

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

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No. 1.

BE WISE AND BEWARE.
BY ABEL.

Oh! when I was a little boy,
I had to watch and wait,
And study in the spelling book,
And write upon the slate;
They set for me a copy then,
A good one I declare,
The wording of my copy was:
"Be wise and beware."

CHORUS.—"Be wise and beware,
Of blotting take care,"
For blots are very hard to erase;
So write with hand steady,
Each line straight and steady,
In keeping life's record in its place.

I put the simple slate aside
When other duties came,
Yet still I find the maxim will
Apply to me the same;
Begin the record right and clear,
Preserve it so with care,
Of all that tends to make a blot
"Be wise and beware."

A brother's blot I must not mind,
It will not stain my page;
When I behold him make mistakes
I must not storm and rage;
But if I choose to speak to him
In gentleness, with care,
Of words that irritate I must
"Be wise and beware."

How easy we can keep good names,
How easy lose them too,
But ah! when lost, how very hard
To find good names anew;
Well prized when whole, not so when broke
Like ancient chinaware,
The slightest break is hard to mend,
"Be wise and beware."

APPRECIATION.

In looking over the files of the *Saints' Herald*, we find a "Plea for the Little Ones;" which was published on the 1st February, 1867, and signed "X." So far as we can learn, this seems to have been the starting point of anything being published by the Church in the interest of the children, and in a little over two years from that time, the first *Hope* was printed, and which has continued to grow in interest and usefulness ever since. From time to time, we will re-produce in the columns of the *Hope*, the articles which appeared in the *Herald Little Folks' Column*, from 1867 to July 1st, 1869, the time when the *Hope* was commenced.

And now my little friends, what shall be the subject of our pleasant chat?—The whole universe of God teems with beautiful and exhaustless themes—the earth upon which we live—the air we breath—the

grand old forests which supply us with comforts innumerable, even the blue dome stretching far above us, and the swift gliding streamlet, as it wanders down the mountain side or meanders through the flowery meadows and sweet green pastures where the cattle quench their thirst, and with their meek eyes, seem to thank God for all His mercies. Perhaps we feel very much as you would, if suddenly introduced into a shop full of rare and beautiful toys, and told to choose for yourself. You would look first at this one—then at that—your mind would be almost made up which to choose, when a new attraction would suddenly appear in some other, and you would be no nearer a decision than before. Just at this junction the opinion of a friend would benefit you greatly, helping you to decide, by causing you to feel that others appreciate the same object you yourself do. We all love to be appreciated don't we? When you have done a favor for one of your companions, how pleasant it is to see the bright sparkle of the eye, and hear the kindly spoken "thank you," you feel happy both because you have done a kind act, and because you know it has been appreciated. Yes, we all love to be appreciated, and from this simple fact we may learn a very important lesson, if we will. Do you my little friends, wish to secure the love of your companions, be grateful to them for the kindness they show to you—not only feel grateful to them, but manifest it by acts of kindness in return. Do you desire the love and esteem of your teacher? Then show by your actions that you are grateful for the care and labor they bestow upon you. Don't think they are paid by the few paltry dollars they receive, for all the care they take on your behalf. This is the mistake of a little mind, and if you would rise above all selfishness, you must never indulge it; but ever remember that next to your parents, you owe respect and gratitude to your teacher, and if you fail to secure their love, you are the loser, and I am sure in most cases the fault must be your own. We remember when we were a child, if a rare flower or any kind of fruit were given us at home, our highest ambition was to take it to our teacher, and we never remember once to have failed in getting our reward. Who is to be benefitted by your deportment being correct—by your lessons being well learned, and by your manners being refined? Your teacher? By no means! You and you alone are the debtor—show your gratitude then, show that you appreciate your teacher, for you know that you love to have all you do appreciated, and we don't blame you for it, God has implanted it in your nature, only we hope you will always remember to give the same to others, you wish to have

them bestow upon you, for it is very wrong, to ask for more than we are willing to give. We might call it a kind of stealing, and I am sure none of us would like to be dishonest, would we? And yet what is stealing? Why you answer me quickly, it is taking what belongs to another. Well now if we use the word—withholding, instead of taking—how then? Withholding what belongs to another, yes that is it. To your teacher belongs love, respect and obedience. Do you withhold either of these? We trust not, for if you have, you have turned aside from the path of right, and outside of that path are briars and thorns which will tear your clothes and scratch your flesh, and cause you to shed many bitter tears when it may be too late. Remember my little friends, that if you do wrong, it may wound those who love you, here; but in eternity it can injure no one but yourself—God will cause those to be happy who have loved Him and kept His commandments, though all others should be miserable; and you all know the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you!"

But here we have wandered, out of the toy shop, led on unawares by the simple word appreciated, and now our sheet is full, and we have not selected a subject yet. Well perhaps it may be just as well to take time, and by the next number of the *Herald*, some friend may kindly assist us in selecting, and then we too shall feel that our subject is appreciated by others than ourselves. X.

FAITH.

I DARE say there are many little Hopes who do not understand what faith means. But if you wish to know, I will try and explain it to you; only you must listen and be very attentive. If your mother tells you that when you have learned your lesson you shall play with your doll, you believe that she means what she says. This is faith. "Things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

After reading this article, I hope and trust you will get your Bibles and read the tenth and eleventh chapters of Hebrews, and the second chapter of James. In the above chapters we find that without faith it is impossible to please God: so if we do not believe what God has said, we can not please him.

Suppose your house was on fire, and you were sitting very quietly in one of the rooms, and some one should come running and saying to you, "Oh! do come out of the house, it is on fire, and if you stay you will be burned up." If you would not move, nor run out of danger, people would say that you did not believe that the house was on fire. You

might say that you believed it was. But if you did not move, the evidence would be that you did not believe. Now this is just the picture of thousands of men and women all over the land. They read in their Bible about the gospel. They go to church and their minister tells them about them getting to eternity, &c., and they go on as before.

Every one who understands the scriptures can exercise faith. Faith is in its nature, simple—in its object, sublime—in its effect, blessed.

Faith is more than a mere belief. True faith works by love. The gospel is the revelation of God's word to be received by faith. It may be compared to a temple, whose pillars will last for ever. Myriads gaze at the structure; but faith induces the believer and the sinner to enter. Saving faith comprises the assent of the understanding and the consent of the heart. Faith proves its genuineness by works, by its fruits; by connecting the soul with Christ it can secure eternal glory. We can neither propitiate God, nor renew our hearts. Faith secures both. It is the confession of our weakness and the source of our strength—as Cowper says:

Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And even the angels would be weak,
Who trusted in their own.

Strong faith is often exercised with strong trials. But God's command must overrule all other considerations, viz.,—When God commands, man must obey. Never was any gold tried in so hot a furnace as Abraham's soul; but Abraham knew that he had to deal with a God, even Jehovah. Faith had taught him not to argue, but to obey. He was sure what God commanded is good: that what he promises is infallible; therefore he was freed from care, and trusted to the end. O, heavenly faith. Oh, gift of God! that maketh a Seraphim. Abraham's darling boy,—Sarah's joy, the Church's hope, the heir of promise,—lies ready to bleed and die by the hands of his own father, who is unshaken in his obedience to the Lord. God's promises are God's gifts. Where there is a great faith, there may yet be many fears. God takes cognizance of his people's fears, though ever so secret, and knows their souls. It is the will of God that his people should not give way to prevailing fears, what ever happens. Let the sinners in Zion be afraid, but "Fear not Abraham." The consideration that God himself is, and will be a shield to his people, to secure them from all destructive evils,—a shield ready to deliver them, round about them, should silence all their perplexing tormenting fears. God gives faith to all his children. He talks to them by His word. He talks to them by His Spirit. This honor have all his Saints.

Oh for a faith that will not shrink,
Through press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled.
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, what'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

CHESTER CITY, Pa.

WILLIAM STREET.

TRY AGAIN.

A GENTLEMAN was once standing by a little brook, watching its bounding, gurgling waters. In the midst of his musings, he noticed scores of little minnows making their way up the stream, and in the direction of a shoal which was a foot or more high, and over which the clear, sparkling waters were leaping. They halted a moment or two as if to survey the surroundings. "What now?" inquired the gentleman; "can these little fellows continue their journey any further?" He soon saw that they wanted to go further up the stream, and were only resting and looking out the best course to pursue in order to

continue their journey to the unexplored little lake-let that lay above the shoal. All at once they arranged themselves like a little column of soldiers, and darted up the foaming little shoal, but the rapid current dashed them back in confusion. A moment's rest and they were again in the sprayey waters with like results. For an hour or more they repeated their efforts, each time gaining some little advantage. At last, after scores and scores of trials, they bounded over the shoal, into the beautiful lake-let, seemingly the happiest little folks in the world. "Well," said the gentleman, "here is my lesson. I'll never again give up trying when I undertake anything. I did not see how those little people of the brook could possibly scale the shoal—it seemed impossible, but they were determined to cross it. This was their purpose, and they never ceased trying until they were sporting in the waters above it.

JESSICA'S MOTHER.

Selected by Sr. Emma.

CHAPTER I.

It was a gloomy Sunday in the gloomiest part of the year, when the fog hung over London day and night, only lifting itself off a little for two or three hours about noon time. The bells which rang from the church towers might have been chiming from some region above the clouds, so distant they sounded and so hidden were the belfries in which they hung. In the early part of the day the congregations went to and from their various places of worship with a feeling of somber depression at the long continuance of the gloom, but after night-fall the darkness was only natural, and though the lamps gave but little light, and shone merely like yellow balls in the fog, the passengers in the street moved more briskly and talked more cheerfully than in the morning. Here and there the brilliantly illuminated windows of some church or chapel cast a pleasant gleam upon the pavement and the opened doors seemed to invite any cold or weary passer-by to enter into its light and warmth; but as if these buildings, the temple of God, were designed only for the rich, and for those who had comfort enough in their own dwellings, it was noticeable that a very scanty sprinkling of worshippers dressed in vile raiment were to be seen among the congregations, though there was no lack of those who wore goodly apparel and gay clothing. The fashionable chapel of which Daniel Standring was the keeper, was no exception to the general rule, for there were no poor to be found in it. There was within it every appliance of comfort and style, such as could give satisfaction to a wealthy congregation. The oak pews were high enough for the head of an occasional slumberer to repose in quiet indulgence, and they were well lined, and carpeted, and cushioned; the shades for the lamps toned down their light to a clear yet soft luster, and the apparatus for heating the building was of the most efficient description. The crowds that flocked to hear the minister were increasing every Sunday, and Daniel Standring had with some reluctance yielded to the necessity of sharing his office of pew opener with a colleague; a man, however, of less dignity and solemnity of deportment than himself, and who was quite willing to look up to him as a superior. Moreover the old members of the church, the "carriage people," especially recognized him only as their chapel-keeper, and entrusted any message or any commission to him alone, and he also retained the charge of attending upon the vestry,—the other man was no more than a subordinate, and after a while he was reconciled to his division of office. There had been two things talked about among the people for sometime past, the first that the minister himself should have a colleague found for him, and the second that a larger and still more fashionable chapel should be built. As to the colleague, there were several difficulties in the way, the chief one being to find such a preacher as would attract such a congregation as those who came in crowds to

listen to the minister, for it was found that whenever it was known that he would be absent from his pulpit, the members would dwindle away, until during his yearly holiday the chapel would seem almost empty compared to the throng of curious and eager listeners who hung upon his words, and scarcely dared to sigh over his representations of their misery and peril, lest they should miss hearing a single syllable of the eloquence which described it. Still every member of the congregation said it was essential that a colleague should be found for their beloved pastor before he had quite worn himself out, and great blame was thrown back upon the small provincial church which five and twenty years ago had thrust him a mere youth of twenty upon the exhausting duties of the ministry.

As for the second subject, it was settled without much difficulty, for only money (not a man) was wanted, and upon the vestry table there was a subscription list already promising some thousands of pounds; and beside it lay the plan for the new chapel, drawn up by an eminent architect.

The chapel doors had been opened by Daniel, and the gas toned down to precisely the brilliancy and softness which the congregation loved, especially the lamps on each side of the pulpit, which shed a revealing light upon the minister's thoughtful face, and upon his dark hair tinged with grey.

In the vestry Jessica had just given a final and delicate stroke of dusting, and was wiping the large pulpit Bible and hymn book with her clean pocket handkerchief, ready for Daniel to carry up to the pulpit; while the organist was playing the opening voluntary, which he did with so solemn and ministerial an aspect, that a stranger not accustomed to the etiquette of the place, might be betrayed into the supposition that he was the minister himself. Daniel was waiting now in the porch like some faithful steward, ready to receive his master's guests, and as carriage after carriage rolled up, almost a smile of satisfaction softened his rigid features.

The minister's children had passed him with a smile and a nod, and he had shut the door of their pew in the corner, so he knew that the minister was come, and putting a little additional briskness in his manner, he looked out for seats for the strangers who were filling the aisle, at the same time listening for the first notes of the organ.

The minister had entered the vestry just as Jessica had finished wiping the imaginary dust off the Bible and hymn book, and he drew his chair up close to the fire, as if coming through the fog had chilled him. He looked sad and downcast, and his head sank forward upon his breast.

For a minute Jessica stood behind his chair in silence, and then she stretched out her hand, a small thin hand still, for her growth had been stunted by privation, and laid it timidly upon his arm.

"Jessica," said the minister, covering her small palm with his scholarly hand; "I am sorrowful to-night; and I have great heaviness of heart. Tell me, my child, do you understand what I preach about in my pulpit?"

"Oh! no, no; answered Jessica," shaking her head deprecatingly, "only when you say God, and Jesus Christ, and heaven; I know what you mean by them."

"Do you," said the minister with a very tender smile, "and do I say them often, Jessica?"

"Sometimes they come over and over again," replied Jessica; "and then I feel very glad, because I know what you are preaching about. There is always God in your sermons; but sometimes there isn't Jesus Christ, and heaven."

"And what do I mean by God, and Jesus Christ, and heaven," he asked.

"I don't know any thing but what you've taught me," said Jessica, folding her brown hand meekly one over the other. "You've told me that God is the Father of our souls, and Jesus Christ is our elder brother, who came down from heaven to save us, and heaven is the home of God, where we shall all

go if we love and serve him. I don't know any more than that."

"It is enough," said the minister, lifting up his head with a brighter look; "one soul has learned the truth from me. God bless you, Jessica, and keep you in his fear and love, forever."

As he spoke, the deep tones of the organ fell upon their ears, and the vestry door was opened by Daniel coming for the pulpit books. There was an air of solemn pride about his looks, and he bowed lower than usual to his minister.

"There's a vast crush of people tonight, sir," he said. "The aisles and gallery are full, and there's a many standing at the door yet, who will have to go away, for there's no more room for them."

The minister covered his face with his hands and shivered, with the cold no doubt; and Daniel and Jessica were leaving the vestry when they were called back by his voice speaking in husky and agitated tones. "Standing," he said, "I have something of importance to say to you after the service this evening, so come back here as soon as the congregation are gone; and Jessica, take care to sit in your own place, where I can see you; for I will preach about Jesus Christ and heaven, tonight."

Jessica answered only by a little nod, and left the vestry by a door which did not open into the chapel. In a minute or two afterwards she was making her way up the crowded aisles to her usual seat at the foot of the pulpit steps; where with her head thrown back, her bright face lifted itself up to the minister's gaze. She had just time to settle herself and glance at the minister's children, who were looking out for her, when the last quiet note of the organ ceased and the vestry door opened. The minister mounted the stairs slowly, with his head bent down; but as soon as he was in the pulpit, he looked around upon the faces, whose eyes were all fastened on him. Many of the faces he knew, and had seen thus upraised to him scores of Sundays; and his eyes passed from one to another swiftly, but with a distinguishing regard, of which he had never been conscious of before, and their names swept across his memory like sudden flashes of lightning. There sat his own children, and his eye rested fondly upon them, as they looked up to him; and he smiled tenderly to himself, as his glance caught the flushed and fervent face of Jessica.

The sermon he had prepared during the week was one of great researches and of studied oratory, which should hold his hearers in strained and breathless attention; but as he bowed down his head in silent supplication for the blessing of God, he said to himself, I will preach to the people from the saying of Christ, "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out."

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

CLEOPATRA'S Needle which is now in Central Park, New York, is not such a needle as we use to sew with; it is a great stone—sometimes called an obelisk—nearly seventy feet long, and about seven feet square at the base on which it stands. Its sides gradually taper from the bottom until at the top it ends in a small-pointed, four-sided pyramid. It is of red granite, and the sides are covered all over with pictures of birds, animals and other things, cut into the stone. It is called a needle because it is so long and slender. But why it should be called Cleopatra's Needle is not quite so clear. Cleopatra was a famous Queen who lived in Egypt a little while before the birth of Christ. This obelisk was first erected by Thothmes III., one of the old Kings of Egypt, at Heliopolis, about 3,600 years ago. It was taken from that place to Alexandria, where Cleopatra lived, not long after her death, by the Roman Emperor, Augustus Cæsar, as a trophy of his victory over the Kings of Egypt, and it was called "Cleopatra's Needle," we suppose, merely in compliment to the late Queen.

Egypt is supposed to be the oldest nation in the world. The Kings used to be called Pharaohs, and

many of them were great warriors, others were great builders—builders of pyramids, cities, temples and obelisks. They were very vain of their glory, and they were great boasters, fond of inscribing their names and deeds on stone. Cleopatra's Needle is one of two great obelisks which one of these Pharaohs erected, and placed one on each side of the entrance to the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. The Egyptians worshiped the sun as their god, under the name of Ra, and the name of Pharaoh, by which the Egyptian Kings are known, means "a son of the sun."

The Pharaohs did great honor to their sun-god, as they thought they were his children. The Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis was the greatest in all Egypt, and its ruins now cover nearly a mile in extent. Thothmes erected these obelisks at the entrance of this Temple of the Sun, partly in honor of the sun-god, and partly to honor himself, as he wrote his own history up and down the sides of the obelisk, not in letters such as we use, but in pictures of birds, animals and other things, which kind of writing these old Egyptians used, and we call them hieroglyphics. This obelisk stood a great many years near the door of this temple at Heliopolis—or, as it is called in the Bible, "the city of On," where it was at first erected.

Some of the children may remember that some time ago, in the regular Sunday School lesson, it is said that "Pharaoh gave to Joseph in marriage Asenath, the daughter of Poti-pherah, priest of On." This Poti-pherah was the high Priest—a very great man in Egypt, and lived in the Temple of the Sun at On. And it is quite likely that this very obelisk stood before his door on the day that Joseph married his daughter, Asenath. And if this is so, is it not wonderful that this great stone, that weighs 213 tons, on which Joseph may have looked on his wedding day, 3,600 years ago, should now be in a country 5,000 miles away, of which the old Egyptians never heard? And is it not still more wonderful that, while the children in the Sunday Schools of America should be studying their regular Bible lesson about Joseph's marriage, this great obelisk, that stood at the door of his father-in-law's house, should be lying in the street at the door of one of our schools, on its way to the Central Park, in New York?

But now we must tell you how this great obelisk came to be brought to this country. Obelisks are great curiosities. There are only a few large ones in the world. These all used to be in Egypt, and the Egyptians thought a great deal of them. But four or five of these were taken at different times, without leave of the people of Egypt, to different countries in Europe. Two stand in Rome, one in Constantinople, one in Paris, and one in London. Now, Mehemet Ali, the late Khedive of Egypt, had a great liking for America. He thought that the United States had treated him better than the European nations; and it seemed to him that we ought to have an obelisk as well as the nations of Europe. And when the American Consul asked for one, he said, "I will think of it." It was supposed he might give us a little one. But no one ever thought of asking for "Cleopatra's Needle" at Alexandria; this was one of the largest and most beautiful in all Egypt. But it so happened that this obelisk stood very near the sea. The waves of the Mediterranean rolled right up to its base. There was great danger of its being undermined. It was thought already to begin to lean a little. Many feared it would soon fall. This gave the Khedive great anxiety, and so he proposed to remove it to another part of the city of Alexandria. But this would cost a great deal of money, and the Khedive was not at this time rich; so he proposed that the wealthy men of the city should raise by subscription one-half of the money needed to remove it, and he would provide the other half. But the people of Alexandria thought the Government ought to do it all, and did not subscribe a dollar. At this Mehemet Ali was greatly displeased; and he thereupon made up his mind to make

this beautiful obelisk a present from Egypt, the oldest nation of the world, to the United States of America, the youngest nation. And glad, indeed, we were to get it, and sorry enough were the Egyptians at last to lose it.

One of our wealthy citizens, on learning the intention of the Khedive of Egypt, said he would pay \$75,000, the estimated cost of its removal, when the obelisk should be erected in the Central Park.

Selected.

THE LITTLE WOODMAN AND HIS DOG.

SELECTED BY R. H. MANTLE.

CHAPTER II.

BUT not to make this story too long, I must tell you that the young men buried their father, the day after his death, in a dark corner of the forest, not far from the hut; and when they had closed the grave, and covered it with sod, they returned to the hut, leaving William and Cæsar sitting by the grave. After returning to the hut, the young men sat down to regale themselves with the remainder of the venison and brandy. And they began to plot mischief against their little brother, whom they sorely hated, because his ways were not like their ways.

"We must not keep him with us," said one of them, "lest, when we kill the king's deer, he should tell of our practices."

"But we will not kill him," said another, "lest his blood should rise up against us."

"Let us take him three days' journey into the forest," said a third, "and there suddenly leave him. He will then never come back to tell tales of his brethren."

"But we must not take him to the forest till we tie Cæsar up in the hut," said the fourth, "or we shall find him very troublesome. There will be no getting him away from the child."

"Tomorrow," said the fifth brother, "we will set out. We will take a donkey with us to carry the child; and we will go three long days' journey into the depths of the forest."

"But we must carefully conceal our purpose from the child," said the sixth, "that we may not be troubled with his lamentations."

So these wicked young men, having settled their horrible plan, they got up early the next morning, and preparing one of the strongest of their donkeys, they took their little brother out of his bed, hastily helping him to dress, set him upon the donkey.

"Where are we going?" said William, who thought no evil.

"We are going three days' journey to hunt in the forest, and you are to go with us," answered the elder brother.

"What! Hunt the king's deer?" said William.

His brothers made no answer, but looked at each other. Cæsar was ready to follow the donkey, on which his little master rode, wagging his tail, and capering about, to show that he was in a hurry to be gone; but when one of the brothers came with a cord, which he fastened round the poor dog's neck, and dragged him into the hut.

"May not Cæsar go with us?" said William.

"No," said the elder brother.

"But we shall be away several days; will you not leave him something to eat?" added William.

"Mind your own business, child," answered the brother; "we will take care of Cæsar."

So Cæsar was tied up in the hut; and all the brothers being now ready, they gave the donkey a stroke with a stick, and began their journey into the forest. They went down a deep, dark path, where the trees were so thick that the light of heaven was almost shut out; then they began to ascend a steep hill, sometimes turning to the right, and sometimes to the left. Thus they rode on as fast as the donkey could trot, pursuing their journey till noon, when they stopped under a large oak tree to feed the donkey, and to take some refreshment themselves, which they brought in leathern bags upon

their backs. After an hour's rest they began their journey again, and went on till evening; when they came to a cave, in a deep hollow way, near which a spring of water gushed out of the rock. At the mouth of this cave the brothers lighted a fire, for fear of wild beasts. Having eaten their supper, they laid themselves down to sleep. The next day they continued their journey into the depths of the forest, where they saw many deer, which peeped at them from among the underwood, and then ran away. At night they slept on a little circle of grass, which they found in an open part of the forest. But one of the brothers was obliged to watch all night to keep up a large fire, which they had lighted, for fear of the wolves, which they heard all night howling and baying around them. The next morning they began their last day's journey. The donkey was much tired; but this, however, did not disturb these hard-hearted young men. They drove the poor creature forward without mercy, taking little rest till they came towards dusk to a place where four ways met. Here they halted, and having lighted a fire, they sat down to eat and drink.

"We have been traveling three days," said little William; "are we at our journeys end?"

"Do you think we are come far enough?" said the elder brother, laughing.

"I do not know what you are come for, brother," answered William.

"To steal the King's deer," replied the young man.

"But there are deer much nearer our hut than this place; why should you come so far to steal deer?"

"You will know soon enough," was the only answer they returned.

So after they had eaten their supper they all lay down to sleep; every one without saying his prayers, excepting little William, who, though he was much tired, fell upon his knees to pray. He joined his little hands, as he had been taught to do by his father, and called upon God, in the name of his Redeemer, to take care of him, "My father is dead," said he to himself, "and my brothers speak roughly to me. I have no friend in this world to care for me. O my God! Do thou take care of me, for my dear Savior's sake."

When he had finished this prayer, he lay down by the donkey, and was falling asleep, when he fancied he heard these words: "I will. Be not afraid." At this, he raised his head, and looked about to discover the speaker; but his brothers were all asleep about him, excepting the one who was watching the fire, who sat silently with his elbows on his knees. Then the little boy thought that these words had been put into his mind by his Heavenly Father; so he felt comforted, and lay down to sleep. Now little William was much tired, and he slept so soundly, that he never heard his brothers move; for these wicked young men, in pursuance of their horrible scheme, got up before break of day, and leading the donkey, silently departed towards their own house, leaving William in a deep sleep upon the grass. William continued to sleep, being undisturbed, till the sun was high enough to shine hot upon him through the upper parts of the leaves of the trees. Two daws chattering in a branch above his head now awakened him; when he sat up and looked round him. The turf on which he had been sleeping was interspersed with many beautiful flowers; there were the violet, the wood anemone, and the many colored vetch; and birds of various kinds were hopping about, singing and chirping among the trees. It was a lovely morning; and the leaves of the trees were scarcely moved by the wind. William at first could not recollect where he was, or how he came into that loesome place. But when he perceived that his companions were gone, and that he was left quite alone, he began to cry very bitterly, and then to call out aloud for his brothers. His voice sounded through the woods, but no answer was returned. His brethren were already many miles distant from him. "Oh!

my brothers! my cruel brothers!" said William, "did you bring me here in order to leave me in this place? Oh! my father, my father! could you now see your little boy, how grieved you would be! But you are happy. I hope you are with God. Yet though you can not see me, God can see me; and he will pity me, and take care of me. If the wild beasts should eat my body, my soul will go to heaven. My Savior will pity me. I am a little sinful boy; but my Savior came to die for sinners."

Then little William did what all children should do in trouble; he knelt down and prayed for God's help, and he prayed very earnestly. After he had done praying, he thought that he would try to follow his brothers; but then he recollected that as four ways met in that place, it would be impossible for him to know which way they went. He looked to see if there were any marks of fresh footsteps in any of the roads, but could not find any. He then returned to the place where he had slept, and sitting down on the grass, began to weep bitterly. But he never allowed a word of complaint to proceed out of his lips; only from time to time he prayed earnestly for help from Heaven: and his prayers were always made in the name of his Savior. Sometimes it came into his mind that his brothers were only gone hunting, and that they would be back again in the evening; and this made him unwilling to leave the place in which they had left him. Towards midday, being very hungry and thirsty, he began to look carefully about for any bits or scraps of bread and meat which his brothers might have left on the grass. He found some, which he ate thankfully; and in searching among the bushes he met with a little spring of water, of which he drank and was refreshed. Thus God provided him with a meal in the wilderness, where no man dwelt. So poor little William was very thankful, and his trust in God was made greater by this kindness. My dear little children, when God sends you smaller blessings, be thankful for them. God loves a thankful disposition. It is a sign of a humble mind; and God loves a humble mind; for it is written in the Bible: "God resisteth the proud, but he giveth grace to the humble." And now the time of William's hardest trial came on, but his Heavenly Father remembered him, and had provided a place of comfort for him. But you shall hear how it was.

Continued.

Letters from the Hopes.

Kewanee, Ills., April 19th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I am still in the bonds of the Gospel of Peace, still trying to do my Master's will, but I fall far short of doing it to my own satisfaction. It has been a long time since I wrote to you; since then, what have I been doing. Oh! if I could only begin where I left off, but I can not! We can not lay our talents by one or two weeks, and then take them up as we have laid them down. They will rust, and then need a great deal of rubbing, and using, before they will shine with the same luster they had when we laid them down. And when we want to use them they will not be at our service; so the best and only safe way is to keep using them, and to be continually watching, and praying, and fighting, for our enemy is never sleeping, but is watching every opportunity, no matter how great or small, to draw us from the path our Savior has marked out for us. How many times have we been led astray, and then have strayed a long way before we thought of what we were doing, and just for the lack of watching. How many times have we had to turn back to our first lesson and begin again, when we might just as well have been teacher to some lost one.

Little Hopes, shall we ever be shepherds if we continue to be straying sheep and bleating lambs? Then is it not better that we watch and pray, not forgetting to fight against our own will when inclined to do that which is wrong, and also for the right and honor of God? I ask an interest in the prayers of the Hopes, old and young, that I may be faithful to the end of my days, for the time draws nearer and nearer when God's judgments will be poured out in great fury, and few shall be able to stand; and may God by the power of his spirit, direct, guard, and keep us in the right way, and at last crown us all in his kingdom, is the prayer of your sister in the gospel bonds,
S. J. GARLAND.

SAN JUAN, San Benito Co., Cal.,

June 1st, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I am thirteen years old, and reside in San Juan. We take the *Hope* and *Herald*. This is my first letter to the *Hope*, and I like to read the letters. My mother and father belong to the Church. I have seven sisters and one brother. We have a branch here, but do not have meetings regular. I go to church every opportunity I have. I do not belong to the Church, neither do my brother or my sisters. My sister Rosie has written two letters to the *Hope*. Last Tuesday we had a nice rain; I think it was a great benefit to our grain, but it did some damage to the hay. I have been over staying with my sister in Gonzales, thirty miles from San Juan. My school is out there, and I have come home to spend vacation. There has been considerable sickness here; my brother, and one of my sisters, and myself, have a very bad cold; that is the complaint every where in San Juan. I ask an interest in your prayers.

Your truly,

NETTIE SMITH.

ZONE, Ont., June 8th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure I write to you, for the first time, but I hope it will not be last. We have only taken the *Hope* two months, and I like it very much. I am the oldest of our family, and will be thirteen in July. My brother and sister, myself, and three others, were baptized about six weeks ago by Bro. Laake. I often feel downcast, but my desire is to obey the Savior, and gain Eternal Life. I feel happy when I think that if we only obey the commandments of God, we shall live with Him forever. We do not know what moment we may be called to die, and we ought always to be ready. Let us try to keep the laws of God, that we may meet in heaven. We have prayer meetings on Wednesday nights; preaching every other Sunday, and testimony meeting every other Sunday. I ask an interest in your prayers, that I may live faithful. May the blessings of God attend you all. Your sister in the gospel,
E. L. BURR.

LONDON, Ont., June 1st, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—As I read the letters in the *Hope*, I feel how thankful we ought to be to our Heavenly Father, for we are blessed above a great many. We have a prayer and testimony meeting every Wednesday evening and on Sunday afternoon. We have preaching twice of Sunday, and have Sunday School at half-past nine in the morning; the number of scholars is thirty, and we have a good library, and we get the *Hope*. I would like to speak a word of encouragement to those who have not the privilege of meeting as often with God's people as we have, for God is ever willing to listen when we call upon him; for some of my happiest hours have been spent whilst thinking of God's goodness to me. Let us try and be faithful to the end. I am your brother in the Church,
A. ALLEN.

DE WITT, Saline Co., Neb.,

June 2d, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have ever written to the *Hope*. I am fifteen years old. My father and mother and myself belong to the Church. I have no brothers or sisters. We have about sixty-five members in our branch. I take the *Hope*, and think it is a very nice paper.

Yours truly,

FRANK M. SAVAGE.

INGART GROVE, Iowa, June 2d, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I like to go to school, they are all girls that go to school. I have a little sister, she is three months of age. We have moved from the place where we were to Ringgold county; I like our new home very much. I want to be baptized. I am going to Sunday School. I have a pony I think is pretty. I would love to see you all.
MINERVA J. CARLSON.

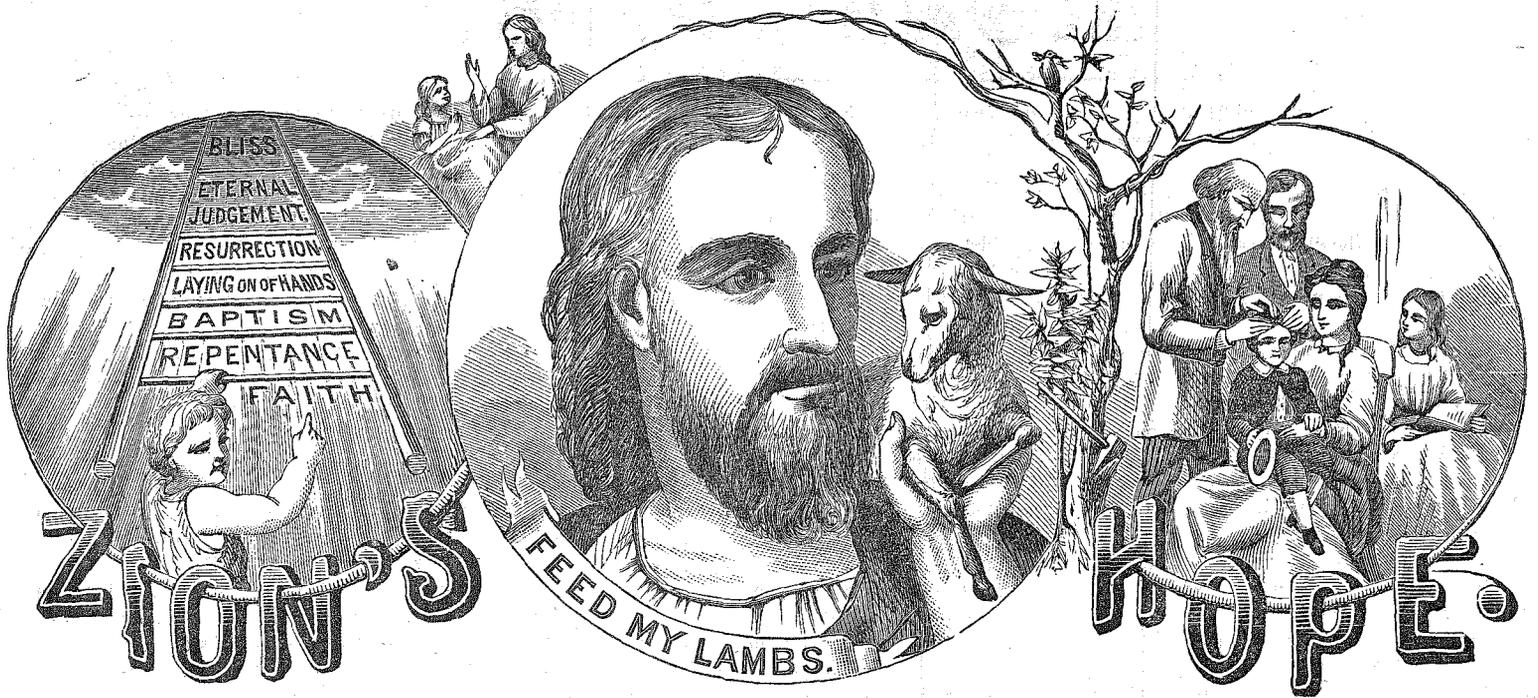
SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Lamoni Sabbath School, for quarter ending May 7th, 1882. School organized January 28th, 1882. Officers and teachers 13; there are two Bible classes, one Book of Mormon class, and five Testament classes. Number of sessions since organization 12. Smallest attendance 23, largest attendance 100. Average attendance 65, average collection 82½ cts., total \$10.49, books sold to scholars \$2.08, money in treasury \$12.57.

LAWRENCE CONOVER, Supt.

D. W. THOMAS, Sec'y.

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

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER IX.

VICTORIA'S preparations were easily made. Only a new dress,—a lavender poplin,—which she insisted on making herself.

"It's as pretty as can be," remarked Addie. "But, say, Vic, lavender's half mourning, isn't it? Mourning because you are to marry that old man, when a good looking young one, like Max Randolph, is around."

Victoria had quietly left the room.

"O! she's gone, is she? I do wonder what mystery there is about Vic and Max."

No one save Burt being present, he considered it his duty to answer.

"Noffin about 'em, only she don't yike him, and I don't neiver."

"O you don't like him, Mr. Burt, because he don't give you all the candy and peanuts you can eat, like Mr. Rumsey," cried Addie.

Walking down the path, Victoria met her father, who handed her a letter, "a *billet-doux* * from—you know who."

Half an hour later she entered the room where her parents were sitting, laid the letter in her mother's hand, and went out. Mrs. Russell rapidly perused it.

"John, what does it all mean? What has happened? Did Mr. Rumsey tell you?" she asked, looking up into her husband's face.

"Tell me what, Elizabeth? I don't understand you!"

"She replied, "Listen, then, and I will read what he says:

"Miss Russell.—I regret to say that I beg to be released from our engagement. I had supposed you the soul of honor, and it pains me beyond measure to know that you have wilfully deceived me. Whether your parents aided you in your deception, I know not. This I must say, I can have no connection with Mormons, no intimacy with those who uphold them. Hoping it will not be a heavy blow, I desire you to present my adieus to your parents, and believe me,

Yours disappointedly,

R. RUMSEY."

"Mormons," cried John Russell, staring blankly at his wife. "Who is upholding any of them, and where are any?"

"I am one, papa," replied Victoria, appearing in the open door. "I was baptized when at Rockdale, last spring. I hadn't the courage to tell you."

* Billet-doux is a French word for "love letter."

"You? You a Mormon? John Russell's favorite child disgraced and dishonored beyond all hope of redemption? Stop, girl! Don't assure me of it. You are mad. You have lost your senses. Or are you playing a game to get out of this engagement. You never really cared for Ralph Rumsey. Yes; that is it. You are deceiving us all. But I tell you it won't succeed. I know better. You could not stoop to such utter shame. You are too good and noble; too well born; too well bred."—He paused for breath, in his excited speech and looked imploringly at Victoria. Pale as death itself, the poor girl came over and knelt beside her mother.

"O mother, you will listen? You will believe me? I have only done wrong in keeping it a secret. I have only accepted plain Bible doctrine, and followed the teachings of the Savior you taught me to love and obey." And Victoria laid her face on her mother's knee.

"There, there! don't argue nor urge," cried her father impatiently. "If you are a Mormon, arguments are useless. Simple facts are all we want."

"I am, father," replied Victoria. "Not the polygamist kind."

"Stop," he interrupted. "We've heard that before. It will do to blind silly women with—such pretension. But I know they will all land in the same ditch. A Mormon? Very well, Victoria. You may choose, now, to-day: either give up this foolishness entirely and forever, or take your personal effects and seek another home. I can not harbor a Mormon."

Victoria rose with the light of justified determination on her face, and left the room.

"Oh John, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Russell, "why will you be so stern and unfeeling? You never used to be so."

"I never used to be aggravated and provoked beyond all endurance," he replied, testily.

"But, John," persisted the wife, "do consider before you turn this—the third child,—out into the world. A mother's heart can not always endure." The tears shining on her fair cheek as she turned away her face.

"What? Hey? Do you—Elizabeth—accuse me of turning those two recreants out of doors? Take care, woman! I can not endure everything."

Words were of no avail, and Mrs. Russell went sadly out from her husband's presence.

The next morning Mr. Russell insisted that his wife should go with him in search of help. They needed assistance in the house as well as out doors. She must go with him and engage some one. It was useless to urge that they could get on nicely with the house work alone. His wife should not be

a drudge. Dreading to arouse his displeasure again, Mrs. Russell very reluctantly consented.

"I've got some one in my mind," said Mr. Russell, as they drove away. "Two, rather," he added. "I'm going directly to the station to try and secure Mrs. Bell and her brother. I like them. They are fine people, only unfortunately poor."

Mrs. Russell was surprised. "Why, John! Mrs. Bell doesn't go out to service."

"She goes out as seamstress; and house work is no more dishonorable. And I heard her young brother say he was not going to return to school till fall, as close confinement and study did not agree with him. I'll give him good wages just for feeding the stock and choring around."

Contrary to his wife's expectations, Mr. Russell succeeded, and when they drove home, Mrs. Bell, George Randolph, and little Elsie occupied the back seat of the carriage. Mrs. Bell was afraid her little girl and Burt would not agree very well, but Mr. Russell silenced her objections with the remark that Burt was old enough to learn civility.

George alighted to open the gate, when they reached the Manor. Mr. Russell drove up to the front entrance, where Burt and Addie with solemn faces awaited them. Handing the ladies and little Elsie to the ground, Mr. Russell began climbing into the carriage again, to drive round to the barn to instruct George, who tarried at the gate, in his duties.

"How comes it you are not at school, Addie?"

Addie's bright eyes filled with tears. "Burt couldn't stay alone, you know. And Victoria went away in the hack. Said we must tell you all 'good by'—and—and she would always pray for us."

"Gone; did you say, Addie?"—he staggered as he placed one foot on the wheel, the other on the step.

"Yes;—it's best.—Pray? Humph! she'll pray to Brigham Young, or Joe!"—The horses gave a sudden start, and John Russell fell heavily to the ground, striking head and shoulder against the great stone steps leading up to the door, and moaning, "My God help me!"

THE HONEY-BEES.

DELIA and Lucy were busy among their vines and roses one pleasant summer morning, and the bees buzzed in and out among the blossoms in a very industrious way. Lucy had been at the missionary meeting the evening before, and her brain had been busy ever since she awoke.

"How much money do you suppose the honey-bees made last summer in all this country, Delia?"

"Maybe they made a hundred dollars," said Delia rather doubtfully.

"They made three millions!" said Lucy.

"What, just out of little flowers! I wish we knew how."

"Yes, they gathered it, tiny drop by drop, and left the flowers just as pretty as ever. Now how much do you suppose the churches gave for foreign missions?"

"Oh, I can't guess any more. I make such mistakes."

"They gave only two and a half millions. Should not you think all these strong men and women could give as much for Church work as the honey-bees make for them? Now maybe if we children in all the Sunday Schools would gather up pennies for our mite-boxes, as the bees gather honey for their wax boxes, we might out-do them."

"Oh! but the bees are so many."

"Yes; but each one is so little. I shouldn't think just one bee could earn a penny all summer, but maybe he can. But I know it would take a great many bees to earn as many pennies as papa would give us for weeding those beets."

Delia did not like weeding beets very well; but after they had opened the slide in the bee hive and watched the busy bees a few minutes through their little window, she took a fresh start in the business. One enterprise led on to another, and at least two little girls had pretty full mite-boxes to hand in the next quarterly mission meeting. The bees' lesson had done good service. Maybe some other little folks this Spring could take a hint from them.

JESSICA'S MOTHER.

Selected by Sr. Emma.

CHAPTER II.

THE first part of the service passed by as usual, disturbed only by the rustle of a silk dress, or the carefully hushed footsteps up the aisle of some late comer, and the moment for prayer before the sermon was come. every head was bent, and a deep stillness prevailed, which grew more and more profound as the minister's voice still remained silent, as if he was waiting until there was no stir or rustle of movement to be heard throughout the congregation. There was something awful in this solemn pause before his voice was lifted up to God, and as it prolonged itself a sigh,—it might have been from the minister's inmost heart,—was heard by those nearest the pulpit. One or two looked up and saw his head bowed with the soft light of the lamps falling upon the silvery streaks of his hair, and they dropped their faces again on their hands waiting. Then there ran a thrill and shiver through all the congregation, and here and there a sob which could no longer be repressed broke the laboring silence. After that there were whispers and murmurs, and faces lifted up with a vague dread upon them, and still the minister did not raise his face from the crimson cushion that his voice might allay the growing agitation. His children were looking up at last, and Jessica had raised from her knees and was gazing up with eager eyes to his drooping head.

There was a stir now, and the spell of silence was broken, while Jessica, forgetful of everything but her deep love for him, ran swiftly up the steps, and as she touched him timidly with her hand, the minister neither spoke nor moved. The great congregation was in a tumult instantly, standing up and crying out with hysterical sobs, and pushing out of their pews and thronging towards the pulpit. In a few minutes the minister was carried down into the vestry, and the crowd gathered about the doors of it. Some of the chief men belonging to the Chapel urged the congregation to disperse and return to their homes, but they were too much excited to leave before it was known what had befallen their minister.

Jessica pushed her way,—being small and nimble, and used to crowds,—to the very door of the vestry, where Daniel stood to guard it from being invaded by too many strangers; and she waited

there beside him till the door was opened by a hand-breadth, and a physician whispered from within, "It is not death; but a stroke." More quickly than the words could be carried from lips to lips among the crowd, Jessica glided through the midst to the pew where the minister's children were kneeling with their arms about one another, sobbing out inarticulate prayers to God.

She stood for a moment beside them, scarcely knowing what to say. Then she fell down on her knees by Winnie, and put her lips close to her ear: "Miss Winnie;" she said, in a trembling voice, "the doctor says it is nothing but a stroke; he isn't taken with death. Miss Jane; it's only a stroke."

The children started up eagerly, and caught Jessica's hand, clinging to her as somebody older and wiser than themselves. They had had no bitter taste of life's troubles before this; for their mother had been taken from them before they were old enough to understand their loss, and their lives had been tenderly cared for and smoothed. That Jessica should bring them some intelligence and consolation in their sudden panic of dread, invested her with a kind of superiority; so now they looked to her as one that could help and counsel them.

"What is a stroke, Jessica;" asked Jane, looking imploringly toward her with her white face.

"I don't hardly know," answered Jessica; "I know what strokes used to be when I lived with mother; but this is different, Miss Jane; this stroke comes from God, and it can not be very bad."

The children were all three of them silent after Jessica had spoken; but each one of them was gathering comfort and strength from her words. It was a stroke which had come from God, and therefore it could not be very bad. No one had seen it fall. No one had known that the Father's hand had been lifted up to strike; and it had come down softly and gently,—only hushing the voice and shutting up the gateways of the senses.

Now that it was known, the Chapel was gradually emptying, as the congregation went away, and Jane and Winnie feeling calmed and strengthened, were ready to listen to their nurse, who was now anxious to take them home. "Let Jessica come with us, nurse," said Winnie, who still held Jessica's hand between both her own.

The nurse consented willingly, and in a few minutes they were walking homeward—one each side of Jessica. They felt strangely bewildered still; but Jessica was like a guide to them, leading them through the fog and over the slimy crossings with familiar confidence, until they reached the door of the minister's house, when she hung back shyly, as if not meaning to go in with them.

"You must not leave us yet," cried Winnie impetuously. "Papa is not come home, and I am a little bit afraid. Aren't you afraid, Jessica?"

"No," answered Jessica, cheerfully. "It can't be anything dreadful bad."

"You must come in and stay with us," said Jane; the calm sedateness of her manner a little shaken by her fears. "Nurse; we will take Jessica into papa's study till he comes home."

The three children went quietly up stairs to his study, and sat down by the fire, which was burning brightly, as if waiting to welcome the minister's return after the day's labor. The minister had gathered about him many books, so that every part of the large room was filled with them. On the table lay those which he had been studying during the week, while he was preparing his elaborate sermon, which was to have astonished and electrified even his accustomed hearers, and upon the desk there were scattered about the slips of paper upon which he had jotted down some of the profound thoughts which only a few of his people could comprehend. But upon the chimney-piece, at the end where his easy chair was placed, and close to his hand, lay a small pocket Bible, so worn with much reading that there was no book in his study like it. The troubled children sitting on the hearth knew nothing of the profound and scholar-

ly volumes on the table, but they were familiar with the little Bible; and Winnie, taking it in her hand, lifted it to her lips and kissed it fondly.

"Papa always used to read and talk to us on a Sunday night, after we had come home," she said sorrowfully, speaking already as if the custom was one long past which could never be resumed.

"Does a stroke last long, Jessica," inquired Jane, with a look of deep anxiety.

"I'm not sure," answered Jessica. "Mother's strokes were sharp and soon over; but the smart lasted a long while. May be the stroke is over now; but perhaps the smart will last a little while. God knows."

"Yes," said Jane, the tears standing in her eyes; "and God knows what is best for papa and us. We've known that a long, long time; but now we must believe it with our hearts."

"Believe is a deal harder than knowing," said Winnie, with a look wonderfully like her father; and the three children were silent again—their minds full of thought, while they listened for the minister's return.

Continued.

DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.

A GENTLEMAN advertised once for a coachman who could drive closest to a precipice. Several made applications for the situation. One said he could drive within a yard: another within a foot; and another who said he would keep as far away as possible. That was a wise servant, and he was given the situation. When a young man has made up his mind to walk on the edge of a precipice for the sake of seeking prospects, he always finds plenty of company. There are abundance of people with strong heads, who having walked these paths until they are quite certain of their foothold, are ready to go out with new beginners. If they accidentally lose footing and fall over, whose fault is that? Not theirs, of course; they never fall; they look where they step, and their heads do not turn. It is not the city thieves and robbers who are the most dangerous companions to the country boys. Oh, dear no! It is the respectable young men, who learned to sip discreetly in all the forbidden fountains, and nibble here and there carefully of the forbidden fruits. They are held up as patterns. They drink, but they are never drunk. They have exactly the way of seeing and knowing of all the ways of wickedness: and yet are trying to keep step with the righteous. Some of them are Church members and Sunday School teachers: some are regular, shrewd business men. They are never going to hurt themselves, they tell you; but they believe in a certain freedom: a freedom to do what they have a mind to. They do not need any temperance pledges to keep them from drinking. They can drink and let it alone, they say; and do not need to walk with such narrow laced people.

Somebody has said, "An author is known by his writings, a mother by her daughter, a son by his father, a fool by his words, and all men by their companions." Better be alone than in bad company; for "evil communications corrupt good manners;" and ill qualities are as catching as well as diseases: and we are all creatures of imitation.

Washington once said, "Be courteous to all, be intimate with few, and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence."

Petrarch says, "Let no man deceive you by thinking that the contagions of the soul are less than those of the body. They are yet greater: they sink deeper and come on more unexpectedly. From impure air we take diseases; from bad company, vice and imperfections. Shun bad company as you would a vicious beast."

Nine tenths of the crime and those in the prisons and penitentiaries will tell you when it is too late, "Keep out of bad company, and don't drink." It is upwards of ten years since I touched, tasted, or handled the unclean thing. But I have not stood alone; by the grace of God, by prayer, by precept upon precept,

line upon line; not assembling myself together (out of the path of duty) as the manner of some is; but trying to live for others as well as trying to live for myself.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow, may be drawn out without difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pinchers can not take hold of it to draw it out, which can only be done by the destruction of the wood. You may be ever so pure: but you can not fall into bad company and associates without smelling of the bad odor. Do you love the society of the vulgar? Then you are already numbered amongst them. Do you love the Sabbath breaker? Then you are no friend of the Sabbath School. Do you seek to be with the profane? Then in your heart you are like them. Are you idle continually? Then you are on the devils ground, and have ceased to be useful. Do you not wish to be in the society of the wise and good? Would you not prefer a low seat in that society, than a high one in the bad? If so; then you have already learned to be wise and good.

The awful sad consequences of evil associations is exhibited in the history of all criminals. But the case of a man named Brown, recently executed at Toronto, Canada, is a forcible and striking example. He was born in Cambridgeshire, England, of parents who were members of the Church of England; and in a sketch of his life, he attributes his downfall to early disobedience, bad companions, and evil associates, into dissolute and lawless characters, which led him to the scaffold. On the gallows he made the following speech: "This is a solemn day for me, boys! I hope this will be a lesson and a warning to all: old and young, rich and poor. I am innocent of the murder I am about to suffer for. I never committed this or any other murder. May the Lord have mercy on my soul. Amen."

WILLIAM STREET.

BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

THE STRAIGHT WALKER.

OUR story to-day is about a boy who walked straight. All little boys do not walk straight. Too many turn aside into what the Bible calls "the crooked ways" of sin. They tell lies, and break the Sabbath, disobey their parents, get angry, and say wicked words. But of this child we are told, "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord," and "turned not aside to the right hand or to the left." And he was but a very little boy.

And he had many temptations too. He was brought up in riches, for his father was a king, and so he was tempted to be proud and selfish. We have sometimes seen the boys of rich families very unkind to the poor. They speak rudely to them, make fun of them, and order them about. But this is not walking straight. Then this child lived where the people all around him were idolaters. They had forsaken the true God, and had set up idols in their own homes and in public places, and worshiped them. But this little boy did not do this. He prayed to the one living and true God. He had, too, a wicked father. Now we know that it is harder for a child to be good when his father sets him a bad example of drinking and swearing and breaking the Sabbath. But we are taught by the life of this little boy that it is possible for one to grow up good and noble even if he is the son of a wicked father. We think this child must have had a good mother; that she told him of God, and taught him the Ten Commandments. These commands are like a solid stone highway built up for us to walk upon, firm and strong, and straight as an arrow. On this he walked. How beautiful such a straightforward life is. It keeps a boy pure, one that God can use for His work.

The Lord used this boy. When he was only eight years old his wicked father was killed by his own servants. So this little boy was made king. Just think of it! Such an event would turn the

head of many boys. But he was the Lord's child, and was kept steady, and his good mother was by his side to help and direct him. When he was sixteen years old he began to teach the people how wicked it was to worship false gods. He destroyed their idols, and told them they must worship the true God. This was a brave step for a youth only sixteen years old. When he was twenty, he did still more heroic deeds. The secret of this noble life was that he began right. Who was this good young king? Who can tell us?

REVERENCE AND FEAR.

You have read in the Bible that beautiful story, in which Christ is represented as taking little children in his arms and blessing them. How your little hearts swell as you read that sublime sentiment, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And when you think of his loving words, you wish that you had been there to enjoy the privilege of his fond and affectionate embrace.

Well, you have yet the privilege offered to recline upon his bosom, rest in his smiles, and enjoy his undivided love; and if you will listen, I will tell you how to obtain so glorious a privilege.

"Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—Ps. 34: 11. "The fear of the Lord tendeth to life: and he that hath it shall abide satisfied; he shall not be visited with evil." Prov. 19: 23.

I do not want you to understand that the fear of the Lord means a dreadful apprehension of some evil at his hand; or that you are in any danger of his injuring you; for "God is love," and it would be contrary to his nature to seek to hurt any one. On the contrary it is his delight to bless, and do you good.

The fear of the Lord, means a due reverence, respect, or esteem for him as our leader and preserver, whom we ought to worship.

You are not afraid of your parents, for you know that they love you, and are not desirous of doing you any harm. But you reverence them for their superior wisdom and goodness, and love toward you.—You reverence them because you love them; and because you love them, you would not do any thing contrary to their wishes, but would delight to abide in their counsel, that is, do as they tell you, knowing that they know best what will do you the most good. You also admire their goodness, wisdom, love and truth, with every other excellence that you see in them, and desire to be like them, for you know that any thing contrary to these virtues, is not good, and consequently will only bring evil results.

This then may be said to be fearing your parents, and the fear of the Lord is like unto it. But, as the Lord is greater in wisdom, power, goodness, love and truth, so our reverence, esteem, honor, or fear, must be greater for him than for our parents.

As the blessings which he proposes to bestow upon you, are as much greater and better than the blessings which our parents can bestow, as the heavens are greater than the earth, so must be your fear toward him. And as he is the only being who can give you these blessings, you must be desirous of pleasing him more than all besides, and give him all your love and service in return. Hence it is high time you began to fear the Lord, that you may grow up in his fear, and be like him.

"The fear of the Lord tendeth [that is, leadeth] to life," and I am sure you want to live; but I must tell you what this word "life" means.

It means something more than existing, or staying on the earth. It means the power to possess, control and enjoy all things which God has created and prepared for us, both which are on the earth and in the heavens, until we are full of blessings, earthly and heavenly. For the wise man saith, "He that hath the fear of the Lord shall abide satisfied." "He shall be full, he shall not want any good thing." It includes power over disease, pain, sor-

row, and every evil that now afflicts mankind, yea, even over death itself. Who would not have the fear of the Lord, since it brings all these blessings and enjoyments? I am sure every child reader of the *Hope* would love to enjoy such blessings. Then let the fear of the Lord be in your hearts, for it tendeth to life; yes, to life eternal.

Perhaps some of my little readers are saying, "That is beautiful indeed! When I grow up to manhood I will serve the Lord." I want to tell you, my little dears, that it will be dangerous to put off serving him until that time. You may not live to become men and women; and I am sure you would not like to die without fearing, or loving the Lord, because there is no promise of eternal life to those who never feared him. Again, if you live to manhood without his fear in your hearts, it would be very hard for you to serve him then. A thousand cares and troubles will perplex you, pain and anguish may overwhelm you, and prevent your fixing your minds upon God and sacred things. Besides, the human heart, like a flower garden, is liable to be overgrown with weeds, or evil principles, until there is no room for the lovely flowers to spring forth, and bud and blossom, unless it is properly tended and cultivated in the spring-time of the year, or the morning of life; for these weeds, or evil principles, are of hasty growth, and take deep root, and rob the garden, or the youthful heart, of the strength and richness which God has given to it; and however desirous we may be of bringing forth fruits and flowers fit for our heavenly Father's mansion, our strength is gone, our days are past, the flowers, or virtues, have not the beauty and fragrance of youth, and are but a poor offering for such unnumbered blessings as God has bestowed upon us.

My dear children, can you make one blade of grass? Can you deck the lily in its snowy robe; paint the lovely hues of the violet; give the fragrance to the rose; the solidity and symmetry to the oak; create one ray of life to shine upon the eye; form one grain of wheat; call from heaven one drop of dew; give fertility to the earth; in fine, can you by your own hand sustain your own life, and make all things work together for good? You know you can not; and yet you could not live one moment without these, and ten thousand other blessings, which God bestows on you; and all he asks in return is to love and serve him, with those powers which he has bestowed upon you. Will you treat his kindness with contempt? Will you spurn his blessings, as though you needed them not? If so, where will you hide your heads when he calls you with all mankind to judgment, to call you to account for your child-life? Then you will need his mercy, his smiles, and his salvation. But the wages of sin, which is death, will be the reward of the unfaithful child, and you will then realize that you have lived in vain. "The fear of the Lord tendeth to life: he that hath it, shall be satisfied. He shall not be visited with evil." FRANCES

THE LITTLE WOODMAN AND HIS DOG.

SELECTED BY R. H. MANTLE.

CHAPTER III.

AS EVENING approached, the woods became more and more gloomy. The birds ceased to sing, and went to rest upon the boughs of the trees; the crickets chirped in the dry leaves, and great bats began to flit about, flapping their heavy wings among the branches above his head. Poor little William began now to think how he should spend the night, and where he could be safe from the wild beasts; for he had given up all hopes of his brothers' return. He looked about for a tree into which he might climb, for he was not able to get into a very high one, being but a little boy. After some time he met with one which he contrived to ascend, among the branches of which he endeavored to fix himself firmly. But he feared that he could not keep himself awake all night; though he did

not dare to go to sleep, lest he should fall down from the tree. Soon after this it became very dark, and the wind arose and whistled dismally through the woods. But what was still worse than the wind, he heard the distant howling of a wolf, which made his little heart to beat; so he sat trembling from head to foot. His fear, however, had the right effect: it did not make him cry; but it urged him to pray. He prayed that his Heavenly Father would be with him in his trouble; and his prayer made, as before, in the name of that Savior to whom his father, the poor woodman, had for the last few months of his life taken so much pains to lead his young heart. The tree into which William had climbed was directly facing one of the four ways I before spoke of; and while he was praying, suddenly he perceived a light, as a candle or fire, which seemed to be at this way or path. This was a sign that some person was near, who perhaps might take pity upon him. He did not wait a moment, but lifting up his heart in thankfulness to God, he came hastily down from the tree, and ran towards the place where he had seen the light. But being upon the ground, he could see the light no longer: nevertheless, remembering the direction in which it had appeared, he ran that way with all his might; for he was in great fear of wolves, with which the forest abounded. The path he had taken went over very uneven ground, leading him sometimes up hill, and sometimes down. So when he had gone on for about half a mile, and had reached a favorable ascent, he saw the light again, which looked nearer and brighter than before. This comforted him greatly; and though he did not stop running, he lifted up his heart in thankfulness to heaven. He lost sight of the light, however, almost immediately, the path just then leading him down into a deep valley. As he was running down into this valley some clouds rolled away and he saw the moon. It was not the full moon, but the new moon, which looked like a beautiful silver crescent rising above the woods. By its cheerful light he could perceive that a stream of water ran across the bottom of the valley; and this filled him with fear, not knowing how deep or wide the water might be, nor how he should get across it. But he still kept running on towards it, till his little feet began to ache sadly. And here he had a most dreadful fright—for as he was running on, he heard feet paddling after him, like feet of some wild beast, and panting which he supposed to be that of a wolf. It came nearer and nearer, till at length poor little William was so terrified that he could run no longer, but fell down at his full length on the ground, believing that the next moment he should be torn to pieces. And now the creature came close up to him, putting his head so near to William's cheek that the affrighted child could perceive his breath; and presently he felt the tongue of the animal put out, as he thought, to begin to devour him. But instead of biting or hurting him, the creature began to lick him and to utter a cry of joy, by which William knew it to be his faithful dog Cæsar, that had come all the way through the forest in search of his little master. Oh! how delighted was the little boy when he found that instead of an enemy, it was his only earthly friend, his Cæsar! He soon got up from the ground, and hugged Cæsar round the neck; while the poor dog capered about and played all manner of tricks, to show his joy. At last William remembered that he was still in the wood, in a place of great danger; so he began to run forward again, and went on as fast as he could, till he came to the water I before mentioned. There he was quite at a stand, not knowing how deep the water might be; but hearing the howling of a wolf not very far distant, he stepped into the water and tried to make his way through it. But the stream suddenly bore him off his feet; and he certainly would have drowned had not his faithful Cæsar dragged him up, and brought him safely to the opposite side. Little William felt his heart full of gratitude to his faithful dog, and more so to Him who had sent such a

friend. But there was at present no time for delay; he shook the water from himself as well as he could, and then began to climb the further bank, followed closely by Cæsar. And now the clouds rolled over the moon again and made it quite dark; but still William felt comforted by the presence of such a friend as Cæsar. So they went on together, and had almost reached the top of the hill, when William saw in the dark, not far before him, two glaring eyes of some dreadful beast; and at the same time he heard a snarling noise like that of a wolf. He stood still, while Cæsar came before him, and began, in his turn, to growl angrily. At length William saw the eyes move, and perceived the wild creature to spring upon Cæsar. For a few minutes there was a dreadful noise and horrible battle between the faithful dog and the wolf: for this creature was, indeed, a wolf lying in wait for prey on the side of the road. The woods sounded on all sides with the cries of the two furious animals; and little William, not willing to leave Cæsar, though unable to assist him, continued on his knees, lifting up his hand and eyes to God; for he knew very well that if he overcame Cæsar, he would next fall upon him.

For a few dreadful minutes, William knew not which would be the conqueror. At length the wolf ran howling away; and the next minute Cæsar came up to his master, and pulled him by the coat, as if to persuade him to hasten forward. William then ran on, and Cæsar with him, till they came to the top of the hill; when O, what a pleasant sight! they saw, not a hundred yards before them, a cottage standing in a garden: for the light from the window was so strong, that they could see even the garden rails, and the little wicket. William set up a shout of joy and thankfulness, and ran down the gentle slope to the gate, which he opened in a minute, and shutting it after himself and Cæsar, began to knock at the cottage door. But so great was his impatience and fear lest another wolf should come after him, that he knocked three times before an answer could be returned.

Continued.

Letters from the Hopes.

CRESTON, Iowa, June 19th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—Not seeing anything from this part of Iowa in our little paper, thought I would write a few lines. I love to read the *Hope* and the letters from the little Hopes. I think we ought to obey its teachings, and try to do the will of our Heavenly Father; from him we receive every good and perfect deed, and all the blessings that we enjoy. Then let us live faithful, and obey his commandments, that we may not be the cause of keeping others out of the Church, but that they will see by our conduct that it is good to serve the Lord.

Uncle John, in his chat, wishes to know what the Book of Doctrine and Covenants says about tobacco. "Tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man; but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill.—Sec. 86. By reading the sixth chapter of St. John, you will find what the bread that perisheth not is, "And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life." Pray for me that I may be watchful and prayerful, and hold out faithful to the end.

Your sister,

NANCY A. BROOKS.

CENTERVILLE, Appanoose Co., Iowa, June.

Dear Hopes:—I have just been reading the *Hope* for June 15th, and I thought I would try to answer Uncle John's questions. I think the little boy did not do right when he told his mother they were doing nothing. He asks, Was it right for that boy to be smoking. I should say, It was not right, for I think it is a great evil to smoke or chew tobacco. The Book of Covenants says, Tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill.

Dear Hopes this was given as a word of wisdom from God, and I think he who created all things should know for what purpose he created them; therefore, I think we who have taken upon us the name of Christ should pay

heed to the word of wisdom, not only in regards tobacco, but also strong drink. For the word of wisdom says it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father. Therefore, let us do all we can to prohibit its manufacture and sale. You will see by reading the eighty-sixth section, Book of Doctrine and Covenants, what great blessings are promised to all Saints who will keep the word of wisdom.

Dear Hopes, there is no branch here. I do not know what I would do if I did not have the *Herald* and *Hope* to read. I think they become more interesting all the time. It will be seven years the twentieth of June since I, with seven other dear Hopes, went into the waters of baptism. I should like to see you all, and mingle my voice with yours in testimony of the goodness of God; but as this is impossible in this life, please remember me in your prayers, that I may be faithful to the end, and at last meet you in the life to come, where all will be peace and happiness, and parting can never come.

I remain your sister in gospel bonds,

MARGARET ARCHIBALD.

