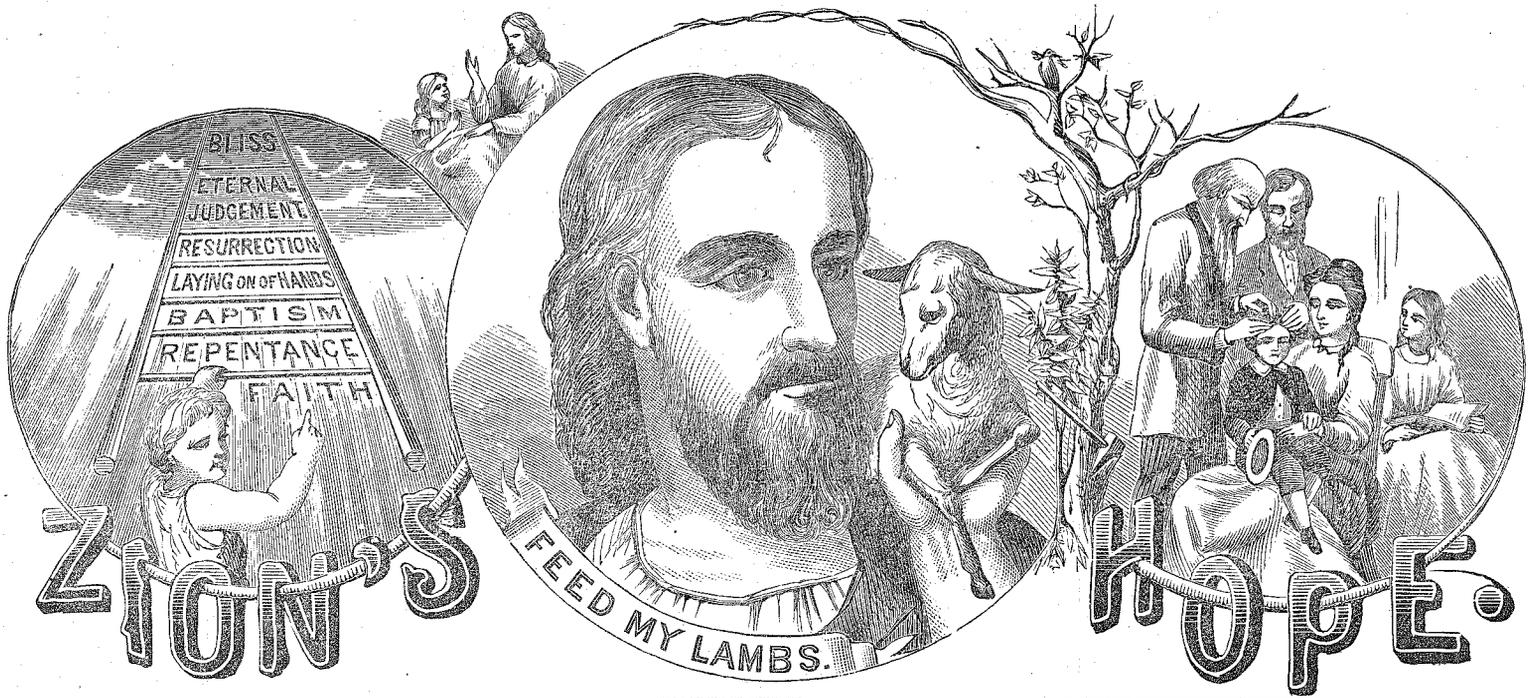
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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 August 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage. All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER 1, 1880.

No. 5.

FROM PITTSBURG TO ST. LOUIS.

BECAUSE it has been said hundreds of times, why should I not say it again, with face a little black, collar, hands and cuffs the same. If you take a book from the shelf, or grasp a banister, it makes no difference, "Pittsburgh is dirty." A week of fine weather in Pittsburgh might be termed an evil omen. Wheeling realizes this fact, perhaps a successful rivalry of the iron city. Nevertheless Pittsburgh has kept pace with other cities. Its citizens are always on the move, full of life, and energy, and perseverance.

Those immense potteries; those extensive rolling mills and iron furnaces; and those gigantic steamboats on the levee, demand the physical and brain power of the people. As much money changes hands in the city of Pittsburgh in one year, as in any other city of its size in the United States. I have climbed the powder house hill, and seen the fatal railroad crossing, (riots of 1877), the round house of the Pittsburgh Railroad; Pittsburgh, Allegheny and Monongahela cities, as viewed from Coal Hill, Mount Washington, and Duquesne heights, puts one in mind of a miniature New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. In a religious point of view Pittsburgh has kept abreast with other towns. As Lord Brougham once said, every denomination here is tolerated. The Catholic and Presbyterian edifices are the most imposing, while the Saints of God worship peaceably and quietly on Fourth Avenue, No. 67.

Next to the church comes the press, the power for good or for evil. Pittsburg can boast of fifteen papers, three or four morning and evening, six weeklies, two or three semi-monthlies and monthlies. They seldom contain any trash, but, on the contrary, pungent, crisp editorials and news.

Leaving the Iron City on July 7th, on the steamer "John L. Rhodes," I was soon on the Ohio River, passing the quiet and picturesque towns of Bellaire, Ironton, Portsmouth,

Parkersburgh, and Ashland, situated in the states of Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky. On the 10th of July we anchored at Cincinnati. Soon after, a fire broke out on Sycamore street, and brought from five to ten thousand people, and six engines to the grand but awful scene. A bridge crosses the Ohio at this point, 1057 feet long. A great amount of commerce is done on the levee. Those massive boats loaded with freight demand the physical labor of the white and colored population who are known as "deck hands," and who are a hard set of men, spending most of what they earn in beer. Leaving Cincinnati we came to two little towns in Indiana, viz., Evansville and Madison. At the latter place we parted with an intelligent young lady who had accompanied us from Pittsburgh. The country around this part is unrivalled in beauty and variety of scenery.

Sunday, July 11th brought us to the famous Louisville canal, which is three miles long, walled up each side by a substantial stone wall and a grass lawn. At the end are two locks, thirty and sixty feet deep. At this point there is a dam, and a bridge with upwards of twenty spans in it, and two or three miles long. The weather for the past week has been unusually warm, thermometer registering daily up in the nineties. To-day appears to be the warmest of the series, but an occasional breeze prevents the re-occurrence of the numerous sunstrokes which characterized the heated term of two years ago. Cairo, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi River, is a town in Illinois, one thousand miles from New Orleans, the same distance from Pittsburgh, and two or three hundred from St. Louis.

July 15th I landed in St. Louis, and O, pitiful sight! the muddy Mississippi. And where, O where, can I seek refuge from the mosquitoes, and gnats. After staying at the Hotel Keokuk, on the levee a few nights, I found refuge in the hands of Bro. R. D. Cotton. I visited Zion's Hope Sunday School,

July 18th, and we had a testimony meeting in the afternoon. I also got acquainted with Bro. Wm. Anderson, Bro. Still, and a host of others. The St. Louis bridge that spans the Mississippi at this point has four spans, the longest of them is five hundred and twenty feet. St. Louis, like its sister cities, Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia and New York, contains some magnificent and costly buildings. The principal streets are kept clean.

WM. STREET.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THOUGH I thought it might interest some of the little readers of the *Hope* to learn how we spent Independence Day, or "Fourth of July," as it is commonly called. This Fourth of July marked the one hundred and fourth year of the national existence of the United States; and, as this may be read by many who live in other countries, some away across the mighty ocean, it will probably not be out of place to say that it is a great day with us.

As the Fourth came on Sunday this year, the citizens of Woodbine, near which place I now live, decided to celebrate on Saturday. Woodbine is only a small town of two hundred or three hundred inhabitants, so that a few thousand people gathered here looks like a great many people.

We started from home about half-past eight o'clock in the morning and arrived at the ground about half-past ten. We found the cornet band playing nice music, and the swing man selling tickets as fast nearly as he could take the money, and the stands overrun with customers, and the dance bowery, with its organ and two violins, ready for those who might want to dance, and the rudely seated grounds in front of the speakers' stand already nearly filled with those who wished to hear speeches, &c. A small national flag waved from the band wagon, but no cannon greeted the ear. And while those on the seats were listening to the

oration, others were swinging, still others were standing or sitting around in groups, talking and having what we called "a good time." Very few intoxicated men were seen although intoxicating beverages were sold not more than a half mile away. Bro. P. Cadwell was marshal of the day. And so we talked, and whiled away the time, each in his own way, till about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we returned to our homes again.

I was thinking all the time I was there if people loved a meek and humble spirit as well as they love vain show, what a very heaven on earth we would have. But we that love the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ are looking forward to the time when the great millennial thousand years' reign of the Savior on the earth will begin, and then sin and folly and corruption will be swept away; and nothing but righteousness shall be found on all the face of the earth. It will soon be twenty years since I cast my lot with the Latter Day Saints, and my head is whitening, yet I do not feel like letting the rod go.

UNCLE NATHAN.

MILITARY TOYS AND PICTURES.

EVERY thing that comes to a child's notice forms a part of its education. The feeling with which it regards objects with which it is constantly associated grows into it, and becomes a part of its nature. The Indian boy is taught to love the woods, the wide hunting grounds, the wigwam, the battle song and the war whoop; he is constantly associated with them, he grows up with them, and they become a part of his being; and the white child that is captured by the Indians and associated with the same things becomes in principle and feeling a very Indian, wandering, cruel, emotionless—true to the nature of the objects of its associations. The same is true among all peoples and all societies; the children grow up with feelings and dispositions suggested by the objects with which they are surrounded.

Parents, have you considered the influence you exert upon your boy's character and destiny by giving him military toys—drums, swords, guns and pistols—and encouraging him to "play soldier?" Do you think that handling these and admiring them he fails to think of and learn their use? Can they fail to make an impression? If they help to shape the character of your child, as they surely will, what are the dispositions that grow into him by his associations with them? Do they cultivate feelings of gentleness, benevolence, innocence, piety; or mischief, revenge, hatred, murder?

Are your walls decorated with pictures of military men equipped with the instruments of death, whose deeds of violence the world has been falsely taught to honor? What are their teachings; what the principles they inculcate?

What change for good might not be expected if the whole nation was brought up to

hate the military profession, and all the equipments of war.

"ESSENCE OF GRAMMAR," OR ENGLISH GRAMMAR MADE EASY.

THERE are but two articles, grammar books say,
The definite *the* and indefinite *a*;
And a very precise little gentleman *he*,
Is the first of these two, I mean definite *the*;
As, fetch me *the* coat that he borrowed of you,
The coat, not any coat—that will not do.
It points or refers to some special thing meant;
I asked for *the* coat, the same coat that was lent.
And now for a word on indefinite *a*,
Which you'll notice is used just the opposite way,
It is not so particular, *a*—meaning any,
As give me *a* duck, for you've got *a* great many;
A duck, or any duck—black, white, or grey,
The first quacking rascal that comes in your way.

A noun is the name of each thing you must know,
That exists round about you, above or below;
With life like a *man*, or without like a *stone*—
It matters not which, they are nouns every one;
The desk and *the master*, the *birch* and the *boy*,
The dog and his *collar*, the *child* and his *toy*.
You've only to ask if there be such a thing,
And if so, it's a noun, from a *cat* to a *king*.

The adjective next I intend you to learn,
There are nine sorts of words to come up in their turn.
The adjective's use is to qualify nouns;
As how *fierce* was the wolf, but how *brave* were the hounds.
It shows us the color, description, or sort,
As the woman was *tall*, but her husband was *short*;
How *dark* was the night, but how *bright* was the moon,
How *sweet* was the rose, but how *sharp* was the thorn.
It shows us the quality, value, or kind,
And is sometimes in front, but as often behind.

Pronoun means for noun, and stands in its stead,
As William is poorly, *he* now lies in bed.
Pronoun means for noun, and stands in its place,
As Mary was pretty, *she* had a sweet face.

A verb is a word that means something to do,
As to *eat*, or to *drink*, to *bake*, or to *brew*;
Or being, or suffering, as I *am*, I *am hurt*,
And poor Ponto was *wounded* and *covered* with dirt.
A verb will make sense with the little word *to*,
As to *roast*, or to *boil*, to *bake* or to *slew*.

The adverb is added to verbs, so they say,
To show us the how, or the when, or the way,
As the house stands *securely*; the master spoke *well*;
The Sabbath bells *peacefully* ring through the dell;
The moon travels *placidity* through the bright sky,
Whilst each starry sister smiles *sweetly* on high.

Prepositions point out the relation of nouns,
with regard to each other; The ear's *with* his hounds;
The cat's *in* the cupboard; the cow's *by* the corn;
The moon's *o'er* the mountain; the dew's *on* the thorn.

Conjunctions are links joining phrases together,
As, cold blows the wind, *and* how wet is the weather.
They also join words in the very same way:
John *or* James, Ann *or* Jane, will arrive here to-day.

Interjections are easy—quite easy to know,
Being sudden expressions of fear, joy, or woe,
As, *Hurrah*, *boys!* *Bravo!* what a day for young folks,
When nasty, dry grammar is turned into jokes.
O fie! and *forsooth!* don't complain of the times,
When grammatical puzzles are turned into rhymes.

Three more I will give you, then learn this by heart,
Farewell! now *adieu!* for *alas!* we must part.

ONE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

HHE remark is very often heard, "How little it takes to make a child happy!" Very true; and why is it? Because the child's tastes are simple and its wants few. Hence they are very easily gratified.

And if that is so would not people generally be happier if they should cultivate simplicity of taste more than they do?

Of course wants are comparative, and they grow with an increase of means. Thus the Mexican woman who is satisfied if once in several years she can have a new calico dress costing two dollars and a half, if she were converted into a New York belle with thousands upon her back, would soon begin to sigh piteously for thousands more.

Still there is a good deal in disciplining one's self to reflect intelligently on what is really essential to comfort and to culture, and whoever does this habitually will be surprised to find how many things which have been customarily deemed indispensable are really undesirable.

HOW MAGGIE HELPED HER FATHER.

"Even a child is known by its doings, whether its work be pure, and whether it be right."

CHAPTER V—GOOD NEWS.

IT was Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Hoffman asked Maggie why she did not go to Sunday School.

"I can't," was all Maggie said. Then, after a moment, "Do you need me this afternoon, Mrs. Hoffman?"

"Why, no, child; go and do what you please. I'm not afraid of your breaking the Sabbath. I wish I could say as much for Charlie."

Maggie put on her gingham sun bonnet, (her little Bible was in her pocket), and she went slowly out of the gate.

"Perhaps she's going to the church-yard," said Mrs. Hoffman, watching her.

But she was not. She went to her old home, up the long path, round to the back of the house to her sheltered retreat among the lilac bushes. Her head sank on her knees, and she cried, noisily at first, but the moans ceased, and she drew long sighs and quiet sobs. How could she go to Sunday School and repeat her lessons to a strange teacher? Her heart ached more every day for her mother's presence. She was refined and gentle, and Mrs. Hoffman was coarse, and her voice was not pleasant. It had not seemed possible at first that her mother was really gone to stay away from her always; but the little back yard looked lonely, the doors were fastened, the shutters closed, and she had no home.

"Father thinks I'm with Mrs. Snow. Mrs. Hoffman says he had no right to leave me in such a way. But he was in great trouble himself. They don't know how he missed mother."

A little distance seemed a great distance to Maggie, and she felt as much deserted as if her father were on the other side of the Atlantic. There was a mixture of loneliness and desolation struggling with her hopefulness and trust in her father. The tears fell faster as she sat thinking, so fast that she tired herself with crying and forgot to read in the Bible, as she had promised herself to do. Charlie came for her when tea was ready. Her voice and eyes touched even the unobservant Mr. Hoffman, and he spoke very kindly to her, and urged her to eat; but it was not home, nor her father.

"Your father don't know where to write to you," said Mrs. Hoffman to Maggie, the next morning.

"I suppose he'll write to Mrs. Snow," replied Maggie.

"How will Mr. Snow know where you

are? I suppose he'll know you are where you were when he wrote first, if you are not with your father. I think it's a very loose way of doing business. Your father is the strangest man. Any other man would do things up ship-shape."

Maggie colored, and a tart reply was on her lips.

"I guess he's getting bad again," remarked Charlie.

"You hush up, Charlie Hoffman!" said Maggie. "He's as good as your father, any day. I won't stay here to be talked so to," and Maggie dropped the baby into the cradle.

But Mrs. Hoffman interposed. "Charlie, I'll whip you if you ever say such a thing again. I'll tell your father as soon as ever he comes home. Mr. Brown's a fine man; everybody knows it. He was in a good deal of trouble, poor man! Maggie, sit right down; Charlie is only a boy. You shall stay here till your father comes, or writes. You look hungry; don't you want a piece of cake?"

"No ma'am," said Maggie.

"It will do you good to run out in the air. You may run down to the store and get me a bar of soap and some blueing. And, Master Charlie, you take care of the baby, and you shan't have anything to eat till dinner time."

"I had a big piece of bread and butter," observed Charlie, under his breath; "I think I'll live through it."

Maggie tied on her bonnet and took the money from Mrs. Hoffman, her face very red, and her manner stiff and proud.

"I'd go and find father, if I knew where to go and if I had any money," she said to herself, unfastening the gate. "But I wouldn't know where to go first. But they shan't talk about him. Cake! I'm not a baby." She went into the store flushed, and asked for washing-soda instead of soap.

"I think that's your name," said the boy, handing her a large yellow envelope.

It was her father's writing, with "Bloomfield" erased and the present direction in a strange hand. She forgot her errand, and ran out of the store. She read it as she returned to Mrs. Hoffman's. A bank-bill dropped out. Maggie held it tightly in her hand. Her father was ready for her; she must come to him; the directions for the journey were plainly written, and he would meet her at the journey's end. He knew she was timid, he said; but she could do something a little hard to show him she loved him. At that Maggie could have started in the cars for the moon.

"O Mrs. Hoffman!" she cried, breathlessly, running into the house.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Hoffman, dropping her work. "Have you hurt yourself?"

"No," said Maggie, laughing; "but here's a letter from father.

"A letter!" Mrs. Hoffman wiped her hands. Maggie saw that she expected it, and reluctantly gave her the letter.

"That's good news! And he's foreman again! But what a journey for a little girl to take alone!"

"Is it far?" asked Maggie, anxiously.

"I don't know how many hundred miles. Will you be sea-sick?"

"Is that bad? I never was on the water."

"Yes, it's dreadful; but perhaps you won't be sick, you are so little."

"I shan't care," said Maggie. "I shan't care for anything."

"Your father is thoughtless, it seems to me, to let a little girl travel so far alone."

"He can't help it," said Maggie, turning quickly away.

"Mr. Hoffman will go down in the cars with you. It's happened beautifully. He said he must go. And it was thoughtful in your father to set the time two weeks ahead."

"O if he will go!" said Maggie, brightening.

"Well, I guess he will. Where's the soap?"

"The soap! Why, I forgot it!"

"I don't wonder' Good news sometimes turns people's heads. A man once went crazy because a fortune was left him."

"This is better than a fortune," said Maggie, looking at the letter. Her heart was too full for many words of thanksgiving, but the few words were very fervent.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria---No. 36.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

HEBRON TO BETHLEHEM.



As we approached Bethlehem, we turned aside from the main road into a valley bounded on each side by high, rocky hills, pointed out to us as the supposed place of Solomon's gardens. A few ruins are scattered over the valley, a wall of hewn stone, the massive foundation of an ancient tower, excavated rocks and old grottoes in the hill side are the mementoes of ancient and more prosperous times.

A few years since a converted Jew commenced improvements here, intending to instruct young Jews in agricultural arts, and to prepare them to gain a living by cultivating the soil of their fatherland. Under his transforming hand the neglected valley is assuming its ancient fertility and beauty. He is able to irrigate the soil by the copious streams of water that come down, not only from the old pools of Solomon, but other portions of the valley above. I saw him at work in his grounds in the midst of vineyards, fig and olive groves, a little paradise. The productiveness of the soil, he assured me, was wonderful. By a proper arrangement for his crops he gets four harvests a year.

A short time before I came here this man, in digging in his grounds came upon a wall of heavy stone that excited his curiosity, and on removing it a large room, 20 x 40 feet, was discovered, having sides of hewn stone and polished marble ornaments, with marble floor inlaid with mosaic. A division wall separated this large room into two, in the smaller one of which were the marble baths, with the water courses and fountains, and the

retiring rooms, just as they originally stood when in use. It is supposed that here was Solomon's convenient place of resort from Jerusalem, and the facilities and locality for beautiful gardens and baths here could not possibly be excelled anywhere.

We remained in Bethlehem over night. Early in the morning we were out and inclined to have a wandering through the city, especially desiring to visit the shops, and trade with the natives. After much effort, and long bartering I succeeded in purchasing one of the curious head-dresses worn by the girls. They consist of a woolen cap, fitting closely to the head, the cloth more or less embellished, ornamented in front with heavy rows of coin. The one I purchased, I found upon more minute examination, was ornamented with more than two hundred pieces of silver coin, ranging in value from three cents to a half dollar, making an aggregate value of over nine dollars, besides the silver chain, used to fasten it under the chin.

Adieu, Bethlehem, birth place of the Savior! Adieu, ye plains where shepherds kept their flocks, where David held communion with his God.

A walk of five miles and again we were in Jerusalem. We have now another excursion to make, and the one to which we have looked forward with great interest.

TO JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

After making the proper arrangements, procuring horses and a guide, we bade adieu to our friends at the convent, and left Jerusalem by St. Stephen's gate, between the hours of ten and eleven a.m., crossing the valley of Jehoshaphat and brook Kidron, winding around the southern brow of Olivet, and leaving Bethany a little distance to our left. About four o'clock, as we wound our way at a high elevation around one of these great chalky cliffs, we saw upon our left a deep ravine, where the water had cut its way far down into the limestone rock, making a high waterfall and a deep, wild looking gorge. That brook was Cherith, and that wild, sequestered place the traditional spot where Elijah hid himself from the persecuting Ahab, and where the ravens brought him bread and meat in the morning, and bread and meat in the evening.

This ravine is now called Wady El Kilt. It is very narrow, and from four to five hundred feet deep. The sides are almost perpendicular, and the noisy streamlet that goes gliding through it is fringed with oleander and other shrubs. The steep rocky acclivities are pierced with numerous grottoes, in former ages the abodes of Anchorites, who sought salvation in acts of austerity. About all these localities had been marked by the miracles of scriptures. The mouth of this ravine, where it opens into the valley just below us, is undoubtedly the valley of Achor, where Achan was stoned.

JERICHO.

By a long and winding descent we at last reached the plain, very near the site of old Jericho. This to us was a place of great interest, as the ground where once stood the

renowned city in Joshua's conquest. As we struck the plain, we turned to the left, riding a little more than a mile along the base of the hills, when we were upon the supposed site of ancient Jericho. Near by is the valley of Achor, where the terrible execution of Achan took place.

The high mountain that rises up in the rear of the place, is the traditional scene of Christ's forty days' fasting. Between it and Jerusalem is the wilderness of Judea. The mountain has a desolate and gloomy appearance. Upon its top might be seen a little solitary looking chapel of the monks, while along up its chalky, precipitous sides may still be seen numerous caves and grottoes, dug by religious devotees, and once inhabited by these misguided zealots. I noticed that several of these, high up the cliff, had been seized upon by some poor Arab families and converted into temporary residences.

Near by is a copious fountain of water, called the "Fountain of the Sultan." The water is slightly tepid and sweet. There can be no doubt that this is the fountain whose waters were healed by the Prophet Elijah.

A PLEA FOR THE HOPE.



THE editorial under the heading, "The *Hope* as a Weekly," in July 1st issue, has given me a few thoughts which I offer for your disposal.

There is no organization where co-operation is so essential as in the Body or Church of Christ, or so I think. And there is no member therein but may and should be willing thus to assist. Considering the aggregate membership of the Church, it is a little surprising that your power press rolls off but a little over sixteen hundred copies of the *Hope*. And it might be thought harsh or unkind to say that so small a list of subscribers for the valuable little paper evidences a lack of interest, but so the writer believes.

With co-operation, by the twelve thousand Church members, surely the subscription of the *Hope* might run up to three thousand, while the *Herald* ought to reach at least four thousand *bona fide*, paying subscribers. But there is a lack of interest, hence the languishing.

There may have been about thirty thousand members in the united kingdom of Great Britain in 1848 or 1849 when Orson Pratt proposed to increase the subscription of the *Millennial Star* at reduced rates, and the number of fifteen or twenty thousand subscribers was soon reached.

Now if these people who were poor, most of them very poor in this world's goods, could raise and sustain a subscription list of their church organ of one-half of their entire membership, besides sustaining a very large number of Church Funds, ought not the members of the Reorganized Church in America to raise and sustain a subscription list of their Church papers to the amount of one-third of their entire number? They ought, and why is it not done? Because of

a lack of the will-power. No other reason can be assigned.

'Tis quite easy to say or sing, "Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven," but the doing part is the one thing needful, and will bring the blessing.

To some there may be a semblance of courage or boldness in some enthusiastic one declaring his willingness to give his life for the cause, when there is no earthly prospect of its being required. But, as "Inferior" tells us in *Herald* for July 1st, "the sun has no need to boast of its brightness, nor the moon of her effulgence." It were better to talk less about what we would do, and give greater evidence of our sincerity and love for the cause by doing more in the performance of present duties.

Then let officials and non-officials, the old and the middle aged, the young man and maiden, go to, not with a spasmodic, but with a steady and never ceasing effort to keep up the present Sabbath Schools to increase their organizations, and to swell the *Hope* subscription list to three thousand. Would this require any extra effort from twelve or fifteen thousand Latter Day Saints? So far from this that it is but a reasonable service.

Were it possible to reach heaven without a struggle, without labor, anxiety, and sacrifice, it would not be a very enjoyable one. And he who labors in and for the Church only when it is convenient, or makes it but a secondary consideration, is deceiving himself, if his expectations are thus raised to a full, complete, and special salvation.

JAMES CAFFALL.

HUTCHINSON, Colorado.

KIND WORDS.

HERE are four good reasons why we should use kind words when we speak to others:

1. Because they always cheer him to whom they are addressed. They soothe him if he is wretched; they comfort him if he is sad. They keep him out of the slough of despond, or help him out if he happens to be in.

2. There are words enough of the opposite kind flying in all directions—sour words, cross words, fretful words, insulting words, overbearing words, irritating words. Now let kind words have a chance to get abroad, since so many and so different are on the wing.

3. Kind words bless him that uses them. A sweet sound on the tongue tends to make the heart mellow. Kind words react upon the kind feelings which prompted them, and make them more kind. They add fresh fuel to the fire of benevolent emotion in the soul.

4. Kind words beget kind feelings. People love to see the face and hear the voice of such a man.

Kind words are, therefore, of great value. As good old George Herbert says, "Good words are worth much and cost little."

"What makes the sea salt?" said the teacher, and young America shouted, "The codfish that are in it."

Letters from the Hopes.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa,

August, 8th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I feel it a privilege and a duty to do something for our little paper. I may not say anything that will be interesting, but my testimony may encourage others as their testimonies have encouraged me. I am thankful that we have such a nice paper as the *Hope*, so that we can bear our testimony to each other through it. Dear Hopes, for one I feel like trying to do all the good I can. I know that this is God's work. I know that he has been mindful of me, and I know that he is a prayer hearing and a prayer answering God, for he has heard my prayers in behalf of my family in times of sickness and trouble. I have belonged to the Church about nineteen years, but am sorry to say that I have not lived all the time as it became a Saint; for there has been a dark and cloudy day. But, thank God, the cloud has blown away his sun is shining. I ask an interest in your prayers, for I have a good deal to contend with, and above all, sickness. My husband has been afflicted for nearly four years. Pray for us that we may have faith, such faith as the Saints had when our Savior was on the earth, that he may be healed and do much good, if it is our heavenly Father's will. I do not feel to give up through all the trials, for blessed is he that is tried and comes off conqueror. We will let our light shine so that others, seeing our good works, may be led to glorify our Father which is in heaven. I pray that I may raise my two little ones to be bright Hopes in the Church. Satan is ready to lead them astray if they are not guarded and taught to walk in that straight path. May God give me His Spirit to instruct them, and to raise them right in His sight.

Your sister in the Church,

MAGGIE.

PLANO, Illinois, August 9th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes: I have at last taken my pen to write to you. I have thought of writing ever since I was baptized, which is more than a year ago. I am trying to be good in the sight of God, which I hope you are trying to do also. But the principal subject on which I wished to write is about the *Hope* as a weekly. I am trying to help all I can, and I hope you all will too. It would be very nice indeed to have the *Hope* every time we meet, and also for those who have no Sunday School. I hope all who are trying to get subscribers for our dear little paper will succeed. I wish all who have never written to the *Hope* will please try to write. If you do not write good at first, do not cease because of that, but keep on trying, till at last you can write as well as those who have written for some time. If there is any way in which I can help you I would be glad to do it, and as I have begun writing I will try to continue. I hope you may all be faithful and pray for one another even as I pray for you.

Your sister in Christ,

TRENA MOLDRUP.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Crescent City, Iowa, Sunday School, for the quarter ending June 27th, 1880. Total attendance 318, average 31 8-10; total collection \$3.00, average .30 cents; balance on hand, \$3.21. Officers for the ensuing term are as follows: H. N. Hanson, superintendent; C. F. Pratt, assistant superintendent; Jermie Adams, treasurer; James Lapworth, librarian, and Samuel Harding, Janitor, James Kirkwood, secretary.

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.

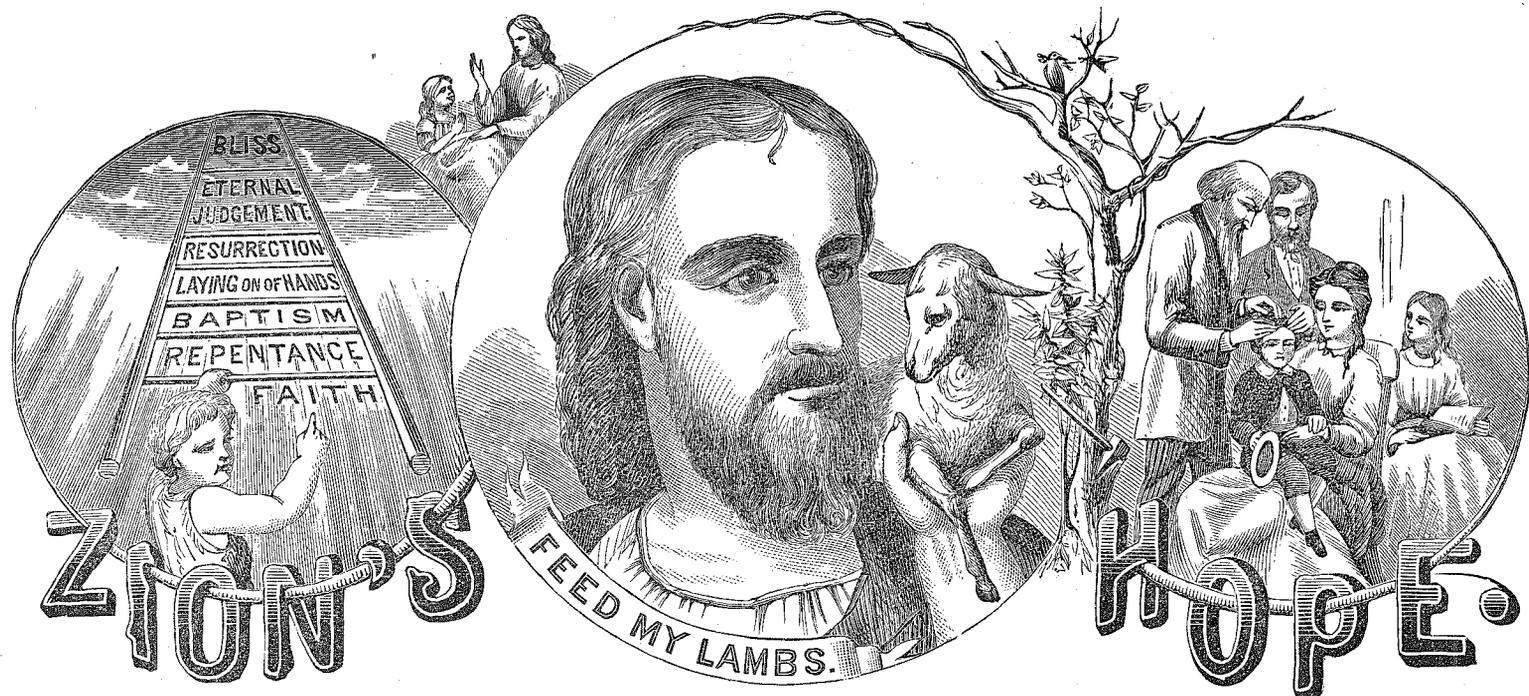
1 September 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

ZION'S HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BUT a few years ago a resolution obtained at a General Conference, that Sabbath Schools were endorsed as a part of the latter day work, that branches were to report them to District and General Conferences. But that resolution like some others, has, except in a few, very few cases, been forgotten with its passage.

Is it a fact, that the labor performed and the sacrifices made for the advancement of Sabbath Schools, and every other department of the latter day work, is only to secure the inestimable gift of eternal life? If so, seeing that, from the time we enter into the army of the Lord, there should be no looking back or cessation from labor. How does it come that any can rest satisfied with only making a spasmodic effort?

It too often happens that, when a Sunday School is started in a branch, it is attractive for a time only, then, as a child becomes tired of a new toy, so there comes a weariness, and too soon a lack of interest in the exercises of the school, and a falling off therefrom. This ought not to be; nor would it happen if a never-dying interest was constantly cherished by teachers and scholars. And why should it not be? Our present happiness and future redemption are effected thereby.

But, doubtless, a frequent change of exercises in Sabbath Schools would greatly tend to encourage. There is no rule, nor is there any consistency in the continuation of one stereotyped or unvarying set of rules or exercises. Nor is there any reason why the exercises should not be varied so as to keep up an interest at the pleasure or discretion of the superintendents and teachers of the respective schools, who ought to abide together in union and peace, sinking selfish, or other impure motives, or displacing them for one other, viz, the well being of the school.

He or she who can, and yet fails to help

the Sunday School cause, will doubtless feel at some time like the wayward boy whom death has deprived of a loving and indulgent mother, who, when gazing upon her lifeless remains, is forcibly reminded of his disobedience and unkindness to her. And, suffering from the sting of a condemned conscience, he thinks that if those closed eyes could once more gaze upon him, and her gentle and soothing voice be heard, how readily he would fall on his knees, and, in a penitent voice, through blinding tears, beg forgiveness and ask for the privilege of living again in her confidence. But no, this can not be. He must continue in bitter anguish of soul, bewailing his condition, and suffer for not availing himself of the motherly counsel given while she lived.

How little any of us seem to realize the importance and necessity of working in the present, so absorbed is the mind with the things of earth.

JAMES CAFFALL.

HOW MAGGIE HELPED HER FATHER.

"Even a child is known by its doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

CHAPTER VI.—THE JOURNEY.

Maggie enjoyed every mile of the ride in the cars. Mr. Hoffman never talked much at any time, and, after pointing Maggie to a seat he did not speak to her once during the ride of three hours. Maggie was too much amused by new sights and watching strangers coming in and going out at each station to be at all annoyed at his silence. She was not even surprised when, after saying he would "speak to the captain" he left her on the steamer without a word of goodby, and she had been too timid to thank him for his kindness.

The cabin was a very long room, furnished more handsomely than any room Maggie had ever seen. The carpet was bright and soft as velvet; the lounging chairs and sofas were covered with crimson plush; the sky-

light was of stained glass, and at one end of the room stood a melodeon. Maggie sat down in a large chair near the door at which she had entered, feeling very much as if she had been dropped into a new world. There certainly had been nothing like this beautiful floating home in the world she had lived in. She had come to the conclusion that she did not know very much about anything.

A young colored woman came in at the door. She stopped before Maggie, asking several questions, to which Maggie replied with as much awe and politeness as she would have done if the young woman had been a princess. The woman said, "Come," and Maggie followed her. "You can sleep here," she said, opening one of the many doors at the side of the cabin.

Maggie stepped in, expecting new wonders, and she found them in the two narrow berths, one above the other, made up so neatly, with white counterpanes, the washstand with its furniture, and a little round window made of very thick glass. There was a carpet on the floor, but not so soft and bright as the other. Still it was more to Maggie than common ingrain. In the lower berth were a handbox and several bundles. she hoped they belonged to some one with a pleasant face. The door was marked on the outside "H." Maggie closed it, and went out in the cabin. In one of the large, bright chairs she sat down with her hands folded properly, trying to get used to herself in such a strange place.

"That 'H' stands for home," she thought, looking at her state-room door. "I'm glad she gave me that room, for I'm going home. I don't know but what I would rather have 'F' for father. But 'H' stands for heaven too; and for father's name! Why, I didn't think!"

There was but one little girl in the cabin. There were several ladies and two gentlemen. They were reading and talking. Maggie thought not one of them had noticed her. An elderly lady sat reading under the sky-

light. She was dressed in grey silk, and her white cap covered brown hair, not at all grey. Her face was very fair, and Maggie thought her eyes were very sad when she raised them from her book. Perhaps she was reading something sorrowful, but she closed the book and rested her head in her hand, and the sadness was still in her eyes. The little girl was beautifully dressed, and her face, without being pretty, was very attractive. Maggie began to have an idea that there were a great many people in the world. The little girl was running up and down the cabin. She stopped once at the side of the lady in grey silk, and spoke to her. The lady's face grew bright, and Maggie thought her eyes were not sad at all.

She was aroused from her reverie by a light touch on her arm. "What makes you so still?" asked the little girl.

Maggie smiled. "I don't know any one."

"Don't you? Anybody? Not my mother? nor Miss Reed? nor Captain Holmes?"

"No," said Maggie.

"Well you know me."

"Do I? I didn't know it."

"Move over, and let me get into your chair, 'side of you."

Maggie was very glad to do it.

"Now put your arm around me."

Maggie drew her close, wishing very much that she could kiss her.

"My name is Nettie Maurice Raymond. I'm seven years old," said the bright little stranger, smoothing her dress. "Why don't you wear white dresses?"

"My name is Maggie Brown. Why don't you wear blue dresses?"

"I do, sometimes. Now you know me, don't you?"

"I shall know you when I see you again; but I don't know anything about you."

"Yes you do. I told you. I know seven times, too."

"Seven times?"

"Yes, seven times one are seven; seven times two are fourteen."

"Oh!" said Maggie.

"Do you know it?"

"What did your father give you for learning it?"

"My father gave me a gold dollar, and I put it in the plate on Sunday for a little black girl in—in—somewhere, where people are wicked and don't go to church, nor mind their mothers. Are you good?"

"No," said Maggie, soberly.

"Then I sha'n't stay with you," said Nettie, slipping out of the chair. She crossed the cabin and spoke to a delicate looking lady who sat on a sofa reading a newspaper. She smiled at Nettie's whispered words, and Nettie came running back. "Mother says some people are good who don't think they are."

"Perhaps you are not," said Maggie. "How do you know that I want you to sit in my chair?"

"I try to be good," said the child, "and mother says I am trustworthy."

"Then you may get in," said Maggie, smiling.

"Do you ever tell stories?" asked Nettie, after a moment.

"Wrong stories?"

"No, stories about things to little girls."

"To little girls like you?"

"Yes, like me. My mother tells me stories; so does my father. Do you know my father?"

"How could I know him?"

"Well, I suppose I never saw yours. Does your father have a great shop, with lots and lots of men to work for him, with plenty of boys, and their hands and faces get so black?"

"No, but my father works in such a place."

"What's your father's name?"

Maggie took a card from her pocket.

"That's his name."

Nettie snatched the card and said,

"And you are the little girl."

Before Maggie could hinder her, Nettie was at her mother's side with the card. She came back radiant. "Come and see mother. Your father works in my father's shop." Maggie suffered herself to be led, and stood before the lady bashfully.

"So you are Maggie Brown?" said the lady smiling. "Your father is in my husband's employ. Mr. Raymond found out about you. Perhaps your father loves to talk about Maggie."

"I don't know," said Maggie, blushing deeply.

Mrs. Raymond talked so kindly and pleasantly to Maggie that she forgot that she was a stranger. "I'm glad we've found you," said Nettie, squeezing her hand. "Mother will go on deck with us when we start. Will you tell me a story now?"

Mrs. Raymond turned to her paper and began to read again, and Maggie and Nettie went back to their large chair, and Maggie told Nettie the stories she used to tell Davie, and all the stories her mother had told her since.

"Do you know about Queen Esther?" said Maggie at last.

"No; nobody ever told me that. Was she queen of England? Mother saw the queen of England."

"I don't think she was. I never read about England in the Bible."

Mrs. Raymond stood behind the chair. "That must be reserved for another time. Didn't you hear the dinner bell?"

Maggie went to dinner with Nettie and her mother. She was so confused that she said "No," when she meant "Yes," and "Thank you" for, "If you please." What would she have done among so many strangers, without Nettie? She thought strange that good things were always happening to her.

The boat sailed in the afternoon, and she went out on deck and sat under the awning with Nettie, her mother, and the lady with the sadness in her eyes. In the evening Mrs. Raymond played on the melodeon and some ladies sang. Maggie thought it was as beautiful as Church music. It was a calm night; the motion of the boat was very pleasant to her, and she was glad that sometimes Mrs. Hoffman was wrong in her conclusions.

The lady in gray silk occupied the berth below her. Maggie had been watching the lady so that she did not seem at all like a stranger.

"Are you comfortable?" asked the lady, after Maggie was settled in her high berth.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Maggie, "only I have to hold on. I never was in such a funny place before."

"Are you afraid?"

"No, ma'am."

"I thought you might be; if you are not sick, or afraid of sinking, you'll get along."

"I didn't know I must be afraid."

"There's no must be about it," said the lady, laughing. "The moon is shining beautifully. I don't think there can be a storm. Do you always say your prayers?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Maggie in a tone of surprise.

"So do I. I thought I would ask you. I don't see how people can go to sleep and feel safe unless they pray first."

"I thought everybody said their prayers," said Maggie, in a wide awake voice.

"How awake you are! I don't feel like sleeping myself. I never can sleep out of my own bed. I like to talk to every one that I meet in traveling; perhaps they can do me good if I can't do them good."

Maggie was much amused with her conversation. She was not troubled making replies; for the lady gave her little opportunity. She narrated her own experiences, some of them so wonderful to Maggie that it was like listening to a book. "What we don't know now we shall know hereafter, that's my comfort," she said at last, in a dreamy tone.

"Maggie fell asleep, glad and thankful for everything.

WHAT TO TEACH THE BOYS.

A PHILOSOPHER has said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men." What is it they ought to know then?

1st. To be true—to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read, he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true in intention and action, rather than being learned in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than any earthly power or position.

2nd. To be pure in thought, language and life, pure in mind and in body. An impure man, old or young, is a plague-spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who are banished from society.

3rd. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

4th. To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful. When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being, however rich, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.—*Selected.*

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 38.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

JERICHO AND THE JORDAN.



HE whole plain about here is covered with mounds of ancient ruins, heaps of rough stones, intermingled with fragments of broken pottery, while large portions are overgrown, and almost concealed by tall weeds and a luxuriant growth of brushwood. We drank from the fountain and recalled the miracle of its cleansing, then climbed the high mound, from the base of which it springs, and sat down to recall the former history of the place and its overthrow.

Not a vestige of the old city now remains, and yet what wonderful events have here transpired. Here, on this very spot, the great work of the conquest and subjugation of the land by the Israelites, commenced. We could look across the plain of the Jordan to the hills of Moab, where the hosts of Israel were encamped. To this place Joshua sent spies, and here they were received and hid by Rahab, until they could be sent away in safety. Here it was that the mysterious circuit of the city was made by the seven priests, bearing seven trumpets, accompanied by the Ark of God, when on the seventh day the walls were overthrown.

The destruction of Jericho was complete. It was not only overthrown, but a curse of a most singular kind was pronounced against the one who should attempt to rebuild it. "Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho. He shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it."

A wild, mountain pathway led from this place to Bethel, an easy day's journey distant. It was along this pathway that Elisha was traveling, after he had witnessed the strange translation of Elijah, when the ill bred children gathered around him, and in derision cried out, "Go up thou bald head," and were destroyed by the bears. It was in Bethel that Elijah and Elisha established the School of the Prophets, to which the young men gathered to be instructed in the knowledge of God.

THE JERICHO OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

This Jericho was about one mile to the south, and just where we struck the plain, as we came down the steep descent of the hills. One of the first things we saw was the ruins

of an old aqueduct, that was used to carry these waters of the hill side fountains over the plain. The numerous crumbling arches of this great work still attest its former magnificence. Here also are the remains of an ancient reservoir, four hundred and ninety feet broad, six hundred and fifty-seven feet long, now filled with rubbish, and its walls nearly buried from sight.

A city that could boast such aqueducts and reservoirs must have been a place of great wealth and population. According to Josephus it was a large and beautiful city. The country, seventy stadia one way and twenty another, was watered by the abundant fountains, while the plain was covered with extensive and luxuriant palm groves and gardens, reaching to the banks of the Jordan, producing not only common fruits in abundance, but also balsam and other choice productions. This beautiful city was given by Mark Antony to Cleopatra, and was bought from her by Herod the Great, who made it one of his royal cities. He enriched and adorned it, and added many costly buildings. Here, too, this luxurious and dissipated prince and monster of iniquity died, in the midst of his excesses. To this city the Savior came; here he healed the blind man, and visited the home of Zaccheus. Of the magnificent city scarcely a vestige now remains; those beautiful gardens have all disappeared; those precious balsam trees have all perished, and not a representative of them remains in all the land; even those transplanted by Cleopatra to the gardens of Heliopolis, in Egypt, have become extinct. Of the beautiful palm groves, that once spread for miles over the plain, there was in 1837 a solitary tree remaining. Now this last representative of their beauty and glory has entirely disappeared.

THE GILGAL OF JOSHUA.

This portion of the plain of the Jordan is truly a celebrated place. It was known under Joshua, all the Prophets and the Savior. In the days of the Crusaders also it was a noted locality. It is supposed to be the very site of the first camping ground of Israel after crossing the Jordan. In the village where we are now encamped stands a large, stone tower, thirty feet square, forty feet high, commanding an extensive view of the plain, supposed to have been built by the crusaders; and here it is supposed Israel first set up the Tabernacle of God. It was here that Joshua stood and lifted up his eyes and saw a man over against him, with his sword drawn in his hand, and Joshua went unto him and said, "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries? And he said, Nay; but as captain of the Lord's hosts am I now come." It was here the expedition was fitted out, before which the strong walls of yonder Jericho were laid even with the ground. Here Samuel came to judge Israel; here he offered sacrifices, and here he brought Saul to confirm him in the kingdom; and it was here for unbidden sacrifices that the kingdom was taken from him and his posterity. It was here that Judah assembled to welcome back David, after Absalom's rebellion was

ended, having fled beyond Jordan. Here the Prophets were accustomed to come; and here some of their noted miracles were performed, as the healing of the poisoned pottage, the cure of the leprous Syrian, and the punishment of Gehazzi. Truly we have pitched our tents upon historic ground.

THE JORDAN.

The distance from our encampment to the river, in a direct line, was probably not over three miles. We descended two terraces before reaching the immediate bank of the river. These were plainly marked, and the descent from one to the other was quite abrupt. The river lying quite low, and being fringed with a thick foliage, can not be seen till you are close upon it. On we rode, eagerly watching for the first glimpse of its waters. We had looked down into the valley from the heights of Olivet, from the house of Abraham, at Hebron, and from the lookout at Mispah, and seen the winding line of its blue range from a distance, but we were anxious to stand upon its shores, to go down into its stream, and to mingle our meditations with the music of its waters. As we emerged from a thicket of oleanders and willows, "There it is!" burst from several of our party, and there, sure enough, it was, and close by its rushing current we stood.

PARENTS' DUTIES.

THESE days are days of peculiar enticement to sin, and those parents who do not strictly educate their children to habits of morality, may rest assured that in after days, a blight will be found in their pathway, and the down-hill side of life rendered very bitter by the reflection, "I knew my duty towards my children, but did it not." Proper restraints are not placed upon outward sins, such as Sabbath desecration, profane language, and many others of kindred type. No guardian of youth can be justified who permits a repetition of these offences. The sanctity of the Christian home must be preserved intact. In every house there is a Jehu driving the chariot. If the parent has not the possession of this office, the child will take it. So when this is the case, everybody can guess the station to which he will drive.

GOOD WORKS.

WHAT they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." (Matt. v. 16). Some clocks do not strike; you must look at them if you would know the time. Some men do not talk their Christianity; you must look at their lives if you would know what the gospel can do for human nature. But a clock need not be incorrect because it strikes; a man need not be inconsistent because he speaks as well as acts.

When a friend once told Plato what scandalous stories his enemies had propagated concerning him, "I will live so," replied the philosopher, "that nobody shall believe them."

AN EXHORTATION.

KNOW, dear Hopes, you stand on vantage ground,
Though many snares God's children do surround;
That you are in the fold of Christ this very day
I doubt not for a moment; let us pray
That you the light may have always.

Support the publications of God's Church,
Study all you can the Zion's Hope;
And here let me say, Make it a rule
Always to attend the Sabbath School.
Oft have I viewed some with a tearful eye,
Oft have I longed for your prosperity.
But all should be taught in Jesus' ways,
And know the gospel of the latter days;
Let not the iron rod slip from your hand
For it will lead you safe to Zion's land.

MURILLO.

Letters from the Hopes.

PEORIA, Illinois, August 30th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes: It has been a long time since I wrote to you, but it is not because I do not love the little Hopes, or that I have lost interest in you, but because my time has been taken up with something else, and when I have had time, I have neglected it.

We have a little Sunday School here. Only about fourteen attend; but we enjoy it if we are only a few. We take the *Hope* for our Sunday School paper, and we love to hear from all its readers. We wish that it could come weekly; it would be so nice. I went to the Buffalo Prairie conference which was held on the 21st and 22nd of this month. We had a fine time. Bro. Joseph was there and preached Sunday morning and evening. He gave us some good advice, and for my part I am going to try and profit by it. Trusting to hear from you all through the *Hope*, I am ever your sister in Christ,

JENNIE H. ROBINSON.

CALDWELL, Sumner County, Kansas,
August, 1880.

Dear Hopes: As we have removed from Woodbine it may not be amiss to write you a descriptive letter of our whereabouts. We are now among strangers, and far from any branch of the Church. Caldwell is in the southern part of Kansas, the last town on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, bordering on the Indian Territory. Here we find the wide prairie and the warm southern breeze.

To-day it is blowing a real Kansas gale; our windows and doors are closed to keep out the clouds of dust, so unpleasantly common in this part of the country. No refreshing rains or night dews have enlivened creation for some time, and the earth has become almost impenetrable. Apparently it opens its crisp mouth and cries to the windows of heaven to pour down a blessing.

No flower gardens were made this season; if it were attempted they would be whipped to death by the dry wind. But the yellow sand-bur flower flourishes like the whisky sellers and wicked of this town.

Yet every country has its advantages, and here the cattle fatten on the now dried buffalo grass as it stands on the prairie without further feeding. The traders employ cow-boys or herds-men to take care of their cattle; at the end of the year their investments are doubled, and those desirous to speculate thus might settle on these prairies and roam with the children of the plains, or return to city life.

Dear Hopes, although Indians of different tribes come here to trade, they are not feared as much as are some of the wild cow-boys when they are under the influence of intoxicating drink. The Indians make trade brisk for the merchants in the Fall. Their interpreters and leaders are white men. They sell moccasins of rare, ingenious work. Soldiers are stationed a mile from town, near a grove that reminds us of the Boyer Grove in Woodbine, and this gives us a pleasing dream of home. We apprehend no danger of losing our scalps.

We take pleasure in reading our *Herald* and *Hope*, and trust that some Elder may come out here to teach the way of truth and eternal life. We have some good society and find precious wheat everywhere. We trust that if there is too much chaff and dross that the high winds of Kansas will carry them where they belong.

We still ask the love and friendship of the Saints.

Think of us, and pray that we may be steadfast and patient until the reaping time or harvest, for all must be warned before the Savior comes. We will try to testify of these things, and some are expecting to hear the preacher. This place has over a thousand inhabitants. A Presbyterian church is now in erection. The school-house is a fine two-story, and answers for the different sects to worship in at present. Another fine school-house is to be built this Fall for higher grades. We hope a branch may soon be established here, whether we make our home here or not. It is needed for the common benefit of our fellow men. Should Dr. Tanner take a circuit this way in company with Elders Caffall, Derry or Lambert, or any other, he would find more melons than he dreams of in dry Kansas.

Your sister in the gospel,

REGINA ROHRER.

GRAYSVILLE, Monroe County, Ohio,
August 12th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I have thought for some time that it was my duty to write a letter for our little paper. I am a constant reader of it, and the *Herald*. They are a great comfort to me, and my heart rejoices in the great latter day work. I know this gospel must be preached to every tongue and people before the end comes. We Saints here are left in a lonely condition, having had no Saints' meetings since last Spring. Our president moved to Independence, Missouri. Bro. Hogue was a good man, and tried to do his duty in all things. We miss him very much. We pray that he may have good success wherever he goes. Few are left of our once happy little branch, and we are scattered. I live with my aunt. She belongs to the Church. My uncle does not. He is not a believer, but an opposer. I was baptized by Elder James Craig, September 21st, 1874. I have tried to live faithful and do my duty since I entered the covenant, notwithstanding I have deviated from the path in many ways. I feel my weakness, yet I hope to press on and gain the reward of the righteous; for I know this is the work of God, and it will stand every test that can be brought against it. My father died when I was quite small; my mother is living, yet she is not in the Church. Sometimes she says she believes, and at other times she stumbles at the persecution. I have two brothers and two sisters, and three little half-brothers; none of them are in the work. I pray that they may be led to see the straight and narrow way that leads to life eternal. I will try to be patient, trusting that God will do his own work in his own time and way. I hope that I may soon meet again with brethren and sisters in prayer and testimony meeting. Dear Hopes, remember me in prayer, that I may abide faithful and with you all gain celestial glory.

Your sister in the everlasting covenant,

KATIE POWELL.

PLAINVILLE, Massachusetts,
August 26th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I think our little paper is very nice, and I love to read it. Our work is progressing very fast. We have very good meetings; we have no chapel, so we meet at the Elder's house. There are forty-seven members in our branch. The youngest is a bright little girl of eleven years; she was baptized last November. We have had a baptizing for three Sabbaths in succession. My school has begun. We have a very large one, over a hundred scholars.

Your true sister in Christ,

ORA V. HOLMES.

August 1st, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I have been reading this morning, the *Hope* for August 1st, and how heartily do I endorse what Sister Christy has written. And I can testify that the teachings of the Spirit to me have been that we must let our light shine, and live near to God, and keep all his commandments, if we would inherit his blessings and escape the evils that are sure to overtake those who treat lightly the commandments of our heavenly Father. And I think we need not depend on the modern men of science to interpret the signs of the stars or other planets: for if we are familiar with the Book of Covenants we need not be ignorant of what is to take place in the near future. On page one hundred and fifty one you will find

a revelation given March 7th, 1831, which I think we should all give heed to. May we be doers of the word, and not hearers only, that when we are called we may not be unprepared and therefore cut off with the unbelievers. I acknowledge my weakness in times past, and have tried to think that tea and coffee used in moderation were allowable, but while reading the Word of Wisdom a few days since, it struck me with new force, and I felt that it meant what it said and said what it meant. And if it is a cross to do without it, so much more need have we to give heed as we are also commanded to deny ourselves and follow Jesus that we may be found worthy an inheritance with him.

AUNT SUE.

EASTON, Missouri, August 8th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: It has been five months since I embraced the gospel. I was baptized by Elder D. E. Powell, and I have been blessed by the Spirit of God, and I feel to go on and help in this work, that when Jesus comes I may be one of his. Let us try to serve the Lord. Pray for me that I may be faithful to the end, that when I have finished my work I may be saved with you all. Let us continue in the good work, and keep striving to do better, and we will grow stronger in the faith of the latter day work.

Your sister in the bonds of love and peace,

JENNET S. POWELL.

IONE VALLEY, Amador Co., California,
August 22d, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I have been sick some, and away from home. But I feel better since I have got home with my dear father, mother, brother and sisters. I enjoy reading your letters very much. We seem to have a good portion of the Spirit of God in our meetings. My mind is Zionward. I wish to meet with those I love so much. I wish that I could do more to help on the work of God. I like the *Herald* and *Advocate* so well, and I love to hear from you.

Your brother,

EDWIN T. DAWSON.

SUMMER HILL, Douglas County, Nebraska,
August 9th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: Our little paper is very interesting, and it is getting more so all the time. I think "How Maggie helped her Father" is very nice, and I am real glad there are four chapters yet. We have no Sunday School. One was started but it didn't go on right. We have meeting most every Sunday. I belong to the Church. I am trying to do right. I pray that the Lord will forgive me. That we may meet in Zion is the prayer of

Your sister,

EMMA J. STOWERS.

Editorial Chat.

BRO. JOHN SAYER, of Iowa, figures on the problem about the boys in the Sabbath School class, published in August 15th HOPE, and makes out the number to be seven. We have written a statement of the solution, but will wait and see if others will not study the subject, and send us the answer. Let the Hopes try it faithfully. It is a good exercise on Bible history.

The story of "How Maggie Helped her Father" will have more than seven chapters, as we had to divide chapter Five, and may also another one, making eight or nine when finished.

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.

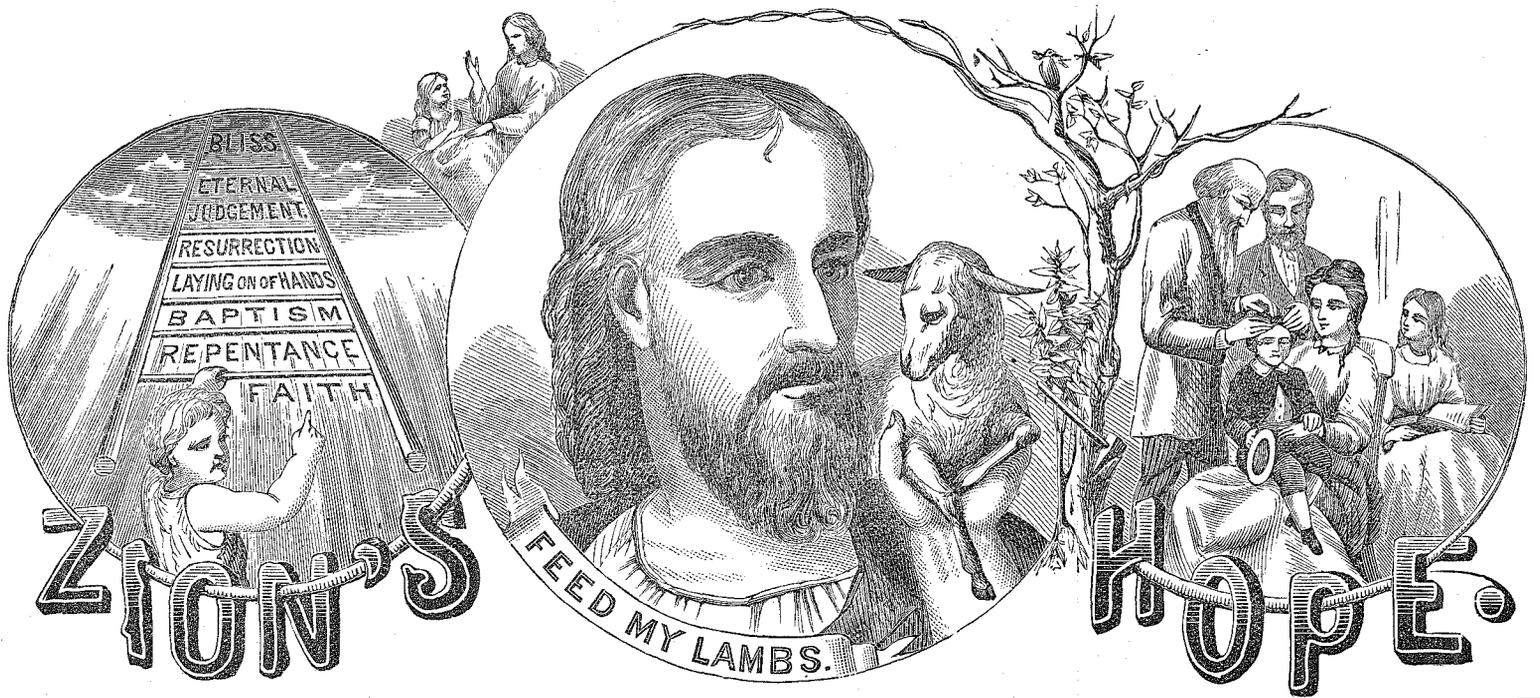
15 September 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

ZION'S HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

Vol. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 1, 1880.

No. 7.

SECRET PRAYER.

If we would live a calm, contented life,
Enjoy sweet peace and pleasure, choice and rare,
If we would rid ourselves of envious strife,
In secret we must oft retire to prayer.

If we would feel a love for all mankind,
If we would of our friends no evil know;
If we would have that love which true hearts bind,
Unto the grove for prayer we oft must go.

If we would see of life the brighter side,
If we our yoke and burden lightly bear,
If we our earthly lot in peace abide,
We never must neglect our secret prayer.

If we would have a conscience light and free,
Uncumbered by a load of grief and care,
If we would have that joy the righteous see,
Our souls we must pour out in secret prayer.

This tribute which we pay unto our Lord,
Should ne'er be given as an idle task,
But heart and voice should rise with one accord,
If we receive of him that which we ask.

If this we do with faith and love sublime,
Trust solely in his all sustaining power,
He'll be our shield throughout our earthly time,
Our cheer and comfort in the dying hour.

LUSTER J. ADAMS.

GOOD INSTRUCTION.

THE subject to-day shall be concerning your speech, because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. I have taken the instructions from a book, but I hope it will not be of less interest and benefit to you. They run as follows.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offense against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker. For besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it, and in time he comes to such a pass, that as other people can not believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

"As you must be careful not to tell a lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must

not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion. Let your words be few, especially when your superiors, or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness and rob yourselves of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had, to gain knowledge, wisdom and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking. Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out and be able to give him the better answer. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment, weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak, or they speak, and then think. When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them, and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors. If any one, whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yet, (unless he is one of your familiar acquaintances,) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely; by this means you will avoid giving offense, or being abused for too much credulity.

"If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give too much credit to him. Probably you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool. Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who he thinks will tell you of it, most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means

to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

"Be careful that you do not commend yourself. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and displeasing to others to hear such commendations.

"Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others. Avoid in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations.

"Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any persons; such offenses leave a deep impression, and they often cost a man dear. Be careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word, and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reprov'd; but let it be done without reproach or bitterness; otherwise it will lose its due end and use, and instead of reforming the offense, it will exasperate the offender and lay the reprover justly open to reproof.

"If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved with anger. You will find that silence, or very gentle words are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his passions, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and

composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for everything that becomes him as a man or as a christian.

"Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence, and seriousness, and not lightly, for it is 'taking the name of God in vain.'

"Begin and end the day in private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously. Keep yourselves in some useful employment, for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind, and disorder the life. Be always kind and loving to one another. Honor your parents, and be respectful to all.

"Behave at home at all times as when there are strangers or relations present. Always keep from bad company. Many a good young man has been enticed to do wicked things by following bad company; and, to use a philosopher's (John Locke) words, 'that it is better to be alone than in bad company.'"

I pray God to fill our hearts with his grace and love, and to let us see the comfort and advantage of serving him, and that his blessing and presence and direction, may be with us all. Pray for me that I may overcome temptations.

JOSEPH HOWELL.

"WEIGHT FOR WEIGHT."

JUST on the outskirts of Rochdale, England, on the side of the highway leading to Manchester, at a place called Sparth, there formerly stood a large stone table, supported by three thick stone pillars. Here, in by gone days, country farmers brought their milk, and were met by their town customers with pitchers. Owing to this custom it was designated the "Milk Stone." Underneath it many a school boy has taken shelter from the storm, and on the top of it many a weary traveler had laid down his heavy burden. Amongst the many thousands that have made this stone a resting place, two have to me a special interest. One cold Winter day, a young man was seen going from Rochdale towards Marsland Workhouse, with an old man on his back. The young man's strength being exhausted, he put down the old man in a sitting posture on the Milk Stone. While both were resting, the old man began to weep most bitterly. "You may cry as hard as you like," said the young man, "but to the Workhouse you shall go, if my legs can carry you; for I will not be burdened with you any longer." "I am not weeping because thou art taking me to the workhouse, my son, but because of my own cruelty to thy grandfather. Twenty-five years since, this very day, I was carrying him on my back to the workhouse, and rested with him on this stone. He wept, and begged I would let him live with me the few days he had to live, promising to rock and nurse the little children,

and do anything that he could; but I mocked his sorrow, turned a deaf ear to his cries and tears, and took him to the workhouse. It is the thought of such cruel conduct to my poor, old, dead father, that makes me weep." The son was amazed and said, "Get on to my back, father, and I will take you home again; for, if that be the way, my turn will come next; it seems it is weight for weight. Get on my back, and you shall have your old corner and rock the children."—*Strange tales from humble life by John Ashworth, Rochdale, England. Selected by* WM. STREET.

HOW MAGGIE HELPED HER FATHER.

"Even a child is known by its doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

CHAPTER VII—ANOTHER HOME.



THE next morning Maggie sat on deck with Nettie and her mother. The lady in gray silk sat at some distance from them, looking into the water. She was wrapped in a bright shawl, which softened her face, giving it a sort of rosy glow, and her eyes looked as if she was thinking of her last words to Maggie the night before, and that the thought was comforting her. Maggie loved to be near her, and to hear her speak, but Nettie kept her close beside her mother. Maggie was in a world in which there were no trees nor houses; nothing but sky and water.

"You look surprised," said Mrs. Raymond, smiling at Maggie's eyes.

"It's so queer and — beautiful," said Maggie.

"Didn't you think this was in the world?" "It seems as if it were outside of the world. When I saw water on the map, I didn't think it looked like this."

"And the land doesn't look as it does on the map. I've been weeks on the water, seeing nothing but water and sky."

"Where did you go to?"

"I went to England."

"Did Queen Esther live there?" interrupted Nettie. "Maggie don't know."

"No," said Mrs. Raymond. "I'll show you on the globe, some time, where she lived. Do you like to learn new things, Maggie?"

"Yes'm; but I never learned any."

"Did you know how to walk and talk and think, when you were a baby?"

Maggie laughed. "I didn't think of that." "Miss Rheid can tell you new things."

"Miss Rheid?"

"The lady who slept with you."

"Oh!" said Maggie, smiling; "she's a new thing herself."

"She's a dear, good woman, but trouble has touched her."

The figure in the bright shawl was walking up and down, with her eyes bent on the deck.

"That's what trouble does sometimes," said Mrs. Raymond.

"Did her mother die?" asked Maggie, softly.

"Yes, she has had much trouble; more

than any one I ever knew. God is our Father, Maggie. He takes away, and we don't know why; but we shall know hereafter."

Maggie thought she would always think of this.

"I am getting too deep for you," said Mrs. Raymond. "Your face is growing wise, Maggie."

The bright shawl dropped from Miss Rheid's shoulder. Maggie was at her side in an instant, arranging it for her.

"Thank you, dear," she said, absently; "Some one is always kind to the lonely old woman."

"Can't I do something for you?" said Maggie, quickly.

"If it wouldn't trouble you too much. I left my handkerchief in my berth."

Maggie went down the stairs cautiously. She was very glad to do something for one whom the hand of God had touched.

"Don't you like my Maggie?" Nettie was saying to her mother.

"Yes, very much; she's a good child."

"May she come to our house often?"

"I hope her father is all father thinks he is," said Mrs. Raymond, more to herself than to Nettie.

The two days on the steamer passed very quickly. Miss Rheid was very kind to Maggie, and Maggie found the way to do many little kindnesses for her, which she appreciated to the utmost.

"Nobody really loves me," she said, in a way that touched Maggie. "They think they will have my money when I die."

"They can't help loving you," said Maggie.

"You are only a child," said Miss Rheid; but she looked pleased, and the sadness left her eyes; but it came back when she sat alone, thinking. She gave Maggie her address on a card. Miss Mary S. Rheid, No. 29, Pine Street. "Now you must come often."

"If I may," said Maggie, gratefully. She was really sorry to say good by to Nettie. Nettie kissed her, and Mrs. Raymond did. A tall, white haired gentleman came to meet them, and they drove away in a beautiful carriage drawn by two black horses.

"Is Maggie Brown here?" Maggie knew the voice. In another moment she was in her father's arms.

Mr. Brown took Maggie to his pleasant boarding-house. It was in the upper part of the city—a large old house in the midst of a garden. There were many boarders, and Maggie had to share a little room under the roof, with the landlady's little daughter, a child just her age. The landlady was stiff and stately; but the little girl, a deformed child, with a thin, sallow face, found her way at once to Maggie's heart. Maggie's heart was always ready to take in any who were sick or in any way afflicted, or in trouble. Little Louisa was the youngest. The older girl were like their mother, and did not notice the quiet little stranger.

It was not as pleasant to Maggie as her own home had been. She did not like her

little, close room under the roof, nor the long table with its two rows of strangers. Her father was with her only in the evening, and then she could not talk to him easily in the boarders' parlor. Louisa went to school, and Maggie wandered around the house and through the garden, growing pale and feeling lonely. She cried with almost as lonely a feeling under an apple tree in the garden as she did under the lilac bushes at her old home. The stately landlady was not like her mother. Louisa was only a peevish little invalid; and she saw her father only at the table or in the evening in the boarders' parlor. She could not be any help or comfort to him now, she thought. One evening,—it seemed a long time since she had come to her father,—he found her alone in the parlor. It was an uncommon thing for the room to be so vacated, and he kissed her in just the old way, when he found her alone, standing at one of the windows. "Crying, Maggie?" he said, drawing her into his arms. "What does my little girl have to trouble her now?"

She had to cry a little at first, before she could reply. And then, when her story was told, it was not half so pitiful as when she was crying alone.

"I have been trying to find another home, Maggie. This isn't just the place for us. We want a home; don't we? We must be as happy as we can without mother, and you must go to school. Whose house do you think is open to us?" How could Maggie guess, in that strange city? "Do you know who lives at 29, Pine street?"

"Not Miss Rheid?" said Maggie.

"Yes, Miss Rheid. I suppose I may thank you for the offer of such a home. There are only four boarders besides us, two gentlemen and their wives."

"I'm very glad," was all Maggie said.

"Now, Maggie, I want to tell you something else." His tone was very grave. "I was very much troubled when I left you. I had but little money, and no friends. I went to a great many places to get work. The world was very dark to me, and it was very hard for me not to try to forget my trouble in the old way. There were temptations all around me; and one night—I never shall forget it—I was worn out and discouraged. I was hungry and thirsty, but more thirsty than hungry, and I thought I would take one drink, it would rest me and give me more spirit." He stopped a moment; there was no light in the room, but she knew, by the sound of his voice, how his face looked. She laid her little hand on his, and he held it tightly in both his own. "I almost did it, Maggie. It would have ruined me. I should have gone down just where I was once before; and what would have become of you, poor Maggie? Something you said—I had never thought of such things—about saying the Lord's prayer, and not forgiving those who harmed us, came like a flash, 'Lead us not into temptation.' How could I go into temptation and pray that prayer, Maggie? I prayed 'Lead me not into temptation' for days. It seemed as if that petition was in my

heart for days. Every rebuff I met with, everytime the feeling came, that was my prayer. It was like a prayer for work; anything to keep me in the right way. I have learned how much that petition means. I don't see how any but Christians can pray that prayer. And the answer came in my finding work, and such a friend as Mr. Raymond; and, Maggie, when I see how you love and trust me, I think I must love and trust God in just that way, like a child—Him whom I dishonored so long. You are a help to me, Maggie."

Maggie's heart was full. It was such a beautiful life to live, learning little by little the meaning of the prayer that the Lord gave to his people; the prayer that she prayed every night without understanding, but which the little events of her life (such little events that no one else knew them) by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, were making known to her. O blessed Holy Spirit, thou dost indeed lead and guide in all truth, and ways of peace and joy.

And so it was by its influence, (though unconsciously) that Maggie was helping her father.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 39.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

A BATH IN THE JORDAN.

THE size of the Jordan, of course, varies with the season; and like other rivers the width and depth are quite different, in different places, according to the nature of the ground. It had now risen so as nearly to cover its pebbly shore, and touch in some places, the white, clayey bank, that constituted the lower terrace of the plain. At this point its waters were about one hundred and twenty feet broad, and probably twelve feet deep in the middle of the stream. According to the custom of travelers, we soon made arrangements for a bath. Our guide interposed, declaring the current too swift. But we had not come so far to be thus thwarted in our intentions. Being a good swimmer I measured the strength of the current with my eye, I plunged in, my companions following one after another. The current being quite strong we did not venture to a great depth, but far enough to accomplish our purpose. Some dipped themselves once, some seven times, in imitation of the Syrian leper. Our bath over, we filled our tin bottles (which we had bought for this purpose of the monks at the convent) with the water to be borne to our distant homes.

ISRAEL'S ENTRANCE TO THE PROMISED LAND.

This is the ford of the Jordan. From this camping place on yonder heights of Moab, the multitudes of Israel came down in triumphal march towards this beautiful plain. On this plain Joshua marshalled his hosts, in obedience to the command of his divine leader. When God leads the commander, he can safely lead his people. With the sacred ark, the symbol of Jehovah's presence, borne in front, the triumphal procession moved.

The place was right against Jericho, the time the latter part of April, and the Jordan was at its flood. How was the river to be passed? The Lord tells Joshua that as he was with Moses, so he would be with him. Onward moved the ark, and behind it came the thousands of Israel. The priests dipped their feet in the turbid stream; the waters acknowledged the presence of their God.

"Those which came down from above stood, and rose up upon a heap, and those that came down toward the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, failed and were cut off, and the people passed over against Jericho."

It was at this point, also, that the members of the School of the Prophets came to cut timber for their building, and where the borrowed axe was accidentally dropped into the rolling stream and miraculously recovered by the prophet's power. It was here also where Elijah terminated his earthly mission, and Elisha witnessed his translation.

But a greater than Elijah has been here; this was the place of Jesus' baptism. What a multitude of holy reminiscences crowd the christian's mind, as he stands and looks upon Jordan here.

THE DEAD SEA.

Again we are upon our horses, under a full gallop towards the Dead Sea. As the river approaches the sea it widens, and its banks are low and marshy, which would not allow us to follow its course, so we struck off in a south-westerly direction. As we rode on, the fertility of the plain gradually diminished, and at last almost every appearance of vegetable life disappeared. The whole scenery of the place wore a strange and gloomy aspect. As the visitor approaches the place, if all knowledge of his locality and its previous history could be obliterated, he would still instinctively feel that he was in close proximity to the theater of some appalling or portentous event. All around him is a sterile desert of sand, and beneath his feet the salty incrustations crackle and break at every step.

No sign of human habitation, no sound of human voice, no song of bird, no footfall of beast, no hum of insect; a silence profound and awful as the chamber of death is there. On one side rise up the lofty mountains of Moab, with all their dread associations of robbery and blood. On the other, the rugged bluffs of Endi, presenting to the eye no signs of vegetation, their ragged peaks and yawning cavern, all conspiring to deepen the solemnity and awfulness of the scene. The traveler in this strange place looks about him with something of the nervous hesitation and trembling that the timid boy, in the evening, would look into the tomb. Such is the approach to the mysterious waters of death.

This sea lies in a deep basin, thirteen hundred and twelve feet below the level of the Mediterranean, the most depressed sheet of water known, surrounded by tall, ragged cliffs, its bosom exposed to the burning rays of a cloudless sun, encompassed by sterility and a death-like solitude. It is but a few years that we have had any accurate inform-

ation of this remarkable body of water.

The first successful attempt to explore its waters was made by an expedition sent out by the United States government in 1848, under the charge of Lieutenant Lynch. On April 8th, with a crew of ten men, all native born Americans, and all pledged to total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, he launched two boats of copper and one of galvanized iron, which they had conveyed across the country to the Sea of Gallilee, and proceeded down the Jordan, making a thorough exploration of all its cataracts and windings. They then traversed these waters in every direction, taking soundings, and mapping the whole sea shore and surrounding mountains. He entered the Jordan from the Sea of Gallilee, April 10th, reached the Dead Sea, April 19th, and spent twenty-one nights upon its shores.

It was ascertained that the sea is forty-two miles long, and in the widest place nine miles broad. Its waters are very deep, one sounding being thirteen hundred feet. No life is found in its waters; but Lynch frequently met with animals about the shore, in the vicinity of the fresh water streams that empty into it; among which are mentioned doves, hawks, partridges and hares; and, what is singular, all are of a light stone color, the same as the material of the shore and mountain.

No poisonous exhalations arise from it, but bits of sulphur are sometimes met with upon the shore, and sulphurous exhalations arise from the ground, in some places. At the mouth of one of the valleys on the west side, are the celebrated warm springs, to which Herod the Great went, in the hope of being cured from his loathsome disease. Here, between lofty cliffs of red sandstone, a copious stream of warm, sweet water flows into the lake. Where the fresh water streams flow in from the mountains, the willow, tamarisk, oleander and various shrubs are found, and the song of birds may be heard, but over all the rest of the banks and shores, sterility and death-like solitude abound. The scenery is magnificently wild, stern and impressive. At the south-eastern portion of the sea, there is an immense ridge of salt, five miles long, and from one hundred to two hundred and fifty feet high.

A CHILD'S HEART.

THE other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curbstone up Woodward Avenue, to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They all stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the

eldest child stepped forward and asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead!" whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awfully sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go:

"Oh! children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE CHILD'S FUTURE.

THE parent is desirous of doing now what will produce the highest good to his child in the future. The course that is taken varies with the intelligence and expression of the parent. Some lay up money for their children; some teach them how to obtain a living by work; some give them a mental training. And there is so much difference among parents that doubt is entertained by many as to the wisest and best course. There is a parent who was sent to school early and late; he is a minister; he does not give his child a college education; he feels that he himself was greatly pressed and burdened by his college training. There is a parent who is a prosperous carpenter; he does not bring his son up to his trade. He thinks there is an easier way to earn a living; and perhaps he feels he will achieve a better social position if he has an education.

The question is a very serious one. What shall be done with the child, simply because he is a child and has the future for his inheritance. We reply unhesitatingly, educate him, for the simple reason that an educated man is better than an uneducated one, just as an educated parrot or horse is better than one that is not. The cost of education is a sum of money well expended. A boy, a girl is a bundle of possibilities. If you educate him you give him the power to do something with himself; if you do not he will stay in life where he is put.

THE PUZZLE.

A man was in jail. Another went to visit the prisoner. The jailer asked the visitor what relation the prisoner was to him. The visitor replied. "Brothers and sisters have I none, yet this man's father is my father's son." What relation was the prisoner to the visitor?

A SAVING MEMORY.

LET mothers heed the lesson, so impressively taught them by the distinguished John Randolph, of Virginia. A little while before his death, he wrote to a friend as follows: "I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

Letters from the Hopes.

SAVANNAH, Butler Co., Nebraska,
August 4th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I am a stranger to you, but when I read your letters in the *Hope*, I thought I would like to write you, but thinking I could not write good enough, my mother writes for me. I will be nine years old the 22nd of August. I have been attending school this summer; it is closed now. I studied geography, arithmetic, reading, writing and spelling. We have a very good Union Sabbath School which I attend. Ma is my teacher, and she gives me a card, or reward of merit, which has a picture of a lamp burning standing on a book, with a hand above it filling up the lamp; I presume you are acquainted with the card. I would like to have some one tell me what it means. We had a celebration the third of July, and about five I started with father, mother, and sister Pearly to go to Columbus. We arrived at Mr. George Galley's before dark, which is twenty-five miles from home. We met Mr. Heman Smith, which pleased my ma much, as her opportunity is quite limited for becoming acquainted with those of her belief. It has been a year ago, the fifteenth of June, since ma united with the Church. My brother Georgie takes the *Hope*, and I wonder if you all watch the mail for it as he does. I take the "Guiding Star." We all like the *Hope*.

Yours in friendship and love,

DAVID J. KRAHL.

EMSWORTH, Pennsylvania,
August 19th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: My sister and I attend a United Presbyterian Sabbath School. I like to go real well. They held a picnic on the 17th of July. We had a nice time. The Saints in Pittsburgh held a picnic at Wildwood, August 9th. We were detained at home on account of sickness. I was somewhat disappointed, but I contented myself at home. I send you a puzzle, which if Bro. Henry sees fit to he can print it. I am trying to live the way I should, but I find it pretty hard sometimes, to overcome the trials and temptations that beset us on every side. Pray for me that I may remain faithful to the end.

CORA RICHARDSON.

A family going north from Raleigh last week took the boat at Norfolk after dark. Next morning the little girl awoke and scrambled up to the window, and looking out on the broad Atlantic, exclaimed, "Oh mamma, do get up here and see, the front yard is full of water!"

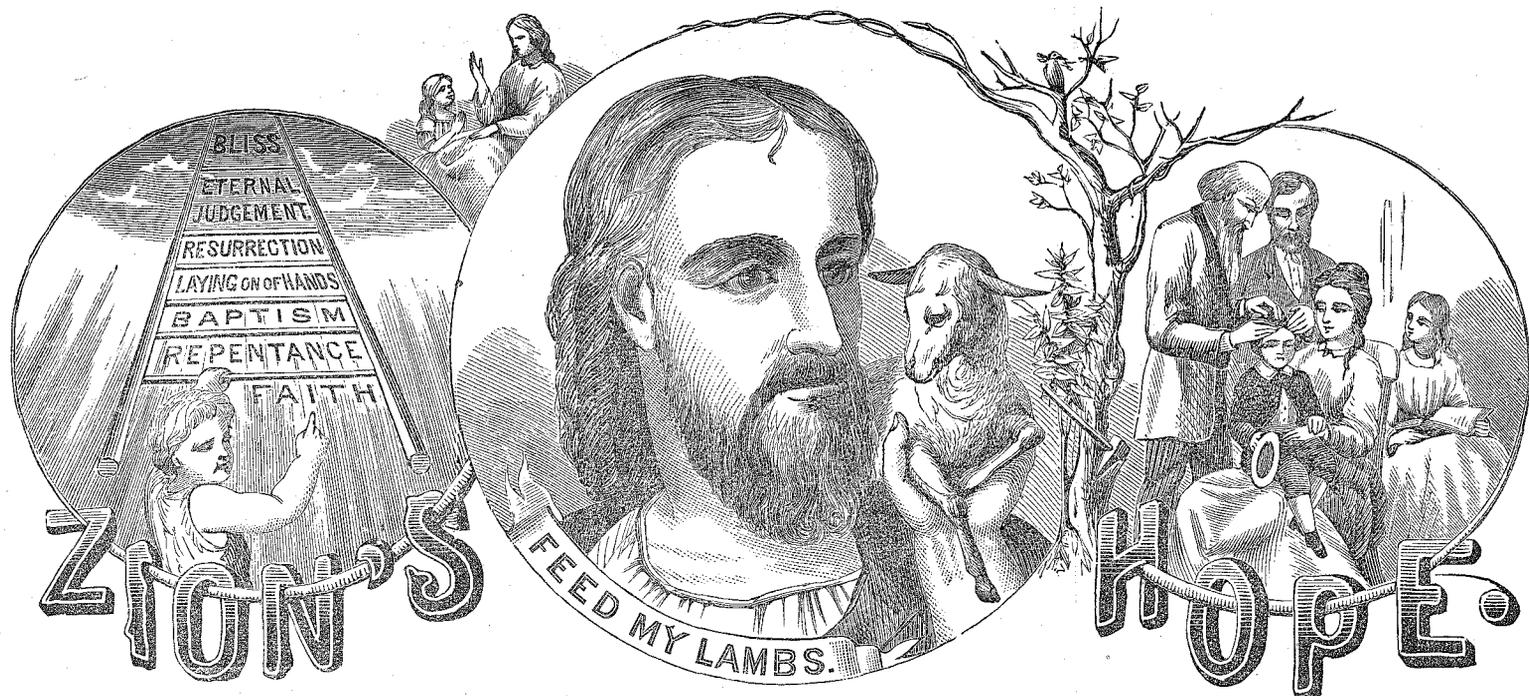
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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 October 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

ZION'S HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage. All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to *Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois.* Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents, and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 15, 1880.

No. 8.

UNCLE JOHN'S CHAT.

DEAR HOPES:—When we have no special thing to do, we should always try and find something to busy ourselves with, and improve the precious time as it passes, and so I thought I would have another short chat with you, as it is raining to-day.

Well, how many of you were at General Conference? And how many saw Uncle John there? He was there and saw quite a number of little Hopes, but did not learn their names. How thankful I felt to meet so many of God's servants from different parts of the country, and hear so many of them preach. What good advice Bro. Joseph gave the Saints; how I wish we could all live in the enjoyment of that spirit of charity that will drive from our hearts all jealousy and selfishness.

Little Hopes, I want you to cherish a spirit of charity and love for the human family. Remember that we are not placed here as judges, nor exactors, but as God's servants, and while we might be judging others of wrong doing, we, ourselves, might be guilty of grosser wrongs. 'Tis true "the Saints shall judge the world," but it will be in the sense of their living righteous lives, and their standing as witnesses in favor of Christ and his righteousness, and against sin and iniquity.

At the Conference I was privileged for the first time to meet Bro. Henry, as he is familiarly called, and from my short acquaintance with him I am satisfied he is trying to do all he can for the great cause. I think his appeals for the *Hope* should be heartily responded to.

As you may have some interest in me, you may be pleased to know where I live.

The name of the state is composed of eight letters. My 1st, 6th, 7th, 1st, 6th, 7th, is something we should never do, but always be patient under trials. My 4th, 8th, 7th, is what all you polite little Hopes should say to men, but not to women. My 3d, 5th, 6th, 7th, is what makes little Hopes squint their eyes.

You should not cultivate that kind of a disposition, for it will make you very unpleasant companions. If you don't live faithful you will 1, 2, 3, 4, the great reward of eternal life.

The name of the county is composed of six letters. My 6th, 4th, 5th, 3d, is what some bad horses do, which often makes their driver very angry, and thus they break a commandment. Who forbids getting angry? My 5th, 4th, 3d, 2d, is the name of a very good man in the Church, whom I saw and heard preach at the General Conference. My 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, gently—is what Paul says we should do with all men.

Now, dear Hopes, I am afraid Bro. Henry will think I am taking up too much space, so I will close for the present by asking you all to find out the state and county where I live and let me know through the *Hope*.

I thank all those who have given answers to my questions and hope you may continue. More anon.

UNCLE JOHN.

THE METEORS.

WHEN an hour of a clear night that we watch, we shall see at least six or eight stars fall. These stars are simply small pieces of iron gathered and formed in space, that have fallen into our atmosphere in our flight around the sun; that is, have been attracted into the orbit of the world and picked up. Coming into our atmosphere when it is passing with such velocity, creates a friction—a concussion—an arrest of motion, that immediately burns the iron. We see the explosion and call it a falling star. If an unaided eye can see six fall in one hour of the night, then what a vast shower must be constantly attracted by the whole earth. If the little earth, with its slight power of attraction, brings in such a constant shower of cosmic matter, how much more would be attracted by the sun, possessing 325,000 times more power of attraction than the earth. Such is the case, we are told, and our grand constant

shower of cosmic matter is constantly falling into that body, forming a vast corona extending out from the sun 800,000 miles, by the classing and impinging of particles and resultant burning. Thus, by virtue of the law of attraction, one constant stream of matter, which is energy, is pouring into the sun to replenish its waste. This matter must be formed in space, and is simply an aggregation of energy, or fine mist, that pervades the atmosphere.

The cosmic matter that falls on the earth—that is meteoric matter—is about 85 per cent iron, and is merely an aggregation of iron dust, which is itself an aggregation of invisible fire-mist. Great clouds of this fine iron dust gather in the heavens, and are occasionally attracted into our orbit. On striking our atmosphere, flying with such great speed, the concussion, the arrest of motion, instantly burns the iron dust and produces light, colored according to the surrounding conditions that produce the reflection.

HOLY BIBLE.

WHEN I have heard children repeat that beautiful hymn that begins:

"Holy Bible, book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!"

I have wondered how many of them really felt what they said. A treasure is something that we take great care of because we value it very much. So we should read, learn and obey the precepts in the Bible. It tells us how to escape everlasting punishment; how to find remission for our sins. It also teaches us to love God and delight in doing his will. It contains many interesting stories about God's people, in different countries, thousands of years ago. The Bible is not like other books. In it is God's word. If we had not the Bible, we should not know so much about God and our dear Savior. We should mind and not do anything which the Bible tells us is wrong. Did you ever consider, dear little buds of Zion, what a blessing it is to be born in a land like America,

where there are Bibles and Sabbath Schools? In England this year they have celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of Robert Raikes, the supposed originator of Sabbath Schools. How would you like to see one hundred thousand Sabbath School children singing, "Holy Bible, book divine," "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," and other sweet hymns we sing at the Sabbath School?

Not many years ago, India, China, Africa, and other countries were destitute of the Bible. They had not heard about it. The inhabitants threw their children into the river Ganges, to be eaten by crocodiles, and when they were preserved instead of being destroyed, they were taught to worship idols, images made of wood and stone. Now, little buds of Zion, renew your courage; pray for each other; thank God for all his blessings towards us, and that he may send more laborers in his vineyard, and increase the work throughout our country and foreign lands.

"I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A highly favored child.

I was not born, as thousands are,
Where Jesus is unknown,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood or stone.

I was not born a little slave,
To labor in the sun,
And wish that I were in my grave,
And all my labor done.

I was not born without a home,
Or in a broken shed;
A wretched outcast, taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.

My God! I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of thee.

WILLIAM STREET.

PITTSBURGH, Pennsylvania.

HOW MAGGIE HELPED HER FATHER.

"Even a child is known by its doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

CHAPTER VIII.—SUNSHINE.



MAGGIE and her father had boarded with Miss Rheid almost a year, when one Sunday afternoon Miss Rheid stood at the door of her room and called, "Maggie! Maggie!" but no Maggie replied.

Maggie always spent an hour with her as soon as she came home from Sunday School. She said Maggie was her Bible Class. This afternoon Maggie was alone in her own room. She had cried her head into aching before the Sunday School bell had rung, and she had been crying at intervals all the afternoon. One thought had come to her many times this last year, and to-day it was not to be evaded. She could not drive it away as she had done before; she could not battle with it; she had no strength at all when she thought of it. She could only cry. A few prayers were mingled with her tears, or perhaps the tears were prayers in themselves; and these tears and this headache had all come from a few words her father had spoken that day. It was communion Sabbath, and Mag-

gie and her father had left the church while the communicants were taking their places. He had said, "Come," and Maggie had risen and followed him. Two of her school-mates had remained, to go for the first time to the Lord's table; and they were no older than herself. Maggie had watched them in school and elsewhere, and they seemed to be honest little Christians. Maggie followed her father down the stone steps, with the words they were singing sounding in her ears,—“Alas! and did my Savior bleed?”

“I like that hymn,” said Maggie.

“Yes,” her father said, absently.

“Lizzie and Mary Curtis have joined the Church.”

“Yes, I know it.”

“Lizzie is older than I am, but Mary isn't.”

“Well?”

“I don't think I am too young,” she said after much hesitation.

“Yes, you are,” he replied hastily.

“But, father,” Maggie began, with tears in her eyes, “can't I think and feel? Don't you think I can understand?”

He said nothing; but he looked grave and stern, and she had not courage to speak again.

It was a great disappointment. She did not know till this rebuff how much she had been thinking about it. Her father did not speak to her at the dinner table, but looked up quickly when Miss Rheid asked her if she was sick.

Maggie said, “O, no, ma'am,” with a sob in her throat. “I can't confess him before men. I can't! I can't!” she sobbed, when alone in her room. Then Miss Rheid's words came to her. She had been talking of confessing Christ in their last Sunday afternoon talk.

“My dear, you can show you are one of his children every day, by the words you speak and the little kindnesses you do. You can always speak a word on the right side. If you have not the Spirit of Christ, ye are none of his; and you can pray that you may have that Spirit, and try to exercise it, even if you are not a member of the Church.”

This thought consoled her for a few minutes, but the words her eyes fell on when she opened her bible brought the tears again—“Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven; but whosoever shall deny me before men—” Her head dropped on the open bible, and she did not read another word that afternoon.

“Maggie,” said her father, after supper, laying his hand on her head, “do you want to go to prayer meeting with me this evening?”

“Yes, indeed,” said Maggie, gladly.

The walk was in silence, and the walk homeward was silent. Maggie was thinking that she was a coward, her father was so kind,—how could she be afraid to speak to him of her wish again? And he was thinking that he never could forget what his little daughter had said to him that day.

The next day at recess, the larger girls in Maggie's class were gathered in a group at

one end of the paved play-ground. She stood outside the circle, listening.

“It's queer for girls to do such things,” said the tallest girl in the group.

“If they were sick and thought they were going to die, why we wouldn't be surprised.”

“Must think they are very good!” said Maggie's little friend Louisa.

“I wouldn't like to do it,” said another girl. “Would you, Maggie Brown?”

“Do what?” asked Maggie, drawing nearer.

“Join the Church. Mary and Lizzie did. Don't you think we ought to wait till we are women?”

“No,” said Maggie, coloring deeply.

“Would you do it?” asked two or three of the girls.

Maggie answered “Yes,” in a firm, clear voice.

“I thought she would,” said the tallest girl; “she wouldn't let me copy that hard sentence in grammar off her slate the other day.”

“And she always tells the truth about her marks,” said Louisa; “and everybody don't.”

“I guess you are a Church member. Are you?” asked the tall girl.

“No,” said Maggie.

“Do you want to be?” asked Louisa.

“Yes, very much,” said Maggie, quickly.

“I don't see why,” said the tall girl; “you'd have to be so good.”

Maggie repeated the verses she had read yesterday: “Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven; but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.”

“It don't mean us,” said the tall girl, looking troubled. “I never thought it meant me.”

“I think it means me,” said Maggie, looking troubled, too.

The school bell rang, and the group separated.

“I tried to be on the right side,” Maggie was saying to herself.

The week passed. In every little thing at home and at school, she was “trying to be on the right side.” She was quieter than usual, and even did not seem like herself when Nettie Raymond came to visit her. Louisa came on Sunday afternoon, and she walked part of the way home with her. “I ought to do her good if I can,” she was thinking, and so deeply that Louisa spoke twice before she replied.

“Maggie, what makes you look so sober?”

“Was I sober? I was only thinking.”

“About me?”

“Yes.”

“You looked at me. I thought you were.”

“You don't know what I was thinking.”

“No; tell me.”

“Perhaps you won't like it.”

“Were you thinking that I was cross this afternoon?”

“Not exactly; but I was thinking—I wish you would try not to be. I wish you would try to be good.”

“It's hard,” said Louisa.

“I know it.” Maggie went on, in a low

tone, speaking rapidly. "But you know God is so good to us. He loves us, and gives us everything which we enjoy, and don't you think we ought to please him, even if it is a little hard."

"It's more than a little hard for me. I suppose I ought to try. Sometimes I think I will, and I do try for a week or two. This is Cumberland Street. I suppose you won't go any further?"

"No," said Maggie, standing still. "I wish you would try, Louisa."

"Well, perhaps I will," said Louisa, not very earnestly. "I believe you try. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Maggie. She walked slowly, with her eyes on the pavement. She was wishing that she could speak to her father again about this wish which lay so near her heart. It was very hard to do. He would look grave, and she would hesitate and stammer and be ready to cry. She was going to decide to say nothing until he should speak to her about it. Then she thought she would write him a letter. That would be easy enough, and she could tell him her reasons so much better than by spoken words. But when alone in her room, with the sheet of paper before her it was not so easy to do. But she could think of no better way, so with some trembling and misgiving the note was written, and directed to "Father."

That night, when Mr. Brown went to his room, he found the little note pinned to the cushion on his bureau. More than a little astonished, he unfolded it. He read it through several times, then, with it in his hand, began to walk the room, as he always did when he was troubled. Maggie heard his footsteps above her head. And she heard them when she fell asleep; and awaking she heard them, but they had become slower and more even, and she fell asleep with tears in her eyes that were prayers. In these words the note was written:

"A few words to father from his daughter Maggie. I can tell you better in writing; I am so faint hearted when I begin to speak. You are the dearest father in the world to me, and I know you are willing for me to do just right. I want to please my Father in heaven, and I want to please you too. I think I am old enough to know my duty and to do it. I want to confess Christ before men. If I do he has promised to confess me before his Father in heaven. If I do not confess him I deny him. Father, I am glad for all the world to know I am your daughter, and I want all the world to know that I am glad to be God's child. He says, 'Do this in remembrance of me.' I want to remember him. I do try to confess him every day in my words and actions; but I am not satisfied. 'If you love me, keep my commandments.' I do love him. Will you hinder me from keeping his commandments? Father, I will do as you say, but please think what I ask you, before you deny me again."

A week passed—two, three weeks—two months, and her father had not alluded to her note, nor to the subject. Mr. Brown's man-

ner was grave and distant, and Maggie feared she had offended him.

"Never fear, child," Miss Rheid said. "I understand human nature better than you do. Just wait and pray; there's nothing to fret about."

So, waiting and praying, Maggie was no more sad.

"Maggie," her father said one Sabbath morning, "I am going to confess Christ before men on the next Sabbath. Do you wish to?"

"O Father, I am so glad!" said Maggie, with both arms around his neck, and almost crying for joy.

"God always does more for us than we ask or think," said Miss Rheid, when Maggie told her.

"And—just think—he says I helped him," said Maggie.

Miss Rheid smiled at her astonished tone. "He says" you are a little live book of sermons."

"I suppose everybody is or isn't," said Maggie, thoughtfully. "I shall have to take care that I stay such a good book. I'm going to try all my life, Miss Rheid, to live Bible verses."

Maggie and her father were very much drawn together by the new bond. Maggie said the older she grew the happier she was growing. Miss Rheid said she did not learn to grow happy till late in life, and she was glad to see any one begin in childhood.

And so "Maggie helped her father;" but not only so, for during the rest of her life she was a companion, a comfort, and an example to him.

Dear Hopes, are you all trying to "help your fathers," to aid your mothers, to benefit your sisters, your brothers, and your companions?

THE END.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 40.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.



THE PILLAR OF SALT.

IN connection with the hills is found the celebrated Pillar of Salt, associated with the strange story of Lot's wife. Josephus tells us that the pillar of salt into which she was changed existed in his day, and that he had seen it. Lynch's account of it is as follows: "Approaching the salt mountain, we saw, to our astonishment, on the eastern side of Usdom, a lofty, round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow chasm. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallization. A prop or buttress connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with a debris of light colored stone. Its peculiar shape is doubtless attributed to the action of the winds. The singular column is

undoubtedly the result of natural causes, and yet it is not strange that in the minds of the inhabitants of the land, it should become blended with the story of Lot's wife."

A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.

Let us approach the shore and come in close contact with it. I found it quite different from what I had expected. My imagination had not only wrapt the sea in gloom, but invested its shores with swampy morasses, and its waters with a dark, turbid aspect, and overspread them with slime and pitch. What was my surprise to find them a clear, transparent water, of a deep green hue, lying calm and tranquil in the sunlight, and bounded by a clean pebbly shore. What traveler, after so long and wearisome a journey would miss the opportunity of a bath in these strange waters. A few moments and I believe our whole party were floating about like so many corks. The density of this sea is greater than any other known body of water. I tried several experiments to test this peculiar property of the water. By keeping my feet under, with only a slight motion, enough to keep the body in an upright position, I could float with my head and shoulders to the armpits above water. Lying at length upon the water, I could not float, for the density was such that the feet would be thrown upward, so as to submerge the head, but when I turned upon my back, elevated my head, and drew up the knees, so as to balance the body on the water, I could lie with head, arms, and knees above the water, and float like a piece of wood, as long as I kept myself in that position. The experiment had been tried of swimming a horse in the water, when it was found that the buoyancy of the water was such as to render it impossible for the animal to keep his feet under him. In his terror he could only flounder about on his side. In bathing, it is best to avoid getting the water into the mouth and hair, for one drop of it is quite sufficient. No special irritation arises to the body from a bath in its water, but wherever it touches the clothes, a white spot is produced, from the salt left in the evaporation.

We spread our cloth upon the seashore, arranged our lunch, and, amid the solitude and gloom of the place, took our frugal meal of cold chicken and brown bread; and here our company separated, a part to visit the convent of Mar Saba, and from thence to return to Jerusalem by way of Bethlehem, and a part to return direct to the city. For ourselves, having had quite an experience of convent life in Bethlehem, we took the direct passage home.

We had spent nearly a month in and around Jerusalem, and the time was now approaching when we must leave its interesting scenes. We with six clergymen, three from Scotland and three from England, making a party of nine, were to make a tour of Northern Palestine together. The first thing to do was to secure a dragoman or guide. Several offered their services, but we thought their terms too high. Finally we selected our man, an active, intelligent Jew, a native of the city, who had been for a number of years engaged in the business.

LAST MORNING IN JERUSALEM.

April 15. In the distribution of *backsheesh* at the convent, we did not forget Joseph the butler and cook, nor the old door keeper, who had ever been ready to serve us. In return, as a parting memento, he gave each of us a rosary, made from the stones of the olives that grew on the old olive trees in the garden of Gethsemane, gathered and strung, I understood, by his own hand. By previous arrangement we were to leave the city at ten o'clock. After some vexatious delays, we made our escape from the ragged, loafing crowd of Arabs and beggars that usually assemble on such occasions, eager to hold your horse, or lift your traveling bag, or adjust your stirrups, in order to open the way for an earnest solicitation for a *backsheesh*. We left the "Traveler's Rest," wheeled into the street of Mt. Zion, and went chattering along the rude pavement, and emerging from the Damascus gate, took the northern thoroughfare toward Samaria. Again we were on the ground where Titus commenced the siege that ended in such terrible scenes of carnage and the destruction of the city. We rode to the highest eminence, wheeled our horses about, and for a long time gazed in silence, each absorbed in contemplation.

ADIEU TO JERUSALEM.

Was there ever a spot more elevating than this, or more suggestive and fraught with scenes of holier and more stirring interest than the one on which we now stood? From the dark mountains of Moab that blended with the distant horizon; from the mysterious depths of that solitary sea, over which they cast their shadows; from the long winding vale of the Jordan; from the distant hills and valleys of Bethlehem, there seemed to come strange voices whispering of angels' visits; while, mingling with the dim mysteries of the past, were the visions of wonderful scenes presenting in striking contrast the dark clouds of wrath and the radiant light of mercy, and in the strange and magnificent frame-work, every foot of which was teeming with history, every valley and hill top of which had its lesson, there lay the wonderful city, the city with its history of 4,000 years, the city from which has gone out the influence that is ruling the world. Every dome, minaret, and spire, seemed to talk to us, and the mountain heights kindled with a fresh inspiration.

Jerusalem! wonderful city! Thou art embalmed in the memory of every Christian; thou hast a home in the affections of every one who is an Israelite indeed; thy high places have been radiant with the presence of the Deity; through thy streets prophets and apostles have walked. Gethsemane and Olivet! Thy paths have been hallowed by the footsteps of the incarnate Son of God. His tears moistened thy soil, and the wail of his anguish mingled with the murmur of thy waters, O, Kidron. Moriah! Thy temple opened its gates to the everliving Shekinah. And thou, O, Calvary, didst drink His blood. How can I leave the city of God. If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let

my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

But we could not tarry, and slowly and reluctantly we turned away. We descended towards the valley, and the long ridge of Scopus lay between us and the city. Farewell! we said again, the bright visions of thy hallowed places will long shed their blessed influence on the soul.

USE OF WORDS.

THIS world is a great schoolhouse, in which through life we all teach and we all learn. Here we must study to find out what is good, and what is bad, and what is true, and what is false, and thus get ready to act in some other sphere. What we are at the end of this life we shall be when the next begins. We must spare no pains, then, when we teach others or ourselves. We teach ourselves by what we hear and read and think; others by our words. We must take care that we think and speak in a way so clear that we do not cheat ourselves or mislead others by vain or misty ideas. We must put our thoughts into words, and we must get in a way of using these in thought with the same care we use when we speak or write to others. Words give a body or form to our ideas, without which they are apt to be so foggy that we do not see where they are weak or false. When we put them into a body of words we will, as a rule, learn how much of truth there is in them, for in that form we can turn them over in our minds. We must not only think in words, but we must also try to use the best words, and those which in speech will put what is in our minds into the minds of others. This is the great art which those must gain who wish to teach in the school, the church, at the bar, or through the press. To do this in the right way they should use the short words which we learn in early life, and which have the same sense to all classes of men. They are the best for the teacher, the orator and the poet.

Editorial Chat.

In the HOPE for August 15th, was published for solution a problem which when correctly interpreted would give the number of boys in Henry's class. Bro. John Sayer of Iowa sends us the statement in figures and texts from which we write out the following as being the correct solution:

The number of Jacob's sons was twelve (Gen. 35:22). The Israelites compassed Jericho thirteen times (Joshua 6:14, 15). Multiplying 12 by 13 we have 156. Boaz gave Ruth six measures of barley (Ruth 3:15). Add 6 to 156 and we have 162. Haman had ten sons (Esther 9:13). Dividing 162 by 10 results in 16 whole numbers. There were fourteen clean beasts of each kind in the ark. (Gen. 7:2). Subtract 14 from 16 and 2 are left. Fifty men went to seek Elijah (2 King 2:17). Multiplying 50 by 2 and we have 100. Joseph age was thirty years when he stood before Pharaoh (Gen. 41:46). Subtract 30 from 100 and 70 are left. David took 5 stones when he went to meet Goliath (1 Sam. 17:40). Add 5 to 70 and 75 results. Bethany was 15 furlongs from Jerusalem (John 11:18). After subtracting 15 from 75 there are 60 left. Four anchors were cast out from the ship on which Paul was wrecked (Acts 27:29). Dividing 60 by 4 there are 15 remaining. The heirs by faith saved in the ark numbered eight (Gen. 7:13). Subtracting 8 from

15 and we have 7 as the number of boys in Henry's class.

Will each of the Hopes please look at the numbers as given in the above texts, and see for themselves.

Letters from the Hopes.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa,
October 3rd, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I again attempt to write to our paper. I have had the ague since I came from Conference, but by God's power I am well again. I had a splendid time at Conference, and made the acquaintance of some of the big Hopes and little ones too.

Dear Hopes, in one of my other letters I asked you to pray for my companion, that he might obey this glorious work. I thank God he has done so. He was baptized June 5th. I know of others whose husbands are not in the faith, but opposers, and my heart aches for them. I pray that they may see the right path before it is too late. I ask an interest in all your prayers that I may ever be faithful.

Your sister,

SADIE HOFFMAN.

LEVERING, Knox Co., Ohio,
September 5th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am not a member of the Church, but I take the *Hope* and I like to read the letters in it. I thought I would like to write one to you. I am ten years old. The Fall term of school will begin soon. I read in the fourth reader, study arithmetic, writing and spelling, and expect to commence geography this term. Pray for me that I may be a good boy.

Yours in the love of Christ,

WILLIS W. KEARNEY.

LOWER LAKE, Lake Co., California,
August, 29th, 1880.

Bro. Stebbins and Dear Hopes: I wrote you a short sketch of my journey from California to Nevada, some time ago and promised more anon. I will now fulfill my promise. I came home to California the 1st of August. At the present my father (John Cobb) is quite sick. When he took sick we were thinking of sending for the Elders, but in the afternoon, after we were talking of it, Brn. Potter and Carmichael came. They administered to him three times, and he is better.

Dear Hopes, we do not know how to be thankful enough for the gifts and blessings that we receive at the bountiful hands of our Savior. He is patient and forgives our many sins time and again. There will be preaching tomorrow (Sunday) at 11 o'clock at Spruce Grove District, and at 3 at Excelsior District. I hope it may be the means of bringing many to the light, and that it may show us all wherein we stand, and point out to us a narrow way. Let us be up and doing while it is yet to-day, and leave nothing undone that will be the means of spreading the gospel. You may be on the lookout for another sketch of my travels ere long. I ask an interest in all your prayers. May we all meet in Zion.

Your sister in Christ,

HETTIE E. HESS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of the Crescent City Sunday School, for the quarter ending September 26th, 1880: Total attendance 461, average attendance 46.1; cash on hand at the beginning of the quarter \$3 23, collected during quarter \$3.24, total \$6.47; paid out \$3.93; balance on hand \$2.54.

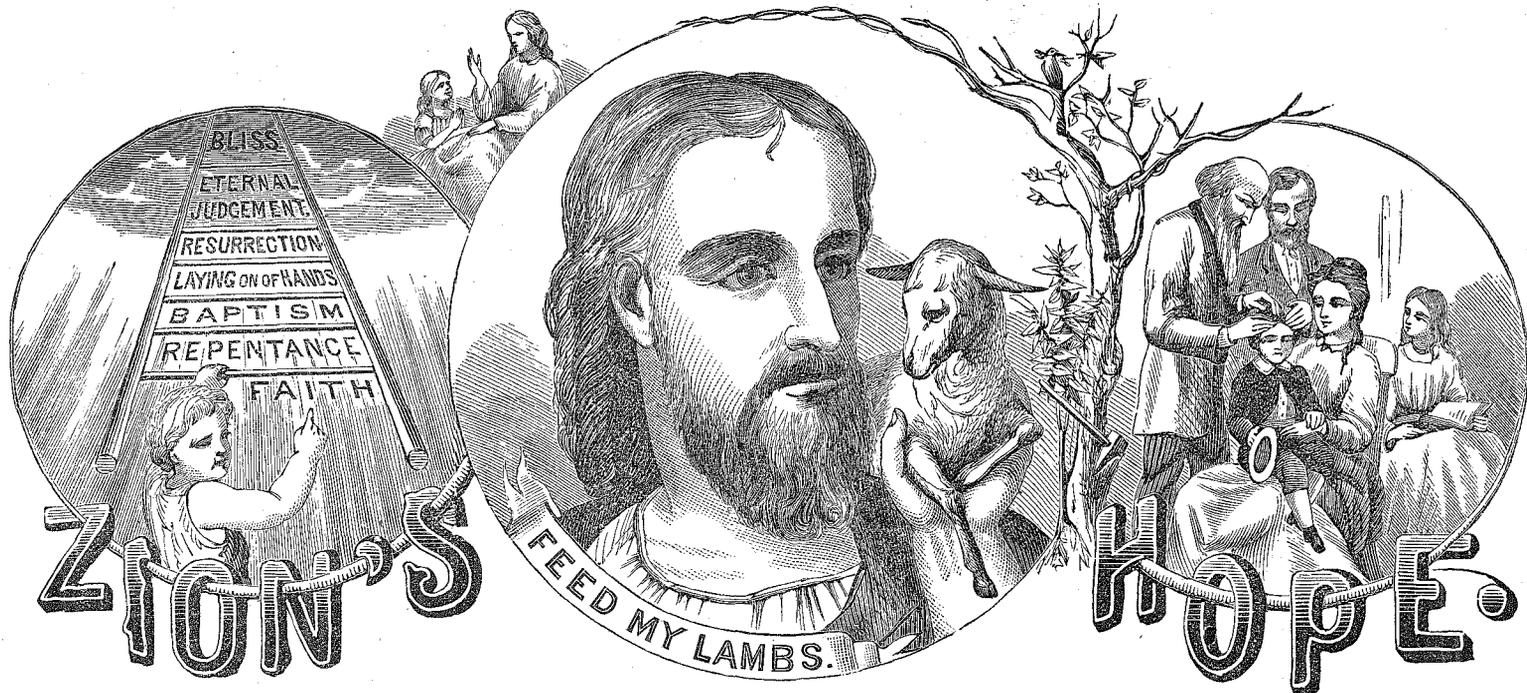
Officers for the ensuing quarter are as follows: H. N. Hansen, superintendent; S. V. Pratt, assistant superintendent; Jennie Adams, treasurer; John Adams, librarian; Charles Lapworth, janitor; John Kirkwood, secretary.

15 October 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

ZION'S HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage. All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, NOVEMBER 1, 1880.

No. 9.

PERSEVERANCE.

HAVE you anything to do,
Do it, do it;
Should you not you will, you know,
Rue it, rue it;
Is there aught within your way,
Be it work or be it play,
Never halt or knit your brow,
Do it, do it now.

If your task is hard to do,
Try it, try it;
Patience kind will help you through,
Try it, try it;
Let not play your hours beguile,
Working, too may bring a smile,
Steady, steady to your work,
Do not be a shirk.

Keep your purpose with a will,
Keep it, keep it;
If it bring you good or ill,
Reap it, reap it;
With a purpose good and true,
Doing all that you can do,
Nothing may your joys divide,
Good will e'er betide.

THE STRANGER'S STORY.

BY MYRTLE GREY.

"**C**OME, boys, and take a drink," and the speaker, a slight graceful boy of nineteen or thereabout, walked up to the bar and called for drinks for six. The barkeeper smilingly placed the six glasses in a row, and four boys sauntered in. "Come, old fellow, I meant you too."

This was addressed to a middle aged man, a stranger, who sat outside the door, evidently waiting for some one. Being thus invited, he arose, and walked quietly into the bar-room, eyed the six glasses, then going to the further side of the room, drew out a long bench, and leading each boy, one by one, seated them on it. He then drew up a chair facing them, and seating himself, he first looked at the six glasses, then at the boys. The bar-keeper frowned ominously, while the boys were secretly delighted at the novelty of the thing, and wondered what was coming next.

"Boys, you asked me to take a drink with you, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, listen: Some years ago, when there was so much excitement about the gold

mines, my father and a neighbor of ours caught the contagion and decided to go and try their luck. After some time a letter came desiring the two families to come on at once, telling us which route to take, where they would meet us, and so on. Our family numbered four, my mother, and three children, including myself. Our neighbor's family was somewhat larger. We started in fine spirits, and all went well till we reached a place called the Half-way House. As usual the driver stopped to change horses, and take the customary drink. He was gone longer than there was need of, and the women folks began to feel uneasy. My mother volunteered to get out and see what the matter was, and I followed her. The reason for the delay was the bar-keeper was getting our driver drunk! I could not then realize the peril of the situation, but mother, almost reeling to the bar-keeper, begged him to let the man go. He rudely shook her off, and bade her "mind her own business!" It was some time before we started on our journey over the plains, but we had traveled some distance when I heard them say, "He will soon be sobered." At this instant he gave a shout like a madman, turned the horses in a different direction, and urged them on at the top of their speed. Soon we heard a yell that curdled the blood in our veins.

"Indians!" gasped my mother.

"Yes, that precious load of human freight, in the hands of a drunken madman, was rushing into the camp of the most hostile tribe of Indians on the plains! And for what cause?" asked the speaker, and then he cast his eyes on the row of glasses.

The bar-keeper becoming interested, came forward and stood by the stranger's chair.

"The yells," continued the speaker, "became louder and more frantic, and Margaret, our neighbor's oldest daughter, seized the driver and tried to wrench the reins from his grasp, when the horror of the situation began to dawn on his muddled mind. He turned the horses heads and the Indians gave chase.

They were surely gaining on us! And that brave girl arose, and drawing a knife from the folds of her dress, and above the awful din we distinctly heard her voice,

"Rather than fall into the hands of those demons I will kill us all, and our blood be upon your head!"

"No," shouted the man, "upon the head of him who sold me the liquor. He knew what I was when drunk, curse—"

"But he never finished the sentence; an arrow struck him and he fell from his seat, dead! Quick as thought Margaret seized the reins. Before us, like a cloud, we could see a moving mass. A moment more and we could make out a party of horsemen. Were they white men or Indians? The women were praying and wringing their hands, while Margaret was urging on the horses to greater speed. The arrows were falling thick and fast around us. The horsemen seemed to perceive our situation, for they swept down the plain like a thunder cloud. Nearer they came and we could see they were not Indians. Oh for one moment more and we would be safe! But one of our horses stumbled and fell, drawing the other with it, and horses, wagon and all went down in a heap together. With a yell the Indians rushed towards us. I saw one standing over my mother's head with raised hatchet, heard a report, saw the Indian reel, then all was a blank.

The next I remember was of being on the move again. There had been a struggle. The Indians were driven back, our horses were killed, but two of the men had given theirs, and we, safely guarded, arrived at the point where our father met us. Our lives had been spared, but my mother's hair had in that short time, turned white as snow, and every time I see a glass of liquor it brings that awful scene fresh to my memory, as though it were but yesterday. But for that brave girl, Margaret Denton—"

"Who was it—what name did you speak?"

asked the bar-keeper, grasping the man by the shoulder.

"Margaret Denton."

"From—"

"From York State, near Buffalo."

"Great heavens, my sister!" and he reeled into a chair. "And I have been dealing out the poison to others that would have cost them their lives!"

"Never mind, now; I suppose you are the runaway, Tom Denton, that I've heard so much about."

"Are they all alive yet? Do they ever speak of me?" he asked eagerly.

"Safe and well; girls all married, but we all live near together, near San Francisco. Boys, shall we take that drink?"

"No!" came in a chorus from them all.

"No!" said Tom Denton, and he swept the glasses with a crash to the floor. "Let's take a final spree boys, I'm off for 'Frisco to-morrow."

The boys stood staring.

"I mean it," and Tom, seizing the bottles which lined the shelves, began tossing them into the street. The boys understood and fell into line with a hearty good will. Then came the kegs and barrels, and the astonished crowd in the street began to look for a place of safety.

After all had been destroyed, Tom Denton looked up a poor widow, whose late husband had spent all his earnings at his place, and giving her a deed to the property, took the next train with the stranger and rolled out of the station, followed by lusty cheers.

FASHION AND SHOW IN RELIGION.

WOULD not be guilty of accusing or charging any with a want of sincerity, though I have thought that many of the popular institutions of the day are patronized more for their external appearance or show, than to obtain lasting good, of which I was forcibly reminded some time since in visiting Mrs. — at —, to extend an invitation to attend a preaching meeting. I was received by her daughter, who informed me that her ma was not at home, but she would apprise her of my visit, &c., but she thought that she would not come, or she at least hoped she would not, as it would prevent her attending Sabbath School. Being satisfied that the young lady would not think me assuming too great a liberty, I ventured to ask her what special benefit she derived from so frequent attendance or going to the Sabbath School. To this, after a slight hesitation, with signs of embarrassment, she replied, "Well, sir, I don't know that I have received any special benefit." I said, "What then is the inducement?" She cheerfully replied, "Well, it's a very costly church to which I go. The music and singing are excellent; the other exercises are brief, and sometimes exciting; the attendance is generally large and very respectable, affording an excellent opportunity of forming acquaintance, &c." "I suppose," I ventured to say, "that you think that we Latter Day Saints are rather

too primitive, and unattractive." "Well, yes. You know, sir, that we young folks like enjoyment; and then enjoyment is more relishable with a corresponding display, gaiety, &c."

From the above and many other evidences obtained by a close observance of the present condition of society, it is plain to be seen that a light, trifling spirit rules the age, together with a greater love for pleasure than for God and godliness. But with few exceptions, these evils permeate all societies. While I know of no portion of God's word that imposes seclusion from the world, yet I see many injunctions to refrain from its evils. Hence, to be in the world and not partake of its evil is the trial of our faith.

JAMES CAFFALL.

THE VALUE OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

ID rather have this little book,
Than all the golden gems,
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.

Yea, were the moon one silver lamp,
This earth one golden ball;
And diamonds all the stars of light,
This book were worth them all.

This book was hid from men of lore,
They could not it translate;
But God gave to his servants power,
To bring it forth to light.

It teaches us of sacred things
That ne'er had seen the light;
How Ephraim's children long had passed,
A dark and dreary night.

It tells us how the Savior came,
To their forefather's here;
And taught them how to worship him,
To mingle love with fear.

It teaches us that earthly things,
Are fleeting and are vain;
That we must lead a holy life,
God's kingdom to attain.

It teaches that there's no relief,
In glittering hoards of wealth;
Gems dazzle not the eye of woe,
Gold can not purchase health.

But here a blessed balm appears,
To ease our deepest woe;
And they who seek this book with tears,
Their tears shall cease to flow.

Here, He who died on Calvary,
Hath made that promise blest;
"Ye heavy laden, come to me,
And I will give you rest."

O, yes, this little book is worth,
All else to Ephraim given;
For what are all the joys of earth,
Compared to joys of heaven.

It tells us of a heavenly land,
From sin and sorrow free;
Where Jesus Christ shall reign as king,
To all eternity.

It tells us of a thousand years'
Millennial reign on earth,
Where all shall with the Savior dwell,
Who will obey the truth.

This is the guide to Ephraim given,
That leads to realms of day;
A star whose luster lights their path,
Their joy, their life, their way.

The above verses on the Book of Mormon were composed A.D., 1844, or thirty-six years ago, by our beloved mother in Israel, who two years ago last March passed to her reward; Sr. Heroine Randall. All, or nearly all the dear Hopes of the Rising Star Sunday School, will remember her, with many of the Saints, only to respect and love her for her many virtues, her faith in God, and the Christ-like example that she set before all. The above lines are selected for the *Hope* by a lover of that precious book; the Book of Mormon.

The gentlemen at a dinner table were discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," when a little son of the host spoke up and said: "It's not true. My mother's better than any man that was ever made."

The path of duty is the path of safety.

CARATS OF GOLD.

As pure gold is so very soft—too soft, indeed, for any practical purpose—it is alloyed with copper or silver, the first alloy producing a reddish color, and the second a pale yellow gold. Our gold coin, like that of France, Belgium and Holland, contains one-tenth of both copper and silver, mostly copper. For jewelry, the alloy differs with the quantity, and is estimated by what are called carats. A carat is the 24th part of any given quantity. Thus, when gold is called 24 carats, it means that it is all gold; when 20 carats, that of every 24 parts, 20 are gold. 18 carats is the most common alloy used by jewelers, and keeps as well as pure gold. 12 carats is only half gold, and is a low alloy, which is apt to tarnish more easily, and lose its luster, requiring more frequent cleaning.

THE BOYS' CONVENTION.

BY PERLA WILD.



JACK WISE and Lew Hardy were standing together, talking in a low tone, one night after school. Presently Jack called out, "Paul Sterling, come here."

But Paul Sterling was very much engaged, talking Woman's Rights with pretty little Olive Smith, a number of others standing by listening. Paul was a very smart, intelligent boy of fourteen, small in size, with an eye of dreamy, thoughtful blue, and a brain seemingly older than himself.

"Come here this minute, Paul Sterling," called Lew Hardy. "We want to tell you something."

As Jack Wise and Lew Hardy were boys of only eight and ten, Paul was in no haste to go. But they persisted in calling him, so he turned to go, pausing however to say to Olive, as a final decision of their subject, "Woman's rights keep her in the house doing her work, caring for the children and attending to the wants of her family, and nowhere else has she any right at all."

Olive's black eyes danced merrily as she replied, "Indeed! Is that even so? How is it then that your mother and sister Flo make the garden, milk the cows, and—"

He interrupted her impatiently as he hurried away. "I haven't time to talk any more now, and its no use, any way; women and girls are so headstrong and unreasonable that nothing will convince them.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Lib Perry, who stood by and had heard the whole conversation. "He can't answer your arguments, Olive, so of course he wants to quit talking."

"What's wanted, boys," said Paul, coming up to the other two boys.

"Why," replied Jack, "there isn't anything going on at all, and school is out to-morrow, and it'll be awful dull. And Lew and me have been thinking we'd ought to get up something new. He says lets coax the folks at home to let us youngsters have a picnic all ourselves. But I don't believe we could, without a lot of the big young folks coming

too. And so I thought we could have an invention, may be if you'd help us to manage it."

"A what?" cried Paul Sterling, in surprise.

"A convention, he means," chimed in Lew Hardy. "The way we thought we could do was to have you to get your folks to let you have a garden party, and ask us all some afternoon and we could have it all talked up, and go down in the grove back of the house and hold our convention, just like big folks do. Just for fun, you know. We thought of you, 'cause you had the nicest grove of any of us, and you was biggest and know the most, and we were going to have you for our—"

Jack knocked Lew on the arm. "Hush Lew, and let Paul have a chance to say what he thinks, before you fix everything up so nicely." Truth was, the two boys had made it up between themselves that Paul should be the president of their convention, and Lew had well nigh told it. Jack had cautioned him not to, but he had come so near that Paul knew it as well as if they had, and his boyish vanity was pleased. So he readily agreed to their plan, and promised to get his parents permission if possible, and then let them know to-morrow. He was almost sure to get his wishes granted, he said, for luckily next week was his birthday, and his mother had promised him some kind of a "doings" then. Next day at noon, after the teacher had gone for his dinner, Paul mounted the wood pile, and with all the importance due to such tidings he called out:

"Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, you are one and all invited to the residence of Captain Sterling, to attend a garden party in celebration of the fourteenth birthday of the Captain's only son, on next Thursday afternoon. You are solicited to be in attendance as early as possible, and Miss Flo Sterling requests the girls to bring their dolls for sure."

There was silence for a full minute in the heretofore noisy school-ground, for no one save Jack Wise and Lew Hardy knew what was coming, and they were taken by surprise.

"He studied that speech and learned it by heart, I know," said Lib Perry to Olive Smith, as Paul began to descend from his elevated station.

"One word more," he added, with a sweeping bow and flourish, pausing on the very edge of the pile. But, alas for human greatness, that one word was never spoken; for, just as he raised his head from the sweeping bow he considered so graceful and stunning, down tumbled the wood just beneath his feet, and down tumbled the graceful young hero, but in a most ungraceful manner, however. His heels flew up, and his head went down and struck on a knotty stick of wood lying on the ground. There was a laugh and a shout, of course, but still they gathered round to see if he was hurt and offer help, till they were so thick he couldn't move.

"Get out of the way and I'll get up and see how bad I'm hurt," he cried, rising and rubbing the great bump on the back of his head.

"That's the organ of oratory suddenly grown out," exclaimed Lib Perry.

"The bump of big-headedness, rather," added Olive Smith in a low voice. But Paul Sterling heard it and laid that up against her, with many other little sharp sayings, for she was a real little critic, though tender hearted and kind, which the sensitive Paul failed to see. There was a kind of opposition between them, yet each respected the other inly, and above most of the others.

Concluded in our next.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.--No. 41.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

NORTH FROM JERUSALEM.



WE are now passing over a diversified country of lofty hills and widespread vales, which present a barren and desolate aspect. After about an hour's ride from Jerusalem, attention is directed to an eminence covered with loose stones, the top marked by the ruins of what appears to be a very ancient town. This is supposed to be the site of Nob, an ancient city of the Israelitish priests. If so it has been the scene of one of the bloodiest and most inhuman butcheries that characterized the reign of a mad and God-forsaken king. The summit of yonder hill was once crowned with ancient Gibeah, the birth place and home of Saul. From there Jonathan descended after having ascertained the designs of his father towards David. Among the rocks of this valley, along which we have been riding, David, by previous concert with Jonathan, had concealed himself, and Jonathan gave him the sign by which he knew that his life was sought. Here they met, wept, embraced, and parted. Jonathan returned to yonder Gibeah, and David came here to Nob. It was here that the priests entertained him and fed him with the consecrated bread. All this Saul learned, and his demon anger was aroused against them. (1 Samuel 22:9-23.) In this horrid massacre the whole city was overthrown, and men, women, and children, and sucklings, oxen, asses and sheep, were slain with the sword.

About three o'clock we stopped and took lunch at Beeroth, one of the four cities of the crafty Gibeonites. It now contains about eight hundred Moslem inhabitants and a few Christian families. Soon we were ascending a long, low ridge, covered with great piles of stone, and were standing upon the old site of Bethel. About four acres of ground are covered with these ruins. Foundations, fragments of walls, and heaps of loose stones, lie in promiscuous heaps around you. On the highest point are the ruins of an old tower. It is about twelve miles north of Jerusalem, and is undoubtedly the Bethel of Scripture.

Our view of desolate Bethel ended, and we have now a four hours ride to make to reach our intended encampment, whither our mules and luggage have gone.

We now passed through a more highly cultivated country than any we had yet seen, and it was evident that European capital and

enterprise were here at work. The terraces were restored, waving grain adorned the valleys, olive and fig trees were planted upon the hill sides, and the vine adorned their summits. At eight o'clock we reached our camp. The cook soon had his smoking viands upon the table, and we lay down to rest, to spend our first night of tent life in our tour of northern Palestine.

A VISIT TO SHILOH.

We find on rising this morning, that our camp is on a high hill, overlooking the most beautiful valley we have yet seen, and near us is quite a large Arab village. Old Shiloh, Jacob's well, Shechem, Ebal and Gerizim, are in our programme for to-day, and we must away.

We found Shiloh an utter desolation, with nothing to indicate that it had once been the centre of worship, and the great rallying place of the tribes of Israel. A valley about a quarter of a mile broad, with sloping sides, forms the main feature, a round-topped hillock standing in its centre. On this central mound once stood, no doubt, the sanctuary of God. As soon as the conquest of the land was so far completed as to allow it to be done in safety, the tabernacle of God, with the sacred ark, and all its holy furniture, was removed from Gilgal to this place; and here it stood during all the time of the Judges, to the days of Eli.

Upon this site there is nothing now standing but the ruins of an old stone building, probably first erected for a Christian church, and subsequently converted into a mosque. All is now in ruins, and the tall, rank grass is waving among the stones. The ground has been plowed up to the foundation walls, and a crop of barley was rapidly approaching the harvest.

Whilst we were examining the ruins several of the native Arabs made their appearance. One of them had an old broad-sword dangling at his girdle, and a long gun in his hand. Apparently they were very hostile towards us, and in a great rage they ordered us from the grounds. One of our company of a beligerant turn of mind, drew his revolver and gave this infuriated son of Ishmael to understand that he was willing to meet him on his own terms. This only seemed to increase his rage, and he raved like a madman, and very soon a dozen evil looking, swarthy faced fellows suddenly appeared on the ground. However the difficulty was soon amicably arranged, for we knew of a charm that would exercise the demoniacs quicker and more effectually than brimstone and blue pills. A few pence from each one of us blinded their infuriated passions, and set our differences at rest.

Leaving Shiloh, we soon reached the main road. A troop of the impudent Arabs followed us nearly a mile, sometimes holding on to our bridle reins, clamoring for backsheesh. A one-eyed, ruffianly looking fellow had my horse by the head full fifteen minutes, until tired of his importunities I gave him a piaster when the insolent vagabond left me.

We had been riding along the steep declivities and rocky passes of Benjamin. We are now emerging into the fertile vales of Ephraim. Before us is stretching out for miles a beautiful valley, teeming with crops. To the left of us peered up the round top of Gerizim, and just beyond it the more sullen looking brow of Ebal, while far in the distance old Hermon lifted his hoary peaks into the clouds.

From this interesting height we rapidly descended and wound around the base of Gerizim, having the beautiful valley of Connfields upon our right, passed Jacob's well, and about four o'clock pitched our tents under some old olive trees by the walls of Shechim.

HOW THE ELEPHANTS TURNED BACK.

A LONG time ago, two hundred and seventeen years before Christ, there was a king of Egypt, Ptolemy the IV, who was returning, proud and victorious from a war with his enemies. On his way home, he passed through Jerusalem; and there feeling that such a mighty conqueror had a right to go where he pleased, he endeavored to enter the most sacred precinct of the Jewish temple, the "Holy of Holies." No one among his own people could prevail upon him to give up his rash plan; but in answer to a prayer by the High Priest of the temple, who stood undismayed before him, this great king fell to the ground senseless.

He did not try again to penetrate into this sacred place, but he became very much enraged against the Jewish people; and when he returned to Alexandria he ordered all the Jews in that city to give up their religion and to practice the rites of Egypt. Only a few Jews consented to this; nearly all of them boldly refused. Then the angry king commanded that all the Jews in the country around about, as well as those in the city, should be arrested and confined in the Hippodrome, or great circus, just outside of the city. When, after a good many failures, this had been done, Ptolemy prepared to carry out his great and novel plan of vengeance. This was to have these poor people trampled to death by elephants. Such a scene in the circus would make a grand show for the heathen king and his heathen people.

But it was not to be expected that the elephants, who are good natured creatures, would be willing to trample upon human beings unless they were in some way excited or enraged. Therefore, a great many of them were drugged and intoxicated, and when they had thus been made wild and reckless, they were let loose in the circus of the Hippodrome, where the trembling Jews were gathered in groups, awaiting their fate. In rushed and stumbled the great monsters, and the Egyptian king and vast crowds of Egyptian people sat there to see what would happen to the Jews.

But, suddenly, up arose Eleasure, an aged priest of the Jews, and lifting his hands towards heaven, he prayed for deliverance. Then all at once the elephants stopped.

They snorted and threw their trunks into the air; they ran backwards and sideways in wild confusion, and then they turned, and with savage cries and tossing trunks, they plunged over the low parapet around the arena, and ran trampling among the people who had come to see the show. The scene was a terrible one, and the punishment of the Egyptians was very great. The king sat high above all, and out of danger, but he was struck with fear, and determined no longer to endeavor to punish a people who were so miraculously defended.

When at last the elephants were driven back, and the awful performance came to an end; the king let the Jews go free, and the day of their wonderful deliverance was made an annual festival among them.

Selected by Sister Rose.

Letters from the Hopes.

EDGERTON, Missouri,
October 3d, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I would be very glad to see some of you, and have a chat with you this beautiful Sabbath evening; but as I am deprived of that pleasure, I will try and talk to you awhile through our paper. In the first place, I think that we have the best paper for children that I ever saw, and we ought to do all in our power to have it more widely circulated. I love to study the heading of our paper, as I love to study the countenance of some dear friend. There are lessons for all, both old and young, in this picture.

The first thing that is brought to my mind when I open the paper is our Savior's love. And we can impress the fact of this love upon the minds of very small children, by showing this part of the picture to them, and telling them that they are his lambs, and that he watches over them, and cares for them. "Feed my lambs." Here is a lesson for parents and Sunday-school teachers, for it implies that that we should not only be old enough to wait on the lambs, but should have food to give them.

One beautiful lesson taught in this picture is the mother teaching her little child to pray. And this is an important lesson too; for the Savior loves little children, and he wants them to love him too. And if they love him, they will love to talk to him. I am afraid that many mother's do not heed this lesson, but I hope that they may see the importance of teaching the little ones to pray. As we teach them to thank any earthly friend for favors, so ought we to teach them to thank their heavenly Father for all they receive from him; and as we teach them to ask forgiveness of their playmates, when they do them a wrong, so we can teach them to ask God to forgive them when they do any wrong.

I can not notice all the lessons that are taught in this picture, but I must say a few words about the young Saints studying the word of God. Some young people seem to think that the Bible is only suited for old or sick people to read. They mistake, for while it is true that these receive consolation from its pages, it is equally true that there is much to encourage the young in the christian race. The young professors who neglect to read and study the word of God, not only deprive themselves of a pleasure, but of a safeguard. For, if we study the teachings of our Savior, and become familiar with all the characteristics of a true follower of Christ, we will not be easily led into the follies and vanities of the world; we can distinguish at once what is in accordance with our profession, and so be able to shun that which is not. I would urge the young Saints to read the scriptures often, to make them your study, that you may always be able to give a reason for the hope that is in you.

There is one lesson in this picture, which always makes me feel sad. "The axe is laid at the root of the tree, and every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

Will I be like the tree in the picture? Will you, dear reader? I hope not. We see the tree has life in it, but

has no fruit on it; so it is with some who have taken upon them the name of Christ, they have a little life in them, enough to keep them from denying the faith, but they bear no fruit.

M. J. MARCHANT.

KEOKUK, October 4th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I have often thought it almost too bad that you have never heard anything from us Saints in Keokuk through the *Hope*. To-day I am going to try and tell you just a little about our Sabbath School, and the progress of the work here.

Our school has been organized about three years, Bro. Spicer as superintendent, Bro. Jacobs as assistant superintendent, Sr. Emma Clark, treasurer, and Sr. Cassie Winner secretary. We can't say that our school has made very great progress. Still we hope it has done some good which may be more plainly manifested in the future. We have been using the *Hope* in our school. Our subscription expired, and not having sufficient money in the treasury to renew, we decided to have an ice cream social to aid us financially. Bro. Spicer kindly offered us his store room, and we had a real pleasant time. Had an abundance of ice cream, and some left, which we were obliged to eat to keep from melting. It proved quite a success, which may be allied to the horse shoe which we had made of flowers suspended from the chandelier. It is said to be an omen of good luck, you know.

Our school is in a little better condition at present, and we feel encouraged to press on, and do what we can for the Master's cause. We have a nice church here of our own, and we do feel rather proud of it; we keep it nice and clean, too. You know cleanliness is next to godliness.

We have two meetings every Sabbath, and prayer meeting on Wednesday night. Few attend sometimes, but God has promised to be with two or three when they meet in his name, and He has verified this promise unto us for which we feel thankful. Four young people of good report were baptized at our last conference. Thus we see that God is gathering souls into his kingdom, here as well as elsewhere, my prayer is that we may all be faithful, for God has promised much to those who endure to the end. I realize that there is much in the world to entice the young from their duty, but with a hope that we may all endure and gain that celestial reward, I remain your sister in Christ,

HATTIE J. WILSON.

BLOOMING PRAIRIE, October 5th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I thought I would write you how we are getting along. The Lord has blessed us with health and good crops. My pa and ma and grandma are in the Church. It is nine months since Elder Brown was here first. We are ten in all. I want to be baptized as soon as I am old enough. I am seven years old to-day. Pray for me that I may be a good boy to do the Lord's will until he comes.

JOSEPH CARLSON.

HENDERSON, Mills Co., Iowa,

October 6th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes: How many of the little Hopes attended Fall Conference? I did, and I thought, it was splendid. It was nice weather for it, considering the length of time it lasted. We were there all the time. We have a Sunday School now, and we use the organ. Bro. James Stubbard preached here last Sunday. Ma and pa are going to Illinois in two or three weeks. Some nights it has been very cold and it has frosted heavily, but the leaves have not fallen yet. I hope you will enjoy the coming winter.

BLANCHE HOUGAS.

1 November 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

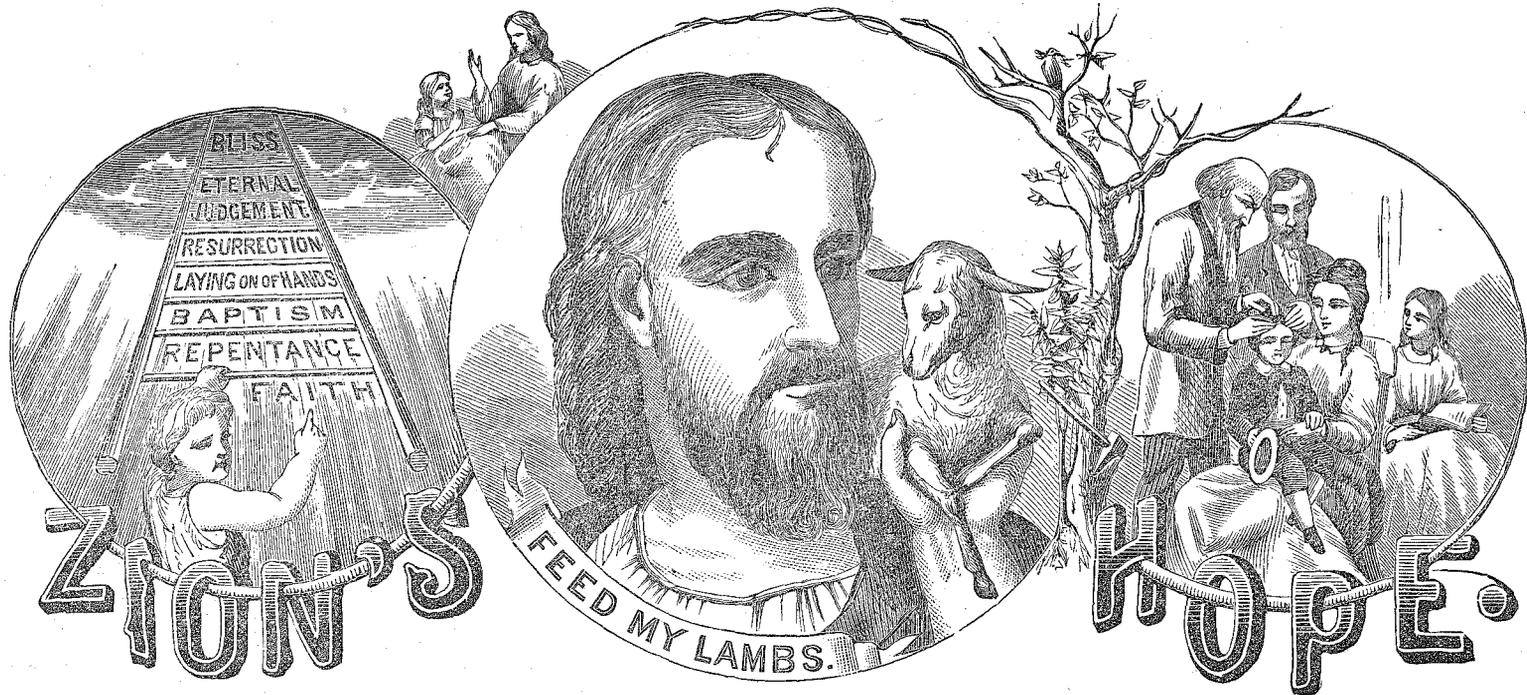
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to *Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois*. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, NOVEMBER 15, 1880.

No. 10.

THE HOLY CHILD, JESUS.

IN the land of Judah, where the fathers did dwell,
Is the place where the angelic chorus did swell,
In praise and in honor and glory to him
Who came as a ransom, to cleanse us from sin.

Bright angels attend the glad tidings to bring,
Glory, glory to God, in the highest they sing,
How sweet is the anthem, its music profound,
O let the glad tidings forever resound.

Let the sound ever echo, o'er dale, and o'er hill,
Our souls with its accents of love ever fill;
May our heart-throbs respond at eve, and at morn,
For the "Holy Child Jesus" at Bethlehem born.

Never more shall death's fetters enslave him again;
By the power of the Highest the vict'ry he'll win,
He tasted death's agony once for us all,
Hosannah to God, we're redeemed from the fall.

O sinner, remember his teachings so pure,
And think of the sufferings he had to endure
That the fountain of life now freely might flow,
To suffering mortals who live here below.

How great was the love of our Father on high,
Who gave up his "Only Begotten" to die;
Our sins he took on him, our burdens he bore;
O should we not love him, and serve him the more?

There is no greater gift that the Father could send,
Than his "Only Begotten" to die for a friend.
His friends then ye are, if ye do as he said
And put off the "old man," the "new one" to wed.

GEO. S. HYDE.

USE OF THE SABBATH.

DOUBTLESS many on the Sabbath day are prevented by circumstances from going to the place of worship. But all who are not prevented should feel that they are not their own, neither is their time their own; they are bought with a price.

Were it possible to collect in a body all the Latter Day Saints who waste the precious time of the Sabbath in some useless way, save it be the gratifying of the flesh, what an army of young and middle aged people would be seen; and who can tell the amount of good they would accomplish, if, for one hour on each Sabbath day, their talents and influence were brought into requisition, in the various capacities, as members or attenders of Sabbath School.

It is a shame that our Sabbath School cause is not in a more flourishing condition. There can be no excuse for its languishing.

Ought not presidents of districts and branches, and the traveling ministers, to talk and preach about it. Keep the matter constantly before the people, and in this manner co-operate.

JAMES CAFFALL.

THE BOYS' CONVENTION.

BY PERLA WILD.

SCHOOL closed much as any country school does. Teacher went home and so did the scholars, talking of little save the expected party. And little else was talked or thought of till the eventful Thursday.

As early as one o'clock they were all there, some fifty of them, of all ages from fifteen down to six. And oh you little girls, you ought to have been there and seen the dolls. There were twenty-seven of them by actual number, for Flo Sterling set them up—all that would sit, and stood the rest, on a long bench and then "counted noses" as she said. Yes, twenty-seven precious dollies, of all sizes and styles of beauty and dress. There were only twenty-two girls who considered themselves small enough to play with dolls, but the extra dollies were brought by smaller girls who rejoiced in the possession of two. Well, there was croquet, and ball, and swinging, and marble. And such visiting as was carried on with the little mothers and their dolls. And such play houses and doll houses as were built of twigs and boughs and green leaves and the like. And never had the old maple grove resounded to such merry shouts and joyful sounds as on this same Thursday afternoon. Presently there was a dead silence in that part of the grove where the boys were mostly gathered.

"What's going on now?" asked Lib Perry. "The boys are as still as mice."

"Yes," replied Flo Sterling, a blue eyed, ten year old little fairy, and a favorite with all. "Yes, and there isn't a boy in sight. There's mischief brewing, I'll warrant. Wonder if they're going to play some trick

on us. We'll wait a bit and let on we don't notice. And then if they don't appear we'll send a scouting party out to see what's wrong."

They waited and played on a while, but all was silent as could be in the boys' quarters. Then Flo and Lib called the attention of some of the larger girls and asked them if they hadn't better be on the lookout. Hadn't better send some one out to see.

But the bigger girls sniffed and said they didn't care what the boys were about. 'Twas none of their business. Maybe the boys had gone a bathing, and the little girls had better stay and tend to their play.

"No they haint gone bathing," cried Florence Sterling. "For papa told Paul not to go near the water, and Paul promised he wouldn't go himself nor permit the others to. And my brother never tells stories."

"Oh dear!" said Olive Smith in a low voice to the girl nearest her, "Oh dear! how mighty good my brother is. It's terrible to be so perfect."

But Flo heard, if it wasn't intended for her ears. Pretty soon when there was a lull in the noise of their play, Olive heard a sound from the distance—the sound of Paul's voice in his most swelling, important tone. It was just a sound and nothing more, but her quick ear caught it at once, and her quick wit told her that something unusual was going on. And in a very short time Olive was missing. Flo had heard the sound, too, but said nothing, thinking it was her duty to stay with her guests. But one by one all the larger girls were gone, save Flo. Not another over seven was on the ground. Flo couldn't stand this. So telling her little sister Belle to stay with the other little girls and she might play with her big doll and her tea set awhile, away Flo went. She crept into a little clump of bushes and found Olive Smith there before her. And just in time to hear the most of the opening speech of Paul Sterling, who was mounted on an old bee hive, and looking as important as if he were presi-

dent of a real convention. But the girls knew nothing of what the boys had planned, now looked on and listened in surprise. The boys were all seated on the ground in a half circle, one row behind another, facing the speaker's stand, and looking as solemn as owls at midnight.

"Gentlemen and ladies," began Paul, just as Flo settled herself down and parted the boughs in front of her for a better view.

"Gentlemen and ladies"—then stopped suddenly. "I forgot there isn't any lady present."

"There are more ladies present than you know of, most mighty sir," whispered Olive)

"Gentlemen and fellow citizens. As I was saying, a few moment since, the object of this party to-day was to enable us to hold a convention here in these grand old woods un-molested."

"What's that he's saying about moles," asked a little six year old boy, just beyond the bushes where Flo and Olive were hid.

Paul went on: "Our esteemed cotemporaries,"

"What's that?" called out half a dozen little fellows in a breath.

"Talk plain English, can't you?"

"Our esteemed friends, Jack Wise and Lew Hardy were in favor of admitting the girls to our convention. But the popular vote of this intelligent body has vetoed such a movement and we are here alone, and ready now to transact such business as may be presented in due form. So now, gentlemen, we are ready to proceed." Sat down, but rose almost the next minute to read a paper which he drew from his pocket.

"Resolved, That women are not capable of doing any kind of business, and therefore should never be admitted into conventions or assemblies."

"There, gentlemen, you've heard the resolution, which is now open for remarks."

Up jumps Jack Wise. "Gentlemen and ladies—no, brothers and sisters—no—confound it all, guess I hain't got anything to say," and he sat down in confusion.

A general roar of laughter arose from the boys, mingled with calls of "Order; order;" from the larger ones, and stamping from the president and chairman of the meeting, who tried in vain to be heard, and at length succeeded in restoring quiet.

"If there is no more remarks to be made we will proceed to"—

"Yes; but there is more remarks," cried Lew Hardy, rising with a bounce.

"What shocking bad grammar they use," whispered Olive in the bushes, to Flo beside her.

"Well; what of it. You couldn't do much better."

Up springs lispng Nick Warren: "I call the gentleman to order. He mustht addreth hith remarkth to the thcair."

"Mr. President," began Lew again, "I am not in favor of that—that revolution,"—

"Resolution, not revolution," put in president Paul.

"Yes," went on Lew, "that's it. I think

we ought to let the girls come to our in—no—convention. Let 'em come and look on; but not to say anything. They do in Congress at Washington."

Other remarks were made; some for and others against. It was at last settled that girls should not be admitted, even as lookers on, as they would criticise and make fun; girls were so foolish and easy to laugh, they would be sure to make a fuss.

Jack Wise arose. "Mr President; I move that we meet two weeks from to-day, at Mr. Wise's."

"I second the motion," said Lew Hardy.

"We didn't do that tother time," cried Nick Warren.

"Well, we forgot;" replied President Paul, blushing and stepping back so far he nearly tipped himself and bee-hive over. "You've heard the resolution, gentlemen. Now for remarks."

No one said anything. So Jack, who had a little knowledge of such things, called out, "Question." Paul stood a moment in confusion. He had actually forgotten what was required, he had been so busy thinking.

Olive Smith smothered a laugh as well as she could, and Flo looked at her in disgust. She had never attended a lyceum, and knew nothing of such things. Indeed she thought it very unlady-like to know any such thing. But Olive had been to lyceums and literary societies, and had seen and heard and remembered.

Paul was himself again now, and put the question, calling for a rousing "Aye" from all in favor of it.

"Aye, aye, I, I, I," called out the boys one and all, "I, I, I," and "Whoop, whoop, hoorah!" wound up the noisy vote, and raised such a fearful din that poor Paul stamped and yelled "Order," till he was red in the face as a beet; but still the boys whooped, having most of them kept still awhile and must let out."