RIDGEWAY, Harrison Co., Mo.,

June 29th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would try and write a letter to the *Hope*. Though I am not baptized yet, I fully believe that the Latter Day Saints' Church is the true Church of Christ. How thankful we should be that God in his mercy has shown us the true way, while so many remain in darkness, and know not the way. In the *Hope* for June 15th, in Uncle John's chat, he wished the Hopes to answer some questions which I will try to in the best way I can. I think that little boy did a great sin when he told his mother they were doing nothing, for this is one of the commands of God, "Thou shalt not lie." I do not think that it was right for that boy to be smoking. I think that it is a great evil to smoke or chew tobacco. In a revelation on the word of word of wisdom, the Book of Covenants says, "And again tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man; but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill." So by this tobacco is not for man; but most men use it in some way or other. Pray for me that I may be faithful and endure to the end.

DAVID WIGHT.

LONDON, Ontario,

June 17th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It has been some time since I have written for the *Hope*, but I trust I shall not wait so long again. We have a nice Sunday School here, and have a large and nice library. Our school starts at half-past nine every Sunday. We had Bros. Lake and Gurley here, and had a good time. Bro. George Henely is our Superintendent now, and is liked very well by all the scholars. The Sunday School supplies us with the *Hope* once every two weeks which pleases me, for without the *Hope* I would feel dreary, for I like to read all the letters and nice stories which it contains, and think it long to wait two weeks, but hope it will soon be made a weekly paper. We had a picnic on the twenty-fourth of May, and had a pleasant time. I have been in the Church about seven months, and hope to be ever faithful to that which I have obeyed; my father and mother both belong to the Church. The Church is getting quite cold here, and the Saints do not attend now as they used to, which I'm sorry for; but hope they will attend, and that God will give us his Holy Spirit which will guide us in all things whatsoever we do, and that we will give him the glory and honor, is my prayer for Christ's sake.

With best wishes for all, I remain your brother in the gospel,

JAMES FALKNER.

HIGHLAND STATION, Kansas,

June 14th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I was baptized when I was nine years old. I have six sisters and no brother; my oldest sister belongs to the Church. I would like to go to meeting, as I have not been for a long time. I like to read the *Hope* and *Herald*. We should try to keep the commandments of our Heavenly Father, and walk in righteousness before him, although we have many temptations to overcome. I love the work in which we are engaged in, and hope that I may continue to the end. I hope that you all will pray, so that I can keep the commandments of God, and I will pray for you.

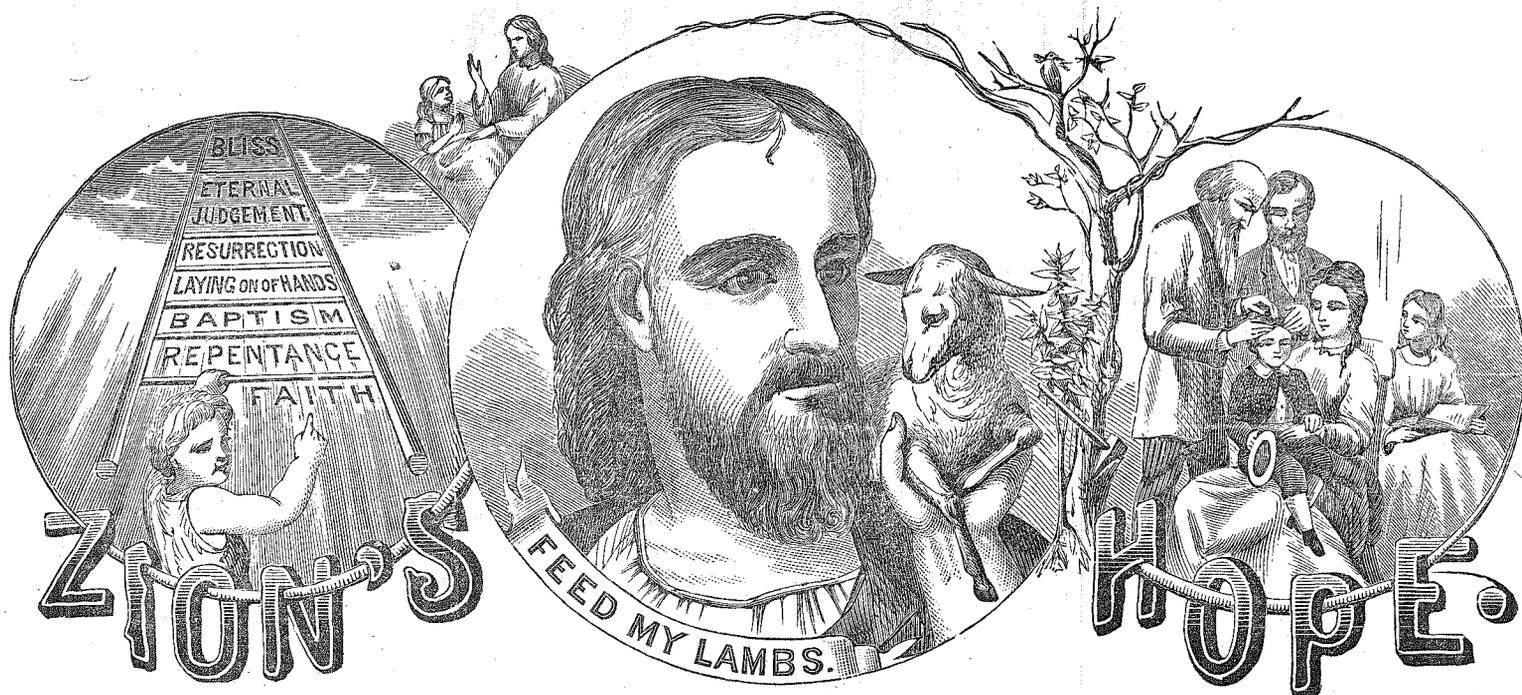
I remain your sister in Christ,

SARAH A. PRICE.

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

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Through all the gathering mists of age,
One scene and season linger yet,
The first enstamped on memories page,
The last I ever can forget.

'Twas when the orb of day declined
Beneath the many-colored west,
I'd seek my mother's knee, and find
Upon her bosom perfect rest.
And when the stars began to shine
From out the ether—blue and deep,
Repeat the prayer whose opening line
Was "*New I lay me down to sleep.*"

Oh! childhood's hours, how calm,—how bright,—
How like a dream that's passed away;
That mother sank to sleep one night,
And woke in endless day.
Then manhood with its perils came,
Its high-wrought hopes, its vague desires;
Ambition's fervid, quenchless flame,
And passion's baleful furnace fires;
But oft the thought had power to sway,
'Gainst reasons judgment, strong and deep,—
If thus to sin, how can I say:
"*I pray the Lord my soul to keep.*"

Around us flit on silent wings,
The viewless messengers of death;
Where health is now, an hour may bring
The burning brow and fevered breath.
Alas, how many sparkling eyes,
That close to-night on scenes of mirth,
Before another morn shall rise,
Shall look their last on things of earth.
I know ere morning dawns for me,
The silver cord of life may break;
O, father take me home to thee,
"*If I should die before I wake.*"

For earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Must soon be chanted o'er our sod,
And for the rest we can but trust
The ever-living Father, God.
O, welcome faith! with what delight
We near the river, deep and wide;
When friends we love, with forms of light,
Are waiting on the other side.
When life's low tide is ebbing fast,
And sense and thought their throne forsake;
Be then my earnest prayer—my last:
"*I pray the Lord my soul to keep.*"

SISTER EMMA.

DELHAVEN, N. S., June 25th.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER X.

Two hours later, George Randolph stood at the door of his father's cottage, in the village of Linden, the nearest railway station. "Where is Max, mother dear? I hoped he hadn't gone away yet, and possibly might have seen Victoria Russell in town."

"He is out, some where. Victoria is here now. She is going away on the next train," replied his mother, a sweet faced old lady, rising and going into the next room. Victoria appeared the next moment.

"What has happened George?" she exclaimed. "They tell me you and your sister are to stay at father's. I'm glad. But is there any one ill, or"—she paused—"father hasn't relented?"

"Don't be frightened, Miss Russell, but your father fell and hurt himself severely. His arm is broken just below the shoulder, and there is an ugly wound on his head. He thinks he is going to die, and the doctor looks sober over it, but he says there is hope, with proper care." He then explained how the accident had occurred by the horses starting suddenly from fright, caused by Bunch, the little dog, who saw a bird alight on the grass and sprang from behind a rose tree to catch it.

"The first word he said after gaining consciousness, some half an hour after his fall, was: 'Victoria.' Your mother is almost distracted, and Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Clausen desired me to make an effort to find you. Your father wants a minister brought immediately."

But no minister could be found short of the city, ten miles farther away. None save Max Randolph, and, as he was a stranger to nearly every one here, no one save his own family and Victoria were aware of it. He was an Elder in the L. D. S. Church, of which his family were all members. Few knew this, as they had lately come to live in Linden. Mrs. Bell had resided here some years, but being very quiet, few even knew her religious belief.

Mother Randolph proposed that Max should go, but he demurred. At length he consented, as George had been charged not to return without a minister, but with little hope of being able to give comfort or cheer.

Mr. Russell was suffering intensely when the three arrived at the Manor. He believed himself dying, and the attending physician feared he was right in his belief.

"Thank God, you have come at last, my beloved daughter!" he moaned. "Where is the minister? I want to make peace with my God before I die."

"Our minister was gone away, father dear," replied Victoria, trembling with grief. "And Mr. Brown, at Linden, also. There is a conference somewhere south of here."

He let go her hand, which he had held since her coming in, turned his face away and groaned. His wife drew near him.

"Don't sorrow, John, you've always lived a good, moral life. And God is merciful." She could say no more. Her anguish overcame her.

"You, Elizabeth, always taught our children that it was necessary to be more than good and moral to please and obey the Lord. Don't tell me, now, your faith, which I have always believed in is vain." And John Russell looked imploringly at his wife.

"No, no, John; I did not mean that. Only, if we do all we can,"—

"Don't try to put me off that way," he exclaimed, moaning with pain. "I want a minister. A man who has power with God, to pray for me before I die! O, my punishment is harder than I can bear!"

"Maybe the God letted him fall and hurt himself, 'cause he drived Victory off," said Burt solemnly, looking down at the rose-buds in the carpet.

Mrs. Russell opened her eyes in horror.

"Yes, yes; the boy is right," murmured the suffering man, thoughtfully. "I'm justly punished. But God is merciful that it came so soon, before my daughter had gone beyond recall. Can she ever forgive me?"

"Yes, papa dearest, you are more than forgiven;" and the weeping girl knelt beside the bed and laid her cheek on his pillow. "You did not understand, else you had not!"—

"Nay, Victoria," he replied, "I would not understand. I did not try. I was wicked and wroth with you, notwithstanding all the sacrifice you had made for me." A sharp spasm of pain obstructed his utterance for a moment. "O, for a minister."

Mrs. Bell looked on with pity, anxiety, and a struggling desire to declare the fact that her brother was one, though of the sect whom the sufferer detested. Great tears rolled down the manly cheeks of Max Randolph as he stood there helpless, yet his whole soul moved with compassion.

Little Elsie, awed by the solemnity of the scene, clung to her mother's hand, and looked from one to another, scarce understanding what it all meant.

"Minister's a Elder ain't it, mamma," she ventured softly. "And Uncle Max is 'at, I fought. He's Elder, ain't he, mamma? Why don't 'e man have have Uncle Max, when he hurts so bad."

Mrs. Bell had tried to quiet the child, but she had said what was in her heart.

"What? Young Randolph here a minister?" and the wounded man was about to make an effort to rise up in his excitement, had not the doctor prevented him, and begged him to be calm, else he would seriously injure himself.

"What matter to me now," replied Mr. Russell "I'm shocked that my friends are leagued against me in this my last hour. What does it mean?"

"Mrs. Russell was too much bewildered to speak, but Victoria rose and gently laid her hand on her father's arm.

"Don't worry yourself, papa, but let me explain. Max Randolph is an Elder—a minister of the gospel; but we feared you would object, because of the church he represents."

"Child; do you think a dying man will be moved by prejudice? You have permitted me to suffer what seems ages of soul-anguish, that I might have been spared. Will you pray for me, Randolph?"

Every knee was bent, and every heart present went up to God in prayer. Humble, fervent and simple, were the breathings of the young man's soul. A sigh of relief and rest flitted up from the breast of John Russell as they all arose.

"Read to me from the good Word," he murmured, closing his eyes as if in repose. Max took from his pocket a Bible, and sat down to read, opening the book by chance, St. John, chapter eleven, was before him. So he began the pathetic story of Lazarus' death and resurrection. Long before it was finished, the spasms of pain came on again, but though moaning with agony, the suffering man bade Max continue to read. When it was ended, he cried: "O, why is there no Jesus to heal us now? He healed the sick, the lame, the blind, and even raised the dead to life. Why can we not be thus blessed? O, if he were near now, my pains might be eased, and perhaps my life spared, that I might remain with my family—live, if He pleased, to once more see my wandering children,—to welcome them back to their old home.—Ah me."

"The promise, according to Peter," remarked Max, "is to you and to your children, and all them that are afar off, even as many as the Lord your God shall call. And He calls all to repent and partake of the blessings of the gospel covenant. If you believe, you may be released from your bondage of pain, and live."

"Mamma, 'pease why don't Uncle Max 'minister to ze sick man and let him feel well," asked little Elsie, softly; but John Russell's quick ear caught the words.

"Do you,—can you plead with God in behalf of my bodily pain? and will He hear you?—But why not? The promise is to all who believe.—Yes, yes. You are a man of faith. Ask him to be merciful to me a sinner, and spare me—for the sake of my patient wife and faithful children."

The doctor began to grow uneasy. He urged that there was too much excitement. All save one or two should go farther from the sufferer, and quiet be secured. There was no one in the room now, save himself, Max, and Mrs. Russell. And it was a large airy apartment. Mrs. Bell, who had been standing just without the door, in the sitting-room, took her little girl's hand and turned to go. But Mr. Russell cried: "stay! that little child has so much faith, her mother must have instilled it in her young heart. Tarry, you both, and pray with this man for me. Elizabeth, don't despair. God lives and will listen to the pleadings of your pure heart."

The doctor undertook to interfere, as Max came near the bed; but Mr. Russell waived him back, and he walked out into the hall in disgust. Max bade all to kneel with him, while he prayed for relief and restoration for the sufferer. Then, after he had anointed him with oil, and humbly asked God's acknowledgement, he pronounced upon him health and cure, adding, "According to your faith, it shall be."

Three days after, although the doctor declared he must lie perfectly quiet,—John Russell was able to walk about the house.

"A miracle," he would say; "a miracle. Thank God for the gift of faith."

Continued.

HERE IS A MODEL.

A BIBLE class in Troy, N. Y., was commenced twenty-two years ago by a lady who is still its teacher. The original class numbered sixteen, fifteen of whom have died. Five hundred persons have belonged to this class. Three hundred of them have united with the church. This excellent teacher has

kept an accurate history of each scholar, and has always corresponded with the absent. She visits the regular members twice a year. They visit her socially, and as a class, by invitation. Although from the poorer classes of the community, and all working for their livelihood, they support a native preacher in Burmah, are educating a negro in Texas for the ministry, and are helping to carry on a church in Iowa, besides paying all their own class expenses. The daughter of one of her former pupils is now a regular member of her class. Many of the old pupils have gone west, but she continues to respond to their frequent requests for counsel. She has been at the funerals of all of her class who have died. The secrets of her success are these four: 1. Self-consecration. 2. The consecration of her pupils to the Lord. 3. Visitation at their own homes, with conversation and prayer. 4. Social influence at her own home.

THANKS FOR REST.

We bless thy name, O holy Jesus,
For evening hours and silent night,
For day's decline that gently frees us
From all the burdens of the light.

Thou hast on earth been often weary,
Pity our weakness from above;
The darkness, then, no longer dreary,
Is but the shadow of thy love.

To thy beloved, in their sleeping,
Thou givest rest, sweet rest of heart;
Lord, take us to thy holy keeping,
And all thy peace, untold, impart.

THE LITTLE WOODMAN AND HIS DOG.

SELECTED BY R. H. MANTLE.

CHAPTER IV.

AT LENGTH he heard the voice of a woman within, say, "Who is there?"

William answered, "A poor little boy, who has been lost in the forest, and who would have been killed by a wolf, if his dog had not saved him."

"Come in, then, come in," said the old woman, opening her door. "Come in poor little fellow: you and your dog are both welcome."

When the door was open, little William saw an old woman, stooping with age, dressed in a clean blue woolen gown, and having a white cap tied under her chin. And her house was as neat as herself. There was a bright fire on the hearth, the same which had given light to poor William in the forest, before which were standing an arm chair, and a little three-legged table with a Bible lying open upon it. William did not know it was a Bible at that time, but he learned what it was afterwards. An old gray cat sat purring by the fire. There was a comfortable clean bed in one corner of the room; and there were many shelves, filled with bright pewter dishes against the wall.

"Come in, my little wandering boy," said the good old woman; "Come in, you are welcome here."

So she brought him and Cæsar into her cottage, and fastened the door. The moment William saw the door shut, and found himself safe from the wolves, he fell down upon his knees, and thanked God for safe deliverance from death. Then turning to Cæsar, "O! my dear Cæsar," he said, "My dear Cæsar! twice you have saved me from death! If it had not been for you, I should at this moment have been eaten up by wolves."

While William was kissing and thanking Cæsar, he perceived a wound in his side, which the wolf had given him, but which the faithful dog had not heeded till he had brought his little master out of danger. As soon as William saw the wound he began to cry bitterly, begging the old woman to give him something to cure his poor dog.

"Do not cry, my little boy," said the old woman; "we can do nothing for Cæsar's wound: he will lick it well himself. But I will make him a soft bed by the fireside, and give him something to eat and drink, and it will shortly get well."

So she brought out an old sheep's skin, and laying it on one side of the fire, she pointed to Cæsar to lie down upon it. Then going to her pantry, she brought him some bits of meat, and set before him a pan of water. Now the poor dog was very hungry and thirsty, for he had been without food for several days, so he ate and drank; and when he had licked his wound, he fell asleep.

"And now, my little boy," said the old woman, "as you have made your dog easy" (for she could not get the child's attention till Cæsar had been relieved), "tell me, had you no other friend with you in the forest except this dog?"

"No," said the little boy. "Well then, my child, endeavor to make yourself easy. You are now safely housed. To-morrow you shall tell me who you are, and where you come from; but now you shall have something to eat. I must first, however, wash your poor little weary feet, and dry your clothes: and you shall then go to bed."

Little William could not help crying, when the old woman spoke so kindly to him.

"Why do you cry, my little boy?" said she.

"To think of God's goodness to me," answered William. "A very little while ago I expected to be torn to pieces by wild beasts, and now I am come to you, and am made so happy!"

"Poor little boy!" said the old woman, "if I can make you happy, you shall be happy." And she kissed his little cheek. Then she put some milk upon the fire, with bread broken into it; and while it was warming she took off William's wet clothes, and having washed the dust and mire from him, she wrapped him in a blanket, and laid him in bed, hanging his clothes to dry against the morning; after which she brought him the warm milk and bread, and fed him with her own hands.

"I can not go to sleep till I have thanked God," said William, "and till I have kissed you, for you are as kind to me as my dear father was."

"And have you not a father now?" said the old woman.

"No," said William, "for he is dead. I have six brothers, but they don't love me; and after my father died, they brought me three days' journey into the forest; and last night, when I was asleep, they left me to be eaten by the wolves. But God had pity on me. He brought me to you; and now I will be your child, and love you as I did my father."

"And you shall be my child," said the old woman. "I will love you; and we will serve God together, for you ought to love God very much, seeing what he has done for you."

"My father taught me to love God before he died," answered William; "but he could not persuade my brothers to hearken to him, when he would have taught them about God."

Then little William told the old woman many things which had passed before his father's death; and how his father had talked to him about his former life, and had repented of his sins, and died trusting in his Redeemer.

While William spoke, the old woman trembled, and was obliged to sit down on the bed, by which she was standing; for she began to have some suspicion that William's father was her own son, who had run away from her many years ago, and of whom she had never since received any tidings.

For some minutes she could not speak. At length she said, "Tell me what was your father's name?"

"Roger Hardfoot," answered William.

"Oh!" said the old woman, putting her hands together, "it is even so,—Roger Hardfoot was my son! my only son! And did he die repenting of his sins, and trusting in his Savior? Then my prayers have been heard for him. And are you his child? Are you my own little grandson? Were you sent by kind Providence to take shelter in your poor old grandmother's house and to be the comfort of her old age?" Then she fell upon his neck and they both wept for joy.

"Indeed, indeed," said little William, when he

could speak, "This is a wonderful day! And we will thank God together. And did my brothers bring me so far that I might find my grandmother? I shall now love Cæsar more than ever, for I never should have come here, if Cæsar had not helped me through the water, and fought that dreadful wolf."

Now little William was very much tired, and soon fell asleep; but his grandmother (whose full heart would scarcely allow her to close her eyes) spent most of the night in praise and thanksgiving. She thanked God that her son, who had caused her so many hours of sorrow, had died in faith; and that her little grandchild had been brought to her in so wonderful a manner. Moreover, she prayed that God would turn the hearts of her elder grandchildren, those wicked young men who had used their little brother so cruelly.

Continued.

JESSICA'S MOTHER.

Selected by Sr. Emma.

CHAPTER III.

THEY were heavy steps which the three listening children heard at last in the hall below, and upon the staircase the sounds of carrying a helpless burden up the stairs; and Jane and Winny pressed closer to Jessica, who looked from one to the other with tender encouragement. As the sounds drew nearer they crept, by one impulse, to the door, and opening it a little way, they saw their father's face as he was carried past them, pale but peaceful, with the eyelids closed as if he were in a deep sleep. Jessica's quick eyes detected Daniel standing in the darkness at the end of the passage, and as soon as the sad procession had passed into the minister's chamber, and the door was shut, she darted out and led him eagerly to the study.

"Oh! Standing," cried Jane and Winny, in one breath; "tell us everything about papa."

"Come, come; you needn't be frightened, my little ladies," answered Daniel, soothingly. "Please God your father will be all right again in a week or two. The Doctors say he's been studying too much to make his grand sermons, and he hasn't given his brain rest enough; but he'll come all right again by and by, or I don't know whatever will become of the Chapel."

"He won't die," murmured Jane, with quivering lips.

"Die!—Oh no;" said Daniel. "Why, my dears, you are all of a tremble. It would be the best for you to go to bed, for you can't do any good sitting up."

"Standing," said Winny, "I wish you would let Jessica stay all night with us. She could sleep with nurse, and our room is inside nurses, and if we leave the door open we could talk to one another."

"She may stay and welcome, if nurse likes, Miss Winny," answered Daniel.

And as the nurse was anxious for her children to feel their new sorrow as lightly as possible, she was glad to grant their request.

So after a while it happened that Daniel was wending his way alone through the fog and damp of the streets towards the little house in a quiet and respectable sort of a court, where for the last three years he had dwelt with his adopted child. His mind had been fully occupied with the events of the night, and the paralysis of his stricken master; but now that he was alone, and his thoughts were free to return to his own affairs, they suddenly recalled to him the minister's last words to himself. What could it be of importance that he had to say to him, when the evening service was finished? His brain had been busy in guessing, in spite of his conscience, during the singing of the hymns, and even during the first prayer, when he stood at the Chapel door to arrest the entrance of any late comer, until it should be ended. Something of importance, and now the minister could not reveal it to him. He knew that at a private committee meeting during the week, a plan had been proposed for erecting a small resi-

dence near the new Chapel, and school-rooms, where the Chapel-keeper might dwell; and it had been suggested that his salary should be raised to such a sum as would free him from the necessity of seeking any other employment. In fact the care of the Chapel would be work enough, for it was to be very large and magnificent, and already his duty filled up four clear days of the week. Could it be to speak about this the minister desired him to come into his vestry immediately after the congregation had departed? But it was not so much the minister's business as the chief men belonging to the Church. Could it be anything about Jessica? It did not seem very likely; yet the minister was very partial to Jessica, and always seemed pleased to see her about the vestry; and he was talking to her very kindly when Daniel went to fetch the pulpit books. It was a hard thing to pacify his awakened curiosity, and he supposed nobody could satisfy it but the minister himself. How long was the stroke likely to last? Daniel was asking himself this question, which neither he nor any one else could answer. Just as he reached the door of his dwelling, there was a dim light from a lamp at the entrance of the court, and there was a red gleam of his own fire shining upon the white window-blinds within, so that he could distinguish pretty plainly the figure of a person, which looked more like a heap of rags crouching upon his doorsill. A tattered coat was tied around the neck by the sleeves, and an old brimless hat was drawn over the back of the head; but the tangled hair which hung in ragged locks over the face was too long for a man's, and as he stooped down to look more closely, it was certainly a woman's face which was turned towards him.

"Come, come," he said, "you've no business here, you know; so you'd better get up and go home. You don't belong to this place, and you've made a mistake coming here; This is my house."

He had his key in his hand ready to let himself in where the comfortable fire was awaiting him, but he could not open the door until the miserable creature had moved; and though she raised herself a little, she did not get upon her feet.

"I don't belong to any place," she answered sullenly, yet fiercely, "and I haven't made any mistake in coming here. You're Daniel Standing; and I am 'Jessica's Mother.'"

Daniel reeled for an instant, as if he had been struck a very heavy blow. He had long ago ceased to trouble himself about 'Jessica's Mother,' or to dread her re-appearance; and the minister had told him if she should ever return to claim her daughter, he would use all his influence to protect Jessica from her, as being an unfit person for the training of a child. The woman was standing up now, and leaning her back against the door, snapping her fingers at him, and with her face stretched out with a glare of angry defiance in her bright eyes, which sparkled through the gloom.

"I've nearly had the door down," she said, with a hoarse laugh, "till all your neighbors come out to see what was the matter; but I scared them in again. The police himself, tail like a poor poltroon," and she laughed again so loud, that the quiet court seemed to ring with the sound. And a door or two was cautiously opened, and Daniel saw his neighbors peeping out; all of them decent people, who held him in high respect, as the Chapel-keeper of so fashionable a Chapel.

"I want my daughter," she cried in high shrill notes. My Jessica! My daughter! Where 'is she you scoundrel!"

"Come now, then," answered Daniel, emboldened by the advance of two or three men who came up to form a flank of defense or resistance, "this behavior won't do. Jessica isn't here; so you'd better take yourself off. I wouldn't give her up to you, if she was here; but she isn't, and there's an end of it."

The woman seated herself once more upon the sill, and leaned her head against the door post.

"If you go in, I go in," she said, doggedly; and if I stay out, you stay out. I want my Jessica."

It was an embarrassing position for Daniel. He did not like to resort to force to enter his house, for several reasons. First and chiefly, he was now too sincere a Christian to choose any violent or ungentle measures; but besides this, the person before him was a woman, and the mother of Jessica, and he himself in a softened mood from the excitement and sorrow of the evening. He stretched out his arm and fitted the key into the lock; but before he turned it, he looked as closely as he could through the gloom into the woman's face.

"You're not drunk, are you," he said.

"Neither sup nor drop has passed my lips to-day" she answered with a groan of suffering.

"Well, well, come in," said Daniel. And you, too, Mr. Brooks, if you please. I'm not myself at all, to-night, and it'd hearten me to have somebody to back me; come in. He opened the door into a comfortable and neat room, where everything was arranged with scrupulous order, for he was an orderly old man by nature, and Jessica had already the thrifty habits of a house-keeper. The fire had been well raked over with small coals before he and Jessica started for Chapel, and now it was a bank of glowing embers. The woman tottered across to the hearth, and flung herself in Daniel's armed chair. They could see now how wan and hollow her face was, with the cheeks fallen in, and the burning eyes sunken deep into the head; while as she stretched out her thin and yellow hands over the fire, the red gleam shone through them. The poor tatters that she wore were limp and dank with fog, and the slippers into which her naked feet were thrust were worn out at the toes, so as to give free inlet to the mud of the pavements. Daniel regarded her in silence for a minute or two, and then he passed on into a small kitchen at the back, and then returned quickly with some bread and cheese, and some coffee which he warmed up in a little saucepan. She drank the coffee eagerly, but she could not swallow more than a mouthful or two of the bread.

Continued.

GOOD ADVICE.

DEAR PRECIOUS LITTLE HOPES:—There is given us this good way, by which we can talk to each other, and I think I will make use of it. I am in favor of examining all things, and keep the best. I mean reading matters. I read a good many papers and books, and the good that I find I take it to my store of memory, or mark it in my notebook. I will write a little about

WORDS THAT STAIN.

A bright lad heard a vile word and an impure story. He thought them over. They became fixed in his memory, and they left a stain which could not be washed out by all the waters of this great round earth. Do not allow yourself to listen to vile "smutty" stories, or unclean words. There are persons who seem to take an evil delight in repeating such things. And those who willingly listen to them receive a stain upon their memory. To give ear to filthy talkers is to share their sin. Don't lend your ears to be filled and defiled with shameful words and vile stories. In these days of evil speech and bad books, it is our duty to take care what we listen to, and what we read. A vile story smirches, defiles the heart, pollutes the memory, and inflames the fancy. Shun these things as you would poisonous vipers. Draw back from hearing them as you would shrink from the "cancerous kisses" of the crocodiles seen in the De Quincey's opium dream. If by chance you have heard any obscene words, or vile stories, drive them from your thoughts as you would the black-winged bats from your face at night. Ask God to help you. Think of the true things he has said, and study the pure and beautiful things he has made.—Selected.

I can tell you, Dear Hopes, that I have much joy in the gospel; indeed, it is the real joy of my life. I came in at the door twenty-two years ago. I was then but young; but the more I learn of this, the

Gospel of Christ, the more I love it, and the more beautiful it shines. We can never be too old to learn. I have six children, three of them were baptized lately, and confirmed by Bro. K. Johnson and E. C. Brand. I hope and trust that the God and Father of Israel will keep them safe in the path of life, and that the divine blessings that were spoken on them at their confirmation may be obtained and realized. I try to lead them along, but I have many weaknesses. Still I do always strive to live humble, true and faithful.

Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Zion sing,
The growing glories of her king.

Your affectionate Aunt,

LINA.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., July 12th, 1882.

KILLING TIME.

"WHAT are you doing these days, my friend?"

"Not much," he replied; "trying to kill time."

Time dragged heavily on his hands, and he was trying to kill it. Multitudes are practically doing the same thing, and consuming the great part of their lives on *nothings*.

Bearing in mind the great end for which God has placed us in this world; all the time allotted to us is barely sufficient, even if faithfully improved, to prepare for the realities of eternity. If we fail by use of the appointed means to "seek for glory, honor, and immortality;" if we abuse our privileges and squander our time; there remains for us only tribulation and anguish. Some one has said that "Time is the stuff of which life is made." Of the same materials different workmen will produce widely different articles. The one will make only coarse cloth, the other the finest tapestry. The one will cut the uncouth figure which shocks us by its distortions; the other will carve the exquisite statue which fascinates us by its beauty and perfection. It is bad enough for a rational being to lose time, but there is something terrible in the idea of an immortal being, whose destiny is to turn on the use which he makes of time, setting himself deliberately to kill it. The use of such language even, is demoralizing, and indicates that he who employs it does not realize the responsibilities or the privileges of his position.

The sailor who in mid-ocean would begin to destroy his boat; the man in the depths of Mammoth Cave who would try to extinguish his only torch; a traveller in the desert endeavoring to empty his supplies of water on the burning sands, would be fitting examples of the folly and madness of him who thus avowedly and deliberately sets himself to "kill time." We esteem *grains* of gold worthy of toilsome search; we carefully treasure the smallest diamond; and we watchfully keep and plant and tend the grain on whose growth our support is depending for a coming year. Far more precious than gold, and jewels, and the seed-corn of our earthly food, is time; and we shall realize this one day when to us "time shall be no more."

Letters from the Hopes.

BIRMINGHAM, England, June 25th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—My father and mother have been members of the Church of Latter Day Saints for many years; my brother and sister, younger than me, were baptized May 18th, 1879; but I did not make up my mind until November 11th, 1879; also, my two younger brothers went with me, and were born again with water and the Spirit, which caused great joy to my parents, to know that five of their children had given themselves up to serve God and obey the gospel. I do thank my Heavenly Father more every day that he led me and my brothers and sister out of that dark way, into the most glorious gospel. It is a great and glorious gospel, for it makes my heart rejoice, when I think of the blessings God gives those that obey and keep his commandment. Though there are troubles in this life, the Lord will help us through them, if we put our whole trust in him.

Dear Hopes, I will now tell you about my dear brother that has just passed away; and ask you all to pray for my dear parents in the time of trouble. My brother was taken ill the week after Christmas, with inflammation of the lungs, and the doctor gave very little hope of him for some time; but he got a little better, and then he had rheumatism all over him, which made him very weak; but he got able to go out, and he grew very tall. On May 12th, which was the last time he was out, and when he came home, he was very sick, and afterwards told his mother and brothers that he was going to leave them, and was going to die. He was still very ill all the week. On May 20th, he was very restless and wanted to get up very early in the morning, and when his brothers came from their work at dinner time, he had been reading the fourth chapter of Amos, and he showed it to his brothers, and told them to read it, and take notice of the twelfth verse, which he read to them several times and at the time he read this to his brothers, his hands and feet were quite cold; he was dressed and sitting by the fire down stairs. He also walked up to bed, after ten o'clock at night. He had father pray for him several times in the day; but, dear boy, was still getting worse, and he called his brothers, after they had gone to bed, and asked them to pray for him. Now I think, Dear Hopes, you will say with me, that my dear brother was quite prepared to die. He passed away very calmly at ten minutes of two, May 21st, 1882.

Dear Hopes, my brother was well at Christmas, when we all spent the day together; but none of us can tell how soon we may be called away, as our dear one was. He was beloved by all who knew him; he was so gentle and kind in all his ways; his death has been quite a shock to all of us, as this is the first one that has passed away out of our family; he will be missed very much by both friends and relations. His age was sixteen years, on April 26th, 1882. But I know that we must not grieve at the loss of our dear one, for we know that he is better of and out of pain now. Though he was ill so long, we did not think he would pass away so sudden; but he died with a diseased heart, which took him off so soon.

Dear Hopes, I have sent you this short history of my brother, to show you that death may overtake us any moment, and that we should always be ready and prepared as my dear brother told us in the twelfth verse of the chapter I named, and then we shall not be afraid any time the Lord sees fit to call us from this world. With love to all the Hopes in this and all other countries, I am your true sister in the bonds of Christ's Gospel,

LIZZIE TYLER.

PERDUE HILL, Ala., May 7th, 1882

Dear Hopes:—For the first time I write to you. I take the *Hope*, and love to read them. I have belonged to the Church three years this Fall. I feel sometimes like that I was seed sown among the briars. We have no preaching here. Brother Cato gave us four sermons last Fall. I ask the prayers of the Hopes and Saints everywhere.

Yours in Christ,

MARY S. R. SKIPPER.

June 18th.—As this is my first attempt to write to you, I don't know as I can write a very long letter. I don't belong to the Church, but hope to soon. I am trying to keep the commandment of our Savior, and to love him above all things, and my neighbors as myself; but you all know that there are temptations on every side, and often realize that by our own strength we can do nothing; but pray to the God of heaven and it will be given, and my prayer to God is that we may all be saved in the end. We would be glad of a preacher.

ELLEN B. HALE.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., July 14th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—Seeing nothing from here in your paper, I will contribute my mite. We have a very interesting Sabbath School. Through the efforts of it and committee appointed, we had a very pleasant picnic on the Fourth. The school met in the morning at Sr. Clemenson's and marched from there to the grounds, where they found swings, croquet, &c., prepared by the committee for their amusement. The table, already beginning to look inviting, under the hands of the sisters, whose tasty arrangements of the same are to be congratulated, was well filled with good things. Every one seemed intent on being pleasant, and having a good time. A little after noon, dinner was announced, and all invited to partake. After all were gathered, Bro. A. H. Smith rendered thanks, and

then ample justice was done to the good viands before us. After dinner we enjoyed a pleasant hour listening to volunteer speeches and songs from little and big; all seemed willing to help. Just as the sun was sinking, the crowd dispersed, well pleased with the Fourth of July, eighteen eighty-two. And now, fearing I may weary you, I will pause; and if this proves acceptable, continue at some other time.

Yours in Christ,

VIDA.

NEW TRENTON, Ind., June 23d, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write a letter to our dear little paper this afternoon. I like to read the letters from the Hopes. I have not been baptized yet, but hope to be soon. There are sixteen members in this branch. We have our meetings every Sunday evening, but have had no preaching for a long time. My uncle, William Chappelow, is not able to preach, and there has been no Elder here since Bro. Springer went away. Bro. C. Scott was in this district, but he did not come here, we would like very much to see him. I read Uncle John's chat in the last *Hope*. He wants us to tell him what the Book of Covenants says about tobacco. It says, "Tobacco is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill." I like the story of "Jessica's First Prayer," also "A Sensible Girl." I would like to see the rest of it in the *Hope*. We have no Sunday School here now—I wish we had. I should like very much if some of the young Hopes would write to me, for I love to read your letters, if I am not acquainted with many of you.

Your friend,

BESSIE M. CARMICHAEL.

PAICINES, San Benito Co., Cal.,

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old, and am a member of the Church. I believe the Church of the Latter Day Saints is true. We take the *Hope*, and I think it is the best child's paper I ever saw. It has such good advice and nice letters in it. I think the piece headed "The Little Woodman and his Dog" is nice. We have a Union Sunday School here. Bro. Eugene Holt is our Superintendent; we also have preaching once in a while. We expect Bro. Carmichael to preach for us next Sunday. There is a good many around here that say they would like to hear him, and say they will come; and I hope that they will, that they may see the truth as it is. Love to all the little Hopes and big ones too,

EMMA LAWN.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have ever attempted to write to you. I am nine years old. I have not been baptized yet, but hope to be soon. I think the *Hope* is a nice little paper. We have a nice Sunday School here. Love to all.

MARIAMNE LAWN.

PAICINES, Cal., June 1st, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I am ten years old. This is the first time I have written. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and learn verses, which I like very much; we get tickets every Sunday. Sister Root teaches my class; I like her very much. I have two brothers and three sisters. Pray for me.

Your friend,

EVA MYLAR

Dear Hopes:—I do not know as I can interest you very much, as it is my first letter I have attempted to write to the *Hope*, which I like very much. I do not belong to the Church yet; but I hope to some time. Sister Lawn lets me read her *Hopes*. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. Brother Eugene Holt is our Superintendent, and I go to prayer meeting Sunday nights. Pray for me, that I may live faithful to the end.

Yours truly,

HATTIE MYLER

Dear Hopes:—I live in San Bernardino, California. I go to meetings. Brother Rodger preached here last Sunday. I was eleven years old the 17th of May. It is the first time I ever wrote, much love to all of you

Yours,

CONNOR NORTH.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

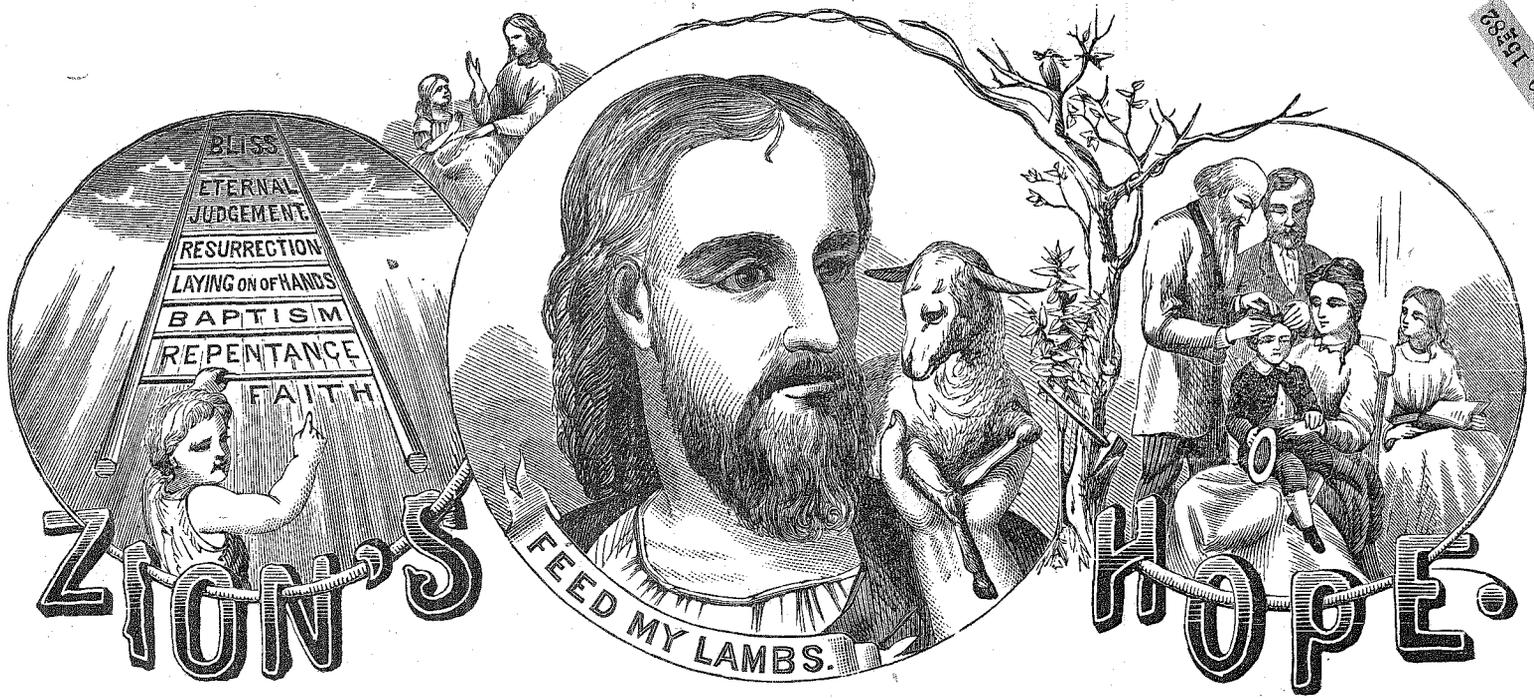
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ENTERED 1882



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

Vol. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, AUGUST 15, 1882.

No. 4.

OUR KING'S RETURN.

Yes, the King of Glory
 Soon to earth will come.
 Loud proclaim the story,
 Send the message home.
 Home to ev'ry nation,
 Waft the tidings on;
 Free and full salvation,
 Through God's only Son

Jesus now is coming,—
 Coming back to reign,
 "If I go," He told us,
 "I will come again."
 Yes, the day is nearing
 Even at the door;
 Signs and omens telling
 Time shall be no more.

Hearts of stone now tremble,
 Moon and stars descend;
 Legions now of angels
 Doth the king attend.
 See the earth now reeling,
 Wrapped in liquid flame;
 Hear the thunder pealing;
 Christ will come to reign.

Rend, ye graves, asunder;
 Rise to life, ye dead;
 Living men remember
 What the Savior said.
 When His pale lips trembled;
 When He groaned in pain;
 When He cried 'tis finished,
 Till I come again.

Composed by CHARLES WARREN.

FOURTH OF JULY AT PLANO.

PERHAPS the little Hopes, (and big ones to) who feel an interest in the Saints at Plano, would like to know how we spent the 4th of July.

For several years past, we have had a picnic in a nice grove about half a mile from town, and a merry time the children always had. Our school is very small now, not numbering over thirty-five: officers, teachers and scholars. But we were determined not to give up our picnic. We invited the Sandwich School to unite with us. Brother Pitt, who our school remember and love as their old superintendent, accepted the invitation, and came up with quite a little company. And to the cool, shady woods we went, where I trust the little ones enjoyed themselves, as only joyous happy children can. True, many dear faces were absent; and dear brother Joseph, who always tried to please the little ones,—how we miss him.

A couple of kind brothers went to the woods early in the morning and put up a long table, and oh! what a loaded table it was after the baskets and pails were robbed of their goodies. And I think

big Hopes as well as little ones enjoyed that dinner. I am sure I did: and I enjoyed the merry games too.

Well, after we were all thoroughly tired, as we usually are after a day's pleasure; good by's were spoken, and we wended our way home, feeling satisfied with all, especially with our good brother, Vickory, who tries so hard to do his part and have everything go on just as it did when brother Joseph was here. And we are not discouraged either, for with such a one to lead and encourage us, if we only do our part and trust the rest to God, I know the Plano Branch will live. But you must not forget us, for remember we are few in number now; still there are bright little Hopes here, who would shed tears of sorrow, if the time should ever come that they did not have any Sunday School or meetings. But we trust that time will never come.

SISTER LENA.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.

NO. XVI.

WHILE this conversation was taking place, another and a different one was going on at a table in the other part of the room.

"Who is she?" remarked Mrs. D. Ager, one of the wealthy leaders of fashion in the city. "Not of our set, I assure you; and I can not see what Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Stratton have been about. Flora, or Julia, would have been more in keeping with Preston's expectations and position in society. I declare, really, I am surprised."

"Did you not know, Mrs. D. Ager, that Preston Clark has the reputation among the profession and his class-mates, of being a bit strong-minded—ahem;—not inclined to pay much attention to what society expects of him." This was said by Mr. B. Towne, her right hand neighbor at table.

"Well, yes, Mr. Towne, I had heard something of the sort; but did not suppose that in such an important thing as marriage in society, he would dare to disregard what society—our society,—would say. For my part, I hardly expect to open my doors to Mrs. Clark, the younger;" retorted the first speaker.

Mr. Louis Dorr, a leader of finance and man of undoubted position in society, as might be seen by the deference paid him, and who had been listening quite attentively to what was being said: "One thing is sure, Mrs. D. Ager, if I mistake not, Mr. Clark, junior, will win a place in society for himself, anyway, whether his wife goes with him or not; and so far as I can see, the young woman seems to behave quite as well as any in our set. But then, of course, one can not judge, in such a crowd as this. But what do you suppose ailed our host, Selkirk, to-

night? He seemed to be in excellently high spirits. He was quite cross and short to-day in court, and snubbed witnesses and counsel quite sharply."

"I remarked the same," said Mr. Towne.

"And I," said the lady.

"But I can not explain it."

"By the way, I saw him when he was introduced to Mrs. Clark the younger, and he acted as if he knew her. He look her hand in both of his, and shook it warmly. I wonder who she was!"

The ears of young Mrs. Clark ought to have burned, if there's much in the idea that ears burn when one is talked about; for on every side she was the subject of conversation. Away down at the table where sat Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Clark, Mr. Selkirk and his wife; and at the foot of which sat Preston and Bodie; even here she was the object of whispered inquiry. "Who is she?" whispered Mrs. Selkirk to her husband.

"Mrs. Preston Clark," whispered he back.

"Who was she?" was the next inquiry.

"What does it matter who she was, if she is a lady in behavior?" remarked he, as he turned to answer some other inquiry made by Mrs. Van Berg, who sat at table just across from the family party.

"I say, Mr. Selkirk, what must we of the higher classes in society think of those among us who disgrace us and degrade themselves by marrying below their own rank; and forcing themselves into the circle afterwards?"

"Why, Mrs. Van Berg, that depends, as we lawyers say. If a man marries his equal in mental and moral endowments, how can it be said that he married below his rank?"

"You do not get my meaning; or else like a lawyer, you are evading it. I mean that a proper regard for society, the highest society, that in which we move, ought to bind every man in it to marry within his set; and what I wanted to ask was, what do you think of a man who does not do this, but marries out of his set, and below his circle?"

"I think I understand you, Mrs. Van Berg. But, pardon me, when you married Mr. Van Berg, did you marry him for society, or for yourself?"

"Why, Mr. Selkirk, what a funny question," was the answer of the lady of fashion, as a smile, almost a laugh, ran round the two tables, at both of which the conversation was heard; "I married him for myself, of course."

"Exactly," dryly remarked the lawyer. "Would you not allow others to do the same thing, and that too, without losing caste?"

"The cases are not similar," broke in Mr. Van Berg, pompously. "I was in society, when Miss

Silverton and I were married; and neither married out of our set."

This of course put the lawyer into a corner. He was in high glee; but appeared a little uneasy at the turn conversation had taken, and before replying further, raised his tea to his mouth and took a long sip; at the same time making mental observation of how Mr. and Mrs. Preston Clark were affected by the talk. He saw that Preston was flushed and anxious looking, but Mrs. Clark was quiet, and apparently had not heard; or if she had was unconscious of any interest in what was being said. "Ah," was his thought, "this young woman is mistress of herself." Turning to the lady questioner, as he set his cup down, he said: "Mrs. Van Berg, I am perhaps not a competent judge of what should govern men in our set. I am not much of a society man, my profession and training not having fitted me for it. I choose my wife to suit myself, and without thinking what society might demand of me, or what was due to it from me—I mean in the sense you speak of—I had notions about it of course, but these are not very flattering to our set. I hold, that if a man selects a wife who is his equal in morality and mental qualities, and for whom he has a sincere respect and regard, that the society in which he moves should accept his choice and be satisfied with her, if it has been with him. But, let me turn the question. Suppose a woman marries out of her circle, and below her set. What should society do then?"

"Ah! my dear sir," said the society oracle; "women are not apt to marry down; they usually marry above their set. Why that is one of the things that the set below ours is always trying to do. Nearly every trades-woman, teacher, clerk, or servant, is on the watch to captivate the young men above them in rank, in order to come out in society. Pshaw! They are so scheming. I have no patience to think about them. As for me, I shall keep my doors closed against such aspiring hussies."

"Do I understand you correctly, Mrs. Van Berg," asked Mrs. Clark, senior, that you believe society should close its doors upon worthy young women, whom its sons may select for wives, because they happen to be born, raised and educated, in what you are pleased to call a lower rank than ours?"

"Yes, Mrs. Clark, that is just my meaning. I think society owes this duty to itself."

"Well," replied Mrs. Clark, "I am not ready to say that worth and intrinsic merit ought not to be recognized and place given to them. And certainly in what we choose to call the best society should merit be encouraged. If worth and integrity are found in the lower rank they should be helped to rise up higher. Of course, I may not speak for society, as I am not a leader; but as a part of the social system includes women of my class, I may hope not to speak amiss for them."

"Good for you mother," said Preston, under his breath.

Mr. Selkirk watched Mrs. Clark the younger furtively. He saw just a faint tinge of color in her cheek, when Preston's mother began to speak; and one quick glance from her brown eyes flashed like light across to where the elder lady sat, so that he knew that she had heard and weighed the conversation and the speakers.

All this took up time. The supper had been eaten, conversation became general; the signal was given by Mrs. Selkirk, and the parties rose from the tables and scattered about the rooms as before.

To be continued.

RESPECT FOR THE AGED.

ONE of the many good laws given to the Jews was meant to teach respect to old age. In Leviticus xix.: 32, we read:—"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord." The last words in this verse show how much God thinks of this command, and how angry He will be with those who do not keep it. If such a law were binding on the

Jews it must be much more binding on a Christian. If God were angry with those who broke the law then, He must be more angry with those who break it now. Even that ancient people, the Egyptians, seem to have known how wrong it was for young persons not to treat the old with proper respect. Rollin says, "The young were obliged to rise up before the old, and on every occasion to resign to them the most honorable seat." And yet the Egyptians were far more ignorant than ourselves—they had no Bible to teach them about God and His holy laws. Surely, then, they might rise up in judgment against many of our own young people, who do not try to please their Heavenly Father by showing kindness and respect to the aged.

THE LITTLE WOODMAN AND HIS DOG.

SELECTED BY R. H. MANTLE.

CHAPTER V.

WILLIAM continued to live with his grandmother till he grew to be a man, and he did everything in his power to make her happy. He took care of her goats, and her fowls, and worked in the garden; and she taught him to read his Bible, and to write. They took great care of Caesar as long as he lived, and when he died William buried him in the garden. William lived very happily with his grandmother, because she brought him up in the fear of God; and while he was little, she punished him when he was naughty. She often used to say:

"I never corrected your father—I loved him so foolishly, so God corrected me. But I will love you, my little grandson, with a wiser love, and will not fail to punish you when you are naughty."

When William grew up, he thanked his grandmother for having preserved him from doing wrong. And thus their days were spent happily in diligent labor; while their evenings were closed with reading God's book and praying together; till, at length, the pious old woman died. At her death, she left William her house and all that she had; and he mourned for her many months. At length, finding it melancholy to live alone, he choose himself a wife, who feared God; and God blessed him with several children, whom he brought up in the way of holiness. When William was forty years old, or more, he was sitting at his door one fine evening in Summer, with his wife and children about him, and his youngest daughter was reading a chapter from the old Bible, which had belonged to his grandmother, when six very miserable looking men came from the way of the forest. They were pale, and seemed to be worn with disease and famine. On their shoulders they carried old leather bags, which seemed to have nothing in them. They had neither shoes nor stockings; and their ragged and tattered garments hardly hung upon their backs. They came up and stood before the pailing of William's garden, and humbly asked for a morsel of bread.

"We are poor, miserable men," they said, "and have been many days without any other food, than such wild nuts and fruit as we could pick up in the forest; and for several nights past we have had no rest, through our fear of the wolves."

"I ought to pity you," said William, "for when I was a little boy, I passed a whole day and part of a night alone in that forest, and should have been eaten up by one of those dreadful creatures, had not my faithful dog, whose grave is in this garden, fought for me, and saved me."

While William spoke, the men looked at each other.

"But you seem weary and hungry," said William; "sit down on the grass, and we will quickly bring you something to eat."

So William's wife ran into the house and prepared a large mess of broth, into which she broke some brown bread, and gave it to one of her sons to set before the men. The poor, and half starved and ragged strangers received the broth with thankful-

ness, and ate it greedily; after which they arose, and bowing low before William, they asked him if he would allow them to lodge for that night with his goats. "For," said they, "we have had no place of safety to repose in for many nights, and are so spent and worn out with watching against the wolves, that they are like men, at the point of death."

"I have," said William, "a little barn in which I keep hay for my goats; you are welcome to sleep in it, and we will supply you with blankets to cover you. So sit down and be at ease."

The men were exceedingly thankful, and William, opening his gate to them, they came into his garden, and sitting down round him upon the green turf, he entered into discourse with them, while his wife and children went about their work.

"And whence," said William, "do you come? and where do you propose to go to-morrow? You seem to have made a long journey, and to be in a very forlorn condition; some of you also appear to be in bad health, and look like men who have suffered much."

"Sir," answered one of the men who seemed to be the eldest, "we were woodmen living in the forest, about three days' journey from this place; but some years ago, falling under the displeasure of the king, our hut was burned, and we ourselves were cast into prison, where we lay many years in a lonesome dungeon, so that our health was utterly destroyed; and when we were set at liberty we were unable to work, and having no friends, we have wandered ever since from place to place, suffering all imaginable hardships, and being often many days without food."

"I fear," answered William, "that you committed some crime by which you offended the king."

"Yes, sir," answered the oldest of the men, "we were guilty of deer stealing. We will not deceive you. We would now live honestly and lead better lives; but in our own neighborhood no one will look upon us, and we can not raise money to buy even a single hatchet to cut wood; otherwise we would follow our old trade, and endeavor to maintain ourselves; though indeed we are now so feeble that we could do but little."

"But," said William, whose heart began to feel pity for these poor men, and to be drawn strongly towards them, "have you no relations in your own country? Are you all of one family?"

"We have no other relations," answered the old man; "but we are all brothers—children of the same parents. Our father was a wood cutter: his name was Roger Hardfoot."

"And had you not a little brother?" asked William, getting up and coming close to them.

The men looked at each other like persons in great terror, and knew not what to answer.

"I am that little brother," said William. "God preserved me from death, and brought me to this house, where I found my grandmother still living, and parent she was indeed to me; and here I have lived in peace and abundance ever since. Be not afraid, my brothers; I freely forgive you, as God I hope will forgive me. You have done me no harm; and now Providence has brought you hither, I will assist and comfort you. You shall suffer want no more."

William's brethren could not answer him;—but they fell at his feet, shedding tears of repentance; for God had touched their hearts while in prison, and had made them sensible of the great sinfulness of their lives. William tried to raise them, but they would not be lifted up till they had received his pardon.

"We never have prospered since we left you, our little brother, in the woods," they said. "Our lives have from that day been filled with trouble, though they were for years afterward spent in riot, confusion, and sin."

William at length persuaded them to rise, and to feel assured that he forgave them, earnestly begging them to apply to God for forgiveness through his beloved son. The poor men were comforted by William's kindness; but whenever they looked at

him, and remembered how they had treated him, they were filled with shame and sorrow. The next day, William and his sons began to build a hut close by his own cottage for his brothers; and his brothers gave all the assistance in their power to the work. When the hut was finished, William provided them with mattresses to sleep on, and sheepskins to cover them. He gave each of them a knife, a spoon, a wooden stool, a pewter plate, and a drinking cup. He also gave them a deal table, and several other little articles of household goods; while his wife and daughters supplied them with coarse clothing of their own spinning. William was so kind, also, as to bestow upon each of them a hatchet which enabled them to maintain themselves by wood-cutting, without being a heavy burden on their brother, although he constantly supplied them with many little comforts from his own house. But what was better than supplying their bodily wants, he took unwearied pains to lead their souls to God. He read to them every evening out of their grandmother's Bible; and it is believed that they did not hear the word of God read in vain: for they grew humble, daily lamenting their sins, and died at last in hopes of being forgiven for their Savior's sake. William and his wife lived many years after the death of his six brothers, and had the pleasure of seeing their children's children growing up in the fear of God.

And now, my dear children, I would have you learn from this story to make God your friend; "For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth;" while "They that be cursed of him shall be cut off." (Psalm, 37: 22)

THE END.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XI.

MAX RANDOLPH came to bid adieu to his friends at Maplewood Manor. He was going away to fill a mission in the north. When he took Mr. Russell's hand, his eyes were full of tears. "May our Father, who has brought you back to health, be with you always," he said.

The invalid could not speak for emotion, till Max had turned to go. Then with an effort, "Pray for me, young man, that your God may be mine. Your prayers avail much. And if you should meet my children—I mean Louisa, my daughter, tell her to come home. My heart is lonely without her. And her mother—well, enough. Tell her *we want her*, that there's room at home for all, and a lasting welcome waiting for Archie and herself."

After Max had gone, Mr. Russell turned toward his wife, who was silently weeping for joy and gratitude; "Elizabeth, do you know that a strange fancy has possessed me, that our lost boy is still living?"

"Why, John! Don't you know he was lost at sea six years ago?"

"No, my dear, I don't know it. The ship was lost, but he might have been saved.

Mrs. Russell shook her head sadly. There was no shadow of a hope in the case.

"Perhaps not," he replied, "but I believe there is a hope, nevertheless."

Victoria had gone out into the orchard, and Max made his adieus without seeing her. He looked around as he passed out on to the lawn. Addie was lying in a hammock under the silver maple. "Vic's out in the orchard reading," she remarked without looking toward him.

There he found her. "Pardon, if I am intruding, sister Victoria. Your brother-in-law's name is—what, please?"

"My brother-in-law?—O, Archie! Yes. Archie Kent. I'd forgotten." Then she lowered her eyes to her book.

"I am going away, Victoria.—We may never meet on earth again.—You won't forget your covenant; that will be a comfort to me to know. We are of like faith.—Fare thee well."

Victoria rose and gave him her hand in silence,—without looking at him,—and he went away.

"Mrs. Bell," inquired John Russell one day, "what religious society does your brother belong to? Strange I never asked before. I've been so sure he was a true christian, one whom God loved, that it never occurred to me to find out."

Mrs. Bell flushed slightly as she answered, "I hope you won't be displeased, sir, but my brother is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Lat"—

"Ah! not—no, it can't be he's—Of course he isn't a *Mormon!* Don't tell me that!" interrupted the old gentleman in a piteous tone.

Mrs. Bell replied gently, "Yes sir, even that. I feared you would be offended with me—with him. But we belong to the so called Mormons."

Mr. Russell thought a long time in silence. "Well, be he called by what name he may, he has the true faith. I can not doubt his sincerity, and his acceptance with God. The trial has been a severe one, but I am forced to believe he has the true doctrine, though I have not yet heard it."

Mrs. Bell drew a sigh of relief. This was better than she had dared hope for. "The doctrine, sir, is faith, repentance, baptism by immersion, laying on of hands by those authorized of God."

"Faith?" he repeated. "I have a degree of faith; belief in God,—His promises, His power, His unchangeableness. I have not been baptized, but that is easily done. Any good, pious minister duly licensed by his particular religious society, is competent to perform the ordinance, if it is necessary. Which I *have* doubted. Nevertheless, I think the New Testament teaches this to be our duty. I will think this matter over. I've been reading Jesus' commission to his disciples. If that is what I've heard as 'the gifts,' which the Mormons believe in, I have no objections to bring. But these things, the minister's say, were only found in the beginning of Christ's mission. When His followers were zealous, devout, and full of faith. That they might be grounded in their belief and remain steadfast when trials came."

"Have you read of the day of Pentecost when Peter with the other disciples taught the multitude, concerning the spirit of tongues which had been there shown?" asked Mrs. Bell.

"I don't particularly remember," he replied. "Where shall I find it?"

"Acts, second chapter;" she replied.

"Addie," he remarked, "won't you get mamma's Bible and read me that chapter? I'm tired and must rest, but can listen the while."

"Addie did as her father wished her to, while he laid down on the sofa. When the chapter was finished he remained silent a short time then turned to his wife. "Well, Elizabeth what do *you* think about it? Is your religion complete, as the Savior and his apostles taught? I've found many new things in that old Bible during the last week or two."

Mrs. Russell looked thoughtful. "How can it be that so many are mistaken, John? None of the religious societies believe in the gifts. It is not possible so many good, honest, pious people,—so many learned ministers,—could be mistaken. If so, who found out the error? I suppose the Mormons claim that their prophet Smith did. But I've heard that he was an unlearned boy. How could he discover what learned and devout men failed to see for so many hundred years?" Mrs. Russell looked from Mrs. Bell to Victoria. At that moment a childish voice was heard without,—Elsie's plaintive cry, as if in severe pain. Mrs. Bell hurried out to see what was wrong.

"Perhaps I can answer your question," said Victoria, modestly. "Joseph Smith learned what others had failed to obtain, because he was a humble, prayerful, trusting youth, and God sent an angel to make known to him the fulness of the true gospel. The time had come when a new dispensation should be introduced, and he was the man chosen to begin the work."

"But why didn't the Lord choose some good,

learned, upright minister, who loved and served Him wholly according to what knowledge he had?" asked the father.

"Because, papa, no such could be found. They were all deceived—prejudiced—self-sufficient—or bigoted. None earnestly sought a better, surer way,—a greater light. Each one held aloft his tiny lamp, and thought to walk by its puny rays straight to the heights of glory. Joseph Smith asked of God the same question which the multitude did of the apostles on the occasion of the out-pouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. Asked what he should do to be saved. He trusted much and loved much, therefore God bestowed great gifts and blessings on him:—Sent a bright angel to teach him the true way, and commissioned him to teach others the same.—Because of his faith he was directed where to find those ancient records that he translated into our own language, as we find the simple, beautiful and Heaven dictated Book of Mormon, which so many people hate and deride without knowing why."

Her father and mother looked thoughtful. Addie, too, had listened to every word, and treasured in her heart the joyful truth. "I remember how suddenly you was relieved, papa, that day you fell and hurt yourself so badly," she said, soberly. "I thought then I wished I was a christian. I've thought so every day since. I don't see why *all* people are not christian. I think its so much better."

Just then Burt came in from the lawn and sat down with a very solemn face, and a much soiled dress, beside a trio of cats who were enjoying the cool, fresh repose of the sitting-room carpet. His dress was white pique (pe ka), daintily trimmed with blue, but sleeve and front were dingy now, and a crimson stain showed vividly on the kilted skirt.

"Why Burt, what's the matter?" cried Addie. "There's blood on your dress. Were you crying just now? You're hurt, arn't you?"

Burt never seemed to hear. Tucking the stained skirt under his knee, he went on fondling his cats. "You lie still, And'ew Jatson, you old stamp, and let this 'ittle kitten lay over your neck. And old Pussy Jane, you shuts up your eyes and go sleep again. *I'm* here and *I'll* take care of your kitty for you."

"Burt, where's Elsie, and what's the matter with your dress," asked mamma.

He hung his head. "Guess Elsie's wiz her mamma.—My dress is dirty course, I'se been playing out doors."

"What else, Burt?" Tell it all. Mamma must know all about it," urged papa gently.

His head still drooped, and it was a hard task, but he told the whole truth. "We was playing 'Duck on Davy,'—Elsie and I,—and she just *wouldn't* play right. I telled her, and telled her, but she wouldn't know how, and zen I told her she might go off, 'cause she didn't know noffing any way. Then she said she knowed just as much as boys did. And I said 'yum, yum, yum,' and she struck me on ze arm two times. She said I was 'bad boy,' and I frowed a little rock and hitted her on her nose, and it bled. 'At's all." And he lay down beside Andrew Jackson with a sigh.

"But how comes the stain on your dress?" asked mamma.

"I tried to rub 'e blood off for her, and she just fighted me like awful. So I wented away from her. Guess her mamma'll take care of her. I can't do noffing wiv girls, any way," and he sighed again, sadly.

JESSICA'S MOTHER.

Selected by Sr. Emma.

CHAPTER IV.

"AND this is Jessica's home," she said, when she was revived a little; "and a very comfortable home too. Eh! but I'm a lucky mother; and she's a lucky girl. Will she be in to-night, Mr. Standring?"

"No;" answered Daniel, shortly.

"Well; I can make myself comfortable," she said

with a laugh, which made Daniel shiver. "I dare say her bed is softer than any I've slept on of late. Last night I slept under a scaffolding, on some shavings. Don't put yourself out about me; I can make myself comfortable."

"But you can't stay here all night," replied Daniel, decisively.

"And why not," she rejoined. I suppose I'm as good as my daughter. Ah! she'll never be the woman I've been. I rode in my carriage once, man, I can tell you; and what should hinder me staying a night, or a week, or a month, in your paltry little house? No, No; you'll not see my back to-night, I promise you."

"I wouldn't give you a night's lodging for five shillings," said Daniel, hastily. I'm not going to give you five farthings for it," said the woman, settling herself in his arm-chair, with an air of impudent defiance. Jessica's home is my home. If you turn me out, she goes with me."