"O-r-r-d-e-r," he screamed, stepping backward on to the edge of the bee-hive, which tipped suddenly up, while he tipped suddenly down, forward, striking his breast on the corner of the hive, and knocking the breath completely out of him. At which the little boys set up a yell, in which the girls surely joined, for several small boys turned all at once and looked behind them. But the sounds in the bushes ceased, and the boys grew quiet, too, as they saw that Paul did not get up.

Jack and Lew ran to raise him up, and found him "white ath cowthlips," as Nick Warren said. But he mounted his rostrum again, (what does rostrum mean, children), and with one hand pressed to his stomach, he declared the assembly adjourned. And the boys returned towards the former playground, meeting the little girls just coming to find out what all that yelling was for. But they didn't learn much, only this, from Nick Warren, "Oh! we wath jutht a threaming for fun, thath all." And the large girls were all where the boys had last seen them, as demure and innocent as kittens.

And so ended the Boys' Convention, and

not a word did they speak of it for a long time, only as they were parting, Paul whispered to Nick and Lew that they'd better not have any more conventions at present. And two pounds of candy slyly divided among the smaller boys, kept them from telling. As they were all leaving, some wondered to hear Flo say to Angie Warren, "Don't forget, now, what you promised. We won't, will we?" glancing at Lib Perry and Olive Smith, who looked very knowing and said, "You bet we won't," which was talking slang, but no one noticed it just then.

And what that mysterious promise was not another save those three knew till it was not a secret any longer. And you needn't tell us that girls can't keep secrets, for they never lisped a word of that wonderful Convention, either, till it came out naturally. And what they had planned and what they did, we may tell you some time, if you want to know. Nothing very wise or wonderful, we can assure you, but something very girl-like, though.

THE END.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 42.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

SHECHEM.



HIS city has an old and interesting history, extending over 4,000 years. In striking and impressive events it holds place next to Jerusalem, and the plain of the Jordan. It is the Shechem of the Old Testament. We are to spend one day and two nights here, and shall visit its most interest localities.

Here then we have pitched our tents where Abraham sojourned, and, although amongst an idolatrous people, he erected the first altar that Canan saw consecrated to Jehovah.

Jacob returned to this place after residing in Mesopotamia with his numerous family, his flocks and herds, and bought land from Hamor. He also built an altar here and called it "El Eloë Israel." Here also was the earth drenched with the blood of revenge; for it was here that Simeon and Levi destroyed all the men, including Hamor and Shechem, his father.

There is a remnant of the old Samaritan people remaining here, who retain their forefather's ancient faith and forms of worship, which have been handed down from generation to generation. They believe that it is Gerizim alone men ought to worship, and there alone will they offer sacrifice. They have a priest who they claim is a lineal descendant of Aaron, and they assert that the priesthood has continued in unbroken succession to them. Their scriptures are the five books of Moses only. They claim to have very ancient copies written by the grandson of Aaron. This we expect to see. They despise alliance with any other sects, and never marry out of their own society. A fine old stone structure about one thousand years old was formerly their synagogue in the city, but was wrested from them and converted into a mosque.

ASCENT OF GERIZIM.

We left the city and took a circuitous path, to reach the summit by as gentle an ascent as possible. At the height of about two hundred feet we came to a fountain that sent a large, refreshing stream down the mountain towards the city, which now seemed to be lying directly beneath our feet. Standing thus and looking down upon the domes and minarets of the city, one can readily understand how it was that Jotham could stand here and make his taunting speech of the parable of the trees and brambles in the presence of all the city, and then make his escape before the men of the city could reach him.

This mountain rises about eight hundred feet above the level of the plain. The soil is rich and capable of cultivation to the very top. As we neared the summit we saw a small spot enclosed by a low stone wall. This belongs to the Samaritans. Here they come three times a year to worship. The Passover is the great annual festival. On this occasion all who are able leave their homes, and men, women and children make a pilgrimage up the mount, with tents, to spend the night upon it. Here they offer the paschal lamb. Seven men, each with a lamb, arrange themselves around some stones. The priest stands upon a little eminence and watches the setting sun. The seven men have their lambs bound, and knives raised ready to let fall the blow. The moment the sun disappears below the horizon the word is given, the knives fall, and the quivering victims writhe in the agonies of death. Pointing to another place our guide said, "Here is the place where the flesh is roasted in the fire, and there is where the bones and what remains after the feast are burnt."

From this place we had but a few rods to go and we stood on the site of their ancient temple, but every vestige of its wall has disappeared. This spot is to the Samaritan what Moriah is to the Jew. It is holy ground, and he takes his shoes off when he stands upon it. They claim that here is the place where Melchisedek met Abraham, and that on this mount Isaac was offered. Here our guide pointed out twelve stones which they claim to be the veritable ones taken by command of Joshua from Jordan's bed, when the waters divided before the ark; and here they believe the Ark was brought and the Tabernacle set up.

The view from the top of the mountain is one of the finest in Palestine.

We now descended part way down the mountain side toward Ebal, to get a view of the probable gathering place of the tribes under Joshua to pronounce the blessings and cursings upon Israel. In the narrowest portion of the valley there was a kind of projection upon the side of Gerizim, and, as we looked across, there seemed to be a corresponding one from Ebal. The valley is not more than sixty rods wide, and here we think must be the place of that august and solemn assemblage. This meeting was appointed by Moses before his death. After the conquest of the land,

Joshua assembled the tribes, and six of them were placed on this side and six on yonder Ebal, these to bless, those to curse, the vast multitude, no doubt, covering the mountain sides and filling the plain below. (Deut. 27, 28). Here also Joshua set up pillars of stone with the words of the law engraved upon them.

JACOB'S WELL.

From this point we made a direct and rapid descent to Jacob's well. It is one of the ancient landmarks; many historic associations cluster around it. Here patriarchs watered their flocks; here Jesus rested and refreshed himself, and the modern traveler sits down by it, looks inquiringly into its deep, dark depths, or lets down his cup and line for a draft of its waters. The well is nine feet in diameter and ninety feet deep, excavated in the solid limestone rock. Its sides are smooth and regular. An excavation of about fifteen feet square and ten feet deep has been made about the mouth, walled up and arched over, making a subterranean vault or chamber over the mouth of the well. This roof has now fallen in, and the loose stones and dirt have accumulated about the mouth below, and the natives have rolled a large stone over the opening to prevent the loose material from falling into the well. We let down a line, with a cup attached, and drew up some of the water, which each of our company tasted. It has no living fountain, probably never had. The depth of the water varies with theseason. During the rainy season it is fifteen or twenty feet deep; in times of drought almost dry.

Sitting here upon this well you may still see the women passing and repassing with their water pots upon their heads, just as in ancient times. Here also are the Samaritans just as tenaciously contending with the Jews about the place of worship as they did when the woman, standing on this spot, referred the great question to Jesus, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain (Gerizim) and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship."

THE BOY WHO WAS KILLED.

I AM going to tell of something that happened many years ago in the hamlet of Botany, England, where I was born. My mother, when a young woman, was one day going to Sabbath School, when she saw a number of young men and boys playing at marbles. One of the men got angry at another player and struck and kicked him so that he died soon after. The man was tried and convicted for a term of years. After his release from prison he came to work at one of the largest coal mines in England, (Dukinfield). One year after he notified all his comrades and friends to attend a party to celebrate the anniversary of his release from prison. The same day he was killed. In Ashton-Under-Lyne old church yard stands a grave stone with boys playing at marbles on, as a warning to others.

WILLIAM STREET.

MOTHER.

"O H, lay your head down here, and laugh a little." So said my little boy to me, one morning lately. I felt dispirited, and consequently came to breakfast looking very sober. My husband rallied me on my blue looks, rousing thereby all the love and pity in the precious boy-heart. He immediately came around to my chair, put his arm around my neck, drew my head close to his shoulder, saying, in tenderest tones, the words I have recorded. What mother could resist that? My despondency vanished like magic.

Will my boy always feel such quick and generous sympathy with his mother's griefs? I could not help asking myself the question, as I thought of mothers I have known, now grown old and gray, who tell just such touching incidents of the childhood of their now grown-up sons and daughters. But, alas! now that their mother has grown old and frail, the husband of her youth gone from her, mind and body weakened by the trials of life, no one but her children to look to for love and sympathy, they seem cold and unloving toward her. They have allowed others to creep in, and occupy their whole hearts, leaving not a corner for poor old mother. They have no patience with her, who had so much patience with them. They consider her childish, perhaps selfish, and wound her loving heart constantly by letting her see how little she is to them. Perhaps they do this unconsciously, never dreaming how she craves their love; never imagining how she grieves over their cold and careless behavior.

They don't think. No, nor ever will they think till 'neath "the clods of the valley" are laid to rest the folded hands that have toiled night and day for them; the tired feet, that were swift to run to their relief; the closed eyes, that have watched their baby slumbers; the dear mother heart, whose love only God can fathom. Then they will think.

Yes, they will think of all her kindness to them, and will remember with sorrow and remorse the many times they might have caused her heart to leap for joy by a fond word, a loving kiss, and did it not.

WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN READING?

IF there is a teacher who does not know what his scholars are reading, he should endeavor to find out, and encourage and stimulate the reading of good books. Every child in this age reads; perhaps, the appetite is too strong, and instead of being pressed to use spare minutes in reading, the very opposite should be done. But where it is best for children to read, let them be guided to the best path which older feet have trodden. It is first the parent's duty to do this, but it is also the teacher's. With a large class it may seem a difficult task, but by not attempting too much, a great deal can be accomplished. I know of a class of young girls where, through the teacher, one book exercised an influence which was felt for

many years. It was passed from one to another, teacher and scholars discussed its merits, its characters, looked up the quotations, committed to memory extracts, and this finally grew into an informal reading club.

New York School Journal.

BE GENTLE WITH ANIMALS.

SOME persons govern their children and domestic animals with the whip. Boys thus governed either run away from their parents, or leave them without much regret as soon as they become of lawful age to do so. Some farmers are kind and gentle with their domestic animals, and the brutes reciprocate their treatment by showing the same acts. And this leads us to say, in the words of a wise man, "tameness and gentleness are qualities to be encouraged in all domestic animals." Their value is discovered when it is necessary to handle the animal at critical periods. When confidence, if not affection, exists, we can do much with a suffering animal, when otherwise interference might make matters worse. It would be well to make friends with cows, and sheep, especially, by petting them, giving them salt and palatable things, and mingling with them in the yards. Every animal should be trained to be handled when loose in the yard.

HUGH MILLER'S EARLY DAYS.

HIS father of this celebrated man was a master of a sloop belonging to Scotland, which was lost in a fearful tempest. In consequence of this bereavement the widow had to work late into the night, as a seamstress, to provide for the family.

He learned the letters of the alphabet by studying the sign-posts; he afterwards attended a dame school, and persevered in his lessons till he rose to the highest form, and became a member of the Bible Class. The story of Joseph aroused his interest, and he became a diligent reader of all the Scripture stories. Hugh then began to collect a library in a birch bark box about nine inches square, which was found large enough to contain all his books.

He has described in his "Old Red Sandstone," the feelings with which he began work, and the happiness he found in it. "To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen."

"My advice," says Hugh Miller, "to young workingmen, desirous of bettering their circumstances and adding to the amount of their enjoyment, is very simple. Do not seek happiness in what is misnamed pleasure; seek it rather in what is termed study. Keep your curiosity fresh, and embrace every opportunity of cultivating your minds. Learn to make a right use of your eyes; the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones and

weeds, and the most familiar animals. Read good books, not forgetting the there is more true philosophy in the Bible than in every work of every skeptic that ever wrote; and we should all be miserable creatures without it."

Letters from the Hopes.

DEER ISLE, Me., October 25th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I am a stranger to you, but thought that I would like to write to you, as I have never seen any letters in the *Hope* from any of the little children this way. I am ten years old. I go to school when it keeps; study geography and grammar, and read in the fifth reader, and study arithmetic and spelling. I have two brothers; one sixteen years old, his name is Alonzo H., and my youngest brother is six years old and his name is Albert P. I want all the little Hopes to pray for me that I may be a good girl, and mind my mother and join the Church some day, because I know it is true; for when I am sick if I can be administered to I get well. I was cut this Summer very badly in my side, so I couldn't walk; I was administered to by my uncle Samuel Eaton, and I got well right off. Here are thirty cents, and I want the *Hope* to still be continued. Please excuse all my mistakes and poor writing. Yours in the love of Christ,

BERTHA ANNIE HARVEY.

CISNE, Wayne Co., Ill., Oct. 30th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I write to tell you how I got my money to pay for my *Hope*: I raked wheat for a man in harvest. I would like to have had a knife, but the *Hope* is first with me. I send my money with pa. I do not belong to the Church. My pa and ma do. I love to read the *Hope*. I go to school to my cousin, Miss Mollie Hilliard. Yours respectfully,

THOMAS P. ASA.

SLACK'S CANON, Cal., Oct. 15th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: It is a long time since I wrote you a letter, but I have not forgotten you. I often think of you all, and to-night I wish you were all where I could see you. I am going to school now, to a good teacher. I think we should all go to school as much as we can, so we will know how to serve the Lord the better. There are no Saints out here at all; no Sunday School, or no church. How I wish I could be where I could go and hear the word of God. My mother and I belong to this Church, which I believe to be God's work. I was baptized in 1874 by Elder D. S. Mills. O, how thankful we all ought to feel who have heard the gospel and obeyed, for think of the thousands who wander in darkness, having never heard the doctrine of Christ. Good by to you all. Pray for me. I remain your sister in the love of Christ,

LOTTIE MATTHIS.

DEER ISLE, Maine, Oct. 25th, 1880.

Dear Little HOPE: I am six years old and can't write myself, so I get my little sister, Bertha, to write for me. I go to school with my sister Bertha when it keeps, and read in the first reader. I want to be a good boy and mind my mamma and papa, and to love my brother and sister. My love to all the little Hopes. So good night.

ALBERT P. HARVEY.

ELKHORN CITY, Neb., Oct. 20th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: We do not have many meetings here, but we had a nice Sunday School for a while. It was not a Saints' school—the people called upon my father to be the superintendent. The name of the school was Prairie View. On the fourteenth of June, an old corn crib fell upon my father, and buried him, and we did not know whether he was dead or alive. We know that it was the hand of God that spared his life. He was hurt so bad that he is on crutches yet. I will tell you something about the weather. The ground is all covered with snow, and it looks very much like it would keep on snowing; and the flowers are peeping their heads through the snow, as if they did not know what it meant. The trees are throwing their summer clothes away, as if they meant to put on thick winter clothes. I like the story, "How Maggie helped her father" very much, and I trust

all the little Hopes, and big ones too, try to do the same as Maggie did. I am trying to live the way I should; but I find it pretty hard sometimes to overcome the trials and temptations that beset us on every side. Pray for me that I may remain faithful to the end.

Your sister in Christ,

FLORA I. CURTIS.

REESE CREEK, Mont., Oct. 21st, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I was baptized last Sunday. There is a branch here; also a Sunday School. I attend both. My mother belongs to the Church, but my father does not. So does my brother, he is younger than myself; we were baptized together; he is nine years old, and I am thirteen. I think it is nice to have a paper to communicate to each other; but I think it ought to be a weekly. Pray for me that I may hold out faithful. Your brother in Christ,

GOMER WELLS.

KINMUNDY, Ill., Aug. 12th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: We have just had a nice time. Elders J. A. Morris and J. M. Smith came to our branch, July 31st. Brother Morris stayed three days; spoke three times. He is an able defender of the truth, and does not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. Elder Smith stayed ten days. About twenty of us went five miles west, to a school house, and took dinner with us. Elder Smith spoke in the morning on faith, and in the afternoon on the atonement. He spoke at other places several times; baptized one. He is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; he rightly divides the word of truth; he hews to the line, and cares but little where chips fly.

Good by, till I meet you again in print,

ARCHIE BREWER.

SLACK'S CANON, Cal., Oct. 16th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I take my pen to write a few lines, it has been a long time since I wrote to you. I am not a member of the Church yet, but hope soon to be, for I believe it to be the true work of God. There is no branch of the Church here. I hope we may all live so as to meet in the home of Christ. I remain your true friend,

MAGGIE RACHEL MATTHIS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Little Sioux District Sunday School report for quarter ending August 28th, 1880. Little Sioux, 104 scholars, 51 average attendance, eight classes and teachers, \$7.08 received, \$5.33 paid out, \$1.70 on hand. Evening Star, 38 scholars, 22 average attendance, 525 verses learned, 4 classes and teachers, \$2.01 received, \$.99 paid out, \$1.02 on hand. Magnolia, 32 scholars, 5 classes and teachers, \$3.82 received, \$3.82 on hand.

I hope to make a better showing at our next report. I would like to see such a report from every district each quarter. The lack of such reports suggests the thought that we do not take sufficient interest in Sunday School work. Can't this be remedied? The Saints in this district have four or five schools in running order, but as yet only three have reported at one time. We think we have made great progress, and still hope for greater results in the future. Yours in the gospel,

WM. C. CADWELL, District Clerk.

We are glad to see that some are moving in this work, and we wish that Bro. Cadwell and others like him may have abundant success in bringing order and effectiveness into the Sunday School work throughout the Church; and may the number of these earnest ones increase on every hand till all the children of the Saints can attend their own schools and there be nourished with the bread of life.

Bro. Charles A. Hall, of Ottumwa, Iowa, offers a copy of Bro. David H. Smith's Poems, *Hesperis*, as a prize to the one obtaining and sending to the HERALD Office the largest list of subscribers for the HOPE for the year.

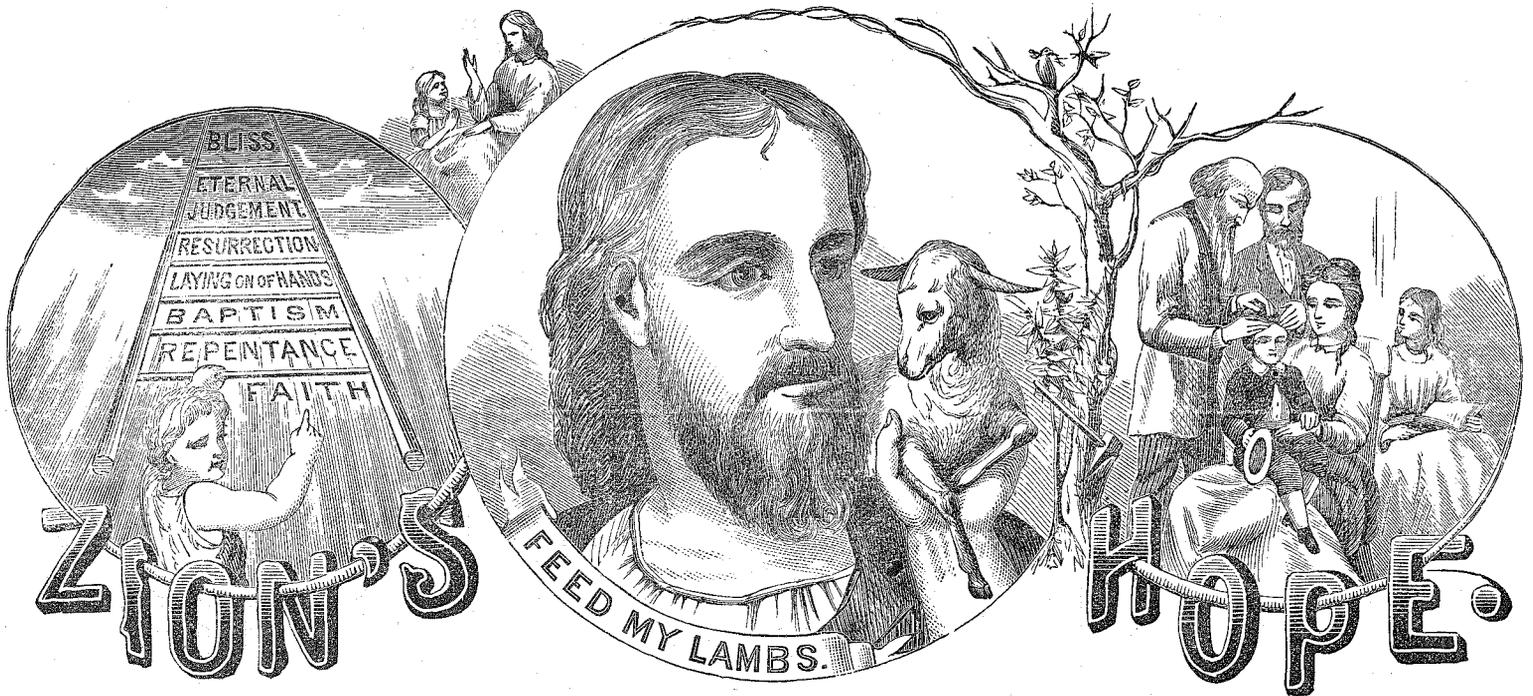
15 November 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

Vol. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, DECEMBER 1, 1880.

No. 11.

MY LITTLE CLARY.

MY little one sleeps, oh how sweetly,
In beautiful garments of white;
Clary has gone from my home,
She tarries with angels to-night.

Not sleeping, saith yonder bright spirit,
But waking to glory and bliss,
For the peace of the heavenly kingdom,
She has given the sadness of this.

Not alone with the angels, but roaming
The plains of the sweet Eden shore,
With the millions of glorified children,
That shall sorrow on earth nevermore.

The mourners have left the sad chamber,
And followed the casket of clay;
But the jewel so bright and so priceless,
Is set in the brow of the day.

The Father himself in his wisdom,
Hath taken the child from my hearth,
From the desert so barren and lonely,
To the beautiful land of the blest.

THE LORD IS GOOD.

DEAR CHILDREN: Surely it is no disparagement to you to call you children, since the Master said of his Saints, "Except ye become converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 18:3. And that best of ancient writers, even he who was so like his Master, he who was called the "Beloved disciple," in writing to the saints addressed them by the endearing term of, "My little children."—1 John 2:1.

But I did not design writing on the propriety or fitness of names, but on the goodness of God, as my caption indicates. Jesus, on a certain occasion when he had healed ten lepers, marvelled that only one of them returned to give God the glory.—Luke 19:14-18. Then shall we not give Him glory, and tell wherein he has blest us?

The circumstance for which I now wish to give God the glory and tell wherein and how he has blessed us; to encourage the Hopes of Zion, as well as all their uncles and aunts who may see this letter.

Some time in August, 1877, I had been talking with my son David, concerning the

goodness of God and his gospel, and the necessity of his obeying the same, as he was satisfied that it was true. This was on Sunday night, if I remember. He told me that he meant to obey it the first opportunity that presented itself. We agreed to go to Plano the next Saturday; he could then attend to that duty on Sunday. On Monday, I think, he wanted to go to Sycamore, five miles from Cortland, to visit some of his young associates; while there he went some miles from town with a young man about sixteen years old. During the day it rained, and the boys both got wet. They were both taken sick; but while David's friend could change his wet clothes for dry ones as soon as he got home, my son had to come home before he could change. Soon after he got home he went to bed; he was very sick all night, with a high fever, and a very bad cough. The next day I told him that it did not look much like our going to Plano that week. During the day I wrote Bro. Joseph Smith a letter, telling him what my son desired to do the next Sabbath, but that he was very sick, and I feared that he would not be able to attend to it. I requested Bro. Joseph to remember my son to the Saints at their Thursday night prayer meeting.

In the beginning of this letter I said that God was good; glory to his holy name! I now want to do as the leper did and give Him praise. My son was very sick till Friday morning, when his fever left him. On Saturday, the day we had designed to go to Plano, we walked there, some twenty-five miles, and on the Lord's day I had the pleasure of seeing him buried with the Savior in baptism—just as we had purposed to do the Sunday night before. But how was it with the other young man, who was taken sick at the same time and from the same cause? He had the advantage of being home first, and having dry and warm clothes. This boy had the best of nursing and care, with as good medical attendance as could be had in Sycamore. They did all they could for him; he

grew worse and worse, suffering terribly for about six weeks and died. They trusted in the arm of flesh, and in the skill of doctors; we trusted in "The Lord our righteousness."

Do you wonder, beloved Hopes of Zion, that Uncle W. R. sometimes feels like shouting, "Praise the Lord," when he thinks of the goodness of God; for he is good all the day long, and when the night cometh he forgets us not; but O, how often do we forget him, and wander away from his loving care? Then when affliction and sorrow overtake us, we sometimes think that the Lord is partial, and does not bless us as much as he does our neighbors, and that he has withdrawn himself from us. But what says the Prophet Isaiah? "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it can not save; neither is his ear heavy that it can not hear. But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear."—Isaiah 59:1, 2. Then it is our sins that separate us from the Lord, when we can get no answer to our prayers when we are in trouble is it not? It is we that go away from him, and not the Lord from us. O how we ought to live every day and do right in every thing; then when sickness and trouble overtake us, we can approach a kind and loving Father in confidence, knowing that he is both able and willing to help us in every time of need. That we may so live as to always be numbered with his people, is the prayer of

UNCLE W. R.

A MOTHER'S WORK.

MANY a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night and feels as if she had, after all, done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she arose. Is it nothing that your little, helpless children have had some one to come to with all their griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels safe when he is always at his business because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing when his business is over that

he has the blessed refuge of home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? Ah! weary and faithful mother, you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.

Selected by Sister Magie J.

ONE OF THE "FIZZLE" FAMILY.

HERE was once a very smart boy, whom, to begin with, we will call Little Fizzle. He was one of those wide-awake boys who poke their noses into almost everything they see, and think they know half as much again as all the rest of the world. He went to school very young, and his mother wanted to have him learn to read and write well before he did anything else; but he preferred to study "geog'fry," grammar, and 'rithmetic besides. As he was so very bright, he soon learned to write very badly spelled words, and could tell you in quite incorrect language what a verb or an adverb was. If he was likely to say Michigan was "bounded" by Connecticut, why, other boys of his age, it may be, never heard of either place. For young as he was, you see little Fizzle had come to a point where he must choose between two ways. He could half learn a little about a great many things, or he could well learn all about a few things. He made his mind he would do the first; and that's the way he went on, and grew into a big Fizzle.

When he wanted to read he never took one nice story and read it every word, but he skimmed over the easy parts of a dozen, and jumped them all together in his mind. As soon as he owned a tool-box, he almost made a cart, and began a fine table, and finished a remarkably pretty rocking-chair, which tipped over instead of rocking. But then it was "so stupid" to spend time and trouble in making only one thing, and making it perfect.

As he grew older people liked him, because he could talk about all things under the sun, and was really very entertaining if they did not want to get any genuine information. He was not worth a last year's almanac to anybody who was after facts.

He thought, when he grew up, he would be a lawyer, but he began by studying medicine. By-and-by he knew more about physic than a lawyer needed to know, and not half enough about medicine for a doctor; then he had a smattering of other things. He painted big animals whose skins were colored very handsomely, but whose legs were not shaped like any living beast's. After awhile he began to wonder what ailed him that he failed in everything that he tried. He grew poorer and poorer, while men who had been boys with him, boys who had worked like drudges over a few things, these grown up, became great men, rich men, famous doctors, lawyers, and ministers, while he was a little Fizzle grown into a big Fizzle. Then folks began to sneer and snub him. Each year he grew poorer and more discouraged. At twenty he had thought himself a great genius;

at forty he used to hang around a blacksmith's shop, and wish he had learned to shoe horses. At sixty he had given up all hopes of being a lawyer, a doctor, or an artist, or a blacksmith, and he kept his soul and body together by cleaning old feather beds.

Now, if anybody wants to know how to become such another big Fizzle, let him begin at once to be a little one, to half learn everything he begins, to begin something new as soon as it gets hard to understand the last thing he undertook. Follow up such a course faithfully and he will not fail of neglect, self-disgust, and a poverty wherein he may not even be able to find old feathers to clean.

INVITATION.

THE commandment is holy, the promise is sure,
A bright crown of life by his side to secure.
Now listen, and never the pleadings forsake,
Of one who hath spoken, as "never man spake."

Oh come unto me all ye laden with care
And I'll give you rest, and my yoke shall ye wear.
"My yoke is easy" and "my burden is light;"
My precepts will lead you from error's dark night.

What more can we ask than to us has been given
The crucified lamb as a waymark to heaven;
Then come all ye sons and daughters of men
Sing praise to our God. Amen and amen.

GEORGE S. HYDE.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 43.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

JOSEPH'S TOMB.

FROM his home in Hebron, Joseph then a lad, came to this field, seeking his brethren, as they led their flocks among the rich pastures of this valley. A man found him wandering here, and sent him to Dothan, whither his brethren had gone. What befell him there, we all know. Leaving the well, we passed a short distance across the plain toward the base of Ebal, when we entered a little square area, enclosed by a high stone wall, neatly whitewashed; across one end of this is a Moslem tomb, surmounted by a dome. The Tomb of Joseph,—Samaritan, Moslem, Jew and Christian, alike revere it, and honor it with their visits. Thirty-five hundred years have not effaced the memory of his integrity and wisdom; travelers from all climes come and meditate in the shadow of his monument, and his tomb preaches to us. I plucked a few flowers and leaves from the shrubs and vines that ornament the interior of the inclosure, and with my companions, turned away toward the city.

THE OLD MANUSCRIPT.

The Samaritans have one in their synagogue claiming an antiquity quite astounding, but they have a strong reluctance to exhibit it to infidel eyes. However, a letter we brought from Jerusalem, and a gold sovereign, overcame all scruples. Divested of our shoes we entered their little sanctuary, and stood before the altar. A richly wrought curtain concealed a recess, from which the young priest brought out the remarkable document, and set it upon the table before us. The five books of Moses, written upon beautiful parchment, in the ancient Samaritan character, done up in the form of a scroll, now kept in

an elegant silver case, rolled in an antique looking cloth of blue, purple and scarlet, interwoven with threads of gold. The transcriber's imprint is wrought in one portion of the scroll into the text, in the form of an acoustic, and reads: "Written by Abishua, Son of Phineas, Son of Eleazar, Son of Aaron." Is it genuine? I hope it may be. Its *fac simile* will soon be before the world, and scholars will have an opportunity of investigating its claims.

NAZARETH.

Leaving Shechem, our road lay through the beautiful valley of Nabalous. A fine stream of water goes dashing along its pebbly bed. A rare and cheerful sight in this now thirsty land. We passed not far from the city an old Roman aqueduct, several fine stone arches still standing; also a mill for grinding corn, driven by water power. A ride of two and a half hours brought us to Samaria, once the capital of this portion of the country, now a miserable Arab village of sixty houses, and is all that now remains to mark the spot where once stood a large city, and where royalty held court in the midst of beautiful pallaces and extensive colonades. Beneath the ruins of an old church, in this place, in a little chamber deeply cut in the rock, is the reputed tomb of John the Baptist. To visit this tomb without difficulty, we procured a firman from the governor of Nebajoth, whose jurisdiction extends to this place. To enforce it he sent two armed soldiers from the standing guard of the former city. The keeper of the place demanded an exorbitant backsheesh as a condition of opening the door. This we refused to pay. The soldiers coming up, we appealed to them to enforce the order. By this time a fierce looking set had gathered around, armed with guns and cutlasses, evidently bent on mischief. They set us, soldiers, firman and all at defiance, and demanded the backsheesh as the only terms of admittance. The soldiers seeing this state of things, refused to enforce the order; and looking about the ruins, we left, much to their disappointment. For one I felt much grieved, as I did want to stand by the tomb, and look upon the spot where mouldered the remains of the man who preached in the wilderness of Judeah, baptized Jesus in the Jordan, who dared to rebuke a wicked king, and whose head alone could appease the wrath of an offended woman.

THE ANCIENT CITY.

We rode over the hill to get a view of the location of the ancient city. Here is a beautiful valley, about five miles in circumference, surrounded by lofty hills covered with vegetation, in the very centre of this is a flattish oval hill, upon which ancient Samaria was built. No better site could be selected nor found in all Palestine for a city than this. A strong position, rich environs, a central situation, and an elevation sufficient to catch untainted the cool breezes from the sea. As we rode around the brow of the hill, we passed along the ruins of an ancient colonade, belonging to the days of Herod. There were two rows of columns, fifty feet apart—

these were sixteen feet high, and two feet in diameter; some few are yet standing complete, some are broken off near the ground, and some are lying about among the ruined terraces. The colonade extended about three thousand feet; in one part of it some sixty of the columns are still standing. We passed along this majestic pathway, and after some difficulty reached the top of the flattened oval hill. Here we found an open area, once surrounded with columns, fifteen of which are still standing. On the northeast side of the hill is another cluster of these columns. They are arranged in the form of a quadrangle, and the space enclosed one hundred and ninety-six paces long; fifteen columns are still standing, and the original number, to complete the enclosure, must have been one hundred and seventy. These as well as all others, attest the ancient greatness and magnificence of the city; with it and its vicinity are connected some interesting scenes in Biblical history, all of which Bible readers are more or less conversant with, and can be found in 2nd Kings, 7th chapter. It was to this city Naman came to be healed of his leprosy. To this came Philip preaching the gospel one year after Christ's death, and here was organized the first branch of the Church out of Jerusalem. Of its ancient glory nothing now remains but heaps of ruins; where costly palaces once stood, and mighty kings reigned, the half-civilized Moslem builds his miserable hovel; where great armies encamped, and bloody battles were fought, the wandering Bedouin leads his flocks and pitches his tents. Let us here recall the fearful doom pronounced by Micah: "I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard, and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof." Now we look about us and see the heaps of buried ruins, the vineyards, and olive trees covering the sites of ancient temples and palaces. See how they gathered up the stones from the rich soil, and rolled them down in heaps into the valley below. Was there ever a more exact and literal fulfillment of prophetic declaration. From Samaria we passed over a fertile portion of the country, leaving Dothan a little to the right, but crossing the rich pastures where the sons of Jacob led their flocks when Joseph followed them, and where they consummated their wicked designs for his ruin by casting him into the pit, and afterwards selling him to the Ishmaelites.

THE GRAVE OF COLUMBUS.

IT is generally supposed that the bones of Christopher Columbus, the great explorer, are at Havana, in the island of Cuba. But recent investigation have brought to light the fact that it was Columbus' son who was removed there. Let us go back to the first resting place of Columbus, for death did not end his voyages.

He died in 1506, in Valladolid, north-central part of Spain, where he was buried. Then he was removed farther south to Seville,

and a handsome monument erected by Ferdinand and Isabella; on it were engraved these words:

"To Castle and Leon
Colon gave a new world."

Columbus had made a request in his will that he should be buried in his beloved Hispaniola; and now this idea was brought forward and his remains deposited in the cathedral of Santo Domingo, Hayti. Here also his son Diego, and grandson Luis were interred.

At the close of the war between France and Spain, in 1795, it was stipulated that Spain should cede to the French "all the Spanish part of the island Santo Domingo," or Hayti. Accordingly, Columbus was once more—as then thought—exhumed and conveyed to Havana with great pomp and ceremony. And a slab which marks the place has engraved in Spanish,

"Oh, rest thee, image of the great Colon,
Thousand centuries remain guarded in the urn,
And in the remembrance of our nation."

In 1877 while men were working in the cathedral of San Domingo, they found a metallic casket which held human remains; on the cover under the dust and dirt of three hundred years, were found the words, Discoverer of America, First Admiral, most illustrious and renowned personage, Don Cristoval Colon. Every one who was present accepted this proof that the body of the great discoverer had not been taken away to Havana, but was before their eyes, and Diego's had been removed by a mistake. So, now, the matter rests in this way. Learned scholars are thinking of erecting a monument which should belong to the world, and not limited to the gratification of local or national pride. But such things move slowly, and perhaps it will never be accomplished.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

MY CLASS.

"I HAVE just given myself to the work," said one of my teachers to me as I passed through the school. "I have just given myself to the work; before, I was ready at any moment to retire. When asked to take the class, it was evenly balanced whether to refuse or consent; then I sat down without any feeling of ownership of that class, and indifferent as to the effect of my teachings. It made but little difference whether the boys liked me or not. If they came or stayed away, it was all the same, except that I liked to have the reports look well. So far, I have held the place to please you; but now, I would not give up that class for a fortune. It is mine. Every boy in it is my own. I have at last given myself to it."

I said to him, "Just say that in teachers' meeting. It will explain the difference between successful and discouraged teachers, and the cause of the difference." I knew just how to sympathize with him, for I held the plow a long while myself without a firm grip. Every provocation or extra weariness brought me to the spirit of resigning. I did not, however, until the work grew to be a part of my life. Like my teacher, I gave myself to the school; then it began to thrive.

Said a bank president, "Such institutions as ours never thrive till we take them to bed with us." I want you to understand," said a pastor, "that the tie between my church and myself is next to the family tie. It is my church, and my joy is in its love."

"Try it, teacher. Give yourself to your class, and then reap."

MISSOURI.



LEAVING St. Louis on the 22nd of July, in the steamer *John L. Rhodes*, we sailed up the river Missouri a few hundred miles, until we came to a landing near Dalton, Chariton county, Missouri. The steamer took on her cargo, consisting of several thousands of sacks of wheat, and I proceeded to General Edwin W. Price's estate and hired as a farm hand. Sterling, the General's son, told me they had just finished threshing wheat by a steam machine. They also possess an Osborne Harvester, reapers and mowers, riding and walking harrows, riding and walking Moline plows, &c., &c. The General has nine hundred acres under cultivation. The present crop of wheat realized twenty-seven bushels to the acre, and the present crop of corn will produce fifty bushel to the acre. It is one of the most perfectly appointed stock farms in the western states. It is famous for the excellence of its animals in every department; and some of the famous race horses were bred here. On the turf, field, and farm, the General is well known. He has on the estate a large tobacco factory, saw mill, carpenter and blacksmith shops. Horses, cows, and pigs can be counted by fifties and hundreds. In the orchard he has apple, plum, and cherry trees, grapes, &c.

I am informed that Missouri stands third as a corn producing state, and eighth as a producer of wheat.

It is reported that in some counties in this State one family out of every eight are destitute of a Bible.

The river at present is high, on account of the late storm.

Competition for the immigrant has been begun again, Wisconsin and Missouri having sent an agent to capture him as he lands at Castle Gardens, New York, and pass him along to the fertile farms of those prosperous States. But Wisconsin is very particular as to the persons who shall find homes within her boundaries. She does not want idlers to crowd her cities. It is the sturdy agriculturist and the woodsman she would most encourage. Not more than half of her available farming land is taken up, and much of her forest remains an unbroken wilderness. It is to these that she invites the stalwart laborer from the Old World. Upwards of 200,000 of her residents have passed through Castle Gardens, New York. She likes this kind of citizen so well that she desires more of them.

The Missouri lands have in the past few years been cut up into small farms, and is being extensively cultivated; the tide of im-

migration in this direction being considerable. Wheat threshing has begun, and the yield is considered fair, being about twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre, of an average through the entire state.

The town of Covington, Iowa, is a doomed city. Situated on a bend of the Missouri river, the banks are gradually being eaten away, and the ground on which the courthouse stood a year ago, is now covered by many feet of water. The cutting away is done by fits and starts. A couple of months ago Sunday, the current set in shore, and took off a strip of land thirty feet wide in a few hours. No invasions were made until another week, when another slice was cut off. Then about half a dozen buildings were moved back some thirty feet, and the next day the land on which they stood was all gone. The citizens have tried to moor logs to the bank in the hope of terminating a barrier for the flood, but the current is so swift, and the water so deep, that these attempts have failed. To give an idea what the town of Covington has suffered in the last five years, the ferry house and the principal hotel may be instanced. Two years ago there were five or six hundred feet between the buildings and the river bank; now you can toss a stone out of the hotel window into the river, and the buildings are now being put on rollers for removal.

The department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., has been collecting some figures of wide interest in regard to wages paid to farm laborers in different parts of the country. New England States \$20.31 per month, without board. Middle States \$19.69. South Atlantic States \$11.19. Gulf States \$14.80. States east of the Mississippi from \$15.50 to \$20.90 West of the Mississippi \$23.80. In California and Washington Territory \$38.22, according to the rate of living. There is a great demand for good farm laborers, and there seems no doubt that the condition of the agriculturist is steadily improving with the rest of the industrial classes of the country.

WILLIAM STREET.

IT IS WRITTEN.

OUR blessed Savior, whenever he was tempted, chose as his defense some word of God. In this he is an example to us. A Scotch pastor found an aged Christian looking downcast. "Well, Betty, what is wrong with you to-day?" "Ah!" replied the good old woman, "he's been at me." "And what has he been saying to you?" inquired the minister. "He's been saying to me," replied Betty, "that it's a delusion—that the Bible's a lie—that there's nae heaven—nae hell—nae Savior; that I'm not saved—that it's a' delusion." "And what did you say to him?" asked the minister. "Say to him!" quoth Betty, "I kent better than that; I kent there was nae use o' arguin' wi' him; I jist referred him to the Lord."

"What's wrang wi' yo noo? I thoct ye were a' richt," said a ragged boy, himself rejoicing in the Savior, to another, who a few nights before professed to be able to trust

Jesus, but who had again begun to doubt. "What's wrang wi' ye noo?" "Man, I'm no' richt yet," replied the other, "for Satan's aye tempting me." "And what dae ye then?" asked his friend. "I try," said he, "to sing a hymn." "And does that no' send him awa?" "No; I am as bad as ever." "Weel," said the other, "when he tempts you again, try him wi' a text; he canna staun that."

THE DEBT TO A MOTHER.

MOTHERS live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them, and manifest their love and tenderness so freely, that the name mother, is the sweetest in human language. And yet sons, youthful and aged, know but little of the anxiety, the nights of sleepless and painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. Those loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony untold. As the mother watches by night, or prays in the privacy of her closet, she weighs well the words which she will address to her son in order to lead him to a manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all the griefs and deadly fears which beset her soul. She warns him with trembling, lest she say over much. She tries to charm him with cheery love while her heart is bleeding. No worthy and successful man ever yet knew the breadth and depth of the great obligation which he is under to the mother who guided his heedless steps at the time when his character for virtue and purity was so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and igominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway, let him obey as implicitly as he can her wishes and advice, let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest and happiness, and yet he will part from her at the tomb with debt to her not half discharged.

Bro. Charles A. Hall, of Ottumwa, Iowa, offers a copy of Bro. David H. Smith's Poems, *Hesperis*, as a prize to the one obtaining and sending to the HERALD Office the largest list of cash subscribers for the HOPE for the year.

Letters from the Hopes.

LONDON EAST, Ontario,
November 7th, 1880.

Dear HOPE: I am ten years old. I belong to the Church, though I did not the last time I wrote. I go to Sunday School at half-past nine. Sr. Quick is my teacher, and Bro. Richard Evans is superintendent. So good by for this time. Your sister in the gospel truth,

CLARA TIMBRELL.

AUBURN, R. I., November 6th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: It is a year or two since I wrote to you, having been in the wilderness of sin, and having wandered away from the fold. I can say with thankfulness that my feet have once more been lifted out of the miry pit and planted upon the rock of salvation. I was baptized the 24th of October, in Providence, Rhode Island. I am glad to be with the people of God. On Monday, the 25th, while standing on the road side, with a pair of horses, I had a vision; it was about six o'clock in the evening. The vision was this: The Book of Doctrine and Covenants was opened out before me, to the place where it speaks on tobacco, and I read it very plainly, and I said, "Lord, help; if I have got as low as a brute beast, I will never, by the help of God, use it again." I threw the tobacco away, and have not used it since. On Wednesday, November 3rd, I was in prayer and testimony meeting, and I spoke about it, and a prophecy was pronounced upon me, exhorting me to be faithful. Pray for me that I may be faithful, and I will remember you. I remain your brother in Christ,

WILLIAM MARSLAND.

PALACKY, Emsworth Co., Kansas,
October 23d, 1880.

Dear Hopes: We have a branch organized here. Bro. F. M. Dennis is Priest of the branch. I am very sorry to say that we have neither prayer meeting nor Sunday School at present; but hope we may have soon. We have not seen an Elder, or heard one preach in the last nine months. We look for Brethren Kent and Harder again this Winter. The *Herald* and *Hope* come regularly. In them we find words of comfort that strengthens our faith, and drives the clouds of darkness from our minds. Ever praying that we may become united in faith, I remain as a brother in hope.

B. J. SCOTT.

LLANELLY, Wales, October 26th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: We have a nice Sunday School at Llanelly, I trust that we may continue to the end, and gain the crown of the righteous. I love the work which we are engaged in. I know that it is the work of the Lord, because I have received the testimony of the same. I ask an interest in the prayers of all the Hopes, that I may overcome all temptations.

Yours truly,

LOT BISHOP.

LONDON EAST, Ontario,
November 7th, 1880.

Dear HOPE: I belong to the Church, and go to Sunday School; Sr. Thomas is our Sunday School teacher. My mother and father and one of my sisters and brother belong to the Church; two of my sisters and one brother do not belong to the Church. G. T. Griffiths baptized and confirmed me.

MARY ANN HARRISON.

LONDON EAST, Ontario,
November 5th, 1880.

Dear HOPE: I thought I would like to write to you. I am ten years old and I was baptized July the 23d, by Elder G. T. Griffiths. I have two little sisters, and we all go to Sunday School, and Sr. Thomas is my teacher. I want to do right, and live as a little Hope ought to live. So good by for this time. From your sister in the gospel truth,

EMMA QUICK.

BEVIER, Mo., November, 1880.

Dear Hopes: For the first time I write a few of my thoughts concerning our little paper, which is undoubtedly welcomed by all who read it. I think it is a very nice paper, and for one will try and sustain it. I have been a reader of the *Hope* for quite a number of years, and am not tired of it yet. And I think if we would try, we might have it weekly, by adding a little more money to it; let us all try and see if we can not do it, as we often sing, "We can do it if we try." I love to attend Sabbath School, and can see by the letters that there are many more besides myself who try to attend. Many good things can be learned there, especially those of us who have become members of the Church. Let us strive to live so that we may be examples to others, who are still groping in darkness; and if we have trials, let us try to bear them faithfully, as we can learn from the Scriptures that we must be tried, if we gain that prize which awaits the faithful. I love to hear from you all, and while there are many of you that I never say personally, yet by reading your letters, it seems to bring that acquaintance with it, so that I feel like you were talking in my hearing. I have been in the Church some few years, and received many strong testimonies as to its truthfulness, which encourages me to go onward, and strive to live the life of a Saint of God. My prayer is continually for all who are striving so to live.

Yours sincerely,
J. D. C.

PALACKY, Emsworth Co., Kansas,
November 1st, 1880.

Dear Hopes: My heart rejoices to read the columns of the *Herald*, and think of the children of men accepting the truth. I am trying to live in that way that I may be accepted of the Lord when he comes to make up his jewels. I live in the branch known as the Pleasant Ridge Branch, Kansas; there are but seven members; we have no meetings now, but want to soon. We are surrounded by Bohemians, who regard not the Sabbath. I have in seventy acres of wheat, and it looks nice. We have plenty of rain. It looks beautiful to look over the fields of green wheat. There are a good many inquiring after truth, which I try to show them; they ask when are any of our Elders coming out here to preach. My prayers ever are that the Lord will bless his Saints. We ask an interest in the prayers of all the Saints. Your brother in Christ,

F. M. DENNIS.

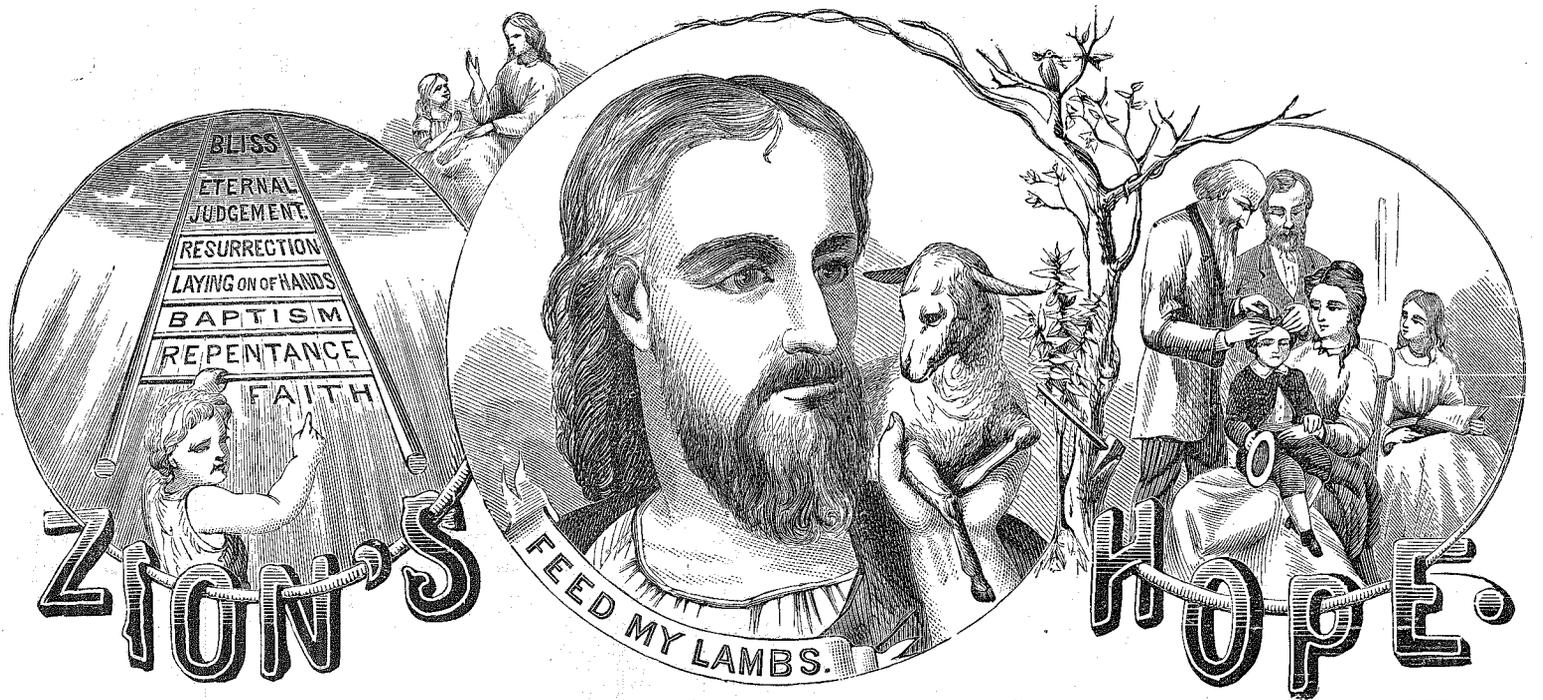
1 December 80

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, DECEMBER 15, 1880.

No. 12.

TWO CHRISTMAS TREES.

From the German.

IN a large, beautiful house in the Market-place, lived the President of a High Court of State. He was a severe old gentleman, who had never knowingly done any injury to any one, but who never would overlook a fault in anybody. All the clerks who were under him had a strict and difficult service to perform. The President had scarcely any friends among the townfolks, and he neither gave parties nor went to any. A silent old aunt kept his house for him, an older and still more silent servant waited upon him. Thus it happened that very little was known of the President, though he was one of the most important men in the whole city.

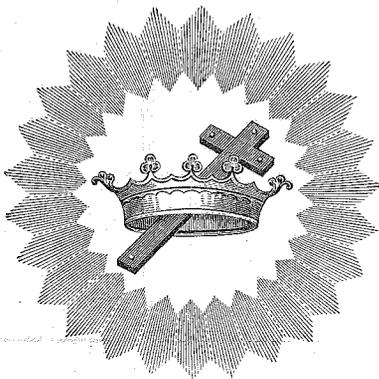
His wife had been dead many years. She had left him one only daughter, whom he had devotedly loved. She married, but soon after lost her husband. Two or three years after she also died, and left a little boy, named Emil, whom his grandfather took into his own house.

When the first shock caused by this sad loss was over, the President became as severe and strict as before. He gave little Emil into the charge of the old aunt, and troubled himself no further about him. The child grew up in a dreary solitude. A father's and mother's love were wanting to him—that golden sun in the blue sky of childhood. One day the old President came into a room which he was not accustomed to enter. It was that in which little Emil used to play all alone. The grave, severe grandfather was attracted by the sight of the boy at play. He remained standing, gazing at the child for some time; then he began to talk to him, and at last to take part in his games. When the aunt came in she was quite frightened at this unexpected sight, but the President said to her—"You can send the boy now and then to my room," and then went away. After that day Emil often came to his grandfather's apartments, and the old gentleman showed

him as much attention and love as was possible in the midst of his many occupations.

In a narrow back street of the same town another solitary man lived in a mean lodging. His name was Trangott, and he was a poor assistant-clerk in the President's office; when he was eighteen, he had, on the recommendation of his guardian, been received as copying-clerk into this office. Now, although three years ago he had kept his sixtieth birthday, he still sat in the same place. No one troubled themselves about the quiet, industrious man. No one thought of bettering his position. He was himself of such a modest and contented mind that he took no steps towards his own advancement. Thus it had come to pass, that for fifty-four years he had remained a poor assistant-clerk, with a monthly salary of fifteen dollars. In other respects, too, poor Trangott had not been fortunate. About twenty years ago he had married a poor but pious and industrious maiden. He was then hoping that his position would soon be improved, and the young wife was clever and diligent, so that through the work of her hands she earned many a penny for the little household. For ten years they lived happily and contentedly together; as they had no children, the good couple had no one to love but each other. They shared together all the toils and trials, all the great and little joys and sorrows, of life, and were often very cheerful and happy in their poor but clean little room. Then Marie,—that was the wife's name,—died, and left the poor assistant-clerk quite alone. A woman now came in to attend to his little household matters. She had so much to do for other people in their houses that she had no time left to attend to her own children. Her two boys grew up without any care or instruction. He longed, too, to have some one to whom he could give his love. So he became the teacher of the two lads in reading, writing, and arithmetic, when he came home of an evening, tired and weary, from his office.

The instruction of the two boys, as they



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

HRO' the rosy flush of sunshine
Of this Christmas morning fair,
Floats to us a benediction
From the angels in the air.

And in hushed and voiceless silence
Come the holy words again,
Glory to our Lord the highest, Peace
On earth, Good will toward men.

Thanks to Him whose love hath guided
Since the last glad Christmas tide,
Prayers that He may ever keep us
Still more closely by His side.

Almost can we hear this morning,
Words His blessed voice hath said:
Peace be with thee, now and ever,
It is I, be not afraid!

Oh, to Him our every trial,
Every sorrow we can take,
Knowing that His love so tender
Not a bruised reed would break.

Many are the Christmas mornings
That have come and passed away,
Since the one whose radiant dawning
Shone where Christ, the Savior lay.

Many a wondrous year has glided
To the dim and shadowy past,
Freighted with its weight of story,
With events that ever last.

Changes great have come among us
Even since last Christmas eve,
But a Love divine hath sent them
We will trustingly believe.

For the shadows, as the sunlight,
Let us bring our thanks to-day,
For God's love is sometimes nearer
In the sad hours than the gay.

Some sweet faces here are missing
That we saw one year ago.
Some fair hands are folded, peaceful,
Down beneath the Winter snow.

Voices hushed on earth forever
Catch the heavenly strains to-night,
Fair forms ever more enfolded
In celestial peace and light.

made good progress, pleased him much. The neighbors shook their heads at it, and said, 'Trangott is really very stupid. From early in the morning till late at night he has surely enough to do, and yet he is now bothering himself with other people's children, and is quite happy and contented in doing so.' But Trangott let the people talk as they liked, and did not trouble himself about them.

So the President lived silent and solitary in his grand house, and the poor assistant-clerk, Trangott, also in his modest little back-room.

It was Christmas. Happy faces were to be seen almost everywhere. In the President's office, too, all the clerks were talking about the happy Christmas Eve which was coming to-day with its gifts and its joy. They told each other of the presents with which they wished to surprise their wives and children, parents and brothers, or sisters, or which they expected from them. Trangott listened quietly and silently. He thought of the little gifts which he was going to present to his two scholars. He had no one besides to whom to give anything, and no one from whom he could expect anything. The day was declining, twilight came on, and the clerks went to their homes. One of them, whose turn it was to remain, as was the custom in the office, till later in the evening, came up to Trangott, and said, 'My good friend, I don't think anything will happen. But should there be anything to do, you will doubtless be kind enough to arrange it for me. I want so much to walk through the Christmas Market and buy something. You are not married, and so you need not be in such a hurry; I am sure you will do me this little favor, and take my place till I return.' He had scarcely spoken these words, when, without waiting for an answer, he quickly went out of the room. He trusted to the good nature of

the old under-clerk, which all in the office knew well enough how to use. 'A merry and blessed Christmas!' Trangott called after him, and continued quietly to write on. After a while he went up to the window, and looked out into the street. He began to hum a Christmas hymn to himself, and was so full of it, that he did not hear when the door opened behind him, and he started when some one inquired, 'Is no one else here?'

'No, sir!' replied Trangott. He knew the voice of the severe and solitary President.

'Who are you?' he inquired.

'The under-clerk, Trangott, sir,' was the reply.

'Office-hours are not yet over, and you are here quite alone? What does this mean?' asked the President.

'Your Excellency,' replied Trangott, timidly, 'the other clerks are married men, and

fathers of families, and to-day is Christmas Eve.'

Christmas! The President had not yet had any time to think about it. He gave him a document which he held in his hand, and said, 'This affair requires great haste. Set to work at it at once; in an hour the copy must be ready.'

Trangott immediately applied himself to the work.

The President returned to his cabinet, shaking his head. Christmas! He had never thought about it before. But the word,—the wonderful word had struck his heart. He rang the bell, and sent for his old relative. When she appeared, he said to her, 'I have just heard that to-day is Christmas Eve. Have you thought about little Emil? If not, go and buy him anything that will give him

only an assistant,—a copying-clerk? How comes this?'

Poor Trangott did not know what he should say. The fault lay with the President, who, in spite of his diligence and fidelity, had neither noticed nor promoted him. Much puzzled what to say, Trangott remained silent.

The President, impatient at this, said, 'I am not accustomed to ask people to tell me their secrets which they don't choose to confide to me. Very well. You may go!'

A wave of his hand, and the frightened assistant-clerk, with a low bow, left the room.

The President had, in his work, soon forgotten Trangott and the Christmas festival again. Suddenly the door was burst open, and the old aunt rushed in with a cry of agony, 'He is gone!'

'Who's gone?' inquired the President, as he sprang up quite frightened.

'Our Emil,' cried the terrified woman; 'have compassion on me, —I am innocent.'

She sank down into a chair.

The old gentleman had some trouble to find out what had really happened. The good woman had gone with the boy into the crowd in the Market-place, and in it he had been separated from her side. In spite of every effort, she had not succeeded in finding him again. So in deep grief she had returned home. The President was horror-struck. He felt now, for the first time, how he loved the boy, his only grandchild. So at once he wrote a letter to the Director of the police, and sent his servant with it. But even then he was by no means tranquil. 'It is best to act myself,' he said, as he quickly threw on his cloak and hastened out into the street towards the Christmas Market.

Immediately after his short conversation with the President, poor Trangott had left the office. His time for leaving was long past.

He went across the Christmas Market to the street where he lived; there he saw a great many people standing round a boy, who was trembling with cold and weeping bitterly. He went up and asked, 'What is the matter here?'

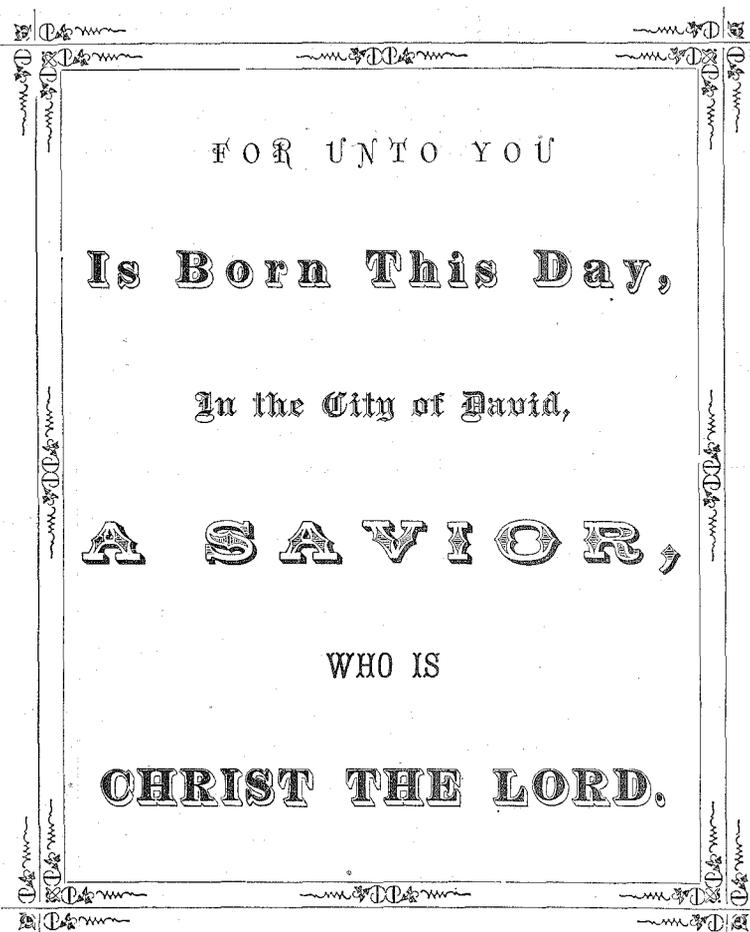
'What is the matter?' answered a man; 'why, the boy has lost himself.'

'We must take the child quickly back to his parents, who doubtless are very anxious about him,' said Trangott.

'Yes, that must be done,' said an old woman, as she examined the boy; 'he has a little cloak of fine materials, and a white fur cap; so he must be the child of rich people. What is your name, my son? and where do you live?'

The boy, who was frightened at so many strange people, cried still more violently, and said, 'My name is Emil.'

'Ah, what? Emil!' exclaimed another of



pleasure. Or, better still, take him with you to the Christmas Market; the boy will be delighted with all the stalls and with the great variety of playthings.' The good woman went at once to fulfill the commission, which was as surprising as it was welcome to her. The President, very soon after, in the amount of work which still lay before him, forgot again all about the Christmas festival. But the allotted hour had not yet passed away when Trangott appeared with the copy.

'You are punctual; that is a good quality in an official,' said the generally severe President.

'I am not an official yet, but only a copying-clerk,' replied Trangott, modestly.

The President looked at him more closely, and then inquired, 'Since how long?'

'Some forty-five years,' was the reply.

'So long!' said the President; 'and still

the spectators; with that name only are we to run through the whole town and seek your parents?"

'What is your father's name, child?' asked another.

'Grandfather,' answered the boy.

'This is a pretty story indeed,' cried another of the men. 'Who is to find out your grandfather in the whole of the town? Are there, then, no police here?'

'You won't send the poor child to the police-office, surely?' said Trangott.

'Well, am I to take him home with me?' replied the man, surlily. 'I can't do that, indeed. I have enough to do with my own six youngsters. If you have so much to spare, you had better take him with you.'

'That I will do,' said the poor assistant-clerk. 'Come, my son! In my room it is warm, and to-morrow we will look and soon find your parents.' He took the boy in his arms, and bore him quickly away out of the crowd and the cold into his quiet, warm little room.

Trangott had left the Market-place about half an hour when the President arrived there. His appearance in the Christmas Market caused no little excitement. He indeed did not know the people of the town, but they knew him, and pressed round him with curiosity. The old gentleman looked much disturbed, and exclaimed, 'My good people, can none of you give me any information about a little boy who has been lost in the crowd here? Which of you has seen my poor Emil?'

A man now pushed up quickly, and said, 'Your Excellency, at your service, I can, I hope, give you information. Didn't the child wear a dark cloak and a white fur cap?'

'I think so,' said the President. 'Where is he?'

'I wanted to take the child with me to my poor home,' answered the man, 'when another came before me and carried him off. But I know the man, and we will soon find out where he lives. Your Excellency can make yourself quite at ease. Your boy is certainly well taken care of.' The President and this man now went away in order to seek for little Emil and his new adopted father.

Trangott meanwhile had safely reached his home with the boy. He placed the child in a large old arm-chair, which stood near the stove, and said, 'Here you can warm yourself and rest, my dear child. I will meanwhile prepare the Christmas table for us.' The old clerk now fetched out the little Christmas tree which he had purchased yesterday for this evening, and adorned with a few lights. He spread a white cloth on the table, and placed the tree on it. Then he brought out the little gifts which he had bought for his two scholars. Both the boys soon appeared with their mother, and gazed with wonder at the strange child. But Emil, with his eyes wide open, was taken up with what the strange kind man there was doing. At last Trangott was ready; he came up to the boy and led him to the Christmas table. Then he said to the two scholars, 'As we have to-

day received an unexpected visit, I have divided the apples and nuts into three portions. I hope you will be very good, and not be jealous of each other. You two big boys shall both have a writing-case and a pencil; but our little guest here shall have the best thing which I had designed for you.'



He sat down now in the arm-chair, and took the little Emil on his knee, and showed him the Christmas present which he had reserved for him.

Just then the door opened and the President entered, without the children and Trangott perceiving him in their Christmas joy. The unexpected sight surprised the old gentleman, and fixed him to the spot. He saw and heard for a long time, quite amazed, but much touched and pleased. Then he exclaimed, 'Emil!' The child heard, and at once knew the voice. He sprang from the strange man's knees, and ran rejoicing, with the cry, 'Grandfather! grandfather!' up to the old gentleman. Trangott was frightened when he saw the President, who at first took no notice of him, but carried his grandson. Then he gave his hand to the clerk, and said, 'I thank you for the boy's safety.'

'I was fortunate enough to find him, and took him with me,' stuttered Trangott in his fear.

'You have not only given him a sheltering roof,' continued the President, 'but you have also prepared for him a Christmas joy. This is very, very kind of you. Whom have I to thank?'

'Ah, your Excellency,' cried Trangott, 'I have only done my duty.'

'You know me?' asked the President. 'Who are you? But, stop, have we not met before?'

'I am the assistant-clerk, Trangott,' he replied, 'and only an hour ago delivered up a copy to your Excellency.'

'Right! right!' said the old gentleman. 'I have shortened your Christmas pleasures by the work I gave you, and you, in return,

have given my grandson an extra delight. Well, Mr. Trangott, I now remember that I asked you a question a little while ago, and got no answer to it. How is it that you, at sixty years of age, are still only a copying-clerk?'

Trangott dared not hesitate any longer, so now he related the whole story of his life; and all that he did not tell the President found out through the questions which he knew how to put to him. Soon the whole history of the modest man, with all his cares and blighted hopes, was clear before him.

'I thank you,' said the President, as he held out his hand to him. 'After the holidays, if God will, we shall meet again. Now it is high time that I should return home with my little grandson. Once more I thank you, and heartily wish you a 'Merry Christmas.' Good night!'

With these words the President departed.

The two holidays, Christmas Day and that which followed it, passed away. The next day Trangott appeared punctually at his post.

The President's servant entered the office, and called out with a loud voice: 'Is the assistant-clerk Trangott here?'

All the clerks looked up with curiosity.

'Here I am,' said Trangott, as he descended from his high stool.

The servant made him a bow, and said:

'His Excellency requests the honor of Mr. Trangott's company to tea with him this evening, at seven o'clock.'

Such an invitation had never been given to any one of its occupants since the office had been built, and now, of all people in the world, it had been given to an assistant-clerk! One after the other came up to Trangott and said,—

'I heartily rejoice in the honor which has come upon you. I have always considered you to be one of our best officials. I hope you will remember, at the right time, what good friends we have always been.'

Trangott arrived punctually at seven o'clock. The President received his guest with a friendly welcome, and said, 'Great injustice has been done to you, and I myself am the most to blame, and heartily I beg your forgiveness. I have also confessed this to our most gracious Prince, when I represented your circumstances to him yesterday, and he wished me to atone for this injustice in any way in my power.'

Poor Trangott stood there like a statue. The old gentleman continued: 'You have borne quite long enough the toilsome and tedious service of a copying-clerk. It is time now, with your weak health, that you should have repose. His Highness has consented that you should now retire with a pension of three hundred dollars.'

Trangott trembled with joyful excitement. Three hundred dollars? Why, that was almost double the salary he had hitherto received for all his work.

'And as a mark,' continued the President, 'that his Highness recognizes your services, I am ordered to present you with this cross of honor. May you wear it for a long time in health and happiness!'

Trangott's feelings quite overcame him. Tears flowed down his face. The President took his hand, and led him into an adjoining room, where stood a Christmas Tree beautifully decorated and brightly lighted up. Emil stood joyfully beside it.

'That is the boy, said the President, 'to whom you were so kind on Christmas Eve, and who wishes to repay you for your love and affection. He is the heir of all my property. On one of my estates a cottage is prepared and ready, such as is fitting for an honest man of your rank in life. My Emil presents this to you, and hopes that he may often be able to visit you there.'

What else happened that evening in the President's house we have not heard. When our honest old friend reached his home again, he clasped his hands and exclaimed gratefully, 'Glory to God in the highest!' Then his eyes became moist, and he said sadly, 'Ah, Marie, had you only lived for this!'

Chatterbox.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

JINGLE, O, jingle merry bells,
On the necks of horses gay,
Plenty of straw and good warm robes
Wrap the children in the sleigh,
Who over roads so smooth and white
Are coming from miles away.

Here they come, many dozens more,
Of children merry and free;
Come with stories, laughter and song,
To the Saints' grand jubilee;
As goodly a crowd as ever met
Around our Christmas Tree.

Some will speak dialogues to-night,
Some declaim, and others sing;
And music from their warm young hearts
Will make the church walls ring,
Till chosen ones from our fair tree
The welcome presents bring.

Here are drums and whips, bells and dolls,
And hundreds of other toys;
With desks, and books, and clothing gay,
For our merry girls and boys,
Who will remember while they live,
This night of a thousand joys.

H. S. DILLE.

MARY'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

DIMPLE and Jimmy were bound to give Mary, the miller's little girl, a Christmas Tree. The miller was poor, and so Mary never had a little tree for her own in all her life.

Oh, how hard Dimple and Jimmy did work! They found lots of things in the nursery—their old toys, you know, and papa glued this one and hammered that one all right again.

Then the painter came, and the horses, and the dolls, and the little bedstead and everything else looked as if they'd just come straight out of the shop. Then Dimple and Jimmy, and Tom, the hired man, went wading through the snow to the woods, after a tree, you know. Tom had a hatchet, and by

and by the little tree was cut down. On the way home they crossed a big pond, and Dimple fell and bumped her head on the ice, but she didn't cry a single bit.

When they reached home Tom put the bottom of the tree in a box so it stood right up straight, and then they hung on lots of popcorn and little bags of candy, besides all the horses and dolls, you know, and by and by such a tiny, and altogether lovely Christmas Tree you never saw in all your life.

All this was just the very day before Christmas; and a long time after supper—Oh, it must have been nine o'clock I think—Tom took the tree in his arms and carried it over to the miller's house, and opened one of the windows when every one was sound asleep and put it right on the kitchen table; and such a Christmas as little Mary passed the next day!

Dimple and Jimmy had ever so many presents, but I really think that the present which made them happiest all that day, and a good deal longer, too, was the Christmas Tree they didn't keep. Don't you think that's rather funny?



GUESS.

THE palace of the Dew Fairies was ablaze with light, as the *King of Day* (1) rode past, and smiled down upon it. The Queen, after the morning salutation, gathered up her robes and flitted through the long passages and stately rooms, passed the workshops, ascended flight after flight of stairs, till she reached a semi-circular landing, lined with doors. After pausing a moment before one, she entered softly, and seated herself in a large chair, placed on a platform in the centre of the room. Touching a bell attached to the chair, she waited; presently there came a low, humming sound, which, as it came nearer, sounded like the patter of raindrops. The door flew open, and a troop of fairies entered and bowed be-

fore their Queen. She bade them listen, and a low murmuring sound was wafted to their ears, increased to a wail, which rose and fell on the air like the sighing of the wind among the pines. The fairies listened and trembled. They had heard such sounds before, but understood not the meaning. The Queen looked sorrowful. "Some mortal is using his name lightly!" The throng of fairy faces looked at her inquiringly. She smiled, and said, "Many years ago, as mortals count, there came a *beautiful child* (2) on this earth, who was not all mortal, nor was he a fairy; but when he grew to be a man, was the very best that ever trod upon the green grass. Every word that fell from his lips sprang up into beautiful flowers, whose colors never faded, but were everlasting! And some of the proud mortals grew envious, and wicked, and planned to kill this man!"

Here a murmur of indignation rose from the fairy throng. "The king was present, and I have heard him say he never witnessed such a sight in his life; he could not bear to look upon such cruelty, so he hid his face, and the very rocks of the mountains burst with indignation; and after that day, every time this man's name is spoken with reverence, the flowers lift up their sweet voices, and sing gladly, and if 'tis lightly spoken, their voices are sad and they mourn, as you have just heard them. My fairies, I have taken you to see many strange things in the kingdoms of the earth-men. You have seen the deadly conflicts of their armies, you have witnessed the rise and fall of their empires and kingdoms, you have seen great cities swept to naught by their power; but this one great event we were not allowed to witness, so we could not lessen the mortal pain; but I have been told it was so ordered, that a great sacrifice might be greater by bearing it alone,—that a new path to higher realms than ours was formed,—that mortals might go and make their homes; but we are fairies, and do not understand the need of such things. There is one *room* (3) in this Palace you have not seen, where we have some of the flowers that fell from the lips of this good man."

The fairies fluttered their robes, and looked expectant, as the Queen stepped from her chair towards a door, which swung back at her command. A curious, subtle perfume floated out, penetrating to the very hearts of the fairy throng, who fell to their knees, powerless, and stricken with awe. Presently they revived, and entered the room with the Queen. It was not carpeted, as they had expected, but was a miniature earth,—hills, ravines, lakes, and the flowers growing each in their respective places. Across the room opposite the door stood a *huge structure*, (4) which would have marred the beauty of the scene, but for three flowers. The *first*, (5) tall and stately, grew up, clinging closely and firmly to one side. The *second*, (6) tall as the first, stood before it, with blossoms turned upward; while the *third*, (7) with its leaves and blossoms growing in graceful profusion, wound itself around, covering the whole unsightly structure, making it an object of

beauty. A dark chasm opened at the foot, which was covered with beautiful, transparent blossoms, (8) so delicate that a touch would seemingly crush them, yet proved a sufficiently strong bridge over the chasm. On a mound grew a cluster of unpretending flowers, (9) whose perfume was of promising richness, giving great strength to all who should inhale it. In another part of this room stood a group, (10) with stems, surrounded by leaves, bending toward the earth, and whose flowers, all of which were beautiful, were of different colors, and no two shaped alike. Still within the range of vision, stood another group, (11) very delicate and graceful in appearance, and of subtle fragrance; while there seemed many stems, there was in reality only one; the blossoms, which were heart-shaped, of different sizes and tints, from one color, grew in abundance, yet all seemed linked together, forming one large heart-shaped group.

Another flower (12) attracted attention, a delicate bell-shaped blossom, whose petals folded over a gleaming center, which seemed like a crown of sparkling diamonds; the long slender leaves grew up around the flower, as though guarding, at the same time inviting attention to the treasure within. Crossing a miniature stream the Queen led her troupe into a garden, and drew their attention to a single flower, (13) standing apart from the rest. One strong stem on which were two leaves, slender and pointed; crowning the stem was a large flower of transparent whiteness, and dazzling purity; down deep in the cup gleamed a dewdrop, but instead of the usual prismatic colors, it glowed steadily, with a deep crimson fire.