Daniel drew his neighbor aside into the kitchen, where he consulted with him in a whisper, while he kept his eye on his terrible visitor through the open door.

"What am I to do with her," he asked. "I would'nt have her stop here for anything. Jessica is staying all night with the minister's children; but she'll come back to-morrow. What ever am I to do?"

"Give her some money to go away," answered Brooks.

And after a little heavy-hearted hesitation, Daniel resolved to act on his advice. He returned into his comfortable little parlor, which in some way never looked even to himself so comfortable and pleasant, and he addressed his visitor with a determined and resolute aspect.

"Now," he said, "if you won't go away peaceable, I'll send for a policeman as sure as I'm the Chapel-keeper of St. John's Chapel. I don't want to be violent with you, for I'm a christian man; but I don't know that a christian man is bound to give you a lodging in his own house. I should rather think he wasn't; but if you will go away quiet, here is a shilling to pay for a bed and breakfast elsewhere. That's all I can do, or say. It's that or the police."

The woman deliberated for a few minutes, looking hard into Daniel's face; but there was no sign of irresolution or relenting upon his grave features, and at last she raised herself slowly and wearily from the chair, and dragged her slipshod feet towards him. She took the shilling sullenly from his hand, and without a word, passed out into the cold and damp of the streets, while Daniel watched her unsteady steps down the court, with a feeling of relief. But when Brooks was gone, and the door was locked for the night, and the agreeable warmth of the fire wrapped round him, he could not keep his thoughts from wondering where the wretched woman had found shelter. His mind also looked onward with misgiving to the future which lay immediately before him and Jessica, and again he lamented on his own account, that he could not go for counsel to Jessica's other friend, the minister, who had been stricken into silence and unconsciousness, even concerning interests still nearer and dearer to his heart.

Early the next morning Daniel went to the minister's house, half hoping that he should hear that the malady of the night before had been only a temporary insensibility, from which he had recovered; but the minister lay in the same state of unconsciousness, and showed no sign of returning to life. The nurse told him that a ragged and miserable woman, who called herself Jessica's Mother, had seen him during the Sunday afternoon, and held a long conversation with him; after which he had ordered some food to be given her in the kitchen. This then no doubt was the subject upon which the minister wished to speak to Daniel, and the latter felt more than ever lost in doubt as to what he ought to do, as it was now impossible to hear the advice which his master had intended to give him. He

walked thoughtfully towards the Chapel, with Jessica beside him, scarcely knowing how to break the news to her. She was a little sad and less talkative than usual, and her small hand was thrust lovingly into his own, as if she felt that it was needful to assure herself that it could return her warm grasp. When they opened the vestry door and going in, saw all the confusion, which bore testimony of the last night's calamity, Daniel drew the child closer to him with his arm, and bending down, stiffly kissed her uplifted face.

"He isn't going to die," said Jessica, with a trembling voice. "He is only resting himself, the Doctor says, and then he will know us again, and speak to us all."

"To think," cried Daniel in a mournful amazement, "that he should have spoken thousands and thousands of words; ay, millions, and I scarce gave an ear to them; and now I'd almost offer a golden guinea for every word he could speak to me. Ay, Jessica, so that he spoke pretty short and simple, I'd give a guinea a word if he could tell me what I ought to do."

"Do you want him to say anything particular," asked Jessica.

"Ay, very particular," answered Daniel.

"Couldn't you ask God," suggested Jessica.

"Well," he answered doubtfully, "of course I could; but then there's no direct answer which I couldn't mistake, unless I do like my poor mother, who used to open her Bible and take the first words she set eyes on for an answer, and very queer answers they were sometimes. I'm not good enough yet to expect a very clear answer to my prayers."

Jessica made no answer; for Daniel's mode of reasoning was a little obscure to her; but she set to work to put the scattered chairs in order, while Daniel looked on with loving, but troubled eyes.

"Jessica," he said, "the trouble I'd like to talk to him about is that your mother's come back again."

She started, and looked at him with great wide-opened eyes of amazement and terror, while her face quivered, and she twitched her small shoulders a little, as if already shrinking from a blow; but the expression of pain and fear passed away quickly, and though her face was pale, a smile came upon it.

"Doesn't God know that mother's come back," she asked.

There was no need for Daniel to answer her question; but he turned it over and over again in his own mind, with something very much like doubt. It seemed as if it would have been so much better, especially at this crisis, for "Jessica's Mother" to remain absent; that it was as if God had given up his particular providence over the affairs of insignificant people like himself and Jessica. It would be no wonder, if amid all the affairs of the hosts of angels and myriads of worlds, of which he had a vague idea, that God should overlook a little matter like the tramping to and fro of a drunken woman. It was a saddening thought; but Daniel was in the mood to cherish it.

"Do you know where mother is," asked Jessica.

"No, deary," answered Daniel; I gave her a shilling last night, to pay for her lodging and breakfast. She told me she'd had nothing to eat or drink, all day; but the nurse said she had been to see the minister yesterday afternoon, and had a good meal. She's sure to come again."

"Ay, she's sure to come again," echoed Jessica."

"And so," continued Daniel, "nurse and me have agreed that you had better stay with the young ladies for a bit, out of the way like, till I can see how I can settle with your mother. You'd be glad to stay with Miss Jane and Winny, Jessica?"

"Yes," she answered; her face quivering again, as if she could scarcely keep from crying. "But I'd like to see my mother."

"See your mother," repeated Daniel, with unfeigned astonishment, "what ever for, Jessica."

"She's my mother," replied Jessica, "and the Lord Jesus Christ had a mother. Oh! I'd like to see her again, and tell her all about God and Jesus

Christ and heaven; perhaps she'd become a good woman."

She could control herself no longer; and throwing herself on her knees, before the minister's chair, she hid her face in her hands; and Daniel heard, amid her sobs, she was murmuring some prayer to God for her mother.

This was a new perplexity,—that Jessica should wish to see her cruel and hard-hearted mother; but there was something in it which he could neither blame nor gainsay. He would rather have kept Jessica in safety at the minister's house, than have her exposed to the frequent and violent visits of the drunken woman to his own little dwelling; but if Jessica decided otherwise, he would not oppose her. His house did not seem the same place without her presence in it.

"Choose for yourself, deary," he said very gently. "Come home with me, and run the chance of mother coming again, soon; or, go back to Miss Jane and Winny, who are so fond of you, and where everything is fine, and you will be in such good company. Choose for yourself."

"I'll go home with you," said Jessica, getting up from her knees with a cheerful smile. I couldn't think this morning who'd sweep the kitchen and get the breakfast. I'd rather go home with you, if you please."

It was impossible for Daniel not to be gratified at Jessica's choice, however troubled he might be with the idea of her mother's disturbance of their peace; for home was not home without her.

They kept very near to one another all day, at their work, and it was late at night before they returned home, where they found no one sitting upon the doorstep, as Daniel timorously expected; but their neighbor, Brooks, informed them that "Jessica's Mother" had been sobbing and crying before the closed door, during a great part of the evening.

WEST BELLVILLE, Ill., July 16th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—We have a nice Sunday School of about sixty scholars and five teachers. I am teacher of number four class. We had a picnic on the Fourth of July, and had a real nice time. I think all the little hopes enjoyed themselves. As I read the letters in the *Hope*, I often think what a blessing it is to have the privilege of meeting together as brothers and sisters in Sunday School and Church. If it was not for these, I should have nowhere to go; but I thank God I have the privilege of meeting with the Saints every Sunday. I often wish I could see all the Hopes face to face. I pray to our Heavenly Father that if we are not spared to meet on earth, that we may all meet in heaven, where parting will be no more. My father, mother, four sisters and one brother, belong to the Church. I have four brothers and one sister that do not; but I pray to my Heavenly Father, that they may yet see the light of the Gospel. I ask all the Hopes to pray for me that I may be faithful to the end.

I remain your sister in the gospel bonds,

ALICE ANGELL.

BLOOMING PRAIRE, Iowa, July 27th, 1882.

Dear little Hopes:—I love to read the *Hope*, and have taken it for over a year. I enjoy reading the stories and letters. Pa is a free thinker, and mother belongs to the Church. I have six brothers, and three of them are in the Church; and I was baptized July 14th, 1881, by Bro. Hyram Robinson. We have prayer meeting every Sunday; last Sunday it was held at Bro. Carlson's. We have no Sunday School. I want you all to pray for me, that I may be found faithful in the end. Your sister in the gospel,

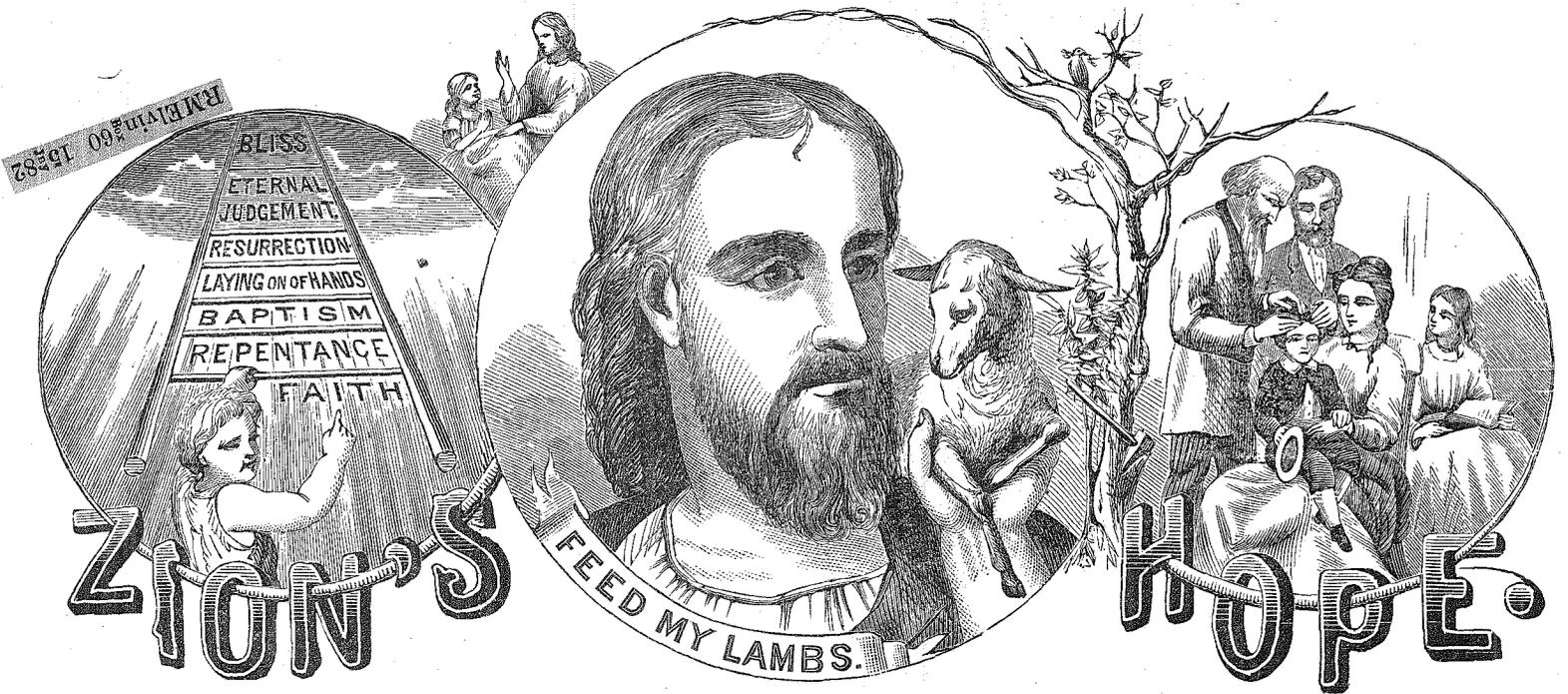
MARY E. FREEMAN.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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

Vol. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, SEPTEMBER 1, 1882.

No. 5.

A FAIR HIT.

ABOUT the time the Temperance reformation began in America, a well-disposed farmer told his hired man that he thought of trying to get his work done without rum, and asked him how much he should give him to do without it. The man told him that he might give him what he pleased.

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep, if you will do without."

The eldest son then asked him if he would give him a sheep, if he would do without rum.

"Yes," said the father, "you shall have a sheep, if you will do without."

The younger son then asked if he would do the same by him. "Yes, Chandler," was the reply, "you shall have a sheep too, if you will do without rum."

Presently Chandler asked, "Father, hadn't you better to take a sheep too?" This was a home question; the father had hardly thought that he could do without the "good creature," but this direct appeal was not to be disregarded. The result was, that drink was at once banished from the premises.

CLARENCE'S FAITH.

DEAR HOPES.—I am pleased to see the kind Editor of our little *Hope* is going to give increased reading matter for your benefit and instruction; that is a move in the right direction. Hopes, all who can, are requested to come to the front and aid all they can, by giving good instructions and true examples. I think searching the example of Christ, and striving to imitate it was good for all, both large and small Hopes. How long the time seemed to hear from "Uncle John," and although his mind was filled with business thoughts, he tried to do his duty, by giving useful and instructive lessons to the Hopes. His story of the boys caused me to think of my promise, to tell you of little Willie's brother, Clarence.

While I was at their house I saw much that was interesting in the little brothers. Clarence, although two years older than Willie, was very little larger than Willie, as he was very delicate. He was very much afraid of thunder storms. My visit there was in Winter. I went after the holidays, and staid till March. While I was there, we had one of those very hard thunder and lightning storms we sometimes have in Winter,—it was the heaviest storm, the lady said, she had ever seen in that season of the year; and to make it more frightful to little Clarence, his pa was not home from the city that night; business called him to the city a great part of his time. The servants had retired: the two little boys, their ma, and myself, were alone in the room.

The thunders pealed, lightning flashed, the wind blew frightfully; it seemed like it was going to last all night; getting harder all the time. Little Clarence was very much frightened; he stood by his ma, who had her arms around him. Willie stood by me, and I had my arms around him. Clarence would often say: "Oh! I wish pa was home, and the storm would quit." I talked to them and calmed their fear a little.

The lady and I got to talking on our doctrine. I deemed it a good time then. We became interested, and did not heed the raging storm for a little time. Soon the lady exclaimed: "Oh! Where is Clarence?" He had slipped from her arms unobserved, and went to the back part of the room, and was lying on the lounge under the large windows, where the lightning was flashing. The lady said, "Clarence; why did you leave mamma's arms, and go back there by yourself."

He said, "Ma! I was so 'fraid, I came back here to ask God to make the storm quit; and he did soon as I asked him. Ma, don't you see it is getting better."

Truly it was calming very suddenly, just in the midst of its fury.

Will any one doubt little Clarence's prayer was not answered. Oh! what faith will do.

Clarence said, "Ma; I am not afraid any more. God can do everything; he will take care of pa, too. I asked him to; he will be home in the morning."

And true enough, he came home all safe in the morning. The storm had prevented his coming in the evening before. Clarence said, "Ma; I knowed God would take care of pa and us, soon as I asked him."

—Now, little Hopes, ye who are instructed in regard to the work of faith, have you any stronger faith than little Clarence? How good it is to have such faith. It enables timid little children to leave the embrace of their earthly parents, and go to our heavenly parent, in the greatest danger and trouble, and ask and receive what we can not hope for from our earthly parents. Little Clarence was eight years old, and if he had been a reader of our *Hope*, he would have been ready to have been baptized. Little Willie was almost as wise as he, though only six. I wish I could put the *Hope* in the hands of all such children, before the deceitfulness of riches and worldiness leads them astray. How thankful the little Hopes should be for their privileges, and the knowledge of the truth. Now I think the Uncles, Aunts, and Sisters, and all who contribute for the children's *Hope*, are doing a good work, and a work that will never fall to the ground. So up, up contributors; help the Editor make a *Hope* for the

children, the good of which will endure through all eternity. Never let the children's little *Hope* go down. Never. They ought not to be without it, and their parents and friends should not let them do without it. There are hundreds read the little *Hope* who do not take it. All who read it like it, and why should they not?

Your sister in hope,
SARAH A. ROSE.

A MOTHER'S TEACHING.

THE late John Quincy Adams stated to his minister, a few months before his decease, that he had never failed, before going to sleep, to repeat the little prayer taught him by his mother, in infancy:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

THE ROSE BUDS.

YES, you little rose buds! Now I have called you a name, have I not? But not such a name as you sometimes, (when you get a little cross), call each other.

Why do I call you rose buds? you may ask. Because a rose bud is very pretty and little children are too; and you know that a rose bud may bloom out into a big rose, looking so lovely, and full. So may little children grow up and be larger in form, stronger in mind, and wiser in all things.

Rose buds look fine all over the rose tree, peeping out from under the leaves like a little chicken, from under the old hen's wing, or a little face out of a pleasant window.—One thing, I tell you, this little rose bud must stick to the stem, to the rose bush, or it can never be a rose. So must a little boy or girl stick to Pa and Ma, and mind what they say. There is some one else they must cling to also. Who is it? Who is it that Ma teaches you to pray to, at night? God. O yes, but Ma and Pa hardly know all about him, so I must make this rose bush teach us a little lesson about him.

You see this rose bush must hold up this bud, and send it up sap or juice along the stem, to feed it, keeping it up where the sun may shine on it, where the soft wind may breathe on it, and where it may drink the dew drops of the morning.

So it is God affords us our food, and clothes, the great potatoes that break open, so mellow and fine, when Ma boils them, wheat of which the white loaf is made, and wool for Lizzie's magenta dress, cotton for her white apron, all good things we use or look upon.

There is another we must remember to love, and

speak his name softly. This is Jesus, who is our dear Savior, the Son of God. He said one time, that we must "abide in the vine." His Father, the God of heaven, is the root, He is the vine. Let us cling to him, like the rose bud to its tree, until we are in full bloom. ABEL.

A VISIT TO THE DUCK VALLEY RESERVATION

I THOUGHT it would be interesting to the Hopes to go with me to visit the reservation in imagination. We started from our home in the north part of Nevada; after traveling a while it began to snow quite hard; sometimes we could not see the road ahead of the horses, for we are traveling in a wagon. It is twenty-five miles from where we live. After traveling all day over hill and mountain, valley and sage brush plains, we were beginning to think we would have to camp out; but about seven o'clock in the evening we saw a light. Our hopes were renewed, and as we pressed on with renewed vigor, it was not long before we were in a small town of tents.

We enquired for the Farmer's House, and were sent to the Missionary's House. There the Indian Policeman told us where to drive and feed our teams. We tried to sleep in the wagons, but we did not sleep much. We had heard considerable about the Indians, so we were afraid of them.

The next morning one of the men got a pot of tea at the Farmer's House, and we were going to eat our breakfast out in the wagon. By this time they heard there were ladies in the wagon, and nothing would do but we must breakfast at the Farmer's House. We enjoyed the meal very much. After we had finished breakfast, the Missionary family sent for us to come in there. So having a curiosity to see the schools, we accepted the invitation with pleasure. The Missionaries are four in number: Mr. Wilson and wife; a son, Thomas Wilson; and a niece, Miss Abbie Wilson; also, a younger son of Mr. Wilson. They had just finished their morning repast, and were making preparations for the Indian's breakfast. We all concluded to stay there that day, and see all that we could; so I will begin with the school.

Their school numbers between thirty and forty, ranging in age from five to twenty years. They all sleep in their tents, and as soon as they get up they come to the school room. They washed and combed, and then took their seats. After they were all there, Mr. Wilson came in and tapped his bell, when every thing was quiet in the room. After printing the following words on the blackboard: "All People That Dwell On The Earth," he had them sing, which they did very well. They then repeated the Lord's Prayer in concert. Mr. Wilson then tapped his bell, and they marched in order to the dining room; all having their places, they remained standing till a tap of the bell permits them to sit down. At a tap of the bell they took their knives and forks, and began to eat. Every thing is conducted in good order; none of them leave the table until the ring of the bell permits them. The boys and small girls go to the school room, and the large girls gather up the dishes and wash them. I watched them with much interest—for so many white girls would quarrel: one would want to wash, and another likes to dry them, and some would rather do nothing; but these Indian girls do their work without a word. They laugh and talk among themselves while at work. After they were through they went to the school room again. There are two rooms: one is taught by Mr. Wilson, and the other by his niece, Miss Abbie. I would like to tell you how they read, spell, write, cipher and draw, but it will take up too much space in your valuable paper.

At two o'clock they have dinner, and for our benefit they omitted their afternoon exercises, but they sang the same piece they did in the morning; also sang in their native language, not moving a lip until the song was finished. After they were through singing they left the girls to wash the dishes; so

Miss Abbie and cousin, Mr. Abbott, a young man traveling with us, my sister and I visited their tents. I wish I could picture to you the scenes in every tent, but I am no artist. We spent the rest of the afternoon very pleasantly visiting their camps. One place in particular I will make a note of. We heard a great noise, and curiosity led our steps thither. Lifting up a curtain at the entrance, we saw an Indian woman lying on a few blankets, and there were two doctors praying over her. We had hardly caught a glimpse of all this when the curtain was snatched from our hand, and we were told to "go way; no want." Miss Wilson wrote to me after that, and said the woman recovered her health. Faith in prayer.

Well, I suppose you are getting tired, for I was when I returned to the house, and I was glad when the school room was empty. The door is left open all the time so they come and go when they choose. We stayed all night with Mr. Wilson and family. There was only one white family besides their own, and a few white men to instruct them in farming. There were about three hundred Indians there, mostly Shoshones, with some few Piutes. The next morning we thanked Mr. Wilson and family for their kindness towards us, for making our stay there so pleasant, and said our adieux to the school and Presbyterian Missionaries. We started with a guide to cross the divide.

I will close this and perhaps you may hear more from me about my travels. Hoping you will excuse me if I have wearied you with this letter.

I remain your friend,

FLORA NOSKER.

PILOT ROCK, Oregon, June 4th, 1882.

JESSICA'S MOTHER.

Selected by Sr. Emma.

CHAPTER V.

DANIEL was very anxious that Jessica should not be exposed to her mother's violence at any time during his absence, when he would not be there to protect her from any ill-usage; and as he was almost constantly engaged with the Chapel affairs for the next two or three days, he and Jessica were never at home until late in the evening. But upon Thursday night, when they turned into the court, Jessica's quick eye saw a woman's figure leaning against the door post of their house. She stood still for an instant, clasping Daniel's hand with a close and timid grasp, and then quitting him, she ran forward and stretching out both her hands, almost as if she wished to throw herself into her mother's arms, she cried: "Mother! Mother!"

The woman laughed loudly and shrilly, and flung her shrivelled arms about Jessica, fondling her with a maudling fondness; but Jessica drew back sorrowfully, and lifted herself on tiptoe to whisper in Daniel's ear.

"She's a little drunk, you know;" she said, "but she isn't very bad yet. She isn't furious. What shall we do?"

It was precisely the question Daniel was asking of himself, for he could not bear the idea of taking a drunken woman into his respectable and orderly house, and yet how could he turn out 'Jessica's Mother' before Jessica's eyes? He paused for some minutes before unlocking the door, while the woman continued to talk in a foolish strain to her child; but at last he felt compelled to open it, and she was the first to push her way in. She again took possession of his arm-chair, and tossed her old tattered hat into a corner of the room, while he looked on in helpless dismay.

"Mother," said Jessica, speaking to her in gentle but steady tones, "this isn't your house at all, and you can't stay here. It's Mr. Daniel's house; but I daresay he'll let me give you some supper, and then you'd better go away and come and see me again when you're quite yourself."

The woman fastened her red and sunken eyes upon Jessica, and then burst into a fit of passionate lamenting, while she drew the child closer to her.

"Oh, I wish I was a better woman, Jessica. I've been driven to it, Jessica; but I'm coming to live here with you now, and be decent like the rest of you. I'm going to turn over a new leaf, and you'll see how steady I'll be. I'll be no disgrace to any of ye."

"But, mother," said Jessica, "you can't live here, because it's Mr. Daniel's house, and he only took me out of charity, when I was ill, and you left me. We can't look for him to take you."

"If you stay, I stay," said her mother in a tone of obstinacy, setting her elbows firmly on the arms of the chair, and planting her feet on the floor; "or if I go, you go. I'd like to know who'd have the heart to separate a mother from her own child."

Jessica stood for a minute or two looking at her mother, with eyes full of sadness and pity, and then she crept to Daniel's side and whispered to him with an air of pleading. "I don't think she ever knew that God is our Father," she said.

Daniel found himself at a complete loss as to what to do. The miserable creature before him shocked every sense of decency and propriety, which had been firmly and rigidly rooted in his nature; and the very sight of her, drunken and disorderly, upon his hearth, was an abomination to him. Since she had last spoken she had fallen into a brief slumber, and her gray uncovered head was shaking and nodding with an imbecile aspect. Jessica was gone up stairs, for what he did not know, unless it was to make some arrangements for her mother's accommodation, and he remained motionless, staring at the wretched woman with a feeling of abhorrence and disgust, which increased every moment. But presently he heard Jessica's light step descending the stairs, and he started with surprise when she came into the room. She had changed her tidy dress for the poorest and oldest clothes in her possession, and she approached him with a sorrowful but patient look on her face.

"Mr. Daniel," she said, unconsciously falling back into speaking the old name by which she had first called him, "you mustn't go to take mother in out of charity as well as me, that 'ud never do. So I'll go away with her to-night, and in the morning when she is sober I'll tell her all about God, and Jesus Christ, and heaven. She doesn't know it yet; but may be when she hears every thing she'll be a different woman, like me, you know; and then we can all help her to be good,—only I must go away with her to-night, or she'll get in a raging fury like she used to do."

"No, no, no!" cried Daniel, vehemently. "I couldn't let you go, dear. Why, Jessica, I love you more than my money, don't I? God knows I love you better. I'd rather lose all my money, ay my place as Chapel Keeper, than lose you."

"You aren't going to lose me," said Jessica, with the same patient but sorrowful light in her eyes. "I'm only going away for a little while with my mother. She's my mother, and I want to tell her all I know, that she may go to heaven as well as us. I'll come back to-morrow."

"She shall stay here," said Daniel, hesitatingly.

"No, no!" answered Jessica. "That 'ud never do. She'd be for stopping always, if you give in once. You'd better let me go with her this one night, and to-morrow morning when she's all right, I'll tell her every thing. She'll be very low then, and she'll hearken to me. Mother! I'm ready to go with you."

The woman opened her swollen eye-lids and staggered to her feet, laying her hand heavily upon the light shoulder of Jessica, who looked from her to Daniel with a clear, sad, brave smile, as she bent her childish shoulders a little under her mother's hand, as if they felt already the burden that was falling upon her life. It was a hard moment for Daniel, and he was yet doubtful whether he should let them both go, or keep them both; but Jessica had led her mother to the door, and already her hand was on the latch.

"Stop a minute, Jessica," he said. "I'll let you go

with her this once, only there's a lodging house not far off, and I'll come with you and see you safe for the night, and pay your lodgings."

"All right!" answered Jessica, with a quick, sagacious nod, and in a few minutes they were walking along the streets,—Jessica between her mother and Daniel,—all of them very silent, except when the woman broke out into a stave or two of some old long forgotten song. Before long they reached the lodging house of which Daniel had spoken, and he saw them safely into the little, close, dark closet, which was to be their bedroom.

"Good night," said Daniel, kissing Jessica with more than usual tenderness. "You don't feel as if you'd like to come back with me, now we've seen your mother comfortable, do you?"

"No," answered Jessica, with a wistful look from him to her mother, who had thrown herself upon the bed and was fast asleep already. "I think I'm doing what God would like me to do, aren't I? He knows she is my mother."

"Ay! God bless you, my dear," said Daniel, turn-away quickly and closing the door behind him.

He stumbled down the dark stairs into the street, and returned to his desolate home, saying to himself: "I'm sure I don't know how a Christian man ought to act in this case, and there's nobody to go and ask now."

BAPTIST.

"CHRISTIAN baptism is the immersion of a believer in water in the name of the Father, Son and Spirit, to show forth in a solemn and beautiful emblem our faith in a crucified, buried and risen Savior, with its purifying power, that it is prerequisite to the privileges of a church relation and to the Lord's Supper, in which the members of the church, by the use of bread and wine, are to commemorate together the dying love of Christ, preceded always by solemn self-examination."—Baptist Art. of Faith.

RULE.—Keep the ordinances as I delivered them to you.—1 Cor. 11:2.

ORDER.—Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added to them about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine, and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.—Acts 2:41, 42.

CHRIST'S RESTRICTION.—Now we command you, brethren, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which he received of us.—2 Thess. 3:6.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.

NO. XVII.

TO SAY that Flora Stratton was not disappointed would be a mistake. She had permitted herself to think it possible that Preston Clark might be a "good catch." It had been talked over between her mother and her sisters, and as almost a foregone conclusion that she was to have him. Now, here he was, and a married man with a wife whom they did not know; or if they did they did not choose to recognize as a member of the family.

Mrs. Stratton was entirely out of her reckoning also. Her stay at Mr. Selkirk's was becoming very unpleasant to her. It is true that she had access to society; but her part was quite limited. She was anxious that her remaining girls should shine; but her son-in-law was either not mindful of their fast vanishing wardrobes, or was not generous enough to supply their wants, she was uncertain which. He allowed his wife plenty for her household demands and personal wants; but left her a scant purse, out of which to cloth her mother and sisters, had she been inclined to, but which she showed little inclination to do.

The other girls were good in the main, gay and light hearted, and either did not realize their dependent condition; or did not care. They were admitted to society, visited, danced, and were happy.

Mrs. Selkirk believed Mrs. Preston Clark to be

her sister Boadicea; but had been completely mystified at the cool self possession of the young wife, and was half in doubt, and had intended to get the question settled when she asked her husband at the supper table who she was. But her question was not answered, as we have seen. How to solve it and find out "for a truth," was now her worry. Instead of going to Boadicea frankly, as her heart told her to do, and in loving kindness asking, "Is not this my sister Bodie?" she lingered away, afraid of the Mesdames Van Berg, and others of similar notions of both sexes, whom she knew to be quite plenty in the set in which she and they were moving. She knew better than her husband did how extremely sensitive society was; and also, how hard it would be if one once lost caste in the set to become reinstated.

Shortly after the separation from the supper tables, the guests began to depart,—among the earliest to go were our young married folks; Preston, because he did not wish to subject his wife to further trials; and Bodie, because she wanted to be away where she might give way to her overcharged heart; for we have seen that with all her self power and courage she was tender of heart and capable of great love, yearning for the affection of her mother and sisters, so long denied her and for such a cause.

Together they bade the hostess, "Good night," which was received by her graciously, but without any sign of recognition. The parting with Mrs. Clark nearly broke poor Bodie down; for she rose, clasped the young wife's extended hand in both of hers, as at her greeting, and leaning forward gave her a warm motherly kiss, saying: "Good night. My heart warms toward you, my daughter."

This was so like what she would have wished from her own mother that her hand shook visibly, and her eyes suffused with tears;—she turned hastily away, took Preston's arm, and so went away.

At their departure, speculation as to who she was, or had been, was again on foot. The young men were anxious, for reasons of their own, to discover how far Mr. Preston had departed from society dictates; Mr. Towne and Mrs. D'Ager; Mrs. Van Berg and her husband, and others of the older ones, because of the interest they had in the question of the young man's success, or the desire to know whether to exclude both from their set. Mrs. Stratton and her daughters for reasons which the readers may guess.

The last guests at last went away; Mr. Selkirk and family were gathered in the sitting-room for just one moment of chat upon the evening's events before going to bed; and after this and that and the other had been said, Mrs. Selkirk says: "Husband, tell me, if you know, who is it that Preston Clark brought here to-night?"

"Mrs. Preston Clark; my dear."

"Why, yes; I suppose so. You told me that once before to-night. But who was she before she became Mrs. Clark?"

"Miss Boadicea Stratton, and I am heartily ashamed of your mother and yourself for the manner in which you have treated her;" said he indignantly. "She is a calm, self-possessed lady of the genuine stamp; and deserves just the clever, good husband she has got. For my part, I shall go to her to-morrow, and make an ample apology for my past forgetfulness and bad behavior. You may do as you choose, as to whether you will receive her or not, or whether you will do like those conceited humbugs of society, Mrs. Van Berg and Mrs. D' Ager, propose to do, close your doors against her; I was made a party to this miserable husband catching for poor Flora here, for whom I am sorry, (that she missed a prize), against my will and judgment, but I am glad Preston got the jewel he was after. Now you need none of you scold, for I am just happy that this scheming business fell through. Take my advice—if your sister Mrs. Clark pardons me and accepts the friendship I shall offer her to-morrow,—and go and do likewise, and put these society gossippers to defiance."

This was a long speech for him. But he was so elated that he could not repress himself. His wife, now that her belief was confirmed, looked distressed and annoyed. Mrs. Stratton fell to crying softly, Flora ran off in a tempest of passion, while Julia sat still and looked disdainful.

It was in no very satisfactory mood that Mr. Solon Selkirk's family went to their beds, for sleep, or restlessness, as they were able to compose themselves, or continued to recall the scenes of the evening. Mrs. Stratton, cried herself to sleep, notwithstanding the sharp rattle of Flora's tongue, who lay with her; Julia lay awake awhile, and slept, after deciding to follow the majority, whichever way that went. Mrs. Selkirk pondered her situation and duty to society long and painfully, and long before she had matured her decision her husband, having formed his resolution, was snoring soundly by her side. What the results of the various self examinations were, transpired in the course of the next few weeks.

NAPOLEON'S HAPPIEST DAY.

WHEN Napoleon was in the height of his prosperity, and surrounded by a brilliant company of the marshals and courtiers of the empire, he was asked what day he considered to have been the happiest of his life. When all expected that he would name the occasion of some glorious victory, or some great political triumph, or some august celebration, or other signal recognition of his genius and power, he answered without a moment's hesitation, "The happiest day of my life was the day of my First Communion." At a reply so unforeseen there was a general silence; when he added, as if to himself, "I was then an innocent child."

You who have no calling at all are in peculiar peril; I wonder the devil does not swallow you outright. The most likely man to go to hell is the man who has nothing to do on earth. I say that seriously. I believe that there can not happen much worse evil to a person than to be placed where he has no work, and if I should ever be in such a state. I would get employment at once, for fear I should be carried off, body and soul, by the Evil one. Idle people tempt the devil to tempt them. Let us have something to do. Let us keep our minds occupied, for if not, we make room for the devil. Industry will not make us gracious, but the want of industry may make us vicious. Have always something on the anvil or in the fire:

"In books, or work, or healthful play,
I would be busy, too,
For Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

So Dr. Watts taught us in our childhood, and so let us believe in our manhood. Books, or works, or such recreations as are necessary for health, should occupy our time, for if I throw myself down in indolence like an old piece of iron, I must not wonder that I grow rusty with sin.—*Spurgeon.*

Letters from the Hopes.

NEWTON, Iowa, August 4th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure I again take the opportunity of writing to you. It is not very often that I see a letter from any of the Hopes that I know; but then I like to read all of your letters. It fills my heart with joy to read the desires and determinations of my young brothers and sisters.

Dear Hopes, let us live humble and faithful, and strive to keep the commandments of our Heavenly Father, and walk in righteousness before him, that we may all gain the crown that is waiting for those who do his will and keep his commandments. We all have trials and temptations to contend with, but we should never let any of these things discourage us. The Savior said: "To him that overcometh will I give to inherit all things." This is indeed a glorious promise. I am thankful for one that I am permitted to live in these last days, when the glorious news of the gospel is being proclaimed throughout the land. I have a strong desire to do that which is right,

although I fall far short of my duty many times Yet I do not intend to give up, but press forward to the mark of eternal perfection. Pray for me that I may continue firm and steadfast to the weary end, and be saved with all the redeemed.

From your sister in gospel bonds,
DORA MOORMAN.

KEWANEE, Illinois, July 28th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—Once more I take the pleasure of writing to you through our paper, which I love to read. I am one that is trying to live the life of a true Latter Day Saint, as I have a knowledge from God of the truth of this work. And what we know to be true, let us never be ashamed to speak. Let us ever be ready to hold up the banner to those who know not God, and have never been able to testify of his love and kindness. I am thankful that I ever enlisted in such a noble cause. I shall endeavor to stand faithful to the end.

Wishfully yours.

ELMIRA, Mitchell Co., Kansas,

June 9th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—My pa and I were at conference May the 27th, down in Clay county, about ten miles from Clay Center, where Bro. Kent lives, perhaps some of you know where that is. We had a good time, and I enjoyed it pretty well. We have meeting every other Sunday. I go to Sabbath School all the time. I have two sisters and four brothers: only two of my brothers belong to the Church, and my sisters are not old enough. I think we will have a good crop this year. I wish you were all here to-day, but I guess the day will not come that we can all meet at once until Christ comes in clouds of glory. I like the stories that are continued very well. I wish that "Perla Wild" would write some more stories to the *Hope*. Pray for me that I may hold out faithful to the end.

Your sister in Christ,

CATHARINE R. ANDES.

CHEYENNE, July 24th, 1882.

Dear Hope:—With pleasure I write you a letter, hoping the Holy Spirit will rest on you all. I wish to tell you how the blessed Lord healed a poor girl twelve years of age. She was greatly afflicted, with Saint Vitues' dance. She could not control herself: her hands and her whole body was moving in all manner of shapes. I called to see a poor woman who had buried her husband and her father, both in one week. I went to pray with her, and when I came to the house there were six little children playing together in the house; and when I looked on this poor dear girl, my heart ached for her; and to see her hands and body in all manner of forms. I am pleased to tell you that the Holy Spirit of the Lord rested on me, and impressed these words: "Thus saith the still small voice unto you my son, inasmuch as you will kneel down and pray, and lay your hands on her head she shall be healed." I asked whose little girl is that? The lady said that she lived across the railroad track. I said, will you be so kind as to ask her mother and father if they would be so kind or willing, as to let me pray and lay my hands on her head. I feel the blessed Lord will heal her. The lady went and asked her mother, and they were so willing and the mother and the little girl came on Tuesday night. I told them I would be there at eight o'clock, I went and they were there. I told the mother that God had blessed the Saints with the gift of healing, and I was impressed that if I prayed and laid my hands on her head, she would be healed. Her mother seemed very willing. I knelt down and prayed, rose up and laid my hands on the girl's head; and while praying I had the gift of tongues, and it was made known that the Lord would heal her. This was a few days before the last April Conference. Three days after I meet the little girl's uncle; he said, "Mr. Eames, our little girl is so much better." I said to him, "where do you live." He said, "I will show you." He pointed me out the house. I asked him if her father and mother would like me to call at their house and pray again for her to-night. So I went and took the oil with me, and when I got into the house I spoke of the gifts and blessings, and knelt down and prayed, and then anointed her with oil, and laid my hands on her head; I had the gift of tongues again, and it was made known that she should be healed. Next day I started to conference at Independence. The Lord healed the child that night. When I came back from conference I was in the front of my house, her uncle came and said, "Mr. Eames I have been to see you three times and could not find you." I said, "I have just got home." He said, "Our little girl is well, and goes to school, she has been to see you.

So the little girl came to see me, and we went into my room and I prayed with her that the powers of darkness could not have no more power, so last night she came to see me. I asked her to come to church to-day; so she came and brought two little girls with her. After preaching at eleven o'clock, I called the three little girls into my room and I held a little Sunday School, and prayed with them, and told them I would commence a Sunday School next Sunday. Dear Hopes, pray for Bro. Eames that he may do good.

Your brother,

JOHN EAMES.

No. 4, Avon Street, FALL RIVER, Mass.,

August 6th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write to you, it being a long time since I last wrote. My father, mother, sister, and myself belong to the Church. The work of God is making a good deal of headway here. Brother *John Gilbert who was our presiding Elder is now a travelling Elder in the Massachusetts District, and does good wherever he goes. I desire that you will pray for me, that I may be more faithful than what I have been.

Yours truly,

CHARLES POTTS.

NEW TRENTON, Ind,

July 13th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I am thirteen years old, and have never written to the *Hope* before. And as I am laid up with a sore foot, having been bitten by a dog, I thought I would write a letter to the *Hope*. I have been a member of the Church three years. My father, mother, two brothers and two sisters, belong to the Church; also, I have two little sisters and one brother who are not yet baptized. There are fifteen members in this branch, and they are all reuniting. We have our branch meetings every Sunday evening. We have had no preaching for some time. Bro. Bond was here, but did not preach, on account of a lame leg. We have no Sunday School. We take the *Hope* and *Herald*. I like to read the *Hope*, and especially the continued pieces. Pray for me that I may continue faithful unto the end.

Your brother in Christ,

WALTER C. CHAPPELOW.

ELMIRA, Mitchell Co., Kansas,

June 12th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I belong to the Church, am eleven years old, was baptized the twentieth of last August. I go to meeting and Sabbath School when I can. My pa and sister were to conference down in Clay county two weeks ago. We are having plenty of rain this Spring.

I am ever your brother in Christ,

JOHN W. ANDES.

I am ten years old, and belong to the Church. I was baptized by Bro. Kent last August. I love to read the *Hope*. We have got a big herd of cattle and some sheep, and so my brothers and I can't go much.

Your brother in Christ,

BENJAMIN D. ANDES.

As I can't write myself I will let my sister write for me. I am a little boy that don't like to read very well. I go to school in Winter pretty near all the time. I don't get to go to Sabbath School very often. I don't belong to the Church yet. Good bye to you all.

SAMUEL M. ANDES.

MARYVILLE, Mo., August 7th, 1882.

Dear Hope:—This is my first letter to the *Hope*, but I trust it shall not be the last. I have wanted to write long ago, but I could not read or write before this; I can not spell very well yet. I have not been here very long, just came here last Fall, the third of September. I came here with my mother to stay by some sisters and brothers in the Church of the Latter Day Saints, and we both belong to the Church. I have no father on the earth, but I trust I have got one Heavenly Father, and I hope that he will help me, that when Christ be come here second time, that we might be saved in his kingdom. We were ten children, but they are all dead except one sister and me, I don't know whether my only brother is alive or not; have not heard from him since we left Denmark; but I hope that if we won't see him any more in this life, that we might meet him on the other shore, where we hope

to meet them all. That sister I have got is staying in Denmark yet; we did not have money enough to get her along with us; she has got a little girl four years old: I would like to see them very much; but hope that we soon will get them over here. I am working in Maryville: it is about nine miles from where my mother is staying. I like to read the *Hope* very much, but I don't have no chance to read them, only once awhile when I go home out in the country. My sister has been married, but her husband is dead, and she is left alone with a little child. I guess that I will close this letter, and hope that I soon may have another chance to write again. Let us all be faithful, and earnest workers in the Latter Day Saints Church. Yours in the gospel of Christ,

DORA M. JENSON.

42 York St., Cheetham,

MANCHESTER, England,

Dear Hopes:—This is my first letter to you. I was eight years old on the 17th April last. I was baptized by my father, on the 11th of July,—there were three others baptized at the same time: their names are Mr. Turner, Mrs. Turner, and Mr. George Baty. We have a nice Sunday School here. Bro Turner is Superintendent; Bro. Jackson is assistant. I am in the Testament Class, my eldest sister is the teacher. Miss Emma Armstrong is a teacher, and she plays the harmonium, and teaches us to sing. I do so like to go to Sunday School and learn about Jesus. I want to be a good boy, and when I grow to be a man, I wish to preach and work for Jesus. My name is,

EARNEST RITSON DEWSNUP.

WEST BELLEVILLE, Illinois,

July 17th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure I write to you for the first time, but I hope it will not be the last. I love our dear *Hope* very much. I like "Jessica's First Prayer" very much. I am the oldest of our family, and have three brothers younger than myself. I will be seventeen next November. My mother and two brothers and myself belong to the Church. I have been baptized over seven years. We have meetings every Sunday and Sunday School, which I am happy to be a member of, and act as librarian. Our picnic on the Fourth was a success. I ask an interest in your prayers, that I may live faithful to the end of my life.

I remain your sister in love and truth,

LIZZIE R. THOMPSON.

BLOOMING PRAIRIE, Iowa,

July 23d, 1882.

Dear Hope:—As I saw Uncle John's chat, I thought it was a good example for the young. Tobacco is not fit for man either to chew or to smoke. The Doctrine and Covenants, section 86, part one, says that "Tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man; but is an herb for bruises, and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill."

I would like to ask a question of you: Who were the wise men of the East that came to worship Jesus at the time of his birth. I see in the *Hope* for July 15th, a question asked: Who was the good young king. It was Josiah, the son of Amon. Chronicles 34th chapter. I think the "Little Woodman and his Dog" a very nice story. Here is a clipping from a paper called the *Giant Killer*.

Your brother in Christ,

JOSEPH CARLSON.

STARK MILLS, Colo., August 1st, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old, and this is the first time I have written. I do not belong to the Church, but hope to soon. I go to Sunday School. There is no Saints here only mamma and papa. I have one sister six years old.

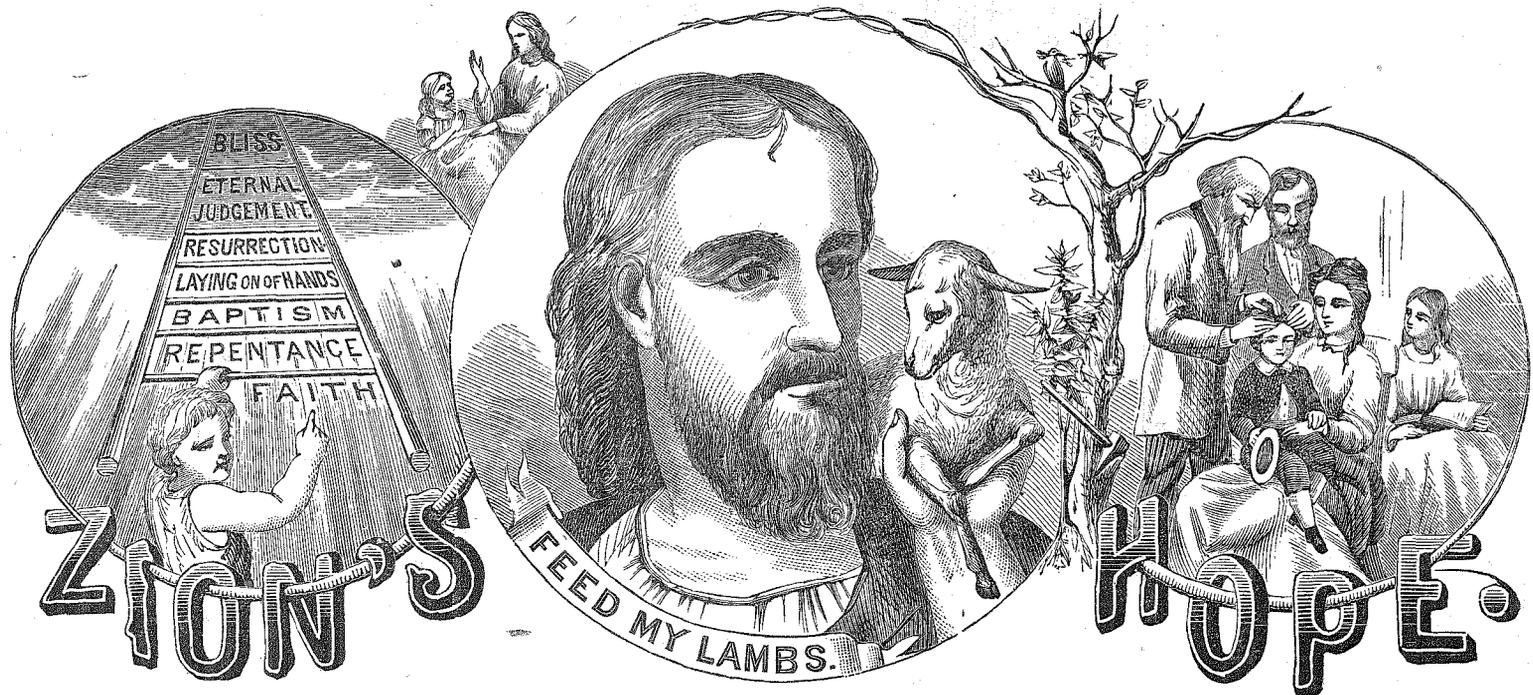
Yours truly,

LILLIE MAY KENT.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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

Vol. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, SEPTEMBER 15, 1882.

No. 6.

"I CAN'T" AND "I'LL TRY."

There were two little sisters, Matilda and Bell,
In their persons no difference you'd spy;
But Matilda endeavor'd to do all things well,
While Bell would not even try.

If a difficult task were proposed by their aunt,
One might always foretell their reply;
Bell would always draw out a languid "I can't";
But Matilda would answer, "I'll try."

If a new piece of music to either were sent,
Why, Bell would at once lay it by,
Say, "I'm sure I can't learn it," and rest quite content,
That Matilda should take it and "try."

A church they both sketch'd from a copy well-drawn,
And each made the tower awry;
"I can't do it straight," Bell exclaimed with a yawn;
But Matilda still said, "I will try."

Now which of those girls do you think would excel?
I'm sure you will instantly cry:
"Not the languid, inactive, and indolent Bell,
But Matilda, who always would try."

Let us then who wish to be happy and wise,
With zeal to our duties apply;
If the sad words, "I can't" to our lips should arise,
Let us change them at once for "I'll try."

WHO IS RICH.

"MAMMA," said little Mary, "what makes you call me rich? I'm sure I have but two nice dresses, and only the pennies you and papa have given me, and you know it takes a great many pennies to make a dollar. I have been saving mine for more than a year and have not a dollar yet. How can you call me rich?" and Mary's bright little face was raised in wonderment to her mother's, waiting to hear what she could answer.

"If you are not rich, darling," said her mother, "will you tell me who you think is?"

"Oh! yes mamma, there is Julia Ross; you know how beautiful her clothes are; and how grand and fine her father's carriage is. She never has to work, but rides when she pleases, and always has plenty of money to buy candies and toys. She is rich, I am sure, and some times I can't help thinking it would be so nice to be rich like her; only I hope I would not be so proud, for I think it spoils a little girl to be proud."

"Yes, darling, you are right, it does mar and hurt the character of any one to be proud; for you know, Mary, that God made us all of the dust of the earth, and we must all return to dust; but not to forget our subject, you think Julia is rich. Let us see—First, you say her clothes are beautiful. Did you ever see a peacock, Mary?"

"O yes, mamma, and their feathers are very beautiful, but then they are a very proud and quarrelsome bird. I don't like them."

"Then you don't think they are rich, even though they wear very fine clothes."

"Why no, mamma, what a funny question. The peacock don't have to buy his feathers, for they grow on his back; but it takes money to buy fine clothes."

"Yes, darling, and here the peacock has the advantage of little girls who wish to wear fine clothes; for he produces his own feathers, but they must have money to buy theirs. But you don't call the peacock rich because of his fine feathers. How then can we call Julia rich because she wears fine clothes?"

"Well, mamma, I never thought of that; but then she has plenty of money and rides in such a fine carriage, and"—

"And you think she must be rich. Well, Mary, your judgment is not more erroneous than that of very many older people; but tell me, darling, is Julia's money a part of herself? Does it belong to her as your hand or foot belongs to you?"

"No, mamma, I think not, for her father gives it to her, and she gives it to the man at the candy store, for cakes and candy. I love cakes and candy too, but I would not be willing to give my hands or feet to buy them with."

"No, I am sure you would not, neither would Julia; therefore her money can not make her rich any more than it can you, for it is *no part of her* any more than her fine clothes are, or the fine carriage in which she rides."

"I don't think I understand, mamma, for I have always heard her called rich, and every one takes notice of her, and tell just what she says and does and wish they could do and be like her."

"Well, darling, if her example is good and worthy of imitation they are right; but if it is not, I should be very sorry to hear my little daughter make such a wish. Julia may be rich; I don't want you to understand me as saying she is not, for I do not know her, and therefore do not know what good qualities she has; but what I want to teach my little girl this morning is, that it is not money, fine clothes, nice houses or carriages, nor any thing that is not a part of ourselves, that makes us rich."

"What is it then, mamma, please tell me, for I always thought if I had plenty of money I should rich."

"I will try and tell you, darling, if you will pay good attention, and I hope you will never forget, for though you may never have much money and never ride in a fine carriage, I want you to be rich and to be adorned with raiment which is above price; and this the Bible tells us '*is a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is above all price.*' Here then, Mary, is what makes a man or woman, boy or

girl, *rich*. Without this, they may have all they desire of money and fine clothes, houses and lands, and yet be beggars. But if they have this, though they may be clothed in rags and suffer for food, though they might, like the beggar, be covered with festering sores, and plead for the crumbs that fall from the table of him who has plenty; yet they *are rich*, for they have what no money on earth can buy. Will you try to remember this, darling, and to understand that nothing which is not a part of ourselves can make us rich?"

"I will try mamma, but it seems so strange that many think so differently."

"Yes, Mary, it does, but to show you that I am right I will tell you what God himself says about this very thing. After Christ had been crucified, the apostles who believed all the Savior taught them, went from place to place teaching others and forming churches, or branches, of those who believed; just as our Elders do now. In Asia, a church was formed at a city called Laodicea, and many years after the apostles were dead, this church (or the members of it) had much money and doubtless wore fine clothes, and they began to love God less than they had done before; and not to care much whether they worshiped him or not. Now listen to what God said to them: 'Thou sayest I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that *thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.*' This, darling, is what God said to those people who thought they were rich because they had money and fine clothes. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, mamma, I think I do; but can no one be rich, who has money and fine clothes?"

"Certainly they can, if they are meek and lowly in spirit. If they love God they will know that all they have is his, and they will try and do good with it, for when Jesus comes upon the earth we will all have to tell him just what we have done with his money and his goods."

"Well, mamma, since God lends us all these things, we ought to use them *very carefully*, ought we not?"

"Assuredly, love, and now I trust you comprehend why I think my little daughter rich. It is true she has not many fine clothes, but she loves to keep them neat and clean. She has not much money, but she loves to give to those who need. She is kind and loving to her little brothers and sisters, obedient to parents, and above all she loves the Lord, and fears to displease him because she loves him."

Dear little readers of the *Hope*, may we say of you as Mary's mother said of her? Are you rich in the true riches of God? or are you like those people of

Laodicea, wretched, miserable, poor, blind and naked? If you love God and keep his commandments, then are you truly rich. In heaven you have laid up treasure, and you shall be clothed with beautiful white garments, and palms of victory be given to you. But dear ones, if you are poor, God is rich, and if you go to him in the name of his Son, He will give you freely of all that he has. You will not fear death then, for the Spirit of God will go with you into the silent grave, and will awaken and bring forth your body when Jesus comes to reign on the earth a King forever.

FRANCES.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SUMMER sun hung low over the western tree tops. The bright June day was nearly finished. Already the fragrance of rose and sweet-brier was distilled in the sunset air, by the cool, welcome vapors of early twilight. The great lawn gate at Maplewood Manor swung open, and the family carriage passed out. Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Bell, George Randolph and little Elsie, occupied two seats, the third was vacant. Besides, there was room between papa and mamma for a little boy like Burt. And Burt thought so, as he stood in the pretty, ivy twined oriel* window, sparkling tear drops on dark eyelash and rounded cheek. "O dear, oh, dear," he sighed with quivering lip, "I wish I wasn't a boy. I wish I wasn't anything. 'Spect I *have* to be ever so naughty. Can't help it. Wish I didn't. It's so much nicer to be good if a body only *can*.—O dear. If I hadn't frowned and hurted Elsie, I could have wanted and took a ride, too." And he laid his forehead on his hand and wept softly.

Down stairs another young heart sighed and repined. Addie sat on the front steps, pulling bud and blossom and leaflet from the trailing honeysuckle beside her, till snowy frock, cream tinted slippers and broad white stone at her feet, were dotted with brilliant colors. Her downcast eyes and knitted brow told plain as words could, that she was—pouting.

Still another sad face. Victoria, walking slowly up the drive with bent head and thoughtful expression. Whatever her solemn thoughts were she did not tell. "O sister," she cried, "you are spoiling my rosevine. Just look at the ruin you have made."

Addie tossed her head defiantly. "I don't care"—evidently she didn't, "I *never* can have anything I want. Papa's got plenty of money, and when he ever wants anything he gets it. But when I want something"—her lips quivered and she turned away her face to hide the swelling tears.

Victoria forgot self, and sitting down beside her sister drew the trembling girl close to her side. Smoothing the breeze tossed tresses she said soothingly: "Don't feel so sad, little sister. Tell me what troubles you. Can't I help you.

"No, no," sobbed Addie. "It's nothing *you* can do.—I—I want a brocade dress—to wear to the picnic—and—and papa says I've got a plenty—of dresses. I haven't had a new one since last March, and you know it. I just think it's too bad, I do. Mamma tried to smooth matters by coaxing me out for a ride with them, just now, but I didn't want to."—Then she began sobbing again.

"Don't, Addie, don't, please. Just let us reason, now. The picnic is to be in the woods, among the rocks and bushes, by a stream of water,"—began Victoria, holding Addie's rebellious little hand caressingly.

"I guess I *know* it," returned Addie shortly.

"Well, sister mine, my only remaining sister,—don't you know also, that a common dress is more suitable? You would be almost sure to ruin a nice one. Your light cambric, or your buff lawn,—either would be very nice and proper. Then your white one"—but Addie had drawn herself away impatient-

ly, and stood at a little distance pulling leaves from a rose bush. Victoria came up to her side, and at that moment a singing bird in a silver maple tree, whose swaying branches swept the upper window where Burt stood,—a little wild bird, set up a merry blissful song, filling the balmy air with rapturous music. Burt looked up, the sunligh falling aslant o'er trembling lip and tearful eye. So did the two sisters, espying both child and bird. Pity filled their hearts. And suddenly, as she listened to the rich melody of the little songster, a lively song she had learned at school came to the mind of Addie, chasing away her sadness, and creating a desire to comfort the sad faced boy above her. On the impulse of the moment she trilled the lines,

"Out in the beautiful garden,
Say, will you come with me now?
While the oriole sings as he gaily swings
High in the maple bough."

'Twas not new to Burt, he had heard it many a time. And had sung the 'buzz' in the chorus with Willie Gray several times. But now the words had a new meaning, and the invitation seemed directed to him particularly.

"Down by the wall in the meadow,
Rows of red hollyhocks grow,
In every one is a golden throne,
Throne of the great king bee."

The last two lines were lost to the little boy, for his sorrow had suddenly left him, and he was tripping down the broad stairs with a quick, ringing step which brought him swiftly to Addie's side, where he cried breathlessly: "There's lots of red hollyhocks down there, but taint a wall, it's just a fence.—And wait till I gets my breath and I'll buzz." So Addie sang the chorus,—

"Hark, hark, hark! Hear the buzzing sound;—
As if a band
From fairy land
Were coming from under the ground.
Hark, hark, hark! Hear the buzz and hum.
The fairy queen
In golden sheen
Is beating her silver drum."—

while Burt *buzzed* loud enough for a score of bees, or fairies either. So the children's troubles were gone as readily as they had come.

The picnic, talked of for so many weeks, came off at last. Everybody (nearly), went. It wasn't a school picnic, nor a Sunday School picnic, nor a Fourth of July picnic. But just a picnic for everybody, and of course everybody went. There was a band of music, speeches, a few sweet little songs, a great, expansive dinner, swings, a beautiful, shallow, rock bedded river, and so forth and so on. Everything a childish heart could desire for a day of sport and pleasure. Nothing occurred out of the proper order of the day until after dinner. The older people grouped about in pleasant chat; a few of the young ladies and gentlemen strolled off in different directions to explore the woods,—for of a necessity there were woods;—the younger lads and lassies engaged in various games; and all was merrily, peaceful and happy.

By and by there was a lull in the sound of joyous mirth, and on looking around it was noticed that every child had disappeared. Listening betrayed a distant sound of youthful voices, some up the valley, and others back toward the bluffs and hills. As Addie Russell, George Randolph and many more of the larger children were with the missing juveniles, no harm was feared for any. So the time sped away very quietly, and in fact rather monotonously, to those on the picnic grounds, when of a sudden a sound of hasty steps was heard, and August Clausen, Uncle Fritz's oldest boy, came with breathless speed, panting out the information—

"Somebody come quicker—or he'll go drowned—Burt, I mean—'cause he's just hanging there—ready to fall."

'Twas only a little way up the valley, and every one followed August, to find little Burt hanging by the skirts to a bough just above the water on the river bank. He had been playing with Willie Gray, Mina Clausen and little Elsie, on a rocky point close by a bend in the river which was hid-

den from view by the thick bushes. Several older children were near, gathering shells and other treasures. A scream was heard and Burt was seen falling from a beechen tree that leaned over the water,—falling, to be caught by a broken bough and held in dangerous peril, for there was a deep pool directly beneath and around him. The tree was not large enough to safely support a man, indeed any additional weight would plunge the poor child into the water. A momentary hesitation as the men of the party came up, for the first to arrive were a dozen or more woman and girls.

"Burt, Burt! my poor little brother," cried Addie Russell, coming up with her hand full of flowers and mosses. "O why did I leave you a moment?—Will nobody save him?" and she flung down her flowers, tossing her hat aside, and before any one could guess her intention, she sprang into water.

"O Father in heaven, save them," gasped Mrs. Russell, who arrived at that moment, and fainted almost instantly. She knew Addie could not swim. Two or three of the men were drawing off their boots, others were casting about them for long poles, while still more stood gaping helpless as the woman, in the general excitement and confusion. George Randolph reached the spot almost as soon as Addie, and by the time the men reached the river's edge he had the little boy in his arms, and gave him to Mr. Gray, the foremost among them, and turned back and down the stream toward where Addie had floated and sunk for the second time. He was quick and active, and an expert swimmer, and reached and rescued her as she came to the surface.

Notwithstanding this accident, no serious result followed. Mrs. Russell was weak and ill from sudden fright and anxiety the remainder of the day. Burt was not injured, only terribly scared; while Addie was petted and cuddled, as soon as she recovered her consciousness, till she pleaded to be taken home. And George was patted and praised like a genuine young hero as he was. So ended the picnic.

"And I'm so glad I wore this dress," sighed Addie, as they drove homeward, looking down at the damp and draggled glimpse of what had been in the morning a lovely white dress, buried beneath the shawls and wraps of all the motherly old ladies in the crowd. At least, so George said, refusing even an extra coat himself. Half an hour's warm sunbath nearly dried his light garments.

JESSICA'S MOTHER.

Selected by Sr. Emma.

CHAPTER VI.

THE following days, Friday and Saturday, were always a busy time at the Chapel, for the whole place had to be swept and dusted in preparation for the coming Sunday. Never had Daniel felt so depressed and down hearted as when he entered the chilly and empty Chapel early in the morning and alone, for Jessica was to follow him by and by, when her mother had strolled away for the day to her old haunts. Only a week ago he and Jessica had gone cheerfully about their work together. Jessica's blithe, clear, young voice echoing through the place, as she sang to herself, or called to him from some far off pew, or down from the gallery. But now everything was upset and in confusion. He mounted the pulpit steps, and after shaking the cushions and dusting every ledge and crevis, he stood upright in a strange and solemn reverie, as he looked around upon the empty pews which were won't to be so crowded on a Sunday. It would make a wonderful difference to the place, he thought, if anything worse should happen to his master, for even to himself, Daniel could not bear to say the sad word death. They could never find his like again; Never! he repeated, laying his hand reverently upon the crimson cushion where the minister's head had sunk in sudden dumbness before God, and two large solemn tears forced themselves into Daniel's eyes, and rolled slowly down his cheeks.

* Who can describe an oriel window.

He did not know whoever would fill the pulpit, even on the coming Sabbath; but he felt that he could never bear to stay at the Chapel after its glory was departed, and see the congregation dwindling down and growing more and more scanty every week, until only a few drowsy hearers came to listen sleepily to a lifeless preacher. No! No! That would go a good way towards breaking his heart. Besides all this, how he longed to be able to ask the minister what to do about "Jessica's Mother." But whether for instruction in the pulpit, or counsel in private, the minister's voice was hushed, and Daniel's heart was not a whit lighter as he slowly and heavily descended the pulpit steps.

It was getting on for noon before Jessica followed him, bringing his dinner with her in a little basket. Her eyes were red with tears, and she was very quiet, while he ate with a poor appetite the food she set before him. He felt reluctant to ask about her mother, but when the meal was finished, Jessica drew near to him and took hold of his hand in both her own.

"Mr. Daniel," she said, very sorrowfully, "when mother awoke this morning, I told her everything I knew about Jesus Christ and God and heaven, and she knew it all before! before I was born, she said!"

"Ah!" ejaculated Daniel; but not in a tone of surprise, only because Jessica paused and looked mournfully in his face.

"Yes," continued Jessica, shaking her head hopelessly, "she knew about it, and she never told me, never. She never spoke of God at all, only when she was cursing. I don't know now anything that will make her a good woman. I thought that if she only heard what I said she'd love God, but she only laughed at me, and said it's an old story. I don't know what can be done for her now."

Jessica's tears were falling fast again, but Daniel did not know how to comfort her. He knew there was little hope for a woman so enslaved by drunkenness being brought back again to religion and God.

"If the minister could only see her," said Jessica; "he speaks as if he had seen God, and talked to him sometimes, and she'd be sure to believe him. I don't know how to say the right things."

"No, no," answered Daniel, she saw him on Sunday before he had the stroke, and he talked a long time to her. No; she won't be changed by him."

"She's my mother, you know," repeated Jessica, anxiously.

"Ay," said Daniel; "and that puzzles me. I don't know what to do."

"Couldn't we pray to God," suggested Jessica again, "now before we go on any farther?"

"May be it would be the best thing to do," agreed Daniel, rising from his chair and kneeling down with Jessica beside him.