"At midnight," said the Queen, "tis said those leaves cross themselves, and the flower bends to the earth. This room is found in the house of nearly every mortal; but some rarely open the door, while some open the room only to trample on its flowers, though they can never be crushed, while only a few in comparison, cherish them. I will now speak the name of this good being, from whose lips these flowers fell."

As she did so a low, sweet music arose, plaintive at first, but becoming sweeter and more heavenly as it swelled, blending harmoniously into one grand anthem of praise, echoing through the distant corridors like angel voices.

When it ceased, the fairy throng were lying prone, and motionless among the flowers. The Queen, with a word, broke the spell, and as they flitted out at the door they gave one lingering reluctant glance, then passed on to their several occupations.

Perhaps our Hope readers object to fairy stories; but my apology is, "it is for the little ones." So, little Hopes, put on your thinking caps, and in your next letter, tell us the name of the King, of the child who grew into such a wonderful man, of the room, and the names of all the flowers, and all the other

words in italics, and numbered one to thirteen. Then after that you can go into this room, select flowers, describe them, and puzzle we older ones to find the proper names. You all belong to "Company Try," and let's see who'll be the first to march at the head of the column, under Captain Success and Sargeant Never-give-up. Yours affectionately,

MYRILE GREY.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 44.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

THE MOUNTAINS OF GILBOA.



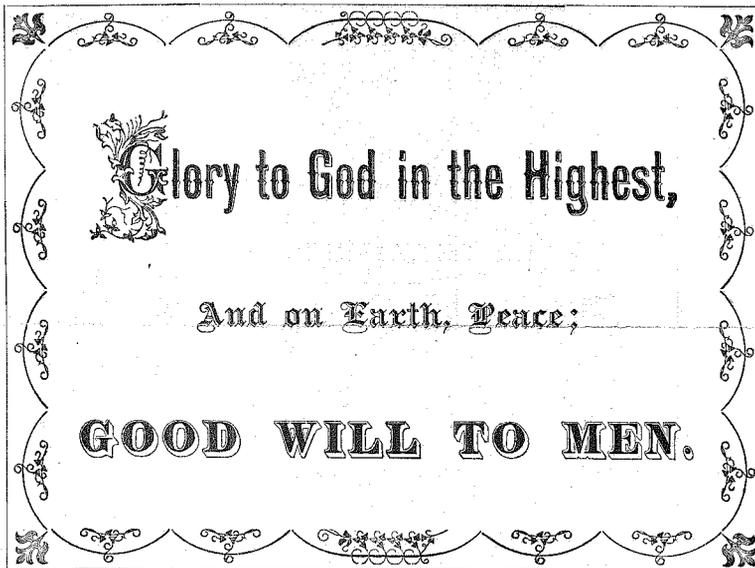
SHORT ride over the plain, and we were winding around Gilboa. As we looked out from the naked ridge, the defeat of Saul and Jonathan, and the pathetic lament of David, were fresh in our minds. Saul was encamped at the foot of these mountains, whilst the Philistines were spread out over the plain; it was from here he went his way over the opposite

ward the Mediterranean Sea. On the west is Mount Carmel. On the north-west the hills of Galilee, among the quiet vales of which Jesus spent his boyhood. This plain of Esdraelon is one of the great battle fields of the world; its length is about eighteen miles, its breadth twelve to fifteen; looking away across the plain towards Carmel, our eye rested upon the battle field, where more than three thousand years ago, Deborah and Barak overcame and slaughtered the hosts of Sisera. Here, too, was where Necho, king of Egypt, encamped on his way to fight against Carchemish, by Euphrates. Josiah, king of Judea, rashly came up here and pitched battle with him, and here he received his death wound. On this plain the Crusaders fought, and here in modern times, Napoleon came to meet in deadly strife the Saracenic foe. Now let us turn and look down at our feet. There was where the proud Samarian capital once stood, and here was the Court of that wicked woman, Jezebel. Here was the vineyard of Naboth. Jezebel's conspiracy

against him, his cruel murder, the seizure of his vineyard by the king, are all too well known to need rehearsal here; but when we remember her awful death, by being thrown from the tower, I almost wonder if yonder tower, of which we have spoken, was not the very one. A few minutes more and we started down the valley, close along the base of Gilboa, to visit the fountain of Jezreel, where Gideon tried his army, and to ride over the field where he obtained his great victory; it is a half hour's ride from Jezreel, the water flows out from the base of Gilboa. A wall has been erected to confine its waters, making an

extensive pool three hundred feet long and six hundred broad; from this it flows away in a clear copious stream, towards the Jordan. It was here that Saul and his army encamped the night before his defeat on the morrow. It has not only been a place of a great defeat, but victory, for Israel. The enemies of Israel were the Midianites, Amalekites, and the children of the East. They crossed the Jordan, and came up this valley, with their cattle and their tents, and as grasshoppers for multitude. Gideon, assured of God's favor, gathered an army of thirty thousand men, and encamped on this side of the valley; but which the Lord reduced to three hundred men to subdue that countless host. (Judges 8th chapter). It was with peculiar interest that I drank from this fountain, and rode over the wonderful battle field. Thirty centuries have passed away since it happened, but it still has its lessons of faith and trust in an overruling God. Feeble instrumentalities used in faith, and owned of God, may accomplish the most wonderful results.

Continuing our journey, we stopped to take our lunch at Shimen, now called Salem; this is the place where the woman built the little chamber on the wall, and entertained



hills of Hermon, to consult the witch, and to this place he returned, conscious of some impending calamity. In the fierce onslaught of the morning, the army of Israel was driven back upon these mountains of Gilboa. The battle went sore against him, and the archers hit him. "I am sore wounded; slay me," said he to his armor bearer, "lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through and abuse me." But he would not lift up his hand against the Lord's anointed. Then Saul took his sword and fell upon it. The next day the Philistines found Saul and his three sons slain in Mount Gilboa.

RUINS OF ANCIENT JEZREEL.

A short ride from Gilboa, brought us to Jezreel, now called Zerim, a small village of twenty wretched looking houses, built of mud and stone. It is situated upon an eminence in the midst of the plain, commanding a beautiful view. An old stone tower in the midst attracted our attention; its rooms have been thrown open to the sheep and goats, and they have herded here, and climbed the stone staircase, till the uppermost rooms are filled with their filth. From here we look out over the great plain of Esdraelon, stretching away for miles in beautiful fertility, to-

Elisha as he passed back and forth in his mission through the land. Her hospitality was finally rewarded by the restoration of her little son to life.

We left here and proceeded around the western point of little Hermon, and caught our first view of Mount Tabor, lifting its great oval form in majesty and beauty, directly from the plain. One hour more and we reached Nain, the village where Jesus met the funeral procession, and raised the widow's son. From here, in less than an hour, we reached Endor, the home of the witch, that Saul came to consult, the night before his death. It is now a village of some twenty miserable houses, perched on the hillside, far above the valley. Here, as well as in Nain, are numerous caves cut in the rock; they have a wild and gloomy look, and I wondered if some of them are not the very ones mentioned in connection with the invasion of the Midianites, at the time of Gideon's battle, when the terrified Israelites made themselves dens, which are in the mountains and caves among their strongholds. If witches are still to be found, I should certainly think they might be conjured up from these gloomy looking abodes. From here we crossed the plain, passing around the base of Tabor, and after a long and laborious day, during which we have visited many places of interest, pitched our tents in the city of Nazareth.

A DYING CHILD'S LAST WISH.

AT one of the public schools in the north-western part of Detroit, the pupils are spurred to good behavior and study by cards of merit, a day of perfect behavior and study being recognized by a fanciful small card. Twenty-four of those cards entitle the pupil to one larger and more ornamental card. Among the pupils was a sweet little girl seven years of age, whose pretty ways and devotion to her lessons had won for her the love and admiration of all her school associates, and at the close of each day her name was certain to be read from the roll of honor. A few days since her seat at school was noticed to be vacant, and regrets were expressed on all sides, as it was the first "absent" marked against her. The next day one of her little schoolmates brought word that she was detained at home by illness. On the third day the teacher received the following note: "My darling little girl is very sick, and, as I fear, is dying. She has received twenty-two of the small cards of merit and has asked me to send to you to see if you will not send her one of the larger cards, as she is sure she would have been awarded the two cards necessary to receive the larger one had she been able to attend school." The note was read to the pupils and for a time the scene presented in that school-room was most affecting. Not only was one large card sent to the dying pupil, but eight of them were taken to her by her teacher, and those cards—the full compliment possible for the term—were with the child and seemed a source of infinite comfort to her up to the time of her

death. The child was buried on Thursday, and prominent among the many decorations upon the little casket were the cards of merit, pathetically typical of the buried hopes, joys, and ambitions of the little one whose last dreams were of success.

ACROSTIC.

Zion's Hope I will obey,
I love to read it every day,
On the pages are the words,
"Never fear to trust in God."
Save me from the evil one,
Help me on the road to God,
On the road I ought to tread.
Praying now and praying then,
Ever praying now to him.
N. B. DONALDSON,
[fifteen years old.]



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE Hopes have doubtless all heard of George Washington, of whom the above is a picture. He was the first President of the United States. He was born at Bridges Creek, Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22d, 1732. He was descended from a family which had come from Northampton, England, and settled in Virginia; his father died when he was in his eleventh year. He was educated in the then very indifferent local school, and received only a common education. At the age of thirteen he wrote out, for his own use, one hundred and ten maxims of civility and good behavior. When in his sixteenth year he left school. After many years of military life, in which he took a very active part, it was by "his intrepidity, prudence, and moderation, to which we are indebted for the independence which was secured by the treaty of peace concluded in 1783." He was a very tall man, being six feet two inches; and was very fond of military and athletic exercises; had brown hair, blue eyes, large head, and strong arms. He was a bold and graceful rider; attentive to his personal appearance and dignity; gracious and gentle, though at times cold and reserved.

At his death he was mourned even by his enemies, and well deserved the record: "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Two days previous to his death he was exposed, in the saddle, for several hours, to snow and rain, which brought on his death sickness. His last words were characteristic of the man. He said: "I die hard; but I am not afraid to go. I believed

from my first attack I should not survive it. My breath can not last long." After some instructions to his secretary about his burial, he became easier, felt his own pulse, and died without a struggle. His death took place at Mount Vernon, Virginia, December 14th, 1799, in his sixty-seventh year. He was, like nearly all Americans of that period, a slaveholder, and possessed at his death one hundred and twenty-four slaves, whom he directed, in his will, to be emancipated at the death of his wife, who survived him but three years.

May we be like him, in that when the messenger of death overtakes us, we are able to say, "I am not afraid to go." But may we have that consciousness and blessed assurance of having obeyed the gospel of the Son of God, and of having lived in accordance to its teachings, we may be able to say, like the father of our country, "I am not afraid to go," having the hope of eternal life dwelling in us.

JOHN.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN CHURCH AND SABBATH SCHOOL.

THERE has been much ado about vocal and instrumental music, especially the latter, yet there are few who are not enchanted and elated by the sweet sound of music; and I certainly know no reason why either, or both, should not be enjoyed by the Latter Day Saints. But do not think the interest that might be begotten by either or both combined sufficiently potent or lasting to continue or perpetuate the Sabbath School institution. The Latter Day Saints have to evidence an interest in their religion by an upright walk, and a godly and never dying zeal.

Other things may be added, as shall please the dispenser of all good. It is seldom that Latter Day Saints, whether few or many in one locality, are prevented from offering praises to God in the song, which might often be greatly improved if they were more disposed to affiliate, and together strive to improve.

But unfortunately, a partial knowledge of music too often begets a feeling to dominate, and to find fault with those who are less advanced; and thus the barrier to co-operation and progress. Were this feeling destroyed, and a corresponding effort to impart and get good, giving credit for knowledge where it exists; and he who is thus blessed, willing to bless others, not being puffed up if praised, nor slacking his effort if it was withheld, we might to-day have lively and well-trained singing choirs in branches where the singing is sometimes more like a Chinese concert than like melody made by enlightened and inspired Latter Day Saints. It is lamentable to think of the spiritual loss we sustain by failing to dwell together in unity.

Touching instrumental music, a reference to the number of instruments used at the dedication of Solomon's Temple, is conclusive testimony of God's approval of the same in worship. But former day Israel's situation

and latter day Israel's advantages for the securing of instrumental music is quite different. An opposition to music, and the pretext that it would interfere or spoil the solemnity of worship, I think absurd.

Beauty is said to be but skin deep. Interest in a Sabbath School, or place of worship, that is created through the thunder or sounds of an organ, is not generally very lasting. The young and old Hopes ought to work in the Sabbath School, as well as in all other positions, for the lasting good to be obtained, and for the honor thus shown to God.

JAMES CAFFALL.

GOSPEL.

THE Son of man from the regions of glory,
Descended to earth with the wonderful story
Of sovereign love,
Sent down from above.
He sent forth His servants to all tribes and nations,
Irrespective of birth, position, or station,
To teach them the plan
Revealed unto man.

The glorious promise He made unto all,
That they who're obedient should return from the fall,
Caused by omission,
To obey God's volition.
In order that they who should have these glad tidings,
Might know of the safety of their confidings,
'Twas, "they who believe
The signs shall receive."

Remove these divine tokens of heaven so dear,
What evidence have we that the gospel we hear
Is the narrow way,
That we should obey.
If all who profess to be teachers of men
Would only adhere to Jesus' own plan,
How glorious would seem
The beautiful theme.

But Prophets have said that deceivers should rise
And with their own wisdom would teach the unwise.
(Love Jesus you may;
The rest's done away.)
Saith the Apostle Paul, the time will soon come
When many there'll be with the beautiful form,
But denying the power:
The Church's own dower.

For the primitive doctrine they will not endure,
But of their own lusts will they teachers secure,
Who's object in main,
Will be to get gain.
But now the bright angel through heaven hath flown,
With a glorious message from God to his own,
To reveal unto man
The original plan.

Once more the glad tidings of heaven goes forth,
That God's no respecter of persons on earth;
But all should be one,
E'en as Father and Son.
To all of God's people the promise is sure;
The doctrine you'll know, if the cross you endure.
How happy are they,
Who Him thus obey.

For this is declared life eternal to be,
To know that Jesus of Nazareth is He
Who hath severed the wall
Of partition for all.
Dear reader, the blessings the ancients did see,
May all be enjoyed by you and by me,
If we will like they
The gospel obey.

Notwithstanding the views of men of great learning,
God is invariable, without shadow of turning:
See James, chapter first,
And seventeenth verse.
And now, O ye nations, give ear to the call,
For Jehovah hath spoken concerning you all;
Make haste for the year
Of millenium is near.

Said the angel, Fear God and give glory to Him,
For the hour of his judgment will shortly begin.
Ah, then, who can know
The weight of the blow.
O, then turn and worship your Father in heaven,
And drink the deep draught of his glorious leaven,
Sent down from above,—
The spirit of love.

LITTLE STOUX, IOWA.

GEORGE S. HYDE.

A SNOW HOUSE.

YOU have seen lots of houses, stone houses, brick houses, and wooden houses; but there is one kind of a house I do not think the Hopes ever saw, and that is a snow house. You think they must be very cold; they are not. The people who live in Greenland always live in them in Winter. The snow in that far northern country is very hard after it has been on the ground a few days, and when a man wants a house, he cuts it into blocks like big bricks. When they have cut enough snow, they choose a nice place for a house, and lay the snow block round in a ring. They make these rings a little smaller every round as they build the wall. When it is finished it is



about the shape of a half orange. They do not make any doors and windows in this house, and the man who works on the inside is shut up, but he cuts a hole in the side and crawls out. Now the house is finished all but the furniture, but they only need a few beds, which they sleep on at night and sit on in the day time. But they have such queer beds; you never saw one like them. They bring in a great block of snow, and chop it up fine, and throw a piece of fur over it, and their bed is made. The door of this funny little house is not as high as you are, and when people want to get in they just get down and crawl in. I do not think any of the little Hopes would like to live in snow houses and sleep on snow beds, but the children who never had any other kind think them real nice and warm.

SECRET PRAYER.

"When thou prayest enter into thy closet."—Matt. 6:6.
Dear Hopes:—I have been reading in the Scripture these words of our blessed Savior. And, Oh! how it causes the heart to rejoice to know that we have obeyed the gospel, and that its blessed privileges are ours.

Dear Hopes, we should read his words often, and commit them to memory, and ever strive to obey his commandments, asking for his grace to sustain, as I can truly say to you, dear Hopes, that it is a good thing to pray in secret. Jesus, your best friend, urges you with his own loving voice to "enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret."

It is good to pray alone. We will have to die alone and be judged alone; we will each have to stand alone before the judgment seat of Christ. Then, dear Hopes, we should enter the closet, and send forth our pleadings for divine aid, to the ears of our loving Father, whom we never petition in vain.

I once thought a closet meant a closet only, and I wondered what those who had no closet did; for I thought a large place not suitable. But in this I was mistaken; for when I could read for myself I found the servants of God in olden times had very large places for secret prayer.

Isaac's secret place was a field, with nothing to cover him but the blue sky. But still he was in secret with God, for there no human eye was present to behold him. Peter's secret place was the house-top, and there he poured out his heart before God alone. Christ's own closet was more often than not the mountain side, with the whole world his room, the star-lit skies as the roof, and the hard rocks as the floor. There in an agony of spirit, he often poured out his heart into the ears of his Father, with no eye but His looking upon him.

If any who read this have never practised secret prayer, commence at once, and you will find that you will be kept from many snares and temptations which beset your pathway. And the

grace requisite to enable us to stand steadfast is gained by earnest, humble, secret prayer. I know that all who faithfully practice secret prayer will be enabled to say, "God has helped me."

So let us thank God, and never forget through our whole lives to "call upon him in the day of trouble." And may the peace of God, which passeth understanding, keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

S. A. ROSE

P.S.—Will Wildwood please send the language of flowers and plants to the *Hope*; some of the Hopes wish me to request it.

CONUNDRUMS.

When is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled.
How does a stove feel when full of coals? Grateful.
Which of the reptiles is a mathematician? The adder.
When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is adrift.
When is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.
When is a literary work like smoke? When it comes in volumes.
Why is the letter G like the sun? Because it is the center of light.
What is that which shows others what it can not see itself? A mirror.
Why is the letter N like a faithless lover? Because it is inconstant.
How does a cow become a landed estate? By turning her into the field.
Why is the map of Europe like a thanksgiving table? Because there is a turkey on it.

THE TWO ANGELS.

THERE were once two angels, the one an angel of light, the other an angel of darkness.

The one was radiant and beautiful, and wore upon her face that repose that is emblematical of purity, of innocence, of unselfishness and of love. The other was bewilderingly beautiful also; but it was that beauty that is dangerous and delusive in its nature, that wins but to destroy, that beams but to ensare its votaries.

Now there was a youth hopeful and strong of heart whom these two angels loved, each in her own fashion and manner. The regard of one was a pure, noble and holy affection that went with the youth wherever he wandered—that patiently endeavored to exalt his character and ennoble his heart and mind. The regard of the other was but a reckless passion that for a time dazzled, charmed and delighted the youth's imagination, while it destroyed his faith in others, and even caused him to forget his own self-respect.

For a long time the impulses and actions of the youth were created and controlled by the influence of these two angels, and his mind and character became as variable and inconstant, under their conflicting power, as the wind. The angel of light would impel him to make the best and noblest of resolutions. The angel of darkness would as often impel him to break them, and so one moment he became the exponent of virtue, of honor and of truth, and soon thereafter the champion of vice and iniquity, and those who regarded his career spoke of his future with variable prophecies.

The days, the months and the years went by. The youth grew in mind, in strength, and in experience. Profiting by his follies and his failures, at last by a great effort he put aside the evil influence of the dark angel altogether, who fled from his sight, and he saw her no more.

Then the good angel remained by him guiding and guarding him even to the end of his days.

MORAL.

All human beings are controlled both by good and evil influences, and to their variable power, their good and evil actions are attributable. Between good and evil there is ever an earnest warfare going on to obtain dominion over a human soul. Wisdom is acquired by experience. We are made conscious of our follies and failings by the pain and sorrow that they bring us. In every earnest warfare right shall eventually triumph.

A BRAVE WORKMAN.

WE have much pleasure in recording an act of courageous self-control and presence of mind which may be compared with advantage to the honors won by deeds of daring on the field of battle. Two workmen were engaged in fixing a lightning conductor on the summit of the steeple at Ville-sur-Ourthe, in Belgium. To

accomplish this somewhat difficult and delicate task it was necessary that one of the workmen should stand on the shoulders of his companion. While in this position, a violent gust of wind made him spill some molten lead, which fell on the hand and forearm of his friend. Notwithstanding the sudden intensity of the pain thus inflicted, the victim of this accident had the courage to remain motionless while the lead burnt its way into the flesh. He knew that the slightest movement might suffice to precipitate his companion from a height of seventy feet into the street below, and he bravely endured the pain rather than imperil the life of his fellow-worker. M. A. Karis, slater, at Anthisne, is the hero of this brave deed, and his name is worthy of public record.

Editorial Chat.

In this issue we produce a Fairy story, from the pen of "Myrtle Grey," and we know the children like to read her writings. As her excuse for sending a Fairy story, we clip the following from her letter: "I did it to draw the little ones out, to interest them in the correspondent column, and give them an object or subject to write on. I have more stories for the *Hope*. I want to do my part, and as long as they are deemed worthy of occupying space in your columns, I shall still keep on trying." These long winter evenings will afford the HOPES a good opportunity of studying out the meaning of the words in italics, and be the means of information, both profitable and good.

LITTLE THINGS.

A little bit of patience often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home;
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way.

Letters from the Hopes.

ALLENTOWN, New Jersey,
November 28th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: We have had some very good meetings here this Fall. Bro. J. C. Foss stopped here on his way to Conference, and preached several good sermons; also Bro. Hiram Robinson was here and preached several times; we liked them very much, and hope they will visit us again. At present we are not having meetings very regularly. I often wish that I could have the privilege of meeting together every Sunday with the Saints; our branch is small, and the members are very much scattered, and we do not have meetings every Sunday. I think those that are privileged to meet with the Saints every Sunday should be thankful, for indeed it would be a great pleasure to me.

Dear Hopes, do we feel thankful enough for the blessed gospel that we have been led to understand and obey. I often think that I do not sacrifice enough for the cause of Christ; but I am determined, by the help of God, to strive and live more faithful in the future than I have in the past. Let us all strive and live that we may meet in the next world, if not permitted to meet in this. It has been five years this Fall since I embraced this gospel, and I have never regretted it; all that I have cause to feel sorry for is that I have not lived as I ought in the past. Hoping to meet you all some time.

Your humble sister,
MARY E. MCGUIRE.

MONTROSE, Iowa, December 1st, 1880.

Dear Hopes: We have a very nice Sunday School. Mamma is superintendent; Sr. Turner assistant; Bro. Richardson, librarian; Sr. Turner is teacher of the class I am in. Every Sunday she gives us questions in the Bible to find out, for the next Sunday, which we try to find the answer to them. Pray for me, that I may be ever faithful. I remain your sister in the everlasting gospel of Christ,
MYRTLE E. OMAN.

INDEPENDENCE, Missouri,
November 7th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: Our Sabbath School still continues, but sorry to say there is not the interest manifest for the work that we would be glad to see; yet it is a great pleasure to me, and I am led to suppose that it is a source of some good to the few who are faithful in attendance. There is one of two sisters very sick; there were two of the most faithful in attendance, and are very much missed in the school, as they can not come while the one remains sick. I trust that all the Hopes of Zion will remember to pray for her (as she has requested so to do), that they may again be permitted to take part in the Sabbath School. I take the *Herald*, *Advocate*, and *Hope*; would be very sorry to be deprived of them. I think if every Latter Day Saint would subscribe and pay for them, they would never have occasion to get weak in the faith. May all the Hopes of Zion be zealous in every good work, and pray for me. I subscribe myself your friend in truth,

JOHN S. PAGE.

LLOYD, Wisconsin, November 18th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I am attending school, which commenced last Monday. Our teacher's name is Miss Lillian Wood, and we all love her very much; she has taught our school for six months, and she is to teach six months more. We have a nice new school house now. My papa has been away all Summer and Fall, just got home a week ago to-morrow. He was at Lamoni and Creston selling nursery stock. It is real cold weather here. There is about three inches of snow on the ground. My love to all the Hopes.

CLAUDE CARPENTER.

LONGTON, Elk Co., Kansas,
November 22d, 1880.

Dear Hopes: We have got a school now. Pa and ma belong to the Church. I have got three sisters and one brother. Pa preached to-day. There is a family moved in a house built at the side of our house; she is a widow, her name is Mrs. Brown. She has got one child; its name is Dale. It is nice sleighing now. One of our neighbors hung himself in his barn; he got out of his bed, made a fire, got a bucket of water, shut the door, went out to the barn and hung himself; he told his wife to get up and get breakfast; she got breakfast, and went to the stable to call him and saw him hanging in the barn and told her son to cut the rope.

CAMILLIE LOAR.

November 17th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I am a stranger, but thought I write to you. I am an orphan, and lately came from England; I waited a long time to find some one I could come to America with, but had to come alone at last. I am not a member of the Church yet, but hope to be some day. I have been reading the piece "How Maggie helped her father," and am very sorry it is finished. I am now reading the "History of Joseph Smith," by his mother, Lucy, and like it very much. My uncle has gone to Montana to preach; I am afraid he will be cold out there this winter, but I pray the Lord to protect him and bring him safely home. I believe in the gospel, because it is right. I send my love to all the Hopes.

EMMA MARY ABRAHAM.

LONGTON, Elk Co., Kansas,
November 22d, 1880.

Dear Hopes: This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I am going to school; my teacher's name is James Cook. I am ten years old. Pa takes the *Herald*, *Hope* and *Advocate*.

NORA LOAR.

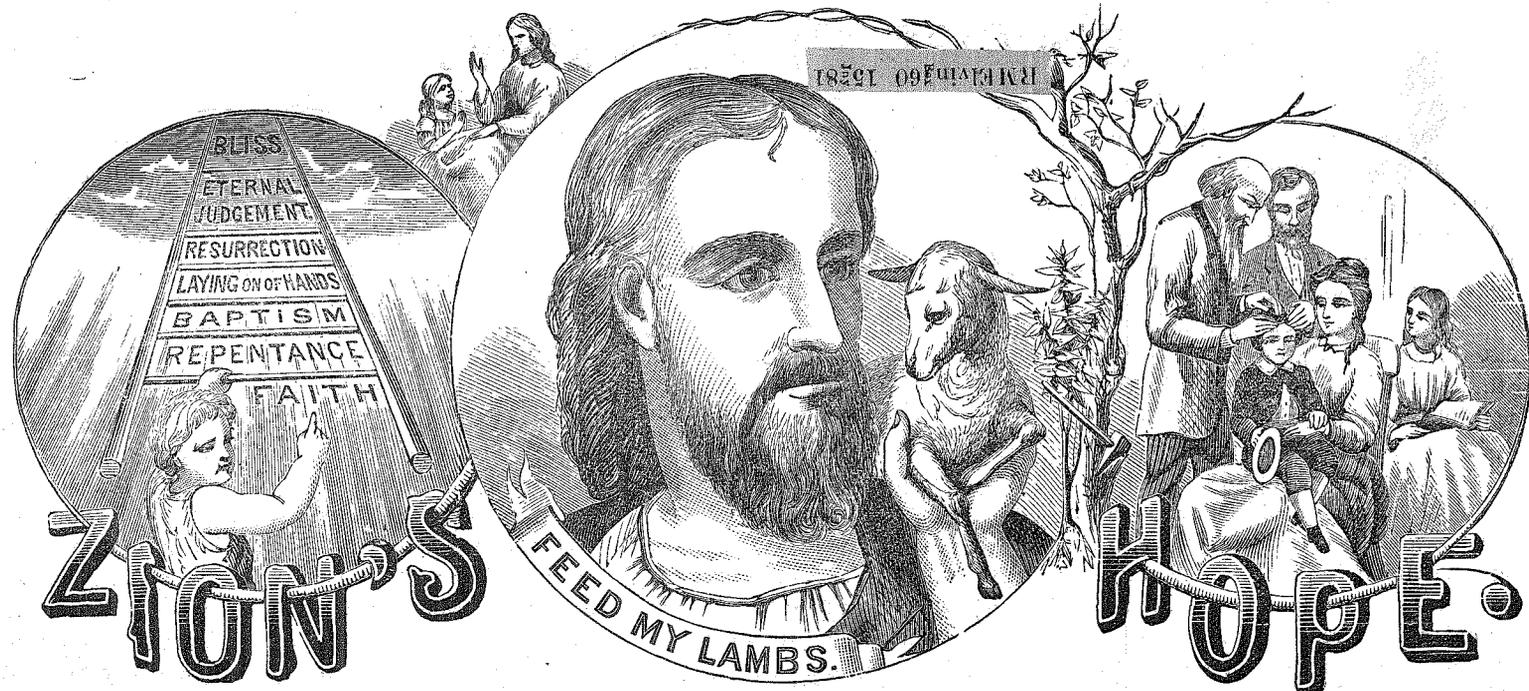
15 December 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to *Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois*. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 1, 1881.

No. 13.

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

LORD, throughout this opening year,
Let Thy presence with us go;
Send Thy Spirit to direct us—
Lead us all our journey through;
Oh, go with us,
Nor forsake us while below.

Let Thy Spirit, as a pillar,
Go before us on the way;
Ever let it be around us,
Fire by night, and cloud by day;
From its shadow,
Father, let us never stray.

If Thy presence go not with us,
Lord, from hence we would not move;
For we know without Thy guidance
All we do would useless prove;
Oh, then, keep us,
Guide us with Thy tender love.

Lord, in all we undertake,
May we always seek to know
If Thy presence will be with us,
And direct us as we go;
If it will not,
Let us not desire to go.

To Thy Fatherly protection,
Lord, we now ourselves commend,
And, for Jesus' sake, beseech Thee,
Through this year to be our friend,
And before us
Evermore Thy Spirit send.

THE DEBT OF LOVE.

MARY had been for a long time planning her New Year's gifts.
"I want to give something to everybody who will give anything to me," she said.

"Why," answered her mother, "it seems to me that is too much like paying debts. Now I give to those I love."

"Yes, but, mother, I am sure I love everybody who loves me enough to think of me, and prepare me a present. If it's like paying debts, it's a debt of love, isn't it?"

"Yes," said mother, "that's true. Only I hope you wont forget any one."

At Mary's home, the breakfast table on New Year's morning was a merry place. Everybody was wishing everybody else a "Happy New Year," and before each plate was a strange heap of something, not like food, covered with a clean napkin. Of course

all were eager to be seated, and after the blessing was asked there was a quick untying and opening of parcels, and "ohs" and "ahs" and "thank-yous" were heard on every side in delightful confusion.

Little Mary had a gift from every one she had thought would remember her, and one besides. It was a beautiful Bible. She gazed at it with delight.

"Whom can it be from?" said she "It is not from any of the home folks, nor any one else I can think of. Who could have given it to me?"

"Perhaps there's a card inside," suggested brother Robert.

Mary opened the little volume. There was no card, but on the fly-leaf was written her name, and, "A choice gift from her heavenly Father."

Her face flushed, but her tongue was silent. She held the book close to her all breakfast-time, as if she were afraid of losing it, or as if it were more precious than all the rest of her presents. And after the meal was over she slipped round to her mother's side and whispered tearfully,

"O mother, there's one I forgot in my gifts. What shall I do?"

"Who is it, my daughter?"

"The One who gave me this Bible; I never once thought of him."

"It is not too late, darling. You know there is only one gift we can offer to God, and that he has asked for. 'Give me thy heart,' he says."

"Mother," said Mary, "I can do that, and I will. I want him to have my heart; I'll give it to him now. Will that be paying a debt of love?"

"Yes," whispered mother, with a kiss.

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."

Why is a lobster a most intellectual shell-fish? Because even when boiled, it is deeply red.

Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves? Because they ought to be taken up.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

WHENEVER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me?

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more,
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

"How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

"While some poor creatures scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell
And rest upon my bed.

"While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

"Are these thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best."

INTEMPERANCE AND TEETOTALISM.

BY J. FRANK McDOWELL.

CHAPTER I.

"Can a man put a coal of fire in his bosom, and not be burned?"—Solomon.

ALL liquors that intoxicate are an evil. Some may think this a statement unwarrantable; but I do not so think. Intemperance is a great evil. The liquor traffic is a curse in the world,—a friend to vice and a foe to virtue. Every individual contaminated therewith has a miserable and awful sin-stain upon his or her soul. It is an evil invention; one that has wrought more evil in the world, and caused the committal of more sin than all other causes productive of evil put together.

Solomon asked the question, "Can a man put a coal of fire in his bosom, and not be burned?" What a question! exclaims some one; of course no one could; so I say about liquor. Can any person tamper with the ungodly stuff, and not be adulterated and made unclean thereby? A person may handle it as they will, but they will either injure

themselves, or set an example that may end in the ruin of some other, or perhaps of themselves and others also. The cup contains death and hell and condemnation.

The Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, stand three living witnesses against the use of intoxicating drinks. And all Latter Day Saints profess to believe that these three books contain the word of God.

The Bible commences at or with Genesis and ends with Revelations, and through the entire volume runs the history of the evil resulting from intemperance. The intemperate user is condemned everywhere. The Bible gives us not only precepts of teetotalism, but examples of intemperance. Noah got drunk, and his act resulted in a curse upon another, and perhaps himself, for he transgressed when he did so. Lot got drunk, and his drunkenness resulted in a great crime.

Crime of every known character clusters about the intoxicating cup, let it contain what manner of intoxicating drink it may. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Prov. 20:1. Is not this true to-day? Inasmuch as it was true in Solomon's time, it is more so now, an hundred fold. There are many people deceived by wine, and destroyed. No man ever intended to become a drunkard, but it stole upon them in almost an imperceptible manner, until they had become fully deceived, fascinated by its alluring power. It may look pleasant, taste pleasant, but it is destructive to both soul and body.

"Hear thou, my son, and be wise, and guide thine heart in the way (of life)." "Be not among wine bibbers." Wine bibbers are what we call "moderate drinkers;" people who say,—"Take a sup, there is no harm in it." No harm! There is danger and injury unseen, untold, in it. "Be not deceived." "For the drunkard shall come to poverty; * * * and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." Did any of the Hopes ever see a drunkard in ragged clothes? Did you ever see a drunkard that was poor,—poverty stricken? "Many, many," exclaims some one. Yes, many. Did it ever make a drunkard rich to spend his money for intoxicating drink? O, no! Poverty, wretchedness, filth, illiteracy, misery, all these surround and crown the bibber of intoxicating drink. O, what a scene; what a picture! Will Latter Day Saints lean in this direction? Would any of the Hopes like to place themselves in such a plight? Let every heart ask itself this question. Take in as much of the scene as you can; glance at it, for a glance will suffice, and ask yourself, "What is my example in that direction?" "Would I tamper with the 'cup of devils,' and thus injure myself or my young friends?" "At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Prov. 23: 19, 20, 21, 32.

WE sent a double number of the HOPE to its readers, as a Christmas Gift. We hope that it gave satisfaction to all the Hopes of Zion. We wish that we could keep on doing so, but can not. We hope that the Sunday Schools and other subscribers will renew promptly for the year 1881. We greet you all with compliments of the season.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 45.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

CITY OF NAZARETH.



HERE we are in the home of Joseph and Mary, the city where Jesus spent his early life. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" To this old question I will return the same old answer, "Come and see." We have taken our breakfast under the shade of a venerable olive tree, near the city fountain, from which a great portion of the drinking water for the inhabitants is obtained. A throng of women are continually passing and repassing with their waterpots upon their heads, just as they did when Jesus was a child. Along this very path he has walked again and again, with his mother, as she went to fill her waterpot; indeed it is asserted by many that it was at this very fountain the angel met her, and made the strange announcement. It is now called "The fountain of the Virgin."

Nazareth is built upon a hill; beneath it is a fertile valley, and high above, covered with foliage, and crowned with a Moslem Mosque, is the bald summit of the eminence, to the side of which it clings. It has a population of four thousand inhabitants, consisting of Greeks, Latins, Maronites and Mahommedans; its houses are of stone, and well built, and there is an air of thrift, enterprise, and manliness about the town we have not seen in any other place since we left Jerusalem. We now go to the Latin Convent, a neat pile of buildings, inclosed with a massive stone wall. We took a hasty walk through many parts of the building, and then entered the church that covers the ancient home of Joseph and Mary. Service was being performed, and the familiar tones of the organ awakened thoughts of Christian lands. We waited till its close, then descended from the main room, a broad flight of fifteen steps, into a grotto in the hillside; in this is a beautiful altar—beneath it a marble slab, ornamented with a cross. Here the Latins say the virgin stood during the annunciation. The whole interior of this sanctum is encased with marble, ornamented with pictures, and hung with costly silver lamps. This is the Holy Grotto of Nazareth; from this you are taken into a deeper recess, where the cold, rough, rocky walls are left uncovered and unadorned; from here a staircase leads you into Mary's kitchen.

From the convent we passed up a hill, and were taken to Joseph's workshop; this is also transformed by the Latins into a chapel. Here it is said Jesus worked with his father at the bench. We were shown another Christian church, once a Jewish synagogue, from which Jesus was once led by the enraged citizens to a precipitous cliff, from which they intended to cast him down. Just in the suburbs of the town, a short distance from where our tents are pitched, we found a steep declivity, that would answer all the requisitions of the Bible narrative.

We now visited a lofty hill in the rear of the city, to enjoy its extensive prospect. This

view is said to be the finest in all Palestine; there is the bold summit of Tabor, the snowy peaks of Hannon, the long dark ridge of Carmel, the great plain of Esdraelon, and the distant Mediterranean Sea, all are in view.

MOUNT TABOR.

Our visit to Nazareth over, we are now on our way to Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee. In two hours we reached the base of Tabor. It is a grand and imposing object—an isolated mountain between four and five miles in circumference at the base, rising like a great round topped sugar loaf, thirteen hundred and fifty feet high, standing in lone and solemn grandeur upon the great plain of Esdraelon, which forms its base. The ascent of this mountain is by a circuitous path, and occupies about one hour; it is richly adorned with verdure—oak trees and shrubbery covering the top, while the sides are adorned with a great variety of beautiful flowers. On the summit are found piles of old ruins, the remnants of towers and fortifications that have existed here from the days of Joshua down to the devastations of the Crusades, and from their day to this. The great beauty and singular position and formation of Tabor would immortalize it, but it has other attractions. It is one of the sacred mountains of the Bible, and standing upon it, we see around and beneath us, the theater of great and instructive events. It was at this mount, while the Canaanites were opposing Israel, that Deborah, by the direction of the Almighty, gathered ten thousand men under Barak. Along the base of Carmel lay Jabin's army, an immense multitude, with nine hundred chariots of iron, under the command of Sisera. At the given signal, Barak descended from Tabor, and Sisera and all his hosts were smitten with the sword. Bonaparte himself visited Tabor, and added another to the baptism of blood this hill and plain have received. On this broad plain beneath our feet; a little more than fifty years ago, an immense Turkish army of fifteen thousand infantry and twelve thousand cavalry were drawn up in battle array. Kleber, the French general, marched out of Nazareth about five miles distant with three thousand men, and at once engaged in bloody strife with this twenty-seven thousand men. For six dreadful hours Kleber and his handful of men fought against this fearful odds, piling around them heaps upon heaps of slain. At the critical juncture, Napoleon is seen wheeling down from Tabor with another division of his army, the Turks were driven down upon the Jordan, where Murat charged them with his cavalry, and decided the fate of the day. Tabor is not only a mount of blood, but it has witnessed other scenes that may well redeem it from these stains of blood. It has been gory from the blood of thousands slain; it has been covered with glory from the presence and communion of heavenly visitants. Jesus "took Peter, James and John, and went up into a high mountain apart," and Tabor was witness of a scene in which heaven and earth had a deeper interest than all the other events that cluster about this sacred mount. It was

here that the wonderful Transfiguration occurred, when Moses and Elijah appeared, and were seen by the Apostles present on the occasion, and who exclaimed, "Master, it is good for us to be here."

Our ride from Tabor to Tiberias was of about five hours' duration, winding through fertile valleys and along rocky hills, winding down a steep rocky ridge, we came upon an old, dilapidated town, supposed to be the ancient Cana of Galilee, where Christ's first miracle was performed, and in its little Greek church and convent here a priest proffered, for a backsheesh of course, to show us the veritable waterpots used on the occasion.

As we approached the Sea of Galilee, a little distance to our left, rose up a saddle shaped hill, known as the "Horns of Hattin," which is pointed out as the traditional place of Christ's sermon on the mount. It was a convenient and beautiful place for the assembling of the multitude, and I could not but picture in my imagination the scene, when thousands gathered upon its green slopes, overawed by the majesty and impressed with the authority of their strange and wonderful preacher. As we passed on, we were riding over another celebrated battle field. In July, 1187, the king of Jerusalem assembled the flower of the Christian army upon this great plateau. Saladin, with his Mahomedan hordes, came up in immense numbers from the northern part of the Sea of Galilee, and overpowered the Christian army. A terrible slaughter ensued; the victory was a decisive one, and Saladin was master of the land. It was the end of the Crusaders' power in Palestine. The sun was dipping below the western horizon as we passed the ruined gateway of the old dilapidated wall, and pitched our tents in the ancient city of Tiberias, a few rods from the sea shore. We lost no time in making arrangements to make our stay as instructive and useful as possible. On these waters, where so many fishermen once plied their craft, but one solitary boat is now found. We immediately dispatched our dragoman to make arrangements with the old Druse who owned it, to have it in readiness for us.

THE SQUINT-EYED PARTY.



ONE day when little Georgie was playing near the gate of the lawn he heard a boy going from school cry out to another, "No, Squint-eye, you sha'n't go to our party." And he saw poor Tom Dunn, with his crooked eyes and freckled face, crying and sobbing.

Georgie put his hands through the rails of the fence, and said, "Here, little boy, you may have my new whistle. Don't cry any more."

Then he ran into the house and asked, "Can't I have a squint-eyed party on the lawn, so as to invite that poor speckled boy?"

His mother laughed as she said, "O, Georgie dear, you are very kind, but I don't think there is any other squint-eyed boy around here but little Tom."

"O yes, mother, you forget. There is lame Sam, with such a thick sole on his shoe,

and the boy that had his hand cut off in the hay-cutter, and—"

"But they are not 'squint-eyed,' Georgie," said his mother.

"Well, but it's in their feet and hands, and that's just as bad, isn't it, mother?" asked the child.

Georgie's brother was ten years old, and thought he knew a great deal more than this little fellow. So he laughed out very loud, and said, "Ha, ha! Georgie thinks Sam is squint-eyed in his foot and little Tim in his hand!"

But the mother said, "I know what Georgie means. He pities such boys, and wants to make them happy. He shall have the tent pitched on the lawn, and have the poor boys here, and I will help him to make them happy. His party will be like the one we read of in the Bible, to which the halt and the maimed and the blind were invited."

WILLINGNESS AND GOOD FIGURES.

GIVE me any work, please, sir?" said a neat but poorly-clad boy of twelve years of age to a New York merchant.

"Got all the help I need," was the short and sharp reply of the busy city merchant.

"It's hard," replied the disappointed lad, "that a boy that is willing to work can't get a job in this large city."

"Why did you come to this city, my boy?" asked the merchant, glancing at the despondent lad.

"Because I want to earn enough to help support my widowed mother and sister."

This reply, with the peculiar manner of the boy, somewhat moved the harsh merchant, and he asked:

"What are you willing to do?"

"Anything, sir. Anything in the world that I can do well."

"Well, go and take hold, and pile up the empty boxes, and pick up the loose papers, etc., down in the cellar."

In less time than it takes me to tell it, the boy was hard at work picking up the loose papers and piling up the empty boxes, and cleaning up in general. During the day the merchant asked the foreman:

"How is that strange lad working?"

"Like a beaver, sir. He is killing himself with work."

When night came the work-worn lad was offered one whole dollar for that day's work.

"No, sir!" said the boy, "give me one-half a dollar. It's all I think I've earned, and will buy me a supper and a lodging."

This the merchant thought was uncommon honesty, and pleased him so much that he told the lad to come next morning. He was there long before any one else was, and in that way showed his promptness. During the day, when the foreman was out, he marked the weight on some bundles that he had been weighing. The head of the firm happened to notice the figures, and as they were so well made, and in a strange hand, he inquired as to who made them. When he learn-

that the new boy had made them, he sent for him to come down to the office. When he came into the office he was asked to show a specimen of his writing by copying an article. His writing was so beautiful that he decided to hire him for an office clerk. So this boy, that was once very poor, obtained a permanent situation and a good salary by his willingness to do any work that was given him to do; also, by taking pains with his figures and writing.

All boys that read the above narrative can take a lesson from it, by taking pains with every thing they do. No matter whether the thing that you do is of much importance or not, do it as well as possible.

FAIRY DREAMLAND.

BEAUTIFUL dreamland,
How fair its scenes;
Beautiful Fairies,
With Fairy queens.

Beautiful rivers,
All sparkling bright,
And beautiful lakes,
With ships so white.

There's beautiful woods
All dressed in green,
Where lives the Fairy
Who reigns supreme.

The Summer bowers,
As if in bloom,
Are strewn with flowers
With sweet perfume.

There lives Santa Claus,
Who always brings
To little children
Such pretty things.

Everything's pretty,
In this sweet land,
Which in this ditty
I'll name dreamland.

But now should you ask
Where is this Fairy
I tell you it's all
Imaginary.

W. H. D.

UNWASHED PRINCE.

ONE day the Crown Prince of Germany heard an uproar in his nursery. He stepped in to inquire, and the nurse said, "Prince Henry refuses to be washed." "What, my son, will you not be washed and made clean?" "No, I won't be washed," he petulantly responded, "I don't like to be washed. Let me be!" "Well," said Fritz, "if that is his choice, let him be. He need not be washed!" Away he bounded with great glee at having conquered the nurse, and getting his own way. By and by the nurse and Prince Henry took a ride through the Thier garden and streets of Berlin. He soon noticed that the sentries stationed all over the city, did not give them the customary salute. "Why don't the soldiers present arms, nurse?" "I can not tell," she said, "we are dressed correctly, are in the royal carriage, and I can not guess why they refuse us the honors." At eventide his papa asked Prince Henry if he had enjoyed his ride to-day? "No, papa, not a bit?" "Not a bit? What can the matter be?" "Why, papa, not a soldier recognized or saluted us in driving all round the city, and we had on uniform, and rode in the royal carriage." "Ah?" he says to the lad, "soldiers did not salute you, eh? Well, you must understand, my boy, that no Prussian soldier will present arms to an unwashed prince!"

BIBLICAL ALPHABET.

A was a man who lifted up his eyes and saw a place afar off.—Genesis 22:4.
B was a place where the great King was born.—Matthew 2:1.
C was a man who fought the first battle.—Genesis 4:8.
D was a man who was exposed to the wild beast.—Daniel 6:27.
E was a man who never tasted death.—Genesis 5:24.
F was a ruler who trembled at the truth.—Acts 24:25.
G was a messenger with the good words.—Daniel 9:21.
H was a mother loaned to the Lord.—Samuel 1:15.
I was a man received of the Lord.—Genesis 32:28.
J was a shepherd in Arabian land.—Exodus 3:1.
K was a place near the Desert land.—Deuteronomy 1:46.
L was a pauper begging his bread.—Luke 16:20.
M was an idol, an object of dread.—Leviticus 20:2.
N was an architect ages ago.—Genesis 6:13.
O was a rampart to keep out the foe.—2 Chronicles 17:7.
P was an isle whence a saint looked above.—Revelation 1:9.
Q was a Christian sainted in love.—Romans 14:23.
R was obscure, yet a mother of kings.—Matthew 1:5.
S was a Danite who did wonderful things.—Judges 14:5.
T was a city that had a stronghold.—2 Samuel 24:8.
U was a country provided with gold.—Jeremiah 10:9.
V was a queen whom the king set aside.—Esther 1:9.
Z was a place where a man wanted to hide.—Genesis 19:22.
 —Read 2 Timothy 3:15.

WINE-GLASS PUZZLE.

To jut out; ornamental work; a fruit; at rest; a hunter; Indian chiefs; a vessel; a girl's name; a numeral; did eat; a mountain. Centrals: name an editor the Sunday School children like.

A. W. SEYBERT.

Letters from the Hopes.

ZION'S HOPE FUND.

EDENVILLE, Iowa, December 17th, 1880.

Bro. Joseph: After hearing pa read the last *Herald* about those good Elders that are debarred from preaching the gospel, because there is no means to support their families on, while they give their time to the work, it touched my sympathy; and although I am young, only thirteen years old, and my pa is giving all his time to preach the gospel which I love, yet I feel I can make some more sacrifice for the work. I offer the following to all the readers of the *Hope*. I will make an effort in the branch which I belong to, in order to raise a monthly subscription of ten cents per month, to extend through the entire year of 1881, which amount must be paid monthly to our Branch Treasurer, and he is to pay it to the Bishop's Agent, and it is to go in the General Church treasury, as *Zion's Hope* Fund, for the support or good of the work, to send the gospel to the honest in heart. What little sisters or brothers in every branch in the world will do likewise, and send the names up to Bro. Joseph to publish in the *Hopes*. Dear Little Hopes, ask your pa, ma, uncles and aunts, to sign the list, and as many others as possible. May God help us in our small effort, that we may succeed if it is according to his will, "Despise not the day of small things."

Your young sister, EVA E. WHITE.

Names who have agreed to pay ten cents per month.

Eva E. White,	George Hidy,
Ammon White,	Elizabeth White,
Cora E. White,	Rebecca J. Thomas,
Della White,	Addie White,
Emma White,	Mary White,
I. N. White,	John White,
R. Etzenhouser,	A. White.

I will try to send another list of names soon. E. E. W.

BARTLETT, Iowa, November 28th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: It is with pleasure that I read the letters in the *Hope*. I wish some day to embrace the truth. I am ten years old, and go to school; I read in the fifth reader, and study arithmetic and geography, writing and spelling. My father and mother belong to the Church.

CLARA HARRINGTON.

I go to school. I read in the fourth reader, study arithmetic and spelling. I am eight years old. I hope you will pray for me.

EMMA HARRINGTON.

CARLINGFORD, Ontario, December 5th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I am a stranger to you, but thought I would like to write to you. I was baptized a year ago last March, by my brother, Samuel. My father and mother belong to the Church. I have five brothers and six sisters; they were all baptized but one brother and sister, and that sister is younger than I. I have three sisters going to school, two older than myself and one younger. We live in the village. There are three churches, one tavern, one store, blacksmith shop, carriage shop, shoe shop, grist mill, and school house. Our family is the only one that belongs to the Church in this village. Prejudice runs high; they won't let our Elders have a place to preach in, nor they won't come out to hear. My father helped to put up the three churches, and has not a church to go to now. We hold meetings in our house, and in my brother-in-law's; he is nine miles from here, but we have more enjoyment in our little meetings than we had among the big congregations; we have the spirit in our meetings. I often think that if some more belonged we could enjoy ourselves better. God has blessed us with the power of healing, many times. My oldest sister, Margaret, had a stroke, nearly two months ago, and in nine days had another; was administered to both times, partly recovered each time; was administered to the third time, and is now as well as ever,—with all the use of her limbs. My brother Sam and Brethren Leverton and Hartnal have gone to McKillop, where my brother George lives, to preach, about thirty miles from here. Oh how thankful we all ought to feel who have heard the gospel and obeyed; for think of the thousands who wander in darkness, not having the doctrine of Christ. Good by to you all. Pray for me. I remain your sister in the love of Christ,

NELLIE BROWNE.

DOW CITY, Iowa, December 5th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: As it is too cold to go to meeting to-day, I do not know any better way to improve the time than writing to the *Hope*. I have belonged to the Church three years, and do not regret it. All I regret is that I have not lived more faithful; but by the help of God, I hope to do better in the future. I love our dear paper, the *Hope*, for when I read it, it makes my heart rejoice, and encourages me to press forward. We have meeting every Sunday at eleven o'clock, and also at night. Let us, dear Hopes, try to so live that we may meet in heaven, and sing songs of everlasting joy to his name's honor and glory. That this may be our happy lot, is the prayer of

IDA M. RUDD.

LONDON EAST, Ontario, 7th Dec., 1880.

Dear *Hope*: We have a nice Sunday School here; it opens at half-past nine. Elder Harrington is my teacher, and Bro. Richard Evans is superintendent. I was baptized July 23d, by Elder G. T. Griffiths. My father and mother and two brothers belong to the Church; my other brother is too young to be baptized yet. I am twelve years old. My mother was sick and I had to stop home from school, and while sweeping the floor, I thought of the first hymn I had ever heard in the Church, which was: "A thousand years to reign in glory." Three years ago I was very sick, and Elder Cornish administered to me; that night I felt better, and began to sing a hymn. My father and mother got rest that night. Next morning at nine o'clock, I got worse, and about ten o'clock I was near dying, when my mother knelt by my bed side and prayed, and just as she said amen, I got up and put on my clothes, and said I was better, and at twelve o'clock I went and met my father, who was surprised. I thank the Lord for what he has done for me. I am glad that I have praying parents. This is the first time I have written to the *Hope*, and I hope I will not be so long next time. Pray for me that I may be faithful, and enjoy the Spirit of God, as I have to-day. So good by for this time. From your brother in the gospel truth,

JAMES FALKNER.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., December 5th, 1880.

Dear *Hope*: I have been thinking of writing to you for some time, and now I will do so. I would advise you to be faithful, and be obedient to your parents, and do as they bid you; if you do not, you will regret it. You'll be as a brother in this branch; it was manifested that he was a drunkard; he asked if it was not him. "I am in a

perfect hell." Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth. And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And also be obedient to your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ, not with eye-service: as men-pleasers, but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart. Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH G. B. HARP.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, Utah, Dec. 2d, 1880.

Dear Hopes: It is some time since I wrote to you, and as the year is drawing to a close I thought I would write again. Perhaps a description of my home may be interesting to you. Our land almost joins the river Jordan. It is very pleasant here in Summer, but lonesome in Winter. In the Spring we have a good time fishing, and there are plenty of wild ducks. For three years my uncle William has kindly subscribed for the *Hope* for me, but this year I have saved money enough of my own, and shall send for it again. We have had very cold weather for some time past, and the railroad company do not begin to supply our demand for coal. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. My love to you all.

WARREN H. LYON.

LITTLE BLACKFOOT, Idaho, Dec. 7th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I was baptized by Bro. E. C. Brand, November 21st, 1879, and went off to the Catholic school shortly after, and stayed there seven months. There are nine of us in the family, and I am the only one that belongs to the Church. I am very much pleased with the *Hope*, and would like for it to come oftener. There is no Church nor Sunday School here; but I hope to live in a place where there is, some day. I wish all the little Hopes a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

LENA M. E. HANSEN.

BROOKLYN, New York, December 5th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I have a desire to write to you; for it is a long time since I wrote. I was baptized on the 29th of August, 1880. I go to Church in the afternoon. We do not have church in the morning. My father and mother and grandmother belong to the Church. We had Conference last Sunday, November 28th, 1880. We had a very good time; the Saints all felt well. They were loth to part when it was over. We have no Sunday School here, but I hope we will have one soon. I have a desire to be a good boy and to do right, that I may be saved in the kingdom of God. I ask all to pray for me.

Yours truly, JOSEPH SQUIRE.

AUGUSTA, Me., December 5th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: Again this stormy Sabbath morning I will try and write to you. We do not have any meetings or Sunday School here. I have been going to day school, but have stopped now. We have quite a lot of snow, and it is still snowing. I like to read the *Hopes* real well, and like Uncle John's chat. As ever your friend,

LAURA W. BROWN.

I am twelve years old. This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I like to read the *Hope*, which my aunt takes. I go to school; my studies are reading, writing and spelling.

FLORA BROWN.

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.

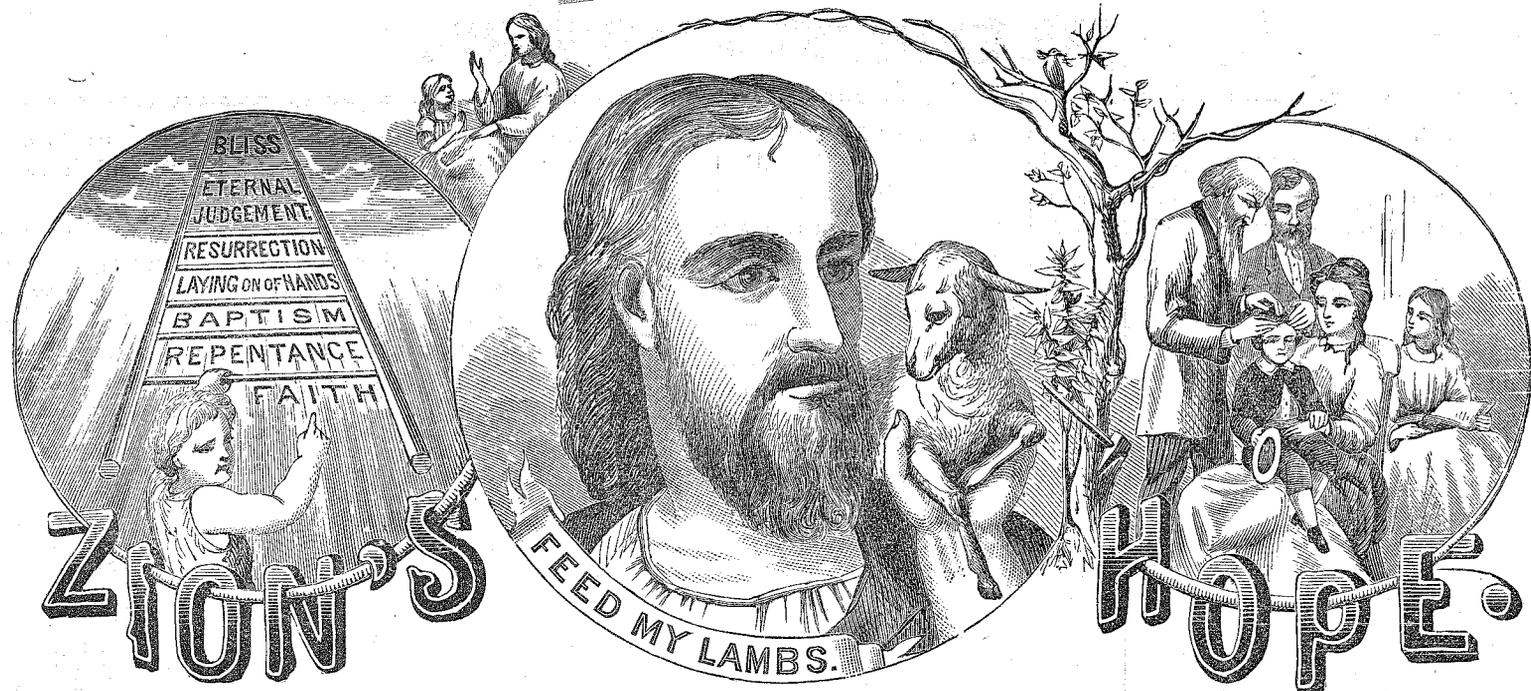
1 January 81.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

ZION'S HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to *Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois*. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 15, 1881.

No. 14.

CONTENTMENT.

THIS world is not so bad a world,
As some would make it seem,
Though o'er it clouds are often hurled,
Yet follows brighter beams.

If ever from the rising sun
Till sunset did appear,
No clouds of darkness overspun,
We'd ne'er know when 'twas clear.

Let grief and sorrow bear their part,
That joy may more abound;
They only purify the heart,
That peace may then be found.

I'll patiently endure the sour,
The sweet, to comprehend;
While joy is such a pleasant flower,
Yet grief is but a friend.

Then grief, and joy, and sweet, and sour,
Are nought but what we need;
When one we patiently endure,
The other will succeed.

Then whether sweet, or whether sour,
My pathway doth attend,
I'll call the one a lovely flower,
The other a precious friend.

Geo. S. Hyde.

PRUDENCE AND THE FAIRY.

NOT many years ago, on the banks of one of the beautiful lakes of New York, there stood a neat little cottage, almost hid from view by the trees and shrubs with which it was surrounded. This little cottage was the home of an humble, but honest fisherman, his good wife, and little daughter, whom we will call Prudence.

Prudence was a pretty, bright-eyed girl, and was at the time of which we write, about nine years old. She was the pride and joy of her father, and often lightened his toil by the help of her tiny little hands. She was a great deal of comfort to her father, and many times the fisherman would take her with him in his little boat, as he went out on the placid bosom of the beautiful lake, to cast his net to gather in its finny tribes, to supply the daily market of the town but a few miles away.

Prudence being a bright, intelligent little girl, it was but natural, she should take to books, of which her kind father always furnished her plenty. She would often spend hours reading stories to her father and mother.

There was one story in particular with which she seemed to be delighted. It was a story of a fairy that controlled the fate of the inhabitants of a lonely island, lying far out in the ocean many miles from the abodes of the white people. How a beautiful young prince had been banished by the King of Naples, and had by some good fortune been shipwrecked on the shores of this lonely island; and by the aid of this good fairy when she had become enlisted in his service, been restored to his home and kingdom. One sunny morning in the fore part of June, as Prudence sat under a large apple tree that was in full bloom in the garden, reading the story of the fairy, she began to feel discontented, and wonder why it was there were no fairies in America. As she sat pondering these things in her mind, her heart was full of sad thoughts, that other girls were so much happier than she. Then a large dragon fly came from his wanderings over the bosom of the lake, and hanging on his gauzy wings a moment, whispered something in Prudence's ear.

Little Hopes, what do you think it was? He told her of the Sunny South; how the little girls sported so happily under the orange blossomed trees, and of the beautiful island where the fairy lived a long time with the young prince. Oh! how she wished one would come and take her to the Sunny South. Prudence did not dream that while she pondered these happy thoughts in her mind, there was a fairy hid among the apple blossoms over her head, that was ready and willing to do her bidding. Therefore as the fairy knew all her thoughts, she floated down and touching Prudence with her magic wand, stood in the air just before her. It was a real American fairy, with dark eyes, high cheek bones, and long straight black hair.

Then the fairy said: "I am thy happy sprite. In days that are passed it was my mission to watch over the children of my own people, but because I once wept human tears for their sufferings, I was no longer permitted this privilege, but must ever after watch over

little white girls like you; therefore, tell me what you wish that I may do it."

Then Prudence told the fairy how she wished to see the far off happy land of dreams, where the air is ever sweet with the odors of perpetual blooming flowers, and where enchanted beauty ever reigns; where the children of the poor can rest in peace and pleasure, and forever live in the eternal sunshine of happiness.

The fairy was glad of so easy a task to perform, for she had many times before been on this self same errand. Then the fairy waved her magic wand above her head, and a boat that had been anchored just above the treetops in the air, came floating down and rested at her feet. It was a beautiful boat, painted with many colors, blending one with the other. Prudence stepped lightly into the boat, and was ready and impatient to be off.

Then the fairy waved her wand and said: "Blow ye fairy winds; oh, blow and bear us to that happy land."

Then the winds filled the sail and the little ship quickly, but softly rose on the breeze, and floated off in mid air for fairy land. In an almost incredible short time, the air all at once became perfumed by the fragrance of orange blossoms, and Prudence knew they were sailing over the Sunny South, for this is what the Dragon fly told her that morning. Soon the fairy boat arrived safely in the land of dreams, and rested on the shore of the beautiful island, the home of all the fairies, in the same place the young prince was found by the fairy that afterwards restored him to his kingdom. Oh, how delightful everything seemed to Prudence. Her heart was so filled with joy, that she had never thought of her own neat little home on the banks of the beautiful lake, or wondered if her father had missed her from the old bench under the shady branches of blossoming apple tree in the garden.

Prudence had never seen anything so beautiful in her life, and she felt she would always like to remain here, and become a

fairy herself. But soon did this little tire, even of the beautiful; for soon did she feel that longing, restless spirit coming upon her, and all at once she thought of her own home, she had so willingly left to satisfy her foolish vanity and imagination. And oh, how she did regret her folly. She began to cry most bitterly.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the fairy whose name was *Content* again stood before her, and touching Prudence with her wand, knew her thoughts, said: "And are you so soon tired of the land of beauty. No human tears have ever been shed in this happy place, and for this you can no longer remain with us, but must return from where you came, and never trouble us more."

The fairy's voice, though familiar to Prudence, was somewhat more severe and harsh in tone, than she had ever before heard. This startled her, and with a sudden start she sprang to her feet, and when Prudence had fully collected her thoughts, she found to her surprise and joy, she had fallen asleep, and all this was only the delirium of a dream; and after all she had never left her own happy home. And so picking up her book that had fallen from her hand, and laid on the grass at her feet, went slowly to where her father was mending his fishing nets. All the rest of the day Prudence was much more quiet than was commonly her nature, for she was continually pondering over her morning dream.

Her father noticing her unusual gloominess, called her to him before she went to bed, and taking her upon his knee, asked her what had happened, and why she seemed to be so sad.

Then Prudence putting her arms around her father's neck, with eyes filled with tears, told him all about her morning's dream.

Then the kind hearted fisherman pressed her more closely to his bosom and said, "My dear little Prudence, let the beautiful lessons of love, peace, and contentment, you have learned this day from even a dream, guide you through life."

From this time forth, Prudence was never known to be discontented or unhappy, when she saw others who seemed to be more highly favored than herself. And although years have passed, and Prudence is now grown to womanhood, and is surrounded with the comforts of a happy home, and has several pretty little girls of her own, she has never forgotten the dream of her youth, and it has always been the guiding star of her life. I hope all the little Hopes, and big ones too, who may read this story, though simple, will be contented and happy with their present condition, until God in his wisdom shall call us to live and labor in a higher and nobler life.

MARK NOBLE.

It is only when we have learned the art of making others happy, that we enjoy the full measure of earthly bliss, and through this we obtain a sweet foretaste of heavenly happiness, which is the promise of God to all who live for His glory and in His love.

INTEMPERANCE AND TEETOTALISM.

By J. FRANK McDOWELL.

CHAPTER II.

"Can a man put a coal of fire in his bosom, and not be burned?"—Solomon.

66

HO hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?" Now hear the answer to all these questions—questions of interest, that bring a feeling of sorrow, of regret, that such an evil exists. "They that tarry long at the wine, that go to seek mixed wine."—Prov. 23:29-30. Not only those who "tarry long at the wine," have all these aforementioned evils, but those who seek mixed drinks, whose desires are to "bib" or sup a little, in which there is no harm.(?) No artist can paint the scene. No one can fully portray the greatness of the evil. O, how terrible it is. Martin Luther said: "Cursed be the man that invented and introduced beer into Germany." He foresaw the evil of such a drink. Look at beer drinkers; they are bloats. Their bodies are distorted, all out of form that is comely or seemly. Whisky drinkers some times are bloated, sometimes very lean. "Their nose is like a cherry, red." They carry the mark of their sin with them. We know of an individual who was a member of the Church, who by drinking moderately, became enslaved to it, and apostatized; he did not intend to do so at the first, but he was deceived by it. The devil takes advantage of tipping, and leads the soul to destruction. It is dangerous. Could all the forms of intemperance, or the forms of evil produced by it in the lands, come up before us in one horrid array, it would appal the nation. If in every dwelling built by blood, the stone from the wall should utter all the cries which the traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo them back, who would build such a house, and who would dwell in it? What if in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upward, babblings and contentions, and groans, and shrieks, and wailings, were heard day and night! What if at eventide and midnight, the airy forms of men, destroyed by intemperance, were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and the stores where they received their bane, following ships engaged in the commerce, flitting athwart the decks, sitting upon the rigging, and sending up from the hold within, and the waves without, groans and loud laments and wailing! Were the sky over our heads one great whispering gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentations which intemperance creates, these tremendous REALITIES assailing our senses would invigorate our conscience, and give decision to our purpose of reformation. The scene can never be properly and fully depicted. There are clouds of darkness surrounding the scene that the eye of God alone can penetrate. Blackness and despair, despondency and gloom, hover over the liquor traffic. The very anathema of heaven rests upon it, ready

when the time doth come to hurl down to destruction; annihilation is its only impending doom.

What hopes of a bright future have been blasted forever. Joys, prospects, drowned in sorrow and grief. Confidence betrayed; associations severed; cords of love broken; and peace has been supplanted by strife and contention; all because some one has tampered with the intoxicating cup.

"Bondage and death the cup contains,—
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl,
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared to those that chafe the soul."

Bondage that not only enslaves the appetite, but binds the very soul in fetters stronger than iron; once bound, forever bound, unless God intervenes between it and thee, and by His infinite mercy breaks those terrible bands, and thus set you free. The demon glares with steadfast eye upon his victim, and entwines his snake-like coil about the captive, until he has his prisoner bound. May God deliver all of Zion's Hopes from this terrible and awful enemy of humanity. The paths of youth are slippery; but may Divinity's hand lead you all the way in safety and securely.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 46.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

TIBERIAS.



HIS is an old Roman town, and though lying in the immediate vicinity of the most interesting portions of the Savior's ministry, is not mentioned by him, nor have we any account of its ever having been visited by him. It appears to have been built since his birth, and consequently in the days of his preaching had not attained much distinction. The modern town is a wretched and dilapidated looking place, containing two thousand inhabitants, eight hundred of whom are said to be Jews. In 1837 it was nearly destroyed by an earthquake; at the time it was surrounded by a strong stone wall; in this calamity many of the houses were destroyed, great seams were left in the walls in some places. They were thrown down, and no attempt has been made to rebuild them. The houses are built of a black volcanic stone, giving the place a very gloomy looking appearance; its streets are narrow and crooked, and very filthy, and lying as it does, six hundred feet below the Mediterranean level, the sun pours down upon it its scorching rays, giving it almost a tropical climate. On Sunday morning we went to perform our ablutions in the warm baths near the town; they are upon the sea shore, fifteen minutes walk from the walls. The level strip of land along the shore was once covered by the town, and portions of ruined walls and columns are strewn all along the way. The bath-house is a neat structure, built from the ruins of the old town. In the center of the main room is a large marble reservoir, capable of swimming thirty persons at a time; into this is constantly pouring a copious stream from the hill side, quite warm. It is extremely salt and bitter, and emits a

sulphurous smell. These baths are much resorted to by the natives, and we found around them as at Bethesda, a multitude of "impotent folks." I looked upon the great smoking bath tub, upon the imbecile multitude that was coming and going, and turned away to take my bath in the pure sweet waters of the lake, leaving my companions to boil themselves in the polluted waters, with the diseased multitude, till they were satisfied.

At eleven a.m., by previous arrangement, we met for worship in an upper room of one of the old watchtowers of the wall that overlooked the sea. Each one selected a portion of scripture narrating some incident in the life and teachings of Christ, connected with these waters.

CHORAZIN, BETHSAIDA AND CAPERNAUM.

Monday, April 22d.—At six o'clock we were upon the waters for an excursion to the head of the sea, to the site of the old cities, here in the Savior's day. The boat was a miserable, old worn out thing, large enough to hold twenty persons, and so leaky it kept one person continually bailing. It had a small moveable mast, with an old lateen sail, but as there was no wind, we had to depend upon the oars. This sea is a beautiful sheet of water, of an irregular oval shape, broadest at the north end; it is not over fourteen miles long, and about nine in its broadest part; in depth it exceeds in some places one hundred and fifty feet. It lies embosomed in lofty hills, the rich sloping sides of which are covered with vegetation; it still abounds in fish, but the fishermen have mostly disappeared from its shores. I saw no person while I was here engaged in this employment. As the Christian feels that almost every spot upon these shores is holy ground, so he feels that these are consecrated waters. With what vividness those scenes in the life of the Savior came home to us as we rode over the waters upon which Jesus walked, and whose tumultuous waters he hushed to peace.

We inquired of the old helmsman if he had ever been out in the storms on these waters.

"Yes; often."

"Are they dangerous?"

"Very," said he. "I have been a sailor, and would rather be on the ocean in a storm than here. The winds come suddenly whirling down these hills, and blow every way, and the waves roll in every direction."

"And what do you do at such times?"

"Hold on the helm, and let the boat drift which way it will."

How much, thought I, like the condition of the disciples on that stormy night, when Jesus came so miraculously to them. "The ship was in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves, for the winds were contrary."

As we neared our destination we could see upon the western shore the plain of Genesaret, a beautiful and fertile tract; a few Arab huts mark the site of Magdala, the supposed home of Mary, who so gratefully acknowledged the healing power of the Savior. Between the hours of ten and eleven we landed near the ruins Tell Hum, the supposed site of ancient

Capernaum. We made our way through the tall rank weeds that here everywhere cover the soil, and soon reached the spot. Not a single building is now left standing; piles of great hewn stone lie scattered about. The massive foundations of ruined structures can still be seen, while the shafts, ancient columns and beautiful marble capitals of fine Corinthian sculpture are mingled with the ruins, and half buried in the earth. The tangled thicket of enormous weeds and thistles grow high over them all, and nearly conceal them from sight. No road passes near them, and the wild Arab has such a superstitious dread of the place, he turns aside, and refuses to walk over the place. Yet here was once a populous city, and about it one of the most populous portions of the country. Capernaum was called "Jesus' own city." Here in the synagogue he was accustomed to teach; and in that synagogue he healed the demoniac that cried out against him. It was here that he entered Peter's house, and found his mother-in-law sick with the fever, and immediately restored her to health. Here the friends of the paralytic man tore off the roof of the house, that they might let him down into his presence. Here he cured the centurian, and raised Jairus' daughter to life. From here he sent his disciples to catch a fish, which should contain the piece of money with which to pay the tribute. Near by was Chorazin and Bethsaida, and it was in those cities that most of his mighty works were done." Alas! how changed! how fallen! how ruined! It is difficult to conceive a more gloomy desolation and utter ruin than has settled down upon these places. I inquired for the site of Chorazin and Bethsaida, but none could tell me where they stood. I climbed upon the fragment of a broken column, and looked inquiringly around me. Was this beautiful shore once inhabited and ornamented with beautiful cities where now this oppressive silence reigns? Was there once heard the hum of multitudes of voices and the tumult of gathering crowds? Why then has this utter ruin come, and such desolation settled down over the land? I open my Bible, and at once the mystery is solved. "Then began He to upbraid the cities wherein the most of His mighty works was done, because they repented not. Woe unto thee Chorazin. Woe unto thee Bethsaida; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment, than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."

And this is the spot upon which the fearful doom has fallen.

We made all haste back to Tiberias, for our tents and baggage had gone on to Nazareth, and we must return there before we slept. We mounted our horses, and were soon upon the lofty summit of the hill, from

which we turned and took our last farewell view of its tranquil waters. It was nearly an hour after dark before we reached Nazareth. To-morrow we leave and continue our excursion by Mount Carmel, and the scene of Elijah's sacrifice, to the shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

LETTER FROM IOWA.

DEAR HOPES:—For the first time I attempt to address a few lines to you, by the request of our Sabbath School. And appearing for the first time in the columns of our dear paper, my remarks should be confined directly to the interests of the little readers of the *Hope*. I must tell you that when I first became acquainted with this latter day work we did not have any Sabbath School paper, nor Sabbath Schools; but I have lived to see the time when we have the same privileges as other people, to have Sabbath advantages.

The Saints at Shenandoah have erected a neat little church, and as soon as it was sufficiently completed to be occupied we organized our Sabbath School, and we feel at home, as though we could now worship God under our own vine and fig tree. There are many, however, that do not seem to appreciate the privilege which they might enjoy. It is our duty to learn all that we can, and when our uncles and aunts and friends do so much for us we ought to take hold with our mights and learn all we can, remembering that in accordance with the way we use our privileges we will be judged.

Now, little Hopes, how many of you understand the principles of the gospel; some of you no doubt have not been baptized, and would like to know what you should do. The Lord, through his prophet Joseph, has told us that all the little children should be taught by the time they were eight years old the necessity of being baptized for the remission of sins; of course we must know something about having faith (assurance) in God, and his Son Jesus Christ as our Savior, and know what sin is, that we might be able to repent of all the evil which we have done, and this in the name of Jesus, pray that we may receive the Spirit of Christ unto the remission of our sins, and then be baptized that we might be pardoned, and prepared that the servants of God may lay their hands upon us, that through that ordinance we might receive the Holy Spirit, which will entitle us to an entrance into his kingdom, after we have passed through death, and through the mercies of Christ attained to the resurrection of the just; and farther, that our sins may go to judgment beforehand, while those who do not come to the light of truth, their sins will follow after, and will be judged according to their deeds; while all of those that put on Christ will be judged by the merits of Jesus. Now, little Hopes, after giving you this little lecture, I hope you will try to serve God. Obey your parents, attend Sabbath School, read the *Hope*, and become a mighty power in the land for good; that when our pas and mas have gone to the

better land, that we may continue to bear off the work, and be instruments in the hand of God in doing much good. Good by until I write again.

UNCLE JIM.

SHENANDOAH, Dec. 18th, 1880.

Letters from the Hopes.

CARSON, Pottawattamie County, Iowa,
January 2d, 1881.

Dear Editor of the HOPE:—It has been over a year since I wrote to you last, during that time I have moved five miles from my former home, to a new town that has built up in the last seven or eight months. Therefore I am five miles from any branch of our Church. I miss the Sunday School and meetings very much. I am glad that there are so many nice stories in store for the HOPE of the coming year. As I am in a new place, and where the people do not understand our religion, I thought I would try and scatter the HOPE among the people. I succeeded in getting two subscribers for it. I am trying to do my duty, and want you and all the Hopes to remember me in your prayers.

Your sister in Christ,

ALICE J. ANDERSON.

XENIA, Illinois, Dec. 31st, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—As this is the last day of the year, I feel it is my duty to write to the HOPE, thinking that it may gratify some of you. I love to read the letters, and hear from those that I can not see. I have been a member of the Church for four years last June; but as there is no organized church in the community where I live, I do not attend church as I would like to. I was baptized by Bro. Geo. Hilliard, on the 4th of June, 1876. I can not tell how happy I was the next day after my immersion. Nor have I had trials nor temptations hard enough to cause my faith to be shaken in the least. Brother Isaac Morris and Bro. I. M. Smith are the Elders that preach here. Brother Smith called on me the 6th of this month, but was hurried so that he did not preach then; but he thinks enough of the scattered ones to call on them at least. I expect Bro. Smith in March again. Wishing you a Happy New Year, I remain,

C. M. JARVIS.

NEWTON, Iowa, Dec. 20th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—We do not have much preaching here, only by our home Elders. Brother John H. Lake was here awhile this last Fall; I wish we could keep him here all the time, for I love to hear him preach. We had conference here on December 11th and 12th. I enjoyed it very much. We had prayer meeting in the morning at 9:30, preaching at 11 by Bro. N. Stamm, assisted by Bro. Wm. Nirk; testimony meeting at 2:30 in the afternoon. A sister spoke in tongues; but no interpretation was given. Preaching in the evening by Bro. I. N. White, assisted by Bro. Etzenhouser. We appointed two committees, consisting of three members each; one to solicit funds toward building us a Church, the other to find location and building materials. I hope they will succeed, for I would like to have a church here. There will be conference here again on the 12th of March next. I want you all to pray for me that I may be faithful to the end, and I will pray for you all in return.

I remain your sister in Christ,

IDA WEEKS.

VERSAILLES, Ripley County, Indiana,
December 21st, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I will tell you about my trip to the Eden Conference. Mr. Canrsen took sister Rachel and Annie and us to Madison in the buss, twenty miles; there we met Bro. Baggerly and Bro. Willie Foster on their way to conference. We all went down to Louisville on the *Maggie Harper*. We went across the river to New Albany on the ferry boat. While papa and Bro. Baggerly were looking for a conveyance to take us to the conference, some twelve miles back in the country, the rest of us had our pictures taken. A wagon was soon ready, which for four dollars, took us out to Sr. Emily McCutchens, Bro. Baggerly's mother, where we soon felt ourselves at home! I was so cold that I stayed at Bro. Harburt's,

and took care of my little sister Mattie. I have a pretty little blue eyed brother two months old. Brother Weston is here and has been preaching every night at the Malott School House for two weeks, and is still here. We have sold our farm, and we are going to Lamoni, Iowa.

Your friend, FLORA A. MAYHEW.

DOW CITY, Crawford County, Iowa.

January 4th, 1881.

Dear Little Hopes:—It is seldom that I write to you, or for you, but this is not because I do not have a deep interest in your present and future welfare. I hope and pray that by purity of life, faith in God, and full and cheerful obedience to his truth, you may become useful ornaments in the Church of Christ, and secure all that God has in store for the "pure in heart"—those who love and obey him in eternity.

I think the HOPE is a noble little paper, and I do not see how we could get along rightly without it; but many Latter Day Saints, to their own condemnation and shame, wofully neglect it and the Sunday School. There is so much selfishness and prejudice in the world, that I shall be very glad when the Saints get rid of all theirs.

But I thought, when I began to write, that I would tell you a little anecdote, that might be pleasing and useful to some of you at least. Here it is: One night last Fall, when stopping with the family of a traveling Elder, in the West, I was made an ear and eye witness to what I am about to relate. It was bed time. The family had been called into one room where stood a very ordinary book case, and a plain looking Bible was lying on the table. The children consisted of two little boys, Richie and Eddie their names; if I remember rightly their ages six and three. As they approached the place where the Bible lay, the older one pointed at it, and placed his hand upon it, I do not now remember which, and said: "Eddie, this is God's book!" "Is it?" replied Eddie, and then taking a long and earnest look at his pa, said: "Pa are oo Dod?" We all laughed, as a matter of course, at the logic of the child, knowing as we did, that the Bible belonged to his pa. When the Elder said to him, "No; I am not God," it failed to give him satisfaction. He could not see how God and his pa could own the same book, unless, indeed, they were the same persons. And, being sorely puzzled over the matter, he crept behind his older brother and said again; "Richie, is pa Dod?"

UNCLE JOSEPH R. LAMBERT.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, Dec. 28th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—We had a nice Sunday School here this Summer—attendance over one hundred some-times. We have meetings one mile off, and I saw a beautiful sight in our meeting house this Summer; it was twelve little Hopes all seated on a bench for confirmation, and eight of them were my grand children; it was a glorious sight to behold. My heart went out in silent prayer that these little soldiers might make bright, shining ornaments in the Kingdom of God. The old year is just gone, and the new one coming. I wish all the little Hopes a Happy New Year, and let one and all strive to make more improvement in the time to come than we have in the past. Obey your parents, and be kind to your brothers and sisters, and let us strive to be prayerful, and keep the commandments of God, and we will gain the crown which is laid up for the faithful at the right hand of our Father in Heaven. Little Hopes, I know the work is true, and let us be faithful to the end. From

GRANDMOTHER CONYERS.

BLOOMING PRAIRIE, Iowa,

December 27th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—Brother Whiting is here now; also Brn. Wight and Turner. I have taken the HOPE a year. We have meetings every night and Sundays. I have two sisters and one brother. I am seven years old. We had Sacrament meeting Christmas night. Two of my cousins take the HOPE. We have no branch organized yet. Two of my cousins belong to the Church. Bro. Brown has been preaching here every two weeks. Pa takes the HERALD. We could not do without it. We are going to send for it for another year. Brother Wight expects to stay with us two or three weeks yet. Pray for me that I may do the Lord's will till he comes.

JOSEPH CARLSON.

KINMUNDY, Illinois.

Dear Hopes:—I was greatly surprised when I saw the HOPE enlarged. Elders J. F. Hansen and I. A. Morris came to our branch of the 18th, preached several times. Father baptized one on the 21st, the ice was about four inches thick. The heart being warm the ice did no harm. I was baptized on the 22d by Elder Hansen. I am thirteen years old. I desire the prayers of all the Saints, that I may hold out faithful, and have a part in the first resurrection. I am going to school now, and want to get through my arithmetic this Winter. I love to hear from all the Hopes, and would like to see them all. Our branch numbers fifteen; we have a nice Sunday School here. The Saints meet twice a week. As ever your brother in the covenant of peace,

ARCHIE BREWER.

FLINTVILLE, Wis., Dec. 16th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I think our paper is about as good as it can be, and I am much pleased with the interest manifest in its behalf, and especially with the little folks. The idea advanced by some that young folks can not bring their minds to bear on religious matters is not true, as our paper will show for itself. May this interest never diminish, and may our own paper continue to be interesting, but to make and keep it so it must be supported. No great thing can be expected of a starved paper, any more than a starved man.

I wonder how many of the Hopes are trying to pattern after little Maggie's example. I hope that all are. The little girls (and big ones too) who are kind and considerate to their father, will make good women. The boy who is good to his mother and sisters will make a good man. Don't forget it; will you?

I wish that I had the name of every Hope that does not use tea and coffee. If they would make a statement of the fact when they write letters for the HOPE, I think Brother Joseph would publish it. Good by for this time.

W. F.

CAMERON, Mo., Dec. 20th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—Our Sabbath School has closed. We have not had much snow here this winter, but it is very cold. I like the HOPE very much, and will send it a Christmas present. I have one sister and brother. Ma and pa and me belong to the Church; they have gone to meeting to-day. We have not got any meeting house built yet, but they are going to build one on our land. We are going to have a Christmas Tree here. We have been here only two years.

GUILLETTA H. SIMMONS.

MORRIS, Illinois, Dec. 28th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—There is no Church or Sabbath School here, but I would like to be where there is one. I have a little sister seven years old, and two brothers; one is working with father, and the other is going to school. My mother is a Latter Day Saint and my father is a Free Thinker.

MARTHA M. YATES.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of the Crescent City Sunday School for the quarter ending December 26th, 1880. Total attendance 442; average attendance 44 2; cash on hand at the beginning of the quarter, \$2.54; collected during quarter, \$3.22; total \$5.76; paid out \$2.70; balance of hand \$3.06. Officers for the ensuing quarter are as follows: H. N. Hanson, superintendent; Robert Kirkwood, assistant; Jennie Straug, treasurer; S. V. Pratt, librarian and janitor. JOHN KIRKWOOD, Secretary.

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.

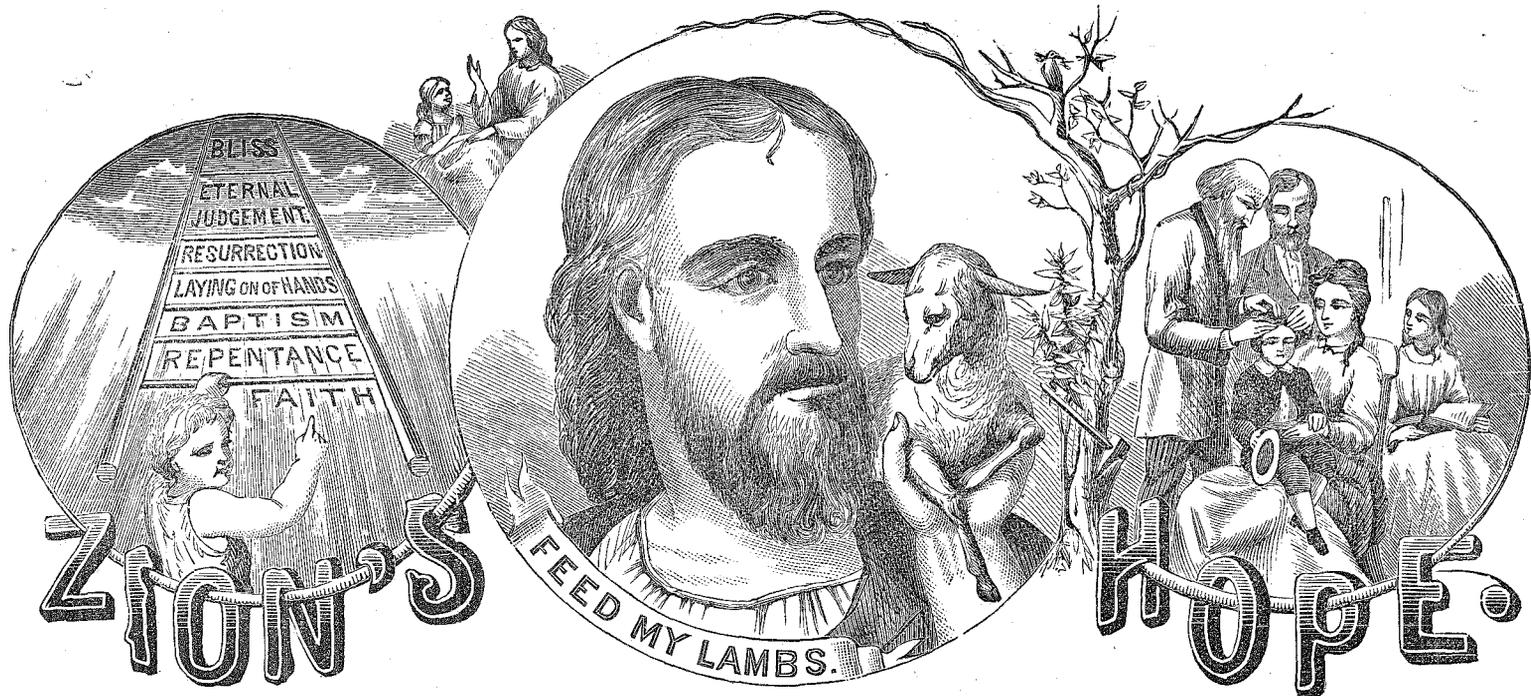
15 January 81.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

Zion's HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith, Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 1, 1881.

No. 15.

"GO TELL THE STORY."

DEAR HOPE, in your wanderings over the land,
In the cold icy North, or the South's burning sand;
To merry old England, or bright sunny France,
Or isles of the sea, where the birds wheel askance,
Please say to the Hopes that you meet as you roam,
All freighted with love for the dear ones at home;

That as they unfold your bright pages with care,
Let each little heart be uplifted in prayer
To Him who doth give them all they possess,
And ever in mercy his children doth bless.
Then follow instructions that James did rehearse,
Of faith they may find the chapter and verse.

The object and aim of the prayers we request,
Is that in the future they all may be blest,
And be numbered with those whom Christ shall select,
When e'er He shall gather His jewels elect;
To gain an assurance beyond any doubt.
That in this selection they'll not be left out.

Tell each little Hope that from this very hour,
To use every means that lies in their power,
Your bright shining pages to send o'er the land,
To Afric's dominion, or Australian strand;
And while their effulgence of heavenly light,
They shed o'er the nations that dwell in the night,

Or darkness of reason that now they bestow,
On what they call gospel, but which we well know
Is not the same gospel our Savior did teach,
And also commanded His servants to preach;
But when with your teachings their creeds they compare,
To follow their Savoir then many will dare.

Ah! the joy and the love that then they will feel,
Your bright gleaming pages will often reveal;
The sweet satisfaction that then will pervade,
Each fond throbbing bosom of boy or of maid,
Will amply repay them for what they have done
In spreading the gospel of Father and Son,

And now to induce you to come once a week,
To chasten the haughty and encourage the meek,
Three little names now to you we will mention,
And ask that to them you'll pay due attention,
For the coming six months or one half the year,
And that they will love you, you never should fear.

Now, dear little HOPE I will bid you adieu,
Knowing that to the truth you ever are true;
To the kind little HOPE please say ere we part,
That we tenderly love each dear little heart,
And pray that our Father who reigneth above,
May ever on them shower blessings of love.

SOLDIER, Iowa.

R. H. WIGHT.

SLANG PHRASES.

EDITOR HOPE: DEAR BRO.—In reading the *Hope* of November 15th, 1880, I was pained, though not, I am sorry to say, surprised, (as I have noticed similar expressions from the same writer), to read an article containing expressions that should not, in my opinion, be found in any paper intended for

the young, least of all in a Sabbath School paper, and especially one taking the high ground the *Hope* is intended to take. For the sake of consistency at least, I hope never to see like expressions find place in our loved paper again.

The piece I refer to was entitled "The Boys' Convention." It is well, and spicily written, though I failed to find the lesson intended to be conveyed or the moral taught. I say failed to find it, as I, in common with many others, expect that all articles published in a paper intended to teach children correct ideas of life, both here and hereafter, shall teach some lesson, or point some moral, or simplify some principle and beautify truth, thus conveying gems and pearls through its columns into the minds of dear little children everywhere, to bring forth fruit in our Father's kingdom.

With such soil and such fruit can we be too careful? Nay! "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than this, cometh of evil."

Is it a small matter to disregard these words of our Savior, and teach by example dear little ones to become easy on this point? In our school, time after time, have we endeavored to implant this idea in the minds of our little ones, who have listened with bright eyes and earnest faces, when we have tried to enforce the idea of the necessity of avoiding all slang phrases, both on the score of good taste and above all, because it is displeasing to their dear Savior.

What think you would be our feelings if, as a natural result of the article referred to, we should be called upon to take part in the following colloquy. A little Hope jumps up and with an impatient gesture exclaims: "Confound it all!" We would exclaim, "Why dear child, it is very improper for you to use such expressions. Have you not heard in Sabbath School, have you not read in the *Hope*, how it is so wrong and so useless and so dangerous, how it may lead to still worse expressions?" The child could naturally, from

the lesson before it retort, "You bet we have read all that, and heard all that, but example is greater than precept, and we read sometimes pieces, real pretty ones too, with these very expressions in them; that is where I learned them in fact."

I do not desire to hurt the feelings of any one, any more than I believe to be necessary, but feel justified in claiming that our paper to be useful as possible, should not admit anything to its columns inconsistent with its general character as a teacher of the young, and should exclude from its pages any and every article, no matter by whom written, or how great the display of talent, if it be one inch below the Savior's standard of correct and and safe rules of life.

In conclusion I pray you to remember if wound hath come to any through what I have written, that "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." In every good word and work, carefully and prayerfully I would remain,

Respectfully yours,

GEO. H. HULMES.

LEGEND OF DELAY.

A HERMIT was conducted by an angel into a wood where he saw an old man cutting down boughs to make up a burden. When it was large, he tied it up, and attempted to lift it on his shoulder and carry it away; but finding it very heavy, he put it down again, cut more wood, and heaped it on, and then tried again to carry it off. This he repeated several times, always adding to the load after trying in vain to raise it from the ground. In the mean time the hermit, astonished at the old man's folly, desired the angel to explain what this meant. "You behold," said he, "in the foolish old man an exact representation of those who, being made sensible of the burden of their sins, resolve to repent, but soon grow weary, and instead of lessening their burden, increase it every day. At each trial they find the task heavier than before, and so put it off a little longer, in the vain hope, that they will, by and by, be more

able to accomplish it. Thus they go on, adding to their burden till it grows too heavy to be borne; and then, in despair of God's mercy, and, with their sin unrepented of, they lie down and die. Turn again, my son, and behold the end of the old man whom thou saw heaping up a load of boughs." The hermit looked, and saw him in vain attempting to remove the pile, which was now accumulated far beyond his strength to raise. His feeble limbs tottered over the burden; the poor remains of his strength were fast ebbing away; the darkness of death was gathering around him; and after a convulsive and impotent attempt to lift the pile, he fell down and expired.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 47.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

BY seven o'clock, April 23d, our breakfast was over, and we were in our saddles, ready to bid farewell to the pleasant vale of Nazareth. Continuing our journey, we soon reached the base of Carmel, another of the sacred mountains of scripture, and intimately connected with the history of the prophet Elijah. Carmel is not a single round-topped peak, rising in lone majesty like Tabor, but a long ridge branching off from the northern end of the mountains of Samaria. It runs in a north-westerly direction, and terminates in a bold, high bluff, the projecting top of which overhangs, and the huge base of which is washed by the waters of the Mediterranean Sea; its length is about eighteen miles, breadth about five, and rises nearly two thousand feet above the sea. Its wooded heights and picturesque green dells, descending on one side into the rich plains of Akka, and on the other to the beautiful vale of Sharon, present some of the most beautiful and park-like scenery in Palestine. The excellency of Carmel is put by Isaiah by the side of the glory of Lebanon, and the withering of its foliage and the shaking of its fruits is made a type of national desolation. The place where we approached it was near the scene of that striking event in the life of Elijah, that brought apostate Israel to the acknowledgement of the living God; tradition points out the spot where the altar was erected, where the strange events transpired, and it seems to be well sustained.

Our company wishing to visit the spot, hired an extra guide from one of the small Arab villages of the plain; fatigued by heat and labor of travel, I did not feel able to endure the extra toil of ascending the mountain, and so rode on with the baggage train towards our next encampment. As we passed along the base, we looked up the mountain slope to where Elijah reared up the demolished altar of God, and fire out of heaven consumed his sacrifice. Upon a rocky projection, overhanging the plain, amid thickets of evergreen, is a terrace of natural rock, where the ruins of an old building are scattered about in all directions. Great hewn stones are seen, indicating the existence at some former time of

a great superstructure. These ruins mark the place of the sacrifice, while a fountain near by furnished the twelve barrels of water with which Elijah's sacrifice was deluged; it was to this spot that all Israel had gathered, and also the prophets of Baal to the number of four hundred and fifty, which eat at Jezebel's table, to test the superiority of their respective gods. With breathless silence all awaited the result. And now that I stand upon the spot how vividly the whole scene rises up before me.

Our route lay along the base of Carmel, toward the Mediterranean. The plain of Esdraelon terminates toward the sea, in the plain of Acre. A ridge of hills separates them, and they connect by a narrow pass, near the base of Carmel, through which we passed, sometimes wading in the water of the Kishon. It is a very fertile plain, and here the tribe of Asher once dwelt, enjoying the fulfillment of the promise he "dipped his foot in oil;" his "bread was fat," and he yielded royal dainties. About three o'clock we pitched our tents upon the white, sandy beach of the Mediterranean Sea, close to the base of the bold promontory of Carmel, its lofty summit crowned by the towering walls of one of the finest convents in Palestine.

April 24th.—Our first business this morning is a visit to the convent, which, the monks claim, is built over a grotto in the rocks once the dwelling place of Elijah. This convent, like all others, has had its sad reverses. Napoleon made it a hospital for his troops during the siege of Acre, and after he left it, it was plundered by the Turks. In 1821 it was blown up by Abdallah Pasha, and afterwards rebuilt through the indefatigable efforts of one man, Jean Batista. He gave himself unremittingly to the work, begged through Europe, Asia and Africa, and at last saw the completion of his labors, rejoicing in the fact that the grotto of Elijah was covered with the finest convent in all Palestine. The monks have contrived to grade a comfortable road up the steep ascent, so that one can ascend to the summit on horseback. We were shown through the building; its principal attraction is the grotto, and the rich chapel that now covers it, occupying the center of the building.

If Elijah had any taste for the grand, sublime, and beautiful, I do not wonder that he selected the bold heights of Carmel as one of the places of his favorite resort. The sublimity of its mountain heights; the tumultuous sea, whose wild angry waves foam around its base; the beautiful plains that stretch far away upon the right and left, clothed in luxuriant foliage; to one who could look upward unto God, would all conspire to fill the soul with devout and lofty emotions. The Carmelite monks are noted for their hospitality, and for the good cheer they furnish the weary traveler; and though it is all without charge, they expect a liberal backsheesh, amply sufficient to indemnify for all expense and trouble.

Near the northern base of the hill is shown the cave, twenty by eighteen feet, where it is said Elijah received the chiefs of the people,

known as "The Cave of the Prophets." Upon this mount there is also a field abounding in singular petrification resembling fruits. Tradition has this story about it: The prophet weary, hungry, and oppressed with thirst, was passing by.

"Allow me," said he, "to partake of a little of your excellent fruit?"

"Fruit! old fellow?" said the crabbed owner, "you are mistaken; these are nothing but stones."

"Many a true word is spoken in jest," said the prophet, as he passed on.

The parsimonious gardener found his words verified, and to this day his stone fruit lies scattered over the ground, a perpetual monitor to every one who visits the place.

Leaving our encampment at Carmel, we turned our faces northward, for a tour along the sea shore. We forded Kishon, or rather waded around it, by keeping upon the sand bar at its mouth, some distance in the sea. A delightful ride of ten miles along the beautiful sands of the shore brought us to St. Jean de Acre. Just before reaching this place we forded a small stream, the Belus of Ancient geography. It is said by Pliny, that upon the banks of this stream the art of making glass was first discovered.

Acre has an eventful history, reaching back more than one thousand years before Christ, having one of the best harbors on the coast, and, being, as Napoleon called it, "the key of Palestine." It has been one of Syria's great battle fields. Many a time it has been besieged, sacked and plundered, the last being the bombardment by the British fleet, under Admiral Napier, in 1840, of which many portions of the city now give evidence. It contains now only about five thousand inhabitants, a mixture of Moslems and Druses, Christians and Jews; it still has a strong wall upon the land side, and massive fortifications next the sea. Huge guns are mounted upon the walls, and looking through the port holes; and Turkish soldiers loitering around them, we passed the ponderous gateway, guarded by sentinels, walked through the bazaars and wandered through the streets. A large portion of the Crusaders landed here as late as 1291. The Pasha sent an order to show us the fortifications, and we were allowed to ascend the embankment. Dilapidation and decay are on all that we see. We visited an old mosque, once a magnificent and costly building, but now rapidly going to ruin.

After our visit to the city was over, we passed on three or four miles and encamped near a beautiful orange grove, the blossoms of which filled the air with their fragrance. We passed a comfortable night, unconscious, however, of the close proximity of the dangerous tenants of the rocks, among which we had pitched our tents; for on rising in the morning, our dragoman found a scorpion in his bed, and one of my companions another in the leg of his pants.

A gentleman saw his little daughter dipping her doll's dress into a tin cup, and inquired, "What are you doing, my daughter?"

"I'm coloring my doll's dress red." "With what?" "With beer." "What put that foolish notion into your head, child? You can't color red with beer." "Yes I can, pa, because ma said it was beer that made your nose so red." That man had business that required him down town immediately.

INTEMPERANCE AND TEETOTALISM.

BY J. FRANK McDOWELL.

CHAPTER III.

"Woe unto them that are mighty [eager] to drink wine, * * * and mingle strong drink."—Isa 5:22.



HERE is a direct curse of God upon those that will do so; God's word relative to this matter is unchanged. We are told in the Doctrine and Covenants that strong drink is not good for drink; that Latter Day Saints shall not even drink wine, only in time of Sacrament. Any of the Church doing otherwise are nothing less than transgressors, else we do not understand the language: n-o-t spells NOT. We all set examples either for good or for evil. Every act we commit, and word we speak, are for good or evil; they will all tend one way or the other in spite of fate, or our desires to the contrary. What then is our example relative to intoxicating drinks? Shall a parent put the glass to their mouth and say to their children, "This is not good for you children." How wonderfully the precept and example do—not blend. How passing strange that a professed Latter Day Saint should so act; yet it has been and is done. Not only so, but some Hopes are permitted to indulge in the social glass, that is a snare, a deception, and a grand delusion. How often, no human tongue can tell, the social glass has ensnared the youth and led them down to hell, when at the first no harm was said to be in it, while the almost inevitable result is demonstrative of the fact, that there was no particle of good in it.

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink. And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands. Therefore are my people gone astray.—Isa 5:11, 12, 13.

Here was a queer muddle, God's people got into in Isaiah's time, all because they played with the intoxicating cup. Read the next few verses, and you will discover that hell had enlarged herself to receive these wine-bibbing Saints of Israel. I think there are things known something similar to modern Israel; and still further, when those who went to the Salt Land began to imbibe quite freely, as they did ere they went there. And in the beginning there was no harm in it; but it seems that Utah's prophet made a good thing(?) out of the traffic; and they had and do have their social glass and dance, until a cloud of darkness has so veiled them o'er, that God has had no good thing to do for them; they are all gone out of the way. Now shall we enlightened Saints, who would fain convert the apostate children of Zion, indulge in like things? If so we had better

begin reformation at home first, and thus be better prepared to set an example worthy of all imitation. Hopes, stand firm by your integrity, by honor, virtue, and purity of morals. If any person offers you a glass of that which has intoxicating properties in it, be true and firm to the right and say, No. That word may save you many a feeling of regret and sorrow in life. Run no risks, then you will have no hours of regret and repentance.

"But they have erred [how] through wine, and through strong drink, are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.—Isa 28:4

Inasmuch as such things would cause God's ministers to err and do wrong, anciently, why will not the same cause produce the same effect now? It will and has done it; and let me tell you, Hopes, that any minister in Christ's Church to-day that handles that cup, aside from the holy ministration of the eucharist, is a man unfit and unqualified to represent the cause with which he has been intrusted. For, said Jesus, "unless your righteousness exceeds that of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Here then, we understand that our righteousness is not to imitate that of the sects, or the world, in any of these things; but it is required that our righteousness shall exceed, shall be superior. A word to the wise is sufficient.

MY RETURN TO THE GOLDEN STATE.



I GAVE the Hopes a brief description of my journey from California to Nevada some time ago, and promised more anon. I went to Eureka, Nevada, in the Fall of 1879, but my health being poor, and not liking the place, I decided to return to my native home, which I did in July, 1880. When I started from Eureka I took a northerly direction, traveled ninety miles, when I reached Palisade, where I changed cars and took the Central Pacific, westward bound train.

The scenery from Eureka to Palisade has nothing particularly striking, being mostly large alkali plains, then a continuous range of small hills, with now and then a few trees, and several hay ranches as we near Palisade. After leaving Palisade we traveled by the side of the Humboldt River, passing through deep cuts, among high, ragged peaks. Presently I find myself conveyed on to a large desert; crossing a portion of it we arrive at Beowawe, (a small station). We stop a few moments, then presently we find ourselves on the main body of the desert. We almost fly as it seems; we pass a great many stations and towns; I took down the names of some of them among which were Battle Mountain, Golconda, Winnemucca, Mill City, Lovelocks, Humboldt, Ryepatch, Oreana, Brown's, Hot Springs, Wadsworth, Viston, Reno, and others. We stopped thirty minutes at Reno for supper.

After leaving Reno I fell asleep, only to awake after a few hours and find myself on

the western slope of the Sierras, in California once more. The scenery through the Sierras is too grand to be described by pen. To see it, alone, is to appreciate it. A true lover of Nature could not pass through it without going into ecstasies of praise over its grand display of its sublime superiority; to use an old adage it is "Gay without toil, and lovely without art." But to my story. We are nearing the Sacramento plains as fast as steam can take us; in due time we arrive at Sacramento City, and stop thirty minutes for breakfast, then we continue on the same route, (south-westerly) until we come to Napa Junction, where I changed cars for Calistogo. After arriving at Calistogo, I took the stage. Traveled thirty miles and arrived at the small country town of Lower Lake, where I was met by my parents and warmly welcomed back to my old home. Now I have given you a brief description of my trip, perhaps it would be interesting to give you the names of the mines in Eureka. The names of those located in Eureka District are, Richmond, Eureka Consolidated, Jackson, K. K., Phoenix, Dunderberg, Williams, Macon, Silver City, Ester and Rubicon. Those located in Prospect Mountain District are Silver Conour, Hope, Grant, Hamburg, Reeves and Berry, Mountain Pride, Dead Broke, Orange, and Idaho. All are producing.

I will now say a few words in reference to Lake county. The mines here are chiefly quicksilver, though there are some gold and silver. Some of the quicksilver mines bear the following titles: Sulphur Bank, Great Western, Oat Hill, American, Buckeye, and Uncle Sam and others. This county promises success at no distant period.

I remain your sister in Christ,

HETTIE E. HESS.

THE LEAF AND THE WIND.

ONCE on a time, a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twigs said,—“What is the matter, little leaf?”

“The wind,” said the leaf, “just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to the ground to die.”

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. When the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf,—“Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to.”

So the leaf stopped sighing, and went on nestling and singing; and so it grew all Summer long till October. When the bright days of Autumn came, the little leaf saw the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were scarlet, some yellow, and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant; and the tree said,—“All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy.”

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it;

and when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them; so the leaf said,—“O branch! why are you lead colored, and we golden?”

“We must keep on our work clothes,” said the tree, “for our life is not done yet; but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over.”

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it; and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let it fall gently down under the edge of the fence, among hundreds of leaves; and it fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

HOW TO PREPARE.

WHAT the teacher should do first—in time as well as importance—is to take that part of God's Word which is designated as the lesson, and bend the mind upon this, with no other helps than his own powers of analysis and thought. Of course he must look to God for help; but this God has already promised to the faithful student, who feels his need of wisdom. Then, when he has done his very best himself, may he resort to human “helps.” His own thinking may then be corrected, difficulties be cleared up, more illustrations be gathered, and all the aid he needs to classify and complete his analysis or explanations be secured. But let the main dependence be upon God and the powers God has given. A lesson thought out for one's self is worth a good many retailed from somebody else. The teacher himself feels better for it, and the pupils know from the start that it is the result of prayerful study, rather than of rapid cramming of commentaries.

A BAD FIRE.

HOPES, have your heard of the fire that burned up that man's house and lot?”

“No, Smith, where was it?”

“Here in the city.”

“What a misfortune. Was it a house?”

“Yes, a nice house and lot—a good home for any family.”

“What a pity! How did the fire take?”

“The man played with fire, and thoughtlessly set it himself.”

“How silly! Did you say the lot was burned, too?”

“Yes, lot and all. All gone, slick and clean.”

“That's singular. * It must have been a terribly hot fire—and then I don't well see how it could burn the lot.”

“No, it was not a large fire, nor a very hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it attracted but little attention.”

“But how could such a little fire burn up a house and lot? You haven't told me.”

“It burned a long lime—more than twenty years—and though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it wore away about \$150 worth every year, until it was all gone.”

“I can't quite understand you yet. Tell me all about it.”

“Well, it was kindled in the end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he himself told me, twelve and a half dollars a month, or \$150 a year; and that, in twenty-one years, would amount to \$3,150, besides all the interest. Now the whole sum wouldn't be far from \$10,000. That would buy a fine house and lot. It would pay for a large farm in the country.”

“O! I guess now you mean me, for I have smoked more than twenty years; but I didn't know it cost as much as that. And I haven't any house of my own. Have always rented—thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been?”

The boys had better never set a fire which costs so much, and which, though it might be so easily put out, is yet so likely, if once kindled, to keep burning all their lives.

Letters from the Hopes.

HUTCHINSON, Jefferson Co., Colorado,

January 12th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: It is some time since I wrote to you; the last time I got my papa to write for me then, but now I can write for myself. I will be twelve years old next Sunday; my little brother's birthday comes on the 15th and mine comes on the 16th,—so one cake will do for us both. I was baptized last Spring by our dear brother, Caffall. I think he is a good brother. I suppose there are lots of the dear little Hopes that are acquainted with him, so I need not say much about him. Then I have another dear friend I would dearly love to see, we call her auntie Holt. We feel very lonesome this Winter; my papa and oldest brother are away from home working in the coal mine. I love the *Hope*, and I am glad when it comes, and wish it would come oftener. I have a little baby brother; he is five months old and his name is Delbert Arthur, and I think he is the sweetest baby ever was, especially when he tries to get both of his fists in his mouth at once. Well, I must close, for it is late. I desire to be good and faithful to the end. Pray for me.

Your sister in Christ,

SARAH H. KEMP.

LLANELLY, Wales, December 29th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I again take the pleasure of writing to our interesting and valuable little paper. I am trying to live the way I should, but I find it pretty hard sometimes. I love to read the *Hope*, and I heartily wish it God's speed. I know that this is the work of God as well as I know that I live, because I have received a testimony of the same. If there is any way in which I can help you, I will try and do it. We have a lot of young Saints at Llanelly, and I ask you to pray for them, that they may run to the end and gain the crown that is laid up for the faithful. I do not feel to give up through trials: but I ask an interest in your prayers, that I with you, may be worthy to stand with the redeemed on Mount Zion, in the last days. Let our light so shine before men that others, seeing our good works, may be led to glorify our Father which is in heaven. Although the mighty waves of the sea separate us, may we not be separated from the love of God which passeth all knowledge and understanding. It is my desire to press onward, and worship God in my young days, that when I grow old I may not forget it.

Dear Hopes, do we ever think that the coming of our Savior is drawing nigh; and are we prepared to meet him. May God give us strength to endure all things that may be set before us, that we may be worthy to stand with the redeemed on Mount Zion. We ought to thank the Lord that he has brought us forth in a day and generation when the gospel has been restored, and that angels have again visited the earth, and that the pure gospel is declared by the servants of the Lord, commanded from the heavens to go and preach it to the inhabitants of the earth. I love the work in which we are engaged, and I trust

that I may continue to the end, and gain the crown that is waiting for all those that serve him and keep his commandments. May we all meet in Zion in the last days shall ever be the wish of your brother,

LOT BISHOP.

HAMILTON, Mo., January 10th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I will tell you about my trip, coming from California. We left Sacramento and friends, November 17th, 1880. At Rockland, twenty miles distant, our engineer got killed, and in five minutes the yard engineer got killed, both by accident. We passed Cape Horn the first evening—it was beautiful scenery—though it was by moonlight. After we passed the Cape, for six miles there were beautiful scenes in the mountains; the pine trees being on fire, were most beautiful to behold. We saw the Salt Lake; there were sacks of salt piled up by the track. We changed cars at Ogden. There Sister Wells and family joined us, going to their home in Missouri. I saw two bears, a wolf, elk, deer, and some Indians. I saw some soldiers at a fort. I saw plenty of snow, forty snowsheds, and a snow-plow that covered an engine. Changed cars again at Council Bluffs; got there in the night; had to put up at a hotel. Changed cars at St. Joseph; got off at Cameron, and came out to Bro. Snider's, papa's cousin. There are seven of us in the family—we all belong to the Church but my little brother. I and two of my brothers are going to school.

PAULINE O. SPURGIN.

LAMONI, January 9th, 1881.

Dear Hopes. I am going to school; my teacher's name is O. B. Thomas. I am eight years old. Pa and ma belong to the Church; but I do not belong yet. To-day is Sunday, but we did not go to meeting. This is the first time I ever wrote to the little Hopes. Pa and ma, and my little sister, and myself went on a visit and had a nice time.

CARRIE B. BAILEY.

LAMONI, Iowa, January 7th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I was baptized in Ellsworth county, Kansas, by Bro. A. Kent; am thirteen. I go to Sabbath School. We have a real interesting Union Sabbath School. Mr. Marks is superintendent; Bro. Hudson is my teacher. We have been having very cold weather. I go about a mile to day school; we have a real pleasant teacher, Mr. Barr. Bro. O. B. Thomas holds singing school at the Lamoni church, for the pleasure of the young people. Remember us in your prayers.

IDA DENNIS.

Explanation of “Guess,” published in *Hope* No. 12.

- 1 “King of Day,”—Sun.
- 2 “Beautiful Child,”—Jesus.
- 3 “Room,”—New Testament.
- 4 “Huge structure,”—The Cross.
- 5 “First,”—Faith.
- 6 “Second,”—Hope.
- 7 “Third,”—Charity.
- 8 “Blossoms,”—“Father forgive them,” &c.
- 9 “Cluster of unpretending flowers,”—Sermon on the Mount.
- 10 “Group,”—The Lord's Prayer.
- 11 “Group,”—“A new commandment I give unto you—Love one another.”
- 12 “Flower,”—“Come unto me and I will give you rest.”
- 13 “Single flower,”—“Not my will but thine,” &c.

JULIA ALFORD.

Answer to Wine Glass Puzzle, in *Hope* No. 13.

P R O J E C T
S C R O L L S
R A I S I N S
S L E E P E R
T R A P P E R
S A C R I F I C E S
B A S I N
A M Y
I
A T E
E T H E R

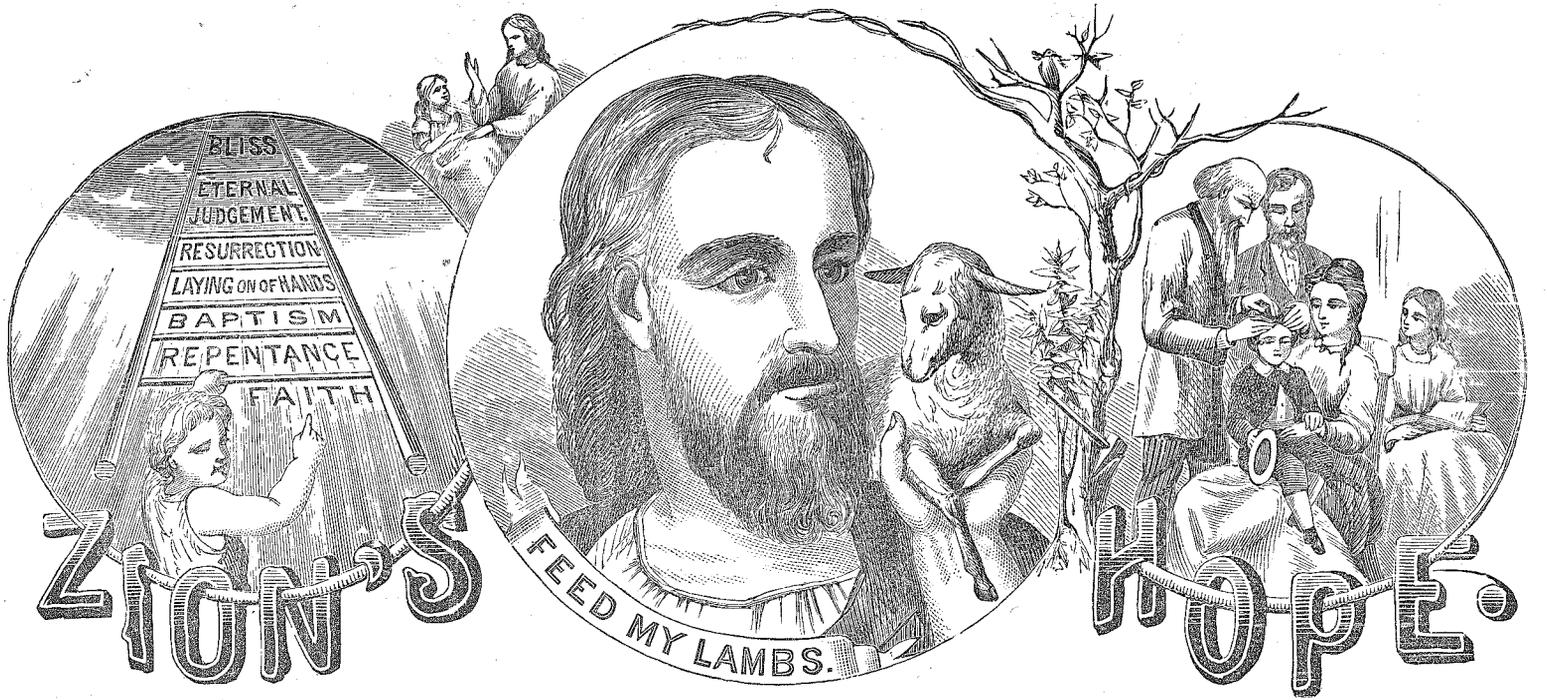
1 February 81.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith, Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to *Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois*. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

WHERE IS ZION?



PURPOSE to answer the above question by the word of God. For some say that Zion is any where, and that the Saints should gather wherever they could make money. But that would be like B. Young, and would be serving the things that perish. And it might be disregarding the commandment: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor likeness of any person; thou shalt not serve them." In order to prove that Zion is in a certain place, which is appointed and consecrated as an everlasting inheritance for the Saints, I refer to the Book of Doctrine and Covenants: "Assemble yourselves upon the land of Zion, and hold a meeting and rejoice together, and offer a sacrament unto the Most High. * * * The faithful among you should be preserved and rejoice together in the land of Missouri."

Who can say that Zion is not in Missouri after reading this? Those revelations are as plain and true as the sun rises and sets, appears and disappears, each day.

"And now, behold this is the will of the Lord your God concerning his Saints, that they should assemble themselves together unto the land of Zion, not in haste, lest there should be confusion which bringeth pestilence. Behold the land of Zion, I, the Lord holdeth in my own hands."

We sometimes pray to know the "will" of the Lord, and here it is to his Saints, that they should assemble themselves unto the land of Zion, not in haste, but have all things prepared before you.

"Hearken, O ye Elders of my Church, saith the Lord your God, who have assembled yourselves together, according to my commandments, in this land which is the land of Missouri, which is the land which I have appointed and consecrated for the gathering of the Saints: wherefore this is the land of promise, and the place for the city of Zion. And thus saith the Lord your God, if you

will receive wisdom, here is wisdom, Behold the place which is now called Independence, is the center place, and the spot for the Temple is lying westward upon a lot which is not far from the Court-house; wherefore it is wisdom that the land should be purchased by the Saints; and also every tract laying westward, even unto the line running directly between Jew and Gentile. And also every tract bordering by the prairies, insomuch as my disciples are enabled to buy lands. Behold this is wisdom, that they may obtain it for an everlasting inheritance."

"A revelation of Jesus Christ unto his servant Joseph Smith, Jr., and six elders, as they united their hearts and lifted their voices on high; yea, the word of the Lord concerning his Church, established in the last days for the restoration of his people, as he has spoken by the mouth of his prophets, and for the gathering of his Saints to stand upon Mount Zion, which shall be the city, New Jerusalem; which city shall be built, beginning at the Temple Lot, which is appointed by the finger of the Lord, in the western boundaries of the State of Missouri, and dedicated by the hand Joseph Smith, Jr., and others with whom the Lord was well pleased."

This scripture should forever set aside the idea that Zion is not in Jackson county, and State of Missouri, which is in the United States of America. That it is the time now for the Saints to gather themselves unto the land of Zion and build a Temple that the Lord may come into it, is plainly shown. Now is the time to gather unto Zion, though not in haste. Some say that Zion is the pure in heart. I admit this; but the pure in heart will go to Missouri according to the revelations and commandments of God unto us of this Church of Christ.

"And it shall come to pass, among the wicked, that every man that will not take up his sword against his neighbor, must needs flee unto Zion for safety. And there shall be gathered unto it out of every nation under heaven. And it shall be the only people that

shall not be at war one with another. And it shall be said among the wicked, Let us not go up to battle against Zion, for the mountain of Zion is terrible, wherefore we can not stand."

Zion is a "city of refuge," and when the sun becomes seven times hotter, there will be a cloud shadow it over by day, and a burning light by night; that Zion is truly in Missouri let it ever be known, and the revelations of God forever set aside the idea that Zion is not any where and wherever we might go.

My prayer is that God will bless and aid all who remember the tithing, and give unto him that which is due; that we may all live so that it shall be well pleasing in his sight, and receive the desires of our heart in righteousness, and the gifts of the everlasting gospel, and gather unto the land of Zion, and build a Temple, and prepare to meet our dear Savior.

Lift up your heads ye Saints of God,
Toil and labor never fear;
Toils and troubles hard may press us,
Be ever thankful for the gospel pure.
Never faint, but ever pray;
And you'll win the prize and promise sure;
Christ our King will soon be here,
And we'll hear him say,
You've found your salvation in me.

E. T. DAWSON.

ECONOMIZE TIME.

NOW shall we improve the moments usually thrown away and lost? Are you a teacher? Keep an open Bible on your dressing case. Look over next Sabbath's lesson while at your toilet. Get the text in mind. Turn it over. Look at it again and again, and as you gaze you will see unfolded a wondrous beauty and significance. Have lesson notes or leaf, or Bible, in desk at office, or shop, or store. Carry them in the pocket. Look them over while riding in the cars, in the brief intervals of the busy day, when bored with those irrepressible individuals who have nothing to do but torment busy people, while waiting at depots, or for those excellent persons who are always late. Ten minutes a day is more than an hour a

week, and this superadded to ordinary preparation will work wonders in the power and efficiency of the average teacher. Besides, this studied economy of time usually wasted, implies thought, system, and mental discipline that will sooner or later prove invaluable. Save the sweepings, the impalpable dust of golden moments, so many of which slip away unconsciously, and are lost forever.

INTEMPERANCE AND TEETOTALISM.

By J. FRANK McDOWELL.

CHAPTER IV.

"Come ye, say they, I will fetch wine, and we will fill ourselves with strong drink; and to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant."—Isa. 56:12.



N enticement to draw the unwary away into the path of sin. How necessary it would seem for us to always be on our guard, watching the inroads the adversary may make upon us when we, perhaps, least think of danger. But being forearmed, we are fortified against his encroachments upon our interests. Jesus said: "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with drunkenness, and the cares of this life."—Luke 21:34. "Let us walk honestly, not in rioting and drunkenness."—Rom. 13:13.

An abstinence from strong drink is every where in the sacred volume considered prudent and honorable. It seems that the early Christian church was endangered by wine and other intoxicating drinks; Jesus and the Apostles were always speaking against it. The Saints at Corinth were addicted to the habit; they had been to a very great extent, undoubtedly, prior to their conversion to the Christian religion from idolatry. They used to have feasts of charity, what the M. E. Church calls "love feasts," same thing; these seem to have been held on the day of partaking of the sacrament. One time Paul speaks of, the Saints drank of sacramental wine, and became drunk. He says: "For in eating every one taketh before his own supper; and one is hungry, and another is drunken. Despise ye the church of God?"—1 Cor. 11:21,22. A terrible spectacle, to see the Saints in the house of God, drunk; and that too, when they had come together to partake of the Lord's supper. Paul said to Timothy, in writing concerning a certain officer, and it is applicable to every Saint "not given to wine."—1 Tim. 3:3. A bishop having control of the finances of the Church would not be trustworthy should he be addicted to the use of wine. Here is Bible teetotalism: "Not given to wine." Abstain from its use.

Under the Mosaic covenant, the ministry were strictly charged against its use. "And the Lord said unto Aaron, "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle * * * lest ye die; that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean."—Lev. 10:9, 10. This teaches us that it is calculated to disqualify a minister of God for the performance of his sacred functions.

Abstinence was here taught in order "to put difference between holy and unholy." Then no minister or officer in the Church that uses it only when or at the time allowed by the Lord, now as anciently, is qualified to minister in holy things. It is commanded, "be ye holy that bear the vessels of the Lord." Have we not, all of us, old and young of either sex, a work to perform for the Lord? We most surely have. Then in order that we may keep our bodies fit tabernacles for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, would it not seem mete to us to abstain from using that which manifests itself on every hand as an evil, and nothing but such? Strong drinks are something that can not be trifled with. Where one may seemingly use it with impunity, another will fall under its baneful influence and be ruined. "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." There will come a time, sooner or later, that evil will result from its use.

Again we read: "Now beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink."—Judges 13:4. This is the language of an angel from heaven. It teaches the lesson, that parents can not have healthy, pure-minded children, that use intoxicating drinks. How careful we all should be. You young Hopes are to become fathers and mothers; you are to rise up and fill responsible stations in life. How then are you going to conduct yourselves relative to this matter, as well as all others that concern your physical and spiritual being? Shall you plant the seed of sin within you, and entail it upon future generations? Take heed and warning now, and abide in the right, and the right only.

HYMN OF A CHILD.

Loving Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Make me gentle as thou art,
Come and live within my heart.

Take my childish hand in thine,
Guide these little feet of mine;
So shall all my happy days
Sing their pleasant song of praise,
And the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

CHILDREN GOING TO SCHOOL.

CHILDREN, when going to school are very mischievous and bad. Sometimes they do all the mischief they can, and then again they are very good. When they go to their class, the teacher asks them a question, and they can not answer it; then they are asked if they have studied it. When the answer comes it is, No; or I read it over once. And then the rest know their lesson very well. Is once reading it over enough. No; you want to study it till you know it by heart, or nearly so. What is the reason they do not have their lesson. The reason is this: when they should be studying they are gawking over the school room, or playing. There is one thing that I would say, and that is this; sometimes we may have a very hard lesson, and put all the spare time we have on it, and then not have it. I know I can study my lessons a great deal, and then

not have them very well, and then again they are very easy, and I can get them very well. I will not say anything more about going to school at present. Written in school. Adieu.

C. E. BABCOCK.

[How is this Sr. Babcock; writing for the *Hope* during school hours?—ED.]

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 48.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.



EARLY on the morning of April 25th, we were in our saddles, and galloping over the rich plain of Acre, toward Tyre, where we expected to spend the night. Palestine boasts of no richer portions of country than the plains of Acre. Cultivated, it produces the most bountiful crops; neglected, it grows the rankest weeds. While now over many portions of it the wandering Bedouin roams. We are now passing over the country and home of the ancient Phœnicians—the Anglo Saxons of antiquity. An hour's ride brought us to Achzib, a town given Asher, but which that tribe was never able to conquer. Lebanon pushes its long range down towards the plain, and soon along its sloping sides we could see the numerous modern villages and extensive olive groves. This spur of Lebanon terminates in a bold promontory, called the ladder of Tyre. Over this promontory we had to climb, our road sometimes nothing more than steps cut or worn in the rock. Upon its summit are the ruins of an old stone structure, called "the Candle Tower;" it was built in ancient times to defend this passage, and a handful of men stationed here could have defended it against a large army. We pass on, and soon we come to the site of Old Tyre. There are four large fountains close together, the water gushing up in great force from the bottom of artificial reservoirs. One of them is built in octagonal form, sixty-six feet in diameter and twenty-five feet high, the wall eight feet thick upon the top, and the side sloping at such gentle angle, one can ride his horse to its summit. The stones are carefully joined together and finely cemented. The water from this copious fountain is now used to turn a mill. These fountains are now embowered in beautiful groves of willow and fruit trees, and surrounded by a luxuriant growth of vegetation. The remains of old aqueducts can still be seen, by which these waters were carried in different directions; one of them runs two miles to a mound, and some massive ruins of an old stone structure. It is said that there has long been a popular belief that these remarkable fountains are brought from a great distance by a subterranean canal, some ascribing the work to Alexander the Great, and others to Solomon.

TYRE.

We spent some time wandering about these wonderful wells and cisterns, after which we had one hour's ride to reach this city. From Acre to Tyre is about eight and a half hours' ride. Just at sunset we pitched our tents without the walls, and close by the side

of the gate leading to the renowned and ancient city. It formerly stood upon an island, afterwards a narrow bridge, known as Alexander's Causeway, led to this gate. The sands have so filled in upon the side of the city, that what was once an island, has been converted into a low sandy peninsula, not more than ten to fifteen feet above the sea, and connected to the main land by a neck, at least half a mile broad. The old walls are in a wretched, dilapidated condition, and next the sea they have almost disappeared, and on the land side they have fallen down in many places, and no attempts are made to repair them. We spent a few hours in the evening and a portion of the morning in walking among the ruins. The modern town contains from three to four thousand inhabitants; some of the houses are substantially built of stone, but most of them are mere hovels; the streets are narrow and crooked, and very filthy. The more substantial houses and the towers and walls have been shattered by the earthquakes that at different times have rocked the foundations of the place, while the ancient harbors have been filled up with rubbish and sand. We were interested in wandering along the shore, and marking the fragments of huge stone structures and the numerous massive columns that lie scattered in the sea, and that have been worn and washed through many long years by the dashing waves. Many nations have left here the remnants of their ancient works. Phœnicians, Romans and Greeks, ancient and modern nations, have here piled ruins upon ruins, and structure has perished upon the top of structure, and now lie buried beneath each other.

We were interested in the ruins of an old church; sufficient portions of its walls were standing to indicate its former size, while from the ruins of one of its massive towers we could look down upon the numerous wretched cabins that the present inhabitants have constructed within it. This church was built of stone, was 216 feet long and 136 broad. It is supposed to have been erected by Paulinus, Bishop of Tyre, in the beginning of the fourth century; and for it Eusebius, the historian, wrote a consecrated sermon, still to be found in his Ecclesiastical History. He describes this church as the most splendid of all the churches in Phœnicia: it added much to the interest with which we lingered among its ruins, its old moss-grown walls and towers, when told they often echoed to the eloquence of old Origin, and that beneath these ruins his dust now moulders, for here he was entombed. Standing here and meditating among these ruins, mark the exact fulfillment of the sentence pronounced against this proud city, as recorded by the prophets, while yet she was in the zenith of her glory.

"Wherefore, thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I am against thee, O, Tyrus; and I cause many nations to come up against thee, and they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers."

The kings of Babylon and Assyria, and other nations of the East; have gathered their besieging hosts about the place, and terrible

has been the work of destruction wrought. It was said by the prophet "They shall lay stones, and thy timbers, and thy dust, in the midst of the water." When Alexander besieged the city, the most terrible ruin was wrought. The city upon the main land was soon captured and destroyed. The stone, timber, and rubbish, was then conveyed by them to the sea, and formed into a causeway, stretching from the main land to the island. Thus, in the fulfillment of the prophecy, by casting her stones, timber, and dust into the sea, they made for themselves an highway, over which they carried the siege to the island city, and captured it by storm. We did not take time to visit Hiram's Tomb, which may be seen upon a hill side, six or seven miles east of the town. It is spoken of as one of the most singular monuments in the land—an immense sarcophagus of limestone hewn out of a single block twelve feet long, eight feet wide, and six high, and covered by a lid five feet in thickness, cut in pyramidal form. Three layers of gigantic stones, the upper one projecting a few inches, form a massive pedestal, on which this gigantic coffin rests. A hole has been broken through one end, by means of which it can be entered. Here, tradition says: "Hiram, King of Tyre, the friend and ally of Solomon, found a resting place; it stands solitary and alone, far from human habitation; and the tomb, like the city over which its renowned occupant reigned, bears the marks of neglect and decay."

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A REVEREND AND A BOY.

- R.—Come hither, boy, and now confess,
Art thou a Saint indeed;
Hast thou been duped and led astray,
By that old Mormon Creed.
- B.—The truth I'll say, my reverend sir,
I am a Mormon bold;
And this because the Mormon faith
Is just the faith of old.
- R.—What knows a little boy like you,
About the faith of old,
The Mormons lead all men to hell,
If true what I am told.
- B.—'Tis true that I but little know,
Yet know so much as this,
That God revealed this faith to me,
To be the way to bliss.
- R.—No one in these enlightened days
Should dare believe such stuff;
God did reveal in ancient times,
And then revealed enough.
- B.—No, sir, he also now reveals,
I know of God 'tis so;
Whoever does his holy will,
This for himself shall know.
- R.—Come hold thy peace, thou foolish boy,
Thou art presumptuous;
Dost thou pretend to teach what I,
God's servant, do not know.
- B.—You may be learned, sir, and wise,
Like many sons of men;
But mind, before you'll know the truth,
You must be born again.
- R.—Is it the Saints that teach thee thus
To treat a man of God;
Good child, repent and turn away
From that deluded lot.
- B.—Where can I go and learn the whole
Of Christ revealed to man;
I find that all your sects don't half
Believe the gospel plan.
- R.—Believe no word the Mormons say,
They are despised by all;
Join such as are respectable,
And don't remain in thrall.

- B.—All false religions are, good sir,
Respected by all men;
But when we do the will of God,
We shall be hated then.
- R.—Don't lose thy soul, my dear boy,
By following fools to hell;
If thou wilt only leave the Saint,
I'll promise to thee well.
- B.—'Twas said by Christ that woe to him
Who'd hinder one like me;
It would be better for his sake,
To drown him in the sea.
- R.—Thou little rascal now I'll go,
I'll talk no more with thee;
Believe the Saints and go to hell,
Where Mormons all shall be.
- B.—The tempter's gone, and O, my God,
To thee all thanks I owe,
For thou didst give thy strength to me,
To triumph o'er my foe.

Selected by WILLIAM TRUMAN.

INDUSTRY AND HONESTY.

INDUSTRY and honesty coupled with humility always brings their own reward. James Abram Garfield, the present nominee by the Republican party to be the next President of the United States, twenty or thirty years ago was a boatman and a driver on the Pennsylvania and Ohio canal. And within the last few years has delivered some of the finest speeches for defense of the country in the United States Senate at Washington, D. C. And at this writing all the nations of Europe express their admiration of a country that raises men from the lowest to the highest position in the State. That industry, and honesty, when coupled with religious wisdom, will not fail to obtain the blessing of "the Giver of every good and perfect gift." This truth is fully illustrated in the lives of James A. Garfield, Abraham Lincoln, and many others who have lived, fought, and died for their country's good. A poor person can be industrious as conspicuously as a rich man, and I have consolation of that thought. Many look upon industry as being associated with meanness and narrowness of mind. That might be the popular expression, but I think the meanness is rather with the person who squanders in the time of opportunity, and when the time comes, has to depend upon others. Industry means all that can be got honestly, and spending the least wisely, that can be spent. Industry might be abused, and no doubt it was, and the abuse of this virtue leads to its misunderstanding, misconception, and misrepresentation. Industry tends to prevent poverty, and there is not a sadder feature in our life; than to behold the poverty stricken people which exist amongst us. By industry we can stand against the nations of the world. Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing in this, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth the habits of industry are most easily acquired; in youth the incentives to it are the strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If dead to these

calls you already languish in slothful action, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years. Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of right good pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry may possess, but he can not enjoy, for it is labor only which gives relish to pleasure; it is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself its effects are fatal. I have committed more sins while I have been idle and dilatory in the work of the Lord, than in the course of life. Industry is the only source by which we can be made useful. The Bible abounds with inspiration against being slothful. Sloth not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapors, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly therefore from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and ruin. And under idleness I include not merely inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many of the young saunter away their youth, viz. frivolous society, public amusements, labors of dress, or the ostentation of their persons. Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourself to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your church, and your country? Amusements youth requires; it were vain—it were cruel, to prohibit them. But though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business of the young. For then they become the gulph of time, and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions; they weaken the manly powers; they sink the native vigor of manhood into contemptible effeminacy. W. S.

WORLDLY WISDOM.

A CERTAIN church that shall be nameless, and ought to be nameless forever, was in want of money. A certain rich man that fared sumptuously every day, lived along side of the church aforesaid, but was as utterly godless as that other rich man who lifted up his eyes, being in torment. The church coveted the rich man's goods, and so being crafty they caught him with guile.

And this was the way that they managed to do it. They scoured the region round about, and mustered a large and interesting class of young immortals; and then, with much cajolery and flattery, induced this Christless Dives to undertake task of teaching them the way of eternal life.

In the name of the Lord Jesus, we protest against this reckless imperilling of human

souls for the sake of a paltry pecuniary profit. Put an ignoramus, if you will, to run the locomotive of a lightning express train on the railroad; put a stupid land-lubber in command of a gallant ocean steamer; put a blundering quack in charge of a crowded city hospital—by such mild folly you do only endanger human life; but the human soul is a thing of infinitely greater worth, and woe to those who dare to trifle with its interests.

Letters from the Hopes.

NEWTON, Iowa, February 1st, 1881.

Bro. Joseph: I am requested to send you the names of all those who have signed the "Zion's Hope Fund;" they are as follows: John X. Davis, Mary Davis, Ida I. Weeks, Jacob D. Myers, Elizabeth Ainsley, Fannie E. Batty, Emma Batty, Moses K. Eastman, Oscar Coiner, F. W. Barbee, Sr. F. W. Barbee, Fannie Shellhart, Mandy Llewellyn, Ann Garstang, George Walker, William Patterson.

Your sister in Christ,

IDA I. WEEKS, Branch Treasurer.

EDENVILLE, Iowa, January 28th, 1881.

Brother Joseph: Please find a few more names who agree to pay the ten cents per month, during the year 1881, for the good of the latter day work:—A. Hidy, M. A. Love, Clara Nirk, Maggie Baker, John Sayers, T. R. White, Emma Myers, Mary White. I hope my little brothers and sisters will not forget this little work we have commenced. Pa came home and stopped three days with us. He had been away preaching for seventeen days. O, how glad we were to see him. He went away to-day. How we miss him—night after night, and no pa! Do the little Hopes know what a sad and lonely life this sacrifice makes for us? Some one must preach—and some one must do without a papa. Will we not get our reward bye and bye.

Your sister, EVA E. WHITE.

SUMMER HILL, Nebraska,

January 11th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I like to read the letters in the *Hope*, which my sister takes. We are having very cold weather here; it was twenty-eight degrees below zero on Sunday morning at eight o'clock. We have meeting here every Sunday, but not any Sabbath School. I hope you all had a good time Christmas and New Years. I am as ever your sister in Christ,

JENNIE E. STOWERS.

RICHFIELD, Genesee Co., Michigan,

January 28th, 1881.

Bro. Joseph: I am young in years and in the work, but would like to say a few words through the *Hope*. I am eleven years old to-day; and feel thankful to God that he gave me a desire in my youth to obey his glorious gospel. I was baptized on the 30th of last August by Bro. Delong, and confirmed by Bro. Pearson: and since that time I have been greatly blessed with his Holy Spirit; although I feel my weakness and hope to have the prayers of the Saints to enable me to press onward and continue to the end.

Your sister in Christ,

MARY J. HARTNELL.

VALLEY VIEW, Harrison Co., Iowa,

December 20th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I was surprised and delighted at the enlargement of the *Hope*; a nice paper, if possible, made nicer. I love to read the *Hope*, for it contains good and instructive reading. The only thing that I regret is that I do not live nearer to its teachings. But, dear Hopes, I can bear my testimony to the work in which we are engaged, verily it is the work of God. I love to meditate on the principles of the gospel. It is my desire to do something for the Master, although I sometimes fear that I will be a castaway. O, that we may all be found in the straight and narrow way, keeping his commandments, and doing the will of God; for he has said: "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." There are many of us who think that our burdens are heavy, and our temptations

great; but when we look back in the days of Christ, see what a burden he bore, and think for whom did he bear it. The answer comes, for you and me; and he bore it alone, so far as earthly aid is concerned. But he had aid from a kind and loving Father, who is ever ready and ever willing to aid us in the hour of need. I have a very lame arm, from the effects of a sprain. Ever praying for the welfare of God's people, I am still your brother in Christ,

CHARLIE DYKES.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., January 23d, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I am but a stranger to you, as this is the first time I have written, but hope soon to write again. I am thirteen years old. I have been home three months with a broken leg, and am able to get around a little, but not quite as fast as I would like. I hope all the readers of the *Hope* will pray for me, that I may be able to go to Sabbath School again. I have to go to a Presbyterian Church and Sunday School, for we have no branch here. I have never joined the Church, for I have never had the opportunity of doing so. My pa and ma belong to the Church. I hope soon to be. Yours truly,

JAMES BINNEY.

DENVER, Colorado, Jan. 18th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I will tell you about my trip to Denver. I had a long ride in the cars; was two days and two nights, and then I reached Denver. My pa had a nice brick house ready when we got there. We can stand at our front door and see the mountains; and O, it is such a beautiful sight. There is no Church or Sabbath School here, but I hope there soon will be. I go to Sunday School; it is called the Church of England. I want you to pray for me, and I will pray for you all in return.

I remain your sister in Christ,

ELIZA J. STREET.

GEORGE & ROSE B. CHATFIELD, Blooming Prairie, Iowa, write: Pa and ma belong to the Church. Pa got a letter from Bro. Brown. George is eight and Rose B. thirteen years old. We like to sing in our hymn book with ma. There is meeting to-night. Joseph Carlson is our cousin. Pray for us that we may do the Master's will, and that we may be faithful to the end. Prayer meeting at our house last Sunday. Two of our sisters were baptized yesterday. Rose B. was baptized Bro. J. W. Wight last week, and he and Bro. Whiting have gone home. One sister and two cousins belong to the Church. We have taken the *Hope* a year. It is a nice little paper. Our Sunday School has stopped.

MARY E. FREEMAN, Blooming Prairie, Iowa, says: I am fourteen, and have not been baptized, yet I hope to be. I go to school. My mother and two of my brothers belong to the Church. Bro. Wight and Bro. Whiting have been preaching here for some time, and now they have gone home. I love my Savior. Will you pray for me?

JENNIE THURSTON, Galien, Mich., says: As this is my first attempt to write to you I do not expect to write a very long letter. There is prayer meeting at Galien every Sunday, and I go to that whenever I can. We have a very good meeting. There are some that come from the Lake. Pa takes the *Zion's Hope* for me. I go to school to pa.

When does the captain of a steamer become a medical man? When he's docked her.

What is the easiest way for a bad rider to show himself off? To get on a spirited horse.

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.

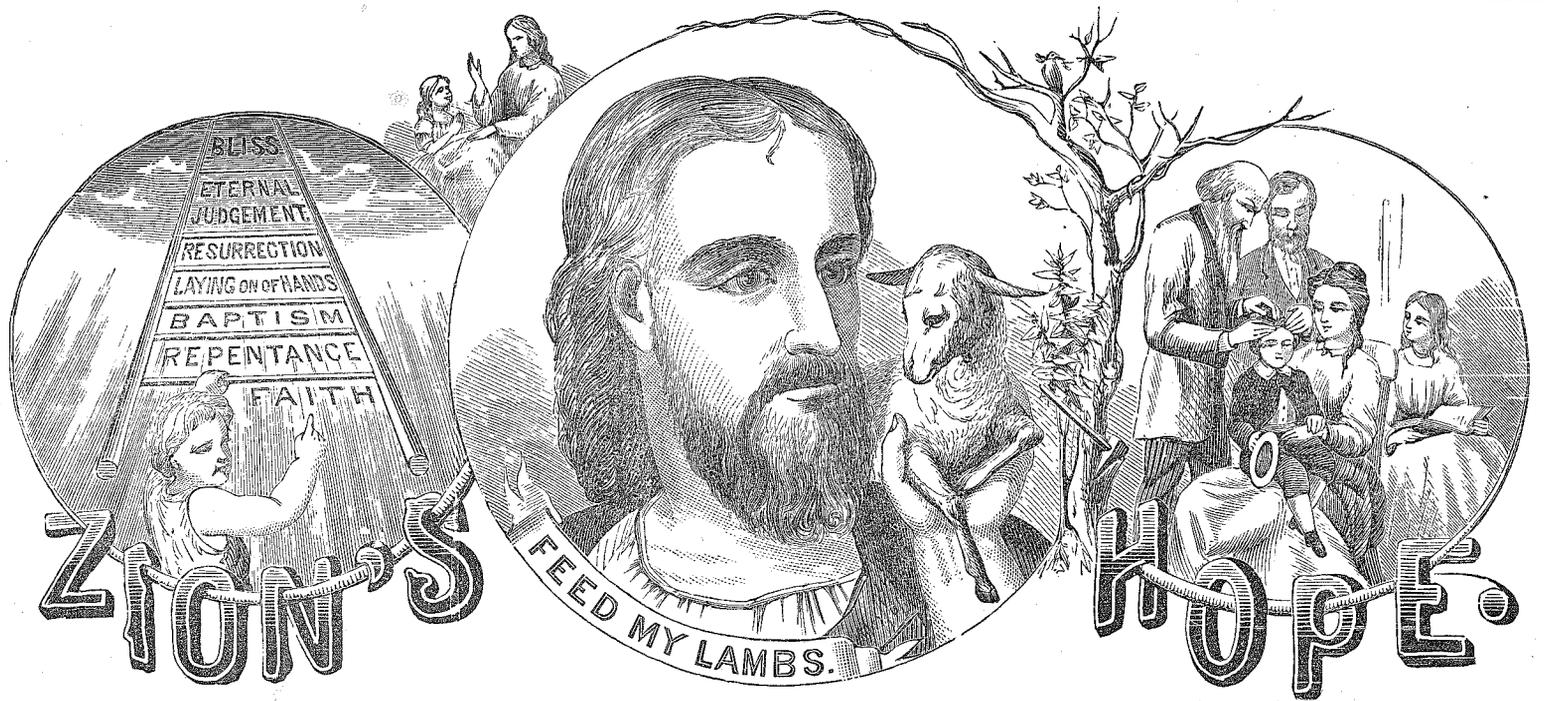
15 February 81.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith, Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, MARCH 1, 1881.

No. 17.

DISCONTENTED MAUD.

IN a beautiful parlor were seated two lovely little girls, both eight years of age. Celeste is if any thing most lovely, and most loved, for her sweet disposition wins the hearts of all. Maude is not a bad child, but she is discontented, and is always complaining. On this evening there is to be a grand party. The twin sisters are dressed exactly alike, and both look very sweet. Celeste is playing some little songs on the piano. Maude has been reading, but she threw down her book, exclaiming, "I do wish papa would get some nice books like Mr. Thornton's; these are dreadful old."

Mr. Deforest, their papa, happened to hear the remark, and stepping up told his little daughters he would get some new books; but Maud said she would rather have a wax doll. The guests were arriving, so the subject was dropped for the evening. The week after was to be the little girls' birthday. Their papa gave them each a beautiful wax doll. But Maude said, "O dear, I would rather have had an autograph album than any thing else."

Her mamma wishing to please her, went and bought them each an album. Maude then wanted a diamond ring instead of an album. This, however, she did not get.

When Christmas Holidays came, she did not think she could enjoy them at home, so she begged her mamma to let her go to her aunts in Boston. And there were some of their schoolmates living near her aunts. Mamma said she could go; but Celeste desired to stay at home, because she had been away to school for five months. When Maude arrived at her aunts, she found that her aunt rarely ever left her room, on account of illness; and on going to find her schoolmates, she found they had gone to the country for their holiday. Maude was very much disappointed; but she could not go home. Her aunt never allowed but one small window open, and when she was awake she had Maude read to her. When the time came for her to return home,

she was very happy. After arriving at home she asked her kind mamma and papa to forgive her for her discontent, and after that visit Maude was a different girl.

MINETTA.

SISTERS AWAKE!

SISTERS mine, what can I do for thee:
So tempest-tossed o'er the world wide sea,
With noble forms of blooming beauty,
Splashing waves urging thee on to duty;
Bearing thy saddened heart, that I see its sobbing,
I would bear the silken cord to stay its throbbings!
Tho' a stranger, thou art my sister!

It's no empty fancy lot, a mother's part
To train for Heaven the idols of her heart.
Climbing the ladder beset with thorns,
No living friend to help bear her wrongs;
O pity, ye loving women of a Christian land,
Gather closely 'round the lonely with a helping hand.
Tho' a stranger, she is thy sister!

O stay the coming tide, that ever would abide,
Help her coil the rope and temptations from her hide,
Perhaps at a mother's knee she ne'er learned to pray.
What's her story? Where can she lean? O pray to-day
That kindly your hands and heart shall bear a part
Of the lonely's woe, and gladly pass away the dart.
Tho' a stranger, she is thy sister!