At first he attempted to pray like some of the church members at the weekly prayer meeting, in set and formal phrases; but he felt that if he wished to obtain any real blessing, he must ask for it in simple chilk-like words, as if speaking face to face with his Heavenly Father, and this was the prayer he made, after freeing himself from the ceremonious etiquette of the prayer meetings:

"Lord, thou knowest that Jessica's mother is come back, and what a drunken and disorderly woman she is, and we don't know what to do with her, and the minister can not give us his advice. Sometimes I'm afraid I love my money too much yet; but Lord, if it's that, or anything else that's hard in my heart, so as to hinder me from doing what the Savior, Jesus Christ, would do if he was in my place, I pray thee to take it away and make me see clearly what my Christian duty is. Dear Lord, I beseech thee, keep both me and Jessica from evil."

Daniel rose from his knees a good deal relieved and lightened in spirit. He had simply, with the heart of a child, laid his petition before God, and now he felt that it was God's part to direct him. Jessica herself seemed brighter; for if the matter had been laid in God's hands, she felt that it was certain to come out all right in the end. They

went back to their work in the Chapel, and though it was melancholy to remember that their own minister would be absent from the pulpit on the Sunday, which was drawing near, they felt satisfied with the thought that God knew all, and was making all things work together for the good of those who love him.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.

NO. XVIII.

OUR young people whose fortunes form the basis of our story, found their carriage waiting for them, as agreed upon. Little was said on the way home, but after Preston had put his team away, he came in and found Bodie sitting with her hat lying in her lap, her head supported on her hand and her elbow on the stand. She was looking sad and pained. He sat down by her, and putting his arm about her drew her head against his shoulder; and as once before he had so held her while she gave way to her grief, so he did once more. He had so far become acquainted with her nature, that he said nothing to her, but waited until she had had time to get partially over her first paroxysm of emotion. He then said, as he smoothed his hand over her hair and brow;

"Never mind, Bodie. A few days will work a change in the feelings of your mother. Just now, she is under strong influence; and falsely estimates her duty to society. Mr. Selkirk is a sensible man, and good at heart, and will take such decided steps as will compel his wife to be complaisant. If one or two dare to do right, the rest will follow."

"Oh! Preston. I did so long to take mother in my arms just once; and to be so coldly received by my own mother and sisters, after such a parting and separation as ours has been, seemed so hard and cruel. If it had not been that your mother and brother stood so cheerfully by me, I should have asked you to bring me home—Home,—Preston; I am so glad I have a home and a good man's love to shelter me. To-night, I felt very lonely in that crowd. I knew so few. And those I ought to have known did not, or would not recognize me."

"Well. Let it pass, Bodie, for to-night. Depend upon it, it will all come out right."

Bodie shook her head, as if in doubt; but dried her eyes, comforted, if not assured by her husband's words and manner. Before retiring, she said: "Preston, I want you to know that I heard the conversation between brother-in-law Selkirk, and the lady in old gold and diamonds, and assure you that I have no desire to be found in the 'set' for whom she speaks. She may not have had any reference to me, as it can not be that she knows anything about me, or have any suspicion as to who I am. But I fancied that it was intended as a sort of social rule laid down by the lady of fashion, intended for all hearers; and for them who might possibly know themselves to be of the class of persons styled by her of the lower class. She would undoubtedly put me in with those aspiring ones to whom she referred, if she knew that you accepted me as a maid of all work."

"O, you mean Mrs. Van Berg. 'Old Gold Bug,' as the young men call her. She has a daughter, a very slender, delicate girl, now said to be well on towards thirty years old; and rumor says, that she is a victim to her mother's peculiar notions about social rank. You see the Van Bergs are an old and aristocratic family, so far as being ancient and rich can make a family respectable, they are 'very respectable,' being of a very old stock and very wealthy. Mrs. Van Berg, herself, however comes of a family by no means so old. Her grandfather was a notable tradesman, who amassed a fortune in a foreign speculation while a bachelor; but returning to England when about fifty years old, his wealth enabled him to marry a younger daughter of an English Baronet, who bore him two sons; one of which died early; the other lived. Just after he became of age both of his parents died, and he was left the sole possessor of a handsome property in

real estate near a prosperous city, and a large amount of ready money. He was a shrewd manager, both of lands, money and social prestige. He married above him, that is to say, like his father, his great wealth opened society's doors, and he chose the daughter of a titled widow as his wife. They had several sons and daughter; one of the latter true to the family instincts accepted wealth and station at the hand of Mr. Van Berg, marrying above her station—just what she condemned so strongly in young women now. Her husband came to this country because he believed that here Republicanism to which he is politically a friend was destined to find its best development. He thinks, however, that his own country will in time become imbued with the principles of republicanism and become a Republic. He is not 'in trade' personally; though he has large investments in mines, railway stocks, and factories, which are carried on by what his countrymen call factors; but we call them agents."

"What is the difference in respectability between the men who labor and toil, producing proper returns for time and strength expended, the factors who supervise the labor, and the men who furnish the money, which forms the basis for employment—that is what I do not understand."

From this remark Preston could see that Bodie's mind still dwelt upon the questions of the evening; and so he dismissed the subject in this way: "Come, come, my young wife; let us put off that social puzzle—or that puzzle for society—till after we have slept. It is getting well on to the 'Wee sma' hours ayant the twelve."

By this Bodie had recovered her balance of feeling, though her eyes and voice still showed traces of sadness; but she thought best to say: "Well my husband, your mother has the correct notion about this social problem;" worth and integrity should be recognized and acknowledged "whether they be found in the so-called higher, or the lower classes of society."

Bodie was awakened in the morning by a lively whistling in the little kitchen, and roused herself just as Preston came to the door to call her, with a cherry "Good morning. How sound you did sleep, to be sure. It must be that social philosophy is a good sleep producer."

"Preston, don't tease me this morning. I will be out presently." Sure enough he had hardly done feeding his horses before he heard the little bell that called him to his breakfast. His wife met him with a smile, and such a cheerful contented face, that he was at quite a loss to tell how to account for it. He would have inquired, but there was a rattling ring of the door bell, to which he responded, returning with his brother-in-law, Mr. Selkirk. That gentleman at once offered Bodie his hand with the words: "Sr. Clark, I am most heartily ashamed of the shabby reception we gave you last night. I knew you at once, and am sorry that I did not then expose mother and the girls; but you looked so collected and on your guard, that I felt you would prefer not. I told them that I was coming over to make peace with you. They were all asleep when I rose. I got tired ranging round the house waiting for them to get up; and so came right over here the first thing. I shall have a busy day—and I want to start right. Will you accept my apology on my own behalf and pardon me?"

Bodie's reserve melted at his cordial speech and she took the offered hand. "Most certainly I accept your apology and the friendship you so kindly offer me; and forgive." Turning to Preston she said: "Take brother Selkirk into the sitting room for a little bit, and I will soon call you."

Mr. Selkirk protested that he must get back home for the late breakfast that he knew his folks would have; but both the young people refused to hear to anything but his staying with them to the morning meal. So Preston took him into the room, where he was soon at ease. A few moments served Bodie to make the necessary addition to her breakfast

table, and the three were soon eating and chatting sociably together. Mr. Selkirk proved to be entertaining, and Bodie was soon satisfied that whatever else society might do, her brother-in-law had received her to the social standing of her husband, and was sincere in his offer to be friends. She felt assured that whatever might be the attitude of her mother and sisters toward her, she would have one ally in Selkirk Mansion, the master of the house.

In the course of the table talk, Mr. Selkirk stated that none of her family unless it was Flora, had really recognized her; and he was not sure that she had. That during the time the family had been separated from her, her name had been seldom mentioned; and so absorbed had he been in business cares, that he had not often thought about her; that supposing the family kept up a correspondence, and was informed of her welfare, he thought anything of a change would have been told him—"And," said he, "I also apologize for my carelessness and neglect."

"I beg you not to mention it further, brother; let the past, so far as we are concerned be remembered no more. It will be better so. We shall both feel better if we let it all pass out of mind."

"All parties seemed to enjoy the breakfast hour. When it was over the men left together: Mr. Selkirk stating that he would not go back home till noon. Preston rode down town with him.

Bodie went about her morning duties with a glow of contentment about her heart, that she had not felt for many a month. Her brother-in-law's frank behavior and cheerful sincerity were a great help to her. Before the noon hour brought her husband back to her, she had arranged a plan of action with regard to her mother and sisters, from which she hoped a complete reunion would result.

MABEL'S SACRIFICE.

Be sure and come to Big Rock to-morrow, Mabel; we can't get along without you."

"Never fear, I shall be there. I would not miss the picnic for anything, Sue."

So they parted Friday after school. Mabel ran home as fast as possible and happy as could be, for the half-dozen little friends who with herself were intending to have a grand frolic on the morrow were the nicest, dearest little creatures in the whole school, and there was no doubt about mother's permission, she felt confident.

Upon entering the sitting-room Mabel was greeted by an astonishing piece of news vouchsafed by tiny Kittie.

"Mamma all do 'way 'morrow. Poor Kittie!"

"Yes," said her mother, in answer to Mabel's questioning glance, "I have just heard of your aunt Milton's serious illness, and must hasten to her. I fear, with all the haste I can make, that I shall be too late. The telegram reads, 'Come immediately. Aunt Milton dying.' You are her 'name-child,' and I wish I could take you with us, but it would hardly do to take a child there at such a time; besides, who would take care of little Kittie? She would grieve sadly if left to servants."

"Oh, no, mamma dear, of course you could not take me. But, never mind, I expect I should be frightened anyway to see any one die, and especially dear, sweet Aunt Milton. Don't you think there can be any hope for her?"

"I fear not, though it must be very sudden. Poor father feels it sadly."

Mabel forgot all about the picnic until she was shut in her own little room, with dear little Kittie sleeping by her side. As she opened her Bible to read, she suddenly remembered all the promised pleasure of the morrow, when together with her little friend Sue she had expected to have such a "splendid time" at Big Rock. At first Mabel felt as if she never could give up this picnic. She was only a little girl, and loved all such nice things as picnics. She knew but little about the aunt who lay so near to death's door, having seen her just once, and that when she was but a mere baby; so,

of course, she did not feel quite as she would have done had the sick one been a daily companion, tenderly loved. Opening the Bible, her eyes fell upon the words, "No one liveth unto himself."

"Ah!" thought little Mabel, "I am not a man, I know, but I must not live unto myself for all that. If I tell dear mamma about the picnic, she will worry about my going, and I could not go without leaving Kittie alone all day. No, I will just keep still until father and mother have left town; then I will take Kittie and run over to Sue's, and explain why I can not join the excursion."

Dear little Mabel read a few verses in the Book, and then kneeling down beside her baby sister, prayed as well as she knew how for strength to do her whole duty cheerfully, and then committing her father and mother to our Father's tender care, she went to sleep, and knew nothing more until morning, when bright and early she arose, dressed hastily, and ran down to help her parents off, so sweetly did she behave; and when mother's last kiss had been given, and they were starting, she looked so earnestly up into their faces that they felt there never was such a dear, trustworthy daughter as their little Mabel. Thus trusted and loved, it would have been very wrong to betray her parents by leaving home for a frolic of any kind.

The train that bore her father and mother away left very early, so that Mabel had ample time in which to inform her little friend Sue, of the impossibility of going to the much-talked-of picnic. Sue could not help crying, she was so disappointed, and could hardly be reconciled to the altered state of things.

"I know, if you had asked your mother, she would have told you to go and leave Kittie with Mary just for part of one day."

"Yes, I suppose she would have contrived some way for me; but Kittie would have been nearly sick, perhaps quite so, by the time I came back; and, besides, it would not look much as if I cared for my parents' grief to be off frolicking."

Well to shorten this long story, when Mabel's father and mother returned, and heard from Kittie and Sue what Mabel had done, how she had denied herself, they rejoiced over their little daughter's faithful adherence to her idea of duty, and felt as if she could be trusted to the utmost, because she was one of those who are "faithful over a few things." This one act of little Mabel's influenced her whole after life. Verily, even a child may testify the power of Christ's precious promises to the weakest, the youngest of his flock. Do not hesitate to do your duty.

"THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE, WHOSE MIND IS STAYED ON THEE."

CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee; He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved. I will trust and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation.

Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus. In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.

"AS THY DAYS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

WHAT unspeakable comfort in these words! God that made us, speaks to us through them! To the poor, anxious, struggling soul he says, "Cast your cares, your burdens on Me. My grace is sufficient for you. I will never leave or forsake you. In your weakness My strength is made perfect. Therefore take no unnecessary thoughts of that unknown tomorrow. When it comes I shall come with it. It will bring its cares and its burdens just as to-day did. But I will bring My grace and My strength. I am the same yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, and

forever. I know all your needs, and I know all My supplies. You can trust Me, and have no fears."

So graciously and lovingly does God deal with his children! What a relief to a weary, wandering spirit to be permitted to come thus to its Father and lay all its burdens down! A holy calm, a sweet content spreads over the soul, and all is peace! No more vain struggling. No more anxious doubts. No more distressing fears as to what that future may bring. God is there, and God is here. And as my day, so shall my strength be! I will trust and not be afraid.

WHAT IS FAITH.

Little Mary stood on the kitchen floor,
Gazing down at the old trap door
Into the cellar dark and damp.
She could only see a tiny lamp
At her papa's side; she knew he was there,
For she saw him herself go down the stair,
And now and then she could hear him speak,
Though his voice seemed far away and weak.

"Papa," she called in her baby tone,
"Are you there, dear papa? I'm all alone."
"Why, yes, little daughter, be sure I am here;
Jump and I'll catch you, do not fear."
"Papa, it is dark, I can not see.
Where are you, papa? Do come for me."
"No, daughter, jump; I will hold you fast.
Come now"—and Mary jumped at last.

He held her trembling in close embrace,
And pressed a kiss on the baby face,
While a simple lesson the child he taught,
A lesson she never in life forgot:
"My dear, that's the way to obey the Lord;
Though you can not see him, believe in his word;
He will say 'Here am I' to every call;
Trust him, he never will let you fall."

Letters from the Hopes.

CRESCENT CITY, Iowa, August 20th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—For the first time I write, but I hope it will not be the last. I like to read the letters; I belong to the Church, and I think we have good meetings: Bro. John Hansen baptized me, and my mother, and three of the children; papa was not baptized then, but in a little while after.

Your sister in the gospel,
MAGGIE EVANS.

MONTROSE, August 21st, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have written, but hope it will not be the last. I love to read the letters in the *Hope*, I go to Sabbath School, I was baptized three years ago the fourth of July. I am twelve years old. Your sister in Christ.

MATTIE PRICE.

ELEMVILLE, Ont., August 18th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I want to let you know about the picnic we had. We had a good time and enjoyed ourselves splendid, but it was a little wet. It was on July the first, we drove to the lake at the Grand Bend. We had boat rides. This is the first picnic of the Osborne Branch.

Your friend,
AUSTIN RIDLEY.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write you a few lines again. I love to hear the stories in our *Hope*. I go to Sunday School, and learn verses. I love my teacher, but sometimes give her trouble by not being more attentive I would like to see you all. Pray for me. Yours truly,

SAMUEL Y. RIDLEY.

Dear brothers and sisters in the gospel:—I thought I would write a few lines to you. I love to go to Sunday School and to have instructions out of God's word, and I love to go prayer and testimony meeting. I am but young in the the work. I was at the Egremont conference, and enjoyed myself well. It was a time long to be remembered by me, because they were all so kind, and it was such a time of rejoicing. If we never all meet again here, may we meet where parting will be no more. From your sister in Christ,

E. RIDLEY.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

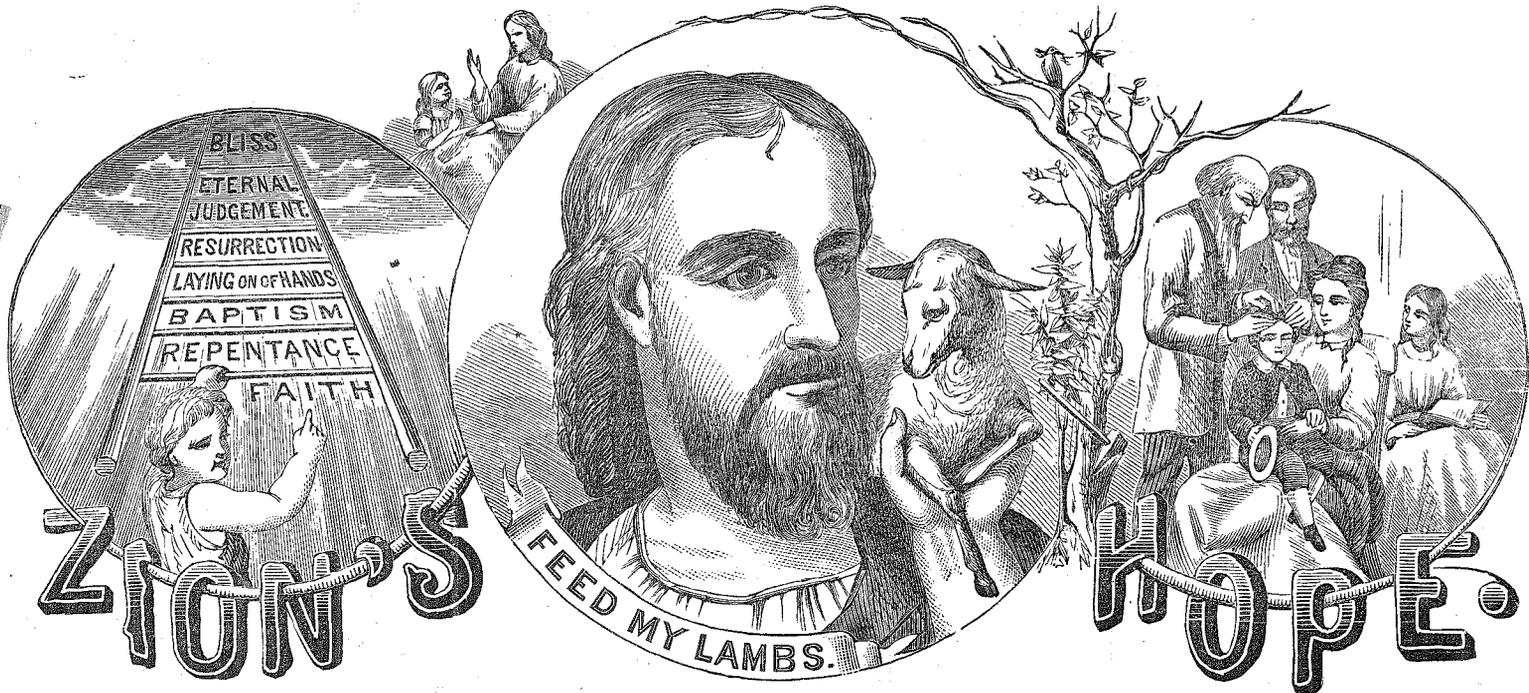
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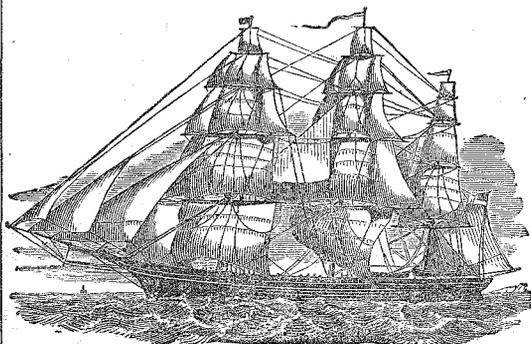


"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, OCTOBER 1, 1882.

No. 7.



A ship is sailing on the sea;
My father says it's just like me;
That I a voyage have begun,
Which till I die will not be done.

Sometimes the water will be smooth,
It mostly seems so in our youth,
But then great storms will toss the sea,
And pale and frightened I shall be.

But there's a Pilot who can guide
My vessel safely o'er the tide;
He says if Jesus is with me,
I need not fear the roughest sea;

He'll guide me to the heavenly shore,
His home and mine for evermore.

WILL YOU HAVE FLOWERS, OR WEEDS?

"O mamma, how beautiful your garden looks! How nice and clean the walks are, and how sweet and lovely the flowers!"

As little Minnie said thus, she raised her face, beaming and rosy with delight, her eyes resting fondly upon her mother, as if thanking her for the great happiness she was enjoying.

"I am glad, Minnie," said her mother, "to see you so much pleased with the garden, and to know that you love the beautiful flowers, but especially to know that you notice the order and cleanliness of the walks and beds. How do you suppose, Minnie, they are kept so neat and free from all weeds?"

"Why, mamma, I see you almost every day at work here, sometimes cutting and trimming the flowers, and sometimes weeding the walks. It is *your labor*, dear mamma, which keeps the garden so nice; and then God makes the lovely flowers grow, and gives them their sweet fragrance; you have told me so many times."

"Yes, Minnie, but don't you think the flowers might thrive just as well if the weeds were left among them? You see the weeds grow without any care, why might not the flowers?"

"I can't tell you why, mamma, but I am sure they

they would not, and I should be so sorry to see the coarse ugly weeds among those lovely flowers. You know Mrs. M—, mamma. I came by her garden to-day, and all her fine beds of pinks were full of grass, and some of the weeds were taller than the nice roses. I would not wish your garden to look like hers."

"Well, Minnie, don't you think we might go and clean out her garden for her?"

"I don't know, mamma, but I thought I heard you telling papa that it took all your spare time to keep yours in order, and I am sure it would take a long time to clean hers."

"Yes, Minnie, but might not mine be left? It is such a pity to see so fine a garden as Mrs. M—'s going to waste."

Minnie looked at her mother with a puzzled expression on her sweet face, as though she could not understand how her mother could be right, and yet Minnie loved her mother dearly, and could not think she was wrong; at last she said:

"If we leave your garden, mamma, to take care of Mrs. M—'s, won't it soon be full of weeds, like hers is now, and then if some other person does not leave their own to take care of ours, what will become of it?"

"A very grave question, Minnie, and I am pleased to see you so thoughtful, for this morning I wish to teach you a lesson, which I hope you will never forget as long as you live. I am sure you will listen attentively to what I have to say, for it will assist you to become a useful member of society, and make you happy both in time and eternity.

"You, my little daughter, have a garden, and that garden is your heart. For it will be all things clean, pure and lovely, or it will be filled with faults and sins which will be far more hurtful to the garden of your soul or heart, than weeds and grass are to a garden of flowers. God has planted in this garden many lovely flowers, but they can not bud and bloom unless you keep the garden free from weeds. These flowers are what we call virtues, such as Love, Faith, Hope, Charity, and they are far more beautiful and fragrant than any rose or lily. The weeds are faults and sins, which if not rooted up and destroyed, will destroy your soul and banish you from the presence of God and his pure and holy angels. God is pure, and unless you are pure you never can dwell with him, for it would only be a place of torment to you.

"I saw that you could not believe I was correct in my ideas when I proposed to leave my *own garden*, and spend my time in Mrs. M—'s. You were right, dear Minnie. It is not my place. Should I neglect my own garden and spend my time in working in Mrs. M—'s it would not only go to waste,

but I should thereby deprive my family of the pleasure they now enjoy, and which it is my *duty to confer* upon them. I ought not to give my time to any one, until my work at home is first done, and *well done*.

"And now, Minnie, will you remember, that in your garden there is work for you to do, and not until that work is well done, and done by yourself, have you a right to your time in order to labor for others. I do not mean that you are not to be kind to all, and to do all in your power to assist them, when no other duty demands your time; but remember, my little daughter, that while you are working among the weeds in the garden of your companions, the weeds in your own will be springing up on every hand, for the heart is a garden that can not be too closely watched."

"Why is it, mamma," said Minnie, with a thoughtful look upon her face, "why is it that weeds grow without care, and just like our faults, choke out the lovely flowers, in the garden and in our hearts. It is sometimes so hard to keep from saying and doing naughty things, even when we want to be good."

"The lesson is taught us in all the works of God, that *the good must be cultivated*; the evil springs up like weeds, in one night. Perhaps God chooses this means to teach us how dependent we are upon him for every good gift, that we may learn at all times to look unto him for help; but, my daughter, be the reason what it may, one thing is certain, if you wish to have flowers in your garden, you must *work* in order that they may bud and bloom; but if you desire weeds, you have only to be idle, or work in the garden of your neighbor, when you should work in your own, and you will have a rich harvest."

Dear little boys and girls, each one of you have a garden, a wonderful, lovely, and immortal garden to cultivate. Will you have flowers or weeds?—The seeds of lovely and beautiful flowers are there—God has planted them with his own hand. He will cause the gentle showers of his love to water them, and the sunshine of his grace to give them life and warmth; but all this will be in vain if you do not labor to destroy the hurtful weeds which choke their growth and cause them to wither and die. If you want flowers you must work; if you want weeds, just fold your hands; they will grow and thrive without your help. Which will you have? Won't some little reader of the *Hope* answer me, and tell me why they make their choice! I hope they will, for I would love to have them, and I know the Editor would, for he loves "little folks."

FRANCES.

JESSICA'S MOTHER.

Selected by Sr. Emma.

CHAPTER VII.

DANIEL went home with Jessica still disturbed a little with the dread of finding his unwelcome visitor awaiting their arrival; but she was not there, and there was no interruption to their quiet evening together, though both of them started and looked towards the door at every sound of footsteps in the court. After they had had their tea, and while Jessica was putting away the tea things in the kitchen, Daniel unlocked his desk and took out his receipts of money he had out on interest. Since he had adopted Jessica he had not added much to his savings, for besides the cost for her maintenance, there had also been the expenses of house keeping. In former times he had scarcely cared how uncomfortable his lodgings were, provided that they were cheap, and he had found that to have a tidy and comfortable house of his own involved a great outlay of money. Sometimes a thought crossed his mind, of which he was secretly ashamed, that the minister who seemed so fond of Jessica, or at least some of the rich members of the congregation, might have borne part of the charge of her living; but no one had ever offered to do anything for her. He had spent his money with a half grudge, and now the question on his mind was: "Did God require him to waste" (he said waste to himself) "his hardly earned savings upon a drunken and wicked woman."

It was a hard trial. He loved Jessica, as he had said, more than his money, and he had never really regretted taking her into his house; she was like a daughter to him, and he was a happier and a better man for her companionship. But this woman was an abhorrence to him—a disgust and disgrace. She had no more claim on him than any other of the thousands of lost men and women who thronged the streets of London. Surely God did not require him to take his money, which was the sole provision for his old age, and now that the minister was so stricken there would be no new chapel build for him, and no house for the chapel-keeper, and no increase of salary; that was already a settled point, for the physicians who were attending the minister, declared positively that never again would his over worked brain be capable of sustaining any long train of thought, such as had drawn together his eager and attentive congregations; it was scarcely even a question whether he would be able to resume his position as pastor of the church, and under a new minister it was probable the place might be half emptied, and his emoluments as chapel-keeper be considerably lessened. He was getting older too, and there was not more than ten years' work in him. He looked at his treasured receipts, and asked himself could it be possible that God required him to sacrifice his past gains and risk his future comforts upon "Jessica's Mother."

Then another question in the very depths of his conscience was whispered to his heart, which at first was willing to remain deaf to the small and quiet voice; but it grew louder and more clamorous, until Daniel found that it must be heard and answered. What think you Christ would have done with this woman, it asked, if God had brought her to that door where he dwelt as a carpenter? Would he have thrust her back upon the misery of the life which drove her again and again to the vilest of her sins? Would Jesus, who came to seek as well as to save those who are lost, have balanced a book of savings against the hope, faint though it was, of rescuing the woman's soul? Daniel, Daniel, answered the quiet voice to his inmost heart, what would thy Lord have done? He tried to set it aside and hush it up, while he turned the key upon his receipts, telling himself that he had done all that his duty as a Christian demanded of him when he rescued and adopted Jessica. But the Spirit of God has a gracious tyranny, which requires more and more from the soul that begins to sacrifice itself.

He had mastered his love of money for the sake of a child whom he loved, now he must conquer it to rescue a wretched woman whom he shrank from.

The struggle seemed to last long, but it was ended before Jessica came back to the fireside. Daniel's prayer in the afternoon had been too sincere for him to be left in darkness to grope along a wrong path. His face wore a smile as Jessica took her sewing and sat down opposite to him, such a smile as rarely lit up his rigid features.

"Jessica," he said, "God has shown me what to do."

"Perhaps it'll be better than if the minister himself answered," said Jessica.

"Ay," answered Daniel. I don't think the minister could have told me plainer. Why Jessica, suppose the Lord had been living here, and your mother had come to his door, would'nt he have cared for her, and grieved over her, and done everything he could to prevent her going on in sin. Well, dear, it seems to me it would'nt be altogether right to take her to live with us all at once, because you are a young girl and ought not to see such ways, and I might get angry with her; but I'll hire a room for her somewhere that shall be always kept for her, and when ever she comes to it, there will be a bed and a meal for her, and we'll be very kind to her, and see if by any means we can help to make her good."

Jessica had dropped her sewing and come near to Daniel, and now she flung her arms around his neck and hid her face upon his breast, crying.

"Why now, now, my dear," said Daniel, "what ails you, Jessica. Would'nt the Lord Jesus have made a plan something like that."

"Come, come, we'll pray to him to make her a good woman, and then who knows she may come here and live with us."

"She's my own mother, you know," sobbed Jessica, as if these words alone were clue enough to all the thoughts in her heart.

"Yes," answered Daniel, "and we must do our best for her, Jessica. I know now that I love God more than aught else in this world, or the next. It was a knowledge worth more than all the riches of earth." And as Daniel sat in his chimney corner, he could hardly realize his own happiness; to be sure that he loved God supremely, and to have they witness in himself that he did so. He felt as if he could take all the world of lost and ruined sinners to his heart, and like Christ himself, lay down his life for them. There was only one shadow, if it could be called a shadow, upon his joy unspeakable and full of comfort, it was that he could not gladden the minister's heart by telling him of this change in his nature.

The next day was a very busy one for Daniel, for besides his ordinary duties, he charged himself with finding a suitable place for "Jessica's Mother." He met with a room at last, in the dwelling of a poor widow, who was glad to let him have it on condition that he paid the rent of the house. He and Jessica bought a bed, and a chair, and a table, and put everything in readiness for their expected visitor. Scanty as was the furniture it was a warm and certain shelter for the poor vagrant, who spent half her nights shivering under archways, or in unfinished buildings; and never had Daniel felt so pure a gratification as when he gave a last look to the room, and taking Jessica by the hand, went back to his own house.

HEARING BY HABIT.

THERE was an old turnpike man on a quiet country road, whose habit was to shut his gate at night and take his nap. One dark, wet midnight, I knocked at his door, calling, "Gate, gate!" "Coming," said the voice of the old man.

Then I knocked again, and once more the voice replied, "Coming."

This went on for some time, till at length I grew quite angry, and jumping off my horse, opened the

door and demanded why he cried, "Coming" for twenty minutes, but never came.

"Who's there?" said the old man, in a quiet, sleepy voice, rubbing his eyes. "What d'ye want, sir?" Then awakening, "Bless yer, sir, and yer pardon, I was asleep; I gets so used to hearing 'em knock, that I answers 'coming' in my sleep, and takes no more notice about it."

So it is with too many hearers of the gospel who hear by habit, and answer God by habit, and at length die with their souls asleep. Awake, sleeper! for God "hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom he hath appointed," and then your idle assents will be all brought to light.

HISTORICAL.

Question.—What prophet first prophesied of the first and second coming of Christ?

Answer.—Enoch was the first who prophesied of the first and second coming of Christ. Gen. 6: 65. and Gen. 7: 67, 73.

Q.—Who was the first individual baptized? How? and by whom?

A.—Adam was the first baptized. He was caught away by the Spirit of the Lord, carried into the water, laid under the water and brought forth out of the water; and thus he was baptized. Found in the Inspired Translation Gen. 6: 67.

Q.—Who were the three first settlers of the American continent?

A.—The first was Jared and his brother, about the time of the confounding of the languages at the tower of Babel. The second was Lehi and his family, about six hundred years before Christ. The third was Mulek who came about ten years after Lehi. Book of Mormon, Book of Ether, Book of Nephi first, and Book of Omni 1: 7.

Q.—Who was the first and last kings over the Western Continent?

A.—Oriah was the first king over the Western Continent. Ether, 3: 6. Mosiah was the last king over the Western Continent. Book of Mosiah. 13: 7.

Q.—What portion of the earth was inhabited by the descendants of Shem?

A.—The portion of the earth inhabited by the descendants of Shem, including Syria, Chaldea, Assyria, Persia and a portion of Arabia.

Q.—Whom did Jesus have reference to when he said, "and other sheep I have which are not of this fold." John 10: 6?

A.—The Nephites are they of whom he spoke. Nephi 7: 2.

Q.—In what language was the Book of Mormon first written. How and by whom translated?

A.—The Book of Mormon was first written in Egyptian, Chaldaic, Assyriac, and Arabic. It was translated by Joseph Smith through the Urim and Thummim.

Q.—Unto how many of the disciples of Christ was the promise given, that they should not die, but tarry upon the earth until his second coming?

A.—Unto four. John, the beloved disciple of Jesus. Book of Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 6: 1, 2, 3, verse. Also unto three of the Nephites. Nephi 13: 3, 4.

Q.—How did the Nephites chiefly know of the special creation and God's dealing with their forefathers?

A.—They had the Old Testament Scriptures which was the records of their forefathers up to the time they left Jerusalem. Nephi 1: 33 and 42 verses inclusive.

Q.—What child at the age of ten years, was commanded that he should at the age of twenty-four go to a certain hill and take records therefrom?

A.—Mormon was commanded by Ammaron that when he was twenty-four years old he should go to a hill which should be called Shim, and take therefrom the records of the children of Nephi. Mormon, 1: 1.

Q.—What does the first, second, and third death

consist of?

A.—The first death is the spiritual death, caused by the fall of Adam. The second death is the temporal death, or death of the body; and the third death is the spiritual death of the wicked after the resurrection, called the second death in the Bible.

Q.—Where do the spirits of the righteous and the wicked go after death, before the resurrection?

A.—The righteous go to a place of rest prepared for them, called Paradise. The wicked are cast into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Alma 19 chap., 5 and 6 verses.

Dear Editors of Zion's Hope:—We send to you the above questions and answers for publication, as we think they will be interesting to the readers of the Hope. They were propounded by the superintendent of our Sabbath School, Bro. John D. Jones, and answered in the former, manner by members of the Sabbath School.

ELIZA FRANCE,
Secretary.
KEWANEE, Henry Co., Ills.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.

NO. XIX.

LET us follow some of our casual friends of the party, and ascertain what society had to say for itself.

"I am quite surprised Mrs. Van Berg. I may say I am shocked. To think that young Preston Clark should presume upon his mother's respectability to introduce a young woman into society as his wife, whom nobody knows; and who for all that is known about her, may have been somebody's servant girl; if not worse. Whatever could he be thinking about."

"Mrs. D'Ager; I agree with you. I remarked to Mr. Van Berg on our way home last night, that I should be 'not at home' to Mr. Clark, junior, and to his wife also. It was presumption to ask those holding first rank in society to meet such unknown people. Mrs. Selkirk assured me, when saying good night, that Mr. Clark's invitation was given before he went away from home; and that his return as a married man was as unexpected to his mother, and her own family as it was to any of their guests. Mr. Selkirk knew nothing of Mr. Clark's marriage till he introduced his wife; if I did not think Mrs. Selkirk's statements correct, I should resent the affair as an insult from her. They are hardly up to our set, though Mr. Selkirk is a rising man—and in his circle quite influential."

"By the by, Mrs. Van Berg, I am half inclined to think that the Selkirks either know, or mistrust who Mrs. Clark, junior, was. For when Mr. Selkirk met her, he seemed to recognize her, and Flora, who was all animated and expectant before Mr. Clark came, seemed distraught and absent after he came. I really pitied the poor girl; for I fancy that the party was given with a view to give Flora a chance to make sure of young Clark."

"Pshaw, what short-sighted people there are in the world. Either Mrs. Stratton must have been very blind, or Preston Clark is a clever dissembler; for any one of ordinary discernment could see that such a girl as Flora would not suit him. He and Selkirk are a good deal alike; neither is a society man, and both are not very observant of what society demands. I think it doubtful if either really comprehends their real duty to society."

"Perhaps not; and yet I suppose that each thinks that he represents society."

"O no, that can not be. My husband says that we ladies are the ones that give tone to society, and should be accounted the leaders and dictators as to what belongs to it—that is, ladies of wealth, ancient family and position—like you and me, and others of our set."

The lady laughed complacently as she said this, and rustled her fine dress as she turned herself in her easy chair in Mrs. D'Ager's fashionable sitting room, having called on that lady on purpose to discuss the evening's party, and agree as to what they

should do. They were certainly united in the opinion that Mrs. Clark, junior, must be denied an *entree* into the fashionable circle of "our set," in society.

The men folks—the gentlemen of the party, compared notes after this sort. Messrs. Van Berg and D'Ager, having met in the office of the latter to discuss politics, stocks, the markets, &c.

"That was an audacious thing that young Clark did; to marry away from home without his mother or friends' knowledge and sanction, and bring his wife into the circle of the Townes, Selkirks, Van Bergs and D'Arceys; don't you think it was, friend Van Berg?"

"Yes. I think it was; but I suppose that the young man thinks something as his mother expressed herself last night. You heard the conversation between Mrs. Van and Selkirk last night I suppose?"

"No. I did not. What was it? I was out of hearing though some one remarked that there was a lively talk about society over at your table."

Thus called upon Mr. Van Berg related the substance of the talk, giving Mrs. Clark's almost word for word at its close. Some two or three others now entered the office, among them an eccentric fellow of uncertain acquirements, whereabouts, or expectations; a sort of clever man of society, whom every one liked, almost, and who was an especial favorite with the fashionable ladies of the city. He could talk well, dance well, sing well, knew nearly every body of note, was very handy at ball, rout hop, or source, and could be especially depended upon whatever transpired to keep his own counsel,—and everybody else's for that matter. He was not at the party the night before, because he was at a "little quiet affair" somewhere else. One of his companions was B. Towne, who, as soon as they were all seated spoke;—"Discussing young Clark, I take it."

"Yes; we were. I was just giving Mr. D'Ager here, my views upon that young gentleman's singular conduct," remarked Mr. Van Berg.

The group was enlarged by the entrance of Mr. Louis Dorr; as it seemed to be a habit for a number of these fashionables to meet at Mr. D'Ager's office. As he entered some of the others said, "Here comes Dorr, who is not exactly correct in his ideas on society, as some of us are aware. It will be well enough to let the matter drop while he is present."

"No," said Mr. Towne, Mr. Dorr knows that his views are extreme and distasteful to the leaders among us; and we must give him to understand that if he remains in Rome, he 'must do as the Romans.'

"I suppose, Towne, that means that I must subscribe to fashionable dictation if I remain among the fashionable people? Is that it." He had overheard the last speaker's remarks, and instantly coupled them with Clark's escapade as some one called it in his hearing the night before. He liked Preston, and had, as we have seen, spoken a good word for him the evening before.

"Yes, that is 'about the size of it,' Dorr," said the one addressed.

"Of course then I won't object, when fashion has power to enforce her decrees. But do you gentlemen comprehend the situation Mr. Selkirk and his family, including Mrs. Stratton and her girls?"

"O," roared out Towne, "because Dorr is sweet on one of the girls?"

"Never mind that now Towne. Admit that I am, but don't say a word to disparage the lady, if you please; that has nothing to do with this social question. As I was saying—Mr. Selkirk's family including Mrs. Stratton and her girls, Selkirk's wife one of them, are already established in society."

"Yes, and correctly so," broke in Mr. Van Berg. "Mrs. Stratton's family is an old one; her marriage to Stratton was a mistake, but she was not to blame for that."

"Just so, Mr. Van Berg, I agree with you that her position in society is hers by right. Well, Mrs. Clark, though a 'trifle out,' in her views as to the mixing up of the grades in society"—

"Yes, considerably out I think," muttered D'Ager, "if what Van here states is correct."

"Is also established," continued Dorr, not heading the interruption. "And her son, Preston, was up to last night as well received and as much sought after as any young man of the set any where. Have I not stated the matter fairly so far?" and this social eccentric stopped, nodding his head at each of his hearers challenging a reply, either yes, or no.

"I guess you have," declared Mr. Towne, at last speaking for the rest. "But what of it. If Mr. Preston Clark happens to pick up a young woman abroad because she strikes his fancy, he ought not to impose her on society simply because he makes her his wife, and if he does, the leading families in society ought to exclude both; she because she has no business there, and he because he has degraded himself and disrespected social requirements. What have you to say to that, my chivalrous Dorr?" said Mr. Towne triumphantly; as a hearty laugh ran round the circle.

"You would not consider young Flace, or Prime, or Lockerd, or Philps disgraced by a marriage with one of Mrs. Stratton's daughters, would you, Mr. Towne?" said Dorr, evasively.

"No. Of course not."

"Well that answers your own question. Mrs. Preston Clark was Miss Boadicea Stratton, and is sister to Mrs. Selkirk and the Misses Flora and Julia Stratton—that's all. Gentlemen, I have the honor of bidding you all a very good day. Ask Boyce over there, he knows." So saying he bowed and left the office.

"Well, I declare! Is that true, Boyce?" exclaimed Towne and others in a breath.

"Yes, gentleman it is."

"Well, it would have been better for some of us to have found out before we said what we have." This was said by Mr. Towne, and apparently acquiesced in by all the rest.

The effect upon the Mesdames Van Berg and D'Ager, and others of the leading ladies of their class in society, was of a peculiar nature. They were compromised, so far as Mr. Selkirk, his wife, Mrs. Stratton and the two girls,—Flora and Julia; Mrs. Clark, and her immediate family were concerned; but in consistency with itself, society—or what these fashionable ladies were pleased to call society, closed its doors against the young wife; the real secret of their action being, not because her claims were not good, but because, as Mrs. D'Ager put it: "I could never consent to meet her after what has been said about her, with apologizing, and to do that to the likes of her can not be thought of for a single moment. Humph! The idea."

THE TWO MEN INSIDE.

AN OLD INDIAN once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man. "For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco."

"Why don't you keep it?" asked a by-stander. "I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast, "and the good man say it is not mine; give it back to the owner. The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'No, no; you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and bad men keep talking all night and trouble me; and now I bring the money back, I feel good."

Like the old Indian, we all have a good and a bad man within. The bad man is Temptation, the good man is Conscience, and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day. Who wins? Stand up for duty; down with sin. Wrestle with temptation manfully. Never, never give up the war till you win.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something, be not idle—
 Look about thee for employ;
 Sit not down to useless dreaming—
 Labor is the sweetest joy.
 Folded hands are ever weary,
 Selfish hearts are never gay;
 Life for thee hath many duties—
 Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
 Gentle words and cheering smiles
 Better are than gold and silver,
 With their grief-dispelling wiles.
 As the pleasant sunshine falleth
 Ever on the grateful earth,
 So let sympathy and kindness
 Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
 Drop the tear of sympathy.
 Whisper words of hope and comfort,
 Give, and thy reward shall be
 Joy unto thy soul returning,
 From this perfect fountain head.
 Freely, as thou freely givest,
 Shall the grateful light be shed.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

ON BOARD the ill fated steamer *Seawanhaw* was one of the Fisk University singers. Before leaving the burning steamer and committing himself to the merciless waves, he carefully fastened upon himself and wife life preservers. Some one cruelly dragged away that of the wife, leaving her without hope, except she could cling to her husband. This she did, placing her hands firmly upon his shoulders, and resting there until her strength becoming exhausted she said, "I can hold on no longer."

"Try a little longer," was the response of the wearied and agonized husband, "Let us sing 'Rock of Ages.'" And as the sweet strains floated over those troubled waters, reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, little did they know, those sweet singers of Israel, whom they comforted.

But lo! as they sang, one after another of the exhausted ones were seen raising their heads above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this sweet, dying, pleading prayer:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee."

With the song seemed to come strength, another and yet another was encouraged to renewed efforts.

Soon in the distance a boat was seen approaching. Could they hold out a little longer? Singing still, they tried; and soon, with superhuman strength laid hold of the life boat upon which they were borne in safety to land.

This is no fiction; and it is believed Toplady's sweet "Rock of Ages" saved many another besides himself and wife.

ABSENT FROM THE BODY.

I ONCE saw a preacher trying to teach children that their souls would live after they were dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand. It was too obstruse. Snatching his watch from his pocket he said:—"James, what is it I hold in my right hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well; can any of you hear it tick? All listen now!"

After a pause—"Yes, sir, we hear it."

He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches."

"The littlest one in your right hand, sir."

"Very well again; now I will lay the case aside—put it away there down in my hat. Now let us try if you can hear the watch tick."

"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick and go, and keep time when the case is taken off and put away in my hat. So it is with you, my children. Your body is nothing but the case, the soul is inside. The case—the

body may be taken off and buried in the ground, and the soul will live and think just as well as this watch can go when the case is off."

This made it plain, and even the youngest went home and told his mother that his little thought would tick after he was dead.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S ADVICE.

OTHER boys may find the advice of Daniel Webster to his grandson of value to themselves. He wrote it about three years before his death:

"Two or three things I wish now to impress on your mind. First, you can not learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you if you do not apply yourself with all your might. In the second place, be of good character and good behavior—a boy of strict truth and honor and conscience in all things. Have but one rule, and let that be always to act right and fear nothing but wrong doing. Finally, 'Remember your Creator in the days of thy youth.' You are old enough to know that God has made you and given you a mind and faculties, and will surely call you to account. Honor and obey your parents, love your brother and sister, be gentle and kind to all, avoid peevishness and fretfulness, be patient under restraint, look forward constantly to your approaching manhood, and put off every day, more and more, all that is frivolous and childish."

Letters from the Hopes.

LAFAYETTE, Walker Co., Ga.,

September 10th, 1882.

Dear Little Hopes, and big ones too:—Your letters comfort me very much. When I look at the beautiful pages of the dear *Hope* of ours, and read the good advice, which by it is given of the faithful testimonies given by those who are striving to keep the commandments of our Heavenly Father, my heart is made to rejoice. O, how thankful we ought to be to God for having sent his only begotten son, Jesus Christ, into the world, that we through him might be saved; also for the promise of the Holy Spirit, to guide us into all truth, if we would humble ourselves, and let ourselves be led by its teachings.

Bro. Joseph R. Lambert was with us in July and part of August, but owing to prejudice, I suppose, none joined the Church, though he preached some as good sermons as I ever heard. They believe we are as the Saints of the Rockies, bound strongly together, and they will not hear the pure word of God as it is. I feel sorry for them, for theirs is the loss, not ours. Bound by the precepts of men in bondage for fear of losing their reputation. Oh, how fearful. There is no branch of the Church in this part of the country,—not enough Saints in one place to organize one yet, but the promise of the Spirit was, at a prayer and testimony meeting, while Bro. Lambert was here: "that if the Saints would be faithful there would be one organized." I belong to the Independence, Missouri, branch; joined it in the Fall of 1880; returned to Georgia in the same year. To the Saints there I will say, that I still belong to the Church, and am striving to do right. I formed the acquaintance of quite a number of Saints in the West which was very pleasant, and their kindness to me will not soon be forgotten.

Dear Hopes: Will ask you a few questions, and then I am through. What section in the Book of Covenants is the great vision of Joseph the martyr and Sydney Rigdon? And have you read it? What is the name of a certain man in the Book of Mormon, who, by the power of God was made dumb, because he denied the existence of God, and wished to see a sign? Where may it be found? What signs did a servant of God tell him were enough to prove God's existence? What is the name of that servant? In conclusion, search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have Eternal Life.

Very truly yours in bonds of the Gospel of Jesus Christ,
 THEOPHILE GERBER.

CLEAR LAKE, Steuben Co., Indiana,

September 3d, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It has been some time since I wrote to you, but all the time have found it very comforting to

know and see that so many dear little ones are earnestly striving to do the will of the Master. Let us not be weary in well doing, but ever press our way forward toward the prize of the high calling which is in Christ Jesus. Let us do all we can in word and deed to forward this gospel, for it truly is the power of God unto salvation to all those that believe. Let us not be slothful or negligent in anything that we undertake, but go at it as though we meant to accomplish some good, and nine cases out of ten, good will come from it.

Our Sabbath School is still prospering, although it is not increasing in numbers very rapidly; but our average attendance is fifty at least. (I do not know exactly). We have not had our annual picnic yet, but expect to have it the 21st of this month. We all anticipate a grand time, and wish some of you little ones could be present. We will be obliged to have our entertainment by ourselves, as the sectarian schools are afraid to unite with us, on what grounds I am unable to tell; but you know we Saints are a terror in the eyes of the people;—perhaps this is the only cause, as the people in this vicinity show a great disposition of prejudice and superstition. I often think, while contemplating their ways and actions, of the Pharisees of old; but I will stop right here, else you will take me as one who wishes to judge.

I am delighted with the continued pieces in the *Hope*, and most especially with *Maplewood Manor*, can hardly wait for the end. I am in hopes that our paper will soon be made a weekly. I will do all that lies in my power to make it weekly, and hope you will unite and put forward every effort to accomplish the same. I close by asking you all to pray for your unworthy sister.

ELLA HOUSEMAN.

WINSBORO, Wood Co., Texas,

September 4th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It has been quite a season since I wrote to you, although I hear from you regular, (all that write). I think we have a noble little paper and excellent contributors. I am among a religious people, the majority of them are Methodists. I have just returned from a large camp meeting, where I spent the day yesterday. O how strange to see the difference in the actions of those that possess the true gospel, and those who only have a part. I believe there are Christians in all churches, and therefore I love them. I have not heard a Latter Day Saint preach in ten months, yet I love the cause, and believe it is the Church of Christ. I do not grow impatient because I am not permitted to be with the Saints, but I live in hopes of an everlasting possession with them in that bright world. Pray for me that

Love and truth may rule my heart,
 And make me white within,
 That God will power to me impart,
 To keep me from all sin;
 That I may give as a sacrifice,
 My pleasures here below;
 And gain a home above with Christ,
 And escape a hell below.

J. A. CURRIE, JR.

BOSTON HIGHLAND, Mass.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I ever tried to dictate a letter—my mother is writing it for me, but I hope it won't be long before I will be able to write for myself. I am eight years old, and I want to be baptized; I think I am old enough. My father and mother, and brother Charlie and sister Nellie are all members of the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints. Elder E. N. Webster is our president. I like him very much, and I like every body in the Church. I love to hear mother read the *Hope*. Thinking that I may write more next time, I am your friend in Christ,

JOHNNIE HOXIE.

May the Lord bless all the little Hopes, and keep them faithful to the end, is the prayer of Johnnie's mother.

A. H.

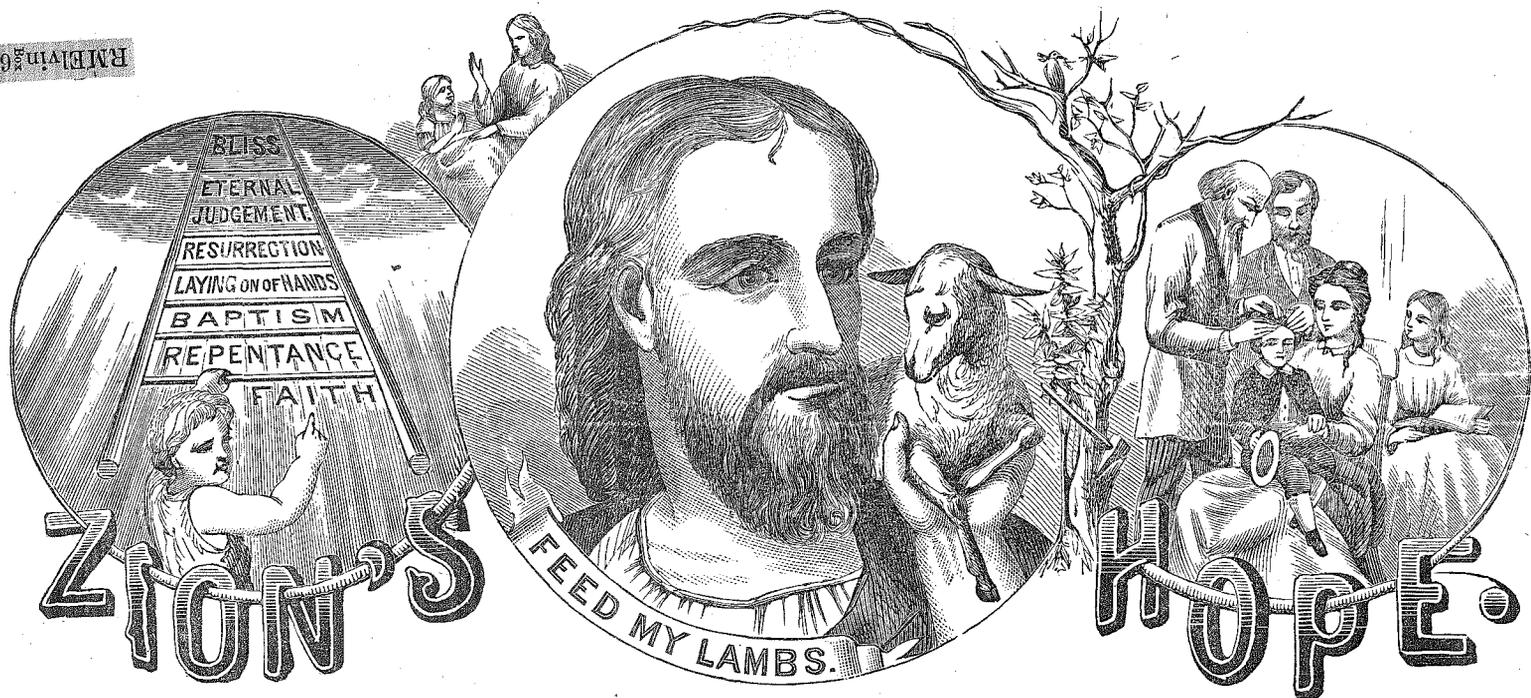
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"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, OCTOBER 15, 1882.

No. 8.

SUMMER WEATHER.

Tiny brooks are flowing
Onward to the seas;
Gentle breezes blowing
Softly through the trees.
Little birds are raising
High their songs of love;
Each one kindly praising
Christ, the Lord above.

Daisies too, and clover
Dot the meadows' sheen;
While great hills bend over,
Guarding valleys green.
Little white clouds flying
Through the sky so blue;
Everything is trying
What it best can do.

Children's voices singing
Gayly through the hours,
Joy and gladness bringing,
Like the birds and flowers.
Little hearts so cheery
Brighten with their love
Sadder hearts grown weary,
Waiting rest above.

BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

THE BOY WHO COULD SAY NO.

THIS boy was, when quite young, carried a prisoner from his own land. How sad it must have been for him to be dragged away from his home and his mother by the cruel soldiers, and carried to a strange country, where he could not understand the language, and where they did not love or worship the true God. How homesick he must have been among those wicked people.

He was a fine-looking boy, and so he was chosen with some others to live in the palace and serve the king's family. They did not eat at the king's table, but were allowed the same food which the king had, even the rich meat and wine. But these the boy knew were not good for him, and that his mother would not wish him to take them, and so he had the courage to say so to the officer who brought them. "We are not used to these, and they will make us sick," he said. The officer was kind, but he said, "I fear if you do not take these you will be sick, and when the king sees you looking thin and pale, he will punish me."

"Just try us for a few days," said the brave boy. The officer consented, and at the end of ten days he found it just as the boy had said; he and his companions looked fairer and fatter than those who ate the meat and drank the wine; so he let them keep on.

Now supposing you were to go away from home, into a family where they drank wine, and ate very

rich food which your mother has taught you is hurtful, what would you do? Do you think you would have courage to say No, and to stick to it, as this boy and his little comrades did? Do you always mind mother when you are away from home where she can not see you, or know of your conduct? This boy was not only brave, but he was obedient. When he was far away from his mother, he did what he thought she and God would approve. He loved God, and we know that he loved to pray, for when he grew up to be a man he prayed when he was forbidden to, and was punished very severely for it. And he wouldn't have grown up to be a praying and God-fearing man, if he had not early begun to walk in the right way.

Yes, he was a noble boy, and he became a noble man. The king trusted him with all his business, and gave him great riches and honor. And God loved him too. He was one of the few who are spoken of in the Bible as being "greatly beloved" of God.

EVIL THOUGHTS AND TEMPTATIONS.

"WHY are you so thoughtful to-day, Jennie?" asked Mrs. Martin of her daughter one Sabbath afternoon.

"Mother," replied Jennie, "the minister told us to-day that when Balaam said 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his,' Balaam did not mean that he wished to live a righteous life; he wished to live just as his evil heart prompted, enjoying everything he could in the world, bad as well as good; and all he cared about the righteous was to be able to die like him. I was thinking that perhaps my life and desire are too much like Balaam's."

"Why, Jennie," answered her mother, "you wish to live a Christian as well as die one, do you not?"

"I do try, and I wish to live as a Christian, mother; but when I look into my inmost thoughts, I find myself constantly thinking how nice it would be to engage in this or that wordly pleasure—to do as others do who do not care for the Savior. Oh, why is it so hard to do right?"

"My dear child, I fear that the reason you find it so hard to do right is, you try all alone, and in your own strength; you forget that Jesus has promised to help you."

"Mother, I have often asked the Savior to show me how I should live, and only a little while after, I am doing something that I know he would not have me do. I do not want to live as a make-believe Christian, and yet it seems that I am not a true one."

"Jennie, Jesus not only judges us by what we do,

but he sees the heart clearly and knows just what our thoughts are; so he judges us by what we wish to do."

"That is just my trouble. Jesus sees all these secret thoughts, those wishes for worldly pleasures, and he must know that I am not a Christian in my heart."

"Are you sure that all of those are your own thoughts?"

"My own thoughts, mother? Whose but mine can they be? They are in my own heart."

"It may be that Satan puts them there. He certainly tempts us; and one way by which he does it is by putting evil thoughts into our hearts."

"Yet those thoughts seem to be my own; at least I let them come, and often like to keep them."

"Do you not more often try to drive them away?"

"Yes, mother; yet it seems to me that if they were Satan's suggestions I would always hate them."

"Do you suppose that Satan is not shrewder than you? Let me assure you that he is able to hide his temptations in your thoughts, and to lead you, when not on your guard, to think of evil."

"Then the thoughts are my own."

"That may be, but Satan prompted them and led your mind on. You are not to blame for causing the thoughts, though you are for allowing them to remain. You must not forget that Jesus knows how evil thoughts arise. He sees Satan's work, though we do not. He knows how the evil one is watching to lead us astray, and you may be sure that the Lord will not judge you for Satan's work."

"But is not the work my own?"

"Yes; the acts are yours, but I doubt if they are done with the full consent of your better self. The apostles speak of two natures—the bad and the good, or the old and the new. Satan tempts and works with the old, bad nature, and he often leads that to do what the other hates."

"Mother, Jesus is all-powerful; why then, does he let Satan tempt us?"

"That is a difficult question, Jennie—one that I can not fully answer. It may help you to understand why temptations are allowed if you remember that we are God's children, and not his machines. He teaches, disciplines, guides us, yet gives us liberty to choose right or wrong. Because we are his children, and not mere creatures, he places on us certain responsibilities, and yet is always ready to help us meet them. Temptations may form part of his discipline and training."

"Do you mean that God sends temptations!"

"Oh no; but he allows Satan to tempt us as a kind of training, you might call it warning; and then God stands ready to help us overcome the temptation."

"Why, then, do I yield to it when I pray to be kept from evil?"

"More than one reason may be given. Perhaps you pray to be kept from sin, yet cherish—continue to think about—that sin, with a longing for it. To make you abhor it the Lord may allow Satan to lead you into that sin. Do you remember going down town without your rubbers that rainy day last winter when the walks were wet? You may recall my urging you to put on your overshoes."

"Yes, mother; and I will not soon forget the heavy cold I caught, either. How foolish it was in me to go without rubbers! But it taught me a lesson."

Would you have learned that lesson had you been compelled to wear overshoes?"

"No; yet it would have saved me from a bad cold."

"Probably it would, but to be more willful and to take a worse cold another time."

"Do you mean, mother, that God trains his children something as you—as parents do?"

"Just that, Jennie—only God never makes mistakes as parents do, though his children make many."

"Now I begin to understand," said Jennie with brightening face. "God is a Father—a perfect Father. I wish that I felt sure that he is my Father."

"Jennie, do you cease to be my child as soon as you disobey me?"

"Why, no mother."

"Do I turn away from you and disown you when you do wrong?"

"Never. You love me too much. I don't believe that you would turn from your child, no matter what she might do. You love me because I am your child, even though not as good as I ought or wish to be; and you know I love you and wish to obey you."

"Jennie, that is just the way our heavenly Father loves us. He knows that we wish to love and obey him. He knows, too, that we are unable to do as we would. Just remember that God is your loving, patient Father, who knows all about you, his child. Then try to do his will, trusting in the strength of Jesus, and you need not fear that you are like Balaam."

Selected by M. T. Short for the *Hope*.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.

NO. XX.

THE rest of the story is easily told. Mrs. Clark insisted on Preston bringing his wife to her house as a daughter should be welcome. Bodie accepted the offer of friendship, and went and came, and stayed as she would have done at home, had her own mother been placed in similar circumstances and been equally kind.

Mr. Selkirk proved to be a sincere and constant friend; and by his efforts succeeded in getting his wife to visit her sister, and reinstate herself in Bodie's good graces. After the reserve was fairly broken, Flora and Julia came too; but, as society, that is, Mrs. Van Berg, D'Ager and the "set," shut the doors in the face of Mrs. Clark, junior, they only tolerated their democratic, independent sister. In fact, it is feared that Flora always remained of the opinion that Bodie won Preston by "aspiring" to entrap him, and though a sister, always felt that she had been defrauded in the matrimonial race. Bodie, satisfied with the course she had taken, contented in her home and happy in her husband's love, graciously received her mother and sisters to her affection and house, and never so much as expressed a desire to get into society.

Julia married a banker in society, and did well so far as social position and wealth were concerned; Flora, at thirty-two, fearing to linger longer, accepted a workingman, who desired to marry above him, and thus cut herself off from "our set." She fared better than she deserved, for her husband proved very kind and forbearing to her short-comings and lack of housewifely duties. Mrs. Stratton failed in

health suddenly, and some few years before Flora's marriage, died; leaving Flora dependent still in the household of her brother-in-law. But Mr. Selkirk seemed to have been improved by association, (or for other reasons), by the example of Preston and Bodie; for he gave Flora fair provision and opportunity; society young men however did not fancy her, and for no fault of hers, poor girl, so that moving in the two grades, or classes of society, she became acquainted at Bodie's house with the working man whom she married. He gave her a home and independence, which she in time learned to prize, though she sometimes sighed to be among the fashionables again.

Ten years make great changes. In the ten years succeeding the advent of Bodie into the city to which her husband took her as his business partner, the sea-saw of fortune had risen and fallen; in its rise it had taken Preston Clark to the top of an honorable profession, which he had adorned. The qualities of his mind that made him prefer Bodie, though a girl at service, to any of the devotees of fashion and society, made him also the friend of such men as George Chappell, and other worthy working men. He was the open champion of honest worth and industry; gave freely of his time and attention to the claims of all those of the middle and lower classes, whom he could befriend as a lawyer. He was given the *entree* to society, or at least was never excluded, but went into no circle where his wife could or would not go. There was more value in her counsel to him, than in the countenance society might give him without her. She made herself familiar with his law books that she might aid him; and did it with such diligence and discrimination, that her home was prized as a social gathering place for the workers in life. She aided and comforted those of her own sex, who had the courage to cast of the false restraints that society put upon them in regard to labor; and taught them by the story of her life and her personal example, that self-respect and honest independence could only come by direct effort, and that what was called respectability in society in its usual meaning, meant most frequently genteel beggary, or social pilfering, far, far below the dignity of an upright mind.

Mr. Selkirk sold the property deeded to him at his marriage with Emily, in connection with the interest still held by Mrs. Clark, for a handsome sum. Bodie gave her portion to Flora as a bridal gift at her marriage. A boy of six and a girl of two, were added to the household of Preston Clark. Mrs. Britton, long installed as friend and co-worker, has her domain undisturbed, and still thinks "no one like Bodie."

The Chappell's have done well, George and his sister have each married happily; and George has charge of a large factory in which Mr. Selkirk and Preston are the chief owners, and who are striving to foster the energies of men disposed to help themselves, by giving them labor and an opportunity.

The key to the situation and the moral of the story, are found in the following statement made to Louis Dorr by Mr. Selkirk, one evening as they separated on the street after an office chat of an hour.

"My sister-in-law exercises a better force for the real good of society in her sphere, by her straight, common sense views and example in regard to independent thought and labor, than a whole regiment of Van Bergs and D'Agers, with their fripperies of fashion, and their foolish notions about the high and the low classes. "Our set," means much that is mean, exclusive and vulgar in reality; while Boadicea Clark and the class with whom she moves, means honor, virtue and a good reward for merit. She was a sensible girl when she refused to become a genteel hanger on to my bounty over ten years ago, she is a sensible woman now. She has helped Preston Clark to a stable and safe position as a laborer and citizen. She is the strongest safeguard society can have against his becoming a dishonest lawyer, or politician. The light and peculiar look that sometimes burn in her brown eyes, is

the moral power of an upright mind. She certainly belongs to the class to which the proverb refers. 'Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.'"

THE END.

JESSICA'S MOTHER.

Selected by Sr. Emma.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT WAS a happy Sunday for Daniel, in spite of the minister's absence and the downcast looks of the congregation as they occupied their accustomed seat. The chapters read out of the Bible had new meaning for him, and the singing brought happy tears to his eyes. It seemed as if he had never truly known God before, and though the sermon, by a student merely, was one which he would have criticised with contempt a week ago, now it was pleasant only to hear the names of his God and Savior; just as one is pleased to hear even a stammering tongue speak the praises of those we love.

During the evening service Jessica went to stay with the minister's children. Jane came down to her in the hall, and told her they were to sit in their father's room, while the strange nurse and their own nurse were having tea together in an adjoining room.

"Nurse thinks," said Jane, "that if papa knew, he would like us to sit with him this Sunday evening; and sometimes we think he does know, though he never speaks, and he seems to be asleep all the time. We are going to read our chapter and say our hymns, just as if he could hear. And nurse says he told your mother only last Sunday that he loves you almost like one of his own little girls. So we said we should like you to come and read with us; for you are not a bit afraid, Jessica."

They had mounted the stairs while Jane was whispering these sentences, and now, hand in hand, they entered the minister's room. There was a fire burning, and a lamp lit upon the table, so that the minister's face could be plainly seen, as they stole with tender caution to his side. It had been a pale face always, but it was very colorless now; the lids were closed lightly over the eyeballs, which seemed almost to burn and shine through them; and the lips, which might have been speaking words that seemed to bring his listeners almost into the presence of God, were locked in silence. Yet the face was full of life, which rippled underneath as it were, as if the colorless cheeks, and thin eyelids, and furrowed forehead were only a light mask; and while the children gazed upon it, the lips moved slowly, but soundlessly.

"He is talking to God," whispered Jessica, in a tone of awe.

"Jessica," said Winny, pressing close to her, "I can't help thinking about Paul, when he was caught up into the third heavens, and heard unspeakable words. I think perhaps he looked like my father."

She never called him father before, and she uttered it in a strangely solemn voice, as if it was a more fitting title than the familiar one they had called him by on ordinary days. They stood beside him for a few minutes, and then they crept on tiptoe across to the hearth. The children read their chapters and said their hymns, and sang a favorite one of their father's in soft, low tones, which could scarcely be heard outside the room; and the little time-piece over the fire-place chimed seven as they finished.

"It was just this time last Sunday," said Jane, "when papa had the stroke. He was just going to pray then the chapel-clock struck seven."

"I wonder what he was going to say," said Winny, sorrowfully.

"Our Father!" murmured a voice behind them, very low and weak, like the voice of one who has only strength to utter a single cry; and turning quickly, with a feeling of fear, they saw their father's eyes opened, and looking towards them with inexpressible tenderness. Jessica laid her finger

on her lips, as a sign to them to be still, and with timid courage she went to the minister's side.

"Do you know us again?" she asked, trembling between fear and joy,—“do you know who we are, minister?”

"Jessica, and my children," he whispered, with a feeble smile fluttering upon his face.

"He is come back!" cried Jessica, returning with swift but noiseless steps to Jane and Winny. "Let us make haste and tell the others. May be he is hungry and weak and faint. But he knows us,—he is come back to us again."

"In a few minutes the joyful news was known throughout the house, and was carried to the chapel before the evening service was over; and the congregation as they dispersed, spoke of their minister's recovery hopefully. It was the crowning gladness of the day to Daniel, and he lingered at the minister's house, to which he hastened as soon as he had closed the chapel, until it was getting on for midnight; and then he left Jessica with the children, and started off for his home, with a heart in which joy was full.

FINGER MARKS.

A GENTLEMAN employed a mason to do some work for him, and among other things to "thin whiten" the walls of one of his rooms. This thin whitening is almost colorless until dried. The gentleman was much surprised, on the morning after the chamber was finished, to find on the drawer of his desk, standing in the room, white finger-marks. Opening the drawer he found the same on the articles in it, and also on the pocket-book. An examination revealed the same marks on the contents of a bag. This proved clearly that the mason, with his wet hand, had opened the drawer, and searched the bag, which contained no money, and had then closed the drawer without once thinking that any one would ever know it.

The "thin whitening" which happened to be on his hands, did not show at first, and he probably had no idea that twelve hours drying would reveal his wickedness, as the work was all done on the afternoon the drawer was opened. The man did not come again, and to this day does not know that his acts are known to his employer. Beware of evil thoughts and deeds! They all leave their finger-marks, which will one day be revealed. Sin defiles the soul. It betrays those who engage in it by the marks it makes on them. These may be almost, if not quite, invisible at first.

IN SEASON.

A LADY, once writing a letter to a young naval officer who was almost a stranger, thought, "shall I close this as any body would, or shall I say a word for my Master?" and, lifting up her heart for a moment, she wrote, telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illustration of the words, "Here we have no continuing city," and asked if he could say, "I seek one to come." In trembling she folded it, and sent it off. Back came the answer: "Thank you so much for these kind words. My parents are dead. I am an orphan, and no one has spoken to me like that since my mother died long years ago." The arrow, shot at a venture, hit home, and the young man shortly after rejoiced in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. How often do we close a letter "as any body would," when we might say a word for Jesus?

SWEARING IN HEBREW.

A LADY, riding in a car on the New York Central Railroad, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen, occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college, on his way home for a vacation.

He used much profane language, greatly to her annoyance.

She thought she would rebuke him, and on beg-

ging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages?

"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

"Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as do me a small favor?"

"With great pleasure. I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

The lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be-gentleman.

Probably ten men swear in this country where one prays, and the swearing man swears out loud a hundred times a day, while the praying man prays secretly perhaps twice or thrice. If men would swear in unknown tongues it might spare the feelings of their hearers, but even then the Lord God would hear it all. But there will be an end of this torrent of blasphemy by and by. "Behold THE LORD COMETH with ten thousand of His saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly of ALL THEIR HARD SPEECHES which ungodly sinners have SPOKEN AGAINST HIM."—Jude 14:15.

Oh, cultivate that spirit of love;
That binds us to each other;
That spirit that dwells in Christ above;
Be kind to your dear mother.

That you may ever keep in view;
All that Christ requires of you,
To do unto each other,
To have charity for all mankind,
Be kind unto your brother.

Oh, lay aside the spirit of strife;
And look unto Jesus to assist us;
Yes, look unto one that withheld not his life,
Be kind unto your sister.

Composed by T. D.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIVE swift years have come and gone. Years of peace and plenty and comparative happiness for the good people of the Manor. But little change is noticeable, save in the younger members of the household. Mr. and Mrs. Russell seem scarcely to show any advancement in years. Victoria,—calm, sweet faced, and dignified, looks as fresh and fair as a girl of twenty, though nearer thirty now. Mrs. Bell,—still an honored inmate of the Manor,—a pretty, graceful, rosy cheeked creature, quiet and gentle and womanly, and as necessary as one of the four great walls. A widow still, striving to be content, while she is truly thankful, for the beautiful home secured to herself and daughter. Addie, a sprightly, dark eyed maiden of seventeen, changed, yet Addie still. And Burt and Elsie. What of them? He is the larger, sturdier and apparently older of the two. His exact age can not be told. Ten years before, on Christmas Eve, he had come to them, a wee baby. Elsie is eleven, a delicate, lily faced lassie, with beautiful brown eyes, and a thoughtful, studious manner.

The lad and lassie were standing on the piazza, he teasing little, lazy, old Bunch, and ever and anon, begging Elsie to go out on the lawn for a game of ball.

"I'm just dying for a little sport," and Burt rolled poor Bunch three times over, and turned to snatch the open book from Elsie's hand. "You must cease this everlasting study. It's surely hurtful to you. Some one must interfere, and as nobody else does, I will. Come, exercise and fresh air are necessary to health. Let's run a race down the gate. *Whooit, whooit!* Here Sharp, here Sharp!" Down went the book, and away went boy and big, logy old Newfoundland dog.

"Why didn't you come?" panted Burt, racing back again, with Sharp at his heels. "I declare! you've got that book again. Mamma!" Peering thro' the window. "Say, papa! make Elsie stop studying and play with me. I'll go crazy if something don't happen. I'm almost dead, raised with

so many big sisters." Sighing dolefully. "I can't remember when I didn't think girls were altogether tiresome and unmanageable. And the bigger I get, the more I realize it. Ah, luckless me." And away he bounded in the trail of Andrew Jackson, still his pet, and the only feline about the place. Elsie drew a gentle little breath of relief as she saw Burt lying on a grassy mound with the cat across his bosom. Resuming her book, she sat down and was soon forgetful of all else save the lesson she was studying.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Russell looking from the window over to his wife's sewing chair,—they were in the family sitting-room which opened on to the piazza,—“Elizabeth, did you ever think those two children look very much alike? The same soft brown curls,—the same outline of head and face;—the same step, only Burt is the quicker at times?”

"Yes John," she replied. "Don't you remember I've spoken of it several times? And only the other day don't you know Uncle Fritz Clausen called them 'like as two peas—only a brown and a blue eyed one!'"

"Well yes, I believe I do, since you mention it," replied Mr. Russell, looking a little confused. "I must be growing forgetful. I've been reading and thinking a good deal of late. Till I almost forget what part of my life I am living. I've been looking over the past to-day. The peaceful, prosperous five years just gone. Happy—I ought to say. But somehow, Elizabeth, there has been less of perfect peace of mind for me than in any previous portion of my life. I don't know *what* it is. And it doesn't wear off, either. Sometimes I think its Mormonism, that haunts me like a restless spirit.—Do you know, wife, there was a time—some five years ago, just after I had that severe fall and that marvelous cure,—that had an Elder been around I should surely have joined that church?"

"I was afraid of it then," she replied with a sigh. "And really anxious about Addie. The child surely accepted everything she heard of this strange faith as gospel truth, and was ready to be persuaded to become one of those peculiar people."

"I'm afraid of it yet, my dear," he replied soberly. "Afraid there is just as much probability of my being a Mormon in belief as there ever was. I don't think you need fear for Addie, though. She's so light minded and reckless and proud."

Mrs. Russell sighed sadly. "There are worse fears for the girl now. She is too worldly to care for any form of piety. I wish she was more like Elsie."

"So do I, so do I," he echoed. "And do you know, wife, I believe that Elsie has blue blood in her veins? She surely has. Her mother tells me—I questioned her once,—that *she* was of a race, some generations back noble and wealthy, in sunny France. Though now intermarried and reduced to common poor Americans. But I'm satisfied that isn't all. She is very silent about her own history, but I'm determined to ask her of her husband, some day.—There's Burt, now, notwithstanding his resemblance to Elsie, and his eyes and manner so like our own boy—our Arthur—*he* surely is not of gentle birth. He shows by every natural tendency, not 'to the Manor born,'—that he is of plebeian origin."

"What may *that* be, pray?" queried Burt, coming in like a gale and shutting the great window with a bang that made the glass jingle alarmingly. "P-l-e-b-e-i-a-n spells plebeian, I believe, and origin is another hard word; but I learned to spell and define *that* last winter. Means the beginning, don't it? *I begun* a good for nothing baby that nobody cared for till you and mamma took pity on me. But '*plebeian*;'—don't quite remember what that signifies.—Haven't found out any of the mystery of who I was or who brought me here, have you?"

"No," replied papa, "but we found out years ago that you were a wayward, boisterous, thoughtless boy. And you seem determined not to be tamed. You convince me every day that you are plebeian,

—low born,—of the common people. *Blood will tell.*"

"Spect it will," sighed Burt. "But a boy can be just as jolly, and enjoy himself as well as if he *didn't* belong to the 'common herd.'" Tossing his hat into a corner with a whirl and a whistle, he flung himself down on the carpet with his feet on a chair.

"Burt, Burt!" cried Mrs. Russell. "When *will* you learn to be civil? See, you're spoiling that tidy with your rough boots."

"There! there it is again. A fellow's best efforts misunderstood. When I try to strike an attitude and be a little dignified—(or dandified),—that's just the way it turns out." Bringing his feet down to proper level with a jerk that dragged the pretty, delicate tidy with them, caught on a tack in his boot heel. "Bother take the flimsy lace flumadoodle!" he murmured, unfastening the offending article, and throwing it from him disdainfully. "Guess one needs rough boots on to *thrash*. You forgot the machine's coming to-day, didn't you?"

"Not coming in time to *thrash* as you call it, to-night. And how will it affect you, Burt?" asked Mrs. Russell. "Were you ever required to do any thing about the dusty, greasy machines?"

"No, mamma; that's why I'm so anxious. Last year I was away to school when the thrashing machine was here. Year before the grain stacks were away so far—you know Mr. Gray rented the place,—that I didn't get to see a bit of the fun. But this year it's all *our* grain, and I'm bound to be *there*. I tell you it'll be 'boss.'"

"Burt, my son," and Mr. Russell looked very stern and grave, "do you ever intend to outgrow your childish rudeness and learn civility? Why will you not drop such vulgar terms?"

Burt was on his knees beside papa in an instant, his head on the parental knee, looking penitent and appealing up into the father's eyes. "I will, papa father, I will. I'm so sorry I can't be good and nice and polite. Suppose it's because I'm of plebeian stock. And I can't help it—help being naturally bad, I mean. But I'll try ever so hard to do as you and mamma want me to." And tears shone in the bright blue eyes, and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Because we desire it, you should try to be good and true and civil," said papa Russell stroking Burt's curls fondly. "And more because it is *right and proper* to do so,—never forget that, my boy. True politeness comes from inborn kindness and a wish to please and justly benefit others."

"The thrashing machine is coming, Burt," called Elsie from without.

Burt opened his lips to shout, but for once refrained. Catching up his hat he dashed out, leaving the door open this time. Mrs. Russell sighed hopelessly as she rose to shut it, as the cool autumn air blew brisk and chilly.

"Come on, Elsie," cried the eager boy. "Let's go down to the gate. Oh, good!" glancing up at the sun. "'Taint more'n middle of afternoon. May be they'll set the machine and go to work right away. I *do* hope they will, don't you?"

"I'm sure I don't care if they do or do not," Elsie replied. "But I *do* care to have you use better language."

"Bother take the girls, any way!" cried Burt, starting down the walk excitedly. "They're always preaching to a fellow. And they never do nothing but read and,—and primp," he added, as his sister Addie brushed past him, dressed most gaily and fine.

HAPPINESS is like manna. It is to be gathered in the grains and enjoyed every day; it will not keep, it can not be accumulated; nor need we go out ourselves, nor into remote places to gather it, since it has rained down from heaven at our very doors, or rather within them.

He that can not live well to-day will be less prepared to live well to-morrow.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

THIS is a question often asked, and not always satisfactorily answered; for the ideas conveyed to different minds by the word are very different.

To some persons he is a gentleman who wears fine clothes; who does no work; who has an abundance of money and spends it freely. But in truth, though a gentleman may be rich, well-dressed, liberal, and have no need of toil, no one, or all of these things give him any right to the name. But the man who is of a kind and gentle demeanor to all, who is upright, candid and truthful, who is loyal to his friends, and needs no bond to hold him faithful to his promise—this man is a gentleman, whether he be clad in broad cloth or homespun; yes, even though he may be so poor that he has no means for prodigal giving, and is compelled by stern necessity to labor hard for daily bread. It is what he is, not what he was, that makes the true gentleman.

LIFE THOUGHTS.

So many are God's kindnesses to us, that, as drops of water they run together; and it is not until we are borne up by the multitude of them, as by streams in deep channels, that we recognize them as coming from him. We have walked amid his mercies as in a forest where we are tangled among ten thousand growths and touched on every hand by leaves and buds which we notice not. We can not recall all the things he has done for us. They are so many that they must needs crowd upon each other, until they go down behind the horizon of memory like full hemispheres of stars that move in multitudes and sink, not separate and distinguishable, but multitudinous; each casting light into the other, and so clouding each other by common brightness.

THE YOUNG MARTYR OF BRENTWOOD.

IN the Spring of the year 1555, a lad named William Hunter, entered a church to read a Bible, which was fastened to a stand by a chain. He was an apprentice to a London weaver, but was now on a visit to Brentwood, his native town. As he stood reading the holy book, a summoner, or officer of the popish bishop, said to him: "Why meddlest thou with the Bible? Knowest thou how to read? And canst thou expound the Scriptures?" "Father Atwell," the youth replied, "I take not upon me to *expound* the Scriptures; but finding the Bible here, I *read* it for my comfort."

Atwell then threatened him that if he did not turn from his opinions, he should burn for them. William knew what that meant, and taking a farewell of his parents, he hastily left the town. It was not long after this time that the lad was brought back to Brentwood, and thrust in the stocks, where he lay without any food, except a crust of brown bread and a small supply of water. After this he was sent to a London prison, with strict orders that he should have put on him as many iron chains as he could endure. Months passed away, and at last he was sent for by the popish bishop Bonner. "If you recant," said the bishop, "I will give you £40 and set you up in business." This was a large sum in those days. The offer was at once rejected. "I will make you steward of my own house," added the bishop. "But my lord," said the youth, "if you can not persuade my conscience by Scriptures, I can not find in my heart to turn from God for the love of the world; for I count all worldly things but loss, in comparison with the love of Christ."

Nor threats nor promises could prevail, and he was sent back once again to his native place, there to die. The night before he suffered his mother sat by his side; and when she found him happy and constant, blessed God for such a son.

There were many weeping eyes on the day of the martyrdom in the little town of Brentwood, to see one so young—a kind, gentle, pious lad—carried through the streets to endure a cruel death, whose only offense was that he read the Bible, and loved the gospel it made known.

Just before the torch was applied to the fagots, his brother called to him, "William, think of the sufferings of Christ, and be not afraid!" "I am not afraid!" added the young martyr. The flames now arose. "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" he was heard to cry. In a few minutes his sufferings were over.

"The time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service."

Letters from the Hopes.

No. 11 Stubbs Street, BURSLEM,
Staffordshire, Eng., Sep. 12th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—For a long time I have been enjoying your letters, and all the good things that come through the *Herald* and *Hope*. When I have a few minutes it is one of my greatest pleasures to refresh myself from their pages, and in this way, I think most of the time has been spent in which I might have written; but when I read "Appreciation," in the first number of the present volume, I felt a little conscience stricken, and there came such a "quickenning breath" through the "window open toward Zion," it gave me new life and energy.

This beautiful poem, "Daniel's window open toward Zion" makes such a multitude of thoughts, that it would take too long to express them all; but learn the verses, dear children, and read again the book of Daniel, and while we dwell on the touching picture, let us try to practice the lessons it teaches. When we come to the waters of baptism we understood that we must sacrifice everything for Christ, and though we have not yet been required, like many, to lay down our lives, yet we have all a good deal to contend with; therefore, let it be our fixed rule, through all, to give to God our "heart's best thoughts" and if we have but little, of course, we have but little to give; but let it come out of the first end, with a cheerful heart, and we shall have a blessing with the rest.

I am glad when I hear the Hopes express the pleasure they have in attending the meetings, for I feel sure they would not let a shower of rain, or a friend coming in, prevent them from going, especially if it should be the first Sunday in the month, when we meet together for the breaking of bread; we have to be kind and courteous to all; but if our friends will not come with us, we must see them at some other time. Jesus is our best friend, and he has said "Do this in remembrance of me." If we are faithful in these little matters we shall often enjoy the light that shines through the "window open toward Zion" and perhaps be as Daniel was, "greatly beloved" in heaven.

I liked Perla Wild's story of "What the girls did;" indeed I can not think of any thing in the *Hope* that I do not like. And "Jessica," dear Hopes, that is a true picture; when I was quite a little girl I used to go with a lady who visited these poor places, not in London, but in the city of Glasgow in Scotland, where I was born in the year 1829; and I have seen many a home like that described as Jessica's. The influence that these scenes had on my mind has never left me. But I fear my letter will be too long. May every blessing attend you, and believe me ever yours

In gospel bonds,
JULIA EDWARDS.

IONE VALLEY, Amador Co., Cal.,
September 24th, 1882.

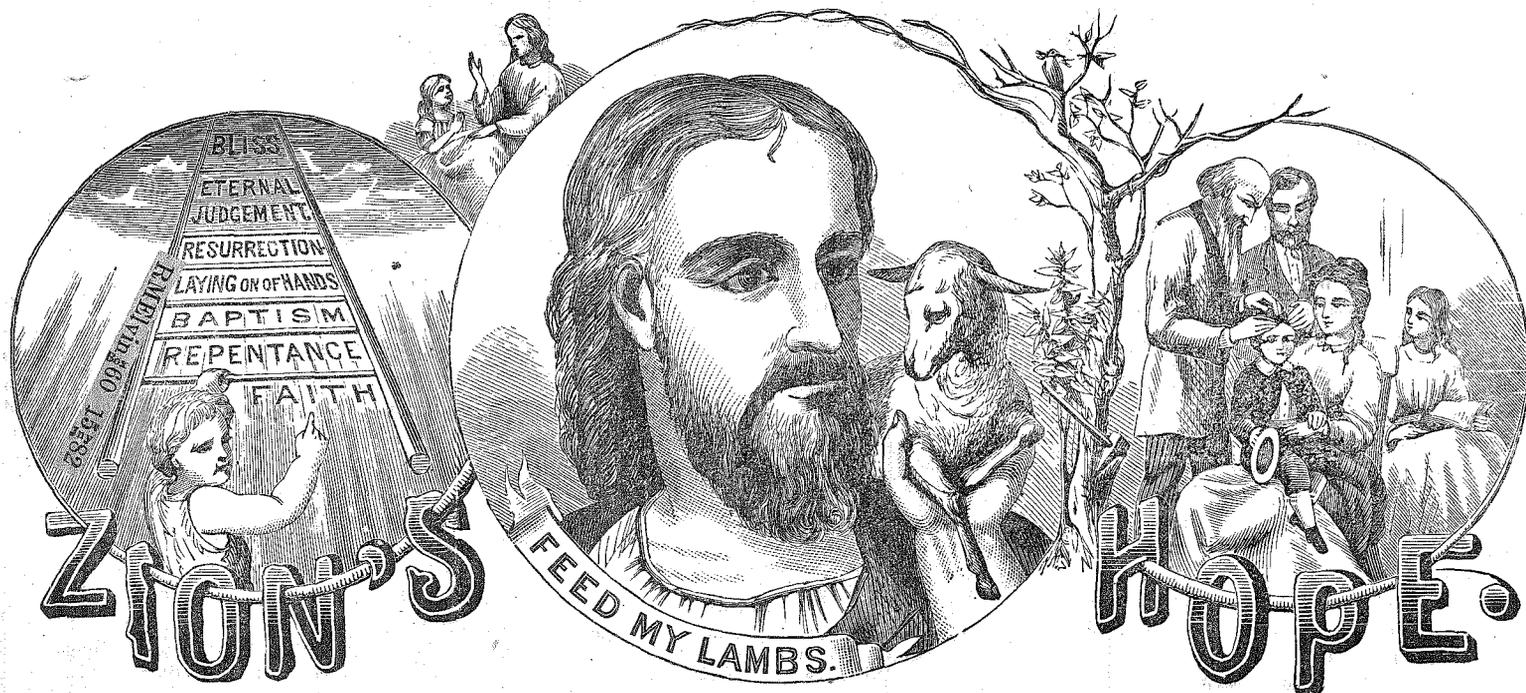
Dear Hopes:—My sister younger than myself was married the 5th inst., by my brother to a Mr. W. B. McReynolds; they live at Stockton. My mother and I are left alone. I am going to stay with my mother and take care of her. I know that the Lord loves me, and I desire to do right in all things, that it may please him.

Your brother,
EDWIN J. DAWSON.

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

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No. 9.

ON THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

It is sad to see youth in its levelness dying,

Ere the freshness of spirit hath wasted away;
While the earth seems around like a paradise lying,
And the hopes of the bosom too bright for decay.

Ere Life's cup of care hath imparted its fervor;

Ere Hope, smiling Hope, hath been proved a deceiver;
This world seems too lovely to part with forever,
To mingle again with inanimate clay.

But, ah, they have died while their hopes were the fairest;

And life here below seemed but a beautiful dream,
Adorned with whatever was richest or rarest,
And what to the senses the brightest might seem.

They died, and the cold turf is resting above them;

They heed not the grief of the sad bosoms that bore them;
The tears of affliction no longer can move them,
Or wake them again to the day's joyous beam.

Oh! death, it is strange, how thy cold touch will alter

The forms that so lately were healthy and gay;
On the life once so bright, a moment will falter;
The next they are pallid and motionless clay.

The lips and the eyes with bright happiness glowing,

The proud bosom of beauty all to sorrow unknown;
The gush of emotion o'er the heart overflowing,
How soon will they perish and wither away.

Mrs. HUGH LITTLE.

EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

In my last attempt to communicate some thoughts, I endeavored to show the necessity of fearing the Lord in youth. I now want to give a few out of many examples, recorded in holy writ, to prove that the noblest and most illustrious men that have lived, were those who devoted their youth to the service of God.

The first example is that of righteous Abel, the first in the noble army of martyrs. It is true, his history, as written by Moses, is very brief, but enough is given to show his early and noble devotion to the service of God. He was young when he brought of the firstlings of his flock to offer as a sacrifice unto the Lord, and this act proves that prior to this time he had offered himself a living and willing sacrifice to the same great being. And here was a partial fulfillment of his youthful vow, made when he consecrated himself body and spirit to his Creator. What a beautiful picture! Worthy the contemplation of angels, and not beneath the approving smile of God.

Behold him bringing the firstling of his flock an offering to the king of kings. See him kneeling in humble reverence, his hands upraised to heaven, his calm and placid features raised in humble confidence to the author of his being, while the curling incense from the altar ascended as a sweet smelling

savor to the skies; but the simple, earnest prayer far outstrips it, and penetrates even to the throne of the eternal, and obtains for him the approving smile of God.

This sacrifice was but a small part of the humble thank-offering, which he knew was the just due of heaven for all the blessings, spiritual and temporal, that he had received, and which his whole life was devoted to pay. Here was a part of that preparation for the glorious crown, which was soon to be placed upon his noble brow. Here he earned a name and a place in the front rank of the purest and noblest spirits that ever graced the footstool of heaven's king.

Youthful reader, would you desire such a name, such a place, and such a crown? Would you desire that heaven should approbate your life, and deign to bless you with a smile, and sound the joyful tidings in your ears that your offering was acceptable, and your life worthy of the great reward? Then, like Abel, devote yourself to God in the morning of your life, and continue in His service, so shall you with him be blest.

The next example that I shall give is that of heaven favored Enoch. It is written of him, "He walked with God." How full of meaning is that little sentence. It is a line of history extending over three hundred years. It is at once the most brief, comprehensive, and glorious history that ever was recorded of mortal.

In those four words what struggles with self, conflicts with Satan, partial defeats and final triumphs, are told. What fervent prayers, pleadings, tears, and intense agonies.—What self-sacrificing, unyielding devotion, unflinching courage and unyielding integrity is here portrayed, what meekness, forbearance, love, purity and faith, are recorded in these brief words, "He walked with God." For more than three hundred years he bore the scorn, contempt, and jeers of an apostate world, and all the envenomed wrath and hatred of the powers of darkness. But he heeded them not; for "He walked with God."

Through his unwavering faith he stood triumphant on Mount Zion, and led a glorious army of souls redeemed by faith in Christ, into the presence of the Almighty. How glorious his reward. The companion of his Maker; heir with God, and joint heir with Jesus Christ! Do you like the prize? Would you like to walk with God, dwell at his right hand, and wear a crown of unfading glory? Then, like Enoch, consecrate your youth to Him, and spend the strength of your manhood in His service, so it shall be said of you, "He walks with God," and you shall reign with him.

We will next refer to the son of Terrah. Abraham was the son of an idolator, but he liked not the idol worship, and his youthful mind soared aloft and sought to know the only true God. Nor did he seek in vain; he who said "seek me early and ye shall find me," had watched with sleepless eye his budding mind, and the tender blade of heaven-planted faith, that was springing up and ripening into flower there. Yes, He whose ear is never closed, caught the earnest pleadings of his soul, and with more than lightning speed sent back the glad response, "thy prayer is heard." The Holy Spirit then overwhelmed his frame, and poured a flood of light into his soul, that banished doubt and darkness from his youthful mind. More: the heavens opened, and the true God revealed himself, and many conversations, sweet, and fraught with glorious promises, were held on Mamre's plains, between Abraham and his eternal friend.

My youthful reader, I would not have you think that all these privileges were obtained by merely asking for them. No! Blessings such as those which Abraham possessed, must be obtained like Enoch's and Abel's, by sincerity of purpose, and willing obedience to the law of God and the teachings of his Holy Spirit. Many were the trials of obedience through which Abraham was called to pass, but each trial brought its rich reward. The whisperings of the Holy Spirit taught him that he must tear himself from the idolatrous worship, and worship only the God who created the heavens and the earth. His was a severe trial, he must meet with the severe and stern rebuke of an idolatrous father. The pleadings of a loving but misguided mother, and brave the scorn and wrath of cruel priests, and an infuriated populace, who looked upon his "apostacy," as they termed it, as open contempt and defiance of their gods. To do all this acceptably to heaven, he must be meek and lowly of heart, truthful and virtuous, patient in suffering, forbearing with his enemies, yet firm in his purpose, and unflinching in his integrity, with a firm reliance in the God of heaven, who had called him into His service. But greater trials are necessary ere he is prepared to be the friend of God, in the full meaning of that word, and one is close at hand.

"Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee."

This was the next command. It was a hard trial, but one that was necessary, in order that Jehovah might accomplish His purpose concerning Abraham; but the reward was again equal to the trial.

"I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and I will

bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curse thee, and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

Abraham conferred not with flesh and blood, though no doubt he keenly felt the parting pang, when his aged parents alternately bowed their hoary heads upon his bosom, it was to him like sacrificing life itself; but he knew in whom he trusted, "He believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness." "The secrets of heaven are confided to his bosom." "The covenant of the Lord is with him." He is made the father of many nations, a goodly land is given to him and his posterity forever, and his seed are the peculiar people of the Lord. Who would not serve the Lord for such a blessing? I think I hear my little readers say, that the trial was nothing in comparison with such a glorious reward. But even now all the glory is not obtained that is laid up for him. Greater blessings yet are waiting, and greater trials are before him. The remaining dross must be purged away ere he can be prepared for the *great reward*. But he was at length triumphant. Nor was Jehovah slack concerning His promises to him. He called him the "friend of God." My young friend, do you know how sweet it is to have a friend? One with whom you can take sweet counsel, confide your joys and sorrows to? One who will be your friend in adversity, as well as in prosperity? If you do, you may judge in a very small degree indeed, how good it was to Abraham to have God for his friend. Would you not think it a great thing to have a friend in some great, learned, and wealthy man, who was able to teach and enrich you at the same time? Yet this mighty man could not be such a friend to you, as God was to Abraham. He blessed him with all the blessings of heaven and earth. But He was not content with calling him His "friend," He proclaimed him "the *Father of the Faithful*," and that before all the heavenly host, and there stands his name engraved in characters of living light, upon the emblazoned scroll of eternal fame: "Abraham, the Friend of God, the Father of the Faithful," and all this because of his early devotion and consecration of his whole life to the service of God. How sweet then must be the service of the Lord, and what a blessing it is to children when they learn to seek the Lord in the early morning of life.

Time would fail me to tell you of Seth, Noah, Shem, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Joshua, Daniel, Samuel, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and a host of others, of whom we read in the Bible. And of Lehi, Jared and his brother, Nephi, Helaman, Moroni, and many others, of whom we read in the Book of Mormon, who consecrated their lives to God in their youth, and were exalted to His right hand, and whose works of righteousness, by the grace of Jesus Christ, have been, and will be, one great source from which they will receive eternal and unending joys. The lesson I want you to learn from these examples, is as follows:

If you wish to become great, be good; be good while you are children, and you will become good and great men. If you want heaven to smile upon you, offer, like Abel, not only the firstlings of your flock, but the morning of your life. If you want to dwell with God, walk with Him, like Enoch, by forsaking all sin and serving Him with all the powers of your mind and body. Then you will be exalted to reign with Him in endless glory. If you want God to be your friend, be *His friend*, like Abraham, by serving Him from childhood to old age, and from age to the end of life, so will your reward be great, and you shall be honored as the friend of God, which honor will be greater than all the powers that earth can confer. It will be an honor that can never fade away. In order to do this, listen to the pure and holy counsel of your parents; search the word of God and obey it, and be guided by those gentle whisperings in your bosom which tell you to serve the Lord, and which seem to lead your hearts to Him. Be kind, loving, truthful, and don't forget to pray. Remember young Samuel prayed, and the

Lord heard him and made him a mighty man, and blessed him with eternal life. So may God bless you, is the humble prayer of your friend. Y.

CHARITY.

I slept and dreamt—I dreamt I slept and dreamed,
And in fair dream-land wandered forth
On duty's highway, filled with good resolves;
Clothed in pure garments, clean and white;
Whilst over all I bore
The many-colored cloak of Charity.

Not easy is that path to flesh and blood.
The road is rough; and here and there,
Arrayed by hostile hands
Lie pit-falls, snares and stumbling-blocks.
Tempters are placed at every turn
Decked out in dazzling plumes.
These bid the traveller turn to right, to left,
And with soft siren voices promise joy;
The whilst, with treacherous finger hid,
They reach and touch a chord within,
Which twangs responsive note that vibrates "go."
But deaf, stone-deaf, is duty's ear,
And on, straight on, lies duty's road.

Not easy is that path, again I say,
To weakened flesh and blood.
Once on a time man could have trod it well—
When he was "good" and walked with God.
Now is he weak, and needs supporting staff,
A guide, encourager, sustainer, friend.
With human eye I scanned the forward road,
And lo! a vision loomed upon my sight—
A female form arrayed in modest guise
And veiled in mystery complete.
Yet through the veil I peered into her face.
Beauty was there, and kindness of a kind,
And virtues else; but charity was *not*;
Or, if 'twas there, it was too well concealed.
Within her left hand she a sweet rose bore—
A rose that seemed to have no single thorn—
Whilst in her other palm she grasped a wand,
Green, and fresh cut in haste from nearest hedge.

Each gave the salutation as we passed;
But then I turned, and sought a neighb'ring mound,
From whence with eager and strained eye I watched
The wanderings romantic of the maid.

Straight to my home she bent her way,
And sought the *parterre* that I loved so well
Where flowers of beauty grew.
All these she noticed not,
But found amongst them one half-faded bloom
Which specially I loved;
And with her switch she smote it from its stem.
And then I woke—I woke and cried
"Alas! sweet Charity had fled from earth."

JESSICA'S MOTHER.

Selected by Sr. Emma.

CHAPTER IX.

THE minister's house being in an opposite direction to his own from the chapel, Daniel had a good way to go. The November fogs still hung about London, and the lamps gave only a dim light through the gloom. Those who were yet walking about the streets marched quickly, as if anxious to reach whatever shelter they called their home. Daniel himself was making his way as fast as he could along the muddy pavement, when he came to a part of the streets where the drainage was being repaired, and where charcoal fires were burning in braziers here and there, at once to give warning to the passers by and to afford warmth to the watchmen who stayed beside them all night. One of the watchmen had brought an old door, and reared it up against a rude wall of stone and bricks, so as to form some protection from the rain, which now and then fell in short showers. He had quitted his shed for some reason or other, and, as Daniel drew near, arrested his steps; for crouching underneath it, and stretching out her shrivelled arms over the brazier full of charcoal, was "Jessica's Mother." The fitful light was shining strongly upon her face, and showed the deep lines which misery and degradation had ploughed upon it, and the sullenness and stupidity which were stamped upon her features. He stood still, gazing at her with instinctive abhorrence; but very soon a feeling of profound pity took its place. He had been wondering what had become of her since Friday morning, and had even felt a kind of anxiety

about her; and now, as he thought of the room with its comfortable bed which was waiting for her, instead of the brief shelter of the shed, he climbed over the heaps of rubbish which lay between them, calling to her, for he did not know her name, "Jessica's Mother!"

The woman started to her feet at the sound of his voice, and looked him full in the face, with an expression of utter wretchedness. Her eyes were inflamed and swollen with tears, and every feature was quivering as if she had no control over them. She was so miserable a creature, that Daniel did not know in what words to speak to her; but his heart was moved with an unutterable compassion, unknown to him until now. He even felt a sympathy for her, as if he had once been in the same depths of degradation, as he looked shudderingly into the deep abyss where she had fallen by her sins; and the sense of her misery touched him so closely that he would have given his life for her salvation. He stretched out his hand towards her, but she pushed it away, and with a groan of despair she fled from the light, and sought to hide herself in the darkness of the foggy streets.

But Daniel was not easily turned aside from his desire to bring some help to "Jessica's Mother," even if it were no more than to rescue her from the chilliness of the November night. He followed her with steps as rapid as her own, and only that she had had the first start, he would have been quickly at her side. She fled swiftly along the streets to escape from him, and he pursued her, hoping that she would soon weary, and would turn to speak to him. But she kept on until Daniel found himself at the entrance of one of the old bridges of the city which span the wide waters of the river. Side by side with it, a new bridge was being constructed, with massive beams of timber, and huge blocks of stone, and vast girders of iron, lying like some giant skeleton enveloped in the fog, yet showing dimly through it by the glare of red lights and blazing torches, which were kindled here and there, and cast flickering gleams upon the black waters beneath, into which Daniel looked with a shiver, as he paused for a moment in his pursuit. But he had lost sight of the woman when he lifted up his eyes again, unless the strange, dark figure on one of the great beams stretching over the river was the form of "Jessica's Mother." He pressed towards it, quitting the safety of the old bridge; but as a wild and very mournful cry smote upon his ear, he missed his footing and fell heavily upon a pile of masonry at some distance below him.

It could only have been a minute that he was unconscious, for the deep-toned clock of St. Paul's had chimed the first stroke of midnight as he lost his footing, and the boom of the last stroke was still ringing through the air, when he tried to raise himself, and look again for the dark figure which he had seen hanging over the river; but he could not move, and he lay quietly without making a second effort, and thinking clearly over what had happened. There was little doubt that the wretched woman whom he had sought to save had hurried away from all salvation, whether of God or man; and yet how was it that, instead of the shock of horror, a perfect peace possessed his soul? For a moment it seemed to him that he could hear a voice speaking, through the dull and monotonous splashing of the cold water against the arches below him, and it said to him, "Because thou hast been faithful unto death, I will give thee a crown of life."

Was he going to die? he asked himself, as a pang of extreme agony ran through all his frame, and extorted a moan from his lips. He was ready and willing, if it was the will of God; but he would like to see his little Jessica again, and tell her gently with his own lips that her mother was dead, and gone—he could say nothing gentler—to her own place, which God knew of.

The midnight hour was quieter than usual in the busy city, for it was Sunday, and the night was damp; so Daniel lay some time before he heard the

tread of a passer-by upon the bridge above him. He could hear many sounds at a little distance, but he could not raise his voice loudly enough to be audible through the splash of the waters. But as soon as he heard foot-steps upon the bridge, he cried, with a strong effort, "Help me, or I shall die before morning!"

It seemed a long time, and one of great suffering to him, before he was raised up and laid upon the smooth pathway of the bridge. But he did not cry out or groan; and as the little crowd which gathered around him spoke in tones of commiseration and kindness, he thanked them calmly, and with a cheerfulness which deceived them. They bore him to the nearest hospital, but as they would have laid him on a bed there, he stopped them with great energy and earnestness.

"Let the doctor see me first," he said, "and tell me whether I am likely to die or live."

The doctor's hand touched him, and there were a few questions put to him, which he answered calmly; and then, as the doctor looked down upon him with a grave face, he looked back with perfect composure.

"I'm a Christian man," said Daniel, "and I'm not afraid to die. But if you think there's no chance for me, I'd rather go home. I've a little girl at home who'd like to be with me all the time till I'm taken away from her. The key of my house is in my pocket. Let me be taken home."

They could not refuse his request; but the doctor told him he might live yet for some days, though the injuries he had received gave no hope of his life; to which Daniel replied only by a solemn smile. It was nearly morning before he reached his house, under the care of a nurse and a student from the hospital; and thus he entered for the last time the home where he had spent the three happiest years of his life with Jessica.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XIV.

"O JOLLY! but I'm glad. We'll have a lively time now," exclaimed Burt, clattering into the kitchen where Mrs. Bell and Victoria were at work paring apples. "Where's some lard, quicker? The men want some right away,—something to oil the thrashing-machine with. 'Twont run ten minutes longer, I'm sure, without it."

Elsie laughed. She was rolling out cookies. "Terrible isn't it?" she replied. "Strange how it has been running so nicely for the last two hours, and now gives out so suddenly." Placing a great pan of cookies in the oven and removing another pan of crisp, brown puffy ones to the table.

"O give up a cookie, sis, please," he cried, gathering three or four in his hands, and beginning to crunch them before they were cool. "And a bell flower to eat with them," snatching the last apple from the pan.

"Now, Burt, you can get you some apples as you go through the orchard; we want all these and more for sauce," said Victoria, bidding him where to find the lard he wanted, and to go back with it, if he was in such a hurry.

"Guess a fellow must eat," he replied, cramming the last bit of cake into his mouth and departing. Half an hour more and he returned. "Now I want a pail and a dipper. The men are just about choking for a drink."

No one but Elsie was there. She was mashing potatoes. "Cookies all baked, Elsie,—hey?—Say, where's a pail and dipper, or something?"

"Look in the closet," replied the little girl working away vigorously.

"I am, don't you see! But can't find anything," he exclaimed. Elsie left her work and came to the rescue. "O," as he met her in the closet door with a section of pumpkin pie fast disappearing from his grimy fingers.

"I think you can find something." Taking down

one of three shining tin pails from a shelf, and directly behind the row of pies. "I do believe boys are *always* hungry.

"And dirty, too, aren't they," added Burt, as he passed out. "Didn't know my hands were so bad as that. However,—didn't taste," and away he sped to the pump. "Say, Else," peering into the door again, and spilling at least a quart of water on the clean kitchen floor, "come out with me and see 'em thrash a few minutes.—Yes you can. Here comes Vic. *Can't* she go with me, say? Where's her mother? I see her out there?"—Dropping his pail and running out to where Mrs. Bell was skimming milk in the dairy room.

"Yes, you can go," he panted, hastening back again, "that is if you will help milk and feed the pigs—'cause you know the hired man won't have time. I know you will, so come along quicker. Here's your bonnet—no that's a towel.—Pshaw!" flinging it into his pail of water in his hurry. "O! O!—well it's a clean towel," jerking it out and casting it this time out of doors. "Come! they'll be stopping pretty soon. Let's hurry."

But Elsie had quietly donned her white sun bonnet, carefully tied the pink ribbons in a neat bow under her dimpled chin, and reached the orchard gate by the time Burt had collected his senses and took up his pail of water.

"Did you ever see a thrashing machine at work," he asked, as they neared the great cluster of golden grain sacks, glistening in the evening sunlight like peaks of burnished gold, the great noisy machine whirling and buzzing, and the dust flying, and the men working with a will.

"No; not close by," she replied. "Oh! but it deafens me. Don't lets' go so near. I'm afraid"

"Pooh!" he cried, placing his pail of water beside the first man he found, and coming back to her side. "Here, give me your hand, I'm not afraid. I'll see you don't get hurt."

Elsie didn't care to approach very close, however.

"Here's where the fun begins," shouted Burt for the great machine was so noisy, it was hard to make one hear. "This man on the stacks here—though this stack 's most all thrashed out,—he pitches the bundles of wheat to another man, who pitches with his fork on to that flat place they call the table. The man that stands at the table has a real sharp, strong knife, and he cuts the band of straw that binds each bundle, and tosses it on a little farther to the next man. He feeds the machine. See how fast they all work. How the bundles do fly. How the band cutter's knife gleams in the sunshine. And how fast he jerks the bundles over to the next man. I tell you it's jolly! wish I could feed thrashing machine. See him shake the wheat out loose and cram it into its great mouth. He daren't stop a minute."

"How does it get the kernels threshed out so clean? and the straw runs away up yonder!" said Elsie, wonderingly.

Then Burt urged her a little closer to see the great cylinder booming swiftly round and round, showed her how the wheat was sifted and separated by passing through broad wire screens, one above another, that were shaking and jolting all the time, and how the wheat came pouring through in a great living stream, while the man who measured it, watched till half bushel was full, and then poured the grain into a sack, keeping tally by marking down on some convenient place how many bushels he took up. A wagon was waiting to receive the great white sacks of wheat, waiting to get a load and whirl it away to the granery, by the man who hauled and stored it. How the men did work. How dingy were their faces, especially those who pitched the straw away as it rolled down from the great elevator. The driver on the horse power cracked his long whip, and the four spans of horses went round and round, the belts whirled rapidly and turned the great iron wheels, and the cogs jarred and clanged, as the whole great structure seemed to groan and creak and whirl and roll, till Elsie grew

dizzy and sick with the din and dust and confusion, and coaxed Burt away to their evening task.

Burt carried the drink for the pigs—'twas too hard for Elsie he insisted, and bade her fill a big basket with corn from a heap near the pen—a heap of 'snapped corn'—the ears still enclosed in their white gleaming husks. Then the two bore the basket up to the pen and began throwing the fresh, new corn over to the waiting swine. How they did crowd and climb and reach, then seize an ear and run away to lay it down and hold it with one foot while the clean silken husk was rapidly torn aside, and the rich golden kernels champed and devoured after the manner of hungry, growing pigs; howbeit they are the sleekest, whitest, roundest, sauciest, full blooded Chesters or Berkshires.

The milking was not so readily done. Burt manfully chose old spot, the cow who was hardest to milk, and had finished her and Creamy, the kicking heifer, by the time Elsie got through with Daisy, the gentlest and easiest milker. But Elsie was not much used to the business. Leaving the milk in the dairy, they had just stepped on to the kitchen porch when a quick scream rung through the house and startled them fearfully. "O, it's mamma, my own sweet mamma!" cried Elsie recognizing the sound of the voice. Yes, sure enough Elsie found her mother in the hall lying on the floor white and still as death. Victoria dropped the plate of bread she was bearing to the dining room and the pretty blue china lay in shivered fragments, and the slices of white, delicious bread were trampled under feet of the men—some ten or twelve,—who were just filing in for supper, and now crowded round to offer their assistance. "Shtand back and don't shtop all de air," cried Uncle Fritz, bringing some cold water which he dashed in the face of the prostrate woman. The sudden shock was effective, for Mrs. Bell caught a quick, gasping breath and opened her eyes as Uncle Fritz—the only one who seemed to know what to do—took her in his strong arms and carried her into the sitting room and left her on the sofa in charge of kindly Mrs. Russell, who had just come down stairs. "She'll be all right now, by shure," he said as he turned towards the dining-room again. Gathered about the table there was found to be one man missing—one of the threshers. He was a stranger—even to the other two men who run the machine. One of the three who usually formed the company was sick, and this man had been found and employed for a day or two. Threshers are usually tired, so the other two had not asked where he came from or who he was—he only giving his name as—

But where was he? He had surely come to the house with them, and washed with the rest in the sink on the kitchen porch. Where had he gone? Uncle Fritz said the man was just behind him when they came into the hall. He could not be found however, and so supper—(good enough for a king or a thresher or an epicure,)—was dispatched without him.

Elsie sat beside her mother, and Mrs. Russell passed her soft magnetic hand over the troubled brow of the pale little woman on the sofa. She had been determined to get up and go away, or die, or anything to be rid of the horrible fancy that was crazing her. Her head felt so strangely, she said.

They kept her quiet as they could, but she would keep looking about and asking in a frightened sort of way, "Where is he? Did you see him?" then again, "Are there ghosts—spirits to come from the other shore, Mrs. Russell?"

When they tried to question her she would become silent, and when they tried to quiet her she would grow almost frantic. She couldn't be persuaded to eat or drink, and so at length they sent for a physician who persuaded her to take a quieting potion and retire, Elsie watching beside her bed.

And the missing man was not found, so the work was delayed, next morning till another hand could be found.

THE MAN IN THE WELL.

It was one of those dark, dismal, murky days of February which follow the breaking up of a cold spell of weather. The snow, which had fallen at intervals to a considerable depth, had been washed by a three days' rain; except here and there, it lay saturated with mud and coal dust, where it had been driven round the corners by the sweeping winds, or brushed from the pavements into the gutters. The frost was just out of the ground. The eavespouts ran gurgling streams of inky blue; for the long dripping rain had thoroughly soaked up the deposits of winter from the blackened roofs.

It did not freeze, but it was cold; as chilly, cold, wet, and disagreeable as one can possibly conceive a day to be. Everybody who could, shut the door and sat down by the fire, shivering, "Oh, how disagreeable it is!" Those who had to go out buttoned up close, and hurried through the shower as best they might.

There was a man building a foundry in our village, and to supply his engine with water he was having a well dug beside his furnace, which was a heavy pile of stone work. This well was nearly completed, and the men engaged in digging held a consultation whether they should continue their work.

The elder and wiser of the two said, "No, the earth is too full of water, the ground is too soft, the pressure of the stone is too great; it will cave in;" and he refused to enter.

But the other laughed at his fears, descended in spite of all remonstrance, and began his work. In vain his brother entreated him to desist. His reply was, "No danger; I know what I am about."

But he did not know. The burdened earth gave way, and he was buried many feet beneath an avalanche of sand and gravel.

Wild went the cry over the village, "Fisher's well has caved in and buried Custard beneath!"

The storm, the wind, the rain, the mud, were all forgotten. The merchant dropped his yard stick; the farmer left his market wagon in the street; the lawyer threw down his book, the mechanic his tools, the minister his pen.

All rushed with throbbing hearts to the rescue. Women caught up their infants and ran amid the storm to sympathize with the frantic wife; and all looked into each other's faces and asked in gasping whispers, "What can we do?"

Ropes, ladders, spades and shovels were wanted. No one stopped to ask, "Whose is this?" No one said, "That is mine;" but the cry was, "Take it! take it! make haste! oh, make haste!—he will die!"

Down they leaped into the dark abyss. None said, "Tis not my business—do it thou;" but all were so eager that the police had to form a circle to keep off the crowd, lest they should shake down the surrounding earth and bury the workers.

Then there was the stone work; it was pressing heavily. "Tear it away," cried Fisher; "save him!" and with giant strength, aided by the other men, he hurled the huge rocks from their places.

"It will cost him a great deal," said one, more prudent than the rest.

"Don't talk of cost; we'll all give him something and help to re-build. Save him! save him! don't let him die for a few pounds' expense."

They worked like giants, till the big sweat drops rolled from manly brows, and strong hands trembled with fatigue; then others took their places, and thus the work went on.

A tin tube was forced down, through which they shouted and asked the prisoner, if alive, to answer; and his voice came back to them from his grave:

"Alive, but make haste; it is fearful here."

He was alive; and with a wild, joyous shout, they redoubled their zeal to save him. No one said, "He went in himself—let him die;" no one bade the pleading, weeping wife "mind her own business; they had nothing to do with her perishing fool of a husband; let him die." No one urged the matter as to the legal liability of taking this man's spade,

that man's ladder, and the other man's boards, or the penalty attached to destroying the masonry and spoiling the works.

No, no; there was a man to be saved. All else was forgotten, and in the full tide of human sympathy they risked themselves to save him. And he was saved.

"He is saved! he is saved!" went up with a shout of joy that seemed to rend the skies "He is saved!" was echoed from every street and alley. "He is saved!" cried the young wife, as with streaming eyes she clasped her infant to her breast, and thought of his relieved wife and little ones. "He is saved—blessed be God!" murmured the aged mother, and the image of her own son flitted before her. "He is saved!" burst forth as from one voice from the whole village.

And yet, this was but one man, a day laborer, famed for no extra virtue. Had he died, his would have been but a short agony. His wife would have shed tears of sorrow, but not of shame. His children would have been fatherless, but no dark stain would have sullied their lives; no withering memory would have blighted their young hearts.

Oh, men! oh, women! how strangely inconsistent we are. There are hundreds dying this very day in our land; tens of thousands are being crushed beneath a weight more terrible than the ground in the well; dying a suffering, lingering death, that will as surely come to them, if no hand is raised to save them, as it would have come to the man in the well.

Frantic wives are pleading—frantic mothers are imploring—"Save them, save them!"

Dig away the temptations that have covered them up. Tear up the masonry of law and public opinion that is pressing upon them and burying them still deeper, and endangering those who are now safe. Hurl those stones of selfishness from their places. Take this man's rope, that one's ladder; but help, help, in mercy help, ere those thousands die!—die in torments awful, terrible—die in misery, shame and sin.

Save them, oh! save them from a drunkard's tomb. Let them not be buried alive in passion and temptation. Up through the dark aisles of life, with the hollow voices of despair, they are calling you to save them or they perish! Oh! lift that load that is crushing them, and that they have no power to resist.

Look into the faces of the loved ones, growing pale with anguish. Look at the deep furrows which tears have worn in the sister's cheek. Look at the sunken eye and wan lips of the wife. Look at the bowed form and gray hairs of the mother, and let your hearts be moved. Stand no longer idly watching, while your victims perish day by day.

What if the jeopardy is self-imposed? So was that of the man in the well; but did you withhold your hands? What if property will be destroyed and the rights of others interfered with? So it was with the property that covered the man in the well; but human life demanded the sacrifice, and it was cheerfully made.

THE root of the divine life is faith. The chief branches are love of God, charity to man, purity and humility. These are the highest perfections that either men or angels are capable of, the very foundation of heaven laid in the soul.

WHAT MADE THEM SO?

I MUST say it! Human beings, considering how talented they are, are very foolish. If not, why do they make other living things afraid of them instead of teaching love and confidence by their own example? Almost all animals who see men for the first time approach them without fear.

I am told that when the naturalist, Darwin, went to the Galapagos Islands, he there found hawks that had never seen men, and they were so tame that he shoved some of them gently off a branch with the muzzle of his gun, while others came to

drink from a pitcher which he held in his hand. It is only because for generations, beasts and birds have been so often deceived and cruelly treated by men that they have become suspicious of them.

Letters from the Hopes.

IONE VALLEY, Amador Co., Cal.,

October 10th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I will try to answer Bro. Theophile Gerber's questions in *Hope* of October 1st. The "great vision" of Joseph Smith the martyr and Sydney Rigdon, is in section 76, Doctrine and Covenants. A revelation is when we hear words, but do not see. A vision is when we see. It is evident that Joseph and Sydney did both see and hear: that would be a vision and a revelation. There is another revelation given to those two brethren in section 77. Yes; I have read it, and expect to read it again; it is truly grand. The man's name that was struck dumb by the power of God, because he denied the existence of God and wished to see a sign, was Korihor. It may be found in the Book of Mormon, Book of Alma, chapter 16, paragraph 7. The signs the servant of God gave to prove God's existence was: the testimonies of his brethren, the Holy Scriptures, the earth, its action, all things that are upon it, the planets which move in their regular form doth all witness that there is a Supreme Creator. The servant's name is Alma.

I wish to say that I know there is a God, and that he works among the children of men according to their faith in him. That he is kind, and his commandments are just and true. That he has answered my prayers; he has healed me of sickness and afflictions. That he has manifested his love towards me in my weakness.

Dear reader: Is it not good to have such a friend as God. Let us try all the time to do right, that he may be our friend and our helper. If the Lord is for us, who can be against us? E. T. DAWSON.

CARLINGFORD, October 4th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It is with great pleasure that I again write to you. I will be thirteen years of age on the 15th day of January. It is now four years and six months since I obeyed the glorious gospel of Christ. My brother Samuel baptized and confirmed me. I feel to rejoice in this glorious gospel; it has brought me near to Christ. We have no preaching here now, but I hope we soon will. I have not lived as I should have done, but hope I will do better for the time to come. We have sacrament meeting every first Sunday in the month, and we have prayer and testimony too. We had a very good meeting last Sunday. There has been five baptized into this branch since the conference held at Egermont.

How faithful we should be, for we know not what day nor hour He will call us to go. There has been no Elders here for a long time. Bro. Lake was the last one that was here: he was here in harvest time, and there was some turned out every night, that had not been for a long time. We have Sunday School every Sunday, and we have three classes in it. I like to go to Sunday School, also to go to testimony meeting to hear the Saints talk of the goodness of God. Pray for me that I may be found faithful, and I will pray for God's people.

Your friend and sister in the gospel of Christ,

NELLIE BROWNE.

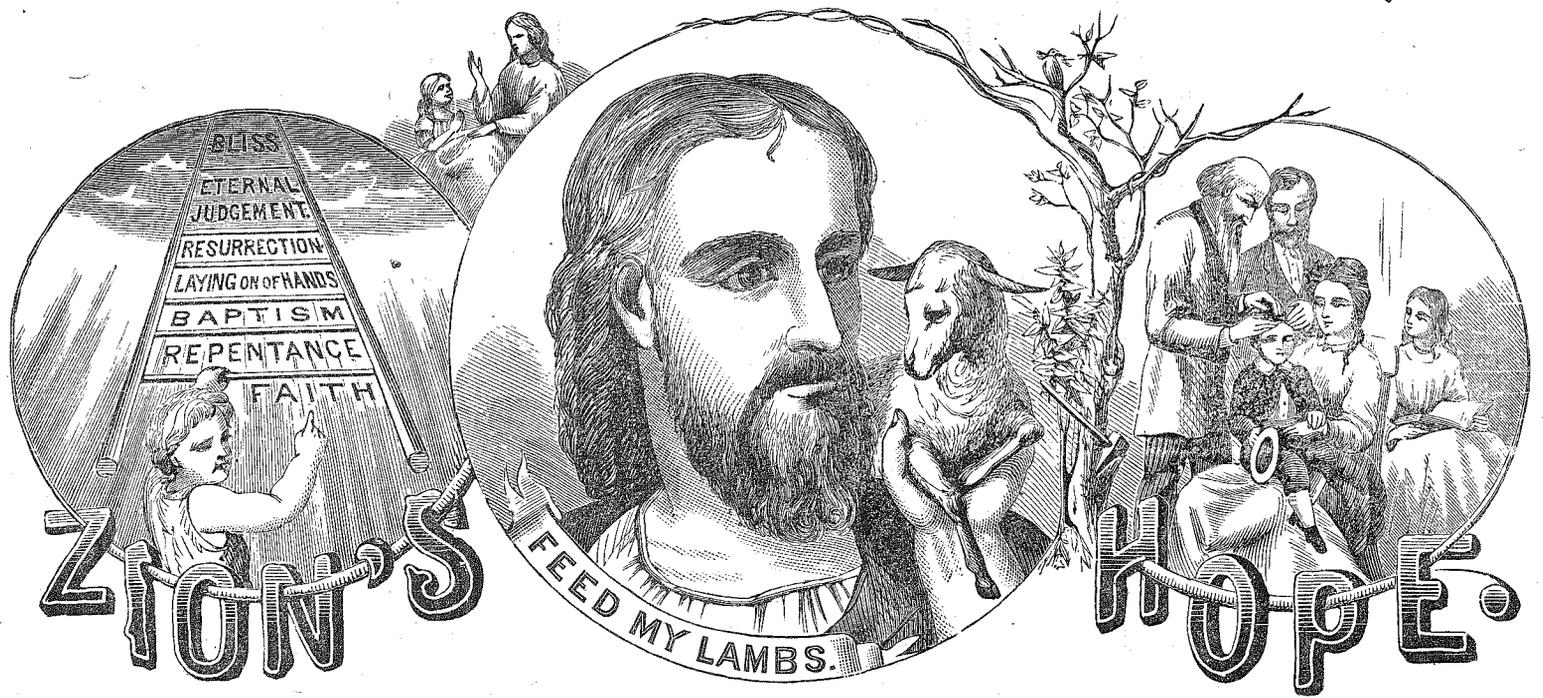
WE ought to make life as bright and sunshiny as possible. The shadow will come after a while, and the dark clouds. But if we have the light of God in our hearts, the darkest cloud will reveal the blue sky beyond.

ONE of the best treasures a man can possess is a good heart—a pure heart, a heart from sin set free. No difference how dark and gloomy things may be without, this light within ennobles and guides, and dignifies humanity.

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

VOL. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, NOVEMBER 15, 1882.

No. 10.

LOVE THE CHILDREN.

BY MARIA BRABY.

Little cherub, are you happy,
Full of harmless mirth and song,
Warmly loved, and truly loving,
Joyous as the day is long?
I could pray that nought might hinder
Peace from reigning in thy heart,
Nor a shade of sin or sorrow,
Cause it ever to depart.
But I know that storms will gather
Soon, around thy youthful brow,
And those eyes bedimmed with tear drops
Which so gayly sparkle now.
Parents, love your tender offspring,
Kindly teach them, gently chide,
Lead them, early, to the Savior,
And by pure example guide.
Then, when after years the spirit
Bends beneath its weight of care,
He will think of father's counsel,
And remember mother's prayer.
Should an orphan pass your doorway,
Welcome him with warm caress;
Love the child that has no mother,
Kindly treat the fatherless.
For the orphans lot, dear reader,
Is a weary one at best:
Every heart has untold sorrow,
Every spirit feels unrest.
Lady reader, have you children?
Love them; 'tis your duty to,
But remember, other mothers
Love their babes as well as you.
While thou seest a fellow mortal,
Doomed to wander, watch, and weep,
God hath said, "what e'er thou sowest,
Know that thou shalt also reap."

GALESBURG, Ill.

EXHORTATION.

SOME of the ideas I wish to present to my young readers, spring from that beautiful prayer our Lord gave unto His disciples, it being one of the first prayers children learn to repeat, for mothers generally teach their little ones before retiring to rest, to kneel and say,

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

Now my dear young readers, I ask your attention for a short time, unto the prayer you have just read, that you may have a correct understanding of the law contained therein. In this prayer you acknowledge you have a Father in heaven, and have been asking him to let his kingdom come, that his will may be done in earth, as it is done in heaven.

Therefore, I will enquire among all of my young readers, who are willing to do the will of the Father, upon earth, as it is done in heaven?

"Ah!" says a bright eyed girl, "we do not know how it is done in heaven, if we did, then we would know how it should be done on earth."

That is very true, my dear; and that is just what I want all those who are interested in the great things of the kingdom to understand—how his will is done in heaven—that they may learn to do the same upon earth, for the children of the kingdom should grow up to be wise children; wise in things pertaining unto the kingdom of Christ, and I can assure my young readers that the law of the kingdom is easily understood; and I think that before we get to the end of the prayer, you will be able to comprehend how the will of the Father is done in heaven.

You must first get an understanding of what it takes to constitute a kingdom. Now a kingdom consists of a king, and his law; also legally appointed officers to administer it, whose duty it is to tell the people what the mind and will of the king is, and induct them lawfully into his kingdom. Then the king, with his officers, and all those who have obeyed his laws, must have some place to live in, a territory, or land sufficient to build a city and temple for the reception of the king, (Jesus Christ), "who will suddenly come, even the messenger of the covenant," "and bring all the saints with him," "to reign on earth a thousand years."

Therefore he has called upon his servants in these last days, to organize the kingdom after the heavenly pattern, "that his will may be done in earth as it is done in heaven, lest the earth be destroyed by the brightness of their coming."

And I purpose in my next to give little bright eyes an understanding of how the will of the Father is done in heaven, for I think my young readers will feel anxious to know; therefore I will leave this subject for the present, allowing you time to study it over in your minds, and think about these things, and see how many of you can find out how the will of the Father is done in heaven.

"Indeed," says a young sister, I would like to know; but we must have some play."

Certainly, you must have some play and God loves the cheerful heart, but he requires all his children to refrain from evil speaking, getting angry with each other, and from using improper words when they play.

Here James, do you hear that? When you get angry you say awful bad words; and how can you expect to enter into the kingdom?

"I don't expect to, who said I did? only when I

hear that prayer, then I feel sad. For my mother—O my dear mother—but she is dead! She taught me to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.' I often wish I was there; but I am so wicked."

Well, James; your Father in heaven is calling on you to repent; and has opened the door of his kingdom, so that all who are like you, may come in and partake of his glory.

"Me?"

Yes, you!

"That is queer; I thought nobody but good folks went in there!"

Then you have been mistaken; for we are not all good in the kingdom, for in the kingdom will be found both wise and foolish virgins, until the coming of the king; and at that day he will say unto the wise, "Enter into my rest, but to the unwise, depart, for you have never known me." But, James, at that day I hope you will be found amongst those who are wise, for youth is the time to serve the Lord; and he has had recorded in his holy book, a great and glorious promise for just such rough and ready boys as you are.

"O, now!"

Yes, James, it is even so; and I want you, with all my young readers, to gain this glorious promise.—But before I tell you what it is, I will ask you a question:

What do you go to school for?

"To learn to read and write, that I may become a scholar."

Now, James, I think you will understand how it is we are not all good in the kingdom; it is because we are not all scholars, but are learning to become such, and we learn by degrees, just in the same way you learn your books, by paying attention to the rule that governs in the case. In the kingdom God gives grace for grace, here a little and there a little, and in your school your teacher gives lesson for lesson, and you progress just according to your own faithfulness and diligence in studying out the principles taught therein. So with the children of the kingdom; unless they are studious they will never become good scholars; then the king when he comes will be apt to pronounce them unwise virgins. But I want you to gain that glorious promise left on record, and all may, who choose to accept the terms, gain a right to this promise; but you must control that tongue of yours, and be careful of your words, always watching, that no improper words are spoken by it, for you should never speak a word you would be ashamed to utter before the angels of heaven, for when Jesus comes he will bring the angels with him, and they will not dwell with unholy people; therefore, James, you must

strive to break off from all of those bad words you have been guilty of saying, for all those who come into the kingdom must learn to work out their own salvation, and let their faith and works agree.

"O, I don't mind work, that's nothing; and when I set my mind to do any thing, I can do it."

Now James, that word encourages me; be steadfast, and you will surely gain the promise. You will find it recorded in Rev. 2: 7.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

You ask what you will gain by eating of the tree of life? You will gain one of the greatest blessings God can give unto His children—it is the gift of eternal life.

We read in the book of Genesis, that our father Adam, who was the first man, gave way to temptation, instead of hearkening unto all that God commanded him to do, and eat of the tree of good and evil, in contradistinction to the tree of life, and thereby became subject unto death, therefore death holds dominion over all his posterity until they overcome, for Adam lost his right to eat of the tree of life, and was sent forthwith out of the garden, "Lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat and live forever." But Jesus, blessed be his holy name. He came to restore that which was lost, and opened a new and living way, whereby every son and daughter of Adam, who will overcome as he overcame, can gain the right to eat of the tree of life; therefore he burst the barriers of the tomb, and rose triumphant from the dead, and lives forevermore, and says unto all men, "Follow me." Then my dear young readers strive to follow Jesus, for he overcame by obeying the law of his Father, and the children of the kingdom must overcome by obeying the law also,

"He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death." Rev. 2: 11.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." Rev. 21: 7.

Now these are some of those great and glorious promises which God has made unto all those who are willing to overcome.

"What does overcome mean?"