O be her friend! her friend, what is a friend;
Is it her hungry soul away to send
To feed on husks, knowing no place to trust?
Then sink, and die she surely must!
No! hold before her the gilded cross e'er she is lost!
Thou ne'er dost know how her wild beating heart is tossed.
Tho' a stranger, she is thy sister!

ELIZA PERRY DEVOLL.

SANDWICH, Illinois, September, 1879.

THE DRUNKARD'S SON.

LITTLE boy stood in the door of a dilapidated house, in the suburbs of a country village. His threadbare dress was of finer texture than seemed appropriate to such a lowly dwelling, there was an easy gracefulness in the child's manner, that bespoke an early training more refined than the children of poverty usually receive.

Eight summers only had the boy seen; but there was an unnatural thoughtfulness on his brow, and as he stood absorbed in the contemplation of a subject evidently painful, his eye gleamed with a strange light, his bosom heaved, the blue veins in his fair young brow

grew swollen and rigid, and the deep flush of anger spread over those beautiful features.

"Mother," exclaimed he, turning suddenly toward a pale woman, who sat busily plying her needle, "I shall run away; I can't live in this old house, and be half-starved and see you work day and night; and all because my father will get drunk. Yesterday the boys got angry with me, and called me the 'son of a drunkard.' I can't bear it, mother; I will run away."

The mother gazed on her boy, as he stood there, with clenched fists and gleaming eye, and the hot tears rained down her cheeks; for she knew how it must be for her sensitive boy to meet the cold scorn of the world.

"And leave your mother?" was her only answer. It was enough.

"I will never leave my poor mother," said the boy, as he threw himself, sobbing on her bosom. "They may call names, if they will; and mother, if we starve we will starve together;" he added, sinking his voice almost to a whisper.

"We shall not starve, my son," said the mother, kissing him fondly. "He who said, 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows,' will take care of us. Can you trust God, my child?"

"Yes, mother; and I will never leave my dear, good mother."

And the child forgot alike his anger, and its cause, and with a light heart, he bounded away to join his playmates.

Day after day passed, and the high spirit of the boy was often chafed by the scorn and taunts of his companions. The cruelty of an inebriate father, and the wretchedness of a drunkard's home, imparted no healing balm, no soothing influence. Yet he loved his mother. For her sake he was willing to endure; and the strong restraints of her love kept him from the vices to which he was constantly and fearfully exposed.

We can not tell his heart-struggles; can not tell how those aspirations to be and to do, rising, as they do, in every noble soul, did

often gild his future with their radiance, only to be shrouded in darkness by the one reflection, the one withering blight—the aspiring boy was a drunkard's child. Hard, indeed, is the heart of a drunkard. But we can tell how nobly he clung to that mother, in all those years, and how honorably and successfully he fills one of the best pulpits in the land, aided in every good work, by that wise, loving and pious mother.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 49.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.
FROM TYRE TO SIDON.



On the morning of April 26th we finished our rambles about the city. A large number of loungers gathered to witness our departure, among them many of the refugees, (Christians), who had been driven from their homes by the causeless massacre of the Druses. We took our departure, and a ride of two hours brought us to the Leontes, the third river in point of rank in Syria—the Jordan and Orontes only being superior to it; it has its source near the ruins of Baalbeck, draining a portion of the Lebanon Mountains; it has a rapid current, and over it a substantial stone bridge has been erected—a convenience seldom found in this neglected country. A short distance from the river the travelers' attention is called to a number of upright stones, arranged in the form of a circle; for what purpose they were erected, none can tell; but tradition tells this story. Near by is a tomb dedicated to Neby Suo, a celebrated prophet; but in which he lived tradition does not say. This was his residence, and some rude men passing by made sport of him. As a punishment for their ill manners, the prophet cursed them, as Elijah did the fruit on Mount Carmel. The whole company of them were immediately turned into stone, like Lot's wife, standing like monumental pillars; and here they have stood from that time to this,—mute preachers teaching lessons of reverence and respect for the aged and the good.

About noon we passed the ruins of an ancient town, the site of the scripture city—Sarepta.

"Many widows were in Israel in the days of Elijah, when the heavens were shut up for the space of three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land; but unto none of them was Elijah sent save Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow."

Here we are then, upon the very spot where that wonderful miracle was witnessed, wherein the oil and meal wasted not by being used. We looked earnestly about, almost fancying we could identify the spot where these strange things transpired; but the houses had been tumbled into ruins, and a few fragments of marble and scattered heaps of stone are all that remain.

The plain of Phœnicia, over which we are now riding, extends from south of Tyre to beyond Sidon, its total length is thirty miles, its average breadth not over one mile. Near

Tyre and Sidon the mountains are shored back farther from the sea, giving a breadth of about two miles to the plain; it has a rich undulating soil, and is everywhere well watered; its villages have been destroyed; its inhabitants driven back among the mountains, life and property insecure; large portions of its fertile soil lie waste and uncultivated, while the wild Bedouin pitches his tent here, and pastures his flocks, or goes roaming over it at will.

SIDON.

The approach to Sidon is one of the most pleasant rides we had enjoyed in all this land; the city can be seen from twelve to fifteen miles away. In some places the remains of the old Roman road are visible, while fragments of broken columns and great hewn stones are scattered along the way. Occasionally you pass the flowery banks of some winding stream, fringed with the oleander, and decked with bright and beautiful flowers. Strange as it may seem, we passed several of the old mile stones that have stood here by the wayside since the days of the Roman occupation,—one of them marred and scarred by time, still bears in legible letters the name of Septimius Severus and his son Aurelius Antoninus. It is supposed to date back as early as A. D. 198. As we approach the city, it seemed to be embowered in beautiful groves, orchards and gardens; for more than an hour we were riding directly upon the smooth sandy beach of the sea,—the white crested waves breaking over our horses' feet. The houses of the city appeared to be well and better built than in any city we have yet visited; many of them were stuccoed and whitewashed, giving them a neat and tasty appearance. We arrived in good time, and soon had our tents arranged in the midst of a beautiful grove, just without the walls of the city. Sidon was the mother of Tyre, and for a long time they shared the honors of the mistress of the sea. It is the oldest city in Phœnicia, and one of the oldest cities in the world. Josephus says it was founded by Sidon, the eldest son of Canaan, the grandson of Noah. It has a history cotemporary with Gaza, Sodom and Gomorah. When the Israciites conquered Canaan, it was a most powerful city. Homer mentions it in connection with the Trojan war. It is now but a remnant of what it once was; its harbors have gone to ruin; its commerce has perished, and scarce a vessel makes even a passing call; its population is about ten thousand, half of whom are Mahommedan. Silk is extensively manufactured here, and large quantities of fruit are cultivated. The plain about the city is covered with gardens; and orchards of oranges, lemons, figs, pomegranites, bananas, apricots, and kindred fruits. Like Tyre it was the subject of prophetic prediction, and like that city shared in the retributions that follow pride, luxury, and arrogance.

"Son of man, set thy face against Sidon, and prophecy against it, and say: Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I am against thee, O Sidon; and I will be glorified in the midst of thee; and they shall know that I am the

Lord, when I shall have executed judgments against her."—Ez. 28:21, 22.

The prophecies have been fulfilled. The changes of time have destroyed her commerce. Invading armies blocked up her ports, battered down her walls, and destroyed her palaces. She was once great—is now as a cleft in the rock; dismantled and solitary she sits in loneliness and desolation, her beauty and glory faded forever. Its buried ruins will prove a rich mine to the antiquarian. In a neighboring hillside are many tombs, some of which have been explored. A beautifully wrought Sarcophagus was found here only a few years ago, containing a perfect Phœnician inscription of twenty-one lines; the lines told the story of its occupant, revealing the fact that he was once a king of Sidon. It is now preserved in the museum of the Louvre, at Paris. In another place a large quantity of gold coins, of the reign of Alexander the Great and of Philip of Macedon, were discovered.

April 27th.—We left Sidon this morning in good spirits, for to-day our tent-life in Syria terminates; to-night we expect to sleep in a hotel at Beirut, nine hours distant. The road is bleak, bad and uninteresting; now plunging through barren drifting sand, and now winding over low promontories, covered with stones and sharp rocks. We now bade farewell to the plain of Phœnicia; and the southernmost ranges of the Lebanon mountains came down upon the sea. The sight of Lebanon awakened remembrances of Solomon and the cedars. Lebanon signifies white, and the distant tops of these mountains, covered with perpetual snow, lie glistening in the sunlight. Those renowned cedar groves, from which Hiram sent timber to Solomon for his temple, have mostly disappeared; but one solitary grove remains. This grove of cedars lies six thousand feet above the sea, and two thousand four hundred feet below the summit of the mountains. It is but seldom visited, as so much snow prevents approach to them. This grove covers about three acres, some of the trees are of enormous size—one is said to be forty feet in circumference. They are the patriarchs of ancient days.

Concluded in our next.

THE LIFE OF THE HAPPY MAN.

THE happy man was born in the City of Regeneration, in the Parish of Repentance unto life; he was educated at the School of Obedience, and lives now in Perseverance; he works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the County of Christian Contentment; and many times doth acts of self-denial. He wears the plain garment of Humility; and has a better suit to put on when he goes to Court, called the Robe of Christ's Righteousness. He often walks abroad in the Valley of Self-Abasement of spiritual mindedness. He breakfasts every morning on Spiritual Prayer, and sups every evening on the same. He has meat to eat the world knows not of, and his drink is the sincere Milk of the Word.

Thus happy he lives, and happy he dies. Happy is he who has Gospel Submission in his will, due order in his affection, sound peace in his conscience, sanctity in his soul, real divinity in his breast, true humility in his heart, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy is the life of such a one. In order to attain which, pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, work abundantly, live holy, die daily, watch your heart, guide your actions, redeem your time, love Christ and long for glory.

Selected.

INTEMPERANCE AND TEETOTALISM.

BY J. FRANK McDOWELL.

CHAPTER V.



IN the Bible there are examples of sobriety, of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, worthy of our imitation in the untoward generation. We certainly can lose nothing by setting a good example, but we will sustain loss by setting an evil one. Among all examples that we set, I do think that the example of abstaining from intoxicating drinks should be very highly considered; it is of such paramount importance, and intemperance so destructive and ruinous in its character, that we can not be too careful in relation to it.

The Lord tried the Rechabites relative to the question of teetotalism, and by their integrity God condemned the folly of the Jews. The Lord said:

"Go unto the house of the Rechabites, and speak unto them, and bring them into the house of the Lord, into the chambers and give them wine to drink. And I set before the sons of the house of the Rechabites pots full of wine, and cups, and I said unto them, Drink ye wine. But they said, We will drink no wine; for Jonadab the son of Rechab, our father, commanded us saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons forever."—Jeremiah 35:2, 5, 6. (Read all the chapter).

There are Latter Day Saints that can be taught a lesson in this regard. They will fall in with the gettings up of men, and pay but little attention to the word given of God in these latter days to the Church, relative to abstinence. Some tell us that the Bible nowhere teaches teetotalism; but they must be mistaken. We have quoted passages on total abstinence, and here is one more. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him."—Hab. 2:15. Any person that hands to his neighbor or friend or enemy, the intoxicating drink is condemned of God; there is no excuse to be offered for doing such an act. If it was a woeful thing then, it is the same now. All bibbers have excuses, but God knows no excuse for this terrible thing. You who may do so know not what the first or second sup of the demon may lead to. Perhaps *you* may sup with impunity, but your example may send a soul to hell. The statement that "there is no harm in it," is a snare of the devil. Latter Day Saints, old and young, what is your example in this matter? A young brother told me that so and so in the Church drank beer, &c., and if he could use it, he thought it was "no

harm for himself to do so." Here was the force of example; the example was ruinous. You do not know the passion or appetite that may be created in others; some may stop, but the majority is on the other side. Total abstinence knows no risk. Tippling knows risks and ruin, death and hell. Judge ye which is the most commendable before God and all honest thinking people, abstinence or tippling? Which of the two is the safest? Do not let appetite or prejudice bias your mind in deciding.

Some say then, you must not eat apples, peaches, cherries, currants, grapes, barley, corn, nor rye, &c., for of all these are ciders, wines and whiskies manufactured! Wonderful conclusion!! Did any person ever hear of or see an individual drunk from having eaten any of the above named fruits and grains? No. But when you put them through a certain process and fermentation is produced, then and not until then will intoxication be the result of their use. Every sane minded person knows this as well as every bibber and tippler and drunkard in the wide world does. Do not "strain at gnats and swallow camels." Let your better judgment and your reason determine on the side of right and consistency. We Latter Day Saints have God's word relative to these liquors that they are NOT good for drinking purposes. See Book of Covenants.

Let us all abide in the right, and stand on the safe side of this question. It will not answer for us who profess to have entrusted in our care such wonderful light and knowledge of God and His truth in these latter days to stoop below the world, religious or otherwise, in matters of "Temperance," but more properly speaking, Teetotalism. Inasmuch as God has been so gracious as to speak to us by his own voice, the voice of his Son, the voice of angels, of his holy apostles and prophets, on the subject under consideration, will we not with all these voices ringing in our ears, give heed to their divine admonition and warning, and set an example noble and pure, and worthy of all imitation, that we be not the means of leading some soul astray. Think on these things. When you get all the chapters read them all over, and may God bless them, though written in weakness, yet with a fervent desire for the accomplishment of good. May some soul take due warning. If but one is benefitted by these chapters, I shall feel amply rewarded. May the kind Father bless all the Hopes, old and young.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

TUNE.—"A sinner forgiven."—Gospel Songs No. 1.
 All wines are but mockers, and strong drink doth rage,
 They cause men to perish, and maketh them rave;
 Destroy soul and body, that Jesus hath bought,
 And send to destruction—forever are lost.—(Repeat last line).
 Drink not then of Lager, nor Beer, nor of Ale;
 Forever do shun them, their fume don't inhale,
 For death and destruction they all do possess,
 They lead not to virtue, and shun holiness.
 Drink not of Old Bourbon, nor any Old Rye,
 They both are an evil, and surely they lie
 In wait to destroy both the body and mind,
 And work all of evil they can to mankind.
 Young men, and young maidens, you all must beware,
 And touch not the wine cup, for it will ensnare,
 And lead you to evil, to sin, and to shame,
 Destroy all your virtue, defame your good name.

PRIDE.

I WILL call attention to pride. O, vain pride, it is sure to fall, and great will be the fall thereof. I do not mean to say that I have never thought of pride, for at one time I craved fine things as much as any girl; but my parents being poor, could not dress me as gay as others, and I must confess it made me feel bad. O, how sorry I am now, to think I was not satisfied with what they could get, and what the Lord saw fit to give me. The people of this world have their hearts set on pride and fashion more than on God, and the great work of the latter days, which I believe ought to attract our attention before dress. The admonition of Joseph Smith the Martyr, was: "Let your clothing be the workmanship of your own hands." I am sorry when I look at the extravagance of many of my young sisters in spending their means on fashions, such as rufflings and useless trimmings. I think, my dear young sisters, we would look better in having them made plain and nice. Our Father delights in plainness, and I believe we do much better to give all the surplus means we can spare to the building up of the kingdom of God, and to help those families of the Church whose fathers are traveling to and fro in the earth, preaching the gospel. I do pray God to bless all my young sisters with purity of thought, and may we live so as to be ornaments in society, is my prayer.

L. F. KEMP.

NORTH OGDEN, Utah.

TRY TO BE LIKE GOD.

I FEEL it my duty to write something for our little paper, not only to help the kind Uncles, Aunts, and Sisters, who contribute for the *Hope*; but to encourage the little Soldiers of the Cross, who are bravely traveling Zionward. I will tell you of a little girl who had not a *Zion's Hope* to read, or had not the glorious privilege of the true gospel of Christ, yet with her limited knowledge, she wanted to be like God. Some of you may say, How can we be like God? In many ways, if we try. I will tell you how little Bessie tried. On seeing the servant girl throw the crumbs into the fire, Bessie said: "Do you know that God takes care of the sparrows?"

"If God takes care of them," was the careless reply, "we need not trouble ourselves about them."

"But," said Bessie, "I would rather be like God, and help him take care of the little birds, than scatter or waste the food he gives for all."

So she collected what was left of the crumbs, and threw them out of the window. In a short time several little birds flew eagerly to the spot, and picked up the crumbs she had scattered. After this she collected all the crumbs and waste bread each day from the table, and threw them under the window for the little birds, and during all the Winter these little creatures came regularly for the food thus provided for their support. How beautiful it was to see this little child trying

to "help God," as she said, and thus early learning to be kind to his helpless creatures.

So dear little Hopes, can not all try to be like God—especially those who have put on Christ Jesus the Lord; we must be brave in doing his work, and when we are doing his work we will have his love in our heart, and then we can feel like him; and O, what a happy feeling that is.

Now, dear Hopes, that happy feeling of love has a great enemy. Would you know what it is. I will tell you, "Pride." Love and pride were never friends. Each works against the interest of the other. Love says, I will crush pride in the warmth and tenderness of my devotion, even if I sacrifice myself before an unworthy object.

Pride points with scorn to unappreciated, unrequited affection, and struggles against wasting a wealth of kindness upon the unfaithful or indifferent.

Love ever pleads forgiveness for all injuries.

Pride enters the heart, and when roused is sure to prevail against love's pleadings.

So beware of "Pride," dear Hopes, and strive to be in possession of the love of God, that you may be like him.

SARAH A. ROSE.

A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

GERHARDT was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor.

One day he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," answered the boy, "but the road is only a sheep track; and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track, and said:

"My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty; I have lost my companions and missed my way; leave your sheep and show me the road; I will pay you well."

"I can not leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They will stray into the woods, and may be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"I can not go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep; if I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I had stolen them."

"Well," said the hunter, "you will trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get some food, drink and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and—" he stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I

look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and tried to make me break my word to my master; how do I know that you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly cornered him. He said:

"I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his script to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the grand duke, who owned all the country around. The duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that, and had him educated. In after years, Gerhardt became a very great and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

PUNCTUALITY.

A COMMITTEE of eight gentlemen had been appointed to meet at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual, but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind time. "The time," said he, passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea it was so late."

A Quaker present said: "Friend, I am not sure that we should admit thy apologies. It were a matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but there are seven besides thyself whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one-eighth of it only was thine *own property*."

Letters from the Hopes.

MARY M WIGHT, Rockport, Mo., writes: There is no branch here, and we do not have any Sunday School or preaching, only when some of the Elders are passing and stop here. My cousin, Heman C. Smith, and Bro. Elvin preached here a week,—we had a pleasant time. I wish I could see all of you, and trust that I may live so that I will meet you all in the next world. I want you all to pray for me that I may remain faithful to the end.

EMMA HERSHEY, Mills county, Iowa, writes: I feel it a privilege to do all the good I can for our little paper, which does us so much good. And I hope that every one of us will try and learn good instead of evil. I am thankful that we have such a nice paper as the *Hope*, it is so interesting to read. Bro. Deuel was here and preached a few times; I wish he would come again and stay longer. Let us obey our parents, and be kind to our brothers and sisters, and strive to be prayerful, and we will gain the crown that is laid up for the faithful at the right hand of God.

JOSEPHINE BARDWELL, San Jose, Cal., writes: My grandma has been waiting so many years for a branch but she is told they can not raise one here in San Jose. We are two sisters, grand daughters of Ann Bolton, and have neither father nor mother; but we trust we have an heavenly Father to call on. There is a nice branch at Oakland, and grandma will move there as soon as possible. I long for the time when we shall be baptized and be taught the principles of the gospel in its fullness. We saw in the *Hope* a letter for the Zion's Hope Fund, and we were to send in our names, to you; they are Ann

Bolton, Josephine Bardwell, Henrietta Bardwell. We have a Brother Burgess here, and he has always sent grandma's money for her books. We will have to send the money by him until we get to Oakland. Grandma asks a prayer of the other faithful Saints, that she may, by the blessing of God, have her health and strength to leave all and follow her Master.

EMMA H. PARSONS, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: Our Sunday School has taken a part in the Zion's Hope Fund, and those who sign this list are expected to pay at the first of each month the sum attached to their names,—the same to be part of the Zion's Hope Fund, as started by Eva E. White, of Edenville, Iowa, and to be paid to the Branch Treasurer, to be forwarded to the General Church Treasury, for the work of the ministry; a report of the same to be made each year to the *Zion's Hope*. As there is an Aid Society in our Church, and some pupils belong to it, we can not expect them to belong to both, but we expect to get more names. Emma Parsons, Sadie Warnock, Maggie Daw, Ralph Hulmes, Minnie Davis, R. G. Smith, Rohanna Parsons, Mary Grundmann, Martha Parsons, Lydia Tyson, Maggie Foy, Alice Parsons, Bertha Wilhelm.

DELIA CALHOON, Mayfield, Ills., writes: I am a little bit of a girl, not five years old, but I can read your letters, and if I am little I go to school every day; yes, this very cold Winter; but I do not walk, my pa takes me every morning, and goes after me at night. I have two brothers and two sisters that go with me. I went to school last summer; sometimes I would walk, sometimes the teacher would carry me; that is because I was so little. The school house is one mile from pa's house. I live in a great white house; we have got a good many horses and cows and cats, and we have got a great big dog that churns. Written by my aunt Delia.

UNCLE M. J. M., writes from Council Bluffs, Iowa: It is Saturday night. One more week's work is done. Tomorrow is a day of rest. O, how welcome it is to many who have worked hard during the week. And I wish all the little Hopes on this day go to Sabbath School, and learn of God. And I hope that they are eager to go, and sing and learn of that dear One who gave His life to save sinners—poor weak sinners like ourselves. O, what he suffered for us! Ever patient, forgiving, hearing all the persecution, suffering so much, never wearying. O, little Hopes, you should love him and try to do right always; for he loves little children and he loves to see them do right and obey his commandments. I expect all the Hopes know the ten commandments. Obey them; when you are tempted to do wrong, try to resist the temptation.

"Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win."

The stronger the temptation, the harder you should strive to resist it. Do not depend upon yourselves, but ask God to help you, and he will give you strength to resist every temptation, though there must be an effort on your part of course. I hope you all read the piece which was published in this paper on Intemperance and Teetotalism. It contained some very good advice, and I hope Bro. Frank will write for us again. Try to learn and do all the good you can. Obey your heavenly Father's commandments, and when your work on this earth is finished, may He say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Master."

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.

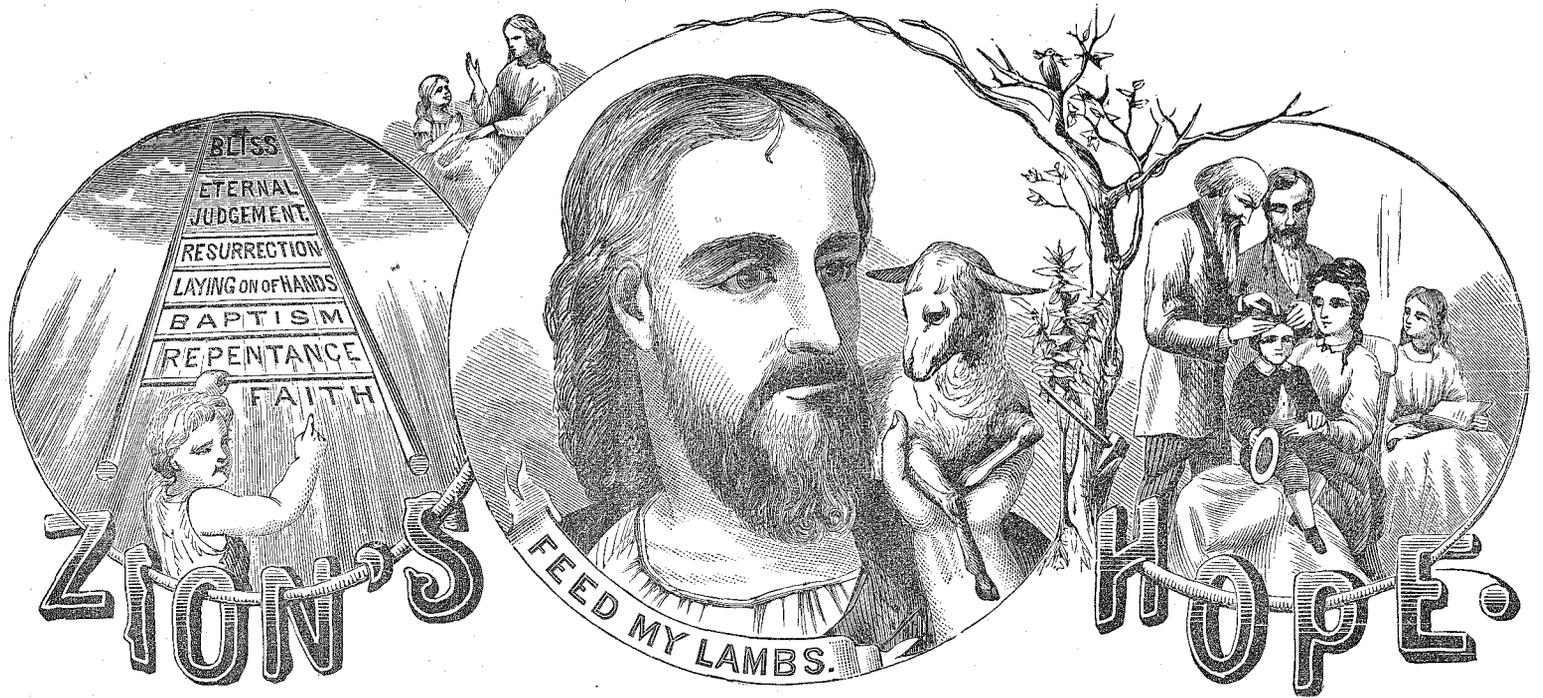
1 March 81.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith, Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, MARCH 15, 1881.

No. 18.

BE UPRIGHT.

THOUGH we labor all the day with zeal,
 Though we in tranquil sleep our eyelids seal,
 Though we no burden on our spirits feel;
 Yet there is something left undone,
 Awaits the rising of the sun.

If we in youth do form our habits wrong,
 Until time passes as an idle song,
 Until the brightest days seem dark and long,
 Then has our conscience been mistaught,
 And we have evil actions wrought.

And habits which are formed while in our youth
 Will cling to us through life, for 'tis a truth,
 That evil things soon learned are like a tooth
 That aches, but with us yet will stay,
 And threatens our life when drawn away.

Then let those who are young, good habits form,
 So when amid life's raging gale and storm,
 That they may then have no cause for alarm,
 But trust in God and look ahead,
 Shrink not, but do what he hath said.

In all the toils of life that we pass through,
 For our own pleasure we should keep in view,
 This fact for 'tis a thing we'll never rue,
 In every thing we say or do
 Be most prompt, orderly, and true.

No matter where thy earthly lot be cast,
 Unto these principles hold firm and fast,
 And let them be thy motto to the last,
 Until thy pilgrimage shall end;
 And blessings will thy way attend.

Among mankind thou ever shalt be known,
 By words and acts along your pathway strewn,
 Then never in your works be like a drone,
 For they're soon driven from the hive,
 And then they're spurned, though hard they strive.

For that which we have lost by careless deeds,
 Like leaven in the bread, or evil weeds,
 Of which but few are sown, yet all it seeds;
 Oh! then let us be upright all the day,—
 Say not so much, or do what we do say.

LUSTER J. ADAMS.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

Dear Hopes: I wonder what would become of our little paper, if all its readers did as I have been doing, partly writing letters and pieces, then throwing them aside. I think it would come to us most of the year a blank sheet, or with only the heading and motto, and all the time wondering why Perla Wild, Myrtle Grey, Sister Lena, Uncle John, and many others that used to write such nice stories, did not send some more. I felt sure if I could write such nice interesting stories as they, I should not let anything hinder me

from doing so. One day I came across a little story entitled, "Can and Could." I think I will send it to the *Hope*, perhaps it will teach some others the same lesson that it has me. Although I have not written anything to the *Hope* for so long, I have not been silent concerning it, while traveling with my husband this Summer, I have distributed the back numbers of four years, and always solicit subscribers. I think in the next six months will get quite a number—the paper is very much liked; but most of the little folks say, Oh, it is so small, I could read it through in ten minutes; and that makes me wish all the Saints would subscribe for it; then surely it would be a weekly, and I suppose double the size, such as the "Christmas Gift." I regret very much that none of those came to us. I just got a peep at one, about ten minutes at Laguna Canyon, and saw that Myrtle Gray's piece afforded such a nice study. I should like to have had it. I regret too that so very few of the Saints in this branch take the *Hope*, that one will have to go quite a distance to borrow a copy. We have had to endure the absence of our little friend many times this year, which has reminded me very forcibly of my own short comings.

I have thought many times of giving the *Hopes* a brief account of our very pleasant visit at Huneme, Ventura county, where I found such interesting little folks, who had very kind parents, with hearts ready and willing to receive the truth. We stayed at Mr. Livingston's, and I must say had never been treated with such open handed kindness and marked respect by those of the world. May our Father bless them. All those who came to meeting thought our hymns the most beautiful they ever heard; one night I sang, "Shall we know each other," and on Sunday a written request was handed in, to sing again that beautiful hymn. Several asked me if we had notes to our hymns; then I told them about the Harmony, and why it was not printed, and added, I hoped before

very long we would have it. Three gave their names, and said as soon as it came out they wanted one. Mrs. Livingston regretted very much that they were not in circulation; for said she we would certainly get them for our Sunday School.

Now, dear *Hopes*, I wish to speak of one whose loss we have been called to mourn, our beloved young brother, Joseph Mills, eldest son of D. S. Mills, and one of our most promising 'Hopes. It was a sad break in their ranks, and one that we very unwillingly gave up. May He who doeth all things well, sustain the bereaved family, especially his mother, who looked upon him with that fond pride that all mothers feel towards their sons who grow up to be a comfort and support, and he indeed was. But he left us this comfort; he is not dead; only passed from this stage of existence to one more active. May we never lose sight of this precious assurance, that when we lay this body down, it shall be in the full assurance of a glorious resurrection.

SISTER EMMA.

UNCLE JOHN'S CHAT.

Dear Hopes: We have just had a very heavy sleet here; it grew to the thickness of about three-fourths of an inch. It broke down much timber, and the telegraph wires were broken by the accumulated weight of the ice. The timber presented a beautiful appearance, with its heavily laden limbs bending over, presenting the appearance of a weeping willow laden with beautiful jewelry. We had gone to the branch to attend meeting, but it rained and sleeted so that we had no meeting. While coming home, Sabbath evening, the appearance of nature was so strange that even "Bell" noticed it and stuck up her ears.

Now, little *Hopes*, little Moroni has just climbed on my lap, just to be nursed a little while before he goes to bed. Are any of you such babies as that. Now his mamma wants him to say his little prayers and go to bed.

Do you all say your prayers before you retire. If you don't, you should. The last part of Moroni's prayer is, "Bless papa and mamma, and make me a good little boy." O what a nice thing it is to be a good little boy or girl. Let me impress upon your young minds the great importance of honoring your parents, and your superiors whoever they may be. Don't be too forward, nor impudent, but be meek and forbearing. Some boys get the idea that they can't be men unless they resent every insult that may be given; but it is my opinion that you can never be men if you do. Let it be beneath your dignity to take an insult. It don't matter if they do call you a coward, or a poke-easy, that won't break any bones. Stoutly resent such temptations; stand firm to the right, and your good qualities will soon be seen and appreciated by all those whose good will is worth having. I would like to know how many of you can tell in what State I live. Write often to the *Hope*, and tell what kind of a country you live in, how many trees are on the north side of your house, &c. I want to ask you where I can find an account of Peter walking on the water. More anon, from Uncle John.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

Dear Brother Joseph: I beg to state that the Manchester Branch has lost a dear little Hope,—familiarily known as little "Teete" or Teety Armstrong, whose funeral card is enclosed. The above name was given by a lisping sister. Her death has caused the deepest sorrow, and a unanimous expression of sympathy in the branch, and also in the neighborhood, including three Church of England ministers.

Her twelve years' probation has brought into play some of the highest qualities observable in a little Hope. Her whole life has been one of gentleness, sweetness and love. Her presence in the house was as the Summer sunshine, with a pleasing disposition, and face lit up by the pure soul within, brightening every gloom. Her intelligence was highly developed, with a very retentive memory on the beautiful scriptural subjects of the Old and New Testament, and particularly the description of the New Heaven and the New Earth. She was precise and accurate in reading and reciting at the festival parties where the recitation descriptive of the Savior, as per *Herald*, October, 1879, gained for her high commendation; but her highest qualities were manifest in her untaught family prayer. Her ever increasing circle of friends were imperceptibly drawn towards her. The constitution was delicate, having been impaired by a fall, which at times entailed much suffering, and yet she never uttered a complaint. A few days before her death, when her mother expressed deep anxiety for her recovery, she replied, "Mamma; I must have patience." Death resulted from cold, caught at school, which brought on gastric fever. The doctor said it would end in convulsions, which turned out exactly so; but here the "ordinance for

the sick" was applied, with a humble but earnest prayer, and the disease was instantly stayed, until she peacefully passed away. The spirit being yielded to the God who gave it.

And now taking a retrospective view of her life, and applying the strictest line of scrutiny, we are unable to find one act that would even constructively imply sin.

Our beloved president, Bro. Dewsnup, and his helpmate, who is a Saint indeed, kindly offered their family grave to have "dear little Teete" side by side with another dear little one of theirs gone before. And thus the dust of the little innocents is mingling together, binding our family ties in indissoluble bonds, both in life and death. Pres. Dewsnup read the funeral service—the first that has been read by an Elder of the Saints in Manchester. Elder Greenwood preached a beautiful sermon to the memory of deceased, showing forth the beauties of the Saints' resurrection, ably followed by Pres. Dewsnup. During the time the Spirit's power was made manifest by its sweet and hallowed influence, turning our sorrow into joy in the full assurance of the eternal happiness of our loved one. Faithfully yours in the covenant of Peace,

WILLIAM & JANE ARMSTRONG.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 50.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

TOMB OF JONAH.



RIDE of three hours from Sidon brought us to a place called Neby Yumas, or Prophet Jonah; it is situated directly upon the sea shore, in a little sandy bay, near a mulberry tree. There is here a large old khan, mostly in ruins; but one or two of the rooms are now occupied by the Turks, as a kind of coffee restaurant; a little distance from it is a large whitewashed monument or tomb, built in Moslem style, and called the Tomb of Jonah. It has the usual dome top of the Moslem graves, and several rooms attached for the accommodation of the keeper and such pilgrims as choose to visit it. This the inhabitants will tell you is the veritable place where Jonah was thrown up by the whale, in his strange sea voyage, when he attempted to run away from the command of his Lord. The supposed place of his embarkation was Joppa, and many believe that Tarsus, the birth place of Saul, was the Tarshish to which he was attempting to flee. If so, this place was certainly on his route, and the whale would be as likely to cast him up here as any other place. But whether Jonah was ever here or not, this monument is consecrated to his memory, and is quite a place of resort for Moslem pilgrims, who come here to perform their religious vows. Proceeding onward from the tomb, we passed a high point of land or promontory, where the mountain range projects into the sea. This rough and narrow pass has been the theater of many bloody conflicts. Here, about 218 B. C., the Egyptians under Ptolemy made a stand, and arranged their forces for its defense. Anti-

ochus the Great, advanced from Beirut, attacked the enemy on both flanks, and drove them back with great slaughter to Sidon.

We now pass a fertile portion of country, villages dot the mountain side, and numerous groves of mulberry and olives adorn the landscape. As we looked off upon the distant hills we remembered how, only a few months ago, many of these villages were deluged in blood in the cruel cold blooded murder of their Christian population by the Druses. Many towns were destroyed, and thousands of Christians killed, and multitudes of others forced to flee for their lives. The American Consul at Beirut informed me that his wife, as she looked out upon the mountain ranges, counted twenty villages burning at once, while the terrified inhabitants were fleeing in every direction.

At Khan Khulda, about three hours' ride from Beirut, is a number of old sarcophagi, lying neglected upon the hillside. They bear no inscription of any kind, but are supposed to be of Phœnician origin. They are from five to seven feet long, cut from limestone rocks, each now having its lid removed and thrown to one side; they are now all empty. Who have been their occupants none can tell. Not a bone or vestige of their tenants remain. No voices come up from their rifled chambers to inform us when they were hewn, or who found a resting place within their now solitary chambers.

At last a long blue line of water indicated that we were approaching the sea. As we neared the city we passed for a long distance over a yellow sandy soil, almost entirely destitute of vegetation, when the loose sands are driven by the winds, and piled like heaps of snow. The scenery was varied and beautiful. The distant mountains rising up in bold and solemn grandeur, dotted with villages. Now we passed a large pine grove, then through groves of olive, mulberry, and gardens hedged by rows of enormous cactus, of prickly pear. This is planted upon low stone walls, and grows with gigantic strength to the height of twenty feet. The trunks are sometimes two and a half feet in circumference, with great thick leaves twenty inches long, covered with hard sharp thorns. And now from the tall heights back of the town, we looked down upon the city, stretching down the hillside towards the sea, and deeply embowered in groves of mulberry and fruit trees. We wound down the declivity, along shaded roads and among substantial European looking houses to the sea shore, and stopped at a public house in the outskirts of the town and called "Hotel de Belle Vue." The charges at these places here are about two dollars per day. Our journey in Syria is now ended, and with grateful hearts we bade adieu to tents, dragomen and muleteers, and took lodgings in a hotel, from whence we expect to take a steamer on our homeward passage.

CONCLUSION.

We have had a long and interesting journey. I trust not an unprofitable one. We have traveled over the ground that has witnessed the events of the world's early history; stood

on the hoary ruins of palaces and temples, and looked as it were into God's treasure houses of knowledge. We have seen Egypt, wandered in that great and terrible desert, climbed the sublime and venerated heights of Sinai and Horeb. We have made the tour of the Holy Land—the land of God's revelations, mysteries and miracles, where angels have found pathways, and have descended and ascended on missions of mercy and judgment. We have lingered about the Holy City, and in the paths consecrated by the feet of the glorious Son of God. We have marked the changes time and the judgments of heaven have wrought, how prophetic declarations have been fulfilled, have read upon a thousand tablets the handwriting of God.

Our time together has passed pleasantly; we part, we trust, mutual friends. We are still travelers and sojourners. God grant we may meet again—not on mountains like these earthly ones, lying in the dim shadows of departed glory, but on the radiant mount of God;—not to traverse the highways of the earthly Canaan, but to roam those blissful lands, of which this earthly Canaan was but the type;—not in Jerusalem on earth, but in the glorious city of peace, and rest eternal in the heavens. In hope of the joys of that better land we say,

FAREWELL.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUDS.

ONCE, when I was a little girl, I disobeyed my mother. After that I was afraid, and went to a barn a good way off, so that my mother could not find me. All at once it began to rain so hard I could not go back to the house. So I sat still and thought of what I had done. I remembered that God had seen me disobey, and that He was angry at people who did wrong. It kept on raining harder yet, and I was afraid that God was going to drown the world because I was so bad, just as he had done in Noah's time.

I put my face down in the hay and cried. Pretty soon I felt my father touch me.

"What is the matter, Louie?" he asked.

"I have been very naughty, and God will never forgive me, I am afraid he is going to drown the world," I said.

Father took me in his arms and carried me to the door. The rain had abated. I looked up and there in the sky was a rain-bow, its beautiful colors shining in the sun.

My father said to me: "When Noah came out of the ark none of his children could forget the awful flood which had left the earth so lonely. Every time it rained they must have been afraid that the flood was coming again. And when they did wrong they thought that perhaps God would punish the world as he had done before. So God told Noah that the rainbow should be a sign that he would never drown the world again, but watch over man. And when men saw it shining after the rain, they were to remember God's goodness: and he would look at it and

remember His promise to them. So the rainbow would be a token between God and men.

"I had rather not have God watch me, I am so naughty," I said.

Then my father told me how God loves us, and when we do wrong is ready to forgive us, if we are sorry for our sin and confess it. He sent His dear son to die for us. For His sake he is willing to forgive all our sins instead of punishing us. It made me very happy to think God loved me and was willing to forgive. And after that, every time that I saw the rainbow it was a sign to me of the blessed promise of God to take care of us.

VAST AREAS OF SEA BOTTOM WITHOUT LIFE.

AMONG scientific puzzles there is one which has long perplexed geologists, namely, the existence of large areas of rock containing no sign of life, side by side with those which are filled with fossils. This has lately been explained in the following manner: deep sea soundings have revealed the existence of large areas of barren clay at the bottom of the sea, in depths varying from two thousand to four thousand fathoms, and more. In other parts the bottom is composed of a kind of mud formed by the deposits of little creatures known to geologists as *globigerina* which live near the surface, but sink to the bottom when dead. There they accumulate, forming chalk for ages to come. But it is a remarkable fact that at the depth of two thousand fathoms, the *globigerina* thin off and disappear, and the gray deposit merges into the barren clay above mentioned. The explanation is that below two thousand fathoms, the tiny shells of the *globigerina* are dissolved by some action of the water, and that minute quantities of alumina and iron which they contain go to form the areas of barren clay. The extent of the areas is so great that it exceeds all others as yet known to exist at the bottom of the sea, and it is the most devoid of life. It resembles the schist which at present forms so large a part of our earth's surface.

LITTLE HELPS.

BROTHERS, sisters, did you ever try the effect which little acts of kindness produce upon that charmed circle which we call home? We love to receive little favors ourselves, and how pleasant the reception of them makes the circle! To draw up the arm-chair and get the slippers for father; to watch if any little service can be rendered to mother; to help brother, even to leave an exciting game of ball to show our sister how to get over a hard place in her lesson—how pleasant it makes home!

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can learn it; for a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up.

"I can get my sister to help me," he says. That is right, sister; help little brother, and

you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him in many an hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum; but brother will show me," says another one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it."

The little girl's face is flushed, and she watches her sister with a nervous anxiety while she replaces the lost stitch.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she says as she receives it again from the hands of her sister all nicely arranged. "You are a good girl, Mary."

"Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't be so bad," said the gentle voice of Mary. The little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did than to say, "Oh, go away, and don't trouble me;" or to scold the little ones all the time you are performing the little favor.

Brothers, sisters, love one another—bear with one another. If one should offend, forgive and love him still; and whatever may be the faults of others, we must remember that in the sight of God we have others as great, and perhaps greater, than theirs.

THOUGHTS.



AFTER reading the *Hope*, as usual, my eyes were turned especially toward the heading, and while they rested, there my mind was led to dwell upon the lesson or lessons taught by it.

What a glorious sermon does it in silence preach to all the Hopes who will study it carefully! I imagine God's Spirit must have aided whoever engraved it. We see, first, the little child pointing to Faith, with a look as if commending it to all who see it, "To look and live." I apprehend that no more beautiful illustration could have been used than that of a child, as no being on earth shows, or can show, more real genuine God-like faith than a child. I remember well when a child of hearing fanciful and ghost stories recited by those who, I could not then help but believe, were telling the truth, and I believed in their word as truth. I have also heard parents tell their children that bears, wolves, or some other scare-crow would come and get them if they did not obey, and the children had faith even in that, because they could not suspect their parents of lying. Let me say one word to those who have little Hopes under their charge concerning this matter. Do not talk to them in this way. For if you do you will certainly be the means of begetting in them disbelief instead of belief—doubt instead of confidence. But instead of thus doing, encourage them in the confidence they repose in you as their protectors, and lead their little minds to place confidence likewise in their Protector on high, that when they are eight years old you need not say, as many Saints do, "I do not believe my children

know enough of God and his word to be baptized:" but that you can say, and that, too, thankfully, "My child desires to become one of the little lambs, that they may be protected and cared for by the Good Shepherd. Showing that they know enough to be willing to confide their lives to His care and direction—enough for any one to know.

Yes! how thankful we Hopes ought to be who have taken hold of one, two, three and even four of the rounds of this beautiful ladder of which faith is the first, last, and moving cause which led us to climb these rounds, and which, if we continue in till the end, will give us the victory ascending the other two, in order to reach the last.

Second, we notice just to the right, and a little above this first picture idea, the mother trying to teach her little one the principles of truth, while she is listening with marked attention, as if it sought rest and repose in those words as they emanate from that mother's lips. The thought to mothers—"Go thou and do likewise." You will then feel that your little lamb will still be also the lambs of the Good Shepherd and be cared for by Him, as represented in the center picture. A glorious picture indeed! The last picture represents, to my mind, a most glorious thought. "Forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of Heaven," said the Savior, and then he laid his hands on them and blessed them. So this picture presents to us that the *Hope* believes in the Lord and His word, and keeps before us our duty as Saints of the Most High that we should practice what we so beautifully portray.

Now, little Hopes, I think we all ought to be very thankful to God that He has again revealed His will to man, and that we have the privilege to be benefitted by the ordinances of the gospel of truth; and we ought also to so live that others seeing our good works may be led to glorify our Father who art in heaven, thereby increasing the flock of the lambs of God. We all can do much good if we will strive at all times to show, by our lives to others that we appreciate these blessings, that we, indeed, have something that is precious, beneficial, good above all price; and that we desire that all may partake of this precious boon.

Little Hopes, let us then live
As becometh Saints of God;
That those little ones around us,
May be led to Zion's Rod.

J. F. MINTUN.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

IT was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner: The lambs were separated from the dams, and enclosed in a sheepcote, with only one narrow way out; the dams were at the entrance. On opening the gate the lambs hastened to join the dams; and a man placed at the entrance, with a rod dipped in paint, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying, "Let this be holy." Hence saith the Lord by the prophet, "I will cause you to pass under the rod." Ezek. 20:37.

Letters from the Hopes.

JENNIE H. ROBINSON, Peoria, Ills., writes as follows: As I have a few leisure moments I thought I would write you a little letter. We have Sunday School here every Sunday afternoon—Bro. Seward is our superintendent, and he also teaches our class. We all like him for a teacher; he explains everything to us. And if we do not heed what we are taught at Sunday School it is not our kind teacher's fault. Our Sunday School numbers now about eighteen. We get the *Hope* for our Sunday School paper, and I think we are all very glad when it comes. Next Sunday I am going to try and see what I can do for the Zion's Hope Fund. We are going to have conference here on the 12th and 13th of March. We expect Bro. Joseph to be with us, and perhaps Uncle Mark. We expect to have a nice time, and all the Saints and some friends are making preparations for the comfort of all those who may come, and we hope they may be many. I am a member of the Church. I am past sixteen years, and was baptized when I was eight years and three days old. I try to do what is right, but I am afraid I often fail. I want the prayers of all the little Hopes.

B. J. SCOTT, Palacky, Kansas, writes: I wish to say one word in regard to Temperance. If the fire of intemperance on cigars alone burns up and consumes as much in twenty-one years (as is stated in the *Hope* for the first of February) even ten thousand dollars; how much more might be added on for the use of chewing tobacco, beer, coffee, tea, &c. We might add more than as much more, which would make \$20,000 dollars in twenty-one years—quite a sum is it not, little Hopes, to be consumed in things that really avail nothing. Now, Dear Hopes, let us begin to hear from those who are for temperance, and let us begin to fight down intemperance, by being temperate ourselves, and persuading others to shun the paths of intemperance. I chewed tobacco for something near nine years, but have not had a chew in my mouth for more than fifteen months. I use no coffee, and but little tea, and I mean to use none of either of the above named articles; and above all things say, No, whenever you are persuaded to tamper with intoxicating drink.

"E. P.," writing from Independence, Mo., says: I have long since desired to write a few lines, although I am a big Hope. I am young in the faith—not quite two years in the Church, but I am striving with all my might, mind and strength to overcome all evil, and to do my Father's will. There never was a more welcome visitor in my house than the *Hope*; I would like it to be a more frequent visitor than it is; I always read it through before I lay it away. I like to read the letters that the dear little Hopes write—it sounds like music in my ears. Jesus says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I have one little Hope of my own. I am sorry to say I do not see any letters from this place. I will just send you the description of a day vision I had. I had been at church in the morning, and heard Bro. Joseph Luff preach a good sermon. I came home, got my dinner, and sat down to put my baby to sleep, and was sitting with my eyes closed, meditating upon what Bro. Luff had preached, and there was a beautiful white hand presented before my eyes. I opened my eyes, and it was gone. I shut my eyes again, and it was gone; but to my surprise there was a large, rough, black hand came up in the place of it. I have not been able to receive an interpretation to it, or whether it is worth an interpretation, I will leave it with some one wiser than myself to say.

DAISIE Z. SKANK, Henderson, Iowa, writes: I am ten years old. I was baptized a year ago last August. I have a brother seven years old, named Freddie, and a sister five, named Ethel. My brother and I go to school. Father and mother belong to the Church. We had conference last Saturday and Sunday, but nobody came from a distance except Brn. Cato and Deuel, it was such bad weather. I like the Life of Joseph Smith very much; mother had it to read; she read some of it to me.

In heaven we all shall meet,
If we walk straight, and guide our feet
In the straight and narrow way.

EFFIE J. RUDD, Dow City, Iowa, says: I love to read the *Hope*. We have prayer meeting in the morning and preaching at night. I go to school this Winter.

JAMES FALKNER, London, Ont., writes: To-night I again have the privilege of writing to our dear Sunday School paper, which is so full of instruction and good advice. Our Sunday School is still increasing; our class has a new teacher—Bro. Everet. On the 4th of January, my little brother got his leg broken above the knee, which gave him great pain. Elders Mottashed and Harrington administered unto him, and the pain left him immediately, which we thank God for his merciful power. We have had very cold weather, and severe snow storms. We had an entertainment: Bro. Harrington being chairman. We had a good time, after which the prizes were given to those who earned them. I love to read the *Hope* for it contains good and instructive reading. The only thing that I regret is that I do not live nearer to its teachings. But, dear Hopes, I can bear my testimony to the work in which we are engaged: Verily it is the work of God. I love to meditate on the principles of the gospel. It is my desire to do something for the Master, although I sometimes fear that I will be a castaway.

JENNET S. POWELL, Easton, Mo., writes: I am trying to live the way I should, that it may glorify our Father which is in heaven. Job 11th chapter and seventeenth verse, says: "And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth; thou shalt be as the morning." Let us try to live so as to be as like the morning, and let our light shine before all people, that they may see our good works; and may God give us strength to endure all things that may be set before us. Let us try to live right and acceptable before God, and keep his commandments. Although the waves of the sea may separate us, yet may we not be separated from the love of God. 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. May our Father bless us, and if we should not be privileged to meet again in this probation, may we strike glad hands in the sweet by and by.

EDWIN WILDERMUTH, Lamoni, Iowa, says: This is the first I ever wrote to the *Hope*. I am thirteen years and eight months old. We came from Blue Rapids, Kansas, June 3d, 1880. I think this a nice town. We have a nice Sunday School here at the New Church. I have not missed one Sunday yet. I do not go to day-school, because the schools are all crowded around here, so I can not go; but hope I may have a chance soon. We have had an awful Winter this year. The Winter commenced the 15th day of October, and we have not had any intermission except a few days at a time. I would like to correspond with some of the Hopes.

EMMA J. POWELL, Easton, Mo., writes: I was baptized the 27th of April, 1880, by Elder David E. Powell. We all had a nice time Sunday after Christmas. Brother John Morgan and some of the brothers and sisters came from Bevier to Stewartsville, and pa sent a team six or seven miles to Stewartsville to bring them to our house. Bro. John Morgan and my two sisters played on our organ and sung. It is about eight or ten miles from our house to the Church; we have Sunday School, but it is too far for me to go. I feel to press onward, that I may gain the crown.

JESSIE M. COLE, Lawrence, Mich., writes: I am nine years old, and go to school. I have not been baptized yet, but hope to some time. I was very sick with typhoid pneumonia last Fall, and was administered to, and the Lord heard and answered the prayer.

SUSAN DOCKERY, Brush Creek, Kansas, says: I go to Sabbath School every Sabbath. I worked for a woman and earned a quarter, which I send for the *Hope*. It has been the coldest Winter I ever saw.

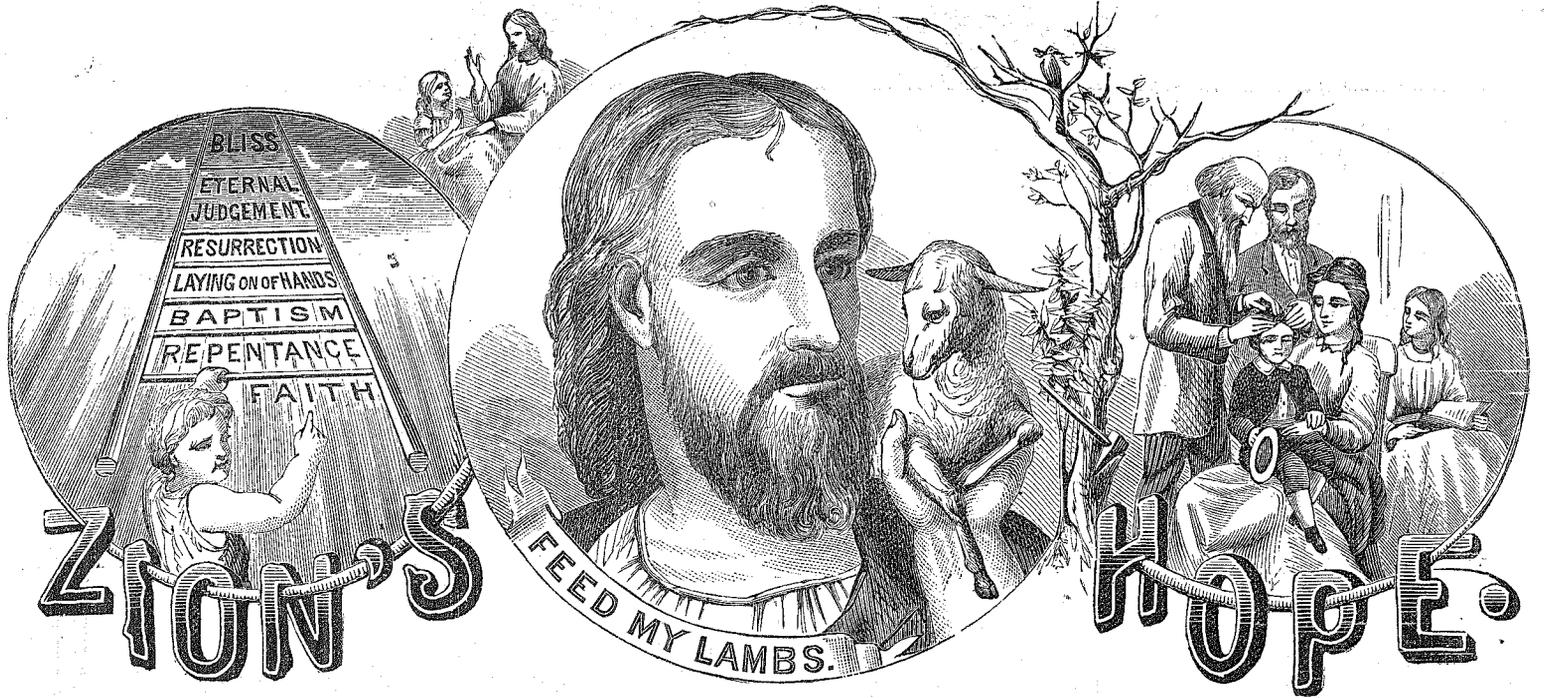
15 March 81.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

ZION'S HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith, Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

Vol. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 1, 1881.

No. 19.

"GOSPEL PLAN."

TUNE—"Sabbat's Home."

THE gospel plan, more dear to me
Than all the world beside;
It tells me how to come to Thee,
My Savior, crucified.

Chorus.—Gospel plan—blessed plan.
Gospel plan—blessed plan;
My heart rejoice when I obey
Christ's way of saving man.

Each principle and ordinance
With pleasure I'll obey;
The road to bliss, each step advance,
The straight and narrow way.

The Comforter, as Jesus said,
Its gracious gifts I share;
Aright I know, I then am led,
In answer to sweet prayer.

And when I've ended my career,
And pain and grief are o'er,
Fullness of joy will then appear,
In Christ for evermore.

WISHFULL.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.



TELL you that she is a sensible girl."

"Yes. So I hear; but you must remember, my good fellow, that I am not obliged to take it for granted because you say so. You may be her lover." And the speaker laughed merrily, as his friend looked irritated and annoyed at his last remark.

"Lover, indeed. I tell you that Miss 'Bodie' is a sensible young woman. And," he added as his friend turned away, "you will discover that, should you get acquainted with her and her history."

"Her history," laughed his friend, stopping and returning to where they had been standing together. "Her history. Has she a history?"

"Come to my rooms this evening, and you shall judge for yourself;" was the reply, and the two separated, one to go to his hotel, and the other to his work.

These young men were about of an age, had been schoolmates; but one was now the heir to a great estate into which he had lately come, by the death of a distant, but wealthy relative; the other was a mechanic and at work in a down town machine shop, a good

workman, and very clever. The name of the first was Preston Clark, that of the latter George Chappel. Their age was a little over twenty-one.

Preston Clark and George Chappel had been raised in the same village, their parents living on opposite sides of the same street, occupying the same position in society, and of very similar circumstances in life. A few years before the time our story opens, Mr. Clark, senior, had died, leaving his widow to look after her small family, consisting of Preston and a younger brother; with a small competency in real estate and ready money. This she had used to excellent advantage; and removing to a neighboring city, had given Preston an excellent education, fitted him for college and the law. Just before he graduated at the Law College, a distant relative died, leaving his estate unencumbered to Preston, which at once stopped his intended career in law, as it removed the necessity for labor, either as a toiler, or professional gentleman. He had been placed in full possession of his wealth upon arriving at his majority; and, after installing his mother and brother Cecil in their pleasant home, he had come to the village where their former home was, to look after it a little, and to visit his schoolmate, George Chappel, between whom and himself there had always been a most intimate friendship. He found that during the years that had passed after his mother's removal from their early home, things had gone rather unpleasantly in the home of his friend. Mr. Chappel, the elder, had been severely hurt by an explosion in the mill where he was at work; and, after a long and tedious confinement to his bed and house, was left so badly crippled that he could no longer win the bread for his family. His long confinement and the large bills for doctor's help had used up his snug bank account; the destruction of the mill in which he was employed ruined the owner, and also involved the loss of some four thousand dollars, which he had loaned that owner; so that George's mother was

obliged to take George from the village school, together with his sister Mary and brother Lot, and set them at whatever work could be secured to earn the daily food, for the family was a large one, consisting of father, mother, and seven children, four of them younger than those named, George, Mary and Lot being the oldest. George had found remunerative work in a machine shop; and had by attention to his duties and careful study of mechanics, made himself an excellent name with his employers, and a good standing among his fellow workmen. He was a hard worker, always at his post, and never idle. His workbench was the cleanest, and his tools in the best order of any in the establishment. His hands were hard, and his comrades said that his head was hard too; for he would maintain his points in argument and work out his problems in mechanics and his studies with such persistent dogged tenacity, that it gained for him that appellation of "hard-headed." He was, however, of excellent temper, having inherited from his mother a keen sense of humor, and a gravity of poise that was never disturbed—the chief of the institution called it "grip." His employers had fitted him rooms in the office part of the shops, for some object known to themselves, and paid him a small stipend for occupying them at night; but his meals he took at his father's house. Mary was at work at the house of a neighbor, and Lot was doing odd chores, at the shop and among the villagers as he could get them to do; for his mother would not consent that he should go into the shops as George had done, he being delicate in health and slender in frame.

Preston Clark had met his friend a day or two before the conversation related occurred, and had tried to get him to stop work for a few days to visit him; but this George could not afford to do just then, business of more than usual importance to the firm being in hand, so that he could not be spared; or at least so the chief thought. So the visitor took a room at the hotel to wait a few days for the leisure of the friend he came to see.

They met at noon and spent the evenings together; sometimes at the hotel, sometimes at George's father's house, but more frequently at George's rooms at the shop. It was at their casual meeting at noon of the fifth day of Preston's stay, that the conversation recorded at the beginning occurred.

To be continued

THE PRIZE.



VERY rich man once established a school, and offered a prize worth a great deal to each scholar, on condition that he complied strictly with the regulations of the school. The following are some of the rules and regulations: (1) The scholar must believe that I can give the prize (2) He must leave off all bad habits. (3) He must be immersed in water. (4) He must have hands laid on his head to confirm him a member of this school, and to insure my assistance in his studies. (5) He must not steal. (6) He must not be covetous. (7) He must not commit adultery. (8) He must not take the name of God in vain. (9) He must not bear false witness. (10) He must not defraud any one. (11) He must neither make himself a god nor worship any so made. (12) He must not kill. (13) He must show mercy. (14) He must honor his father and his mother. These were the principal rules and regulations.

At first every one, with very few exceptions, denounced this school as an imposition, claiming that the founder could not make good his promise. For a time he taught the school himself with great care, instructing the pupils in all the branches taught in the school. The conditions upon which each pupil was to receive the prize were a faithful observance of all the rules and regulations, and a close application to study; and all such at graduation should be entitled to receive the prize.

In establishing his school he encountered great opposition. When the school was announced, and the prize made known, some made fun, some stopped their ears, some listened out of curiosity, some thought it might be so, and a few believed the report. Some said they were very sure he had nothing to give, for his parents were very poor. They said that when he was born, his parents were in a city, and being too poor to hire a room, stayed in a barn, where this son was born. Some said he was a child of ill-fame—a child born in sin and shame.

Nearly everybody said he was a bad man and a cunning deceiver. Steadily, however, his school gained public favor, until a considerable number received instruction thereat. He was its principal, and as the school gained strength and notoriety its opposors increased both in vehemence and numbers, because he taught as one having authority.

Soon his school had increased so much he had to have some assistants, notwithstanding he met with most violent opposition. These teachers were clothed with all needed authority, and went about their business with a will. There were twelve of these teachers. At length the time came for the departure of the

rich man; but he promised them that he would send them another teacher, who would be as faithful as he had been. If they should forget anything he had taught them, this last principal would recall it to their memory. And more, he should continue with the school, if they kept the rules and regulations, until the prizes were distributed.

The time fully arrived for his departure; the school was temporarily closed until the arrival of the new principal, which was not delayed long. The school parted with its old principal very reluctantly, and with many regrets; but he said he must go to prepare their prizes for them, and he went.

While he was with them he was able to recognize his pupils at a glance; but now that he was about to leave them, he said that they could know his pupils by certain signs: (1) his pupils should thenceforth be able to cast out evil spirits; (2) they should occasionally speak in language that the speakers themselves could not understand without an interpreter; (3) that some should be able to interpret this new language; (4) if they drank any deadly poison it should not hurt them; (5) if they took up a serpent it should do them no harm; (6) if they laid hands on the sick in his name, such should recover. These were the signs by which his pupils should be known, and any not having these signs were not his. For he knew that in time there would have to be branch schools established in nearly every part of the world, and that teachers must have some means by which they could recognize pupils, repel hypocrites, &c.

As had been promised, the new principal came, and the school was immediately reopened with a full corps of teachers. All this time another school had been in session, which taught only types and shadows. The teachers of which had greatly derided this new school from its very outset. But after a time the old school came to an ignominious close. Its teachers quarreled with the members of the new school all the time, and at last fell out among themselves, and a third party came and made them all prisoners, and carried them away, and completely overthrew it. But before their overthrow they treated the members of the new school very badly, and made several unsuccessful attempts to overthrow it; but its principal was too wary, and foiled every attempt made. This third party also tried to overthrow it, but every attempt made was vain, till at last this third party hit upon a plan that had the desired effect. It made large endowments of wealth on the school, which caused the pupils to become proud and unwilling to obey the rules and regulations of the school. The teachers, without the consent of the principal, altered and amended the rules and regulations to suit their own convenience, till scarcely one of the old land marks remained as established at first.

The signs by which the pupils should be known then began to disappear, and by and by they almost ceased entirely. The principal, who had always been faithful, remonstrated with them very often, and told them what the effect would be; but they turned a deaf

ear to his appeals. Finally they grew tired of his pathetic appeals, and made an order that the door by which he entered, which was laying on of hands, should be closed; and they would not be annoyed by his entreaties to return to their old rules and regulations. They effectually shut him out, as there was no other door by which he could enter.

Now that he was shut out, there was no one to insist upon an observance of the original rules and regulations, and the signs being withdrawn also, they were left wholly without a shepherd, and without anything to guide them in their studies; and so new schools began to spring up, with the avowed purpose of reforming the old one. But they, having no guide nor no better rules and regulations, nor any signs by which they could recognize their pupils, got along as badly as the old one, if not worse.

Soon over six hundred schools had sprung up, each with different rules and regulations from the others. All closed their doors effectually against the ancient principal lest his presence might excite some ridicule. In fact if they let him in they well knew he would insist upon re-establishing the old landmarks. They professed great friendship for him, but they kept him shut out.

After many hundred years had elapsed, a boy was found who was willing to open the doors to the old principal; so a messenger was sent to re-establish the old school. When the messenger arrived, he found the boy ready to accept the old school, principal and all; and so as soon as the doors could be opened, the principal again took charge of the school; but very soon he was shut out again, or grieved away by the abominations of the school, and again departed for a season. But his old friends soon took him in, and now he has a large school and his pupils and his assistants are very faithful. The scholars are trying to earn the prize; some contend more earnestly than others, but all occasionally transgress the rules of the school and grieve the good old principal; but he is so gentle, so long-suffering, and understands the nature of his pupils so well, that until they shut him out by closing the door against him, going into miserable and loathsome abominations, he will not leave them.

Now I will give you the explanation, and I am done. The rich man is our Savior; the principal sent after his departure is the Holy Ghost. The new school is the church established by our Savior. The old school is the Jews. The shutting of the doors against the principal is the departure of the ancient church from the law of the Lord in about the sixth century; about which time the church of God was changed into what is now known as the Catholic Church; at about which time also the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost was abolished by order of church authority. The laying on of hands was the door by which the Holy Ghost was given. The new schools established every where, who refused to admit the principal, are the different religious denominations organized since about the fourteenth century. The

school which opened its doors and received the old principal, is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, established and organized by commandment of Almighty God, in 1830. The boy was Joseph Smith, who organized the Church, and who was afterwards killed by a mob in 1844. The school which grieved away the principal by its abominations, is the Brigham Young church in Utah; which went into the licentious, soul-destroying practice of polygamy. The re-establishment of the new school was the re-organization of the Church at Blanchardville, in Wisconsin, in 1853.

Now let us all who have become members of this school, by being baptized into the Church, try to be good scholars and make all the advancement we can in the good work. This PRIZE we speak of, is at the end of the race, and is ETERNAL LIFE. The Savior says "he that endureth to the end shall be saved." Then he that endureth very near the end shall not be saved. A man once told two boys that if they would each commit perfectly to memory six hundred verses in the Bible he would give each of them a dollar, which is about eight shillings. This was to be done within a given time. At the end of the time the boys appeared before the man. He said,

"Johnny; how many have you committed?"

Johnny replied, "I have committed six hundred, sir," and he repeated them.

"Willie; how many have you committed?"

"Five hundred and ninety-nine."

And Johnny got his dollar, but Willie did not. So you see the prize is at the end of the race. May you every one win the prize is the earnest prayer of

UNCLE NATHAN.

GRAIN BY GRAIN.

DID you ever know a boy, when he began to work in earnest for a living, who ever had wages enough? Somehow salaries and wants never do keep up with each other. There are not many who, like an old philosopher, can walk along the streets of a gay city, and note the tempting wares set out on every side, and yet say, "How many things there are here that I do not want." Yet if you can get a little into this way of looking at the luxuries of life, it will be a great help to your peace of mind. And it is a very singular fact that most fortunes have been laid on very small foundations. A great merchant was accustomed to tell his many clerks that he laid the foundation of his property when he used to chop wood at twenty-five cents a cord. Whenever he was tempted to squander a quarter, he would say, "There goes a cord of wood." He learned in early years a lesson in practical economy.

An old woman had been seen for many years hanging about the wharves where vessels were loaded and unloaded in New York harbor, intent on picking up grains of coffee, corn, rice, etc., that by chance scattered on the piers. The other day she was badly hurt by some heavy bags of grain falling on her. The kind merchants took up a

purse for old Rosa, and sent her to her home in Hoboken, in charge of an officer. What was his surprise to find that the neat and handsome furnished cottage was the property of the old grain picker. She had literally built and furnished it, as the coral workers do their homes, grain by grain.

Do not be discouraged though your profits are small. If you can not increase the income, the only way out of the difficulty is to cut down the wants. Turn every claim to the best account, and as prices go, you will be able to get a vast amount of comfort out of even a small income. The habits that you are forming are also of the greatest importance, and may be made the foundation stones of high prosperity.

A LITTLE crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face and fair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within is laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.

A little family gathered round,
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound,
A little added to his soil,
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair,
A little stool and easy chair,
A little night of earth-lit gloom,
A little cortege to the tomb.

WATCH AND WORK AND PRAY.

Dear Hopes:—Why can't we have a weekly paper, I wonder. There are enough people interested in the welfare of our little paper and those who read it most, to make an effort toward enlarging and also making it a weekly. We want a weekly. Twice a month isn't often enough. And there isn't reading enough for us any way. But who is to blame. Not the Editor, surely. For what can he do? He can not furnish copy and publish a paper for us to read when we are not interested enough to make a very small effort ourselves. If every family in the Church subscribed at once—every one that hasn't already,—I wonder how much would then be lacking. If there are no children in the family there are in one's neighbors'. I wonder, if we would all promise to give one dollar and a half for the *Hope* this year, if our most worthy editor wouldn't send us a larger and a weekly *Hope*.

What is wrong with us, anyway? We as Christians should be as much interested in our cause,—in the young—the Hopes of our Church, as other denominations are in theirs.

Some will say, "We would willingly pay the sum you mention, if able, but I can't raise even fifty cents a year." Doubtless this is true in some cases, but they are rare. I can call to mind a family where there are five children and they are too poor to take the *Hope* or *Herald*, yet the husband and father is an inordinate tobacco user—chews and smokes. Yes, I can think of another family of six children, where there is too great poverty to pay for *Herald* or *Hope*, and yet the head of

that family can scarcely be seen without unmistakable marks of the filthy weed about his mouth and chin. And I can think of another family, and another,—but I will desist. The poor little Hopes are not to blame. And none of us feel willing to give to a man who is so selfish. So the cause suffers. Are we really alive to our best interests? Went to regular weekly prayer meeting not long ago. There were nine members and one youth present. Ten. What a congregation, when there are about seventy members within half a mile. Is it possible that we can watch and pray enough at home?

Now, my dear Hopes, I want you all to pray earnestly for the welfare of Zion. Pray that you may be able to resist temptation. Pray that the good Father will help your parents to resist evil and walk in wisdom's ways. Pray that your tobacco using fathers may be enabled to purify themselves. Pray that you may do something to help the good work. And watch and work as well as pray. Watch for a chance to work and earn a little money to help make the *Hope* a weekly. Watch and work and pray. God listens when the innocent children pray with their hearts as well as lips. Be earnest, sincere and truthful. And may bright angels guard and guide you. Your friend,

PERLA WILD.

DIVINE GRACE.



WHAT are we to understand by the word's divine grace? The Apostle Paul in most of his epistles to the Church ends with "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you." I have put this question before several persons who have been considered good class leaders, Bible leaders in their respective denominations; but the most favorable answer I ever got was on one of the Newport and Fall River boats, from a working man. He said it meant divine favor.

Now, kind reader, it don't matter whether we live in a hut or not, we are humbly hoping that the Redeemer will one day afford us a brighter and happier abode in his kingdom. We have the advantage of inhabiting one of the finest countries in the world. We have, moreover, thanks be to God, by his grace, the happiness of knowing the Lord Jesus Christ; also of praying to the Father, and thanking him, in his Son's name, for the blessings we now enjoy, which many who inhabit splendid and comfortable mansions, altogether neglect to hold intercourse with the Father and Maker of all.

Since I joined the Church, upwards of ten years ago, I have had the pleasure of belonging to three good branches; Fall River, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh, and I have come to the conclusion that some branches abound more in one grace and some in another. Some abound in many graces, while some are lamentably lacking; some suffer more persecution and tribulation than others. Looking over society, one might think that the age of persecution had passed away, and no one to-day was troubled, much less persecuted

for being a Christian. For is not Christianity a respectable thing? Don't people esteem Christianity? Not many people call it a compliment to be called an atheist or infidel. Many person's suffer persecution because they tell the truth. Not many days ago I was called a liar, because I told the truth.

In some branches it is hard to get Sabbath School teachers. In others it is hard to get them to Sabbath School and to church. How is Christ's kingdom to be maintained? What are we doing to advance the cause we have espoused? Let us do something for the extension of the kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Let us put away "self" and pray for the guidance and support of the Holy Spirit, that we may be able to stand in an evil day and pass unharmed through the fiery trials we have to encounter. Think about our Savior's life from Bethlehem to Golgotha—the lake of Gennesereth—the hills of Judah—the stable at Bethlehem, its pastures, and its herds. The loveliness of his character; his meekness; the lowliness of his heart; his gentleness and forbearance; his patience under suffering; his forgiving spirit under the severest trials, injuries and wrongs. A perfect model for our imitation! Let us press onward!

WILLIAM STREET.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

 I am an officer in the Latter Day Saint Sunday School, and have been the most of the time for three years past, and I am in favor of Sunday Schools; I think that every branch ought to have one, to teach the children the Bible, and instruct them in the gospel of Christ. If we let our children go to other Sunday Schools, then we are apt to find fault with them when they grow up. But we must teach them while young. And the same book says, they will not depart from it. We have a good school in this place; the highest number of verses recited in one Sabbath was four hundred and five. I have often thought that the Book of Mormon should be read in the Sunday School if it is the word of God. Why not teach it? It is said to be the Bible of the Ephraimites, and we claim to be of that tribe. Yesterday we commenced a class in the Book of Mormon, and I think it is right to have our children read the same, and I think the Saints should take the *Hope* for their children; I wish it was published every week, for we miss it in the Sunday School the Sunday it doesn't come.

BENONIA.

A DREAM.

About three years ago I dreamed I saw the hill Cumorah, on which the plates containing the Book of Mormon was found. I dreamed it was a large hill for that country, very steep at one end; the sides were also steep, while the other end was not, but went off very sloping. I saw some trees on it, probably two feet in thickness; some of them limbed out low to the ground, like the live oak in this country. I saw the spot where the plates were found,—it was near the top, on the west side of the hill. I often wondered if this dream was true. A short time ago I saw Bro. Thomas Daley, and I told him the dream. He said it was precisely so, for he had seen the hill many

times. Since I read the description of Cumorah, in the Life of Joseph the Prophet, I see that it says the same thing. We like this history and I believe it is as correct a history as has ever been kept by man; but it is very hard to sell any to the world.

E. T. DAWSON.

Letters from the Hopes.

T. W. CHATBURN, Shelby, Iowa, says: I herewith send a list of names for appearance in the *Hope*, as belonging to the Hopes ten cent fund. Florence Chatburn, Salam E. Goreham, Louis W. Goreham, Edith M. Goreham, Minnie Davis, C. Davis, Myra Chatburn, Frank Chatburn, Nellie Chatburn, Alma B. Chatburn, Bertha Gilliland, Joseph Gilliland, Minnie Gilliland, Edith Osborn, Edna Osborn, Mamie Lake, Susan Cox, Wm. Cox, Maud McCombs, Jessie Gilliland.