Overcome means to conquer; that is to conquer all your evil ways, and bridle all your unhallowed passions. To enable you to overcome, try and count all those words you are in the habit of speaking, that you know would be displeasing unto your heavenly Father. Never let one pass your lips without counting it, and should you have said ten words—

"Ten! why sometimes I say more than fifty."

O, well; we will not dispute about how many you have said, it will only take you a little longer to overcome, and if you were guilty of saying fifty yesterday, then say but forty-nine to-day, until you have overcome and say nothing but good ones, for our God is very kind and merciful unto all people, and when he comes, will not ask what we have said and done; but this will be the question;

Have you overcome?

But neither you nor any other person can overcome by their own strength. By grace you are saved; it is the gift of God, and all those who gain this heavenly gift, must "repent and be baptized for the remission of sins, and receive the gift of the Holy Ghost," by the laying on of the hands of those officers whom the Father has given power to induct into his kingdom, and having overcome, can eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. E.

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

ANTI-CHRIST KORIHOR.

When peace did o'er the Nephites reign,
An Anti-Christ among them came;
He plainly said, there was no God,
And all the prophets taught a fraud.
Many on his words believed,
And like himself, they were deceived.
He to the land of Jershon came,
And there began, to preach the same;
But Ammon's people being wise,
Did not heed his foolish cries,
But cast him from the land.
He then came o'er to Gideon,
And there began to preach to them.
But here he had not much success;
For Giddonah put him to the test,
Saying, why wilt thou pervert, the ways of the Lord,
But Korihor's heart was very hard,
He would e'en revile against the Lord.
So he was brought, by the officers' hand,
To the Governor of the land.
When before the Judge, and Alma, he stood,
He still went on to blaspheme God.
He did revile against the priests,
Saying, silly traditions do they teach.
Then Korihor unto Alma said,
Shew me a sign that there is a God,
Shew unto me the power of the Lord
And then will I believe thy word.
But Alma did: The earth and all things on the land,
Doth prove a supreme Creators hand.
And yet will ye still deny?
And he said, shew me a sign, or I will deny.
Deny once more, and a sign shall come;
For the Lord shall smite thee, and make thee dumb,
He denied once more, and the sign did come;
For the Lord did smite him, and make him dumb.
Then let us take heed from Korihor's fate
And repent of our sins ere it is to late.

MARGARET ARCHIBALD.

CENTERVILLE, Ia., October 15th, 1882.

JESSICA'S MOTHER.

Selected by Sr. Emma.

CHAPTER X.

FOR several days Daniel suffered great pain, but with such perfect peace and joy in his heart that it seemed as if he could scarcely realize or feel his bodily anguish. Jessica was with him constantly; and when he was free from pain, she read aloud to him, or talked with him of the heaven to which he was going, and which seemed to lie open to his gaze already, as one catches a glimpse from afar off of some beautiful country basking in the glory of a full noon-tide sunshine. The Chapel people came to see him, some of them in the carriages which of old used to set him pondering upon their riches; and they left him, marvelling that they had known so little of the religiousness of the man who had ushered them to their pews Sunday after Sunday. But as yet the minister had not visited him, though he had sent him word that as soon as it was possible he would come to see him.

The last day had arrived; both Daniel and Jessica knew that it was the last day, and she had not stirred from his side since morning; and still the minister had not come—had not been able to come to the death-bed of his old friend. For they were old friends, having met many times a week for a dozen years in the same Chapel; and since Jessica had drawn them closer together, the learned and eloquent preacher had cared for Daniel's illiterate soul; and the Chapel-keeper had learned to pick up some crumbs of nourishment from the great feast which the minister prepared week after week for his intellectual congregation. He had not been, but Daniel was undisturbed, and so, patient and peaceful, with a smile upon his lips when he met Jessica's wistful eyes, he waited for the last hour and the last moment to come.

Yet before it was too late, and before his eyes grew dim, and his tongue numbed with the chillness of death, the minister arrived, pale in face, and bowed down with weakness, and with a trembling voice which faltered often as he spoke. They clasped one another's hands, and looked into one another's faces with a strange recognition, as if both had seen further into the other world than they had ever done before, and then the minister sank feebly into the chair beside Daniel's pillow.

"I will rest here, and stay with you for an hour," he said.

"It is the last hour," answered Daniel.

"Be it so, replied the minister. "I too have looked death in the face."

They were silent for a little while, while the minister rallied his strength, and then he bent his head, his head only, for he was too feeble yet to kneel beside the dying man, and he poured forth a prayer to God from his inmost heart, but with hesitating lips, which no longer uttered with ready speech the thoughts which thronged to his brain. The Amen with which he ended was almost a groan.

"My power is taken from me," he said, "the Almighty has stricken me in the pride of my heart. I shall never more speak as I used to do, of his glory and majesty, and the greatness of his salvation."

"You can speak of his love," murmured Daniel.

"Yes," he answered, despondently, "but only as a child speaks. I shall never stir the hearts of the congregation again. My speech will be contemptible."

"Jessica, tell him what you and I have been talking about," said Daniel.

Jessica lifted up her face from the pillow, and turned it towards the minister, a smile struggling through her tears; and though her voice was unsteady to begin, it grew calm and clear before she had spoken many words.

"We were talking how he'd never be the Chapel-keeper any more, and go up into the pulpit to carry the books before you; and then we thought it was true, maybe, what the doctor says, that you'd never be well enough again to preach in such a big Chapel; and so we went on talking about the time we all shall be in heaven. We said perhaps God would give you more beautiful thoughts there, and grander words, and you'd still be our minister; and the angels 'ud come thronging up in crowds all about you and us to hearken to what you thought about Jesus Christ, and about God; and there'd be a great congregation again. Only whenever you were silent for a minute, we could look up, and see the Savior himself listening to us all."

Then the minister bowed his pale face upon his hands; but he did not answer a word.

"There's one thing still I want to say," said Daniel. "I've made my will, and left all I had to Jessica; but I don't know where she'll find a home. If you'd look out for her—"

"Jessica shall come home to me," interrupted the minister, laying his hand upon her's and Daniel's and clasping them both warmly.

"I'm a Christian man," whispered Daniel, "I know that I love God, and that he has made me something like himself. There's a verse about it in the Bible."

"Beloved," said the minister, "now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

There was no stammering of the minister's speech as he pronounced these words, and his face grew bright, as did the face of the dying man. Daniel's mind wandered a little, and he groped about, as in the dark, for the Bible, which lay upon the bed; and he murmured, "It's time to take up the books, for the congregation is waiting, and the minister is ready, I will take them up to heaven."

He spoke no more; but the Bible after a while fell from his hand; and Jessica, and the minister, looking upon his face, saw that in heaven he was beholding the face of the Father.

It proved true that the minister could never again preach a sermon such as in former times, when the people listened with strained attention, and he was to them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and playeth well on an instrument; but they heard his words and did them not. Yet he was a man of calmer happiness than before; and in his quiet country home, where sometimes of a Sunday he mounted the pulpit-steps of a little chapel,

and taught a simple congregation simple truths, he drew nearer day by day in spirit to the great congregation who were waiting for him, and before whom his lips should never more be silenced.

THE END.

JOHN SCOTT.

NOT our John Scott, the Superintendent of the Herald Office, but another man of the same name, and as his life shows the fruits of industry, I thought I would copy for you this short record, that perhaps it might prove an incentive to some Hope, that may consider their lot a hard one.

First let us hear the advice of W. M. Thackeray, "Might I give counsel to any young man, I would say to him, try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and in life, that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what great men admired; they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly."

Now for the story of our caption, which is as follows. There have been other illustrious instances of Lords Chancellors who have plodded up the steep of fame and honor with equal energy and success. The career of the late Lord Eldon is perhaps one of the most remarkable examples. He was the son of a Newcastle coal-fitter; a mischievous rather than a studious boy; a great scape-grace at school, and the subject of many terrible thrashings—for orchard-robbing was one of the favorite exploits of the future Lord Chancellor. His father first thought of putting him apprentice to a grocer, and afterwards had almost made up his mind to bring him up to his own trade of coal-fitter. But by this time his eldest son William (afterwards Lord Stowell), who had gained a scholarship at Oxford, wrote to his father, send Jack up to me, I can do better for him. John was sent up to Oxford accordingly, where, by his brother's influence and his own application, he succeeded in obtaining a fellowship. But when at home during the vacation, he was so unfortunate—or rather so fortunate, as the issue proved—as to fall in love; and running across the border with his eloped bride, he married, and, as his friends thought, ruined himself for life. He had neither house nor home when he married, and had not yet earned a penny. He lost his fellowship, and at the same time shut himself out from preferment in the church, for which he had been destined. He accordingly turned his attention to the study of the law. To a friend he wrote, I have married rashly; but it is my determination to work hard to provide for the woman I love. John Scott came up to London, and took a small house in Cursitor Lane, where he settled down to the study of the law. He worked with great diligence and resolution; rising at four every morning and studying till late at night, binding a wet towel round his head to keep himself awake. Too poor to study under a special pleader, he copied out three folio volumes from a manuscript collection of precedents. Long after, when Lord Chancellor, passing down Curistor Lane one day, he said to his Secretary; "Here was my first perch: many a time do I recollect coming down this street with sixpence in my hand to buy sprats for supper." When at length called to the bar he waited long for employment. His first year's earnings amounted to only nine shillings. For four years he assiduously attended the London Courts and Northern Circuit, with little better success. Even in his native town, he seldom had other than pauper cases to defend. The results were indeed so discouraging, that he had almost determined to relinquish his chance of London business, and settle down in some provincial town as a country barrister. His brother William wrote home. Business is dull with poor Jack, very dull indeed! But as he had escaped being a grocer, a coal-fitter, and country parson, so did he also escape being a country lawyer. An opportunity at length occurred which enabled John Scott to exhibit the large legal knowledge which he had so laboriously acquired. In a case in which he was engaged, he

urged a legal point against the wishes both of the attorney and client who employed him. The Master of the Rolls decided against him, but on an appeal to the House of Lords, Lord Taurslow reversed the decision on the very point that Scott had urged. On leaving the House that day a solicitor tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Young man, your bread and butter's cut for life." And the prophecy proved a true one. Lord Mansfield used to say that he knew no interval between no business and £3000 a year, and Scott might have told the same story; for so rapid was his progress, that in 1783, when only thirty-two he was appointed King's Counsel, was at the head of the Northern Circuit, and sat in Parliament for the borough of Weobley. It was in the dull but unflinching drudgery of the early part of his career that he laid the foundation of his future success. He won his spurs by perseverance, knowledge, and ability, diligently cultivated. He was successively appointed to the offices of Solicitor and Attorney-general, and rose steadily upwards to the highest office that the Crown had to bestow—that of Lord Chancellor of England, which he held for a quarter of a century.

Dear Hopes the broad inviting field of enterprize is full of rich rewards for those who will faithfully seek thereafter, and when the events of the present shall have been chronicled, your name may find a place therein. Let there be a steadfast, nobility of purpose, and success and victory will crown your undertaking. More anon.

ROBERT M. ELVIN.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. BELL was well as usual next day, only a trifle pale. No one spoke of the occurrence of the night before, and after the threshing was done, everything resumed its wonted quiet and serenity.

"School begins next week," remarked Addie, coming in from a walk one cool, bright evening.

"I'm so glad," replied Elsie, looking up from her book. The family were gathered in the favorite sitting room as usual.

"I knew you'd be," remarked Addie, laying aside her wraps and coming up to the fire. "Burt ought to be glad, too. But I don't suppose he is."

"Addie," began Mr. Russell, laying down his paper and raising his spectacles. "Addie, my daughter, this reckless practice of being out late evenings is very unpleasant to us. It is scarcely becoming to a young girl of refinement and culture."

Addie blushed brightly, tossed her head defiantly, and answered. "I don't care if it isn't. It's very pleasant to me, and there's no harm in it. Besides, I don't go alone."

"No company save a young, light headed girl like yourself," her father persisted. "Kathie Clausen is a good, quiet girl, and will be a comfort and joy to her parents if no one persuades her into folly and rashness."

"If that means me," flashed Addie angrily, "I may as well tell you that Kathie Clausen never went out for a walk or anywhere with me after sunset but once. Her mother forbade it.—As to my going alone, I have; but seldom returned alone. Some of my school-mates usually returned with me until lately. The night of the concert, you remember some weeks ago, when I couldn't persuade any one here—even Jonas, to go with me. I set out alone. Mr. Rumsey kindly walked home with me, and has done so several times since. I didn't ask him in because I knew, or thought I knew, that he wouldn't come; and because I expected you and mamma would find fault with me, as you always do of late."

Mrs. Russell looked grieved and bent her head to hide her tears. But her father was more vexed than sorrowed.

"Adelaide," very sternly, "you know that you are often obstinate and disobedient of late. And where have you been so long to-night. It troubles us

much to feel that you are growing so reckless and careless."

"Humph!" and she tossed her head saucily. "You were very willing to have Mr. Rumsey for a prospective son-in-law, years ago. Guess he isn't a very dangerous escort."

"Say, Ad," cried Burt, who had somehow kept silent till this moment, "thought you didn't use to like him at all. I did. Wish he'd come here like he used to."

"He wouldn't buy you with candy and bon bons now, if he did," answered Addie. Victoria was putting away her work. The conversation was anything but pleasant to her. Addie did not notice, in fact did not care. She went on. "There was a Bible lecture at the school-house to-night, and then Mr. Rumsey drove me over to his place, Heatherglade, that I might see it by moonlight. Oh but it is lovely! A veritable paradise."

"Guess you didn't stay till the lecture was finished, did you," queried Burt. "'Cause it's a long ways over to Heatherglade."

"O yes we did," she replied. "It was only an introduction—a beginning, of a series of Bible lectures. But here. The speaker gave me his card," laying it on the table beside her father.

He lowered his glasses and read, "M. Randolph," in a bewildered way.

"My brother?" cried Naomi Bell in questioning surprise.

"Max! Uucle Max!" exclaimed Elsie, clapping her hands. "Oh where is he now?"

"He went home with a friend in Linden Station. I asked him to come here, but he said not to-night," returned Addie. "I didn't know him at first, till I heard some one say his name was Randolph. Then I looked to see if I recognized. I knew it wasn't George, and hardly thought it was Max. He wears heavy beard and mustache, and looks older and more thoughtful. But it was he; and after the lecture I spoke to him as he passed me. Of course he didn't know me till I told him. He gave me his card and sent ever so much love to his sister and niece, and so forth.

"I'm part of 'and so forth,' I presume," returned Burt. "And papa and mamma and Vic.—Where is Vic? She was here a minute ago. Gone to bed mighty sudden."

She had gone silently without waiting for family worship, as was her custom, and no one had seen her; no one save Addie who chatted all the time she furtively watched Victoria, and noticed how she started and grew pale at the mention of Max Randolph's name, then softly but swiftly went out through the side door that led into the dining room. This, Addie knew was to escape observation. And she made no remark, only wondered as she had years before, what was between Max and Victoria.

"Yes," Addie went on, "he's going to deliver a series of lectures, and I intend to hear every one. Mr. Rumsey had no idea whom he was going to hear, else he hadn't been there. I told him I was sincerely glad; he was too narrow minded and prejudiced for a man of his sense and judgment."

"Why, Addie," cried her mother, "how dared you, a mere girl, talk so to a staid, middle aged man, Ralph Rumsey of all others?"

"Because I thought it. Why not talk to him as an equal when he places himself on a level with me, by becoming my escort," and Addie looked innocently down at Bunch who lay asleep on a rug at her feet.

"Humph!" And Mr. Russell shut the silver case of his glasses with a sharp, nervous click. "Escort, indeed? Pretty performance, truly. He surely didn't mean anything by driving you home. Only a simple act of kindness, and fatherly interest in the daughter of his old friend."

"Well, returned Addie, "no one disputes that. It was fatherly care which induced him to drive me over to Heatherglade, I presume. I appreciated the kindness, any way, and enjoyed the ride and the view immensely, if he is old enough to be my papa,

though not half as handsome and noble looking." Burying the toe of her kid boot in Bunch's white woolly coat.

Mr. Russell was mollified in spite of himself by the closing remarks of the artful damsel. "Well, child enough. Don't let it happen again. It never will do."

"Now, papa, please don't say that. I promised him *sure* I'd go with him to-morrow night to hear the second lecture, if—"

"There are no (if's) about it, Adelaide, you can't go. So there," and her father brought his hand down on the table decidedly.

"But you didn't wait to hear me through," she replied, meekly; "promised, if he'd bring his big carriage and take the rest of you, too. Isn't that all proper?"

"But he wont," cried Burt. "He hasn't been here for years and years. Not since Vic and he—" here he paused, fearing to be chided by some one.

"Yes he will," Addie answered confidently.

And so he did. It seemed so strange—yet pleasant—for John Russell, to have his old friend once more on friendly terms. And Addie, her father, Burt, Naomi Bell and Elsie went in his handsome carriage to the lecture. It was a happy evening for Mrs. Bell, who had only seen her brother once for near five years. Still, no amount of persuasion from Addie or her father could induce him to come to the Manor with them.

"Whatever is the secret between Vic and Max?" asked Addie of Mr. Rumsey in a low tone, as they were driving homeward. "And *why* wont he come to our house and visit his sister?"

"He wont come *because* there's a secret between them," he replied.

The next night, and the three following, till the close of the lectures on Sunday evening with a most feeling, and impressive gospel sermon, Mr. Rumsey drove Addie to the school-house—Addie alone. The good people of the Manor occupying their own family carriage. Victoria went with them this last night. Never before. After service Max greeted his friends as usual, giving a silent hand clasp to Victoria.

"You'll go home with us to-night, wont you dear Uncle Max," pleaded Elsie sweetly and timidly. "You said you were going away in the morning. And I want to show you my birth-day present." Max did not reply for a moment, glancing first at Victoria, then at her father. Her face was white—very white, and she turned away. Whether from displeasure or pain, he could not determine. Then he remembered that staying away was more noticeable and strange in him than going; once at least. So when Mr. Russell again begged him to go, he replied, "I will, thank you."

A PARABLE.

"Oh dear me," sighed Willie, a bright little five year old, one Sunday morning, "I wish there was no Sunday, so I could play with my toys."

"Does any body want to hear a story?" said the voice of a good old man.

"I do! so do I! and I!"

"Well then, listen. Once there was a very poor man, passing a neat looking place, when he caught sight of seven large, fine apples on one of the trees. Presently the rich man of the house came out, and seeing the poor man looking so longingly at the apples, he said in a kindly voice, 'I will give you a part of my fruit.' A gleam of joy shot across the pale face of the poor man, as the rich man handed him six of the apples. 'I have kept one for myself,' said the rich man. Do you think the poor man was grateful for the kindness of the rich man? No! but when the rich man was gone he went and took the other apple. Now my children, what do you think of this poor man."

"He was a very wicked man," said Willie, solemnly.

"God has given us six days to play in," said the old man, "but this does not satisfy some little boys,

they want all the days, and don't want God to have any."

Willie took the hint and never said anything against Sunday any more. I hope all little boys will take the hint, and learn to love God's day. I will give you all the following advice: avoid bad company, and saying and hearing bad words. Wherever you can do the least good, do it. The tongue is the root of all evil.

Selected by Sr. Lilly Burr.

RUBY'S COBWEBS.

"Look up! Ruby, look up!" said Aunt Katie gently, as Ruby steadily plied the broom in her cosey little sitting-room. "I like to see you digging out the corners and sweeping so nicely along the edges, but don't be like the man with the muck-rake, always turning your eyes downward. Look up, and you'll see some hideous cobwebs festooning the other-wise clean, pleasant room."

Ruby's eyes went up to the ceiling at Aunt Katie's words, while her broom quickly followed.

"I never thought much about cobwebs, auntie," she said, as she ran her broom round the room, taking down the ugly festooning. "I don't call them hideous, though."

"I do," said auntie, "for I am always certain, when I see cobwebs in a house, that somebody in that house is not neat; and of course it must be either the mistress or the maiden who sweeps."

Ruby blushed a little at auntie's plain words, but she was her truest, best-loved friend since her mamma went to the home above; so she only laughed and said,

"Well, auntie, as I am both mistress and maid, I shall certainly have to plead guilty this time, but we'll see if I do again."

Auntie smiled as she continued,

"There is another thing. Cobwebs make me think of some of our sins, besetting sins they are too, sometimes, like pride and selfishness. They don't come to the front and get right before us all the time, like our naughty tempers, and so get swept out of the way. They hang up in the corners and dark places of our hearts, where we don't mind them, but where they make our whole lives unclean and unlovely. If we would but look up more, towards he light that cometh down from above, we should see these cobwebs of our pride and selfishness, and, by God's grace, work away at them, till they should no more make our lives unclean and hateful."

"Thank you, auntie," said Ruby; "it is a good text and a good little sermon, and I'll try and remember."

Letters from the Hopes.

CENTERVILLE, Appanoose County, Iowa,

October 15th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—As this is Sunday, and I have not the privilege of attending Sunday School, nor church, I thought I would write a few lines to our dear little paper, and answer some of Bro. Gerber's questions asked in the *Hope* for October the 1st. He asks, What is the name of a certain man in the Book of Mormon, who, by the power of God, was made dumb, because he denied the existence of God, and wished to see a sign? His name was Korihor. It is found in Alma, sixteenth chapter, from the second to the twelfth verse. He asks, What signs did a servant of God tell him were enough to prove God's existence; and what was the name of that servant? That servant's name was Alma. In the 7th verse we find, "And Korihor said unto Alma, if thou wilt shew me a sign, that I may be convinced that there is a God, yea, shew unto me that he hath power, and then will I be convinced of the truth of thy words. But Alma said unto him, thou hast had signs enough; will ye tempt your God? Will ye say, Shew unto me a sign, when ye have the testimony of all these thy brethren, and also all the holy prophets? The scriptures are laid before thee, yea, and all things denote there is a God; yea, even the earth, and all things that are upon the face of it, yea, and its motion; yea, and also all the planets which move in their

regular form, doth witness that there is a Supreme Creator; and yet do ye go about leading away the hearts of this people, testifying unto them there is no God? And yet will ye deny against all these witnesses? And he said, yea, I will deny, except ye shall shew me a sign." Alma, 16th chapter and 7th verse. Dear Hopes: please read the eighth verse, and see what the sign was that he received. Let us be watchful, and prayerful, lest we, "Like many of the Nephites" should be led astray, by those who shall pervert the ways of the Lord in the last days. "For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; in so much that if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." Matthew 24th chapter and 24th verse.

Dear Hopes: I think it does us good to ask and answer questions, therefore I will ask a few. In what year did the prophet Samuel, "the Lamanite," come unto the land of Zarahemla? How many years did he say should pass, before the Son of God should come to redeem all those, who would believe on his name? How old was Jesus, "according to the records of the Nephites," when he was crucified? And what prophet foretold the signs of his crucifixion? With love to all the hopes, I remain your sister in gospel bonds,

MARGARET ARCHIBALD.

REESE CREEK, Montana Ty.,

October 13th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write a few lines for the first time I have ever written, but I hope it will not be the last. I was baptized three years ago last August, and one brother, mother and father, are members.

We have had Sunday School here all Summer, and meetings every Sunday. I often think of you all and think how pleasant it would be to meet you; but we know that it may never be our privilege in this life; we have a promise that if we are faithful we shall meet one day where all shall be joy and peace. That will be a glorious time. How earnestly we should strive to serve our Heavenly Father, who has given us such promises, and we know that his promises are true, if we do our part. Dear Hopes, let us strive to do all the good we can; work for the Lord and we shall receive our reward. Pray for me, that I may be faithful to the end.

Your sister in the gospel,

LOUISA ANN WORWOOD.

PRINCEVILLE, Illinois,

October 17th, 1882.

Dear Hope:—I do not belong to the Church, but I hope to some day. We do not have meetings here now, but I hope we will soon. I am always glad when the little *Hope* comes. I like the story of Maplewood Manor. I have not been baptized yet, but I am going to be when some of our Elders come. Dear Hopes, have any of you seen the comet? I have seen it three mornings. I think it is beautiful.

Your friend,

JULIA M. BENJAMIN.

BROOKS, Maine,

September 30th, 1882.

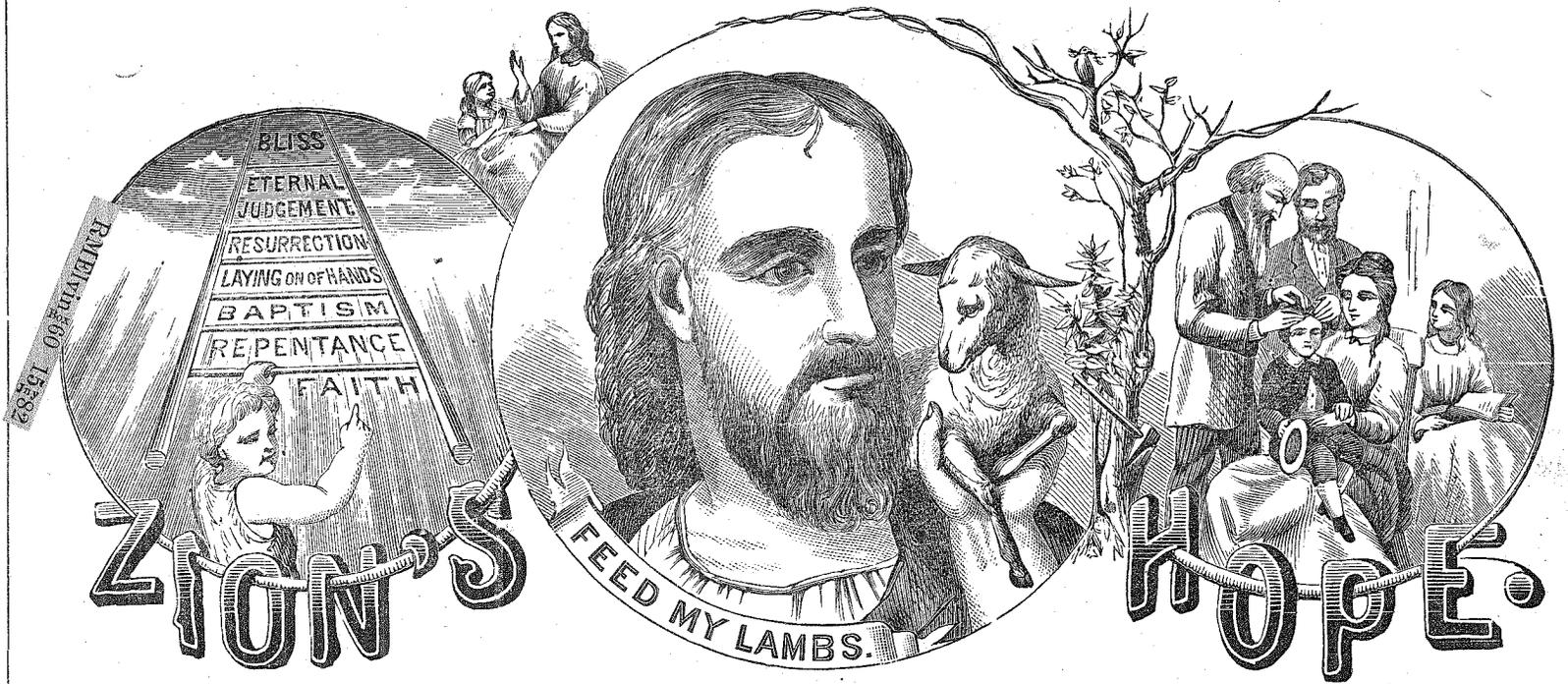
Dear Hopes:—I am a little over eleven years old, and love to go to the Saints' meetings; and felt unhappy when away, not by my wish, but circumstances of traveling, &c. I love all of God's people, and my parents; and copy a piece for the *Hope's* puzzle column and if my dear Bro. Joseph will open the puzzle column to the little Hopes, I will do my part to put in a puzzle. Pray for me. I have brothers and sisters in Jesus, but none who know him here. I feel alone yet God careth for me.

A. TARRAR.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

On and after January 6th, 1883, the HERALD will be printed every week, same size as now, at \$2.50 per year. We trust that each reader will endeavor to send in at least one new subscriber, and thus help on the good work of the Lord.

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

VOL. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, DECEMBER 1, 1882.

No. 11.

THE HOPE'S MISSION.

Fly little Hope, and your mission fulfill;
Speed on in triumph, we'll pray for you still;
The mountains afar shall lift up their voice,
And exiles from home shall hear and rejoice.

Go, little Hope, for the harvest is near;
The reapers will come and the Savior appear;
The harp that was broken shall yet sweetly ring,
The daughters of Judah return to their king.

Go seek the lost, who have wandered from God,
Bring them to walk in the strait narrow road;
The day is but short and it soon will be o'er,
Then cometh the night when none can work more.

Go, little Hope scatter smiles on your way,
Like the beams of the morning on frost land-scape play,
Contented be not till your mission is through;—
And now, little Hope, for the present, Adieu.

LIZZIE SCOTT.

WHAT CAN A CHILD DO.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—I wish to show you how you in your early days can be useful in the cause of God. I think I hear you ask the question, What can a child do?

I am going to tell you; sit down and listen attentively. A few days ago the earth was parched and dry, and many thought the crops of corn, wheat and potatoes would suffer for want of rain. The sky was bright and clear, and the sun's rays and dry winds were parching up the ground, when lo! a small cloud not bigger than a man's hand, made its appearance in the bright blue heavens. Some looked upon it as a sign of rain, others thought it was too little to bring any rain; but the little cloud kept sailing higher in the air, and seemed to increase in size, as though it had the power to gather all the vapors around it, and soon other clouds were seen floating in the sky, and sailing toward the first little cloud, as though it had waked them up, and they wanted to see what it had called them for; and soon they were all united and formed one large cloud which seemed to cover the whole heavens, and then little pearly drops of water came down, gently at first, as if to prepare the earth for the mighty shower that was about to descend. Soon the pearly drops came down so thick and fast that the ground was covered with water, and the plants and flowers that were about to die, began to raise their drooping heads. The wheat and corn revived and grew, and everything looked fresh and green, and those who thought their crops were all going to die, took fresh courage, and thoughts of gratitude to God took the place of fearful thoughts of grim visaged famine and hunger; in fine, those millions of little pearly drops made all nature smile again, and brightened its radiant coat of many

colors. So you see small thin vapory particles made a little cloud—the little cloud gathered other vapors, or small particles of moisture, which soon descended to the earth, not in one sweeping cloud, but in small drops of water, which had the effect to revive the whole earth, and bless both man and beast. This is an example of little means doing great good.

The great ocean, that sustains millions of living things, and bears thousands of great ships upon its bosom, is composed of small drops of water. This mighty globe that we live upon is composed of very small particles of matter, and yet it sustains unnumbered millions of beings. All the vast beauty and grandeur we see upon all the face of the earth, is derived from the ten thousand infinitely small and varied hues we see in the grasses, plants and flowers, painted by the action of the sun's rays, which rays are composed of the tiniest particles of light, so small that you could not think it possible for such to be. Yet from such small means what mighty results. Yes, says one little reader, "but God made all these, and He makes them do all this good; but what can I do, I am but a child?"

True my dear, and the same God made you, and He gave all these things for your good; and do you not think He would make you as capable of doing good as the creatures that are to be your servants?

Now let me give you a few examples of how children can do good. You remember reading of Jeremiah the prophet, he was only a child like you when he went to teach the people of Israel the law of the Lord, and warned them of the evils that would come upon them if they did not turn and serve the Lord; yet his words were very mighty, and made many hearts glad no doubt, while others would not hear, but went on in their disobedience until the Lord sent the evils upon them which Jeremiah had spoken of.

Samuel was a child, and ministered before the Lord in the tabernacle or holy place. Timothy was a child, and searched the holy scriptures, which by the grace of God made him wise unto salvation.

In the Book of Mormon we read of Nephi son of Lehi, who though a child in years, was obedient to the will of the Lord, and was made the instrument in the hands of the Lord in bringing their whole family from the land doomed to destruction to a land of peace and plenty, guiding them by the wisdom of God through the pathless wilderness to the mighty waters, and here he was prepared, through his early devotion to God, to receive instructions to build a ship, in which they might cross the mighty waters in safety, and by the power of God he brought them safe across the mighty deep, and

established them in the land promised to the house of Joseph many hundreds of years before, where they became a great nation; and by his faithfulness in his childhood, and in old age, he secured eternal favors for himself and his posterity and all who would serve God upon this land.

We also have examples in our day which are worthy of imitation. Joseph Smith, when a boy about fourteen years of age, turned his mind to seek after God. He sought Him diligently until he had found Him, for while he was praying in the deep woods, an angel of the Lord appeared unto him, telling him his sins were forgiven, and he was called to be an instrument to bring about the eternal purposes of Jehovah in these last days in the establishment of His kingdom. From that time he set himself at work earnestly for God, and finally was the means in His hands of establishing a church of six members, and spreading the glorious gospel from his homestead to many parts of the earth, which had not known before the gospel of Jesus Christ in its power and beauty. As in the days of Jesus, the sick were healed; the heart-broken made to rejoice, and thousands and tens of thousands rejoiced in the gifts of the Holy Spirit, as made known in the apostles' days, through the instrumentality of this poor, unlearned, but God fearing boy.

I once knew a poor boy who in his childhood was like Samuel, dedicated to the Lord by his pious mother, and his youthful mind was led to seek after Him, in humble prayer, determined to devote his days to doing good. When his youthful daily task was over, he often spent his time in visiting the poor and the aged, reading words of comfort and hope to them from the Bible, and in trying to persuade the young to serve the Lord, and endeavoring in his simple way to show them the necessity of devoting their lives to God. Many an hour that others passed in sleep, he used to pass in reading God's word, and praying that He might make him an instrument in doing good. While others sought the haunts of wickedness, to revel in sin, he sought the abodes of the poor and the aged, that he might fill his mission upon the earth, and bless his fellow man. Since that day he has traveled thousands of miles, both by sea and land to do good to his fellow men, but the good that his feeble boyish labors have done, eternity must tell.

There is still one example more bright than all the rest, which must close this article. It is that of the ever adorable Jesus, our great Redeemer. His early history, as given in the Bible, is very brief, but enough is given to show that His early life was spent in doing good; for it is said: "The child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and

the grace of God was upon him." This could not have been the case if his youthful days had been devoted to folly, or even if they had been passed in idleness, hence we know that His early days were spent in doing good. It is the seeking after and the practicing of good that brings evidence and the favor of God. Jesus did this, hence at twelve years old we find him prepared to teach the learned doctors things which they never knew, and when His parents found him, He said: "Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Think you that the learned were all that He sought to bless? "He taught the ignorant the way of true happiness to know, and how the vilest sinner may escape eternal woe." He cheered the downcast, relieved the oppressed, instructed the ignorant, soothed the pains of the wounded, and was a friend to the friendless. No wonder that He grew in favor both with God and men! The good *must* love him, for He did good.—The bad could hardly hate him, for He sought to bless them. My dear children, will you copy His example, and devote your early life to doing good? God will help you as willingly as He helped Jesus; He will bless all your efforts be they ever so small; but remember it will require some sacrifice even from you, as well as it did from Jesus, but the things you are called to sacrifice are the vain and foolish pleasures of sin, and what you get in return are the joys of heaven and a crown of glory at the right hand of the blessed Redeemer. Despise not the day of small things; neither be afraid of exercising your little powers of doing good, loving words, good deeds. Earnest prayers, although from youthful lips and hearts, will, like the little cloud and the pearl drops of rain, do great good, so great that only eternity can comprehend it.—Doing good will write your name among the good and the great of all ages and nations, and secure you a crown of glory that will never fade away. Let the aim of your life be to do good. Y.

THE COLOSSEUM.

THE Colosseum is one of the most striking objects among the ruins of ancient Rome. It was originally built by Vespasian and Titus, in the first century of the Christian era; and was used by them and their successors for great popular shows, and combats of men and wild beasts. Destroyed by fire during the reign of the Emperor Macrinus, it was rebuilt, with even greater magnificence, by Alexander Severus, and has remained to this day a monument of the vigor and glory of the old Roman Empire. It is in the form of an ellipse. The greatest length is about six hundred and twelve feet, and the greatest breadth, about five hundred and fifteen feet. Its external walls were about one hundred and eighty feet high. Around the arena, which was about two hundred and fifty feet long, by one hundred and fifty wide, rose tiers of seats one above the other, which would accommodate 87,000 people. There was standing room besides for 15,000 more. Not unfrequently, we are told, more than 100,000 were present at the gladiatorial shows. Indeed, so great was the interest to see these combats, that thousands of people would go the evening before, and stay in the Colosseum all night, for the sake of getting good seats.

As will be seen by the picture, the Colosseum is now only a great pile of ruins. During the middle ages, it was a sort of quarry from which materials were taken to build churches and palaces. On but one side do its walls rise to their original height. Still, the old building is majestic in its mighty proportions. There is scarcely a more impressive sight than that had at night in this great building, when the light of the full moon falls on its neglected walls and into its long-unused arena. It takes little effort of the imagination, at such a time, to people it again with Emperors and noble ladies and noisy crowds, eager to see what is going on in the arena below.

To the Christian heart, the Colosseum is especially interesting, because here many of the early mar-

tyrs suffered and died for Christ. Not a few, for Christ's sake, were torn to pieces by wild beasts within these walls. In memory of this fact, the Roman Catholic Church has erected a Cross and Altar in the arena, and worship is often offered where once the gladiator fought, and the cry of blood-thirsty lions and tigers was heard. Let us hope that the day will yet come when a purer gospel will be preached in this relic of heathen antiquity, and its old galleries resound with songs of praise to Christ.

GRANDMA'S SUNDAY

Tell you about the Sundays,
When I was a little girl?
When my hair, like yours was golden,
And hung in many a curl?

In those old-fashioned days, dear,
The Sabbath seemed begun
On Saturday, for resting came
Near setting of the sun.

The house was clean and peaceful,
And all the work was o'er;
The very broom was hanging up
Behind the kitchen door.

And then when Sunday morning came,
'Twas not like other days:
The sun seemed shining down on us
With softer, brighter rays.

And did we go to Sunday School?
O, yes, and had to say
Much longer Bible-lessons
Than children have to-day;

Whole chapters we would "learn by heart"
(I see your eyes are wide);
We did not stop at Golden Texts—
And catechism beside.

Then to the meeting-house we went,
In sunshine or in shower;
And we must sit the sermon through
The long, old-fashioned hour.

And that was God's own house to me,
A sacred, reverent place—
I think, my dear, that children now
Are lacking in this grace.

I think that I was glad to hear
The fervent, last Amen;
But I thought our minister the best,
And holiest of men.

And when we turned us home again
(The elder folks before),
We spoke not of the music,
But the sermon was talked o'er.

Oh, yes, it all was different,
And not like modern ways;
But I know we kept the Sabbath,
In those old-fashioned days.

Selected.

THE CONVICT'S CHILD.

A TRUE AND DEEPLY AFFECTING STORY.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

It was early morning.

"Is this the way, sir, to Sing Sing?"*

"Yes," roughly replied a broad-faced countryman, and passed on.

It was afternoon. The child was somewhat fragile in her appearance. Her bonnet was of broken straw, her shoes were much torn; the sun played hotly on her forehead. She walked on and on an hour longer.

"Is this the way to Sing Sing, sir?"

"Yes, little girl, but what are you going there for?"

The child trudged on, her lips quivering, but not deigning to answer the pleasant-faced old man who had stopped the jogging of his horse to note her hurried manner, and who liked that little face, anxious and sad as its expression was.

The dew was fallen. Katie had fallen, too, almost. A rough stone by the way, imbedded in moss, received her tired little frame. She looked so worn and tired, sitting there, her tangled hair falling on her hands that were clasped over her face. By the

* Sing Sing is the name of a large Penitentiary, near New York City.

shaking of her frame the tears were coming, too, and she was bravely trying to hold them back.

"Why, what is the dear little girl doing here?" The exclamation came from a pair of young lips.

"A curiosity, I declare!" exclaimed a harsher voice, and Katie, looking up suddenly, cowered away from the sight of the young lady and her agreeable looking companion.

"Whatever are you doing here, little girl!" asked Nell Maywood, moving a little nearer toward the frightened child.

"Going, Miss, to Sing Sing," said Katie.

"Why, George! this child is going to Sing Sing—ten miles off. Child, did you know it was so far off?"

Kate shook her head, and wiped away the hot and heavy tears, one by one.

"Why, you little goose, what are you going to Sing Sing for? Have you had your supper?"

Katie shook her head.

"Have you had any dinner?"

Again the child shook her head.

"No breakfast. Why, George, the poor thing must be almost starved!"

"I should think so," mechanically replied her brother, just recovering from a yawn, and showing signs of sympathy.

"Look here, what's your name? Well, girl you must come up to the house and get something to eat. Follow me, and we'll take care of you to-night somehow, and see about your going to Sing Sing to-morrow."

Katie followed. What a glorious vision burst upon her view! The palatial house; the rocks reddening in the low western sun; the shining river; the signs of luxury on every hand.

"Susan, give this child a good supper; she is hungry, and tired, too, I imagine. After that I will see what can be done for her."

Susan wore a mild face. She looked pleasantly down at the poor, tired little one, and taking her hand, which trembled now, led her back into the kitchen.

Meanwhile her story, or that brief part of it which we know, was being told in the drawing-room. The sylph-like figure in white, lounging gracefully in the midst of delicate cushions, accompanied her narration with expressive gestures, and now and then a little laugh.

"I should like to know what she is going to Sing Sing for!" she said, leaning languidly back. "We must look her up something to wear—a bonnet, a pair of shoes, and then may be we can manage to have her carried some distance. O! such an odd little thing."

"Who is that, my daughter?"

"O, papa, you are come home! Why, I was talking of a little mite of a child; she can't be more than ten, if that. I saw her out here sitting on a moss rock, the most forlorn object. She says she is going to Sing Sing."

"I met her on my way," said the pleasant-faced old man, "she asked me about it and I would have stopped her, but she trudged on. Where is she? It was noon when I saw her."

"In the kitchen, papa. Susan is taking good care of her, I think, and when she has had a hearty supper we will talk with her."

A gay trio of young girls came in. The nettings were put up, the gas was burning brightly, and music and mirth banished all thoughts of care. Suddenly Nell Maywood remembered the odd little figure, and clapping her hands, cried, "O, I've something to show you, girls!" and disappeared.

Susan was picking gooseberries near the pantry in the kitchen.

"Where is the child, Susie!" asked Nell Maywood.

"On the doorstep, Miss."

"Why, no, Susan, there's nobody to be seen."

"No! Miss." Susan placed her pan down, held her apron up to catch the stems of the berries and walked deliberately to the door.

"Why, she sat there sometime after supper, I turned and came in; she was sitting there, looking up, up at the stars, I expect. I thought she was a mighty quiet child, but she's deep, deep, Miss Nelly; she's gone. Let me see, there ain't any silver around—I should be afeared she'd took something; they're mighty artful."

"Why, didn't you tell her she might stay all night?" Nell Maywood was peeping here and there, to spy her if possible.

"Yes, Miss Nell, and told her what a good bed there was over the woodshed; but she looked strange out of them large eyes of hers."

"The poor child is in trouble," said Nell, quite sorrowful that she could not further relieve her necessities. "I'd have given her something to wear, and we could have sent her to Sing Sing; and perhaps she will come back again—if so, will you send her to me?"

"If she do I will, Miss," answered Susan, going at the gooseberries again.

But little Kate did not come back. She had been watching her opportunity to get off, and had already been gone some time. She slept in an open field; crawled in some hay; she would have walked all night if she had dared, but she was afraid of the darkness.

THE APPLE TREE BY THE BROOK.

It was a time of drought. The ground was baked and cracked, the grasses were crisp under the feet, and the grapes dried up on the vines. The apples, too, looked pinched and withered on the trees.

"But, father," said Louis, "you ought to come down and see that old red-streaked apple tree. It would do you good. It is just loaded down with apples, and they're as large and round and juicy as ever they were. The tree hasn't withered a bit; I wonder what the reason is; all the rest are dried up."

"Any of the trees would do as well," said father, "if they stood where that one does, right on the edge of a never-failing brook."

"Is that it?" exclaimed Louis. "I did not think."

"Yes, the thousand little rootlets run out towards the water, and drink in the moisture all the time. The water soaks into the ground for quite a distance, and though the brook gets low in such a dry season, the tree has enough moisture to feed it, and will bear fruit in abundance when the other trees all give out. Wouldn't you like to be always as flourishing as that tree, my boy?"

"Yes, indeed, father, if I only knew how."

"You will find it all laid down plainly in the first Psalm. Keep out of bad company, and delight yourself in the Bible. Study it, and meditate on it day and night. Let everything you do be done just as the Bible tells you. The Psalmist says of such a one, 'He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.' Think of these Bible men when you look at the apple tree down by the brook, and remember that the way to grow up a Bible man is to be a Bible boy now. It is this that makes the great difference between people in this world, and all the difference in the world to come.—*Morning Light.*

THE STUDY OF GEOLOGY.

THERE is no more fascinating study in the whole realm of science, than that of Geology. It is in the prosecution of this study we learn how God built up the earth, and the wonderful changes his creative energy has wrought. Geology traces the upward steps along which we see life advancing, from the mosses and mollusks of the earliest eras to the flora of our own time, and man. It is impossible for even the dullest mind to read the record scholars have been able to make from studying the fossils and rocks of the various Geological ages, without being

intensely interested by them. The effects of the study will generally be found to be good. A few, under the lead of atheistic scientists, may be drawn from the faith; but the great majority will find their confidence in God's Word increased, and their love uplifted towards him who, in his infinite love and wisdom, has built up so wonderful a home for man.

In the accompanying engraving we present a picture of the forests of the Carboniferous era, when the great coal-fields, which now yield their black diamonds for man's use, were formed. During that era, large tracts of the earth were partially covered with water. Out of these great marshes, immense palm-like trees grew and fell in matted confusion. Great animals, not unlike our crocodiles, swam in the pools which everywhere abounded, or dragged themselves through the dense undergrowth and slime. The moist air teemed with insect-life. The scene must have been wild and desolate. And yet God was then, and had been for a long time, working out his purpose of good to man. Read the story of the rocks, young friends. It will do you infinitely more good than the best sensational novel that ever was written. If you do not believe this, try some of Hugh Miller's or Prof. Dana's books, and test the matter for yourselves. You will find yourselves amply repaid for your toil.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN her childish eagerness, Elsie could scarcely wait till morning came. Mistaking moonlight for day, she sprang from her bed three times, during the night, to lie down again with a fluttering sigh of disappointment. At last the golden glory of dawn lighted the eastern horizon, and Elsie hastily robed herself, bowed in silent prayer and praise, then tripped softly down the stairs, and out into the lawn. Here Max met her, with a smiling salutation, and taking her hand, turned and walked with her down the flagged path under the swaying trees, toward the highway.

"I thought I was the first to arise," ventured Elsie, looking up timidly into his face, for he was almost a stranger, this tall, handsome, grave-faced uncle of hers.

"Did you?" he replied kindly. "Well you were not, you see! And there is the man at the barn, feeding the stock, too. And a smoke in the kitchen chimney, betokens some one there, also."

"Is Jonas at the barn?" she returned. "Then I can show you my beautiful present. Come."

"A birthday present, I think you said little Elsie! And you keep it at the barn? How is that?" queried her Uncle.

"Oh you'll see!" and she hurried him down the path and across to the stable door.

"O Jonas!" she cried breathlessly, to the good natured 'Yankee boy,' (as he styled himself, though he was past thirty), and who was just going in with an armful of hay. "Will you please to bring out Minnehaha?"

"She's busy now," he sung out, as he disappeared in the semi-darkness within. "Hasn't finished her breakfast. Can't disturb her majesty, for a little while."

Elsie hesitated. "Perhaps we'd better wait, then. You'll not go away till afternoon, will you?" looking up with shy appeal.

"Oh yes, little girl," he answered. "I must leave here by nine, to catch the 10:40 train at Linden.—But who and what is Minnehaha? Some four foot, I judge. But which? Bovine, or equine? For I see there are cattle and horses both in the great stable there?"

"Wait till you see her," smiled Elsie, permitting him to lead her toward the house again. Noticing the blue volume of smoke above the tree tops, "Guess Victoria's got a cheery fire in the kitchen. Let's go in there and warm. I'm chilly. I don't get up so early usually."

"Victoria is cook, is she!" he asked. "That's strange. I thought your mother was retained here as general help."

"She is general help," the child answered. "But far from being used like a servant, either she or I. And Victoria treats mamma as if she were a sister. They're all so good and kind."

"God be praised for that," he said softly, reverently. "Victoria is a noble woman.—They are all good and honorable,—but she has the grandest, highest, purest soul of any."

Elsie looked at him curiously as he spoke. "Yes, Uncle, but did you ever know her before you came out to granpa's, so long ago? I remember mamma and I were here and helped make sugar. Mamma did, rather. Guess I only helped to hinder, I was so small."

Max did not reply for a minute. "Why do you ask, Elsie, dear? Did she ever say anything of the kind? Victoria, I mean. Does she ever speak of me?" He seemed to wait anxiously for her answer. She wondered at his strange manner.

"No, Uncle Max, I never heard her mention your name as I remember. And I can't tell why I thought you and Victoria friends; only somehow it seemed so."

They were at the door now, so the conversation ended.

And what do you think it was?—that mysterious birthday present. Just the prettiest, sleekest, gentlest little cream colored pony, with long, glossy, black mane and tail; docile and dove-like and already so fond of Elsie that she would follow her at call anywhere. A pony bought of a man from Dakota by Mr. Russell, and presented to the little girl on her eleventh birthday. So she named her pet Minnehaha and felt prouder and happier in the knowledge of her possession, than did her benefactor, owner of all the broad acres of the grand old estate of Maplewood Manor.

The hours sped on, and it was almost time for Max to go. He was pale and nervous, Addie thought, as she watched him furtively. "I do wonder what mystery there is unsolved. Wonder if I can't manage to fathom their secret." She had just come into the sitting room from the library where she had left Victoria, dusting and arranging the books and furniture as was her custom. Addie knew where every other member of the household was at the moment, and believed that the library would be a nice place for a friendly tete-a-tete (a confidential chat, pronounced tate-ah-tate). Her dark eyes sparkled mischievously as she walked over to the window where Max Randolph was standing, idly gazing across the tree girt hills.

"You have seen Mr. Rumsey's beautiful homestead, have you not?" clasping her little hands demurely. "You haven't? Well, it lies away to the south yonder. Where those two hillsides slope down toward the valley you see a dim line of landscape between here and beyond? That is the northern limit of Heatherglade. On the veranda, the view is clearer." Throwing open the great French window and stepping out. Max could do no less than follow. Mr. and Mrs. Russell were pained by what seemed Addie's want of maiden modesty, not knowing the merry girl had an object that her words did not imply. For some minutes Addie stood by Max's side. Her voice suddenly fell to a confidential tone.

"Vic is alone in the library, Mr. Randolph. She would be pleased to see you.—Come with me into the hall door. I will pass round that way into the room we've just left. The others will suppose you out on the grounds." And without looking at him Addie led the way, Max too much surprised to reason or speak. She opened the library door for him, closed it and passed on.

He paused, hesitated, and begun to speak. Victoria looked up, and started violently, dropping a delicate vase she held, which fell on the arm of a chair and was shivered to atoms.

"Pardon, Miss Russell. I am sorry if I have

caused this loss, or intruded.—You desired me to come. I"—She caught her breath with a little gasp of surprise. "I—do not understand you, I'm sure." And she stood quite still, clasping and unclasping her comely hands, pallid and trembling.

Max pitied her but was too much confused to understand that they were victims of a thoughtless, yet painful joke. "Surely, Addie told me,"—he paused as he noted the look of blank dismay on her face. "Didn't you send her, Victoria?—Oh this is too cruel. Believe me I meant no offense, I did not wish to trouble you. I will go. He turned toward the door, pausing with his hand on the latch. "I am going, Victoria, faithful sister,—going on with the life work I have undertaken,—teaching mankind to return to the book of books for truth, purity and instruction. Pointing them the way therein taught, and asking them to consider well ere they seek another pathway to eternal peace and rest. The mission is a grand and sacred one, and I feel more and more my own incapability.—I feel at times that life is very lonely and dark. I feel that I need an earthly friend, one who is ever interested in my welfare."—

"Max, Max," she cried, "why do you tell me this. I did not send for you.—I always pray for you." She paused and leaned against a mahogany cabinet, with a white, pained face.

"I don't know, my sister and friend, I did not intend to. I thought, years ago"—he checked himself. "I am going away now. I hear the carriage wheels. Look up, Victoria, and say good bye, if you are not entirely indifferent."

She *did* look up quickly, reproachfully, and he held out his hand. "Good bye, Max; God bless and keep you." She could say no more. They were calling him, now. So with a hasty adieu to the other's, he sought the front entrance where Jonas was waiting. Mrs. Bell was to go with Max as far as the station. "Come with us, Addie, will you?" she said. Max seconded the invitation warmly. On the impulse of the moment she ran lightly up the stairs for her wraps. There were only two seats in the carriage. Jonas on the front, and Max climbed up and settled himself comfortably in the other, bidding Jonas assist Mrs. Bell, he handed Addie in and seated her by himself. Addie blushed and demurred. Why not Mrs. Bell sit here with him? "Because, little maid, I want to talk to you." "I thought so, therefore I'll ride with Jonas, if you please," she replied.

"But I *don't* please. Sit down and be quiet, do, Addie. Your mischief loving heart led me into trouble, now you must help me out of it."

Then she sat down. Hoping the mystery would be made clear. She looked back as they were borne swiftly down the drive,—and saw her sister's face sad and tearstained, for a moment at the library window. Max was looking over his shoulder and saw it, also. He turned sharply toward Addie.

A BEAUTIFUL EPITAPH.

OVER the grave of Dean Alford, in the churchyard of St. Martin's, Canterbury, England, is the following inscription, prepared by his own hand: "The inn of a traveler on his way to the New Jerusalem." It is a beautiful epitaph for one who looked for a city whose builder and maker is God. In striking unison with this thought is the following, which we quote from an exchange: "Cicero, a century before the advent of Christ, uttered these words: 'I consider this world as a place which Nature never intended for my permanent abode; and I look on my departure from it not as being driven from my habitation, but simply as leaving an inn.' It is comforting to think that in the earliest ages of the world God gave to noble souls glimpses of the immortality which was afterwards more fully brought to light in the gospel of Christ. 'The true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world' is not of to-day or of yesterday, but from the earliest moment that man became a living soul."

VISIT TO A PRISON.

WHERE? The Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia. We came in sight of a solid stone wall, thirty feet high and twelve feet thick at the bottom. Did you ever see a stone wall like that? No. It runs round the prison yard, which is ten acres in size. One heavy iron gate opens into it. But the gate is so large—twenty-seven feet high and fifteen feet wide—that it is rarely opened. We went through a smaller gate cut in the larger gate; and as the porter bolted and locked it behind us, I felt very thankful the law had not put me in, because in that case I could not have gone out when I had a mind to.

We stepped into an entry with a floor of rock, walls of rock, and roof of rock, solid, dark and grim; then out of another iron gate into the yard. There was the prison before us. Going up a wide gravel walk, we came to a building with eight sides. Seven sides have wings or halls running out one hundred and eighty-five feet long, two stories high, lined with cells on each side. There are five hundred and thirty-six cells, all occupied, I am sorry to say. The walls between the cells, are a foot and a half thick, so the poor prisoners can not talk through them. They are twelve feet high, and so lighted nobody inside can ever see the blue sky. Each cell has a clean white wall, and is furnished with a bedstead, table, closet, chair, looking glass, comb, knife, fork, spoon, tin-cup, and oil-lamp.

When a new prisoner comes, his name, his age, and a description of his person are written down in a book. Then he is numbered, and after that he is only known by his number. He is no longer "Tom," or "John," or "Jerry Brown," or "Mr. Jones;" but he is number 79, if that is it. "How do you do, Seventy-nine?" "Seventy-nine is sick." That is the way his jailor speaks of him. All the long, long while he never hears his Christian name; the name his mother used to call him when he was an innocent boy at her side; and the name his brothers and sisters so often said in days gone by; the name he bore when he began life, and life was as bright to him as it is to you. Nobody speaks it now. It never entered his cell. He has no name there. But outside the prison walls it lives, and lives covered with shame. Oh, my children, is it not dreadful to lose a good name so?

After a prisoner is put down in the book, a hood is slipped over his head, and he is led blindfold to the bath-house, where he is washed and dressed in a clean suit. A Bible is given him, and he is carried to a cell and locked in alone, never to come out, and never to see a human face but the jailor's, until he leaves for good, in two, three, five, or ten, or perhaps fifteen years. He works in his cell, not in workshops with his fellow convicts as in other prisons. This is called solitary confinement, and must, I think, be very hard to bear. As we walked down the halls, we heard the noise of the hammer and the shuttle, and one man was singing at his work. How should you like to live on, year after year, with nobody to see and nobody to speak to and nowhere to go, even one step beyond your cell? This is the reward of crime. Wickedness is a hard road to travel, boys.

After the prisoners have done their tasks, they can work for themselves the rest of the day. What they make is sold, and the money saved for them when they go out. We bought a cunning little knife and fork cut out of bone. What do they eat? The food is wholesome, and enough of it. It is carried down the halls in little railways, and served out at the cell doors.

There is a library of more than three thousand volumes, and the books look well read. When the minister preaches on Sunday, he stands at the end of a hall and preaches; but there is not a person to be seen, because, as I told you, the prisoners never come out of their cells even into a chapel. The outer door of the cell is opened an inch or two, and through their grated iron door they can hear what the minister says. I should not think it would be

easy to preach with nobody in sight; should you?

As I came away the prison itself preached me a great sermon, and this was the text: "Good understanding giveth favor, but the way of transgressors is hard." H. C. K.

Letters from the Hopes.

MILLERSBURG, Wyo. Ter., Nov. 7th, 1882

Dear Hopes:—I hope you are all well. I do hope you all love the Lord Jesus Christ. I do hope you all will think of poor Daniel, how he prayed three times a day, and the blessed Lord heard his prayers, and shut the lion's mouth. I hope you all will kneel down and pray to the blessed Lord three times a day, and the Lord will bless you. I should be so pleased if you will learn these few lines. "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby, is not wise" Good by. I pray the Lord to bless you all. Your brother,

JOHN EAMES.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., November 6th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I am fifteen years old, and as I have not been at home for a long time, I have had no chance to write to the *Hope*. I love to read the *Hope*, and see the names of God's children in it. Just to think how many people there are that do not know what the gospel of Christ is! We have preaching every Sabbath, and prayer meeting every Wednesday night at our Church. I was baptized when I was ten years of age, by Bro T. W. Smith. I know that this is the work of God. Many times I have been sick, and was anointed with oil by the elders of the Church, and was healed.

Dear Hopes, we must keep the commandments of the Lord. I know that if I perform all my duties faithfully, I will meet you where friends will be no more parted. I feel weak, but I pray the Lord that I may grow stronger.

Pray for me,

JOHN W. HOLE.

LAGUNA, California.

Dear Hope:—This is my first attempt to dictate a letter—my mother is writing for me, but I hope it will not be long before I am able to write for myself. I was eight years old the 3d of August, and went to the October conference this fall, and was baptized. There are four little children members of our branch, now. I go to Sunday School most every Sunday. I have three little sisters. I never went to day school, but can read quite well, and love to read the *Hope*. I will close by asking you all to pray for your little sister,

DELL FRENCH.

ZONE, Ontario, October 23rd, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have ever written to you. I was baptized when I was ten years of age, and it seems to get harder and harder all the time, to live and do what is right; but I know that every one can do so, who wants to, if he would only try. I hope that you will all pray for me, that I may meet with you all in the end, and I will do the same for you

MARY MARGARET BURR.

October 27th,—I thought I would write you a few words for the first time. I was nine years of age in August, and was baptized the thirteenth of March. We have no Sunday School here, but we have meeting at eleven one Sunday, and half past two the next. I ask an interest in your prayers, and I will endeavor to pray for you.

JOHN CHESTER BURR.

Conquer thyself. Till thou hast done that, thou art a slave; for it is almost as well to be in subjection to another's appetite as thy own.

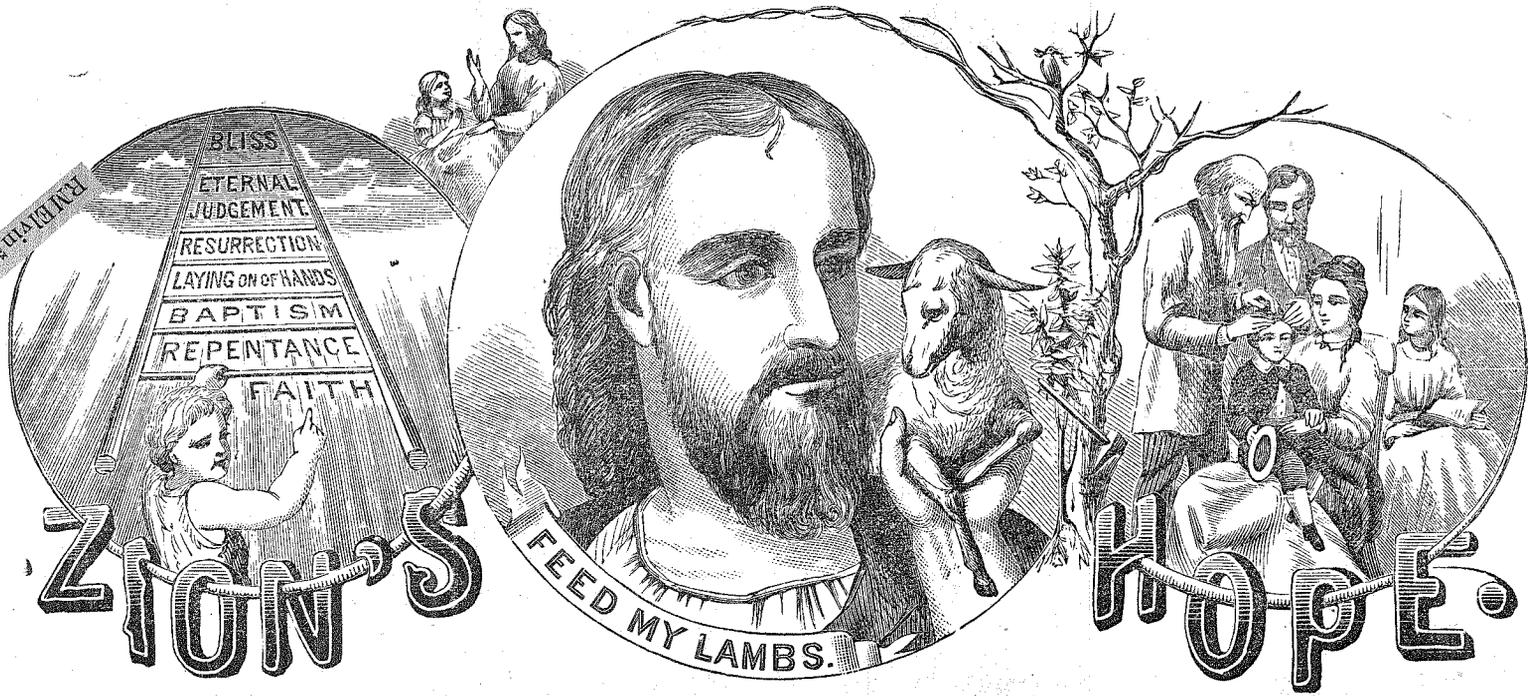
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

On and after January 6th, 1883, the HERALD will be printed every week, same size as now, at \$2.50 per year. We trust that each reader will endeavor to send in at least one new subscriber, and thus help on the good work of the Lord.

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

VOL. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, DECEMBER 15, 1882.

No. 12.

PERSEVERANCE.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stich, and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another.
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral-workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant, dark-blue ocean.
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated effort
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavor day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

"Rome was not built up in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches;
And Nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches.
Think not of far off duties,
But of duties which are near;
And having once begun the work,
Resolve to persevere.

Selected.

POSSESS PURE LOVE.

BELoved HOPES:—I have been reading in the book of all books, which contains the holy words of God. Having received comfort, I feel it a duty to try to comfort others. So hoping I may cast a few rays of light o'er the pathway of some who at times feel overlaid in the christians battle for eternal life, I will point to a few of the many passages of Scripture, which do the soul good to read and contemplate; and if read aright, perform their mission. Fill our whole being with that pure love, and that holy love dispels all shadows and all evil; please read all the chapters that contain them. "By this, shall all men know ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another." "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him." "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love." "There is no fear in love, perfect love casteth out fear. Fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law. Dear Hopes, it is by the spirit of love that

we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error. Please read the whole of 1st Epistle general of John. It teaches us of this love. Let us, therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify one another, and knowing the times we are now living in it is high time to awake out of sleep; and possess this holy love. O, how blessed it is to feel this holy love pervade our beings. So let us go to the good word of God, and search it for comfort. Take all our grief and pain to Jesus, in humble prayer, and I assure you we will find comfort there.

"Have love, and not alone for one,
But man as man, thy brother call;
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all."

SARAH A. ROSE.

THE DEW DROP.

HAVE you ever upon a bright sunshiny morning—perchance very early—with light steps and lighter heart, brushed aside the miniature showers of sparkling dew-drops, as you hastened on your way through fields of sweet scented clover, or the tall slender blades of blue grass, bending beneath their watery load? Doubtless you have time and again, and have admired the beautiful round drops, as they flashed and sparkled in the rays of the sun, whose scorching heat would shortly consume them. But the bright sun will soon run his daily course, giving warmth and renewed life to all nature; and then, as the shades of evening come, the gentle dew drops will quietly gather upon the thirsty leaves of plant and flower, nestling close in their bosoms, and they will open their closed petals with gladness, folding in the cooling drops, even as a fond mother folds her sleeping babe in her arms. All night the dew and flowers will hold sweet converse together, till the day god comes again and drinks up the dew.