GEORGE T. SEIGFRIED, Farris, Illinois, writes: I go to meeting every Sunday I can. I have been going to school four months steady, excepting one week, when I was sick. Declaimed seven different pieces. Our school has closed; we had a pleasant time on the last day. Bro. Parsons taught our school. When I get a little older, I wish to read the *Hope*.

L. BRITAIN, Glenwood, Iowa, writes: We do not have any meetings, and it is rather lonesome. I have not been baptized yet, but hope soon to be. I like to read the letters in the *Hope*. It has snowed considerable here this Winter—the ground is covered with snow and ice. I did not go to school this Winter, as it is so far to walk. Let us learn to do the will of our Father in heaven, so that we may receive the reward of the faithful.

A. R. BRITAIN, Glenwood, Iowa, writes: To-day is Sunday, and as I have not the privilege of going to meeting, I will write a short letter. The Methodists here have been holding protracted meetings, and have got fifty followers. There are very few Saints in this place, but we know the Lord will have a chosen people, for he says, Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to eternal life, and few there are that entereth therein; but wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction, and many there be that walketh therein. Let us strive to overcome the evils and vices of the world, and come off conqueror over sin and iniquity, and keep the laws and commandments of God, that we may be worthy of receiving a crown, and dwell with him in the celestial kingdom. Why should we care for the finger of scorn that is pointed at us. Let us put on the armor of Christ, and do the work he has given us to do, that we may be one of his valiant soldiers.

FLORENCE CHATBURN, Shelby, Iowa, writes: I have never written to the *Hope* but once before. We have been having a very hard Winter. We have church here every Sabbath morning and evening. In the Summer we had Sunday School. Bro. Lake has been here with us, and stayed about two weeks. In the letter of "Uncle John's Chat," he asked the little Hopes if any of them could find an account of Peter walking on the sea. It can be found in the fourteenth chapter of St. Matthew, the 29th, 30th and 31st verses. Now I have a question for some of our Hopes to answer: "Who was the first martyr?" I have joined the Zion's Fund, and have twenty names in all, who have agreed to pay their ten cents a month. I have been baptized three years, and am now thirteen years of age.

JOSEPH CURTIS, Elkhorn City, Nebraska, writes: My brother Ben and I were at General Conference, last Fall. We got acquainted with a good many brothers and sisters. I enjoyed myself very much, though we did not stay but two days and a half. Let us read all the good books that we can, as the Lord has told us, that we may be learned in all good works,—the Bible to be the standard. Keep striving to do the will of the Lord, and I know we will come off conquerors.

E. T. DAWSON, Iona, California, writes: "W. F." in *Hope* of January 15th, wishes to know the name of every Hope that does not use tea and coffee. I for one never

did use either of them, nor strog drink, nor tobacco; but of late I take a little barley coffee, according to the Word of Wisdom. I know some who use thirty-five dollars worth of tobacco every year, beside coffee; and others fifty cents worth every day, or about one hundred and fifty dollars and five cents worth a year. I don't see how they can pay it, but they do. I notice they are generally without a home of their own.

HATTIE A. HEAD, Farris, Illinois, writes: I have been going to school four months steady, with the exception of one week. Papa has gone to conference. I love to go to meeting when I can. I am interested now in reading the *Hope*; I try to read every one. I am trying to do right. I declaimed seven different times during our school. I have two little brothers. It is Sunday to-day, but we did not go to meeting, the snow being drifted so badly in the roads. I was nine last September.

ELI C. SNIDER, Hamilton, Mo., says: I do not belong to the Church, nor my sister; but my father and mother do. The weather and roads have been so bad I have stayed out of school two weeks. I am going to-morrow. The big snow storm came in time to hinder our District Conference convening at the time appointed.

MARY A. F. CURTIS, Elkhorn City, Neb., writes: It has been very cold here this winter, the thermometer showed forty-two degrees below zero on the 9th of January, and the other morning it was thirty-two degrees below. Most of the farmers around this section of country have their corn out in the field yet. I am reading the Book of Mormon. We ought to instruct ourselves in the books which God has revealed for our benefit, that we may teach our younger brothers and sisters. I do not have the privilege of going to school as many children do. It has been raining, sleet and snowing ever since I commenced to write. I have the sweetest little brother that I have ever seen; he is pretty near five months old. Brother E. C. Brand was here and blessed him when he was eighteen days old; his name is Moroni.

ALMA B. CHATBURN, Shelby, Iowa, says: I am going to school and it will be out for two weeks' vacation in two weeks. I am very glad to read the *Hopes*. It makes me feel glad to see the large and small people both write letters to the *Hope*. I was baptized the 13th of last September, at Conference. I am ten years of age.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORTS.

The following persons have been chosen as officers of the Bethel Sunday School at Fall River, Mass. Samuel Smith, superintendent; Chas. H. Wilson, secretary; Orrin E. Granger, treasurer; John McKee, janitor; Orrin E. Granger, organist; John Potts, music teacher; Jennie McKee, librarian; James McKee and Alfred Leather, auditors. The school is in a very prosperous condition.

Report of the Alma Sabbath School for six months ending March 6th, 1881: Officers 4, average attendance of officers 3; scholars 41; average attendance of scholars 18, total attendance of scholars 432; total attendance of officers and scholars 507, average of all 21. Books in use by the school 60. Financial: On hand from last report \$10.41, collected during the six months \$18.56, total \$28.97; expended \$18.56, leaving a balance of \$10.32 on hand. R. H. Mantle, superintendent; John Campble, vice superintendent; John Buckley, treasurer, Thomas S. Holmes, secretary.

1 April 81.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

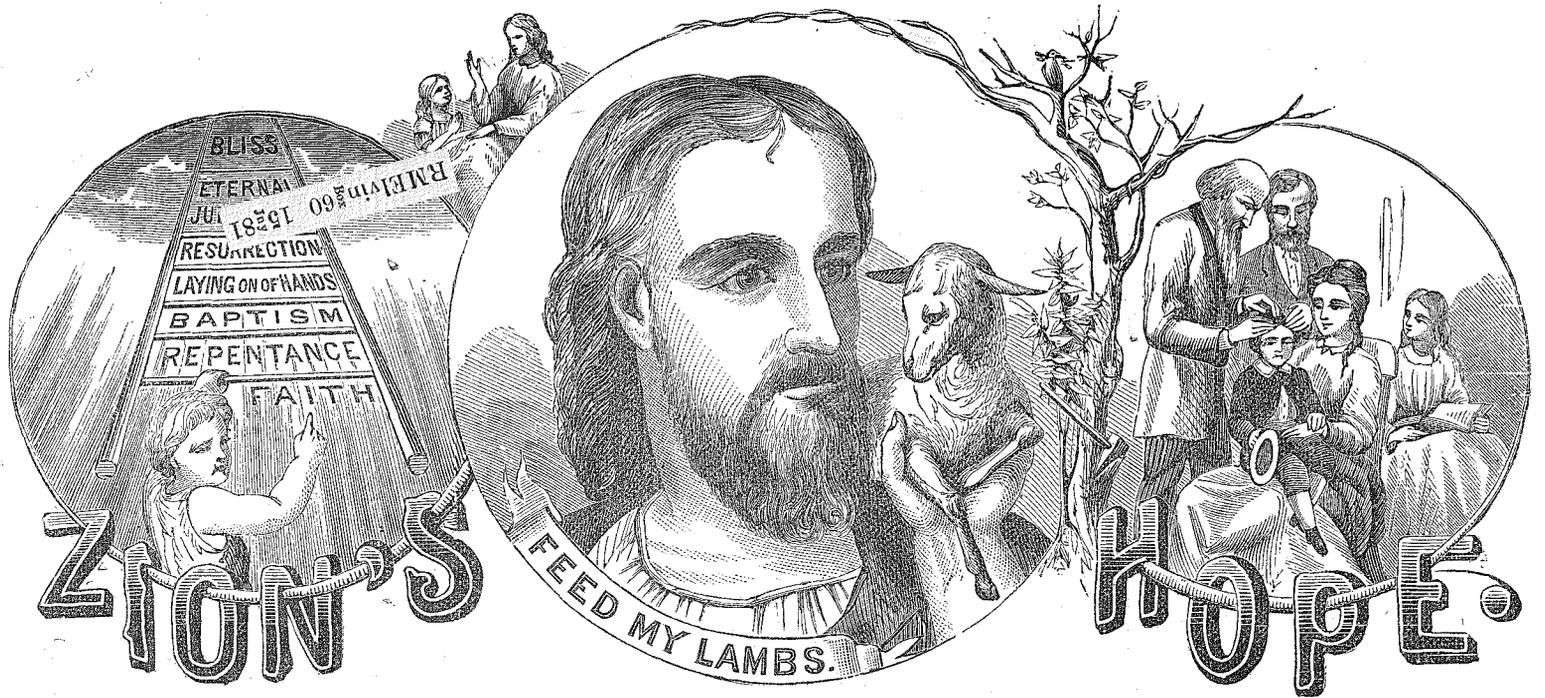
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith, Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano, Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 15, 1881.

No. 20.

Selected.

DON'T BE IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY.

DON'T be in too much of a hurry
To credit what other folks say,
It takes but a slight little flurry
To blow fallen leaves far away.

The tongue is an unruly member,
Full of deadly and poisonous bane;
Its babble sears worse than an ember;
By hundreds you number its slain.

Would we harp on the sins which we're certain
Lurk down in our own hearts unseen,
Bring them forth to the world without curtain,
Not trying the slightest to screen?

Or give ourselves just the same measure
Of charity which we've bestowed,
Wouldn't tattling be less of a pleasure,
And living oft less of a load?

'Twould take, my dear friends, how much longer,
When speaking, to speak well, and not ill,
While the soul would grow nobler and stronger,
Its Maker's design to fulfill?

Or what, if your neighbor has fallen,
A trifle from what he once was,
Consider, it isn't your calling
To go about picking up flaws.

Don't take the defensive by saying,
'I've told only just what was true,'
'Tis a game at which more might be playing,
If the truth were all told about you.

We've plenty at home for inspection,
A deal more than some will admit;
Our own lives have not been perfection,
But how mightily come short of it.

We but journey this way once forever,
What's done once is done and for aye;
Then why not, with earnest endeavor,
Leave a record of beauty, I pray?

With no word of ill-will toward another,
No action we'd like to disown;
For, if we can't treat each as brother,
Why not silently let such alone?

Now, dear friends, don't be in a hurry
To credit the news of the day,
For a deal of life's fret and its worry
Is prefaced by two words, "They say."

AN EXTRAORDINARY FAMILY.

MARY.—"Johnny, I hate to disturb your reading, but I have hurried to do my work, and as pa and ma are away at the funeral of Mr. Dobson, and will not return until supper time, I would like to have a little chat with you on one particular topic, which has troubled my mind considerably of late."

JOHNNY.—"Certainly, Mary; especially if

it be productive of food useful for the mind."

M.—"I will tell you, then you can be your own judge as to its merits or demerits. It is this: I have wondered why you seem to be so inclined to attend so steadily to the so called Mormon services; for every time they have a meeting or gathering, you are bound to be there."

J.—"Well, to tell you in brief, there seems to be more reason (or common sense, if you will admit the term) in their manner of worship, than there is in that of any other society I ever met with."

M.—"A very strange remark indeed. Have we not been taught in the Methodist persuasion, and to honor, reverence, and place implicit trust in our loving Savior? What more than this do you want? Surely, no better is had among that people, whom every person of note in the world despises."

J.—"Very truly said; and I feel thankful to the Lord this day, that ever such teachings were engendered in my mind. But, Mary, there was something of great import lacking, and that is obedience to God's divine commands. They seem ever to be hanging or harping, if the term be admissible, on faith in Jesus, and at the same time treating the saving ordinances of his gospel with silent contempt. What is the good of faith if not coupled with works? The inspired apostle, James, tells us that devils believe and tremble. I tell you, Mary, they seem to start right, but they do not go deep enough into the merits of the Savior's commands."

M.—"Well, I declare! what an unfair conclusion. How often have you heard our ministers say that salvation was not to be obtained in any name under heaven but in the name of the Lord Jesus. How can a people go deeper into the merits of Jesus our Savior than that?"

J.—"I will try and explain my meaning in a way that you will be the better enabled to understand; and in doing so, I hope I will not say anything that may appear harsh. Do you not remember, some six months ago, when

Jimmy Wilsey propounded the question in the Methodist Sabbath School, desiring to ascertain the reason why the so called Christian churches did not receive the Holy Spirit, in its power, as the ancients did? And our superintendent gave the answer that the Spirit in its power was then needed to convince the world that Jesus was the Christ, so looked for, and expected by the Jews, and also to establish his church among them, but that in our day it was not so needed, as Christianity had become popular?"

M.—"I do, Johnny."

J.—"I thought at that time, and at present I am more assured in the thought, if that was the office-work of the Spirit then, it is its office-work now, for the world is as deep in sin now as it was then, and I think a little more so. Why, bless your dear heart, look how infidelity is increasing on every hand. Notice also the division, contention and strife, which are so prevalent in the so called churches of christendom, all professing to share a goodly portion of the Spirit, and at the same time at variance with each other in doctrine. I declare, Mary, if the Holy Spirit in its gospel power is not needed now, it never was needed. And again; as life eternal depends on the knowing God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, how can this knowledge be obtained if the channel of direct communication with God is not open; and how can it be opened if the Spirit does not take of the things of the Father and reveal them to his church, putting an end to contention, strife and discord; revelation, if you please, which modern Christianity denies, for they tell us emphatically that the canon of scripture is complete. No more inspired Peters, Pauls, and the like, but all is guess-work and opinion, depending upon the commentaries of men. If such is consistency, I am at a loss to find its jewel. Is it not more rightly termed Babylon,—the definition of which is confusion?"

M.—"Why Johnny, you are getting to be quite a preacher, and to refute what you say is out of my province and power; but I will

ask you one question, that is, if such is the case as you say, and I take it for granted, how is it possible for Christianity to extricate itself from such a labyrinth of error? Surely the Mormons can not be inspired of God to set things right; no, never."

J.—"Why Mary, we must expect and look for one Samuel, like as of old, who was called by the audible voice of God, that is, if such an one has not already appeared. In his day, as now, the word of the Lord was precious there being no open vision from God." Hence the Lord called him."

M.—"You do not intend saying that Joseph Smith was called like Samuel? Horrible!"

J.—"Mary; I desire to tread very lightly upon your prejudices, but God forbid that I should keep in reserve the truth, when put so closely to the test. He was indeed called in like manner, when at the age of fourteen or fifteen; being an unassuming person, truth-loving, and God-fearing in his heart, so the Lord called him to this duty, and that even though malicious slang and hate are being heaped upon his inoffensive character, and that by those who ought to know better. Such has been the manifested spirit of the world, and in such an advanced period, it is too late to expect any thing more noble. Do not you think, Mary, it would be more in the path of wisdom for them to ask God to unfold the mystery, instead of rejecting Joseph's mission on mere guess work?"

M.—"Have you ever told pa and ma that you had become so firm a believer in this new doctrine?"

J.—"No; but I told pa one day at work, that I intended to be baptized for the remission of my sins, and that by an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. And he said, all right, only for me to be a good boy, and not make light of sacred things. I said nothing to ma, as I did not want to hurt her tender feelings, believing also that I would, by the mercy of God, become the better enabled to give a reason of my hope by and by.

M.—"Pa, you know, is not very religiously inclined, as we have often heard him remark that it was impossible for all the churches to be right, in their jarring confusion. One of them might be, and he was at a loss to know which." Ma, you know has a different turn of mind. And, O dear; what will she say when she finds out the secret? For I will be sure to tell her."

J.—"No, Mary, you had better not. It will be wiser for me to inform her myself."

M. (looking at the clock)—"It is near five, so I must hurry again and prepare supper, for the old folks will be here soon."

J.—"And I must do my chores. But some time we will finish our chat, as you call it," and putting on his hat he went to the stable, where looking around him, to see if any one was coming, he fell upon his knees, crying to God to have mercy upon his loving sister, to let his good Spirit enlighten her mind and give her humility of heart to obey the truth as it is in Jesus. "And O, my God, my Father, my true and everlasting Friend,

bring, as I have often asked thee before, my dear parents to a knowledge of thy latter day message." The Spirit rested upon him as a witness that his wish should be granted, and he arose from his knees and began singing,

"For thy Spirit, gracious Father,
I will praise thy holy name."

Having finished his chores and attended to the team on his parents' arrival, he as usual, went to his room to read and study the inspired word, ancient and modern, and by doing so with a praying heart, his mind became gradually informed in the things of the Lord. He expected to become ere long an able expounder of the same, for he had seen that the latter day work was of a great and extraordinary character, and the call was sounding in the HERALD for more laborers in the Lord's vineyard, that a people might be prepared, as in the days of Enoch, to meet Christ Jesus at his second advent, which is indeed very near.

To be continued.

ALL IS BEAUTIFUL.



SUPPOSE the rain does fall, just when it seems as if we need to be out of doors the most? Can not we content ourselves by trying to learn a lesson from it? We watch each crystal drop as it quietly slides down to the end of a branch, quivers there for a second only, then slips off, and down to mother earth, to do what little good it can in giving drink to some poor, nearly famished, uncared for plant; each successive drop falling in like manner. And can we suppress the word "beautiful" when after the shower we notice that every flower cup is filled to the brim, the fragrance seems so much sweeter, the flower more fresh, and they seem to lift their heads in praise?

What if the pearly flakes persist to noiselessly whirl from the gray sky to the ground? Look a little more closely, and see the spangles and what perfectly formed stars; and we fancy there are

"Leaves of lilies and phantom flowers,
Floating from purer spheres than ours,"

and so they fall until each dark object wears a snowy crest; even the "City of the Dead" is not forgotten; peacefully they snugly fold themselves into a spotless covering for the narrow home of our still white sleeping friends beneath. Ah! could our mortal hands make anything one half so pure and beautiful?

What if there has been a time when those we deemed the truest of friends have for an unjust cause, turned from us in scorn, we all the while undeserving, does it justify us in saying the picture was always dark? Can we not by a closer examination, discover some trace of a wreath, where there are bright as well as faded flowers, among which their friendship was interwoven, what though it be one of the palest now, or perhaps entirely gone, shall we say that it never was beautiful?

Even the myriads of twinkling stars that seem to laugh with us in our joys and almost seem to weep with us in our sorrows. The moon which sends out her silver beams to give us light through the hours of the night, and the flowers, the blissful flowers, which

reassure hopes we feared lost, are all perfect gems of nature's beauty, and seem to bespeak praise to their Creator.

Why then, dear Hopes, can not we like the raindrops be content to do what we can, or the stars, share the joys and sorrows of others, or as the moon, throw some beams from our life to brighten the dark paths of those around us, that it might be said it is better that we have lived. That our prayers, though simple they may seem, may rise up before that Great Throne, as the sweet fragrance of mingled flowers. That our reward may be a robe, as pure and spotless as the beautiful snow and our crown, the brightest gems of righteousness.

F.L.O. R.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.



IN the evening Preston Clark went down to Mr. Chappel's to tea, and from there went over to George's room with him. After some chat on general topics, Preston reminded his friend that he had promised him a chapter in history; and that he was ready to hear it. George looked quietly up, and said: "I am hardly certain whether I shall tell you what I had thought of doing. I am a little inclined to think that your long absence, your schooling, or your acquisition to wealth has made you cynical, and disposed to think lightly of less favored people. I used to think you warm-hearted; and that which I had to tell is best understood by a warm-hearted nature." Preston put up his hand with a gesture of impatience. "Never mind all that, George, I appreciate you, that is enough just now. Tell me the story first, and then we will see about the rest."

But George would not begin until his friend had promised him that if the story told him impressed him unfavorably, he should make no allusion to the subject of it afterward. George assigned as his reason for asking this promise, that he would not sanction any uncharitable criticism of another; even though that other was a stranger, and not present and might never know of it. This promise, after a little hesitation Preston made.

"Bodie Stratton," began George,—

"Bodie who?" broke in Preston.

"Bodie Stratton." And George paused long enough to notice his friend's question, "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing," answered Preston, "only a coincidence in names. That is all. Pardon my interruption and go on with your story, I will not interrupt you again." And to suit the action to the word he assumed an attitude of attention and interest, quite at variance with his conduct when the subject was first referred to.

George began again: "Bodie Stratton is now about twenty years old. She is one of five sisters, two older and two younger than herself, one of whom, the oldest, is married to Mr. Solon Selkirk, a wealthy lawyer, but a very eccentric man; so the world calls him. Bodie's father died three years ago; after a splendid business career, a fast and showy

life, and a disastrous failure; which left the family with nothing but a shabby genteel mansion house in the near suburbs of the city of B—, about twenty-five miles from here; and a possible dependence upon an inheritance then and now in possession of other parties who may long outlive Mrs. Stratton. This lady is of a very respectable family; quite so indeed, as the world goes, and has thoroughly imbibed the peculiarities of her class. By her management the five girls were educated according to the fashionable precedent ruling in the circles in which Mrs. Stratton delighted to move; and at an expense, which beyond doubt aided materially to bring about the failure of their father. They were in turn taught the accomplishments of their set, and that it was vulgar to perform menial duties, or even to seem to know how they were done. They were also taught that it was their business in life to catch husbands, and that upon their success depended their establishment in society.

“Well; when the crash in business came, it came suddenly. Mr. Stratton had kept up bravely till the last. He had never put the condition of his business affairs before his family. His wife in their early married life had put him aside when he attempted to talk business, and told him that she had no head for it; that all she cared about was money enough to live on; and that she did not want to be bothered. He had been very successful; and so long as he had it, had met every demand for money promptly, and had never again pressed his business affairs upon the attention of his wife. Neither his wife, nor his children, with a single exception, had ever sympathized with him much; and only this one exception had noticed the distress exhibited by the business member of the household prior to his failure. This one exception was Bodie. She, quite unnoticed by the rest of the family, had been a favorite of her father, and although young at his failure and subsequent death, had been his only sympathizer.

He was sick but a few days; the excitement and chagrin consequent on so great a fall in business induced brain fever, and in a month from the announcement of his failure he was at rest in the grave.

At the council held by the family a day or two after the funeral, at which Mr. Solon Selkirk was present, the absolute wreck of the family's fortune was made known. The ruin was complete. Nothing remained but the house in which they lived.

Mr. Selkirk was sincerely attached to Mary, the eldest, and he offered at once to take her off her mother's hands. This offer was accepted with alacrity by both Mary and her mother. A minister was sent for and the next day they were married, and took their departure for his home.

At this council nothing was said about how they were to live; and it was not until the grocer, baker, butcher and ice man successively refused the domestic credit, that the question occurred for settlement. The servants of the house, also notified Mrs. Stratton that they must be paid their wages, or they

should leave her service. All but one, and she a stout, honest, middle-aged woman, a widow without children, whose husband had died while in the service of Mr. Stratton, did leave her, and the four girls, Mrs. Stratton and this woman were left to their own resources.

To be continued.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE things should not be despised. The nerve of a tooth not so large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A mosquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock is the work of tiny insects. Springs are little things, but they are sources of large rivers. A helm is a little thing, but it guides the course of a ship. A bridle bit is a little thing, but by it the horse is guided. An acorn is a little thing, but see the large and grand tree into which it grows! Under whose shade the weary traveler, and the cattle may rest, and in whose branches the birds may build their little homes and sing their sweet songs. A bird is a little thing, yet its sweet music will often cause our minds to forget their care. Life is made up of little things. A book is written word by word. A continent is traveled step by step. A science is mastered fact by fact. And the poet says:

“Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean, and form the solid land.”

Dimes make dollars. If we take care of the dimes, the dollars will take care of themselves. Minutes are little, but they make hours. Hours make days. Little kindnesses, little courtesies, pleasant words and smiles will often dispel gloom from a sad heart. Never, then, little Hopes, hesitate to do a kind act because it is little. For it is often the “little things” that have the greatest power.

“Little things, aye little things
Make up the sum of life;
A word, a look, a single thought
May lead to calm or strife.
Then let us watch these little things
And so respect each other;
That not a word, a look, or deed,
May wound a friend or brother.”

M. L. M.

THE CREATION OF MAN.

Dear Little Readers: As one that takes a great interest in the welfare of your souls, I thought that in this letter I would tell you something about the state of man in the beginning, and of the state we are now in, and what we shall be in the future. The Bible informs us that God formed man of the dust of the ground, male and female. He created them after his own image, and then put them in the garden of Eden, which the Lord God himself planted, and laid it out in the most beautiful manner, and placed the Tree of Life in the midst of it, which I suppose was the most beautiful and elegant of all the trees in the garden; and the tree of knowledge of good and evil was near by, and all other trees that were pleasant to the sight, and good for food, were well arranged with their green leaves quivering in the air, and their fruit so beautiful and elegant to the eye and pleasant

to the taste. And all the herbs that are good were growing among the trees, and beautiful flowers filled the air with their sweet odor, and a beautiful river of water running through the garden to irrigate the ground, and the birds of heaven warbled their songs among the branches of the trees to gladden the hearts of Adam and Eve. And the Lord God made a covenant with them, and told them that they might eat freely of all the trees, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it, for the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. And so long as they kept the commandment they were innocent, no fear, no sorrow, no pain, no death; they had no knowledge of evil, but lived in love and unity with each other and their Maker. Oh! how glorious and happy they must have been in their beautiful home. But lo! they had a secret enemy: he came and spoke by the mouth of the serpent and deceived them, and they ate the forbidden fruit—they became subject to death, their eyes were opened; filled with fear and shame they went to hide themselves among the trees of the garden. Here was the origin or beginning of all the evil that we are subject to in this world; such as sickness, pain, and death. Paul said: As by one man death passed upon all men, for all have sinned; but thanks be to our heavenly Father he has not left us without a hope. He has promised us deliverance from all the ailments that we are subject to in this world, if we comply with the conditions that he has left for us in the gospel of Christ.

Well then if we are taken sick, what must we do? Some of you may say, We must call the doctor, and he will give us some pills or something else. But James said: Let him call for the Elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, and anoint him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he has committed sins they shall be forgiven him. The writer is a witness of the power of God made manifest in healing the sick, and some were pronounced incurable by the best of doctors. I was acquainted with the father and mother of a little girl who was born blind, and received her sight when eight years old, by prayer and anointing and the laying on of hands by the Elders of the Church. Sr. Platte, of Gravois, Missouri, was also a witness of the same. I was witness of another, that of a young man, who was deaf and dumb; he received his speech and hearing when baptized. As he was coming out of the water he said, Thank God, I can hear and speak as well as any of you.

Dear little children, whenever you feel sick and suffering from diseases, turn to him who is able to give sight to the blind, open the ears of the deaf, loosen the tongue of the dumb, and heal the sick. As I have been telling you a little about sickness and the remedy for our body, which Paul calls the outward man, I must not forget to tell you something about the inward man—sometimes called the soul or spirit of man, which is just as subject to disorders and diseases as the

body is, but of a different nature. The following are some of the symptoms of a diseased soul: telling lies, cursing, disobedience, backbiting, blaspheming, unmercifulness, unthankfulness, unholiness, deceitfulness, treacherous, drunkenness, thieving, murdering, lovers of pleasure more than of God. If we are guilty of, or corrupted with any of the above disorders, the following recipe will cleanse and sanctify our souls from all unrighteousness, if we take it according to the following directions: Add to your faith, virtue; to virtue, knowledge; to knowledge, temperance; to temperance, patience; to patience, godliness; to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. Add to the above the sincere milk of the word, put them in a vial of love, mix them well, take a dose of the ingredients every morning, fasting, and it will give you a good appetite for the bread of life and keep your souls in a healthy condition. It never fails to cure. And when we die our spirits will return to God, from whence they came, to rest with the spirits of the just, until the resurrection day. The trumpet will sound, the graves will open, the dead rise to life again to die no more, and those that have done good shall hear the loving voice of Jesus calling: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!"

From your well wisher,

A. W. REESE.

A BOY AGAIN.

SOMETIMES an old man becomes a boy again, though too smart to drop into his second childhood. An illustration of this pleasant tendency was given, not many months since, by an old man worth several millions.

He was in the habit of prowling around the office of the insurance company in which he was a director. One morning, as he was thus investigating, he happened to come across the dinner-pail of the office-boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover. A slice of home-made bread, two doughnuts, and a piece of apple-pie tempted the millionaire's appetite. He became a boy again, and the dinner-pail seemed the one he had carried sixty years ago.

Just then, the office-boy came in and surprised the old man eating the pie—he had finished the bread and the doughnuts.

"That's my dinner you're eating!" exclaimed the boy, indignantly.

"Yes, sonny, I suspect it may be; but it's a first rate one, for all that. I've not eaten so good a one for sixty years."

"There," he added, as he finished the pie, "take that and go out and buy yourself a dinner, but you won't get as good a one,"—and he handed the boy a five-dollar bill.

For days after, the old man kept referring to the first-class dinner he had eaten from the boy's pail.

Letters from the Hopes.

INA A. KENNEDY, Bailey, Park Co., Colorado, writes thus: I have been wanting to write for a long time. I saw Eva E. White's piece, and I think it is a very good piece and I am going to try the same thing. I think it is a very good thing to help our Elders preach the gospel, and spread it afar. I will send more names if I succeed to get any more. Names who have agreed to pay ten cents per month: G. O. Kennedy, Maggie Kennedy, Ina A. Kennedy, Perry A. Kennedy, John E. Kennedy, Ida M. Kennedy, Eva E. Kennedy, Jessie M. Kennedy, G. O. Kennedy, Jr., S. P. Elliott, Elizabeth Elliott, Dollie Elliott, Maggie Elliott, J. W. Hann, John Ellis, Agnes Ellis, Jennie Dennison, H. A. Ray, F. A. Reed, M. Standerling, R. Standerling, W. R. Head.

We are now living at a place called Baily, and my aunt

lives a few steps from us, and the Denver and South train passes by our house. My papa has a saw-mill here. Sr. Martin, from Jefferson, was down to see my aunt, and I went home with her; it is about thirty-five miles distance. It was a grand sight to go around the winding mountains, which is called the Kenosha Summit; it is to be known the highest point there is. I will now name the stations: Fairville, Grant, Webster, Kenosha House, and then our stopping place called Jefferson. We have no branch here yet, but have Sunday School every Sunday. Last Sunday we had a good sermon preached by Bro. Henry Kemp, on the first principles of the gospel. Pray for me, that I may walk in that path that leads to life eternal. The Lord will help us to do right if we will try to do good.

JOHN CURRIE, Stockdale, Texas, writes: I find the letters in the HOPE filled with love for the gospel. O, that is such a precious thought for us little folks to engage in is thinking of some way we can do some good in the Church of God, if we are young, we can do something for the cause, or God would not have called us to become members in his Church. Therefore let us be ready to give the hope that is in us for eternal life. I do hope that you all read the dialogue between the boy and the reverend. I do think it becomes all little Saints to contend for the truth as he did. I see in the HOPE something about the Zion's Hope Fund; I do not understand it thoroughly, but I see it is to help the Elders and I am always ready to help in any way I can. I am eighteen years old; I was baptized by Bro. Bozarth about eight months ago, and will never regret the day I embraced this gospel of the kingdom.

FANNIE CURTIS, Elkhorn City, Nebraska, says: We have been having real cold weather this Winter; the snow has been on the ground ever since the sixteenth of December, and it is about two feet deep now. I am glad Uncle John has written again, and I wish he would write oftener. Well, Uncle John, you want to know if we know where you live; you live in Missouri. You can find where Peter walked on the water in Matthew the fourteenth chapter and 29th verse. My brother-in-law lives in Missouri; maybe you know him, his name is Bro. Hill. It has been a long lonesome Winter, for we have no Sunday School nor meeting near enough to go to, and no Elders have been along here for a long time. I thought I would send some to the Zion's Hope Fund.

L. C. DONALDSON, Riverton, Iowa, writes: We had an interesting Union Sabbath School last Summer; the school was composed of members of several denominations, but was commonly called the Mormon Sabbath School. Bro. Wm. L. Rookes was secretary, Sr. Delilah Donaldson and myself were teachers of the Testament class. I hope the school will open up again this Spring.

ELLA FLANDERS, Cameron, Clinton Co., Mo., writes: I feel it a duty to do all the good I can for our little paper, which I think does us so much good. I hope every one of us will always do right and not wrong. We all ought to deem it a great privilege to serve God with our whole might, mind and strength, which I fear I come short of many times, for which I feel sorry, and ask God to help me to do better; and I believe he does help me. We had a nice conference here the 12th and 13th of March, at which Bro. Wm. Lewis and W. T. Bozarth preached. They were aided by the Spirit of God. We should be kind to our brothers and sisters, and above all obey our heavenly Father's commandments, which he has given us and when our work is finished on earth, we may be numbered with the faithful.

ARCHIE BREWER, Kinmundy, Illinois, writes: We wanted to go to Sunday School and Saints meeting' to-day, but it is snowing so hard I fear we will not go. We have kept our Sunday School and Saints' meeting going all Winter, with the exceptions of a few Sundays when it was storming. There is an aged brother sick in this branch; we desire the prayers of all the Saints in his behalf. Uncle John, I can not tell what State you live in, but I hope you live in a State of light and liberty. You wanted to know how many trees there were on the north side of our house; it would be hard to tell, for we live in the edge of the timber. On the south and west side of

our house, there are between thirty or forty stands of bees and some fruit trees. We will find Peter walked on the water in Matthew 14:29. We think that Uncle John's Chat is very nice, and are always delighted to hear from him.

HENRY BREWER: I am eleven years old. I do not belong to the Church. I try to be good, but I find it very hard. I have a little brother seven weeks old; his name is Noah. I have a little sister nearly three years old, her name is Nancy Bell.

BLANCHE HOUGAS, Henderson, Mills Co., Iowa, writes: The account of Peter walking on the water may be found in Matthew, 14:26-32. I wonder how many of the little Hopes read the New Testament. The way I am doing is to read the first book through, and then I return and read it again; so that I will remember it. And then I take the next book. The storm which Uncle John described was a perfect description of one here. I think Uncle John lives in Iowa or a state on the boundary of Iowa. My brother is teaching a singing school in a town not far distant; and I and my sister are going on the train to-morrow afternoon to attend it in the evening.

GUILLETTA H. SIMMONS, Cameron, Mo., writes: I read in the HOPE of January 1st, a letter from Sr. Eva E. White; I think her plan is a good one, and if the Hopes or even a quarter of them sign their names to the list and pay the amount, it would be a great help to the Elders. I think quarterly payments would be better than monthly payments, and be less trouble for the branch treasurer and the Bishop's agents. Ma says I can sign the list. I have heard several of the Hopes in our branch say they would like to sign their names to the list, but those that are willing do not feel able. Ma says she will give me a chance to earn the money myself, so it will be my own. Uncle John wants to see how many of the Hopes can tell where he lives; if I am not mistaken he lives in Clinton county, Missouri. The account of Peter walking on the water can be found in Matthew 14:29. The instructions Uncle John gives are good, and I want to try and profit by them, and wish he would write oftener.

WILLIAM L. ROHRER, Caldwell, Kansas, writes as follows: I am eleven years old to-day, March 22d. I have found the subject of Peter walking on the water; it is the 14th of Matthew and 29th verse. I wish Uncle John would tell in his next where he lives; perhaps he travels all the time. I wish he would travel out here, if he is a good preacher, for the people here have never heard the Latter Day Saints, and there are over a thousand inhabitants. I go to school next lot to our home. I want to make a good scholar. When I pray I ask the Lord to make me a good boy. Bro. Cyrus planted trees in the front of our house last week; the school and many others are doing likewise. When we came out here we started from Atchison at night, and arrived next day at noon. This is the last town, and is mostly level prairie.

LULA WIRE, Elvaston, Illinois, writes: I was baptized one year last June. I have not heard an Elder preach for nine months, and I think that there could be good done if an Elder would come through here and preach. We live in such a scattered condition that we have not had any meeting since last Fall; but that does not make me feel weak in the faith, for I know that it is the true work that we are engaged in.

CHRISTIANA CURTIS, Elkhorn City, Nebraska, writes: I went to Sunday School last Summer; I think it is real nice to go, for we learn a great deal of good there. I am not a member of the Church, but hope to be soon.

15 April 81.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

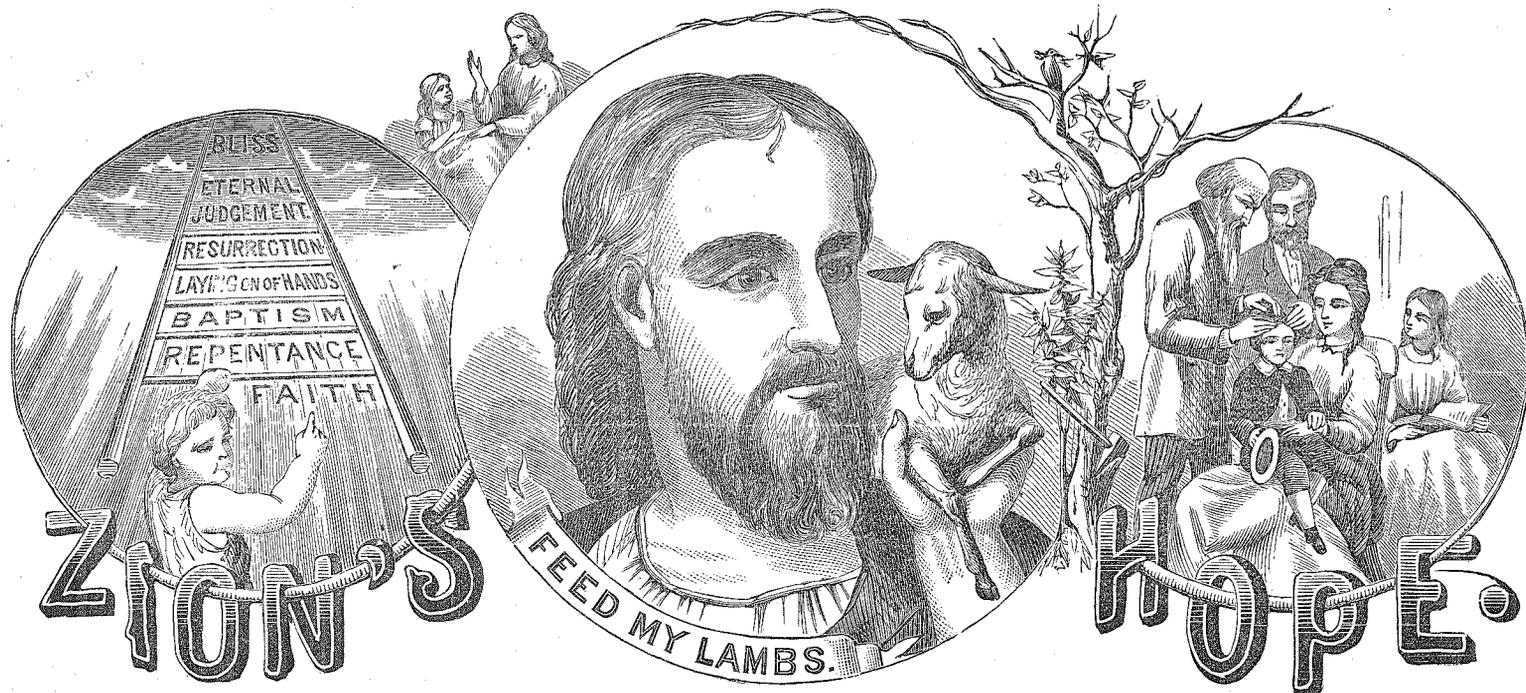
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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.

Zion's HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith, Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano, Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, MAY 1, 1881.

No. 21.

LETTER FROM SISTER ELIZA.

DEAR HOPES: Although I have not written to you for a long time, yet I have not forgotten you. Very many of you I am acquainted with only through the HOPE; yet often as I read it, your names sound so familiar, that I almost imagine I know you personally. We still have quite a nice Sabbath School, with Robert Garland as our superintendent. Bro. James Martin, who served faithfully in this office for a good many years past, has moved to Lamoni, Iowa; also, my two sisters and families, and they expect to make that place their future home. Mother accompanied them, to stay a few weeks, and I remain home to keep house for father, help about the greenhouse, and sell plants till she returns; and although I find plenty to do to keep me busy, still at times I can't help feeling lonely. We also expect to move out there before many years. When I received the HOPE, last Sabbath morning, I with others perceived that our good substantial temperance piece was not to be found, so we had to conclude it was ended. We all thought it perfectly excellent, and wish we had more such contributions and contributors for the HOPE. I don't know that I ever tasted or saw intoxicating drink of any sort, and I don't feel at all ashamed of my ignorance on this point. Tea or coffee I have not tasted for many years, and I think cold water the most preferable and healthful on all occasions. We have had several Sabbath School sociables, to help pay off the last payment on our church, which is due in May; from the last we cleared about nine dollars. During the greater part of last Summer we enjoyed young people's prayer meeting, which was organized by Bro. McDowell. We had excellent meetings, and quite a number attended; but finally our presiding officer left us, and I am sorry to say, our meetings were discontinued mostly for want of some one to take the lead; but we hope to begin anew, if possible, the coming season. I wish all my young brethren and

sisters could attend; it strengthens us and makes us more confident when we assemble with our older brethren and sisters.

Dear Hopes, it is now some eleven or twelve years since I stood at the water's edge and made that solemn promise, and as I look over the past, beginning with my eighth year, when I joined the Church, I have not the least cause to regret, only that I am so great a debtor, in that I have not served him more faithfully. Let us therefore so live in our youth, that in after years, as we look back upon our past record, we may be able to view it with pleasure and satisfaction. Let us improve the golden opportunities of to-day, for each moment was given for a purpose, and if not wisely spent, will have to be accounted for. Only a few moments since, when I began writing, it was a lovely, sunshiny morning; the birds were singing in the cherry tree by the window, just like Summer; but now the sun is clouded, the birds have flown, and the air is literally packed with large snow flakes, that come pelting against the window. How changeable and uncertain is everything pertaining to this life. Pray for me that I with you may gain the prize we are all striving to obtain.

One by one the years are passing
Youth's bright Spring-time soon is o'er;
Oh that each may gain that glory,
Of a brighter, happier shore.

A TRUE STORY.



ANY years ago there lived upon this land a king, by the name of Mosiah, who loved and feared the Lord, and who taught his children in all the ways of godliness. Now when this king became old, and wished to confer the kingdom upon one of his sons, not one of them would be king, because they preferred to preach the gospel of Christ to the sinners of that day and age; and after they had preached to the people of their own land, they could not rest until they could go up to the land where a great many people lived, whom we call In-

dians, and who were enemies to the people of Mosiah, to preach to them the doctrine of Christ. And it came to pass, as they journeyed in the wilderness they prayed to the Lord to send his Spirit to go and abide with them. And the Lord visited them with his Spirit, and said unto them, Go unto this people and preach my gospel, and be patient in trials, and show forth good examples to them, and thou shalt bring many souls unto me. So when they came to the borders of the land they separated, trusting in the Lord that they should meet again at the close of their harvest. One of them, whose name was Ammon, came to the land of Ishmael, and the people bound him and took him to their king, to find whether they should kill him or not. And the king said unto him, "Do you wish to dwell in the land with my people?"

And Ammon said, "Yes, for a time; and perhaps till the day I die."

And the king was pleased with him, and he became the king's servant. And Ammon was so faithful in protecting the King's herds, and defending his servants, and wrought so many miracles, that some of them began to think he was the Great Spirit; and when one wicked man raised his sword to kill Ammon, he fell dead. But when the king asked Ammon if he was the Great Spirit, he told him No; that he was only a man; and then he told them of their Savior, and at last king Lamoni and most of his people believed and were baptized. Then the king desired Ammon to go with him to the land of Nephi to preach to his father, who was king over that land; but the Lord said unto Ammon, "Go not up to the land of Nephi, for the king will seek thy life; but go to the land of Middoni, for thy brother Aaron and two of thy brethren are in prison."

So Ammon said to the king, "I must go to the land of Middoni to deliver my brethren from prison."

And king Lamoni said, "Who told thee thy brethren are in prison?"

And Ammon said, "The Lord hath told me."

So he went, and the king with him, and they found favor in the eyes of the king of that land, who set them free. But they had suffered much, for it had been their lot to fall into the hands of a more wicked people. After they were set free, Aaron was led by the Spirit of God to the land of Nephi, to the house of the king; and after he had talked with the king a while, he said, "Oh! king; believest thou that there is a God?"

And the king said, "I have heard so; but if thou sayest there is a God, I will believe."

Then Ammon said, "Behold, assuredly, Oh king, as thou livest there is a God."

So the king and many of the people believed and began to serve the Lord. But there were more who did not believe, and they were angry with those who did, and they gathered together to slay them. Now the people of God in that land had made a covenant with the Lord, that if he would forgive them their past sins and murders, they would never again lift their hands to slay their fellowmen. So when the army came against them, they fell down before them, and one thousand and five of them were slain by the sword, and they have gone to dwell with their God.

Now when their enemies saw that they would not defend themselves, but would perish praising God, they ceased slaying them; and many of them threw down their arms and came and joined the people of God. So there were more in number added to the Church that day, than had been slain. So we see the Lord worketh in many ways for the salvation of souls. But after that the Lord said unto Ammon, "Get this people out of this land, lest they perish; for Satan has great hold upon the hearts of their enemies."

So Ammon and his brethren went with them up to the land of their fathers, and they dwelt in the land of Gershon; and they were holy people, and would no more take up arms against their enemies, because of their vows to the Lord. But in after years when their enemies came up in great armies to fight the people of the land, two thousand of their young sons, who had not made this covenant, enlisted to fight for their country and their lives.

And when they drew near battle for the first time, their captain, who was a man of God, said, "What say ye, my sons, will ye go up to battle against them?"

And they said, "Our God is with us; he will deliver us from our enemies. We would not slay them if they would let us alone. Our mothers taught us if we would have faith in God he would deliver us; and we believe the words of our mothers."

So they went forth and fought bravely and won the victory, though their enemies were many more in number than they. And not one of these two thousand young men were slain, though many of them were wounded. And not only through one battle were they preserved in like manner, but through many; and it was all because of their faith in God.

Would that all the mothers and fathers too, could teach their children such faith as this history portrays.

ANNE'S GARDEN.

BY PERLA WILD.

Sitting in the orchard shadow,
Where the orchard meets the meadow;
Sitting on a bough outreaching
Towards the lilies, brightly catching
Truant sunbeams that are fetching
Life and beauty to all nature,
To each happy living creature.
Sitting on a bough that's bending,
Apple green and clover blending,
Raven curls and black eyes lending
Contrast bright to apples rosy,
Clust'ring round her seat so cosy;
Little dimpled, white feet gleaming,
'Mid the green; for Anne's dreaming,
As she's gently, slowly swaying,
Breezes with the bright hair playing,
Gazing o'er the flowery meadow,
Half in sun, and half in shadow,
Thinking that she would be glad, oh!
Very glad and, oh, so good,
If her mamma only would
Let her have a garden, too,
Like her older sister Lou.
It should be just like this here,
Lilies gay with clover mere.—
'Twould be nice if all her own.—
How she wishes she were grown,
How she wishes she had known.
Wishes she had thought and made one.
How she wishes that she had one.
Down she springs, and gayly tripping
Past where busy bees are sipping
Honey dew from flower cups dipping,
Down among the fragrant clover,
As a zephyr passes over;—
Past the Summer Sweet tree hurries,
Thro' the garden swiftly furries,
Glides into the kitchen door,
Throws herself upon the floor,
Close beside her mamma's chair,—
Mamma paring apples there;
"Mamma darling, mamma dear,
I want something, but I fear
You'll say no.—I want a garden.—
May I have one, mamma Marden?"
"Garden, child!" cries mamma, staring.
Yet another apple paring,
For the pudding Lou's preparing.
"Why, my precious little Anne,
It would seem to me uncanny,
When the growing Spring days many,
All have gone, and merry June
Will be past, now very soon.
So, my dear, you'll have to wait
Till next year, for 'tis too late.
Or take part of sister Lou's,
She, I'm sure, will let you choose,"—
But Miss Anne hides her eyes,
And in angry humor cries,
"Lou's old garden's nothing in it.—
And I will not wait a minute!
I can't have what I want, never,
I won't have a garden, ever,"
"Hush, my dear, says mamma, sweetly;
Then, the apples all sliced neatly,
Mamma takes some cool, soft water,
Bathes her five year old small daughter,
Bathes her face and hands. "Now, dearest,
You may have the corner nearest
Where the Pinks and Larkspurs grow;
There's a vacant place, you know;
So we'll get the rake and hoe,
And the seeds you want to sow."
"Mamma, I don't want no seed,
I am sure there is no need;
It will take so long, you know,
I can't wait to have them grow.
Let me take a spade and go
To the meadow down below,
Lots of wild Pinks growing there,
Pretty Lilies everywhere.
I don't want no garden flowers,
They're like every one's and ours.
God must make the wild ones grow.
No one tends to them, I know.
I'll have Pinks and Lilies red,
All the center in one bed;
Then I'll look the meadows over,
For the freshest, sweetest clover;
Red and white in reg'lar order,
These will make a pretty border;
That's the way I'll make my garden,"
Chirruped little Anne Marden.

Mamma smiles and looks so funny,
But her smile is bright and sunny;
"Yes, my child, your meadow flowers
Are more freshly sweet than ours.
But, my dear, if you uproot them,
I am sure it will not suit them;
It will spoil their pretty bloom,
And they'll droop and fade in gloom,
And I fear that they will die;
So I think you'd best not try"
Anne 'gins to pout and cry,
And she guesses she shall die,
'Cause she never has a chance
To have anything she wants.
"Boo hoo, hoo," and "oh dear, dear;"
"B'leves she'll run away from here."
"Stop, my child," cries mamma now,
With a shadow on her brow;—
We will try and see just how
Far your knowledge goes to-day;
Bring the spade, we'll haste away."
Anne smiles and quickly brings
All the necessary things.
So they work and tug away
Two long hours that hot June day,
Till dear patient mamma Marden
Has completed Anne's garden.
Anne thanks her mother sweetly,
Cleans her garden tools off neatly,
Then sits down to rest, completely
Tired out, but well content
That her time had been well spent.
Next day visits grandma Brett,
Charging Lou to not forget
To water well her pretty garden,—
Foolish, hopeful Anne Marden.
Two long days the bright sun burns,
Two such days and she returns.
"How's my garden, Lou? and did you
Water it just as I bid you?
I'm so glad you did, my sis;
Thank you, dear, and here's a kiss."
Out she runs so bright and beaming—
Hope and joy her black eyes gleaming—
Quick returns and flings her bonnet,
Flings her little self down on it,—
Down and sobs, and hides her eyes,
And in bitter anguish cries:
"All my pretty flowers are dead,
All my Pinks and Lilies red,
All my pretty clover, too!—
Dear, oh dear, what shall I do?
Mamma told me 'twould be so,
But I thought she didn't know.
For I thought I knew the best,
Thought that mamma only guessed.—
So she let me have my way,—
Let me kill those flowers so gay,
Oh, how sweet they were that day,—
Oh, how naughty I must be.
I will ask her to forgive,
Then I'll go, sure as I live,
Down there to my apple tree,
And I'll ask the God if he
Will forgive poor me for taking
Up his flowers, their sweet hearts breaking.—
And I'll ask the meadow flowers,—
So much prettier than ours,—
Ask them, too, if they'll forgive me,
And, if they will but believe me,
I'll remember every day
That I always must obey
Mamma dear, because that she
Knows the best what's good for me.
She knows so much more than I,
And I feel like I could cry
All day long for my dead flowers,—
So much prettier than ours.
Good by, good by, poor dear garden,
Naughty little Anne's garden."

LAMONI, July 18th, 1880.

Concluded.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FAMILY.



TWO nights and a day passed, and nothing more was said about the new doctrine. Sunday morning had arrived, and an Elder from a distance was to speak. Johnny was washing himself before breakfast, when it was suggested to his mind, "Ask your folks to go and hear for themselves." Turning to his father and mother, he said, "Please will you not come and hear a discourse this morning in the Saints' Church?"

His mother hastily replied, "I want to go to our own church."

"You can go there again, mother," said Johnny. "There is a stranger, and an able expounder of the word going to speak this morning; so come, do go for once,—what do you say, father?"

Smilingly, he replied, "Yes; let us go and hear him, and find out what he has to say."

All were agreed, as it appeared strange that the old gentleman wanted to go to church. While Johnny hitched up the team, Mary helped her mother to get ready, for she was indeed anxious to hear.

Soon they were off. The service was conducted in great wisdom, and the singing sounded heavenly, as the little Hopes of Zion, who were numbered in the choir, sang their musical strains in sweet praises to God and the Lamb. The Elder spoke upon what he called the fundamental principles of the gospel, showing the way, and the only way to get into full favor with the Lord Jesus.

After they arrived at home and dinner was over, and all were seated in their little dwelling, (the fruits of their industry), Johnny broke the spell by asking the question:

"How did you like the sermon this morning?"

The mother quickly answered: "I admired the Elder's way in trying to impress upon the mind the importance of strictly adhering to and obeying the words of the Savior. But it's that Joe Smith that nettles my feelings. I wish he had not said a word about his mission, as he called it. What do you say, pa?"

"Well, Nancy," said the old gentleman, "this morning has been a treat to me, for it has been the first time in my life that I have listened to a good sound common sense sermon; and to my mind, a person who can not endorse what the Elder said, is not a true believer in God's word; for he gave us chapter and verse for all he said."

Mary kept silent but smiling, for she had been again and again to her secret closet and asked the Lord to enlighten her mind in the matter, concluding that to be the wisest way for her to find out, as Johnny had told her.

The old gentleman continued, "I can not see why people (you, Nancy, with the rest) can have such a prejudice against Joseph Smith. If God called him, he had to have a name, and why not it be a Smith, as well as a Peter, a John, or a Paul—names are only sounds any how. To my mind the rumor afloat about him is no evidence of his being an impostor. Why, bless your dear soul, look how they spoke against Jesus, notwithstanding all the good he did in the cities, towns and hamlets of Judea; healing their sick, cleansing their lepers, casting out demons that so deranged people's minds. And, Nancy, the persecution was done by men who professed to be God's mouth pieces to Israel; and, as a mark of their sanctity, they wore passages of scripture on their sleeves. Give me truth, something that will benefit in time and in eternity, and not this fancy tickling of the ear, which has so often disgusted my soul, in your popular and worldly churches."

All the time while the honest old was speaking, Johnny's prayers were ascending to God, that all the family might come to a knowledge of the truth.

Silence prevailed awhile, until Mary said, "Ma, I believe what pa and Johnny say, and I think we had better make a bold front for the truth; for I can see clearly that it is truth. I know we will lose a great many of our friends, but we will gain others; and what is more cheering to me than all else, we will have on our side the Lord of life and glory, a true and everlasting friend."

"Well spoken, Mary," said the old man, "and what care I for the friendship of poor, weak, puny man, if the Lord God of Israel is on my side; so I too, intend to obey the gospel."

At this the good old lady fainted.

Mary ran for some cold water, and all felt troubled in mind about the sad affair; for she was indeed a good wife and a loving mother; but the fickle creeds of men had closely entwined themselves around her honest heart. She seemed to grow worse instead of better. A physician was called for, who pronounced it the heart disease.

Johnny turned to his mother, with tears of love filling his eyes and said,

"Mother, as you believe in a prayer-hearing God, let me call an Elder to anoint you with holy oil, and pray over you;" and turning to the fifth of James, he read the command.

She answered, "Do as your pa tells you."

No sooner said than the old gentlemen bid him go.

In a little time two Elders were on the spot. All bowed in prayer before the Lord, and the Spirit was felt in its calm and serene power while the administration went on, the Spirit rebuking the evil, and it departed in an instant; and to Johnny's joy and satisfaction, one week from that day, the three he so dearly loved had entered the Church through the birth of the water and of the Spirit, and they are to this day one of the happiest of families on God's footstool.

O that thousands would obey Christ in the same way, and not cling so tenaciously to the whimsical and fickle creeds of men.

WISHPULL.

HOMES.

WHAT kind of places do you think our homes should be? Should they be places to come to merely for food and shelter? Or should we make them the dearest spots on earth? I will give you a description of a home I have lately become acquainted with. The family rise early, and each member is greeted with a kind "Good morning;" and when breakfast is ready, and all are quietly seated around the table, the father then returns thanks to the Giver of all good. After all have partaken, before they rise from the table the father takes the old family Bible, reads a chapter, and then all kneel in prayer, in which the father petitions heaven's blessings upon them in a few earnest

and heartfelt words. At dinner and supper our heavenly Father's blessing is also asked upon the meal. Each member tries to make all the others happy; if one felt tired, cross or fretful, we often heard the kind rebuke, "Don't get cross, be as pleasant as you can, and things will come out all right yet." Their evenings are spent in reading, music, and innocent games; much is done for home amusement, and this lessens the desire of the children to seek for pleasure elsewhere. You ask is this a description of a Latter Day Saint's home? No; this family has yet to hear the first gospel sermon preached in its purity. But I wish it was a true description of every Latter Day Saint's home. Children can do much to make home happy by being kind to each other, and obedient to their parents. I hope we shall all try to make home so happy that when the Savior comes we shall hear that welcome plaudit: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." X. I. X.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.



IF course families moving in society as this one had done, would have clothing and furniture surroundings that would last a long time with care; but the food that sustains life, the daily necessary subsistence would soon go. Starvation, however, comes slowly to such houses; and it was not until some months had passed and Winter came on that the family began to feel the quickening stings of necessity.

Mr. Selkirk had never written them, his wife but seldom; but Mrs. Stratton decided to make an appeal to him. To this Bodie objected. She had right soon after her father's death made up her mind to the inevitable; and availing herself of the teaching of their one woman servant, who staid without recompense, had learned some of the details of housework, and had looked after the rooms of her mother and sisters; notwithstanding the reproaches and slurs of her sisters, and the sometimes querulous fault findings of her mother.

To Mrs. Stratton's appeal, Lawyer Selkirk replied that if they would deed him the house they lived in, they could come and stay in his house, provided they would make themselves useful; that he was not favorable to drones in society.

Mrs. Stratton and three of the girls decided genteel dependence was better than exertion; and that there would be much better chances for promotion in society as inmates of the house of their rich relation by marriage than where they were, as society had utterly ignored them, and so accepted the offer.

Bodie objected, and refusing to sign the deed, removed to this village with Mrs. Britton, the woman who staid with the family. The two hired a little room together, which they furnished out of the girls' rooms when Mrs. Stratton removed, and went out to service wherever she could get work to do.

Her mother remonstrated, coaxed and threatened her. Talked of their family and their respectability and expectations; of the

disgrace and vulgarity attending doing house work, mending and making, boiling and baking and other household labors; of how she would spoil her hands, complexion, and chances for a rich husband, &c.

All this Bodie bore with fortitude, and some impatience from her mother; but when her sister Flora, next older than herself, pictured before her with vexation and disgust the disgrace she was going to bring upon the family and their respectability, she indignantly replied: "My father was overworked, harassed, and tormented in the last year of his life; and no one of us girls could help him, nor could mother; she did not know how, neither did we. He always worked hard for us, and I am for one ashamed of my helplessness. When Mary married, she did so to get a home; and I know that she did not love Mr. Selkirk; and I am afraid that when he found out how little she knows of practical life, he was disappointed; and that is what he means by writing to mother that he does not favor drones. Drones indeed; I am not going to put myself in his house a beggar for my daily crust. I am strong enough to dust and sweep, to make beds and look after somebody's house. You have tried to get music teaching to do, and failed. I will try and take care of myself. As for the disgrace I may bring upon our family, I am not particular. They care very little for us, and would let us respectably starve. I don't like starving in a land of plenty, and am going to work for my living. As for getting a rich and respectable husband, I shall wait till some one wants me before I seriously bother myself about that. I'm sick of hearing marry, marry, marry, as if a woman lived for nothing but to fish for a husband."

Mrs. Stratton, when she found it useless to further interfere, let Bodie have her own way; telling her, however, that she must not come whining around Mr. Selkirk after awhile, as she would make no intercession for her. To this Bodie could make no answer. She had some suspicion that Mr. Solon Selkirk would prove to be exacting and penurious in his treatment of her mother and sisters; and feared the humiliation that she believed to be in store for them, if the girls failed to marry suitable partners according to his standard. But she did not know her brother-in-law, and therefore she could not say what she feared. She resolved, however, that an appeal to her brother-in-law would be the last thing that she would depend upon anyway. She therefore told her mother that she hoped not to be put in a position to need to make her refusal to intercede for her with Mr. Selkirk, a bar to their good family feeling.

The parting of Bodie with her mother and sisters renewed afresh the grief experienced at the death of Mr. Stratton; but Mrs. Stratton hurried away with her three daughters, and left Bodie and Mrs. Britton crying on the family doorstep. The next day these two closed up the house and removed here. They have been here now nearly three years. During that time she may have heard from her mother and sisters, but if she has, no one knows of it. She is now in the employ of one

of our best families as a girl of all work, and is well liked.

I became acquainted with her two years ago, through Mrs. Britton, who is employed by my chief to look after these rooms of mine here. The little place they occupy is not far from our house; and once, when Mrs. Britton had fallen on the icy sidewalks and lamed herself so that she could not get about, Bodie came in her place; explained who she was, did her work quietly and quickly, and went about her duties elsewhere unobtrusively. I was interested to know something about her and so inquired of Mrs. Britton, who gave me her history. And I say that she is a sensible girl."

FINDING "GIRL" IN THE BIBLE.

AN English town missionary, a short time ago, related a remarkable incident. There was a lodging house in his district, which he had long desired to enter, but was deterred from so doing by his friend, who feared that his life would thereby be endangered. He became at length so uneasy that he determined to risk all consequences and gain admittance. So one day he gave a somewhat timid knock at the door, in response to which a coarse voice roared out, "Who's there?" and at the same moment a vicious looking woman opened the door and ordered the man of God away.

"Let him come in, and see who he is and what he wants," growled out the same voice. The missionary walked in, and bowing politely to the rough looking man whom he had just heard speak, said:

"I have been visiting some of the houses in this neighborhood to read and talk with the people about good things. I have passed your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish to talk with you and your lodgers."

"Are you what is called a town missionary?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the fierce-looking man, "sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you a question out of the Bible. If you answer me right, you may call at this house, and read and pray with us or our lodgers as often as you like; if you do not answer me right, we will tear your clothes off your back, and tumble you neck and heels into the street. Now what do you say to that? for I am a man of my word."

The missionary was perplexed, but at length quietly said:

"I will try."

"Well, then, here goes," said the man.

"Is the word girl in any part of the bible? If so, how often is it found, and where? That is my question."

"Well, sir, the word girl is in the bible, but only once, and may be found in the words of the prophet Joel, iii, 3. The words are: 'And sold a girl for wine that they might drink.'"

"Well," replied the man, "I'm beat; I durst to have bet five pounds you could not have told."

"And I could not have told yesterday," said the visitor. "For several days I have been praying that the Lord would open me a way into this house, and this very morning, when reading the scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word girl, and got the concordance to see if it occurred again, and found it did not. And now, sir, I believe that God did know, and does know what will come to pass, and surely his hand is in this, for my protection and your good."

The whole of the inmates were greatly surprised, and the incident has been overruled to the conversion of the man, his wife, and two of the lodgers.

Letters from the Hopes.

DAVID W. WIGHT, Rockport, Missouri, says: I have not been baptized yet, but I hope soon to be. In answer to a question in the last HOPE, Who was the first martyr? Abel was the first martyr.—Genesis 5:17, Inspired Translation. School begins here a week from to-morrow. I will study arithmetic, (mental and written), grammar, reading, writing and spelling. My sister, Siena, is my teacher. I never went to but one teacher besides her. I like to read the HOPE. I will be twelve years old in July.

EDWARD RANNIE, JUN., Fremont, Nebraska, writes: I read in your last issue a letter from Perla Wild, urging the necessity of more subscribers. I would suggest the following plan for the Hopes to procure subscribers for the paper. Ask your ma, pa, older sister, or brother, for a loan of sixty cents or more if you can get it, and then go to some Hopes or friend and tell them if they will subscribe for the HOPE you will pay for it, and they can pay you five cents every month. I did this with a HOPE, and now he and his little sister rejoice in reading the paper. I will give "Joseph the Prophet," (price \$1.20), to the one that gets the most subscribers in this way in one year from the date of this letter.

LENORA A. LAMBERT, Hancock county, Illinois, writes: I and my oldest brother have been sick with the measles, and we are just getting better; and two of my brothers and two of my sisters came down with them, and are now very sick. Abel is the first martyr, as near as I can tell. I am one that neither uses tea nor coffee. I love to read the letters in the HOPE.

CHARLIE DYKES, Valley View, Iowa, writes: This is Sunday, and it is snowing very hard; men are beginning to fear and wonder when they will be able to begin farming; there are snow drifts as high as the fence posts, and it is the 10th of April. It does look rather bad, and what makes it still worse, there is so much corn to be gathered; it is estimated to be over two thousand acres yet to gather in Harrison county, alone. The question asked by Sr. Florence Chatburn, in the HOPE of April 1st, who was the first martyr, the answer to it will be found in Doctrine and Covenants, page 51. Abel was the first martyr.

HATTIE LAMPERT, Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin, writes: We are living on a farm just on the edge of the village; it is quite a nice place. We have had quite a cold and real stormy Winter, with snow from two to twelve feet deep, so that all the roads had to be opened to get through. In some places the snow is deep yet, and in some we can see the ground, but the grass is not green yet. Two of my brothers and three sisters are going to school. We are the only Saints that live here, and therefore we have neither church nor Sunday School.

REBECCA J. CHAPMAN, Reeder's Mills, Iowa, says: I am twelve years old. I am not baptized yet, but hope to be soon. I have one sister and one brother; I had another little brother, but he died about seven weeks ago.

Dearest Hopes, let us be faithful,
Try to please our Father dear,
That we all may meet in heaven,
When our work is finished here.

We have received as Hope Fund, ten cents each from Frank Chatburn, Myra Chatburn, Nellie Chatburn, Florence Chatburn, Jessie Gilliland.

We have also received short letters from Alice J. Snider and Pauline O. Spurgin, Hamilton, Missouri, and Didami Sellers, Valley View, Iowa.

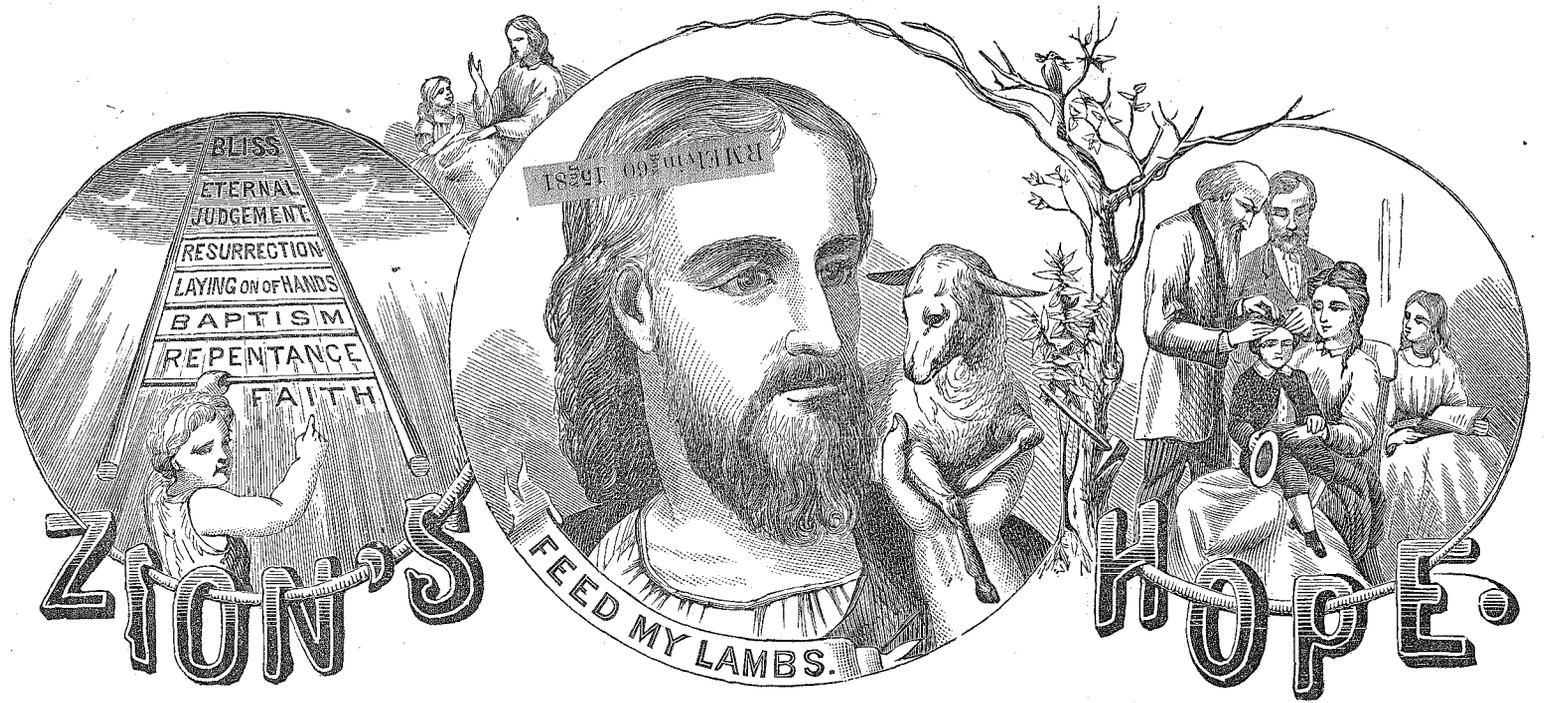
SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORTS.

Report of the Crescent City Sunday School for the quarter ending March 27th, 1881: Number of sessions 10, total attendance 423; average attendance 42.3. Cash on hand at the beginning of the quarter \$3.06; collected during quarter \$3.76; total \$6.82. Paid out \$5.40; balance on hand \$1.42. Officers for the ensuing six months are as follows: H. N. Hansen, superintendent; S. V. Pratt, assistant; Jennie Dunkle, treasurer; John Adams, librarian; William Strang, janitor; J. C. Lapworth, secretary.

1 May 81.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith, Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

TREES AND INDIANS.



NEAR the town Sandyville, Iowa, where forty or fifty years ago the native Indian people roamed at large, unmolested, hunted and fished, talked of the wild woods and flowers, basking in the freedom of sunlight and ease, (for here is a country which well suited the red men, about the mystical rivers, on every hill and in every glen), we may here and there discover the footprints of these wild and evil treated people. I have a strange yet kindly feeling for them.

O, America! How long will the cry of their blood spilt by your hand, go up against you unavenged.

I spoke of the wildwoods. Yes, and they were very beautiful; but how sadly have they been cut down and cleared away to make room for another people. The Indian loved these native trees and woodlands. I too love them dearly. The groves were God's first temples.

A short distance from my home was a well proportioned and stately elm, probably eighteen inches in diameter; some twelve feet from it stood another elm of smaller size, which grew up and turned with a beautiful curve growing into the larger tree some ten or twelve feet above the ground. This has been observed by many as a great curiosity in nature. A heavy wind storm has badly broken the two trees.

Another curious and remarkable tree near by is an oak, some eighteen or twenty inches through, which has a very large stool or knot at its base with nearly a level smooth surface on top, large enough to seat three or four persons comfortably. The knot is some six inches from the ground at the lower side. It is almost covered with moss in Summer season.

One more tree I wish to mention quite as singular, but is not akin to the former trees mentioned. This tree bears honey for a small yet very industrious people. These busy

little folks gather this honey for themselves and also for mankind, working every day in the week, Sunday not excepted. This tree has a peculiar limb growing out from the body, some eight feet, then turning upwards. At the base of the limb it will measure more than two feet in width, having a thickness of from five to eight inches; it retains this shape, gradually tapering to near where it turns upward, forming a perfect hangman's gallows.

Dear Hopes, I perceive a moral here. Our ways and our works should be such as to grow into His favors and His truths, like the two elms, what one receives they both receive. And while our fruit is sweet and wholesome as honey itself; bear an arm in bold defiance against sin in all its forms.

And let us hold on to faith like the oak; although it probably was afflicted, yet it grew to be a stalwart tree, bids fair to become beautiful and mighty amid the forest, the knot only adding firmness withal. Ever climbing "Jacob's Ladder" as may be seen.

"Abraham's God, who failed him never,
Guarding, aiding, shielding ever;
Dark as night my pathway be,
If I fail to trust in thee."

As upon my enraptured sight,
Break the views of heavenly light,
Throbs my heart with rapture new,
As the gates of heaven I view.

Peering through the future dim,
To the abodes of seraphim,
Fills my soul the while I scan,
Love to God and love to man.

Steps to heaven the sacred three,
Faith and hope, and charity,
Faith may perish, hope may fall,
Charity shall crown them all.

March 31st, 1881.

GEO. M. JAMISON.

THREE PICTURES,



MUCH has been said on the subject of temperance. Too much can not be said. However exaggerated the eloquence of speakers and writers may appear to some, to others the picture is but faintly drawn. Not only do men become slaves to the terrible king, but women—mothers—have been drawn down into the black depths of

the soul-destroying maelstrom—alcohol; as the following sketch stands as a truthful testimony.

One pleasant day in early Summer, while walking leisurely along the streets of one of the western cities, my attention was attracted by the voices of two children, who were playing in the little door yard of a small, but cozy looking house. I thought they were the prettiest children I had ever seen. The little boy of about nine years, with curling, dark brown hair, large blue eyes, and delicate complexion; the little girl, apparently two or three years younger, with the same handsome hair hanging in long curls upon her shoulders, the same color of eyes and complexion, rosy cheeks and lips, both neatly dressed, they were indeed beautiful. As I stopped to speak to the little ones, I glanced in at the open door of the cottage, where a woman stood bending over the ironing table. The snowy garments, whose elaborate ruffles, tucks and laces, had become perfection under the deftly handled iron, which were hanging around the room, and folded over the backs of chairs, proclaimed her a washwoman. As she looked up with a pleasant smile, drawn forth, perhaps, by the attention paid the two pretty children, no one could doubt her being the mother. There were the same regular features, color of hair, eyes, and complexion, of which they were but the miniature copy; and when she spoke, her voice was pleasant, and her accent unmistakably Irish. I passed on with this pleasant picture stored away in my memory, where it still lingers uneffaced by the storms of time.

Some time after this, as I was standing on the porch enjoying the cooling air, which is so welcome after a scorching day in the dusty city, I espied two little forms coming round the corner, apparently in great haste, whom I instantly recognized as the children in the little dooryard. A wild, frightened look had taken the place of the happy contentment that shone on their faces when I first saw them, and as I stepped forward to speak to

them, they gave no heed but quickened their pace and disappeared in an alley way. I thought their conduct rather strange, and resolved to watch for their return, which could not be long, as it was growing well on toward evening. I had not long to wait. Emerging from the alley they came toiling along as if under some heavy burden, that was taxing their strength to the utmost. Occasionally they would stop, look around as if afraid of being pursued, then would resume their way with their burden, for such it was, but what it was I could not readily discover, until their nearer approach; imagine my astonishment when I perceived the burden they were dragging along the dusty streets was the insensible form of their mother! Her long hair was unbound, and was trailing its beautiful length in the dust, and her clothing showed the same condition of untidiness, while her arms hung limp and apparently lifeless at her side. Alas! for the tired little arms, and alas! for the wretched mother. As they turned the corner, a man came whistling along trundling a wheelbarrow, and stopped as he saw the children.