Dear little girls and boys, you who love to read the Little Folks' Paper, I want you to closely observe the dew. It does not fall from the skies, as poets write about "*falling dew*," but is in the air all around us. Even when the sun shines very warmly, the little particles of moisture are still there, though in a different form, and not visible to the eye, for the heated air holds them apart, and they must have something cold with which to come in contact, before they can unite so as to form a drop, or, as we say, become condensed into drops. You may see this illustrated of a very warm day, when your pitcher or glass is filled with cold water from the spring or well. How quickly upon the outside the drops of moisture will gather, for the heated air coming in contact with the pitcher made cold by the cold water it holds, can not keep

them prisoners any longer, and they rest there in sparkling drops. This does not always happen however, for sometimes the heated air has very little moisture in it, and then, even at night, the dew fails to visit the grass and flowers. When this happens, then observe how they seem to pine and grow sickly from the want of it. The gentle shower may fall and the fierce storm pass over them; but for all this, they can not spare the gentle, sparkling dew, which lies so lovingly all night upon their petals, and strengthens them for the heat of the coming day.

But all this talk about the "The Dew" might interest you, but would scarcely be profitable, did we not draw from it some lesson to apply to life—this life which, in a great measure, may be made glad and joyous by each one, or sad and deformed, just as you will to have it. Just what the dew is to plants and flowers, cheerfulness is to your own life, and the lives of those around you. As the plant sickens and grows pale without the dew, so your own life, without cheerfulness, will be like the withered plant; its beauty will be gone and it will possess no fragrance to gladden the lives of others.

Are you cheerful, my little friend? Do you hasten with a smile or a merry song to perform your allotted tasks? If you do not, then go to the little birds; watch them as they toil to build their nests and provide food for their young, and listen how merrily they sing all the while they are so busy; and learn from them the lesson God has taught them, "to be cheerful." Go watch the little stream as it wanders from the mountain, and takes its long journey through the fields and meadows, bestowing rich blessings upon both man and beast; listen how gladly it murmurs upon its way, though its rippling waves never pause to rest; and like the mountain stream "be cheerful." There is a plant called the cactus, which, in southern countries, grows very large, and many kinds of it bear beautiful flowers; but no one at all acquainted with it, ever desires to pluck the flowers, though some of them are more beautiful than any rose. Do you ask why this is so? I will tell you. Sharp, penetrating little thorns, finer than the point of a cambric needle, cover almost the entire surface of the leaf, and grow very close around the flower, so that it is impossible to gather the blossom, without having your hands pierced by the thorns, which having penetrated the flesh, pain you like the sting of the nettle, and because they are so very fine, they can not be removed like other thorns, but only come out, when after days of irritation, the flesh festers, and they run out from the sores. Now which, my little friend, do you most admire, the gentle loving dew drop—fit emblem of a cheerful spirit—or this gaudy

southern flower, fit only to be the emblem of a cross, morose person or child? How beautiful and pure the one, conferring gladness and joy, while the other, though gorgeous in its beauty, gives no pleasure to man, and is always passed by as a dangerous thing.

Do you wish to be happy, my little reader? Then be cheerful. Do you wish to have many friends, and be loved and respected by those who know you? Then be cheerful. Do you desire in your heart to obey and please God? Then you must be cheerful, for the Bible tells us that "God loveth a cheerful giver," and there is no more precious gift can be laid upon His altar, than the gift of your heart. We don't believe that a moody, morose, cross, fretful person can be a christian, for we are told in the Bible that "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love," and love never manifests itself in this way. But if you desire to be passed by, and remain unloved, to be avoided as the thorny plant, you have only to allow yourself to cherish ill will to you playmates; to be cross and disobliging, to fret or grumble over your work or lesson, and the thorns will soon be sharp enough to make all sensible people shun you, however attractive you otherwise might be.

I once knew a lady, who in travelling, encountered for the first time a gorgeous cactus in full bloom. Charmed with its beauty, she eagerly gathered the flowers, not feeling for the moment, the sting of the thorns. But soon she became painfully aware of them, and for days suffered from the effects. From that time the sight of this flower became very disagreeable to her, being always associated in her mind with the pain it had caused her.

And thus, my little friends, will it always be with any boy or girl, who is not habitually cheerful. A bright eye or rosy cheek, my make for you a friend to-day, but be sure the thorns of an ungoverned temper or surly disposition will pierce them tomorrow, and afterward they will avoid you, as we always do that which gives us pain.

I sincerely hope, that every little boy and girl who reads this, will remember it, and as they hope to be happy in this life, and especially in the life which is to come, never forget that it is a duty which they owe both to God, themselves and their fellow beings to BE CHEERFUL.

"As the dew drop pure and gentle,
As the sunbeam warm and mild;
Such to every fireside circle
Is the bright, the cheerful child.
Angels guard their hours of slumber,
Friends on earth and friends above;
All approve, for John assures us,
"They dwell in God, who dwell in love.""

FRANCES.

THE CONVICT'S CHILD.

A TRUE AND DEEPLY AFFECTING STORY.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

"MR. WARDEN, there's a queer case over at my house," said a bluff-looking fellow, meeting the Warden of Sing Sing prison. "We found her last night in some out-of-the-way place, and nothing would do but my wife must take her in. We can't find out her name, except that it is Kate, and I expect that she wants to see somebody in prison. But we can't get anything out of her—where she's come from or anything about it."

"Bring her over here," said the Warden—"my wife is wanting a little girl for help; may be she's just the one."

So Kate stood, trembling more than ever, in a few moments, in the presence of the Warden and jailer. Kate was a pretty child. Her large blue eyes wore an expression of intense melancholy; her hair had been nicely combed and curled, and some one had put a good pair of shoes on her feet.

"Well, my little girl," said the Warden, kindly—for he was prepossessed in her favor—"where have you come from?"

"New York," said the child, faintly.

The men looked at each other incredulously.

"Do you mean to say that you have come to Sing Sing from New York on foot?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, frightened at his manner, which had in it something of severity.

"And what have you come for?"

"To see my father." The child burst forth with one great sob, and for a moment her little frame was shaken with a tempest of feeling.

"And who is your father?" asked the warden, kindly.

"He is Mr. Loyd," said the child, as soon as she could speak for her rushing sobs.

The warden looked at the jailer.

"Loyd; there are three Loyds here—Jim, Bondy, and Dick," said the jailer.

"That may not be their proper names," responded the warden.

"That's so," said the jailer, "but I can try 'em all. Little one, was your father's name Jim?"

The child nodded her head, or they thought she did; she was all convulsed with the reaction brought on by the termination of her journey.

"If it's Jim, he's a bad one," said the jailer, in a low voice; "he's in irons this morning for 'tempting to break jail; he don't deserve a little gal like that one, the villain. Come child, I'll go and find your father."

He took Katie's shaking hand; with the other she dashed the tears away as fast as they fell. It frightened her almost into calmness to see the ponderous door at which the jailer applied the great key, and the stillness of long stone passages; the dimness thrown over all; the constant succession of bars and bleak, black walls were terrible to a sensitive mind like hers. How the heavy tread of the jailer, and the tread of the warden behind him, echoed through the gloom and the space! It was, in truth, a great tomb through which they moved—a tomb in which were confined living hearts—whose throbs could almost be heard in the awful stillness. On, on they went, now through that passageway. Everything spoke of crime—of fierce passions subdued and held in stern control—everything, from the grim face of the ferocious watchdog to the sentinels armed.

Then they turned and went up the stairs, the jailer holding the scared bird close to his side with a tender clasp, the warden following. Another tramp, and at last they came to a standstill. The jailer rapped at a cell-door. Slowly the figure of a man, with a harsh, hair-covered face, appeared.

"Here's your little girl come to see you," said the jailer.

"Little girl! hem! your green," said the man, in glum accents. "I've got no little girl, or you wouldn't catch me here."

"Father," said the childish voice. It sounded so sweet, so childish, in that terrible prison. But as the scowling face came close to the bars, the child hid her head quickly in the jailer's arm, half sobbing; it wasn't him.

"We'll try the next one."

He walked further, and spoke more pleasantly this time:

"Well, Bondy, here is little Kate; don't you want to see her?"

"Little Kate—" there was a long pause. "I had a Kate once—not a little Katie; I broke her heart—God pity me! Go on, it can't be for me."

Again the sweet voice rang out:

"Father."

The prisoner came up close to the bars; a youthful face, framed with light wavy hair—a face in which the blue eyes looked innocent—a face that it seemed a sin to couple with a foul deed, gazed out. It was a child's earnest, pleading, tearful eyes; a dark expression rolled like a wave across his brow; a groan came up from his bosom, and with a low moan he staggered against his bed, crying:

"Take her away; I can't stand the sight of anything pure like that."

Katie had hidden her face a second time as she

feebly cried: "It isn't him," so they kept on to the third cell.

"Jim, here's a little girl—little Katie, your daughter—wants to see you."

A stupid "what!" came from the bed; the man had probably just awakened.

"Your little daughter."

There was a sound of rattling irons that made the girl shiver. Dimly appeared the face and outlines of a well-made man—the countenance handsome but evil. He seemed not to comprehend. But as fast as the chains would permit him, he came forward and looked out at the anxious face below.

With a loud, convulsive cry she exclaimed: "Father! father!" and fell nearly senseless against the jailer.

"Katie!" exclaimed the man, and there was a nervous twitching about the muscles of the mouth; "Whatever has brought her here?"

The jailer was calling the child to consciousness. "Shall we let her come in the cell?" asked the warden.

Jim was dashed his hand across his face. A smothered "Yes," issued from his lips. They opened the ponderous door and put the child within. Her arms were outstretched, his were wide open, and they came together with a clanking sound—together about the form of that poor little child.

"Oh, father!"

"Oh, Katie, Katie!" and then there was a quiet crying. By-and-by the man lifted the little head, whose glossy curls were falling on his shoulder—and oh! what a sharp rattle of chains smote on the ear—and looked in her face. After a moment's irresolution he kissed her, and then his eyes fell under her earnest, loving look.

"Katie what made you come?"

"Wanted to see you, father," and the head was on his shoulder again.

"How did you come, Katie? Never mind the noise, they are locking up; they will be here again and let you out. How did you come, Katie?"

"I walked here."

"From New York, child?"

"Yes, father."

There was no sound, save that of the chains, as he strained her closer to his bosom.

"And how did you leave—her, Katie—your mother?"

The question was asked fearfully, but not responded to. He gazed eagerly in the child's face; her little lip was quivering.

"Katie, tell me quick!"

"She died, father!"

A groan—a terrible groan—followed; the man's head fell in the lap of his child, and he wept with strong cries. The jailer and the warden said that they never saw a sight so woeful. And the child tried to comfort him, till his strength seemed to be gone, and his sobs were like gasps.

"O, Katie, when did she die? O, my poor May! my poor girl!"

"Ever so long ago, I think; ever so many weeks," replied the child; "but she told me to come and see you, and comfort you."

"O, this is hard; very hard; she always forgave me."

"She told me to pray for you, too; she told me to ask you would you be real good after you came out, and meet her in Heaven."

"In Heaven! I in Heaven?" groaned the man, giving way in his agony. The child was angel-guided. Her soft touch was better for his soul's good than the stripes and the chains. He had been hardened; her little love melted down the adamant; had found the good locked up in his nature, and she had sent her sweet smiles through its prison door. Long he sat there, his head in the lap of his beautiful, quiet child. None dared disturb him; jailer and warden walked to and fro.

"Father, when you come out, I'll take care of you."

He lifted his head; his eyes, red with weeping, were fastened on her face.

"Mother said I might."

"God's blessing on you, my precious child; you may save your miserable father!"

"I will, father."

The warden cleared his throat; the jailer spoke roughly to one of the prisoners—it was to hide his emotion. "You had better come now," he added, going to the cell.

"Katie, you must go; will you come again, my child?"

"Can't I stay, father?"

"No, dear; but you shall come and see me again."

They took her gently from the dark cell; she sobbed very quietly. In the warden's room stood a pleasant-faced old man.

"I have come after that little girl," he said. "She must go home with me. I'll take good care of her; I've heard her story, and when her father comes out, if he's a mind to behave himself, I'll give him plenty to do. Besides that, I'll bring her up once a week to see him. What say, little one, will you go with me?" And good old Mr. Maywood stroked her hair as he said pityingly, "Poor child! poor child!"

Ten miles from Sing Sing prison there is now a little cottage occupied by an industrious man and his daughter. Little Katie is fulfilling the commands of her dying mother. She is taking care of him as well as of herself.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XVII.

ADDIE turned away, but Max caught her eye.

"Why did you tell that naughty story, Addie! Did you wish to annoy your sister? Or to place me in an unpleasant position? You should speak only the truth." They were going rapidly over the wintry road, and his low spoken words did not reach the others.

"I did, sir." And she looked demurely down at the graven figures on the robe which covered them. "I said Vic would be pleased to see you. I believed she would, whether she said so or not. I didn't say she told me. So you blundered along,—man-like, and went in there where she was, and—"

"Addie," he interrupted, "lay aside jesting, and tell me what you did this for." She blushed and hesitated a moment.

"Well if I must, I must, Father Confessor. I didn't suppose you'd take it so seriously.—I knew,—or thought, years ago, that there was a secret between you and Victoria. I thought so, when you persisted in staying away from our house;—when you and she met after a separation of years *without a word*;—and this morning, I felt sure of it by your look and manner. That is why I sent you into the library where I knew Vic was, alone."

"Yes, yes;—I suppose so." And he looked gravely into her eyes. "But you have not solved the mystery by your scheme. You know as little now as you did before. And have given your noble sister much pain and annoyance."

Addie tipped her fur cap back a little, and looked saucily into his face. "Pray, sir, why should meeting you alone cause her pain and annoyance? You are a friend of years ago; Naomi Bell's brother; and a minister of Victoria's own faith."

He flushed and turned away. For full five minutes there was silence between them. Then he looked searchingly into her face, as if reading her heart, to know if she could be trusted.

"I don't know why I should tell you. You scarcely deserve it. You've meddled sorely. Yet, I will tell you, trusting your honor and discretion. You will not betray me unwisely."

A quick, assuring, grateful glance was all the answer he received or wished for.

"I met your sister Victoria first, at school in the city of D.—We were in the same class, and as a natural result, we became acquainted. I was a

reckless, wayward boy then, and her calm, graceful, self-possession, won my respect and admiration. She aided me in my lessons, and helped me out of little difficulties several times, till I came to trust her and—well, it ended in my becoming more and more attached to her, and when we parted at the close of the winter term, we plighted our faith, on condition that either was to be freed when the promise became tiresome. I voluntarily engaged to become worthy of her before I claimed her,—also to win at least a comfortable sustenance. Chance again bro't us together, a few months later. She went on a visit to a school friend at Rockdale. I, to teach at the same place. Neither knowing of the presence of the other till we met. During her stay at that place, I remember an event happened, which changed the whole tenor of my life. A Latter Day Saint elder began a series of meetings in the school house where I was teaching. The churches in the town were too sacred for such desecration. I attended the first evening from mere idle curiosity, and aided half a dozen other rowdies in making a good deal of disturbance. I offered my arm to Victoria at the close of the services. She hesitated. 'I thought you were better reared, Max, than to publicly disgrace yourself in this way. I am mistaken in you, surely, for I did not believe you so lacking veneration as to make light of religious services'

"I quietly took her arm, and we went out into the moon-light together. I then tried to make her understand that I had only been making light of an imposter, &c. She believed the speaker deluded as much as I did, but considered herself too well bred to mingle with those who were known to be vulgar and uncultivated, and partake of their practices. I assured her I took my seat in the assembly first, and these roughs came in and sat down afterwards. That I had had the best of training, though I might not always profit by it.

"The next night I believe I conducted myself even worse than before, despite my resolve to do better. 'Let's go up into the 'amen' corner,' whispered a ministers son as we entered. We were soon joined by other young men, all of highly respectable, religious families. But instead of being quieter, presuming on the position we held, I think we really did outdo the young roughs of the night previous. Victoria declined my company altogether that night. I knew why. I began to think seriously. The consequence was, I staid away a couple of nights. Then I met Victoria on the street. She entreated me to come and hear the wonderful new doctrine this stranger was teaching. It was marvelous. So simple and plain, yet with a power of conviction which only truth could convey. I laughed at her. Called her a mormon proselyte, &c. Declared that I would never be foolish enough to listen to one of those deceivers again. She looked pained, but walked away without another word.

"I went to hear the man I had so despised that very night. I somehow felt strangely drawn against my will. The result was, both Victoria and myself, with half a dozen others, were baptized before the elder's departure. I came near losing my situation as teacher in consequence, the Rockdale people were so much prejudiced against our faith: When Victoria came home, she was my promised wife,—always on condition neither of us changed our mind. We did not correspond, and so I lost her and all news of her for a season. I went home to my old parents with my very soul overflowing with joy from the new light and hope I had found, filled with a constant desire to share the good I had received with my friends. So zealously did I declare unto them the true gospel as I believed it, that notwithstanding their bitter opposition, they were shortly convinced,—being honest of heart and purpose, and I wrote to the good old elder who gladly came and inducted them into the kingdom. Thence he began meetings, and ere long organized a branch of the church. My sister became apprised of our departure to a new faith, and came from

Linden to convert us back again to the old true path. Poor Naomi! She labored earnestly to convince us of our error, and fell into the same channel herself. Returning to her lonely home, herself of the same belief—But enough of this. Suffice it, that my father disposed of his property there and made instead, a home in Linden, your village, to be with my sister, and near the school in D.—that George now attended. My schooling was completed. I had no mind, nor thought, nor desire, save to show mankind the true light, the better way. I tried to work, but could not long continue. I felt my mission to be of God to warn mankind, and point them the one unmistakable way to salvation and peaceful rest. I thought by day, dreamed by night; and argued and persuaded many to search and understand for themselves. Called by revelation during the next winter, I was ordained an Elder. I had not heard a word of Victoria since we parted until that eventful springtime, when my sister came to help her make sugar. You know the rest."

Yankee Jonas had kept up an incessant talk with—or rather to Mrs. Bell, giving no heed to the other two. The noise of hoof and wheel on the rough frozen road prevented, anyway. "Who! Dick! Whoa, I say!" And with a flourish, Jonas drew rein in front of the school house. Addie and Max looked up in surprise, not having taken notice of time or distance. Elsie came running down to the gate, followed by Burt.

"Good by, Uncle Max; good by. Guess who is our teacher. *You* mamma. Think of some one you'd like to see." Mamma and Uncle Max looked wonderingly at the child. How could they know. Mrs. Bell grew slightly pale as Elsie said 'some one you'd like to see.'

"There he comes!" cried Burt, walking back and clasping the hand of a handsome, dark bearded man, who came rapidly towards them, with an ill-concealed smile of joy and recognition.

"George!" echoed three voices at once. A happy surprise for all. George Randolph, taller, more manly and winsome than even his boy-hood days had promised. "I didn't know until a few days ago," he said, "I hadn't decided whether to teach or remain a pupil I didn't know you were here, Max, or I'd been on hand in time for more than a passing glance at you. Can't you stay over a day, at least, and visit a fellow?"

But Max couldn't, he had appointments made that he must hasten on to fill.

Speeding on again, a silence fell between Max and Addie. Broken at last by her. "Why did Victoria change her mind? Did she tell you? And does your sister know of your former friendship? And what is the matter with you two, any way?"

"One, two, three, four questions at once," returned Max. "Why she changed her mind, I know not; can only conjecture. She never fully explained.—No, neither Naomi, nor any of my family knew of our engagement. I didn't know it was to help Victoria, my sister came to the Manor, else I had not been of the party. I saw her the first time after our parting at Rockdale, at the sugar party, when George and I came to take Naomi and Elsie home. I had only lately come home, for the first time since my parents removed to Linden. That evening I spoke to your sister in a manner I supposed our relations warranted. But she rebuked me. And wept when she told me we were to be only common friends henceforth,—that if were best so,—&c. Little Burt indignantly interfered, seeing her tears; then ran to Mr. Rumsey, who called her away on some slight pretense. So I saw no more of her that night. And no further explanation was ever made. What claim Mr. Rumsey had I don't know. I fancied he was,—or wished to be, my rival. I never knew." Another brief silence.

"What did Vic say to you this morning in the library? She had a chance to explain and 'make up,' if she chose," Addie remarked.

Max replied, "She said nothing—that is nothing save to express herself pained and displeased."

"I ought to be as generous as you, I suppose, Max," Addie said, looking up at him in her artless way. "You trusted me with your secret.—It may be wrong to confide a strictly family affair; but think I will venture.—Rumor surmised something of the kind, but no one except Mr. Rumsey and our own family knew that the wedding day was set, the dress made and—"

"Addie Russell!" cried Max so suddenly and sharply that she started violently, and the other two looked over their shoulders to see what was the matter. After a pause he asked, in a low, pained voice, "And did Victoria, at last?"—he hesitated.

"No; it was he—Mr. Rumsey, who broke the engagement, because he heard somehow, that she was a Mormon," Addie replied, without waiting him to finish his question. "Then it all came out.—And that is how we came to know it. And papa, you know, was so indignant that he drove her away;—then turned off Betty and Jonas because they dared to plead for Vic. You know the rest."

Max remained silent during the rest of the drive.

THE WAY TO DO.

With eyes downcast, and blushing face,
With mien that lacked its wonted grace.
And brightness, slow as feet can glide,
Came little Ruth to mother's side:
So softly whispered in her ear,
So softly mother scarce could hear:
"I'm sorry more than I can say,
But I've been very bad to-day;
Some things you told me not to do
I—did—and some I promised you—
I'm more ashamed than I can tell—
I quite forgot—them—all—" Ah, well,

Ruth's little head dropped on her breast,
Fast flowing tear-drops told the rest;
Did mother scold her? No, she thought
The pleasure such confession brought
E'en disobedience outweighed,
The brave words full atonement made.
With kisses, closer to her side
She drew her darling, and replied:
"I'm sorry you've been bad to-day,
But gladder far than I can say
That my wee girlie knows so well
The straight and honest truth to tell.
For little folks to disobey
Is sad, but sadder still when they
Neglect to make confession true,
In shame and sorrow, dear, like you;
This never, never fail to do;
So shall you full forgiveness win
Always, as now, for every sin."

Ah? happy Ruth; within her eyes
A rainbow glistens, glad she cries:
"Tomorrow I will try to be
The kind of girl you like to see.

Dear children, may my little tale
For profit to you all avail.
When any naughty thing you do,
Oh, haste to make confession true,
And strive, henceforth, with courage new,
The kind of girls and boys to be
That God and mother like to see.

The Child's Paper.

Letters from the Hopes.

603, Monroe St., BROOKLYN, New York,
November 19th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I have not written for a long time, and I thought I would try once more. We have been left alone for a week, for the first time. My father has been preaching in Connecticut for a week, and we felt very lonesome. My father has baptized four into the fold, in Connecticut, through the labors of sister Vincent. My sister was sick, and my father thought it would do her good to go. One young man that he baptized works in the jail under the sheriff, and he told him that he would take him through, and papa said it was the first time he had the key turned on him; that young man goes to all the prisoners in the jail, and asks them if they would pray with him, and they say yes.

There is another young man named George Smith. He goes to the jail when he gets a chance, and asks the prisoners if they want him to pray with them. And one

time there was a man came in for drinking too much; and he struck his wife, and he had to stay for seventy days: and that man that was baptized asked him what was the matter, and he told him, and he said it was the first time, and he always went to church on Sunday morning. He asked him if he would pray with him, and he said yes; and so they prayed, and in not more than fifteen minutes, a man came and paid him all his money to get him out. So you must know what faith they had in the Lord. I must end my short letter by saying, I hope we may strive to do our part in the great cause of Christ.

I remain as ever your brother in Christ,

JOSEPH SQUIRE, JUN.

SUMMERHILL, Douglas Co., Neb.,

November 20th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write to you, as it has been a long time since I did so. We are having pretty good meetings of late. It has been quite a long time since I joined the Church. Seven years last August, the 15th, and in all that time I have not repented of the act, but regretted that I did not do it before; for the advice of the wise man is, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Now, dear Hopes, how should we remember our Creator? Is it by breaking his laws, or by keeping them? I think it is by keeping his laws. Now, therefore, let us try and see if we can find what his law is. The first was love; for Christ says: "If ye love me, you will keep my commandments." Now, will we follow Christ? He went to John the Baptist and demanded baptism, and what did John say? He said, "Nay but I have more need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Christ said, Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." Now if it was necessary for Christ to be baptized to fulfill all righteousness, it certainly is for us. If we want to please Christ we must do what he did. Where do we find this? Also Peter said unto the multitude of people: "Repent every one of you, and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Where do you find this? I will not write any more on this subject this time, but will another time. I will try and answer Sr. M. Archibald's questions.

First, she asks, In what year did Samuel the Lamanite come unto the land of Zarahemla?

He came in the 86th year of the Judges, book of Helaman 5th chapter, 5th verse.

Second, How many years should pass before the coming of Christ?

Five years Book of Helaman, 5th chapter, 5th verse.

Third, How old was Jesus according to the record of the Nephites?

He was 34 years, 1 month, and 4 days. Book of Nephi, 4th chapter, 1st verse.

Fourth, What Prophet foretold the signs of his crucifixion?

It was Samuel, the Lamanite. Book of Helaman, 5th chapter 7th verse.

I remain your brother in gospel bonds,

JOSEPH CURTIS.

GUILFORD, Nodaway Co., Mo.,

November 26th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—As this is Sunday, and I have not the pleasure of attending Church, I thought I would write a few lines to the Hope, and answer sister Archibald's questions, which she asks in the 15th of November Hope.

1st. She asks, In what year did the Prophet Samuel, the Lamanite, come unto the land of Zarahemla?

Ans. In the 86th year. See book of Helaman, 5th chapter, 286 page.

2d. And how many years did he say should pass before the Son of God should come to redeem all those who would believe on his name?

Ans. Five years. See book of Helaman, 5th chapter.

3d. How old was Jesus, according to the records of the Nephites, when he was crucified; and what Prophet foretold the signs of his crucifixion?

Ans. The Prophet Samuel foretold the signs of Christ's crucifixion. See Helaman's book, 5th chapter, 289th page. Reads thus: "And behold, as I said unto you concerning another sign, a sign of his death; Behold in that day that he shall suffer death, the sun shall be darkened,

and refuse to give his light," and so on. And we find in the Book of Nephi the 4th chapter, page 305. Those signs came to pass, which were the signs of his death. "And it came to pass in the thirty and fourth year, in the first month, on the 4th day of the month," etc.,

Dear Hopes:—Let us try to be obedient to the commandments of God, and not as the wicked people in the days of Christ, which were destroyed from the face of the earth.

I will ask the Hopes a few questions. Who anointed Jesus' feet at Bethany, and who sat with him? Who had been dead and was raised again? What people was burned with fire because of their sins and their wickedness, which were above all the wickedness of the whole earth because of their secret murders and combinations? Pray for me, that I may live faithful to the end.

Your brother in gospel bonds,

PETER C. NELSON.

PROVIDENCE, Rhode Island,

November 19th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I ever wrote to you, but I hope it will not be the last. I will be ten years old the twenty-sixth of January. I go to Sabbath School and my brother and a little girl that lives next door. My mother belongs to the Church, but my father belongs to no church. And I hope, when I get older, if I keep the commandments of God and walk in his ways that I shall be baptized and belong to the Church. I hope you will excuse this poor letter. I will do better next time.

May God bless you all, big and little Hopes, is my prayer.

Yours truly,

JAMES NOBLE B. JOHNSON.

RIDGWAY, Harrison Co., Mo.,

November 12th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I love to read the Hope very much. And when I read the beautiful stories it contains, and the many interesting letters from the little hopes, I rejoice; for I feel that it is the true and glorious gospel of Christ, in which we are engaged. Therefore, let us be not idle; for we know not how soon the Master will call for us to go. I, with my mother, brother and sister, were at General Conference, though we did not stay till the close. I was baptized there by Bro. Joseph, together with six others. Will try to answer the questions in the Hope of October 1st.

The great vision of Joseph the Martyr, and Sydney Rigdon, may be found in section xcii, old edition, Book of Doctrine and Covenants; I have read it. The name of the man who was struck dumb because he denied the existence of God and wished to see a sign, is Korihor, Book of Mormon, Alma, page 200. The signs which a servant of God told him were enough to convince him of God's existence, were these: "The testimony of his brethren, and also all the holy prophets. The Scriptures, the earth, the things upon it, its motion, and also the planets moving in their regular order, doth witness there is a God." The name of the servant of God was Alma.

Dear Hopes, let us search the Scriptures, and abide by their teachings.

Safely through life's journey traveling,

Clinging to the iron rod;

Soon with Christ forever dwelling,

In the Paradise of God.

Your brother in the gospel of Jesus Christ,

DAVID WIGHT.

Fail not of doing Christian work because your talents are very humble. You may under estimate yourself. In any case God requires you to do what you can.

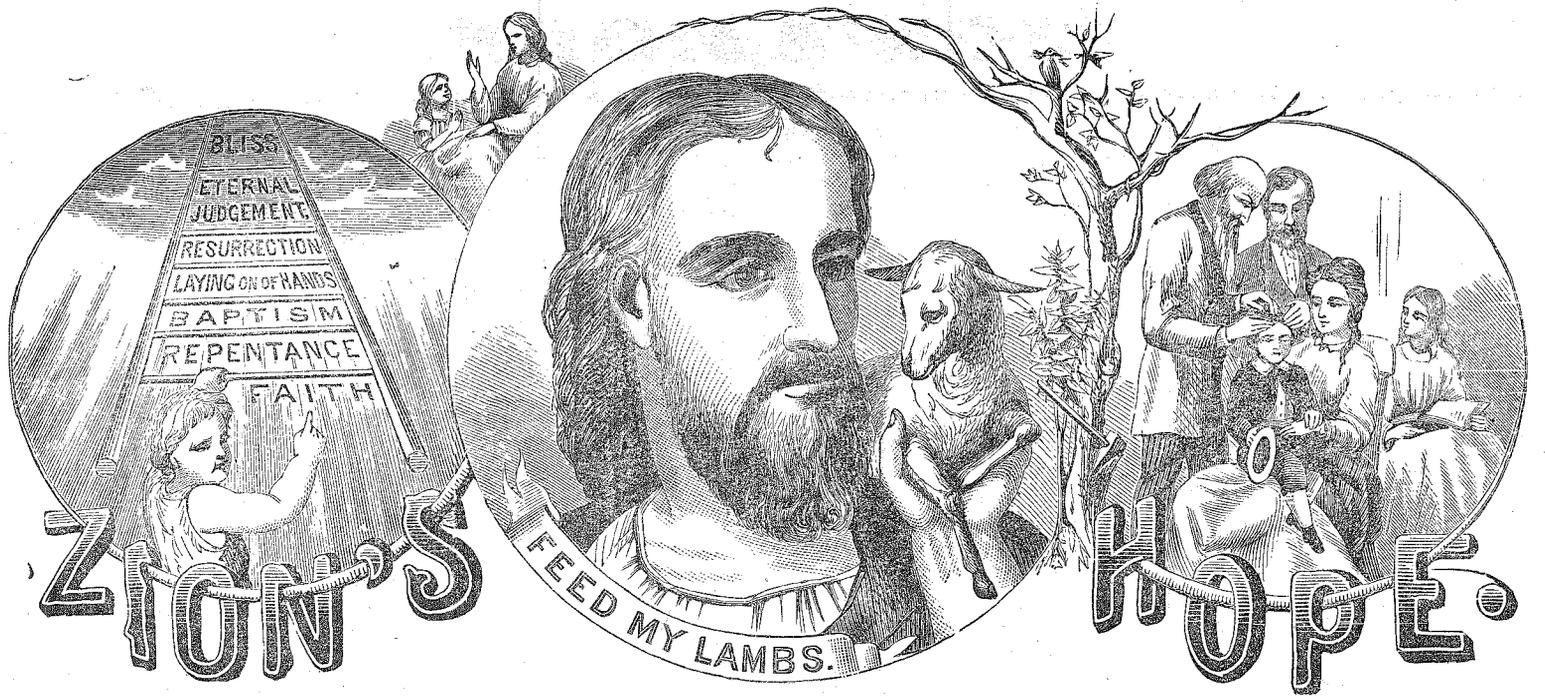
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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

Vol. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, JANUARY 1, 1883.

No. 13.

CHRISTMAS FAITH.

All day long the snow had fallen.
All day long the clouds hung low;
But the hour of early twilight,
Brought a rosy, sunset glow.
One by one the tiny snowflakes,
Gently, swiftly floated down.
Crowning hill and vale and cottage
With a soft, white robe of down.

All day long the sound of footsteps,—
Little, playful, childish feet;—
And the ring of merry voices,
Making music rich and sweet;
Echoed and reechoed gladly
Through the halls and chambers wide,
Like a musical cadenza
Ringing in from every side.

Little hearts that knew no sorrow,
Heeding not the winter storm;
Sparkling eyes, and smiling faces;
Dimpled fingers soft and warm.
Little friends, and little cousins,
Spending such a happy day,
But when evening shadows gathered,
Every guest had gone away.

Sat the children of the household,
In a cushioned rockaway,
Sad of face, and oh! so weary,
At the closing of the day.
Two small people, still and lonely,
'Mid the silence of the room,
Gazing through the western window
At the rose and purple gloom.

Then the stars came, brightly, softly,
Deep'ning shadows to relieve,
While all nature seemed to whisper,
"Pause and rest, 'tis Christmas Eve."
And the thought, like some sweet presence,
Seemed to move those childish hearts.
With a rapture of expectance,
Which that sacred night imparts.

None with them, save dear old grandma,
Seemed to seek a restful hour,
Ere the bustle of the evening,
Should dispel its mystic power.
Patient eyes and placid features
Framed in folds of softest lace,
Small white hands in patient waiting
Folded with a native grace.

Little Mary's sweet toned accents
Like a welcome semibreve,
Mingled with the dreamy silence;—
"Grandma, this is Christmas Eve."
John, the little dark haired brother,
Raised his eyes with wistful look,
"Oh, please tell us some sweet story
That you read in your big book."

"Well, my children, there's a story,—
And the sweetest ever told,
Of the first and greatest Christmas,
In the Bethlehem of old.
'Tis a grand and simple story,
Full of promise, peace and joy,

Often told, yet ever welcome,—
You can tell it, little boy."

Then the child replied with blushes,
In a modest, winning tone,
"I've heard you and mamma tell it,
Sometimes when we were alone.
And I'll tell what I remember,—
Just the nicest parts, you know,—
Of the shepherds, and the wise men,
And the baby Jesus, too.

"Well, one time, 'twas that first Christmas,—
Some good shepherds fell asleep,
And they dreamed about the angels,
So they went and left their sheep;—
And I wonder if they staid there,
In the dark and all alone,
Till the shepherds came and called them;—
Wonder how long they were gone!

And the shepherds found the baby
In the manger with its ma,—
And I do think that was awful,—
Right among the cattle's straw.
Just because the inn was crowded.—
That's a hotel, I suppose,—
That poor baby had to lie there
Under some old ox's nose.

"But the shepherds went back happy,
Telling every one they met,
That they'd talked with real angels,
And some more, that I forget.
Then the wise men came and found him,
They had heard of Jesus, too,—
And they brought him such nice presents,
Like he was a king, you know,

"And I think he ought to be one;
Mamma says God sent him here.
All for us, to make us happy,
So we never need to fear.
When we pray He always hears us
For He loves us children so,
And He'll give us what we ask Him,
If we're only good, you know.

"And, because to-morrow's Christmas,
When my other prayers are said,—
I am going to ask for something,
Just before I get in bed.
And I know that I will get it,
If I pray as I believe;—
He began to give us presents,
Long ago on Christmas Eve."

Now the morning bright and shining,
Bursts the silent bands of night,
While a distant bell seemed pealing
Joyous anthems of delight.
Little John and tiny Mary
With a pardonable glee,
Heap their stockings full of treasures
On the patient grandma's knee.

"Oh," cries John, "just see my presents!
Here's a funny barking dog,
And a parcel of sweet almonds,
Yes, and here's a candy frog,
And the very things I prayed for,
Crowded down below the rest,—

Puzzle top for crippled Tommy,—
And the last one is the best.

"Just the very knife I wanted,—
And I've got it, too, you see,—
Two whole blades and tortoise handle,
Just as nice as it can be.
You look sorry, sister Mary,
Almost like you wished to cry;—
I'm as happy as a snowbird
And I wish that I could fly."

Papa, standing by the mantel
Bids them gather up their store,
Don their little shoes and stockings,
And he'll show them something more.
Something nicer, far, and better,
Such as they would scarce believe,
Just the rarest, sweetest present
One could get on Christmas Eve.

Into mamma's room he led them,
While their eyes grew bright and round;
Nestling close to mamma's bosom,
What do you suppose they found?
Why a real, living baby;
Pink and dimpled, cute and fair,
Dark eyes looking up with wonder,
Crowned with bright, black, silken hair.

Little Mary danced delighted,
Clapped her hands in ecstasy,
"I'm so glad, so glad and happy!—"
John spoke up most soberly,
"I am just as glad as can be
For the other things I got,—
But I didn't pray for this one,
And I don't see why 'twas brought."

"I did, I did!" cried wee Mary,
But I thought it hadn't come,
'Cause it wasn't in my stocking;—
Oh! see what a little thumb."
Humph!" sniffed John, "we didn't want it.
Girls don't know much, any way;—
But I guess we'll have to keep it,
Just because it's Christmas day."

PERLA WILD.

THE MANNA.

DEAR HOPES:—From Numbers 33: 10, we find that the Israelites came again to the coast of the Red Sea, though they do not seem to have stayed there long; nor to have met with anything remarkable. Afterwards they came into the wilderness of sin. This is supposed to be the same as a plain, now called ElKaa, which separates a range of hills near Tor, from the more lofty mountains of Sinai.

We read, that when the children of Israel arrived here, the whole congregation murmured against Moses and Aaron, or rather against the Lord, whose ministers they were. Exod. 16: 3. They accused Moses and Aaron of a desigh to kill the people, by causing them to be starved in the wilderness, and wished that they had died in Egypt, where they "sat by flesh-pots, and ate bread to the full," verse 3,

They had the sure promise of God, who wrought such wonders for them, and who had declared that he would bring them into the land of Canaan; yet, when they began to be short of provisions, they murmured, and wished they had remained in their bondage; instead of praying that the Lord would speedily fulfill his promises.

But the Lord had purposes of mercy for the people, though he was displeased by their murmurings. He told Moses that he would "rain bread from heaven" for them, and they should go out and gather it. This came to pass, as all that God says he is sure to do. That evening a vast quantity of quails came up and covered the camp. The quail is a bird less than a pigeon, but larger than a sparrow; it is common in those countries. Without the power of God not even a sparrow falls to the ground, Matt. 10: 29. He caused vast flocks to fall, or settle about the tents of the Israelites that evening. Nor was this all. Something still more wonderful took place. The next morning the surface of the plain all around was covered with "a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground," and this was continued every day for forty years. When we see the ground covered with white frost, we should remember the manna.

Learned men and travellers have written a great deal about this manna. As there is a substance so called at the present day, which is a sort of gum, or thick juice, that comes out of the branches of some sort of trees, several learned men have supposed that the manna, on which the children of Israel fed during the forty years they were in the wilderness, was something of that sort; the juice or gum of trees and shrubs, which was and still is found in that country. But all this arises from not looking simply to the word of God, and attending to what we read there. It is expressly said, that the manna came from heaven in the night, and covered the surface of the ground; that it was like small seeds; that it melted when the sun shone upon it, though afterwards it became hard enough to be ground in mills, or beaten in mortars; when made into cakes it could be baked over the fire; and that it would not keep good on the next day, except that was the Sabbath. The thick juice now called manna, and the gum found on the tamarisk shrubs, do not agree with this description; they ooze out and collect upon the twigs or leaves before they drop upon the ground, and form lumps, or masses, which can not be ground or pounded; these juices flow only about a month in the year, will keep a long time, and do not breed worms. Also, the substance now called manna, is only to be found during part of the year, and enough could not have been gathered from trees to support the vast number of people; while it also appears, that the manna of Scripture was collected from the barren surface of the rocks and sands, in the most sterile parts of the wilderness, as well as from those spots where a few shrubs and a scanty herbage enlivens the dreary prospect. It is also evident, from the name, that the manna was something the Israelites had never seen before. The name signifies, "What is it," and they called it so because they knew not what it was, verse 15.

These particulars show how wrong it is, to think that what we are expressly told in the Bible was a miracle, was only a common occurrence. Let us not seek "to be wise above that which is written." We may learn much from the account respecting manna. It was a type of Christ, our Lord. John 6th, expressly declares, that he was the "bread that came down from heaven,"—the manna for the soul,—which had been shown forth by the manna in the wilderness. He meant, that those who believed in him, and loved him, would find their souls strengthened by feeding upon manna; also, if we refer to the manna, it will remind us of the mercies of God, and show us that we are to trust in him for our "daily bread." He who could thus support a whole nation for forty years, is able to support his people now. But let us particularly look at the manna as reminding us of spiritual food; of the instruct-

ion which strengthens and supports our souls. It came from heaven: so the soul can only be effectually supported by the teaching of the Holy Spirit; and we must pray for his blessing on any instructions we receive from, or give to others. It was more wholesome than earthly food: so the truths recorded in God's word, or taught by the spirit, are to be preferred to any human learning or wisdom. It was supplied fresh every day: so we must look every day for fresh supplies of grace. It was to be gathered: so we must be diligent in the use of means, in prayer, reading the Scriptures, and attending the house of God. Each person who gathered had enough; no one had too much: thus it is with the grace God bestows upon his people. None was to be left till morning; they were to go to rest quietly and not be anxious, though there was not a morsel of food in the tent, being sure they should find enough as soon as the day dawned: this does not teach us to be careless and indifferent; but that God will supply the wants of his people, and that they are to rely upon him. At the same time it shows that they must exert themselves; for the manna did not come into the tents of the Israelites without their gathering it.

When the true Israelite lay down to rest, doubtless he blessed the Lord for the manna he had gathered that day, and prayed for a fresh supply on the morrow. Those who thought to be better than their neighbors by their own contrivance, were worse off, verse 20.

I may here add, what is not expressly told us in the Bible, but which evidently was the case, and which is stated by the Jews as one of the traditions from their fathers, that the manna was suitable for all the Israelites, though their taste must have differed much in many respects. Thus the free grace of God is indeed acceptable to all the true followers of Christ, though they may differ in many lesser points. The manna was given in a way which especially showed them that the Sabbath day was to be kept holy, even before the fourth commandment had been given. There can be no reasonable doubt, that the Sabbath was observed by the patriarchs and holy men from the creation of the world. The manna would keep on that day, and a double portion was to be gathered of it on the day before. Much more might be said, but I will only remind you that, like divine grace, it was the free gift of God; not purchased with money; for no one would buy what was so easy to be procured by all; and not sold as the reward of their labors: they neither ploughed nor dug the ground to obtain it.

If you had lived in the camp of Israel, would you, my reader, have refused to go and gather the manna for yourself? And will you, or do you neglect to seek for Him who expressly declared, that he was the true "Bread of life, which came down from heaven?"

S. J. BUCK.

ROSEDALE, ONT.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

"WHAT a looking room!" exclaimed Olive Kendall, as she came in from school and added to the confusion of the sitting-room by throwing her sachel on the lounge. "Why doesn't somebody fix it up?" But no one answered. Only Leila and Nora were there to answer and both their heads were bent over a geographical puzzle.

Olive threw herself into an easy-chair and looked out of the large bay-window. She only wished she could turn her thoughts away from the room easily, but she could not so long as that voice kept saying:

"You know that Bridget is out with the twins, and that Kate is busy getting dinner, and that there is no one but yourself to put the room in order—you and your little sisters. Why not go to work and have a surprise for mamma when she comes in?"

"Leila and Nora, we really ought to fix up the room," said Olive, with a half-yawn. "The twins have scattered their things. Won't you help?"

"In a minute," answered Nora. "We only want

a little crooked piece to go right in here."

"Yes," responded Leila, "it's Finland."

"Aren't you coming?" asked Olive, as she listlessly folded an afghan. Again the answer was:

"Just as soon as we find Finland."

Olive looked about the room in a hopeless, helpless sort of way. "With Leila and Nora both in Finland," she thought, "I may as well give up expecting their help. If it were only a game—"

She stood a moment in thought. Her face suddenly brightened. She went to mamma's desk and cut six slips of paper, then wrote a word on each.

"Are you getting some strips ready for Consequences?" asked Leila, a new interest in her face, as she looked up from the pieces of map.

"No, but you've guessed pretty well," admitted Olive, "for it's a game—a new one."

"A game! A new one!" echoed the little sisters, not only losing interest in Finland, but letting the whole of Europe fall apart. "Let's play it! I'm tired of this map puzzle."

"Yes, Olive, tell us how," pleaded Leila, "and then we'll help with the room. We truly will."

"I don't know that you'll like the game," said Olive, "but I'm sure that mamma will."

"Then we shall, of course," said Nora, very decidedly. "Let's begin it now."

So Olive laid the slips on the table—the written side downward. Then she said: "Now we are to draw in turn, the youngest first. Come, Nora!"

Nora looked at the different pieces of paper, put her finger on the last, and then suddenly changed her mind and took the one nearest her.

"Don't look at it yet, Nora," said Olive.

"Oh, I shall certainly look, if Leila doesn't hurry," said Nora, excitedly, shutting her eyes very tight, but soon opening them to ask: "Is there a prize, Olive?" and jumping up and down as Olive nodded.

After Leila had settled upon one of the slips, she and Nora made Olive shut her eyes while they changed all about the papers that were left, for fear that Olive, having made them, might choose a better one than they. At last they all had slips.

"Now read!" signaled Olive.

"Table," said Nora, consulting her paper.

"Chairs," read Leila, from hers.

"Carpet," announced Olive.

"Now what?" asked Nora. "Do I pass mine on to Leila?" But Olive was on her knees, picking up a lot of play-things.

"Mine was carpet," she said, as she hastily put a handful of toys into a little cart belonging to the twins, "so I'm to take everything off the carpet that doesn't belong there. You are to put in order whatever your paper tells you, and the game is to do it as well and as quickly as you can."

Nora flew to the table. She ran into the hall with Teddy's hat, and into the nursery with Freddy's whip. Then she got a brush and prepared to sweep off the table-cover. To do this she piled some books on one of the chairs.

"My paper says chairs," cried Leila, "and there are eight of them! If you put those books there, I'll never get through."

"The other table is yours also, Nora," said Olive, as she straightened the rug in front of the fire. "Look on your paper."

Sure enough there was an s that Nora had overlooked! So the books found a place on the little stand while the big table was being brushed, and were then piled nicely up, and the magazines and papers laid together, after which Nora stood off and viewed the effect with such satisfaction as almost to forget the smaller table.

She was reminded of it, however, by Leila, who was flourishing a duster about from one chair to another, fastening a tidy here and shaking up a cushion there, until she was ready to say: "The whole eight are done."

"I've finished, too," said Olive, as she brushed the hearth and hung the little broom at one side of the open fire-place. "Now, we all draw again."

Nora chose quickly this time, and went right at her work when she saw the word "Mantel," hardly hearing Leila say "Desk," and Olive "Lounge."

"Well, what do you think of the game?" asked Olive a little while after, as, having left the room to put away her school-sachel, she returned and found Leila and Nora putting the finishing touches to their tasks, and rejoicing over the finding of Finland in mamma's desk.

"Why, we think it a great success—don't we Nora? And we see now why you didn't know the name," added Leila, laughing.

"Here comes mamma up the walk," announced Nora from the bay-window.

"Well, don't say anything, and see if she notices the room," suggested Leila.

Mamma came to the sitting-room door, and looked in. No wonder she smiled at the picture. The room a model of neatness, the winter's sun streaming in at the window, the fire crackling on the hearth, and three faces upturned for a kiss.

"So Bridget is home," said mamma, in a tone of relief, as she glanced about the room. "I left her getting rubbers for the twins, and feared she wouldn't return till dinner time."

"She isn't home, mamma," said Olive, while Nora and Leila, exchanged happy glances, and Nora couldn't keep from saying (though she said afterward she tried hard not to tell):

"We fixed it mamma. It's Olive's game!"

Then, of course, mamma had to hear all about it, and papa, too, when he came to dinner. Otherwise he might not have brought up those slips of red card-board that he did that evening, nor have seated himself in the midst of them all, and said: "Now, I propose we make a set of cards in fine style," as he proceeded to write on each the word that Olive or Leila or Nora would tell him.

"And now, what shall we call the game?" asked papa, with pen ready to put the name on the other side of the six bright cards.

"How would the 'Game of Usefulness' do?" suggested Olive.

"Or 'Daily Duty?' put in Leila; "for we promised to play it every day."

"Wouldn't 'Helping Hands' sound well?" asked mamma. And they probably agreed upon that, for, when Nora went up to bed, one of her plump hands held the new cards, and the name that mamma proposed was written on each.

"I wonder what the prize was?" she asked Leila the last thing that night.

"I guess it must have been mamma's smile when she looked in," said Leila.

And was not that a prize worth trying for?—*Katharine R. Powell, in St. Nicholas,*

A WONDER: OR, THE TWO OLD MEN.

An ancient picture represents a gray headed old man meeting with a young acquaintance in heaven. The two glorified spirits begin to talk of the wonders of redeeming grace, each claiming to be the subject of the greatest mercy. A company of angels passing by, stop to hear their conversation: to them the old man appeals, in defense of his greater debt of gratitude, on the ground of his being converted in his old age; declaring that in him the rich mercies of God were the most amazingly evident. The young man grounds his claim on the fact, that his heart had been early changed by divine grace, and that his life on earth, though short, had been a life of joy and peace in the service of God.

The most venerable of the angels replies: "Old man, you are indeed a brand plucked from the burning; your long life, before your conversion, must have been one of sin and misery, and your example may have led some into the way of death, which must be forever deplored. But this young man, though brought home from his labors in the spring time of life, may, while in the service of his God, have sown some seed that will be a rich har-

vest to many, and ultimately lead them here, to be stars in his crown. Our opinion is, that the greatest blessing falls to the lot of them that are converted in early life."

Selected by WM. STREET.

A PRIZE ENIGMA.

- What did Solomon say maketh a glad father?
- Who was turned into the wilderness with his mother?
- What place did Paul heal a cripple?
- Where did Isaac and Rebecca meet?
- What place were Paul and Barnabbus persecuted?
- Whose people smote Joshua after crossing Jordan?
- What country did Moses die in?
- What child was dedicated to God's work?
- Where were the residences of the kings of Israel for fifty years?
- What Jewish Prophetess was bought for money?
- Where were three score and ten palm trees?
- Where did God pour out his vengeance for insolency?
- What place did St. Paul leave his cloak?
- What is the greatest of God's gifts in the Church?
- What woman had her prayer answered by God?
- Who was the successor of Elijah the prophet?
- Who is especially called Apostle of the Gentiles?
- What place was Hiram fetched from to work on Solomon's temple?
- Who was the High Priest at the time of Nehemiah?
- What is the Hebrew word for "My Master?"
- Where did Stephen say Abraham dwelt after leaving Chaldea?
- Who was slain and beheaded in bed at noon?
- Where did the Lord consume the Children of Israel in camp?
- What did our Savior Jesus Christ say was easy and light?
- What city was famous for its tower?
- What stone did the Psalmist hide by in danger?
- What Prophet handed wine to a king?
- What was our Savior sometimes called?
- Who is it that speaks of Abraham as a Prophet?

The following prizes according to the promise made last year, are to be contested for by answers to the above Scriptural Enigma.

1st. Prize: "Life of Joseph the Prophet" and "History of the Church."

2d. Prize: Pitman's Teacher, Reader, and Manual of Phonography, or Phonetic Shorthand.

3d. Prize: "Coming Wonders," expected between 1867 and 1876. (See *Herald*, volume 27, No. 8, page 115: A book with 450 pages, and 18 full page illustrations). Baxter.

4th. Prize: "Joseph the Seer" and the "Book of Mormon" defended.

5th. Prize: "Lithograph," of the "Lord's Prayer," in seven colors, English and German.

The decisions governing the prizes, will be the same as the others; viz, eight weeks will be given for the correct solutions, from its insertion in the *Hope*. All who take "*Zion's Hope*," either in or out of the Church can compete for the prizes. No answer after eight week's will be considered. There may be several answers correct in Scriptural references: if so, the manner of writing, and the distance of the competitors, and the form of the answer will be the rule for decision. The competitors are requested to write on clean paper, on one side only, and as neatly as possible.

Now solve the above Enigma: And put in order, the initials or primeals will quickly show a name, a residence to your view.

Address, WILLIAM STREET,
Box 387, CHESTER CITY,
Delaware Co., Pennsylvania.

QUICK-FOOT.

THE Indians are a very sharp and clever nation. They have the power of following the slightest track left by man or beast, however careful they may have been to avoid pursuit.

I remember once hearing of a story which shows their great cleverness. An Indian, who had been out hunting, had killed a deer, from which he cut off a joint of venison, and hung it up as high as he could in his wigwam. He then went off into the forest to look at his traps. He was not long gone; but when he came back, to his surprise and anger he found that his fine joint had disappeared, and no trace of the thief was to be found,—at least, you nor I could not have noticed any, however carefully we might have looked. However, the Indian snatched

up his tomahawk, and off he went in hot pursuit of the culprit, straight through the forest.

He had not gone far before he met a friendly white man, (a trapper), who, seeing him going along with his eyes fixed on the ground, asked him what trail he was pursuing.

"I seek," said Quick-Foot, "a little old white man, with a small gun, who has got with him a little dog with a stumpy, bushy tail. This man is a robber, for he has entered my wigwam and stolen my venison. I will kill both him and his dog."

"My brother, I saw not far from here just such a man. But how dost thou know him so well? for you have not yet seen him."

"I am in haste, but if thou wilt know, listen: I found a pile of stones under the place where my venison was hanging. Had the robber not been short, he would not have required these to stand on. He was old, for his footsteps were close together. He was white, for his toes turned in, which an Indian's never do. If the gun had been long it would not have left a mark on the bark of the tree, as it did when it leant against it. So, thou seest, my brother, it was easy, having eyes, to detect the thief."

"But how did you know the cur, even to his tail?"

"Of what use would the eyes of Quick-Foot be, if they had not shown him the dog's feet were close together, as he walked on the sand; and that the short bushy tail measured itself as he sat wagging it, while his master was helping himself to my dinner? But farewell, I must hurry, or I shall not get back my venison from that white thief."

With these words Quick-Foot hurried away, and was lost amid the deep foliage of a Western forest.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"O mamma, papa, Vic!" cried Addie, bustling into the sitting-room on her return from the station. "Do you know that George Randolph is the new school teacher? And that he is coming here to-night? And that he will be very glad to engage his board here?—And—that I am anxious and almost sure that he will become our boarder?"

"Addie!" pleaded her mother. Victoria looked shocked. Mr. Russell spoke sternly in rebuke.

"Fact!" returned the reckless girl, serenely laying her mittens, cap, and cloak on the center table, and sitting down before the fire. "I do want George to come her. And I am going to attend school. O this winter is going to be a happy and lively one." Looking fixedly into the cheerful fire.

"You go to school?" cried Mr. Russell in surprise. "Without doubt your education is as far advanced as his. And have we not entreated you to continue your studies at the D. Seminary? What do you mean, you wayward, obstinate child!"

Addie still gazed at the glowing coals, and replied without raising her eyes. "I don't intend to progress an iota. Learning is not my object. I shall study, of course, just enough to keep from retrograding. I am going to school just to pass away time pleasantly. My education is good enough. I never intend to teach. I know enough of grammar, and French, and so forth, to write a first class love or friendship letter. I do not wish to become a professor. So I never intend to punish myself and worthy teachers by attending high schools or seminaries any more. I calculate to enjoy myself in this life if possible. I never was intended for a mope or drone." And she rose, trilling

"Gay and happy, gay and happy,
I'll be gay and happy still."

"I tell you distinctly, Adelaide," said Mr. Russell, "you must mend your ways. Your words,—your conduct, is simply shocking. To think, after all I have endured, my last and youngest child should deport herself in such a way."

Addie was behind her father's chair, with her arms about his neck, her cheek resting against his silver-lined hair, in an instant.

"My own precious papa! what shall I do or say to assure you that I will never perpetrate anything dreadful. I know I'm just the wildest, most capricious girl a noble, indulgent father and a gentle, loving mother were ever tormented with. But I don't mean to do any serious wrong. You believe me, don't you, papa?" kissing him lightly. "I'll never run away with a school girl like brother Arthur did, nor yet with a good looking clodhopper like sister Lou? You know I won't, mamma dear." Going over and sitting down on her mother's knee and laying her head on her shoulder. "Wonder what ever did become of Lou and that scapegrace of an Archie Kent? Strange we never heard of them since that Christmas night—how long ago is it? Six years, I believe. Dear! It seems an age.—Look mamma," and Addie raised her head and leaned forward. "There come the school children, and the handsome teacher close behind them. Now if he asks to board here, do please say yes, you two old darlings. Because you see, I've set my heart on it.—Oh don't look so shocked and grieved, I pray of you. I have no serious intentions. I regard as a brother, merely. A little rehearsing will brighten up my studies, and ensure me a good time, and congenial companionship for the winter. Don't begin to lecture me on the proprieties. I willingly imagine all you could, would or should say in the matter. Besides—he—the young pedagogue, will be here in a moment. Rest assured it will be only a harmless flirtation at most,—he's no doubt found *his* fate at school;—that seems to be the style;—so he's safe from Cupid's darts, and I"—she blushed and stammered—then as the door opened to admit Burt and Elsie, she left the room by another way, in confusion.

Everything passed pleasantly; the school was a success; and the teacher, (who found a most happy, genial home with the Russell's), was simply adored by the children, and highly esteemed by all.

By dint of much persuasion, the teacher was induced to promise a spelling school to his pupils. When the evening came, the sky was so clear and bright, the air so mild, and the snow so smooth and crisp, that nearly every one near repaired to the school house. All save two at the Manor were enticed into the great family sleigh to be driven merrily away by awkward, yet good natured Jonas, to the chime of jingling bells.

Naomi Bell pleaded a severe head ache; and Mrs. Russell declared herself too old and dull for such exercises. Really she would not leave Mrs. Bell alone, for ever since threshing time, when the lady fainted so strangely, she had shown a nervous timidity not at all usual. At first Mrs. Russell had feared illness threatened. But some time had elapsed, and her health seemed measurably good. Now, she began to wonder if this unaccountable nervous disorder, which attacked Naomi quite frequently, might not tend toward a disturbed mental condition. Might it not be threatened insanity? Oh, what could it be?

Naomi lay on the sofa, a cool bandage across her brow, and a light shawl about her. Mrs. Russell read to her awhile after they were left alone, then persuaded her to close her eyes for rest, mayhap a few moments slumber. Andrew Jackson, the old and honored cat, lay on a rug in the warmest corner, with the fire on one side, and Bunch, the poodle dog, nestled close on the other. The light was turned low that Mrs. Bell might rest better; and the frelight shining fitfully within, and the moonlight with swaying tree tops without, combined to form strange, fanciful figures, and half defined shadows on wall and window pane. Mrs. Russell sat with folded hands, living over the long ago past, and gazing dreamily into the glowing grate. She was thinking of her boy, the handsome, wayward, warm-hearted Arthur, who had grown to manhood under her loving watchcare, and then so soon forgotten his happy home, his parents, and sisters for the love of a stranger. Who she was they did not know. He had only told his father she was his classmate, the

daughter of a poor man, but pretty, refined, and altogether noble and lovely. His father, with the native pride of a wellborn Englishman, refused to see the girl wife, his only son had married without paternal consent, turned him from his door like he would an impertinent beggar, declaring him no son of his, and commanding him never to come to him for aid; never to darken the doors of the Manor again. Mrs. Russell wept silently as she thought of the last piteous look her boy gave her as he staggered down the steps, almost overcome with grief and despair.

There had been but little news of him and his young wife after they thus went out into the world penniless and inexperienced, till they set sail for Europe, and the ship went to the bottom of the ocean with all on board.

A half stifled sound from the sofa, caused her to look suddenly around, and as her gaze swept past the window, she fancied she saw a face without disappear from view in the shadow of the piazza. Was it because she was thinking of him that the face she seemed to see reminded her of Arthur? But Mrs. Bell was raised on her elbow, white and trembling, staring in a dazed, uncertain manner from Mrs. Russell to the window, then back into Mrs. Russell's face again.

"Did you see him? Oh did you?" she whispered audibly. "He is dead! Do spirits ever come back to terrify those they loved, unless—I never wronged him, even in thought." And she fell back to her pillow weak and exhausted.

Mrs. Russell was not sure she had seen anything. It might be fancy in both of them. It would never do to help the little woman on in her belief, be it what it might. It was wearing on her mind sadly. So Mrs. Russell came over and sat down beside Naomi.

"Don't be alarmed, I beg of you my dear friend," she said, stroking her soft, wavy hair soothingly. "Spirits never haunt us here,—spirits of the loved and lost would not come to terrify, or even annoy us. Believe me, it is all a delusion, if you imagine you have seen some friend you once loved. It may not be."

"But I have seen it twice before," replied Mrs. Bell. "In the hall I met him face to face, that night the threshers were here. I can not be mistaken. Why he came, and where he went I know not; but it was he or his ghost. Then one evening some weeks ago, when alone here, I saw his face at the window. Again to-night at the same window. Oh it is the face of my dead husband." And she covered her eyes with her hands and shuddered.

Mrs. Russell soothed and quieted her presently, trying to assure her it was a fancy—the face at the window,—it must be. That the man she met in the hall that night must have been the missing thresher, and possibly he looked like some one she had known. Naomi refused to accept such explanation. However, she would go up stairs. She had never seen that sad haunting face there. Mrs. Russell went with her, and when she was quietly in bed, sat down beside her.

Letters from the Hopes.

CRESTON, Iowa, December 10th, 1882.

Dear Hopes :—I thought I would write you a few lines. This is the first time I have written for myself. Mamma has written for me; but I thought I would write this time. We are living in Iowa now. I like to live here very well. There is snow on the ground now. We have a little branch here. There is meeting to be held at Bro. Bullards. I hope the Lord will be with us in our meetings. I am trying to serve the Lord the best I can; but I know I do many wrong things. But I know that the Lord blesses me many times. I have a little sister, Maggie Ellen. Pray for me. I was eleven years old last September.

Your sister in Christ,

HATTIE A. HEAD.

EMERSON, Iowa, December 6th, 1882.

Dear Hopes :—I will endeavor to write to you for the first time. I am enjoying good health at present and hope you that read this, will be doing the same.

Dear Brothers and Sisters: I was baptized in October, 1881. Many times I have been led away; but by our God being a prayer answering God, I have been brought back to his flock. But I can say from this day, till death's dark hour comes over me, I will serve God, for his goodness toward me. I can say for one, that when on my bed of affliction, I was anointed with oil by Elder Lush, and by the prayer of faith, in a half hour after, was down stairs, ready for my usual meal. I would exhort you all, dear brethren, to be ever faithful unto the end, and that God's blessings will be bestowed upon you all is my prayer, Amen.

W. H. NAVERT.

VALLEY VIEW, Iowa, Nov. 26th, 1882.

Dear Hopes :—While reading the *Hope* of October 15th, I noticed some questions asked, and having a few spare moments, I thought I would try and answer them.

Samuel the Lamanite came to the city of Zarahemla, in the eighty-sixth year of the reign of the judges over the Nephites. Found in the 5th chapter of the book of Helaman, 1st verse.

2d. "For five years more cometh, and behold then cometh the Son of God." 5th verse of same chapter.

3d. Jesus was thirty-four years old when crucified. Found in the 4th chapter of the book of Nephi, 2d verse, page 437.

4th. Samuel the Lamanite foretold the sign of his crucifixion, or death. Found in the 5th chapter and 7th verse of the book of Helaman.

I will now ask a question. What were the names of the Twelve whom Jesus chose on this continent?

Your brother,

CHARLES DYKES.

BONAPARTE, Iowa, December 10th, 1882.

Dear Hopes :—I am only a little girl nine years old. We do not have meetings here. I like the story "Maplewood Manor" very much. This is the second time I have tried to write a letter to the *Hope*. I have a new little sister. She is four weeks old next Tuesday. We call her Leora.

Your friend,

ADA PATTEN.

CRESTON, Iowa, December 10th, 1882.

Dear Hopes :—I can not write much yet. Mamma writes for me. I am trying to learn to write at school. I read in the American Reader, third part, at school. Study the primary speller and first part of arithmetic. I was baptized the 13th day of last August by Bro. Egbert D. Bullard. Two others were baptized the same day, Sadie and Bell Bullard. We will meet at Bro. Albert Bullards this afternoon at two o'clock, for prayer and testimony. I hope we will have a good time, and that the spirit of God will be with us. I wish to keep the commandments of God, and hold out faithful to the end. I was eight years old last July. We moved from Illinois to this state some over one year ago. I like to live here. My love to all.

GEORGE F. SEIGFRIED.