"An' it's the auld woman agin, is it, an' ye've chated the perlice, hev ye? Well, I'll jist give ye a lift, for it's a sorry time ye've hed, an' it's Mike O'Connel that wudn't pass such purty babies widout helpin em."

So saying he lifted the woman with his strong hands, and dumped her into the barrow in a heap, and wheeled her away out of sight.

Not till then did I understand the meaning of the strange scene I had just witnessed. But that act; the dumping of the woman in the barrow, so void of all respect, or delicacy of feeling, had revealed all. The mother of those lovely children, was in a beastly state of intoxication! But let it be shorn of all the nicety of speech, and stand forth in all its hideousness, and call it dead drunk. Stand it up as a warning to all the Hopes, both boys and girls, nor attempt to cover up the deadly cobra with beautiful flowers and vines, that it may spring upon them unawares, and wind them in its deadly coils!

The third picture? Yes, and it was the last time I ever saw them, and what became of them I never learned. They were sitting on the steps of a large stone building, crying bitterly; they were bare footed and bare headed, but their clothing was clean and neat, and as it was quite late in the season, when the evenings were becoming colder, I imagined they were crying with the cold. But why were they there? Why were they not in their own cosy home, instead of there, on those cold stone steps? Stopping opposite the open door, I looked in, and soon received an answer to my questions. There, behind the heavy iron grating, stood the mother, with a pretty, dimpled, crowing baby in her arms! A beautiful innocent, cooing softly in its mother's pale face, pale from the effects of her late debauch, but now sobered, standing behind the prison doors waiting to be released, which let us hope for the sake of the innocent ones, would be speedy. And let us picture her leading those children home, never again to retrace her steps, but to take a better path,

and live the life of a Christian woman and mother, that her children may "rise up and call her blessed." Let us hope it may have been so, and in hoping, may these pictures be photographed on the walls of your memory, not only for a simple diversion, but for your own lasting good, is the wish of your sister Hope and friend,

MYRTLE GREY.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—No. 4.



"WHAT is there about this action of hers different from what other girls of a similar age and condition do?" asked Preston.

"Well," replied George, "as a rule the daughters of our wealthier citizens and their imitators are brought up to think it unbecoming in them to learn to do housework; and mothers seem to think so too. Where the notion originates I can not say, but it results in putting a lot of impracticables into training for society, and when accidents occur of a similar nature to the failure of Mr. Stratton, there is a chance for suffering that might otherwise be avoided."

"I declare, George, you talk as if you had given this subject special attention."

"So I have," replied George. "My mother was left an orphan at eighteen. She had been raised in some such manner as Mrs. Stratton raised her girls; and when her father was killed in a railway collision, and her mother died of grief and long continued ill health, she was left to get out of her difficulties as she best could. She tried for a year to get some genteel employment, but failed; and finally, at a suggestion of a woman who rudely repulsed her when asking for some such work to do, "Why don't you try housework? You would find plenty of work then," she resolved to try that. Of course, she began at the beginning, as she had it all to learn; but she succeeded. It was as a dining room girl at a hotel that my father found her, admired her, sought her acquaintance and married her. She has her own experience, and many years of observation to confirm it, that American families in a great many instances make this mistake, they raise their girls to catch husbands, instead of fitting them to become wives. And after a while, when they chance to marry, unless they do secure excellent men with fortunes, who can bear with their lack of capability, they early fade, droop and die. Life is too hard in its every day realities for them, and they escape it all too soon."

"Why do you not marry this Miss Bodie, whom you have been extolling in your story to-night?" inquired Preston at the close of their evening's visit.

"I am not now prepared to marry; but if I was, I have good reason to know that Miss Bodie does not love me, and she will never marry unless she does."

"Why, George, I would suppose such a girl as you have described to me to-night would be pleased with the attentions of such a man as yourself."

"If I must be plainer with you, Preston, she refused me when I offered myself to her; stating as her reason, that although she held me in much respect, she did not love me. I would rather not have told you this, Preston, but you seemed so persistent."

"I beg your pardon George, for causing you to betray the secret; but it is safe with me. I should like to become acquainted with this young woman, for your sake. You have certainly aroused my curiosity."

"Well," said George, "I think you may do so with propriety. She will be visiting at my mother's to-morrow night with my sister, and if you will come round to supper as you used to do, years ago, it will not be difficult."

"I will certainly come. But I say, George, don't you tell the young lady that a stranger will be there. I don't want to see a girl of all work with her company manners on."

"All right; come over here and go up to the house with me at six," answered George.

Mr. Preston Clark went to his hotel that night with his head full of new ideas. Something seemed to please him immensely; for every now and then he would smile; and when he reached his room he took something out of his breast pocket and looking at it laughed uproariously. He went to bed and when he slept, if sleep he had, he was being interviewed in his dreams by a young woman with brown eyes and hair, a dimpled cheek, sober mouth, with her arms bare to her elbows, a mob cap on her head, a check apron on and a broom in her hand. The next morning he thought the evening's chat with his friend over, and had another hearty laugh. That day he had some business with a gentlemen of the place who wished to purchase his mother's old home, but who would not be at home until the dinner hour. At that time he called, found the gentleman at home; was shown into a pleasant sitting room, in which the gentleman's wife sat sewing, with her daughter, a girl about fourteen years of age, and a lad of four, sitting by her. The gentleman introduced Mr. Clark to his wife and daughter; and soon after, the business upon which they were to confer having been disposed of satisfactorily, dinner was announced, and Mr. Clark was pressed to stay. He could not well refuse, so kindly was he urged to stay, and so went with the family into the dining room. The dinner was an excellent one; he was young and hearty, and made an unusually good meal for him. When the plates were changed for the dessert, it was done by a young woman very neatly dressed, who answered the wife in a soft and pleasant voice, and who handed Mr. Clark his dessert plate quietly, and without embarrassment. He looked up when he thanked her, and saw the brown eyes and hair, dimpled cheek and sober mouth of his dream; but the cap and apron and bared arms he did not see. The dinner passed pleasantly, and the gentlemen went out together, the gentleman to his business, Mr. Clark to his room at the hotel. Once there he sat down and indulged in a long reverie, evidently taking counsel with himself. What his communings

were about, we leave for the present. Abo four o'clock he went out rambling over the village in places where he used to play as a boy, and other places of interest, and to while the time away until the evening. He turned the corner at the shop office doors, in time to see the men pouring out to their homes at the ringing of the evening bell; and passing in to George's room he found him busy with his toilet. He was soon ready, however, and the young men went over to Mr. Chappel's together.

George took his friend into the family sitting room, where the family had already gathered, their young lady guest among them. When George turned to introduce Preston Clark to Miss Bodie, he saw that the latter seemed embarrassed; he made no comment, however, but bowing, said, "Miss Stratton, permit me to present my friend Mr. Preston Clark, Mr. Clark, Miss Boadicea Stratton." Mr. Clark bowed; and Miss Stratton acknowledged the introduction with a graceful inclination of the head and a smile that showed a set of finely kept teeth; and a visibly cultured manner. She betrayed no consciousness of having met Mr. Clark before, but she was the same brown-eyed, brown-haired young woman that gave him his dessert that day at the house of the gentleman who bought his mother's place. He managed after awhile to get over his embarrassment; and after supper entered into conversation with Mr. Chappel with considerable zest. After a while, the young women came into the sitting room, and the conversation became somewhat general.

JACK AND THE GENTLEMAN.

THERE was a good gentleman once, a kind, good gentleman, called Mr. Thornley. He went out one day to take a walk. He went over the fields, and into the woods. He walked till it was twelve o'clock, and being very tired, he sat down to rest upon a bank, and took a roll and a bit of cheese out of his pocket to eat. Now Mr. Thornley was just going to eat his roll, when a little boy came and looked at him and his roll. The boy was very thin, and very brown, and he had no clothes but rags. His name was Jack. Jack stared at Mr. Thornley, for he thought the roll and cheese looked very good.

"Who are you, little boy?" said Mr. Thornley.

"I am Jack," replied the boy.

"Where do you come from?" asked Mr. Thornley.

"From home," said Jack.

"Where is your home?" inquired Mr. Thornley.

"Down there," said the boy, and he pointed his finger to a little cottage at the edge of a wood close by.

Then Mr. Thornley said, "Who do you live with?"

Jack said, "Granny. Father and mother are dead, and granny keeps me."

"Would you like a bit of my roll, Jack?" said Mr. Thornley.

"Yes," said Jack.

"Sit down on the grass then, and I will give you some."

So Jack sat down, and Mr. Thornley gave him half his roll and half his cheese. Jack was very, very glad of it, but he did not say, "Thank you, sir." His granny had never taught him to thank any one. Whilst Jack was eating his bread and cheese, Mr. Thornley talked to him. Were you hungry when you saw me under the tree, Jack?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jack, "I wanted some bread and did not know where to have it; granny has got none."

"You should thank God, then, Jack," said Mr. Thornley, "for sending me here to give you some bread. Jack stared, but he did not speak; so Mr. Thornley said the same words again, and then he asked Jack whether his granny had told him something about God. Jack said, "Na"—he did not say no, though he meant no—"granny has not told me anything."

"Poor Jack," said the gentleman, "I am very sorry for you. It is a sad thing for a child not to know that there is a God, and that he is our kind Father in heaven. Shall I teach you about God?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jack, "you may if you like."

"Look up, Jack," said Mr. Thornley; "look towards the bright sun and the blue sky; and look down at the green grass and the flowers; and look at the trees, and hearken at the birds that sing so sweetly; and then look at me, and tell me who made all these things and people."

Jack stared again, and put a piece of roll in his mouth and had nothing to say: no, not a word.

"God made all these things," said Mr. Thornley. "He made the world, long, long ago, and he keeps all things in the world. Things would go to nothing again without God. Did your granny never tell you that much, my poor boy?"

"Na," said Jack, "she never did."

Then Mr. Thornley told poor little Jack about God. He told him that God was Lord and king of everything; that he made the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the world; and that He can see everything, and every where.

"He is not here now," said Jack; "for I don't see Him."

"You may as well say that I have no breath in me, Jack," said Mr. Thornley, "and we can neither see nor hear spirit's, no more than on a Summer's day I can see your breath, and you see mine. But there is a time coming when you will see God."

God put it into little Jack's heart to listen to all Mr. Thornley told him, and when Mr. Thornley got up to go away, he said, "Will you not come back some time?" When Jack went home that evening, he thought a great deal about God. He sat down on his stool, and looked up at the sky and down on the ground, and thought of God being there and everywhere, and wished that Mr. Thornley would come back and tell him more of God. Jack had heard only a few words about God,

but God gave him a heart to believe those words. Some children hear the Bible, and hear God spoken of every day, and never mind anything about these things. In two days Mr. Thornley came back to the tree where he had seen Jack, and Jack was there under the tree, and Mr. Thornley taught him more about God. Jack soon began to love Mr. Thornley very much, not because he gave him bread and cheese, but because he told him things about God, and the kind Savior, and he was made able to learn them. We can never cease to love those people who teach us about God. After a while Mr. Thornley gave Jack some new clothes, and had a schoolmaster to teach him to read his Bible. Jack always used to say to his granny, "That was a blessed day, granny, when I met that dear old gentleman under the tree."

Selected by R. H. Mantle.

ANCIENT TIMEPIECES.

BOWLS were used to measure time, from which water, drop by drop, was discharged through a small aperture. Such bowls were called water-clocks. It was then observed how much water from such bowl or cask, from sunrise till the shortest shadow, trickled down into another bowl placed beneath; and this time, being the half of the whole solar day, was divided into six hours. Consequently they took a sixth of the water which had trickled down, poured it into the upper bowl, and this discharged, one hour had expired. But afterwards a more convenient arrangement was made. They observed how high the water at each hour rose in the lower bowl, marked these points, and counted them, thus finding out how many hours were till sunrise.

With the Chinese, the water-clocks or clepsydras, are very old. They used a round vessel filled with water, with a hole in the bottom, which was placed upon another vessel. When the water in the upper vessel passed down into the lower vessel it subsided by degrees, announcing thereby the part of time elapsed. The Babylonians are said to have used such instruments; from them the Greeks of Asia Minor got them, at the time of King Cyrus, about the year five hundred and fifty before Christ. The Romans did not get the first water-clock before Christ. But, though the hours of the clepsydras did not vary in length, they still counted from the morning. When the clock with us strikes seven, the ancients counted one; when the clock with us strikes twelve, the ancients counted six, and so forth. This method of counting the hour was, according to the New Testament, also customary in Palestine at the time of Christ. The water-clocks had the advantage that they could be used in the night, and the Romans used them to divide their night watches, which were relieved four times, both Summer and Winter. Conformably to these four night watches were counted, not only in Rome, but wherever a Roman garrison was stationed; consequently also in Palestine after she had become a Roman province.

THE OLD MAN.

BOW low the head, boy; do reverence to the old man. Once like you, the vicissitudes of life have silvered the hair, and changed the round, merry face to the worn visage before you. Once that heart beat with aspirations equal to any that you have felt—aspirations crushed by disappointment, as yours are, perhaps, destined to be. Once that form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time, that withers the flower of yesterday, has warped that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once, at your age, he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain—now wishing to accomplish deeds worthy of a nook in fame, anon imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke the better. But he has lived the dream very near through. The time to awake is very near at hand; yet his eye ever kindles at old deeds of daring, and the hand takes a firmer grasp at the staff. Bow low the head, boy, as you would in your old age be revered.

NOTE THE DIFFERENCE.

A BAPTIST Sunday School boy happened one Sabbath, to visit a school of another denomination, and the librarian of the school was very attentive to the young stranger—offered him the loan of a book, remarking that he was glad to see him, and hoped he would come again. The next Sabbath he repeated his visit and the same kind attention was bestowed upon him. On returning home, he said, "they never do like that up to our school."

This boy was quick to notice the difference, and is it any wonder that he was inclined to leave his own school for another? Strange, that people are not more attentive to children and young people! How quick they are to observe any indifference and will not forget it.

PLEASURES OF READING.

OF all amusements that can possibly be imagined for a working man, after daily toil, or in the intervals, there is nothing like reading. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which the man has had enough—perhaps too much. It relieves his home of dullness and sameness. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure.

SOLD.

A TROY family having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house placed some red paper behind it, to give the effect of a fire. One of the coldest days last Winter the dog belonging to the household came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate deliberately walked up to it and laid down before it, curling up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a few minutes;

feeling no warmth he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate; still feeling no heat, he arose and carefully applied his nose to the grate and smelt of it. It was as cold as ice. With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, every hair on his body saying, "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at the party in the room who had watched his actions and laughed heartily at his misfortunes.

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.

God bless the cheerful people—man, woman, or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature—what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him—are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously, about their silent mission, brightening up society around them with the happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them; we love the nature of their eye, the tone of their voice. Little children find them out, oh! so quickly, amid the densest crowd, and, passing by the knitted brow and compressed lip, glide near, and laying a confiding little hand on their knee, lift their clear young eyes to those loving faces.

As a rule, no boy well trained in a good home will want to leave it for company outside. This church of the family is supplied with books and papers, with conversation and song mingled, and in my experience, music seems quite indispensable in the family circle. Who don't understand that where there is a great deal of singing there is very little disputing. No two hearts however much at variance, can join in music together, using heavenly words, of hymn or song, and partaking of the spirit, and be just as far apart as when they began. Soul-stirring music is an effectual remedy for anger, strife, and other unholy traits of the human heart.

Letters from the Hopes.

BURSLEM, Staffordshire, England,
March 30th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I would often write to you if I had time, but the children of God have this privilege, if after the long day's work is done we feel too weary to collect materials and write a letter, we can kneel down before our Father in heaven, and think of each other there. Then at least, dear children, you have a place in my thoughts. Do I gather from your letters that any of you, or any of your loved ones are sick? That you feel lonely in the world, or have any grief, or trouble? It is all thought of and mentioned then; and O, how soon your guardian angels stoop to soothe away the pain, or grief. Is it a dream when you feel the gentle pressure of their lips upon your cheek, or catch the gleam of their white robes? We know that

"The visions and blessings of old are returning,
The angels are coming to visit the earth."

Seeing then, dear children, that you are thus blessed, I know you will think of the poor little ones outside; our Father loves them too, and they have to be brought in, and you know, children understand each other best. I find a great deal written in the HOPE to stimulate you to engage in this labor of love, and if you will only watch

for opportunities, you will be surprised to find how much you can do. I think little acts of kindness are best to begin with. Our dear Lord was always doing good, especially to the poor. He was poor himself; and many of His brightest jewels are hidden in the depths of poverty—let us try to reach them in some way or other, and help to brighten them up for Him. By a little self-denial, many a little girl, (and I know the boys would help them), might purchase a small quantity of wool, and spare half an hour from her play time each day to knit; in this way many a pair of little, perished feet might have a warm pair of stockings. But, dear children, your hearts will tell you how to act; only be guided by the gracious whisperings of the Holy Spirit, and you will be a real blessing, not only to other children, but to grown up people. How often has it been known that a simple song, about the love of God and the gospel of His Son, as it lingered on the lips of a child, has reached the hearts of those who have grown grey in the service of the world,—hearts that have resisted every other appeal. The lines I have sent you have been on my memory a great while, for want of time to write them. I have five children of my own living; the eldest two are married, and there are six little grandchildren. There are some "little graves" too, in which four of my own and two of the little grand-children are sleeping. That was a beautiful piece of poetry in the HOPE, "The Little Grave," and

"Wait not till the little hands are at rest,
Ere you fill them full of flowers."

I am glad you love the HOPE. Our best thanks are due to those whose unwearied labors make it so interesting and instructive. And now, dear children, I bid you farewell for the present, and if I never have another opportunity of writing to you, I shall always remember you, and hope to live with you in the happy future.

Yours faithfully in gospel bonds,

JULIA EDWARDS.

REESE CREEK, Montana, April 8th, 1881.

Dear HOPE: As I thought some of you would like to hear from this part of the country, I write a few lines. I belong to the Church, and have two sisters that have been baptized, Clara and Matty; we were baptized by Bro. Gomer Reese, two weeks ago. I was taken very sick with the typhoid fever and pneumonia; by my request my father went after Brn. John E. Reese and Gomer Reese, and they administered to me, and I was healed.

We have a good branch here, and good meetings. Bro. Brand has made us a visit; we had a two days' meeting, and had a nice time. We have no Sunday School now, but we had a nice one last Summer, and will start again soon. My father takes the HOPE; I love to read it, especially the letters. I am ten years old. Let us be faithful, so that when we grow up we can do something for our Father who is in heaven.

CELIA E. HAWS.

WALKERVILLE, Page County, Iowa,
April 8th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I was baptized the eleventh of last May. We have a small branch here, which is six in number, Bro. and Sr. Woods, my mother, and my sister and her husband. Bro. Stephen Woods is our teacher. We meet every Sabbath at two o'clock, and have good meetings. I am ten years of age, and love to read the HOPE.

ALICE BENNETT.

15 May 81.

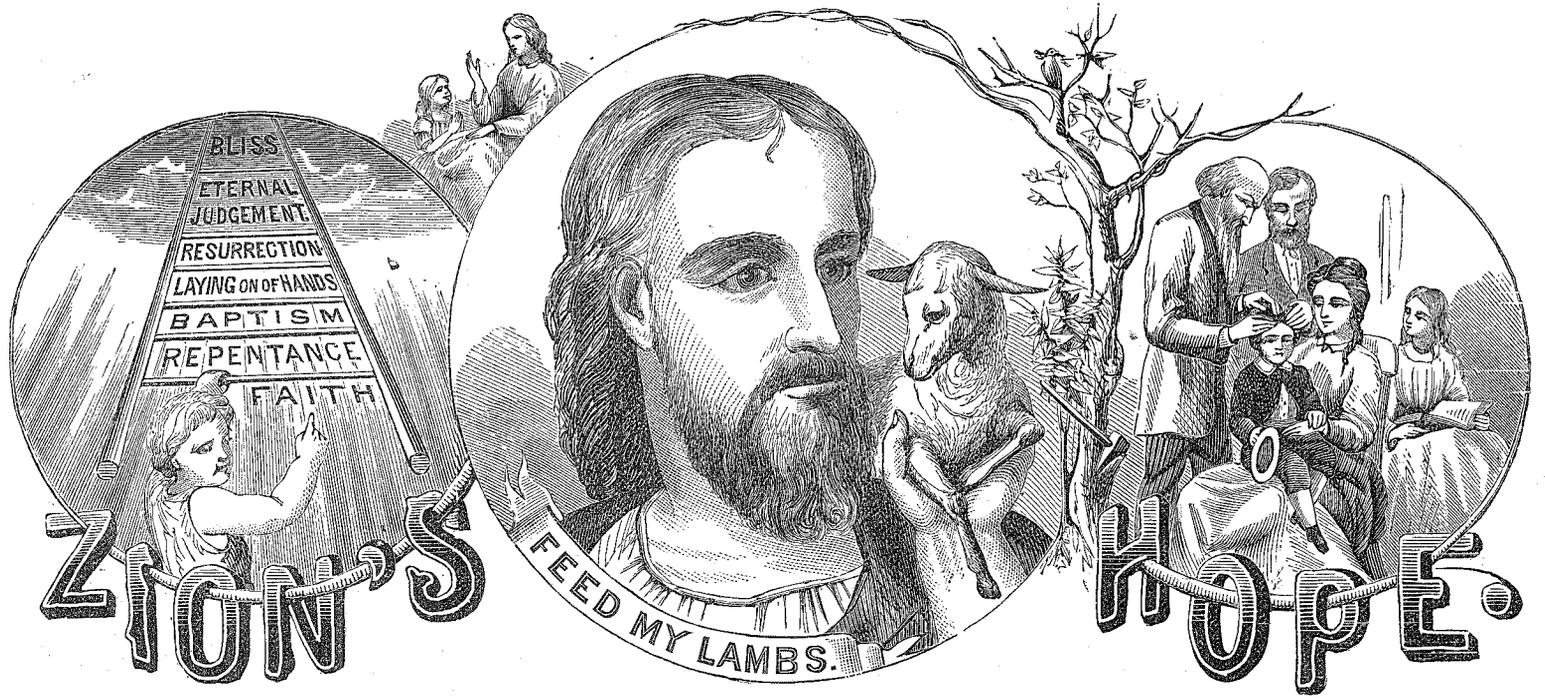
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

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.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

Zion's HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents, and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

MATTIE'S TEMPTATION.

THERE are some lessons that are not taught in schools, nor by teachers alone. There are some things that the rich, with all their possessions, lack; while the poor, who have such a hard struggle in the world and with the world, have an abundance. If any one had told you that Mattie Vinton, the daughter of the wealthy Mrs. Vinton of New York, and who attended one of the most fashionable schools in that big city, could and would be taught a lesson by shock-headed May Morris, the child of the poor Mrs. Morris, who did washing for the gentlefolks who summered at the sea shore, but who had no schooling whatever to boast of, they would have laughed at you, might have thought you were going crazy, and spoken something about miracles, because they would have thought such a thing impossible. Yet people are often liable to be mistaken, and seeming impossibilities sometimes prove to be possibilities, as you will see if you have the patience to read on.

Mattie had a great many of her wants supplied; but her mother did not think it best to gratify all her child's wishes, because some of them were very foolish ones. Mattie was apt to pout and cry if she could not have matters just to her mind, and at these times would make herself very disagreeable in looks and actions. One great passion of the child's life was to own and wear jewelry, and diamonds were her great desire; but her mother, though wealthy enough to procure them, and though she wore them herself, thought them inappropriate for her daughter, and constantly refused to get them for her, much to the chagrin and disappointment of Mattie, and always made her have the sulks.

I do not think these same sulks did herself, or any one else any good; certainly she was not made any happier for indulging in them. Every Summer Mattie and her mother passed at the sea shore, and it was here that the child saw so many flashing jewels, that she

had the greatest desire to own some herself. Other parents were not so wise as Mrs. Vinton, for they did allow their children to wear diamonds, and this very fact made Mattie more peevish and cross, and she took no pleasure herself, and made it very disagreeable for her mother and the maid who was engaged to see to the child.

One afternoon, in the Summer, Mattie was sitting down by the water in a very discontented frame of mind. She was tired of everything, tired of herself, and tired of every one around her, and the maid was so tired she left the child to enjoy her sulks by herself, and said that she should give Mrs. Vinton notice, so she could find some one else who would be willing to put up with Mattie's whims and caprices.

Mattie was impudent and said: "Now, what do you suppose I care for that? I think it's a real mean, upright and downright shame, that I can't have some diamonds; other girls have them, and it makes me just mad to see them go by, just as if they were twitting me because I hadn't any, and as if my mother couldn't afford to buy me some, when my mother is just as rich as she can be, and richer than some of the girls' mothers that come here. Oh dear, dear! I don't know what I shall do if I don't have some diamonds."

Here she gave her little foot an impatient dig into the dirt. I don't know why she chanced to look in the direction of her foot, but she did so, and there her eyes rested on something bright and sparkling. It proved to be a diamond earring, that some one had been so foolish as to wear on the sea shore, and had also been so unfortunate as to lose. Strange thoughts flitted through the child's mind. She could have that diamond for her own, for no one would know that she had found it, and when she got to the city she could have the jeweler put the diamond into a breastpin, and she could wear it to school, and her mother would never be the wiser.

Acting on this impulse she took up the earring, and thrust it into her pocket. Was she

happy at the thought of what she was going to do? Her conscience told her it was not right; but she paid no heed to its admonitions. Just at the moment Mattie was about to go to the hotel where she boarded, she heard some one near her singing the following jingle.

"Life's an ocean,
Man's a fish,
Satan's an angler,
Don't you wish
He wasn't?"

Mattie looked up and saw a young girl of about her own size standing beside her. The girl was carrying a basket of soiled linen home to her mother to be washed, and had cut across this way in order to shorten the distance. Mattie had seen her before, and knew she was Mary Morris. Mattie could not help exclaiming: "What a funny song. But what made you sing it just then?"

"Oh, I'm a great hand to sing when the fit is on me, and I sing just what happens to pop into my head. Folks thinks it's nice living around here; but that's because they have lots of money, and are only here in the Summer time, and they don't have big baskets of clothes to lug around; or have people find fault if there's a wrinkle in a cuff, or their skirts ain't stiff enough, for it's the women folks as find the most fault; men folks most usually grin and bear it; may be they think its no use crying for spilled milk, and so it isn't. But it's awful lonesome and cold and dreary here in the Winter time; but it might be colder and more lonesome up to the State's prison, where I almost got sent once for stealing."

"Almost got sent to State's prison! And for stealing! You never mean it. What are you talking about?"

"Just exactly what I said. You see, mother and me live in an old shanty, and I hated the most awful kind to see the ladies and girls going about dressed up so fine, while mother and I had to wear awful cheap calico, and I couldn't see why we shouldn't have just as good clothes, as other people we worked for didn't seem to do anything."

"You felt discontented, just as I do sometimes," said Mattie.

"Yes; and that is the most awful feeling any body can have; and I found it out, too. When I was carrying a week's clothes to be washed I saw something sparkling, and what was it but a beautiful button in one of the ladies' cuffs, that she had forgotten to take out. I knew it was solid gold. I thought no one would know I took it, if I did take it, and it might be worth enough to buy me a new dress; but just then I felt like singing, and the very words that popped into my head were:

'Life's an ocean,
Man's a fish,
Satan's an angler,
Don't you wish
He wasn't.'

So that made me think; and I thought if I kept that button I'd be a thief. You see Satan was angling for me, and I'd be sent to prison, so what good would come of it; so I just ran back to the lady's home as tight as I could go and gave the button back, and I felt just as happy as a sky lark. So whenever I feel discontented, I just sing those words, and feel glad to think Satan didn't make a thief of me, although he tried to do so the hardest kind. I don't preach any sermons; but I do know that I feel happier when I've done right than when I've done wrong, and I like to feel happy."

And singing,

"Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win."

of trotted Mary with her basket of clothes.

Had Mary seen Mattie pick up the diamond? Had she read Mattie's thoughts, and known she wished to keep the earring? Was this the way the poor girl took to teach the rich one a lesson? Mattie did not know, and I do not know; but there the lesson was, and Mattie heeded it.

She went to the hotel and told her mother of her temptation, and the manner in which she had been taught to resist the same.

Mrs. Vinton knew to whom the earring belonged, for she had often seen the lady wear it.

The lady was delighted to receive it, as the pair had been given to her by a friend. She made Mattie quite a present of money; and what do you suppose she did with it?

Bought diamonds?

You are wrong. Some way Mattie had taken a dislike to diamonds. She took the money thus obtained, and bought some good clothing for Mary and her mother, and she said it gave her more pleasure to see them happy, than to be covered with diamonds from head to foot. I believe she was right.

What think you?

Selected by Florence J. Chappelow.

"Home life is often very trying. But cross words are sent to make us gentle, and delay hath patience, and care teaches faith, and press of business makes us look out for minutes to give to God, and disappointment is a special messenger to summon our thoughts to heaven. Seek not to run away from these things. Learn God's lesson in them, and you will cease to call them trying."

PRAYER.



I WISH to talk about prayer; to instill into your youthful minds the fact that God does and will answer prayer, when put up to him in faith; that if we are living faithful to him, and in the discharge of every known duty, we can then pray in faith, and receive answer to the same.

I wish to relate a circumstance that occurred with me in 1844, soon after I embraced the gospel—soon after the martyrdom of our beloved prophet and patriarch. A brother and sister by the name of Lincoln, who had a short time before obeyed the same precious faith, wished to move from White Pigeon, Michigan, to a place in Indiana, about thirty-six miles distant. I had two yoke of steers, with which I assisted in moving this family. One day I turned my steers in the woods to graze, watching them through the day and yarding them at night. Before night, one of my steers strayed off. I was now in sore trouble, having this steer to find, and the others to watch, that they did not get away. I hunted nearly all next day, but could find nothing of my missing ox.

Before night I was in exceeding trouble; and several times during the day I kneeled in prayer in the woods. I could not find old "Brin," but I believed that the Lord knew where he was, and that he could direct my steps, or cause him to return to me. About sundown, or a little after, I saw old "Brin" at a great distance, coming on a fast walk, with his head up and a looing. I was glad when I saw him, and not only felt like praying, but I felt like thanking the name of the Lord, that he had turned my trouble and sorrow into joy and gladness; for if I could not say "the dead was alive," I could truly say that "the lost was found."

My steer returned, and I then believed that God had done it in answer to my prayer. Nor have I ever had an occasion, or a desire to change that belief. Why not? Does not the Bible say that, "I will not withhold any good thing from them that walk uprightly." I was then trying to walk uprightly; having obeyed the gospel about nine months before. Again I read: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, in faith believing, ye shall receive." I did ask. I prayed in faith; and thank the Lord, he did not turn me away empty. I did receive.

O, how good and great is the Lord our God; good to hear his children when they cry unto him, and great (having all power) to answer their prayers. If the Lord hears the little ravens when they cry for food, will he not hear his children, the Saints? Yes, and their children, the Hopes of Zion, when they come to him in prayer, and take him at his word?

Then, dear children, as we have such a kind Father, and such a loving Savior, let us strive to live worthy of them, and to merit their favor; and as they have granted us the privilege to come to them in prayer, let us improve the opportunity; let us come boldly before him and say: "Father, thou hast not

only given us the privilege of coming to thee in prayer; but thou hast bade us to express our wants before thee; then O Lord, thou wilt not turn us away empty."

W. R. CALHOON.

THE GARDEN SPIDER.

THINK those of my young friends who have been in the garden on a fine autumn morning, must have noticed the beautiful web of the garden spider, like a fairy wheel which the early frost has studded all over with diamonds, making a far more attractive looking trap than that of her homely cousin, the house spider.

A little examination will show you that the two webs are made in a very different way, for whilst the house spider throws her threads loosely and irregularly together, the garden spider arranges hers in lines and circles at carefully measured distances, just as if she held in her wonderful hands a tiny pair of invisible compasses.

I dare say some of you boys, who are just beginning to learn Euclid, and have found out how difficult it is to draw circles, would be glad if our little friend could impart to you her power of making them so perfectly; for she has earned for herself the name of the Geometrical spider.

If you watch her at work you will see that she begins by pressing her spinnerets against the branch of some shrub till she draws out a long silky line, which the wind soon wafts to another branch, where it is fastened by the gum at the end of it; then, like the house spider, she walks over it again and again, each time adding a thread, till it becomes a strong cord; then she throws out another and another, till the framework of her web is complete. The shape of this framework she leaves to the fancy of the wind, which sometimes blows the threads so as to form a triangle, but more generally an irregular four-sided figure.

In the middle of one of the outside cords the little wheelright begins her work by placing there a drop of the gummy fluid from her spinnerets, which she draws out into a straight thread, at the end of which she lets herself down till she reaches a lower branch, where she fastens it. This done, she runs back again up the little ladder, and spins till the outside cord is reached again. Walking along the edge for some little distance, she drops some more gum and continues her course, spinning her threads all the time. As she goes on, she every now and then gives the line a little push with her hind legs, to prevent its getting entangled with the cords of the framework. When she gets opposite the place where she began to spin, she gives the long straggling thread a hard jerk, which pulls it tight across the first line.

Running to the point where the two lines cross one another, the little creature sends on to the outer lines of the web the spokes of her delicate wheel. In less time than it takes you to read about it, she has made all these spokes, carefully pulling each to see if it is

firm; and now begins the work of making those beautiful circles which you often see. A little drop of gum fastens the circle to each of the lines, and the spider also takes care to leave some among the threads of the web, to catch the feet of the flies and other insects who enter her trap. When all is finished to her satisfaction, the busy worker bites out the piece in the center of the web, where all the lines have met; and seating herself there, she rests from her work and watches for her prey. If any friend wishes to visit her, she must give notice of her approach by gently pulling one of the threads of the web, which is her way of asking, "May I come in?"

If the occupant of the web does not feel disposed to be disturbed, I am sorry to tell you that she will run angrily out and fight and chase her visitor; for garden spiders, with all their good qualities, are frequently troubled with bad tempers, so that they are very disagreeable neighbors.

And now, as we take leave of the little spider, let us learn from her to be patient, careful and independent in our work, whatever it may be; but let us see to it that we do not, like her, become so taken up with our own doings, as to be selfish and unkind to others; for no amount of mere cleverness will ever win us love.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—No. 5.

PRESTON CLARK watched his friend George closely, but found nothing in the manner of either Miss Stratton or George to contradict the story of her rejecting him. At a lull in the chat, George proposed that they have a song or two, as he remembered that Preston used to be fond of music. His sister sat down to the organ, and Miss Stratton and George accompanied her in some very pretty songs. Preston discovered that Miss Stratton had an even, fair, smooth voice, and sang well. Of course the pieces were simple, and required not much skill; but the quiet, self-possessed air of the young lady was in striking contrast to the manner of the young misses whom he was accustomed to see. She sang easily, without effort, and with such an evident sense of enjoyment, that somehow he felt a new impulse awaken within him. This young work-woman, whose history he had heard the night before, was a lady by nature and by culture. She was not beautiful; she did not giggle and laugh when spoken to, nor when speaking in answer to questions, or observations made to her. She did not even appear to be conscious that he was observing her. She was simply a young woman who respected herself, knew what she was about, and minded her own business.

The evening was passed agreeably; and being Saturday night, Preston learned that Miss Stratton would remain a visitor at the house until Sunday evening, her employer having consented to permit her a day out, as it was called.

Preston Clark was glad of this. He said so to himself a dozen times on his way back

to the hotel from George's rooms, at the close of the visit; and yet when he asked himself why he was glad, he could hardly say. This Boadicea Stratton was only a hired girl, doing housework for her daily support. That she was a capable cook he had some reason to believe; he had proven it that day. That she was cultivated in manner, he had seen; and that she was quite different to the majority of the girls of his acquaintance he surely felt. Well, what of that? He could not tell. He sat in his room till near midnight, thinking the events of the day over; but before retiring he again took something from his breast pocket, and indulged in a little subdued mirth. If it had been daylight, and folks about, he would have laughed out loud; but he did not care to awaken those who might be asleep. He slept very soundly, and was waked next morning by a rap at the door, and in answer to his cheery "Come in," in walked his friend George.

"Preston, get up, and get your breakfast. I have something for you that you will like, I am sure. After breakfast come over to my room directly. Don't delay," and he was off.

Of course Mr. Clark had nothing to do but to do as his friend bade him; more especially as he had nothing else that he cared to do, and was curious to learn what his friend had so on hand that was important. So he dressed, went down into the dining room, ate his meal, and walked over to his friend's room. There he found George already dressed and prepared to go out. On asking what was to be done, George told him that the firm for which he was working had sent him to the town of Colton, fifteen miles down the river, to carry a message of importance which could not be delayed.

"I know," says George, "that it is Sunday, and that your mother has been strict; but the day is fine, the road is picturesque, I have invited my sister and Miss Stratton and they have consented to go; I told them you would go, and I do not want you to say No."

"George," I am not going to say No." Nothing would give more pleasure, to-day, than just such a trip. And do you know, I am impressed to make the acquaintance of this sensible girl of yours, for reasons of my own; which reasons, I assure you, are honorable. So I shall go with you."

They were soon on the way. The day was indeed lovely; the road ran along the bank of the river the whole of the way. The road was indeed, as George had said, picturesque. There was a constant succession of gentle curve and sweep; banks gently sloping away to the far off hills, covered with the luxuriant foliage of the full Spring-time. Every turn in the way was a new delight. The weather was cool, and the breeze laden with fragrance from field and copse. They had a good team, and pleasant carriage.

George and his sister occupied the front seat, thus leaving Preston and Miss Stratton to occupy the back seat. The mother of George and his sister had put up a basket of luncheon, and the livery man from whom they procured the team had put in a sack of

oats for the horses, and they were going to stop by the side of the stream on their way back, and dine. George said he knew of a splendid spot for such a dinner. Everything was calculated to make the trip a very pleasant one indeed.

Preston Clark was not, as a rule, given to being bashful; nor had the company to which he was accustomed been of a sort to inspire one used to the ways of the fashionable world with that feeling; but when he found himself by the side of this brown-eyed, brown-haired, self-possessed woman, for the first time since his boyhood's embarrassment on declamation days, he was painfully embarrassed. Nor did this feeling pass until they had reached the village where their errand lay, and George had delivered his message, and they had returned to the place where they were to lunch.

DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

A FABLE.

"**I** AM hungry," said the Grave, "Give me food."

Death answered:

"I will send forth a minister of awful destruction, and you shall be satisfied."

"What minister will you send?"

"I will send alcohol. He shall go in the guise of food and medicine, pleasures and hospitality. The people shall drink and die."

And the grave answered:

"I am content."

And now the church bells began to toll, and the mournful procession to advance.

"Who are they bringing now?" said the Grave.

"Ah," said Death, "they are bringing a household. The drunken father aimed a blow at his wife. He killed the mother and her child together, and then dashed out his own life."

"And who," said the Grave, "comes next, followed by a train of weeping children?"

"This is a broken-hearted woman, who has long pined away in want, while her husband has wasted his substance at the tavern. And he, too, is borne behind, killed by the hand of violence."

"And who next?"

"A young man of generous impulses, who, step by step, became dissipated, and squandered his all. My agent turned him out to be frozen in the street."

"Hush!" said the Grave, "now I hear a wail of anguish that will not be silenced."

"Yes, it is the widow's cry. It is the only son of his mother. He spurned her love, reviled her warning, and a bloated corpse he comes to thee. And thus they came—further than the eye can reach, the procession crowds to thy abodes. And still lured by the enchanting cup which I have mingled, the sons of men crowd the paths of dissipation. Vainly they dream of escape, but I shut behind them the invisible door of destiny. They know it not, and with song and dance and riot, they hasten to thee, O Grave! Then I throw my fatal spell upon the new throngs of youth, and soon they too will be with thee."

IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

"It is no difference how a person is baptised, whether in sand, mud, or water." So said a Pedobaptist preacher. Well, my friend, if you prefer the mud you may have it; but don't, I beg of you, call it baptism. For my part, I prefer following the Savior, and being "buried with him in baptism." I believe Paul and his brethren had the same preference. You say sand was abundant in Judea, and water rather scarce—why didn't John, Jesus, and the disciples use sand instead of going into the water? It seems they made a difference, and it is here: Jesus has commanded immersion, and nothing else. However, if you are satisfied with the sand, or with having your brow moistened by a priest, or a few drops on you, it's your privilege; but, as I said before, don't, call it baptism—an institution of the gospel. But I may be mistaken about your meaning. Probably you meant sprinkling with water. If I am correct, you are right; for there is no difference between sprinkling with sand or water—they are both the inventions of men, and one is as good as the other.

BE NOT IDLE.

ONE great power rules the world, as it always has done and will do—the power of labor. For labor conquers all things. Everything we do has to have a certain amount of labor expended on it, to bring it to a state of perfection. However difficult it may appear, however impossible it may seem to be, remember if you attack it with energy, and labor with all your might, your efforts will be crowned with success. Inventive man, by the aid and application of labor, wins for himself a name that will always be honored, respected and remembered by his fellow citizens.

It has been truly said that no excellence is obtained without labor. Few persons conversant with the world, have failed to discover that in the race of life, men of moderate means and attainments frequently outstrip competitors endowed equally by the smiles of fortune and gifts of genius. Difference of talent has little to do with it; the power of steady, unabated labor excels all gifts of genius; and he who would succeed in life, must labor constantly.

MEN WANTED.

Boys, young men, read the following: The great want of this age is men—men who are not for sale—who are honest, sound from center to circumference, true to the heart's core—men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole—men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels—men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye—men that neither brag nor run—men that neither flag nor flinch—men who can have courage without shouting on it—men in whom everlasting life runs deep and strong—men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets, but who will not fail

nor be discouraged till judgment be not in the earth—men who know their message, and tell it—men who know their places, and fill them—men who mind their own business—men who will not lie—men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor—men who are willing, and wear what they have paid for.

NEED OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

SUPPOSE we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us they intended to batter it down, we might ask them, "How?" They point to a cannon ball. "Well, but there is no power in that; it is heavy, but no more than a hundred weight. If all the men in the army hurled it against the fort they would make no impression." They say, "No! but look at the cannon." "Well, but there is no power in that: a child may ride upon it; a bird may perch in its mouth; it is a machine and nothing more." "But look at the powder." "Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may peck it." Yet this powerless ball is put in the powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon-ball is a thunder-bolt which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So it is with our church machinery of this day; we have all the instruments for pulling down strongholds, and oh, for the baptism of fire.

"If you can not cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.

If you can not rouse the wicked,
With the Judgment's dread alarms:
You can lead the little children,
To the Savior's waiting arms."

Letters from the Hopes.

CRESTON, Iowa, May 9th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I have often thought I would like to write to you, but being afraid that I would crowd another letter from the HOPE, have failed to do so. I think it a very interesting little paper. Do you think we all try to live by the teachings of the HOPE? We ought to. Sometimes I know that we do things that we ought not; but I think if we are watchful and prayerful, the Lord will forgive and help us to overcome those little faults of ours. Be kind to your parents. Oh! how often I think, what would I and my two little girls do if it were not for my parents.

Let us hear from Uncle John again; his advice is so good. I think he lives in Cameron, Missouri. I was baptized last October by Bro J. M. Terry, who was here and preached a while to us. We would be pleased to welcome him or any other good Elder at any time. We do not have the privilege of going to Sabbath School, and only once in a great while to Saints' meeting. I will send the names of five persons who agree to pay ten cents a month for the Zion's Hope Fund: Ada Bullard, Sadie Bullard, Nancy Brooks, Ida Brooks, Bell Bullard.

NANCY A. BROOKS.

STOCKDALE, Texas, April 30th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I feel an interest in "Uncle John's" home; but not where he lives now. He has only given the question to puzzle us. Where does he live? Well, I can't tell where his present home is; but from the reading of his letters I think he spends most of his life in God's vineyard, and his future home is what I wish to write about. I believe "Uncle John" has the Spirit of truth

with him; and, therefore, he has a home not made with hands,—a home our Savior has prepared for those that love him and keep his commandments. I don't know where "Uncle John" lives, at present; but I think he will tell us by and by.

Little Hopes, do let us take our uncle's good advice, and suffer ourselves to be imposed upon a little, rather than to get mad, for we are no better than Jesus, and he was insulted many times. Now I fear this will find its way in the scrap basket; but I will write to you any way. Then let us take "Uncle John's" advice, and live better than ever before, by Jesus' help. And if we'll try to live right

Our Savior then will bless us, too,
All danger he will guide us through;
Give us His Spirit to lead us right,
Bless us with love and gospel light.

Lead us aright where e'er we go,
Make straight our paths here below;
And if we'll work, watch, and pray,
In heaven then he'll let us stay.

Many of us little Saints, I know,
Will never see "Uncle John" below;
His good advice then let us take,
And ask God's help for Jesus' sake.

O, may we each and every one,
In Heaven meet our "Uncle John";
The Savior's glory may we share
Is your humble servant's prayer.

J. A. C.

(Write again, Bro. "J. A. C."—we like your letter).

KINMUNDY, Illinois, May 9th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: As it is my first attempt to write to you, I don't know as I can write a very long letter. I am twelve years old, and was baptized December 21st, by Bro. William Brewer. We have Sunday School here; our branch numbers fifteen, and we have Saints' meeting on Sunday and on Wednesday; I like to go to Sunday School, and I think that I would be very lonesome without it. I for one do not drink tea or coffee. Pa and ma and I belong to the Church. I desire the prayers of all the Saints that I may hold out faithful as a good soldier of Christ, and have a part in the first resurrection. As ever, your sister in the bonds of peace,

MARY BARRON.

FRANKLIN, Mass., May 6th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I have written to you once before, and that was while I was at Plainville. There I first heard of this Church and saw the HOPE, for which I am now a subscriber. Perhaps you would like to know how I paid for it? Last Summer, while I was away, I wanted to take the HOPE very much; so Ora and I picked huckleberries and blackberries; then we went out and sold them. That is the way I earned it. In the last number I saw a statement that girl was mentioned but once in the Bible. That is true; but how many times is girls mentioned? I will close now, asking you to pray for me.

LIZZIE M. KING.

BLOOMING PRAIRIE, Iowa, May 4th, 1881.

Brother Joseph: I dreamed we were going to prayer-meeting, to Bro. Chatfield's, and I saw two angels; one was very beautiful, and was going into a large mansion; he stopped and looked at us. But the other angel was dark, and went in a black cloud. It is my desire to be a good boy, so when Christ comes, I may be numbered with those bright angels that will come with him. I love to read the HOPE. Pray for me.

JOSEPH CARLSON.

1 June 81.

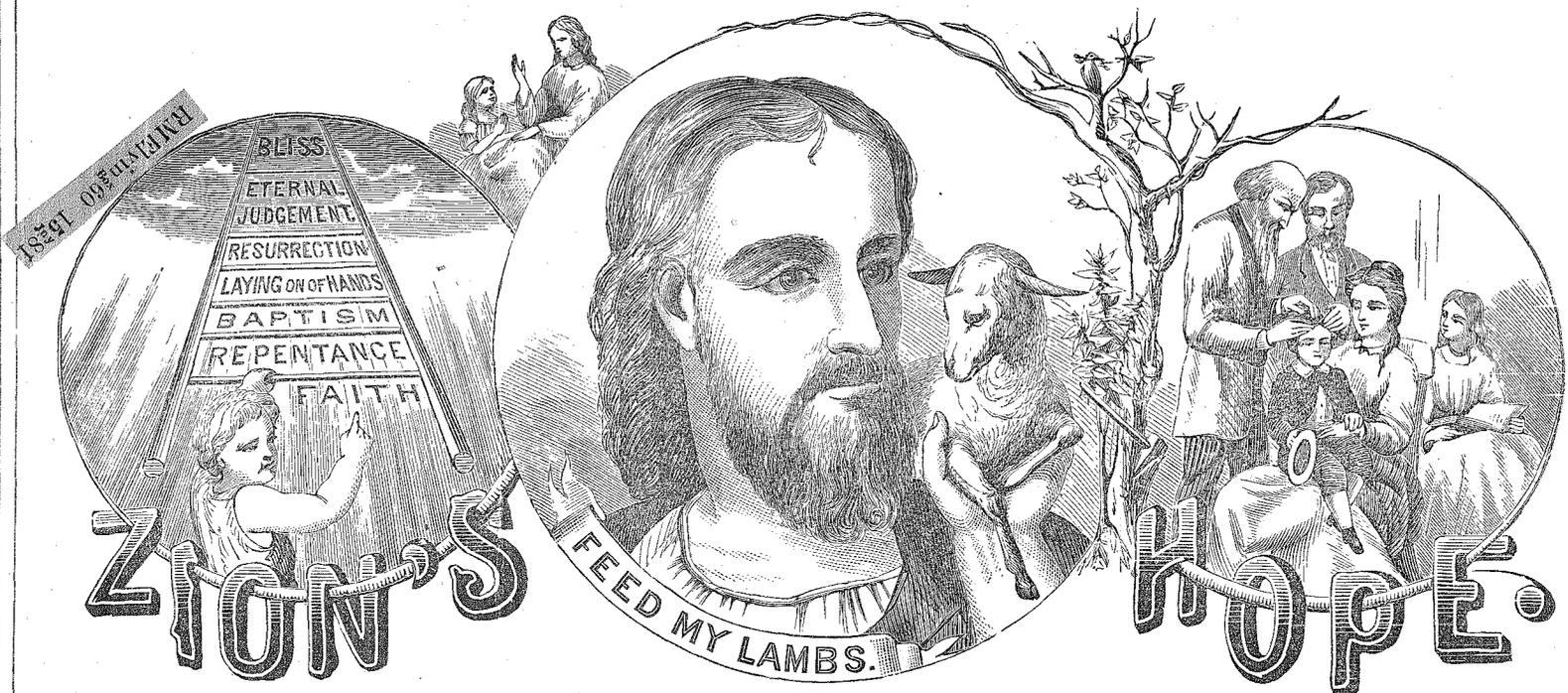
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

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.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith, Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents, and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20:11.

GATHER THE LITTLE ONES INTO THE FOLD.

GATHER the little ones into the fold,
Ere the dark'ning shadows fall;
Before the dread serpent's deadly folds
Shall their little hearts enthral.—
Before the prowling wolf of sin
Shall close its fierce red jaws
On our loved ones; gather them in,
And save them from its woes.

Gather the little ones into the fold,
While the heart is pure and free
From the dross that mars the precious gold,
As it marr'd both you and me—
Before the precious soul is stained
With the damning blot of sin.
Let each sinew and nerve be strained
To gather the loved ones in.

Gather the little ones into the fold,
For the wolf is prowling near;
Eager to prey on those precious souls,
Who to Jesus are so dear.
Fold not your arms, while they learn to tread
The slippery paths of sin.
O! save them from a doom so dread,
Tenderly gather them in.

Gather the little ones into the fold,
'Tis the Shepherd's voice that calls;
He would His little ones behold
Safe within those sacred walls.
The task is ours; shall we heedless be,
And leave them a prey to sin?
O, lead their feet in the narrow way!
Lovingly gather them in.

CHARLES DERRY.

MAGNOLIA, IOWA, May 24th, 1881.

NOTE.—The Boy's Convention, published some months ago, was an unfinished story. Illness prevented the sequel being written immediately. But we now present it to the readers of the HOPE, and trust our true position is made clear, even to the satisfaction of those who may have had just cause to criticise.—PERLA WILD.

WHAT THE GIRLS DID.

BY PERLA WILD.

"**S**AY, Lib Perry, wait a minute," called out Florence Sterling, as Lib was passing by one evening.

"I say wait, won't you."

Lib turned back. "Well; what is wanting, I wonder," replied Lib. "Anything special."

"Yes, Lib Perry, something special," she said, coming up and putting her hand through Lib's arm. "Ugh! how chill the wind is. Let's stand close by this great tree for a wind break, while I talk. There, that's better. Now, Lib, you know the Warrens have had so much trouble. Since Mr. Warren's death, which was about New Year's, Angie has had

the scarlet fever, Mrs. Warren sprained her ankle, and the baby had the croup. And now to crown their list of woes, Nick Warren has broken his arm."

"Oh dear," sighed Lib, ruefully. "How terrible, to be sure. But did you just want to tell me this. I knew all of it before. Though I hadn't summed it all up."

"Why, Lib," sniffed Florence, "you must think me a dunce. Of course that isn't all. The Warren's last cow died the other day."

"Well; I heard of that, too," replied Lib.

"And they are very poor, and need help. That's what I'm coming to," said Florence.

"Oh, ah, indeed?" replied Lib.

"Yes," Flo Sterling continued, "they need help, and I believe we can do something. Don't look so surprised. I know we can help them if we try. Mother says I may do anything reasonable that I wish, in the matter. I thought I'd talk to you first, and we'd arrange our plans, and then get some of the other girls to help us."

"I'm sure I don't know what we can do. I'm willing enough; but it's hard times, and father's had the rheumatism most all Winter, and"

"Oh, you needn't begin to beg off," cried Flo, impatiently. "I just want you to help fix up and plan; and work, maybe. I'll find everything to do with. But, ugh!" she shivered. "It's too cold out here. Let's go in, a few minutes."

"No, I can't; I'm in a hurry. I've got to finish my new dress to wear to Sunday School to-morrow."

"Never mind the new dress," cried Flo Sterling. "Wear your old one, when we've got something so important on hand."

Lib looked at Flo in disgust, then drew away from her. "You can say so, when you've a dozen nice ones. Good evening." And away she tripped.

Flo turned to go into the house, tears of disappointment and pain dimming her sight. Some one caught her round the waist, and a voice behind her said, "Guess who it is."

Florence dashed away her tears. "It's Olive Smith, I know," and she drew the girl around beside her. "I'm so glad, Olive. I wanted to talk to some of you girls, and we're so busy I haven't time to go away, and Lib got her nose turned up and wouldn't listen."

"Maybe I won't, Flo, if you don't quit using slang. You know we were all going to stop it."

"Well, come in a minute; that isn't slang, is it?"

"No, Florence; but I really can't. I'm going to Mrs. Warren's with a basket of things mother sends her, and it's Saturday night and"

"And you must stop, though," interrupted Flo Sterling. "I've got to talk to some one, and Lib wouldn't, so you must listen. Oh Paul! hey, I say; Paul, come here quick."

Paul Sterling came very slowly toward the gate, near which the girls were standing.

"Say, Paul," began Flo, "are you very busy? If not, won't you please carry Olive's basket over to Mrs. Warren's, and tell her good Mrs. Smith sent it and—you tell him Olive. For you see, Paul, I have to talk to Olive about you know what,—and she's in a hurry. Do, there's a precious brother."

"Humph!" replied Paul. "As if I were a baby to be coaxed. But what's the message, madam?" lifting the basket from the ground.

So Olive told him, though reluctantly, and consented to stay with Flo till he returned, if he'd hurry.

"Shan't promise," he remarked, as he sauntered leisurely away.

"Now, Olive," exclaimed Flo, as soon as they were seated by the fire, "what we want is to get up a grand surprise party. Each one of us girls and boys give something, or help fix something, and get together some night next week and carry the things all to Mrs. Warren's, and stay a little while, and eat our supper with them, and chat and sing, and then come home"

"Capital!" cried Olive. "Oh, won't it be nice. I'm ready to do anything I can."

And so the girls talked and planned and arranged till Paul came back. Then parted; Olive hurrying away home, and Flo joining her mother in the kitchen. Several times during the afternoon Mrs. Sterling noticed that Florence paused as if lost in thought. This was unusual. And she was silent, too, which was an unheard of mood for Flo, for she was a real little chatterbox, and always talking or singing at her work.

"Look, Florence, your iron is burning that towel. You're not dreaming, are you?" cried Mrs. Sterling.

Flo started, caught up the flat iron, and went rapidly to work, smoothing the towels she was ironing. But a brown, crisped, triangular spot marked the place where the heated iron had remained just a minute too long.

"No; I'm not dreaming, mother," rubbing away briskly enough now; "but trying to,—to,—say, mamma dear, is my new brown dress all done?"

"Why, yes, child; what a question. As if you didn't know we finished it yesterday."

Flo blushed and hesitated, well nigh singeing another towel. Then without looking up, she said timidly, "Would you let me do just what I please with it?"

"With what, Florence? Your dress? Yes, child—unless you please to do some foolish thing."

"Don't you think I'm almost as big as Libby Perry, mother?" Then a pause. "Would you care very much if I gave away my new dress; if I wouldn't ask for another very soon?"

Mrs. Sterling was making nut cakes, and grew so abstracted that she twisted the bit of dough she was holding, till it broke in three, and one fragment fell on the floor, which Kitty Flossy pounced upon, and ate with a "mew" for "thank you," and a "mew" for "please, another piece."

"Give away the new dress that you've never worn? Why, what has come over the child?"

"Yes, mamma, dear; give away the dress I've never worn. If I'd worn it, the one I gave it to would be wearing my old dress, you know. Some one would know."

"Do just as you please, my child," replied the mother. "You've plenty of dresses, and good enough, without that one. But whom do you wish to give it to?"

Then Flo blushed as she related the conversation between herself and Lib Perry, and dwelt on the careless, thoughtless manner in which she had spoken, when she knew that Lib really hadn't a decent dress, only she didn't think, then. Now she knew that Lib had been hurt, and offended by her careless words, and to make amends she wished to go over this evening and take the dress to Lib, that she might have it to-morrow. And maybe she would remember to be careful hereafter, if she punished herself by giving up her new dress.

The tea things were put away early, and Lib Perry sat rocking an uneasy baby, while mother bathed the father's rheumatic joints, at the Perry cottage.

"Dear!" sighed Lib, impatiently. "Why don't you go to sleep. You're a real little nuisance, any way."

Mother didn't hear her; she was talking to father; but brother Joe did.

"That's so, sis; baby's a little nuisance, 'cause she's a girl. And the bigger the girl the bigger the nuisance. Hey, Lib?"

"Oh dear, you're fearful smart, aren't you," snapped his sister, giving the baby a jerk that made it cry again. Mother saw and heard now, and spoke reprovingly.

"I don't care," cried Lib, "I never can do what I want to, or have anything like other girls. I wanted to sew some to-night, but"—

"Be patient, Elizabeth," and mother rubbed the swollen wrist of her husband, "I'll help you by and by."

"By and by it will be bed time," replied Lib, the tears filling her eyes. Just then there was a rap at the door, and Joe opened it and admitted Paul Sterling. But he would not sit down; he called to leave a parcel that Flo had sent, and to ask if Joe wouldn't like to go to the post office with him. Joe obtained permission, and the two boys went out together. Lib took the bundle and laid it on a chair beside her without opening it. Mother helped father to bed and took the fidgety, half sick baby into her own loving arms, and Lib flung herself on the lounge and sobbed silently. After awhile baby went to sleep, and then her mother drew her chair close to the light and sat down to sew on a pretty dark print dress that was nearly completed. Joe came in presently, and still Lib lay on the lounge.

"Hey, Queen Bess, asleep are you. 'Tisn't bed time yet. Say, sis, what did you get in your bundle. Paul said he didn't know anything about it. I'm going to see."

The loud tones wakened Lib, who had cried herself to sleep, and she sprang up excitedly. "Oh? I forgot. But you just let it alone, Joe Perry."

"Well; tell a fellow what's in it then. 'Tisn't a secret, is it?" he queried.

"I don't know; I haven't looked," she replied. And when she did look, and the paper was undone, lo! a neat, rich brown dress, all finished nicely with inlaid buttons, which were then just introduced, and which Lib had longed for, but never expected to get. A note pinned to one sleeve begged Libby to forgive Florence Sterling for her thoughtless words, and accept the dress and wear it to please her. Now Lib wept again for joy. And Joe declared that Flo Sterling was the jolliest girl in the county. Wished he was a girl. Wondered how 'twould look on him. And proceeded to pull the pretty garment over his curly head, and thrust his arms into the sleeves.

"Oh! 'twon't button, hey. And what's that bunch of ribbon on there for. And say, sis, where's all the pockets. I can't find but one, and that's behind there."

"Do take it off, Joe;" exclaimed Lib, smiling through her tears. You've got it on wrong side front. And there isn't only one pocket, of course. And that's right if you wear the dress right. And mamma," Lib's

lip quivered, "forgive me for speaking so of baby. I was very naughty, and don't deserve such a nice dress. And do, please, put away that one, and go to bed and rest you; I know you're very tired."

"You're an angel, Flo Sterling," cried Lib Perry the next morning, as they met on the steps of the Church. "And I'm so thankful, and so ashamed and sorry for what I did."

"Hush, Lib, you oughtn't talk so. It isn't right."

"Why not," replied Lib, "an angel is a ministering spirit. And you minister to the wants of others. You're an earth angel."

To be continued.

DRIFTWOOD.

By MYRTLE GREY.

IT was a pleasant afternoon in February. Mrs. Nelson had drawn her rocking chair to the south window, and with her knitting in her hand, had just seated herself in the warm rays of the Winter's sun, when there came a knock on the door. The old lady rose, and with a glance at her apron, to see if it was straight, another in the glass to adjust the snowiest of lace caps, she opened the door.

"Well; land sakes! if it aint Sister Brown! Do come in."

"Yes; I just told Semanthy, after dinner, I'd a great mind to run over to Sister Nelson's, and says she, 'do, mother, and I'll do the work as good as you can,' and when I get back I expect I shan't know which way to turn, for she'd be movin' and movin' all the time, if I'd let her."

"That's the sign of an unsettled mind, they say," said Mrs. Nelson, taking her visitor's wraps and putting them on the bed, in a tiny little room.

"That's just what I tell Samanthy; but she only laughs, and says I'm so old-fashioned, and complains about me not letting her tidies be, so when I'm gone I expect she'll get out every one on 'em; but I can't see no use of havin' the fiddlin' things around, so I just tuck 'em away every chance I git." And she laughed a pleasant little laugh as she seated herself in a chair opposite Mrs. Nelson.

"Well; I can't see the sense in such things either; but you know, girls is girls; an' I remember when I was a girl, I took no end of pride in a nice skein of yarn of my own makin', and I 'spose girls now a days think just as much of their fancy things, and you know, sister, we are old-fashioned in their eyes."

"Yes; I was tellin' Semanthy, when I was a girl I used to make the nicest patchwork quilts, all red an' green an' yeller, an' the evenest pats of butter, an' all my tins was as bright as a lookin' glass, an' the floor:—but my sakes! girls is no more like they was in them times, than chalk an' cheese is now." And a great sigh escaped her as she thought of the degeneration of the times.

"We must make some allowance for them," replied Mrs. Nelson, picking up a stitch and replacing it on the needle, "there's so much more to attract them than there was in our time; we all lived plainer and dressed simpler."

"As I was tellin' Semantha that—but look! there's Squire Hadley's wife, an' she's a turnin' in here too."

And two pairs of inquisitive eyes were looking out of the window at the approaching visitor.

"My! look at them silks an' furs! I was tellin' Semantha only the other day"—but the knock on the door interrupted the good woman, and Mrs. Nelson rose to admit the new comer.

Mrs. Brown greeted the lady pleasantly, while Mrs. Nelson invited her to be seated, with a mystified air that plainly said: "I wonder what brought you here."

"A very beautiful day, ladies," said Mrs. Hadley, affably, "and I concluded to take this opportunity for making a few calls. You see," she proceeded, as Mrs. Nelson was on the point of speaking, "I am one of a committee appointed by our church to take up a subscription for the heathen."

"Ah?" ejaculated Mrs. Brown; "I believe I did hear Semantha say something about it; but it slipped my memory."

"Well now!" exclaimed Mrs. Nelson, with more relief in her tone than the situation called for.

"We are all greatly interested in this question, and want to push the work forward as rapidly as possible."

"But the heathen—what heathen, may I ask?" inquired Mrs. Nelson.

"Why the heathen in foreign lands, to be sure."

"What are you going to do with the money you collect?"

Mrs. Hadley looked at Mrs. Brown with a mixture of intense surprise and pity for her ignorance.

"Buy tracts and bibles to send them, of course. Now ladies; I've headed the list with five dollars. I don't expect you to give that much; but as Christians it is our duty to give something. Mrs. Nelson, how much shall I put you down for," drawing forth a blank book and pencil. Then noting that lady's silence, she said: "You can afford to give something, even if it is at a slight sacrifice. Now you can give the price of the dress you have on, truly; with a glance at the old lady's clean starched calico.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mrs. Nelson, "I'll give the price of the dress I have on"—and she paused, while Mrs. Hadley quickly wrote her name—"if you'll give the price of the dress you have on."

The lady gazed in astonishment, while Mrs. Brown sat smiling behind her handkerchief.

"It's fair enough; for one dollar to me is more than thirty to you."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "and Semantha said thirty dollars was cheap for such a dress."

Then her dress had been talked of, and that was some comfort, for she knew they were all jealous of her, she said to herself, then aloud: "But, ladies, really if we would only try to realize the awful condition of the poor heathen groping in darkness, we would not hesitate to each one of us throw in our little

mites." Thinking she had gotten out of it quite cleverly.

"We can find the heathen nearer,—
Find them at our very door,"

quoted Mrs. Nelson, with a sly glance at Mrs. Brown, which sent that lady behind her handkerchief again. "That reminds me," she said, "of the story Semantha read in the paper the other day."

Both ladies looked up inquiringly.

"I don't know as I can tell it exactly straight; but anyhow, it was in New York, an' some boys had caught a Chinee an' hung him over a sign, on one of the back streets, by his long braid, an' built a fire under his feet, which were just above the ground, an' there the poor feller hung, a screamin' an' a wigglin', when some men come along an' took him down. The Chinee jest looked at his blistered feet, an' then at the boys, an' says he, 'Poor Chinaman, heathen. Melican boys muchee civilized. Chinaman no wantee be civilized—Chinaman stay heathen.'"

Mrs. Nelson smiled, at which Mrs. Hadley looked at her severely.

"Am I to put you down on the list, ladies?"

"Well, no; you needn't mind it," answered Mrs. Nelson; "the fact is we have missionaries all over the world, who leave their homes an' without purse or script go to preach the gospel to all nations; an' what little I have to spare shall go to them who need it bad enough. What do you say, Sister Brown?"

"My sentiments, exactly."

"To what church do you belong?" asked Mrs. Hadley, freezingly.

"The Church of Latter Day Saints," was the quick response.

"You don't belong to that bigoted set, do you? If I'd known that, I'd not stayed as long as I have. Good afternoon, ladies."

And as she left the room, her silken robes rustled like oak leaves in Autumn.

Concluded in our next.

MORAL COURAGE IN DAILY LIFE.

"MORAL Courage" was printed in large letters as the caption of the following items, and placed in a conspicuous place on the door of a systematic merchant in New York, for constant reference, and furnished by him for publication:

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent that you should do so.

Have the courage to own that you are poor and thus disarm poverty of its sting.

Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to credit him.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable

acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle—a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities but not with his vices.

Have courage to show your respect for honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage, in providing an entertainment for your friends, not to exceed your means.

Have the courage to insure the property in your possession, and thereby pay your debts in full.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.



T occurs to me that it has been some time since I have written to the HOPE, and I thought I would improve the time while here. It may seem strange that my articles are written sometimes from Shenandoah, sometimes from Red Oak, and others from Richmond. But I am in business that requires me to travel considerable. I am not preaching much, only as circumstances permit. But I want to relate a true story. Before doing so, I will refer to a passage of Scripture; you may find it: "Forget not to entertain strangers, for some have entertained angels [saints] unawares."

Not long since there was a young man, only about eighteen years of age, came to a sister's house, and asked for something to eat. As tramps are quite numerous, she was in the habit of turning them away, thinking they had better go to work. But there was something very peculiar about this young man's appearance, so much so that she began to inquire why he was tramping around the country, without money or friends, and if he could not get work.

He stated that he was trying to find an uncle in Missouri, and he had got on the wrong road, (the high waters had thrown him out of his course); also that he had a trade, and when he got through he would be all right.

She then asked him if he would saw some wood.

He said Yes; anything to get something to eat.

She then said, As you are willing to work, I will give you some food, which she did.

After he ate it, he sawed all the wood he could find in the yard, and put it in the wood house.

While he was doing that, the good sister prepared him a lunch to take on the way with him, at the same time wrapping it up in two HOPES, handed it to him, and told him when he ate the lunch she would like for him to read the papers.

He looked at the papers, and turned pale,

and looked confused, and said: "I have seen those papers before."

The sister asked him, "What are they?"

He said "Latter Day Saint's papers."

She asked, "What do you know about Latter Day Saints?"

He said: "I ought to know something about them, my father and mother both belong to the Church;" and he began to cry, asking if she was a Latter Day Saint.

She said yes.

He then said, "If I had known this, I never would have stopped here."

She told him that if he was a Saint he was far more welcome than if he had been a tramp.

He said it would be such a disgrace for his parents to know that he was tramping around in that manner; and continued to weep bitterly every time he referred to his parents.

He refused to give his name, as he did not want to be known; and insisted that she should take the HOPES' back. He admitted that he belonged to the Church, and had not always done as he should.

The sister told him, that whatever he did, not to give up his religion; and if he wanted to correspond with some of the Saints, she would give him their address, which she did; but she could not find out his name. No doubt he will always remember the sister's kindness, and how curiously he was led to a Latter Day Saint's house in so large a city. There were only two families of Saints in the town.

This is a true story, and I hope you will not forget it. Remember, "Forget not to entertain strangers," &c. I will sign my name this time; but will hereafter be known as "Uncle Jim of Shenandoah."

RED OAK, IOWA.

J. R. BADHAM.

THE PERFECT BOOK.

WHEN the great Scott lay dying, he spoke to Lockhardt "My son: read to me." "What shall I read?" asked Lockhardt. "My son, there is but one Book," was the quick reply.—The dying sage spoke deeper truth than he knew. All other books take inferior rank. In dignity and pre-eminence it is *the Book*.—

I am here to assert that this is a perfect book; and to remind you as well that this is the only book that is perfect. Books necessarily have growth. It is the law of the human that it should begin and progress by development, through attrition, by friction, comparing of minds, training of the schools. Brains have worn out, lives have worn out, in building up systems and knowledge. One mind after another attains prominence and all the world runs after Darwin and Huxley. Another age comes and takes the atom of truth that is evolved and builds with it, and thus the grand structure rises, the great temple of truth is reared while the men retire. A book in fifteen or twenty years retires to the shelf. They may be found in the minister's study, or in great libraries. They leave here and there a seed that grows into a tree. Here is a book that never dies; not a leaf withers, nor a twig or stem is severed; it stands as it

came from its Creator, showing it was born not of a human but of a divine brain. This is not declamation. I challenge an hundred of the wisest men asked to produce an ethical system, teaching duty toward God and man, to produce a system compared to this? They can never rise to the sweep and magnificence of its thought except they bow at its altar and drink of its fountain. I am not discouraged or distressed about the discussion that has assailed it ever since it came in contact with Gentile mind. Strong of root and in adhesiveness of fibre, like the oak strengthened by storms, it stands in defiant quietness.

THE ORIGIN OF "EASTER EGGS."

AT this season, Easter eggs, variously colored and decorated, are for sale in many of the shops, and are freely bought by children, and even by grown persons, though they may have no religious association or sympathy with Lent, or anything appertaining to it. The use of Pasch or Easter eggs is widely spread, and of very ancient date. It is supposed to have been, primarily, symbolical of the revivification of nature, the bursting forth of life in Spring. The practice is not, as many think, confined to Christians. The old Jews introduced eggs at the feast of the Passover, and the Persians, when they kept the solar festival of the New Year, during this month, are said to present one another with colored eggs. Christians usually consider eggs emblematic of the resurrection, and a future life. The feast of the eggs, as it is often named, has been generally observed in Britain for centuries. Visitors to the Tower of London may remember seeing a royal roll, of the time of Edward I., in which occurs an entry of eighteen pence for four hundred colored eggs, for presents. Children, in England, as well as here, have a game to test the strength of their eggs against the eggs of their companions. If they break another egg, they claim and receive it as a prize. In some parts of Europe, Easter eggs are kept by the lower orders as amulets or insurers of good luck. In certain moorland districts in Scotland, young people were once in the habit of going out early Easter Sunday, to search for wild fowls' eggs for breakfast, and to find them was deemed evidence of good fortune for the year. The coloring and purchase of eggs in this country to-day, shows how long a custom may outlast the feeling which has given it birth.

THE WREN'S NEST.

THE wrens, like various other small birds, can not bear that their nests or eggs should be touched; they are always disturbed and distressed by it, and sometimes even will desert their nest and eggs in consequence. On one occasion, therefore, a good, kind-hearted friend of every bird that builds, carefully put his finger into a wren's nest, during the mother's absence, to ascertain whether the young were hatched. On her return, perceiving that the entrance had been

touched, she set up a doleful lamentation, carefully rounded it again with her breast and wings, so as to bring everything into proper order, after which she and her mate attended to their young. These particular young ones, only six in number, were fed by their parents two hundred and seventy-eight times in the course of a day. This was a small wren family; and if there had been twelve, or even sixteen, as is often the case, what an amount of labor and care the birds must have had! But they would have been equal to it, and merry all the time.

"For all these little creatures, which so lightly we regard, They love to do their duty, and they never think it hard."

GOD IS NEAR.

I hear no voice, I feel no touch,
I see no glory bright;
But yet I know that God is near,
In darkness as in light.

He watches ever by my side,
And hears my whispered prayer;
The Father for his little child
Both night and day doth care.

Letters from the Hopes.

COFFEYVILLE, Kansas.

Bro. Joseph: The Saints and children of the Mound Valley Branch organized a Sunday School on the 20th of March, and called it the Saints' Sabbath School. Bro. James L. Hart was chosen superintendent; and Bro. Charles K. Ryan, assistant, and Sr. Annie Ryan, secretary; and Sr. Mary J. Davis, treasurer; and Bro. R. H. Davis, Bible Class teacher. So far the average attendance is about twenty-five; all seem to take pleasure in searching the Scriptures, and finding verses to recite. We wish to tell the readers of the HOPE that the Saints of our little branch, both young and old, are striving to do good and live their holy religion, and we do love our ZIONS' HOPE, and like to read the letters so well; and I would like if those who have flower gardens, would tell us the names of some of the plants they grow, and what they are like; if they think they are pretty, and how they propagate them; if by seeds or cuttings. Ever praying for the welfare of all the Hopes. AN OLD HOPE.

OAKLAND, California, May 18th, 1881.

Dear HOPE: I thought I would write to you. I am eight years old. My father takes the HOPE. We have a good Sunday School. I have not been baptized yet. I soon will be. RUTH PHILLIPS.

DENVER, Colorado.

Dear Hopes: Having a little spare time I thought I would write a few lines to you. We are having very fine weather here; everything looks green and beautiful. We have no Sunday School here yet. Bro. James Kemp was here last Sunday, and he preached in the afternoon, and there were sixteen met together; we had quite a nice time. Dear Hopes pray for me that I may be saved in the kingdom of God. Your sister,

ELIZA J. STREET.

15 Jun. 81.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

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.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. Money may be sent by draft on Chicago, Post Office order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith, Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

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