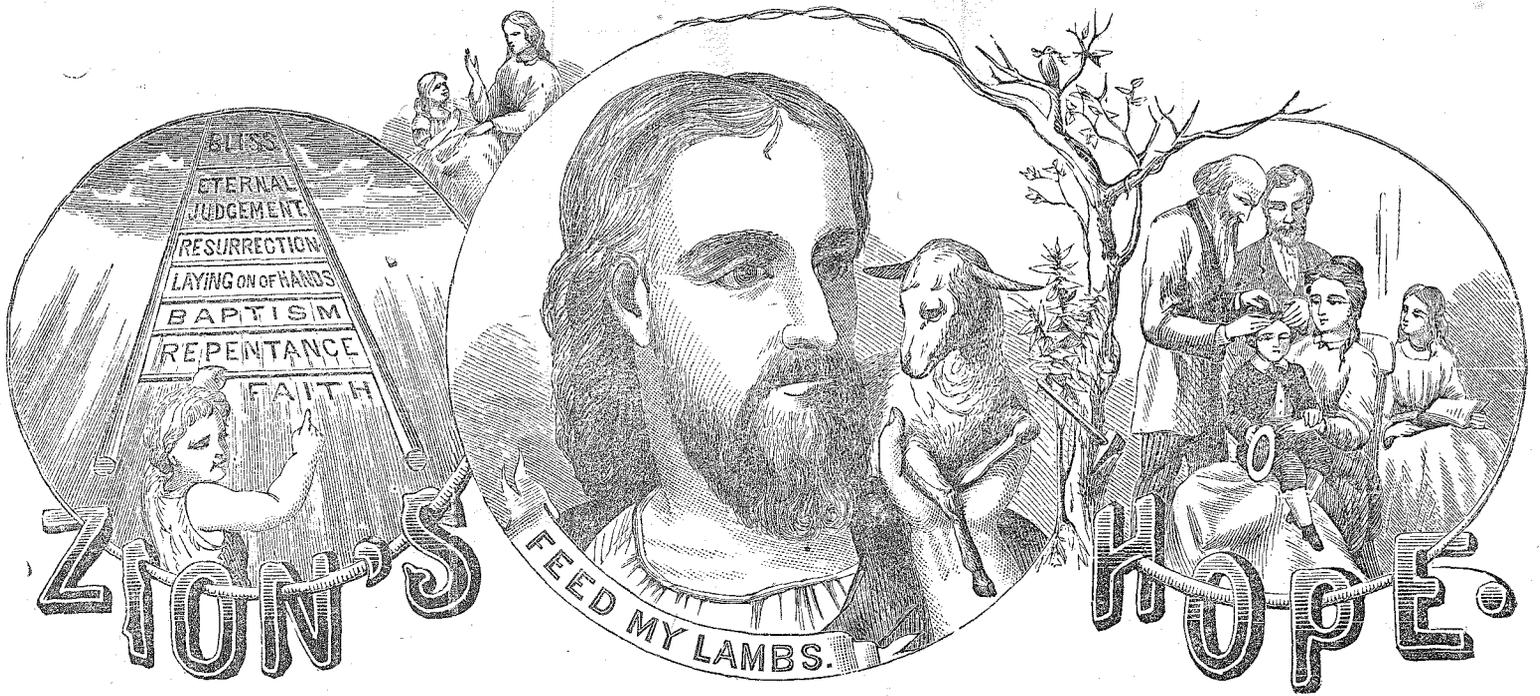
Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is far more suitable than beauty.

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

VOL. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, JANUARY 15, 1883.

No. 14.

AM I TO BLAME?

I sometimes hear the wailing,
That comes from far or near;
Crying, won't you come and help us,
We are perishing? I fear.
We're famished for the bread of life,
The gospel power to save,
And daily some are passing,
Without it to the grave.

Sometimes it is a brother's cry,
A message in despair;
But often for her children,
'Tis a mother's pleading prayer.
O, come and save my children,
One. Out from Israel's host
Will not the kindly shepherd send,
To help me find the lost.

But the coffers of the treasury
With poverty abound;
And the tithes and offerings can not
In the store-houses be found.
And we say that we are very poor,
There's nothing we can give;
We have to labor for our bread,
And things we need to live.

But when from all this blindness,
My eyes are open wide;
I sometimes think that I can see
Mistakes on every side.
For, fashion rules the nation,
And pride is uppermost;
And the world will not respect us,
If we follow not the host.

And the father works and struggles,
His family to provide;
And has no time to wonder
How much goes to build up pride.
And the mother toils and worries,
In the midst of household cares,
To bedeck her clothes in fashion,
Till she's hardly time for prayers.

And to make the children's clothing
Consume so much of time,
That we oft forget to teach them
The law of God divine.
And so their minds go destitute,
Of what they need to know;
But the dictates of the fashions,
May not be neglected so.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BABES IN THE CLOUDS.

AN AMERICAN TRUE STORY.

Just twenty-two years ago, there suddenly burst upon the Western world a magnificent stranger from foreign parts, "with all his traveling glories on." It was the great comet of 1858, on the grand tour of the universe.

It seemed strange that petty human life could go on as usual, with its eating and drinking, toiling, trafficking, and pleasuring, while that "flaming

minister," on his billion-leagued circuit, was preaching the wonders of infinite immensity and power, and the nothingness of earth. But science has robbed celestial aspirations of their old portentous significance. The comet no longer runs his kindling race, like Vich-Alpine's henchman, with his fiery cross, announcing war and disaster.

Herald of battle, fate, and fear.

He is on his own business; not ours.

Under the tail of this particular comet doubtless many a tale of love was told—in the light of his swift splendors many a tender look exchanged. The astronomer coolly swept the starry field with his glass, unawed by the irregular night-guard patrolling the heavens, and the robber and murderer disdained the awful witness. He left us as he found us—joined to our mortal idols—wise in our own conceit, weak, and worldly, and wicked, but no castaways of the universe after all.

We remember that comet-summer, not so much for its great astronomical event, as for two singular incidents that more nearly touched our human sympathies, which *will* grovel in poor earthly affairs, even within sight of the most august celestial phenomena.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon during the comet's appearance, an aeronaut, after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a farm in the neighborhood of a large market town, in one of the Western States. He was soon surrounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and laborers, all asking eager questions about the voyage and the management of the balloon. That, secured by an anchor and a rope in the hand of the aeronaut, its car but a foot or two above the ground, was swaying lazily backward and forward in the evening air. It was a good deal out of wind, and was a sleepy and innocent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who, with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, as he said, he could "hitch it" to his fence. But before he thus secured it, his three children, aged respectively ten, eight, and three begged him to lift them "into that big basket," that they might sit on "those pretty red cushions." While the attention of the aeronaut was diverted by more curious questioners from a neighboring farm, this rash father lifted his darlings one by one into the car. Chubby little Johnnie proved the "ounce too much" for the aerial camel, and brought him to the ground; and then, unluckily, not the baby, but the eldest hope of the family, was lifted out. The relief was too great for the monster. The volatile creature's spirit rose at once, he jerked his halter out of the farmer's hand, and with a wild bound mounted into the air! Vain was the aeronaut's

anchor. It caught for a moment in a fence, but it tore away, and was off, dangling uselessly after the runaway balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes those two little white faces peering over the edge of the car grew indistinct, and those piteous cries of "Papa!" "Mamma!" grew faint and fainter up in the air.

When distant and twilight mists had swallowed up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but that dark cruel shape, sailing triumphantly away, with its precious booty, like an aerial privateer, the poor father sank down helpless and speechless; but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched her yearning arms toward the inexorable heaven; and called wildly up into the unanswerable void.

The aeronaut tried to console the wretched parents with assurance that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of the town, and that all might be well with the children, provided it did not come down in water, or in deep woods. In the event of its descending in a favorable spot, there was but one danger to be apprehended; he thought that the elder child might step out, leaving the younger in the balloon. Then, it might again rise, and continue its voyage.

"Ah, no," replied the mother, "Jennie would never stir from the car, without Johnnie in her arms!"

The balloon passed directly over the market town and the children seeing many people in the streets, stretched out their hands and cried loudly for help. But the villagers, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no call.

Amazed at the strange apparition, they might almost have thought the translated little creatures small angel navigators on some voyage of discovery, some little cherubic venture of their own, as heading toward the rosy cloud-lands and purple islands of sunset splendor, they sailed deeper and deeper into the west, and faded away.

Some company they had, poor little sky-waifs! Something comforted them, and allayed their wild terrors—something whispered them that below the night and clouds was home; that above was God; that wherever they might drift or clash, living or dead, they would still be in His domain, and under His care—that though borne away among the stars, they could not be lost, for His love would follow them.

When the sunlight all went away, and the great comet came blazing out, little Johnnie was apprehensive that the comet might come too near their airy craft, and set it on fire, with a whisk of its dreadful tail. But when his sister assured him that that fiery dragon was "as much as twenty miles

away," and that God wouldn't let him hurt them, he was tranquilized, but soon afterward said, "I wish he would come a little nearer, so I could warm myself—I'm so cold!"

Then Jennie took off her apron, and wrapped it about the child, saying, tenderly:

"This is all sister has to make you warm, darling, but she'll hug you close in her arms, and we will say our prayers and you shall go to sleep."

"Why, how can I say my prayers, before I have my supper?" asked little Johnnie.

"Sister hasn't any supper for you, or for herself, but we must pray all the harder," solemnly responded Jennie.

So the two baby-wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, unawed by darkness, immensity and silence, by the presence of the great comet and the millions of un pitying stars, lifted their little clasped hands, and sobbed out their sorrowful, "Our Father," and then that quaint little supplementary prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"There! God heard that, easy; for we are close to Him, up here," said innocent little Johnnie.

Doubtless Divine Love stooped to the little ones, and folded them in perfect peace—for soon the younger, sitting on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his own little bed at home; while the elder watched quietly through the long, long hours, and the car floated gently on in the still night air, till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

Who can divine that simple little child's thought's speculations, and wild imaginings, while watching through those hours? She may have feared coming in collision with a meteor—for many were abroad that night, scouts and heralds of the great comet—or perhaps being cast away on some desolate star-land, or more dreary still, floating and floating on, night and day, till they should both die of cold and hunger. Poor babes in the clouds!

At length, a happy chance, or Providence—we will say Providence—guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve; something told her to pull it. At once the balloon began to sink, slowly and gently, as though let down by tender hands; or as though some celestial pilot guided it through the wild currents of air, not letting it drop into lake, or river, lofty wood, or impenetrable swamp, where this strange unchild-like experience might have been closed by a death of unspeakable horror; but causing it to descend, as softly as a bird alights, on a spot where human care and pity awaited it.

The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl, looking over the edge of the car, saw the dear old earth coming nearer—"rising toward them," she said. But when the car stopped, to her great disappointment, it was not on the ground, but caught fast in the topmost branches of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a house whence help might soon come, so she awakened her brother and told him the good news, and together they watched and waited for deliverance, hugging each other for joy and for warmth; for they were very cold.

Farmer Burton, who lived in a lonely house, on the edge of his own private prairie, was a famous sleeper in general, but on this particular morning he awoke before the dawn, and, though he turned and turned again, he could sleep no more. So, at last, he said to his good wife, whom he had kindly awakened to inform her of his unaccountable insomnia, "It's no use; I'll get up and dress, and have a look at the comet."

The next that worthy woman heard from her wakeful spouse was a frightened summons to the outer door. It seems that no sooner did he step forth from his house, than his eyes fell on a strange portentous shape hanging in a large pear tree, about

twenty yards distant. He could see in it no likeness to anything earthly, and he half fancied it might be the comet, who, having put out his light, had come down there to perch. In his fright and perplexity, he did what every wise man would do in a like extremity; he called on his valiant wife. Reinforced by her, he drew near the tree, cautiously reconnoitering. Surely never pear-tree bore such fruit!

Suddenly there descended from the thing a plaintive, trembling little voice:

"Please take us down. We are very cold!"

Then a second little voice:

"And hungry, too. Please take us down!"

"Why, who are you? And where are you?"

The first little voice said:

"We are Mr. Harwood's little boy and girl, and we are lost in a balloon."

The second little voice said:

It's us, and we runned away with a balloon. Please take us down."

Dimly comprehending the situation, the farmer, getting hold of a dangling rope, succeeded in pulling down the balloon.

He first lifted out little Johnnie, who ran rapidly a few yards toward the house, then turned round, and stood for a few moments, curiously surveying the balloon. The faithful little sister was so chilled and exhausted that she had to be carried into the house, where, trembling and sobbing, she told her wonderful story.

Before sunrise a mounted messenger was dispatched to the Harwood home, with glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon, and a few hours later the children themselves arrived, in state, with banners and music, and conveyed in a covered hay-wagon and four.

Joy-bells were rung in the neighboring town, and in the farmer's brown house the happiest family on the Continent thanked God that night.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN Mrs. Bell's chamber, where she lay sleeping restfully, Mrs. Russell fell thinking of the strange fancy—or was it reality?—which had troubled them both: the face at the window pane. Was it fancy? If so, why should both imagine the same sight at the same time? If not—what was it? Whose face could it be? She began to grow nervous and uneasy. They two were all alone in the great house. There was much therein valuable to a burglar.—Then somehow the sight of the pale, sad face, so strangely familiar, forbade such ideas. Surely it was not an evil countenance. Yet why was it there, and at the window? Perhaps the man,—for it was a man's face,—perhaps he was lurking about, still. She rose and went to the window. There was nothing unusual to be seen. Still she was not satisfied, and opening the door stepped out on the balcony.

There was a quick, distinct sound from the closing door, and a moving shadow caught her eye. Leaning over the railing, she saw in the moonlight the figure of a man, with his hat pushed back, gazing up toward her, with an eager, longing look that moved and startled her. She drew back a step, and the man below came out into clearer view, and the word "Mother!" floated upward to her ear. She grew suddenly sick and faint. What did it mean? Was her dead coming back, to mystify and alarm her? Or was it a plan of some burglar to work on her fears, or attract her attention, while some other one might be robbing the house below?

"Mother!" came again in a soft, appealing tone. "It is I. Your Arthur. Mother, my only earthly friend, come forward and speak to me."

It was no burglar. The voice so full of anguish and supplication, she could not mistake. It was the same that had first called her 'mother,'—the tones so well remembered, though years had passed since the welcome sound had greeted her.

She thought she should die for a moment, as the full flood of joy swept over her soul. Then with uncertain step she went in, and down the stairway to the front entrance. She had scarcely power to swing open the heavy door and step out. The man was not to be seen.

"Arthur! my boy, my boy, come back to me, and tell me the blessed vision is a reality." And she extended both hands as if to stay his flight, if he were gone. And he was going away. Sadly and slowly, thinking even the gentle mother he loved so well had refused even to speak to him. He sped swiftly back and clasped her in his arms. Not shadowy, spirit arms, but veritable flesh and bone.

Then she led him in, blinded by her tears,—to the warm, cheerful sitting room, and placed an easy chair before the grate. He looked about him in a wild, confused way. "She isn't here, I'm glad to see. I looked in a while ago, and thought you alone. Then I heard voices and had made up my mind I would never find you by yourself, when I saw you at an upper window." With a soft restful sigh he sank into the chair she had placed for him. "O how happy I am to be home again. If I could only stay!"

"You will stay. You must. I will never give up my boy again." And with streaming eyes the mother knelt and clasped her hands on his knee.

"But my father will never forgive me. I know how firm and relentless he is. No, no; I wanted to see you, my sweet mother, and hear your voice again, else I had never come. But I must go away again."

Rising, he lifted her to the chair he had just vacated, and drawing a stool near he sat down and laid his head on her lap. Tenderly the mother hands passed over her boy's waving brown hair, while her tears fell silently on the shining mass.

"What did you mean, by boy," asked Mrs. Russell presently, "by saying 'she is not here?'"

"Oh I can hardly tell you. Only this, mother: I was here twice before, all within a few months,—and on both occasions I encountered what seemed to me a ghost. I saw a face that looked so much like my dead wife's that I could not stay longer. But she is dead. And this woman, whoever she be, is living. No, no; it is only a strange resemblance."

"Strange indeed," echoed his mother. "But it can not be the same. This one lived in Linden before she came to us. What has kept you away from us so long, Arthur. Tell me all about it."

He sighed. "There is little to tell, yet all is woe. The good ship went down, and only two besides myself were saved. My wife and baby girl went in the first boat with the other women, and all were lost. Those that followed met the same fate. Three only lived, while the rest were never seen again. Their bodies were never recovered.

We were picked up by a homeward bound vessel, and I was sent to a hospital on reaching New York. Hunger, exposure and grief, for the loss of my dear ones had rendered me insane at times. Finding there was prospect of my being taken to an asylum, I left without consulting any one.—Hark: I hear bells! They are coming I must go. Good bye my precious mother. God bless you." Hastily rising he clasped her hands and pressed them to his lips and turned away.

"Oh Arthur, Arthur! you must not go. I can not give up my only son—my long lost boy. You shall not leave us again. I can not bear it. It will kill me." And she sank back almost fainting.

"Don't, mother, don't. I'm not going far, nor for long. If my father permits, I will come again. If he does not, I will see you again. Adieu for a while." And he was gone, leaving the window ajar in his haste.

"Ugh!" shivered Addie, as they all came trooping in from spelling school. "How cold you are, mamma. The fire is burning low and that window yonder is open, admitting volumes and volumes of Borean blizzards.—Why mamma darling, what is

the matter! You're as white as if you'd seen a ghost. And"—bending and kissing the pale brow, as she lowered her voice, "you're crying, too." Kneeling and crossing her hands over her mother's lap.

"I have seen a ghost—of the past," she replied, rallying a little. Addie thought she meant dreaming of her past sorrows. And so no more was said on the subject until the rest had retired and husband and wife were alone. Then a silence fell between them. Presently Mr. Russell turned to his wife and looked fixedly into her face. "There is something in your face, Elizabeth, that reminds me of the far past. There is a calm, joyous light in your eyes that I used to see in your early life, but for years I have not noticed it till now. What is it?"

A sweet, radiant smile swept her countenance. She had regained her composure, and the knowledge that her loved and lost boy was found, brought such a joy and happiness that her face betrayed her heart.

"You believe in visions, I think I've heard you say. That is a part of the Mormon doctrine you have been half inclined to accept, is it not?"

"I am fully inclined to accept, you may say, my dear," he replied. "Yes, visions are among the blessings promised to the faithful believer." He waited for her to speak, now. "You wouldn't credit me, perhaps, if I told you the mother in song who

"Sees a blessed vision,
And forgets all earthly woe."

"Yes I would, my wife, I know you are faithful, and patient and altogether worthy. Of course I would." Looking into her face with eager questioning.

"Would you believe, if I told you I had seen Arthur?"

He was startled by the question. Then "Why not, Elizabeth? If he is dead as it seems,—although I can not yet realize it,—why may you not be favored with a heavenly vision, and see him in his glorious home!"

"What if he were *not* dead, John!" turning toward him for the first time during their conversation.

"If he were *not* dead, my dear, he would come back to us, or let us hear from him, at least."

"But John, she said, you forbade him the house. Cast him off completely."

"Yes," he replied, "but I think differently now I want him home again.—There! I'm talking as if he were *not* dead.—Oh my boy, my boy, how could I be so cruel to you! If you only *could* come back and forgive me."

"I think he will come, John," his wife said, gently and assuringly. But her husband did not comprehend her meaning.

"Vic," said Addie on reaching their bedroom, sinking into a great cushioned rockaway, "crawl into bed and don't wait for me. I must think—There's a disturbing element in the air, to-night. Mamma feels it;—and I—Ah me! who would have thought it? A letter from a handsome young minister, and an offer of marriage. Heighho!"

"Addie Russell! what are you saying?" cried her sister. Addie went on: "And I shall accept him, of course, after giving myself full time to consider, and him to enjoy an agony of suspense. I intend—to say yes. But it isn't best to hurry such matters. He's so desperately in love, he can afford to wait."

"Addie!" cried Victoria. "What nonsense is this?"

"None, I assure you, Queen Vic," returned Addie demurely. "The coolest, most practical sense. Because you missed the prize, you needn't think I am alike unfortunate. I'll be splendid."

"I'll call mamma," murmured Victoria. "I believe the foolish child is bereft of reason. No wonder, the way she has flirted with George Randolph and Mr. Ramsey." Rising, and laying her hand on the door-latch.

"You'll do no such thing, Vic, please," and Addie drew a letter from her pocket. "I'll read my letter

if you'll permit me. I have not seen a word it contained yet. And don't look so distressed, if you can help it. The offer was not from Max—Though he wrote the letter, I know by the postmark;—this isn't the first either. There, there, Vic. Don't look so ghost like, I beg of you. He is as faithful to you as if you *hadn't* treated him so shabbily, and will never give you another chance to snub him, I'm morally sure. Will you let me alone, Vic? I don't hear you, any way."

THE following lines were written by Sr. Carrie A. Thomas, and recited by her daughter, Mabel, at the Christmas Entertainment of the Lamoni Sabbath School, December 23d, 1882.

GOD'S BEST GIFT TO MAN.

Why are we assembled here?
Why do our presents bring?
Why are all hearts filled with cheer?
Why do our glad peans ring?

Ah! 'tis Christmas eve again,
Wonder not that we are glad!
Christ, the Life and Light of men,
Long ago this birthday had.

Look we back now to that night—
More than eighteen hundred years
Since the shepherds saw a sight,
Causing them some anxious fears;

Saw the angels, heard them sing,
(Strange the words they uttered then),
"Glory to the new born King!
Peace on earth, good will to men."

But their fears were soon beguiled,
And from eastern plains afar,
Hastened they to seek the child,
Guided by a new, bright star.

Eagerly they followed on
"Till above a stall it stood;
Here they found the lowly one,
Christ the Lord, the great and good.

Here they bowed before their King,
As he in a manger lay,
And with gifts of precious things,
Did their hearts' best homage pay.

Like the shepherds of the east,
We would also presents bring;
And with joy, from first to last,
Hail the birthday of our King.

We would tune our harps anew,
Would the heart's best impulse bring;
And "good will" and "peace" renew,
While our Christmas carols ring.

May the God who dwells on high,
On this happy Christmas eve;
View us with a pleasing eye,
And our heartfelt thanks receive.

Thanks, for every earthly good;
Thanks, for gospel light and love;
Leading us the way we should,
Pointing to our home above.

O that God's great gift to men
We might ever bear in mind.
'Tis the Babe of Bethlehem!
Christ, the Savior of mankind.

IF THE COAT FITS, PUT IT ON.

I HAD prided myself upon being a model husband, though I never professed to be perfect. We all have our failings, and one of mine was a love for intoxicating drinks. But that was a common failing of so many, that I never looked upon it as a very great sin, and contented myself with saying it was nobody's business, so long as I did not abuse my family; and eased my conscience by slurring those weak minded people, who are always harping away about temperance. I never expected to become a downright drunkard, and taking it all in all, I concluded that I was about as good as anybody else.

But Lucy, my wife, couldn't look at the matter in the same light that I did. For once when we had been to town together, for we live a few miles out in the country, I made a mistake, and got a little too much of the harmless tonic into my stomach; and in spite of myself, became so affected that I could neither walk nor sit up, and when my Lucy found me, she was obliged to get some of her relatives to

tumble me into a wagon, and take me to their own house. When I came to myself, I was sorry to see how badly she felt about it; for she had walked the house all night long, and she wrung her hands, and cried, and said that she never expected, that the man she had chosen to love, honor and obey, would ever bring such misery and disgrace upon her. Then I told her how sorry I was that it had ever happened, and promised to try to be more careful in the future; and I tried to get her to see how it was not any disgrace upon her, and that nobody would blame her. But she couldn't see it that way, and she cried and took on so that I got clear out of patience, and concluded that if she couldn't listen to reason, that I might as well keep still.

But she never seemed quite the same after that, and whenever I was gone any place and came home, she would look at me in such an anxious way, to see if I was sober, and I often found that she had been crying, even when I had not been where I could get a drop of anything of the kind; and though she would sometimes try to be loving and cheerful as before, still I do believe that she was silly enough to worry about it all the time. And she actually began to look old, and was not nearly as good natured as before, until I almost began to think that my wife was not the same sweet, loving Lucy that I had been so proud to call my bride.

Well, one day I came home earlier than common; and thinking I heard my wife's voice, as I passed one of the open windows, I bent forward to look in, and I saw her upon her knees, and heard her say, "O Lord, open the eyes of my husband, that he may see the folly and wickedness of his besetting sin." I waited no longer, but hurried to the barn, wondering why she could not get over that little accident, and why people would persist in feeling so horrible over so simple an affair. But when I came back, I found her calm and mild tempered; and when I lay down upon the bed that night to rest, I think I came as near wishing that I had never learned to love strong drink as I ever had in my life before. I at length fell asleep to dream, and though it was but a dream, yet it seemed so vivid and real, that I almost think it was about the same to me at the time as if it had really been true.

I thought we were on our way to town. It was a warm, nice day; and our hearts were light, and my Lucy sang hymns, and snatches of love songs as we rode along. And little four year old Bertie laughed and shouted, and the baby crowed, and we were all happy as could be. When we came to the town I left my wife and children at the dry goods store to do some trading, telling her I would be back in an hour or two.

At the end of that time I came back, having completed the business that had taken me to another part of the town. I found little Bertie trying in vain to please the baby, which was sitting on the floor in the dry goods store. Where is mother, Bertie? said I. She went over to that house across the street long time ago, said he, and she hasn't come back.

How the blood rushed to my face! for I suddenly seemed to remember, that I had feared she was imbibing too great a love for intoxicating drink lately. I hastened to the place, and there I found her, sitting on a bench and leaning her head against the wall, too drunk to move. O, my God, how I felt at that moment! My wife, the one that I had sworn to love and cherish all my life, the mother of my helpless little ones, to be found in such a hell-hole as this, and drunk!

I could have wished myself dead, torn my hair, or cried in despair in my misery; but there was a crowd around the place, and the children were both crying, and something must be done. I hurriedly drove my team to the door of the saloon, placed the children in the wagon, and after some difficulty succeeded in getting my wife into the wagon, in the presence of a number of our friends, as well as enemies. As I looked up I saw the young minister, who had one day tried to win my Lucy for his own, looking at me compassionately; and I heard him

say, "Thank the Lord I am spared that humiliation." As I drove away with the babe in my arms, and its mother in the bottom of the wagon, I caught the scornful glances of some, and heard the sneaking laughter of others; and I felt that my burdens were greater than I could bear.

It was now too late and too chilly, I knew, to take her home in safety; so I was obliged to take her to my uncle's for the night, to share my disgrace with them; and I knew that before another night, all our acquaintances would hear of my disgrace and misery. My uncle came and took the babe, and my aunt helped me get Lucy to the house; and I said, it seems so much worse to see a woman in such disgrace as this than if it were a man. But it is not any worse, said my aunt, since God is no respecter of persons, and I felt that she was right. When I got alone, I groaned aloud in my anguish, and I wept, that she who had been my honored wife, loved and respected by all who knew her, had sunk herself to such a level; and I wept for my little ones, because they must have such examples set before them by their own parents, and because they must inherit such a sinful passion. And I wept for myself, because the idol of my heart, had proved so false and faithless to her duties as a wife and mother.

Then I awoke to find myself groaning aloud, my forehead covered with great beads of sweat, and my wife crying, "O John, John, what is the matter? are you sick?"

"No, wife, but the Lord God has opened my eyes, and your prayers are answered."

If I am ever tempted since that to taste strong drink I stop and say to myself, am I willing to sacrifice my wife to an endless misery, and my children to hopeless ruin, and myself to a beastly drunkard's grave, because I like the taste of liquor? And I crush the passion beneath my feet as I would a venomous serpent, that had crept into my home, to destroy its inmates

May God bless these humble efforts.

ANONYMOUS.

Letters from the Hopes.

FREMONT Nebraska, Dec. 29th, 1882.

Dear Hopes :—As it is the first time I ever wrote to the *Hope*, so I will not attempt to write very much. I was baptized by Bro. Thomas Smith many years ago, but did not write because I have been backward. Now I am as determined as ever to go onward in the good work to perfection, though I often stumble and go into by and forbidden paths, after the pleasures of the world; yet I am trying to make this my motto.

Onward, ever onward,
Till the coming of our Lord.
Then with Christ forever dwelling,
In the paradise of God.

Pray for me.

NELS P. NELSON.

PLATTSBURG, Mo., Dec. 17th, 1882.

Dear Hopes :—I have not written to you for a long time. I desire this beautiful Sabbath to contribute a few thoughts. This is a beautiful day indeed. The sun is shedding its bright and warm rays, and all nature seems to be made to rejoice after a week of cold, bleak weather. We have a privilege we can comply with, even if we can not meet with the Saints to worship, we are not hindered from discharging our duties, and trying harder each day of our lives to keep the commandments of God, and trying each day to overcome some little failing, which might, if not overcome, cause us and those around us hours of trouble.

How apt we are to see the faults of others and complain of them, when perhaps we have faults of our own that are much more annoying than those we see in others; and yet we can not see them, because they are our own. I oftentimes think how much better it would be, if when we are ready to find fault with others, we would just stop for a

moment and consider, have I no faults? Am I perfect that I should reprove my neighbor? I think if we would all adopt this plan we would feel a great deal better spiritually.

The new year is drawing near. How many of us are going to make a resolution to live nearer to God next year than we have this? For I think there are none of us but what could do that. We can each one speak for our selves. I know that I for one fall short of doing my duty, but my desire is to keep the commandments of God. I desire the Hopes to remember me in their prayers.

I remain your unworthy sister,
SARAH SUMMERFIELD.

SAN JUAN, San Benito Co., Cal.,
December 18th, 1882.

Dear Hopes :—It is with much pleasure I write to you for the first time, but I hope it will not be the last. We have been taking the *Hope* and *Herald* for many years; I like them very much. I like to read the continued stories, also the letters in them.

I am fourteen years old the 31 of April. We have a branch here, but do not have meetings every Sunday. The first Sunday in every month we have sacrament. It is three miles from where we live. My parents belong to the Church, but not any of my sisters or brothers, nor myself belong. We have not any Sabbath School here. My father is going to preach the first Sunday in next month. I am very glad to hear that the *Hope* is going to be weekly,* for two weeks seems so long to wait. I like to read the puzzles in the *Hope*, but there are not many that I can work out. I guess my letter is long enough for this time. With best wishes for you all, I remain you friend,

P. J. SMITH.

*The *Herald* will be weekly, not the *Hope*.—Ed.

ARMSTRONG, Kansas, Dec. 15th, 1882.

Dear Hopes :—This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I hope it won't be the last. I will be eight years old the 14th of next May. We have no church in Armstrong, but we are going to build one in the Spring. I am not baptized yet. I love to read the *Hope* very much. I hope you will excuse this poor letter. I will do better next time.

WILLIE CLOW.

USBORNE, Ont., December 20th, 1882.

Dear Hopes :—It is with much pleasure that I write these few lines to you for the first time. It is a little over a year since I embraced the gospel of Christ; but I feel thankful that I had the privilege, and my desire is to be faithful, that when the Lord sees fit to call me from this world, that I may meet him with joy and not with grief. We have a Sabbath School here, and I am glad when Sunday comes, so that I can go to school and testimony meeting.

We have Bro. Hicklin with us now, and we enjoy his visit very much indeed, and like his preaching, and the people pay great attention, and like his preaching too. There are not many members in this branch, but hope the day will soon come when there will be many more added to our number. The conference will be here next June, and I hope it will be a good one. I have no more this time. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Love to all the readers of the *Hope*.

Your sister,

GRACE CORNISH.

TABOR, December 24th, 1882.

Dear Hopes :—As it is Sunday, and is storming so I can not go to church, would spend a few moments in writing to you. I have been a reader of the *Hope* since it was first published, and would not do without it. We have good meetings here. Brother Robert M. Elvin was with us in November, and preached nearly one week.

Dear Hopes, let us strive to live faithfully, and improve the talent God has given us, that we may thereby gain other talents. I will try and answer

brother Joseph Curtis' questions in the 15th of December *Hope*. First: "And Christ said, 'Suffer it to be so, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness.'" Matthew 3d chapter and 43d verse. Second: "Peter said, Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Acts of the Apostles 2:38.

I will also answer brother Peter C. Nelson's questions. First: "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair; and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment. John 12:3. Second: "There they made him a supper, and Martha served, but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him." John 12:2. Third: "Then Jesus six days before the Passover, came to Bethany, where Lazarus was which had been dead, whom he raised from the dead.—John 12:1. Fourth: The people destroyed by fire, because of their sins and wickedness, is the people of Sodom and Gomorrah.—Genesis 19:31, 32.

Now little Hopes, let me ask you a few questions. What people were destroyed by the sword, because of their secret murders and combinations? Christ says, "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love." Where may this be found? What commandment did the Lord tell Moses to give to the children of Israel? "And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God." Where may this be found?

But for fear I am taking up too much space, I will close, by wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I remain as ever your sister in Christ,
JULIA F. HILLS.

KENNARD, Washington Co., Neb.
December 24th 1882.

Dear Hopes :—It has been a long time since I wrote to you. The weather seems more like winter than it did a little while ago. The ground is covered with snow. I will try to answer the questions that brother Peter Nelson asked. First: Who was it that anointed Jesus' feet at Bethany. It was Mary the sister of Lazarus. John 12: 3. Second: Who sat with him? Lazarus. Third: who had been dead and was raised again? It was Lazarus. John 11: 43. Fourth: What people was burned with fire? The people of Sodom and Gomorrah. Gen. 19: 24. Pray for me that I may hold out faithful to the end.

Your sister in Christ,

IDA CURTIS.

USBORNE, Ont., Dec. 10th, 1882.

Dear Hopes :—It is a long time since I wrote to you, and it is with much pleasure I write you these few lines, to let you know that our Sabbath School is advancing. They are talking about having a Christmas tree on Christmas eve, and I hope we will have a merry time if we have one. We have an Elder here now. It is Bro. Hicklin. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year;

Love to you all,

Yours truly,

R. A. RIDLEY.

Keep up the habit of being respected, and do not attempt to be more amusing and agreeable than is consistent with the preservation of respect.

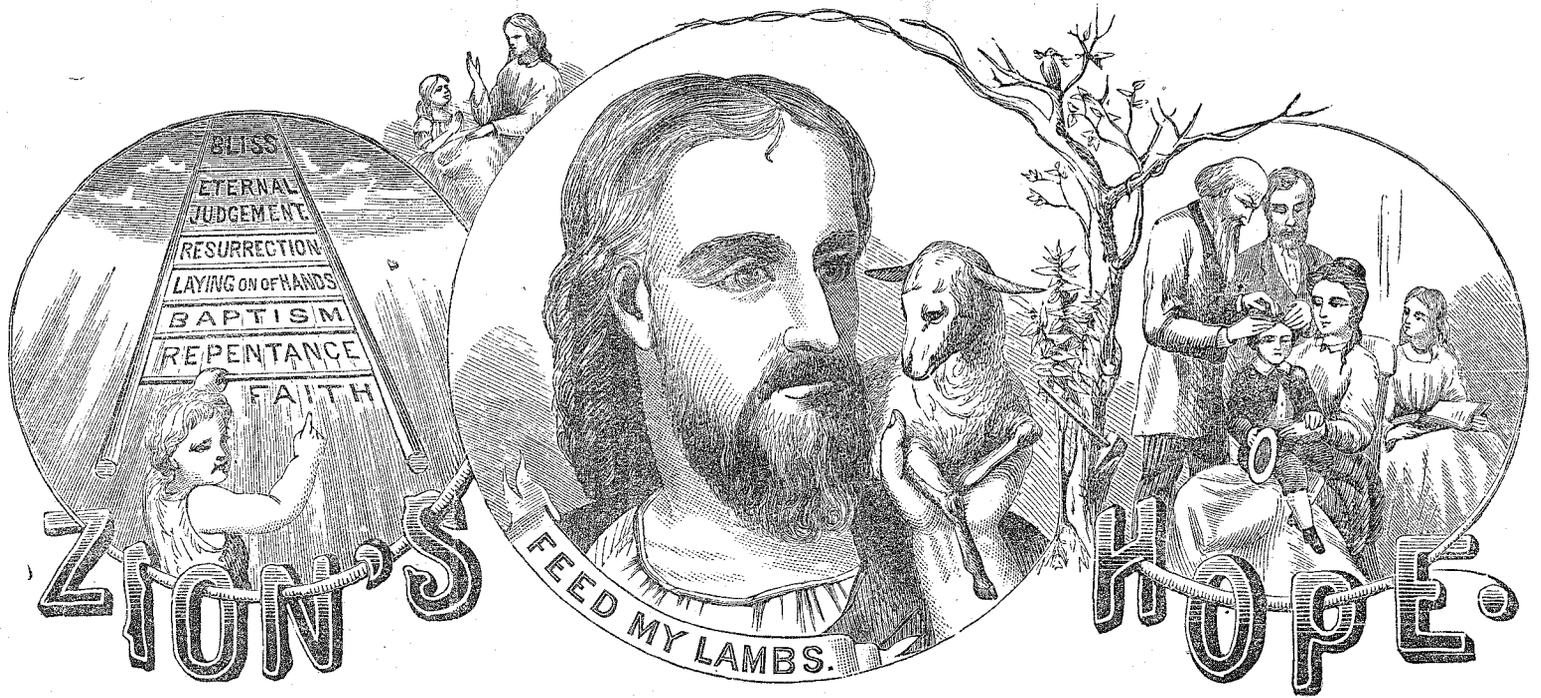
A hen to-morrow is better than an egg to-day.

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

ALCOHOL.

There walketh a fiend, o'er the glad green earth,
By the side of the reaper, Death;
He dazzles alike with the glow of his mirth,
Or quenches the light of the household hearth,
With his foul and withering breath.

He stalketh abroad with his hydra head,
And there gather in his train
The failing foot and strong man's tread,
The restless living—the ghostly dead,
And Misery, Want, and Pain.

He nerves the arm of relentless hate,
With the goblet's beaded foam,
He lurks in the halls of the rich and great,
In the beggar's hut, at the palace gate—
And curses the poor man's home.

He barter the wealth of a spotless name,
For the wine-cup's treacherous glow,
And scathes the pinions of deathless Fame,
Till they drop with their burdens of Guilt and Shame.
'Mid its dregs of sin and wo.

And there cometh ever a sorrowing wail,
In the path of his blighted tread;
And childhood's cheek grows weak and pale,
And its heart is faint, and its footsteps fail,
For he grudgeth the poor their bread.

Grudgeth the poor their daily bread,
And filleth the drunkard's bowl
With Want and Wo—Remorse and Dread,
With a nerveless hand, a falling head,
And a curse on his deathless soul.

For the fiend still walketh with cruel will,
With a swift and restless tread,
That he may by his gulesome, subtle skill,
Gather alike both in good and the ill,
With the ruined and the dead.

But a summons we hear that comes from heaven,
With this daily fiend to fight;
And though his power be sevenfold seven,
To us that oppose 'tis assuredly given,
To conquer and put him to flight.

HOW TWO RABBITS BECAME TWO PIGS.

ONCE on a time a man who lived in the country away from a little town; whose name was Smith, had two little boys. The biggest of these boys was named David, and the other Freddie.

One Winter David was sick, quite sick, and the folks, his pa and ma, and the neighbors used to sit with him and watch at night. One of them who used to sit with him was named Frank; a young man who lived in the neighborhood, and who was very kind to the sick boy. Frank had a family of tame rabbits, and one night he told David about them and their funny ways. This made the sick boy very anxious to get a pair of them. So he got his mother to give him his little saving's bank and

he took a dollar and bought a pair of the rabbits.

One of these rabbits was, blue, or slate color, and the other was white, one had blue eyes and one had pink eyes. They were very cute and funny. The name of one was Bunny. A man who lived with Mr. Smith, and who was a carpenter, made a nice box for the rabbits, and in this box David kept his pets for quite a while. But after a few weeks they grew so tame and friendly that they were left to go free in the yard.

One day David's pa found out that the rabbits had been gnawing at some of his young cherry trees, and so he made a fuss about the rabbits running out.

One day a little neighbor boy whose name was Walter came to see David and the rabbits, and he was so pleased with the little bunnies, for that is what they call them, that he wanted them; so he coaxed his pa to let him get them. So his pa, whose name was David too, let him give the sick boy David two little pigs for the two rabbits; and Walter took the little fellows home and brought the pigs to David.

David's pa took a box and made a pen for the little pigs; it did not take a very big box either.

Some other time I will tell you how two pigs grew to be two saddles.

UNCLE T.

MY FLOWER GARDEN.

I ONCE passed by a florist, who was digging a long, deep, narrow trench, which he filled with rich earth brought from a great distance, with great expense and toil, and said to him, "For what are you preparing that bed with so much pains?"

"Flowers," said he; "roses, the choicest of my perpetual roses."

"Well," I replied, "I don't think that will pay."

"Come along here in two or three years and see."

I did. I looked over into that garden. I never before or since saw quite such a sight of beauty. Such fragrance, too, as there was upon the air. Yes, I admit it gladly,—it pays. All that expense and toil of the husbandman were not in vain. It was a good investment.

If I am a Sunday School teacher, my class is my flower garden. A friend steps into my study on Saturday evening. I am putting the last half hour of study on the lesson. I have looked at it, studied it, examined it in every possible manner, with all the aids of the teacher's library, and from my own experience and prayer over it, have made out my brief. My friend exclaims:

"What's all this?"

"My Sunday School preparation."

"You have put some study on this."

"Seven hours of hard, honest study and prayer,—my usual preparation."

"Well that won't pay!"

"If you will look into my class to-morrow, next week, month, or year, you will change your opinion. No work pays better. This is my flower garden. You can not have a delightful bloom and fragrance like that of heaven, without asking for it.—Selected.

"TO-MORROW WILL DO."

"WELL, now, if there isn't that letter! How could I have managed to forget it? Pshaw! that's too bad! Oh, well, to-morrow will do."

Such were the varied exclamations of Harry Phillips when, as he was going to bed, he threw his coat over a chair, and a letter came slipping out of one of the pockets. He picked up a letter at length, stamping his foot a little over his own forgetfulness, as he put it back again in his coat pocket; hesitated for a moment whether he had not better, late as it then was, go out and post it; and then went on with his preparations for bed. "I guess," he said, as he laid down: "To-morrow will do just as well."

But he found subsequently, to his sorrow, that to-morrow would not do. His father had specially charged him to mail the letter in the afternoon, and Harry had faithfully promised to put it in the Post-office before six o'clock. But he happened to fall into pleasant company, and forgot all about it. The results of this neglect proved most disastrous.

A business firm had written to Mr. Phillips for an immediate remittance. They had come into unexpected difficulties, and applied to him as their most trust-worthy friend, to help them out. Unless they received his cheque before three o'clock next day, their note in bank would be protested, and their credit be seriously, if not dangerously, impaired. It was on this account that Mr. Phillips was so anxious that the letter should be posted in time. If he had not had the utmost confidence in Harry, he would have gone to the Post-office and dropped it into the mailing-box with his own hands. As it was, he took the precaution to telegraph his friends, and tell them that the cheque was on the way.

It was this fact which quieted the anxious firm the next day. As the morning mail did not bring Mr. Phillips' letter, they waited confidently for the noon mail. When that brought them nothing, it was too late for them to make any other arrangements, and they were obliged to confess their inability to meet their obligations. Before night, the

news of this spread over the city. Unexpected demands were made upon them. When Mr. Phillips' cheque did at last come, they were in the most serious financial difficulties; and shortly after were obliged to close up their business at a great sacrifice and loss.

The fact of Harry's remissness came out, of course, in due time; and the young man felt dreadfully over his responsibility for the failure of his father's friends.

"You see now," said his father to him, "the importance of promptness and the evils of procrastination. If it had not been for your forgetfulness and neglect, my friends might be in a far different condition from that in which they now find themselves. A few hour's delay on your part has, in all probability, blighted their lives, and brought them and many others distress and ruin."

To this, Harry had nothing to say in reply. Indeed, he could scarcely raise his eyes to look at his father's face. He did resolve, however, that such a thing should never happen again; and has tried ever since to avoid putting off until to-morrow what ought to be done to-day.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow," says the wise man. Be sure that to-day's duties are all done before to-day ends. Above all, see to it that you do not procrastinate in the affairs of the soul. Many a soul has said, "To-morrow will do"; and has wakened up on the morrow to find itself irretrievably lost.—*Our Young People.*

MICHAEL FARADAY.

PROFESSOR Michael Faraday was born September 22d, 1791, near London, England. His father was a blacksmith, and his educational advantages were few; yet he became "one of the most distinguished Chemists and Natural Philosophers of the present century." He is thus a striking example of what may be accomplished by industry and perseverance, notwithstanding adverse circumstances.

In his early youth, he was apprenticed to a book-binder, and had to work all day. But he had a thirst for knowledge, and therefore devoted his evenings and other leisure to its acquisitions. In addition to reading, he performed experiments in chemistry and natural philosophy; and constructed for himself an electrical machine for use in that department of science.

When he was about twenty-one years old, he obtained admission to the lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy, a very celebrated chemist, and afterwards sent to Sir Humphrey the notes he had taken; and, stating his circumstances, he expressed a desire to be employed in some intellectual pursuit. This led to his being engaged as an assistant; and he soon gave proof of his scientific ability, by condensing gases into liquids. This laid the foundation for his future fame. He continued through a long life to make many valuable discoveries in chemistry, electricity, optics, etc., and he published numerous scientific works. In 1827, he was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, and afterwards filled other important positions. He died in 1867, known and honored throughout the world.

The circumstances of his youth were, unfavorable to his advancement, and it is not likely that he had any idea of the career that was before him; for generally, it is not those who have the greatest aspirations who attain to the highest positions. But he wished to know something, and he used the opportunities that were within his reach; and these opened the way for other and greater opportunities, which he used as they came before him; and thus, step by step, he rose to a high position as a man of science.

It is very important to notice that Mr. Faraday was not only a great scientist; but also a devoted Christian. He was an active member of a small Baptist church, in an obscure part of London; and was highly esteemed by his pastor and fellow-members. There are some scientists who scoff at relig-

ion, and intimate that it is something beneath persons of their acquisitions; but the course and conduct of Faraday indicate that the highest scientific attainments, and the possession and practice of an earnest Christianity, are quite compatible with each other. W. H.

BLESSINGS FROM GOD.

O how thankful we should be for the many blessings we receive daily by our Heavenly Father's hand. When we see the nourishments and comforts of life surrounding us, how thankful we ought to be, that God in his goodness and mercy, has not only given to his children that which they need for their use and benefit; but has also given us many other blessings, which must add to our happiness and enjoyment. Behold the beautiful trees, the green grass, the lovely flowers and birds. God has ordained all these for the use and enjoyment of man, as well as many others equally as useful and beneficial. Think how great his love must have been for us, that he sent his only begotten Son to die on the cross, to atone for our sins. He cares for all our wants, and in the silent hours of night he watches over and protects us, giving us all that is due through our trust and faithfulness in him. In short, his blessings are so numerous that they can not be counted; and all he asks in return, is love and obedience.

Dear Hopes; should we not then try more and more to love and obey God, that when he comes to claim his own he shall say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Master?"

Countless blessings showered upon us,
By the Lord's almighty power;
Daily mercies dawn unto us,
Every passing day and hour.

In the shade and gloom of night,
As well as in the light of day;
Still around us constantly,
Blessings from the Lord alway.

Then let us praise the Lord our God,
For all his gifts to us,
And glorify his holy name,
And walk upright and just.

DAVID WIGHT.

THE NEW SUIT.

"O, MOTHER," exclaimed Lulie as she entered her home on her return from church; did you notice Annie Lee's new suit? It was the most splendid one in church. I noticed them all, and thought what a happy girl she must be to have such a good father to dress her so elegantly. If he was my father, I should almost worship him," continued the little miss, who had just entered her teens.

"Yes, I noticed that she was very finely dressed, but she was so lifted up in her pride, no one could appreciate her, or her fine clothes."

"Then my little daughter would worship her father, if he would gratify her foolish desire for dress? On which would your worship be bestowed, on him or on your own appearance? Think I've heard you say you pitied the poor heathen children—Which is the greater sin, to worship idols of wood and stone, or to bow before the idol of fashion? Whatever we give the highest and most constant place in our affection, is our idol whether fashioned from wood and stone, or from straw and ribbons," replied the mother.

"Now mother, you are too bad, for everybody admired her splendid suit, and cousin Kate said she would not appear in church again in her old one, and I don't want to either." A pout and a frown played among the roses and the dimples.

"Then your object in going to church is to show your fine clothes is it? If that is so, you would better stay at home in future. That is not worship, but vain glory, and it is very displeasing to God. One would better never be a church-goer, than to go merely for a show. It matters not what you wear, if your appearance gives no cause for others to applaud or ridicule you. Just notice the Knowlton

girls, they always look neat on all occasions; yet dress according to their business. Their highest ambition is to gain knowledge, not to make a vain exhibition of themselves."

"Annie Lee is the belle of the village, and she don't associate with them, or any other plainly dressed girl."

"Which do you think has the most means, Mr. Lee or Mr. Knowlton?"

"Mr. Lee, I suppose," replied the child.

"That is a great mistake, my dear. Mr. Lee does not even own a house, and if his bills were met he would have no furniture; while on the other hand, Mr. Knowlton is in very independent circumstances."

"Then why don't they dress better?" queried the child, thinking that was the greatest object.

"Because they have higher motives. They make a wise use of what they have, consequently there is a steady gain, thereby giving them means to aid the poor, and besides they give much toward spreading the gospel. Thus they are living on a higher plane in this life, and have a bright hope in the future. All the means that we have is lent to us by our Father above, and it is very displeasing to him for us to use it merely to gratify our own selfish desires. He never blesses such people, and they are never happy. He loves the humble heart, and the cheerful giver. I hope my little daughter will think deeply on these things.

MRS. ALMIRA M. SNOW.

TANGLED THREAD.

WELL a day, Jennie let us have a talk once more. I can not uncle, I have some work to do; just see this great skein of cotton I have to wind into a ball. Dear me! I shall never get through.

Very well let me help you; so I will be the swifts, and hold the skein and you wind; now we go it; make your fingers twinkle.

Ki—hi! Uncle, seems to me you said you'd be the swifts, but you are not so swift as I am after all, you only sit still. I have quite a ball wound.

Jennie what does this skein resemble?

Well as near as I can say it looks like a bunch of live tangles just now, only look! what a snarl.

Very original comparison. Put the ball up, under, round and through. There it is all straight again.

What do you think it is like?

Well Jennie the skein is like our life to come, the future days and years that are to be given to us.—Because we don't know its actual length, and can not tell how many snarls, tangles, stops and breaks there is concealed in it, nor how soon we may finish the work it gives us.

I know what the ball is like, it is like our past life, is it not?

Very well said indeed; but why is it?

Because—well—because it is done with, wound up you know, gone past.

True enough, but it is not altogether done with, if it is good thread, clear of knots and so forth, it will be of great use some time, when it is unwound.

Will our past lives be unwound again?

Not exactly; however there is a record kept of it we are taught, and it must all pass examination.

We will be ashamed then uncle if there are poor spots in the yarn, knots, weak places, moth eaten, soiled, or ill spun.

We shall truly, so we must exercise great care in winding the thread of every day life, that it is fairly clearly, honestly, and righteously done. If the skein with its untold goodness, and its unknown evil, is our future life, and the ball, with its unalterable interior is our past life, what is the thread sliding through your nimble fingers just now?

O! I know! It is the present time, our every day life.

Yes, and just see what a tangle it is in. Let me jerk it out.

O! no, no; that is not the way, you must be patient, you only make it worse.

Is it not so with our lives Jennie, do we not have to be patient in times of trial, and trouble; and do we not often make things go worse for us by our fretfulness and wilfulness.

O! Uncle; here is the end of the skein. Does not this make you think of something sad?

Yes indeed, our lives will soon be wound off, and almost before we are aware the work will be done. But here is one thing to suggest a bright thought, you have made a round, even, well shaped ball. I hope the skein of your life may be full Jennie, and free from knots, and bad tangles, and at its close may you find that the work it gave you has been well done. Let us sing. I will lead, and you may sing the chorus:

We are winding the precious thread of life,
Its hues are fresh and fair,
Nor will they soil if our hands are clean,
And wind with proper care.
Bear a hand, bear a hand,
A firm steady hand,
And skilfully turn the ball;
'Tis the beautiful golden thread of life
We are winding one and all.

'Tis easy to wind in meeting time
When God is winding too,
But all alone at the tangled skein
'Tis tedious work to do.
Yet still bear a hand,
A firm steady hand,
Nor idly let it fall,
For the beautiful eyes that shine above
Are watching over us all.

By and by the skein will all run out,
O then if 'tis all well done;
How sweet to have our humble work
Received by the Holy One.
Bear a palm, bear a palm,
An ever green palm,
And sing a joyful lay;
For the golden thread is woven in a robe
That never shall fade away.

A.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XX.

NEXT morning a telegram informed Mrs. Bell that her brother Max was very ill, and begged her to come to him at once. So she made ready in haste, and faithful Jonas drove her to the station. "Strange," she said to Addie, just before leaving, "it's only a few days since I received a letter from him."

"And I received one last night and he said nothing of ill health," Addie replied.

"You?" cried Mrs. Bell.

"Yes, I," was Addie's response. "We are the best of friends, and I wish I were going to nurse him."

Victoria looked reproachfully at her sister. Addie tossed her head defiantly. "Why not, pray? He's our friend, Naomi's brother, and our minister."

Mrs. Bell departed tearfully, Elsie remaining with the Russells. Mrs. Russell had objected to Mrs. Bell's going, in her state of health. But Naomi declared her duty called, and God would protect and uphold her in doing right. The change would do her good, Mr. Russell suggested. So she went.

"Addie," said her mother, after Mrs. Bell was gone, "You ought not to speak so lightly. Mrs. Bell didn't feel like joking, I assure you. And Mr. Randolph can scarcely be called our minister."

Addie laughed. "I wasn't joking, mamma dear. I meant it all, every word. Max is a splendid young man,—one of nature's noblemen. He could be our minister, if we didn't believe a word of his doctrine,—I suppose." Glancing at Victoria, who was very busy over a geranium in the window. Addie went on. "But don't be so continually shocked with me, mamma. Max *wont* be ours, I fear. I have no tender feeling in that direction. I only thought 'twould be nice to claim the right to care for a suffering soldier,—be a sort of Florence Nightingale, you know. But after all, I guess it would spoil one's looks terribly. They say she was a horrid old creature."

Three days later, Ralph Rumsey *happened*, or came by the Manor, just as Addie and the two children were entering the lawn gate.

"Come and let us drive around the corner. The sleighing is splendid," he said to Addie.

Addie paused, Burt and Elsie going on toward the house.

"Ah, you have a beautiful new sleigh. Really, I ought not, but I believe I will." Permitting Mr. Rumsey to hand her to a seat beside him. Only around the corner, now, remember," she declared. He looked at her earnestly as he gave rein to his spirited steeds, as though he would read her heart.

"Will you give me your answer in so short a drive?"

She blushed and averted her face as she replied. "Papa will decide that, whenever you please to approach him.—No,—no thanks; I detest gratitude in such cases. And no extacies, nor 'darlings,' nor 'dears.' That doesn't occur yet. You haven't asked pa; and you mustn't anticipate. I can imagine all you would say."

And Ralph Rumsey bit his lip in silence, and drove around the corner, back to the Manor, pausing at the front entrance, where Addie stepped lightly out of the sleigh, bidding Jonas, who stood smilingly on the upper step, his hands thrust deep into his pockets,—to take charge of Mr. Rumsey's horses, as he would stay to tea. "Come, Mr. Rumsey," she said to that gentleman, "don't sit staring that way. Come in, papa will be home at tea time." She had not invited him before, but he followed her submissively into the house.

Next morning Burt departed himself as Burt always did, when he was excited or elated. He begun by stepping on the cat's tail, stumbling against papa's knee in trying to relieve the cat, and pushing a newspaper over where it fell so close to the open grate that it caught fire and made a big blaze which caused a big scare consuming the paper before it had been read and doing no further damage. Next, he upset Victoria's work basket searching for his cap, and was sent from the room in disgrace. Then at breakfast he turned his glass over, pouring the water into his plate and over his knees so that he was obliged to leave the table to dry his clothes and finish his meal in the kitchen.

He was continually urging Elsie to hurry, and finally managed to get her started with him for school half an hour earlier than usual.

"What now!" he cried impatiently, as she paused and turned back on the door step.

"I've forgotten my grammar," she replied. "You know we brought our books home last night, to study the conjugations. Have you yours, Burt?"

"No—I haven't; bring it, wont you, sis? It's in the sitting room somewhere. I'll wait.—Stop! It isn't, either. I know where it is, and I'll get it. And *do hurry!*"

Burt came out of the library as Elsie passed down the hall.

"How came your book in there, Burt?" she asked in surprise.

"Just what I've been crazy to tell you, all the morning," he replied walking swiftly out and down the lawn. "Do come along out of hearing, for I must tell it pretty soon or—my head will fly to pieces. It's just the best thing I ever heard. O but it's boss!"

"Now, Burt, I want you to talk level English if you can," interrupted Elsie.

"But I *can't*," answered Burt. "I'm too teetotally, heartfully glad to talk half correct." Spatting his hands as he jumped straight up, striking his boot heels together sharply as he came down.

"Burt! Burt! I do believe you are crazy," began Elsie; but he broke in with, "Well, no wonder, when we're going to have a real truly wedding all our own, and such a grand one, too. O jolly!"

"Wedding?" and Elsie stared at him. "Who is going to be married? Addie and—and Uncle George? O I wish they would."

"Humph!" sniffed Burt disdainfully. "That's

all a girl knows, any way.—No, indeed. Why George is in love with Kathie Clausen."

"Much you know about it," answered Elsie. "He never told you so. You needn't think you know everything just because you're a boy."

"No he didn't tell me so, but he told *her*, last night coming home."

Elsie opened her eyes wide. "How do *you* know, Mr. Conceitedness. They walked, and we rode home."

"I didn't, only a little ways. Will Gray and I slipped out at the back of the sleigh for a run, and struck across by Uncle Fritz Clausen's, so to be here as soon as the rest. Just before we got to the hill beyond Clausen's, we almost stumbled on to the heels of the teacher and Kathie. He was telling her then. We hurried on, but I heard a little. Talking low and careful. Course he was making love."

"That's what you've been acting so much like a crazy boy over, is it. Must affect you strangely. Glad girls have a little more sense." And Elsie shut her mouth as if to end the conversation.

"Now, Elsie," cried Burt swinging the gate shut with a bang, "I've a mind not to tell you, after all. If I dared tell any one else, I wouldn't. But I *must* tell some one. And you mustn't tell a word, now."

Elsie was silent, and he went on: "You needn't be so disdainful. It's a grand thing—You see last night after supper, I took my book and went into the library to get my lesson. I sat by the fire, first; but the moon shone so bright through the curtains of the bay window,—they were only partly closed—that I went over and sat down behind the curtain, and forgot my lesson, looking out at the shadows dancing over the snow. Then papa and Mr. Rumsey came in. They didn't see me, and I never noticed what they were talking about till I heard papa ask, "Is she willing?" Then I began to listen. And I heard the whole story. Mamma didn't hardly talk like she was going to consent, till Addie was called in, and then it was all fixed up jolly. Ad seemed to be just as pleased as if Rumsey *wasn't* old enough to be her father. *He* agreed to everything, only setting the day to be the 25th of next month. Ad wanted six months to get ready. But he wouldn't agree to it. And then he and papa almost quarreled over which one of them should buy the wedding finery. But it's all settled. Papa and Ad are going to Chicago next week, to get the fixings, and oh! we'll have *gay* times. I'm going to see if I can't take the job of looking over the raisins and fixing the citron and things.

Elsie looked at him shocked as well as surprised.

"Boys dear! always think about eating. Pity they weren't three quarters mouth, like sharks.—But, is it Addie and Mr. Rumsey you say are going to be married? You don't more than half tell anything, when you pretend to. I'm glad I am not a boy, I'm sure."

"So am I, by jolly." And Burt bobbed his head threateningly. "'Cause I'd be sure to thrash you, if you talked as insulting as you do now."

Elsie smiled. "Better try it, any way. I'll stand still and let you *thrash* as you call it, till you are tired."

"Humph!" and he tossed his curly head in scorn. "You wouldn't do it, you know you wouldn't. Besides any boy that *is* a boy, wouldn't strike a girl."

"That's true," said a deep, kindly voice behind them. Both children started, half frightened, as a thin faced man with winning blue eyes stepped between them. "I didn't intend to listen to you young people, but I couldn't well help it, as I was coming along the road and you two kept walking slower till I must stop or come up with you. Of course you'll think it isn't my business, but boys and girls shouldn't quarrel, especially brother and sister."

"But we're *not*," answered Burt. "And we hardly ever did quarrel before, and we've been in the same house ever so many years. I feel ashamed of it, too."

Elsie glanced with a tender, admiring, childish

look into Burt's face. "So do I, and I hope we never'll have any more words. Burt is always so good to me. It's my fault, every bit."

The stranger looked thoughtfully at the little boy. "You are Burt Russell, then? I noticed you two came from the Manor."

"Yes, sir," replied Burt, wondering what the man wanted, and why he didn't go on, if he were going.

"Mr. Russell is your father, is he?" asked the stranger, looking curiously into Burt's face. Burt paused. He scarcely knew what to make of the question. Then he raised his frank blue eyes to the man's face as he answered,

"He has been ever since I was a very little baby. My very own papa was a bad, naughty man, else he wouldn't have run away and left me, and never come back. I don't know nothing about him, nor don't want to.

The stranger smiled as he raised Burt's cap and looked kindly into his eyes. "May be your papa couldn't help doing as he did. May be he loves you still, little boy, and just asks one kind thought, and a tender memory."

Burt looked surprised and perplexed. "I don't know. I guess he's dead.—I'd like to know something about my own mamma, if I had one."

The strange man grew sad in a moment. "You'r gentle mother is dead, Burt; but your father,—I am your father."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Nor long ago, a young man died in the City of Philadelphia, who was popularly known for his swiftness in running, as "Deer." His life was a singular one,—and here is an incident connected with it. A few years ago, he was a ragged, shrewd lad, peddling newspapers about the railroad depots. One day he happened to be on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, when he saw an engine rushing down the track without any driver or tender. By some accident, it had been separated from the cars, and was driving along alone. The boy knew it would meet an express train this side the next station. He had just four minutes start, and down the track after it. The engine of course, was not at full speed; yet nobody but "Deer," could have won in such a race. He did win, and was cool enough to remember the signal to the station keeper, necessary to have the switch placed, so that the engine could be turned on the siding. It was done just a few seconds before the express went thundering by. "Deer," for his timely service, was granted the privilege of selling papers and books all along the Pennsylvania Railroad Corporation lines, from which he derived a handsome income. It was by the boy's presence of mind, that hundreds of lives were saved from an untimely end.

Only a few weeks ago, in the City of New York, when a manufactory, employing a few hundred hands, was found by a boy to be in flames, instead of yelling, as most boys would have done, he went to the foreman and told of his discovery. In five minutes the hands were dismissed; and it was not until they reached the street, that they knew of the danger they had just escaped, through a little boy's coolness and presence of mind.

And who has not heard of the little heroic act of another little boy, who last winter saw a fire in one of the basements of one of the public schools in the city of Brotherly Love, and instead of raising the hue and cry of "Fire," "Fire!" he went and told the principal, and the whole school, containing several hundred scholars, of primary and intermediate, was dismissed without any one receiving any harm, or being any ways excited. A panic would have inevitably resulted in a great loss of life. Boys can not always be taught swiftness of foot; but they can be taught self control, and the rare ability of keeping their wits about them in sudden danger, which is a more useful quality.

Sir James Thornhill, a famous painter, was employed in decorating the interior of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, England. One day,

while he was painting, he wished to see how his work looked from a distance. For this purpose he stepped backwards a few paces along the scaffolding, until he reached the very edge. If he had taken another step, he would have fallen over and been dashed to pieces on the pavement below. His servant, at this very moment, observed his danger, and in an instant threw a paint brush at the picture. The painter immediately rushed forward to chastise the man for spoiling the painting. When the reason for this strange act was explained, Sir James could not thank him enough, or sufficiently admire his ready ingenuity. If the servant had called out to tell him of his danger, the startled painter would perhaps have lost his footing and have been killed. By destroying his workmanship, the servant gave the painter a motive to return from the edge of the scaffold, in his desire to save the picture. This servant possessed that valuable quality, presence of mind, and had the satisfaction of knowing, that he had by his coolness and ingenuity, saved his master's life.

CHESTER CITY.

WILLIAM STREET,

A MECHANICAL RAT.

THE ancient Parrhasius and Zenxis used to think it better than human praise, and the highest triumph of excellence, to have the birds peck at their pictured fruit, or a dog wag his tail on looking at their portrait of his master. Perhaps it really requires greater skill to deceive instinct than to deceive reason. The following anecdote is related to illustrate the perfection with which automatic toy animals are made to imitate the originals:

An immense cat, fat, sleek and a great favorite, lived and roamed at will from the top floor to the sub-cellar of one of our business warehouses. He knew very well what a rat was like. One day a fun-loving clerk bought a toy rat, with a spring inside, which he wound up with a key as he would a watch. The cat was near by, and while one clerk stroked and petted him, another one put the toy on the floor a few feet off. Instantly as he took off the weight of his hand, the rat started on a run, and like a flash of light puss had his paw on it. While it was held down the spring could not work; then puss let it go, as cats will when teasing their poor frightened prey, when it ran away again and puss after it.

The least change in the way of holding, would send it off in a different direction when free, but finally puss thought it time to eat the rat, and caught it in his mouth.

"Whir-r-r-r!"—The un-rat-ly racket made puss drop the horrible thing, which fell on its back and kicked. With eyes dilated and spitting out fright, he looked for one second, and then, with tail erect, fled for his life and has never come back. We know that when the weight was lifted off the spring it must run itself down; but puss, although he knew better than we how to catch and eat a real rat, could not understand the mechanical.—*Little Gem.*

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

THE mistletoe is a chosen sign in every English household. In the feudal ages it was gathered with great solemnity on Christmas eve, and hung up in the vast hall amid loud rejoicings. Many virtues were attributed to it by the early ancients. It is found in the United States in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and southward to Mississippi and Florida. The berries on the English plant are usually white and sometimes greenish yellow, and again beautifully colored and showy. Nearly every English family hangs the mistletoe from their chandeliers and ceilings on Christmas eve. The company assembles about nine o'clock; dancing soon begins, diversified by conversation, the arrival of visitors, frequent libations, and vocal and instrumental music. At the hour of midnight, Christmas comes in; the struggle to get the girls under the mistletoe

ommences. The fun grows "fast and furious" until there is scarcely a fair lady in the room who has not been kissed "under the mistletoe bough." The pastime is referred to the supposition of some that this plant was the forbidden tree in the Garden of Eden.

BARBER'S POLES.—The usual sign of a barber's shop is a striped pole. This originated as follows: Until about one hundred years ago the office of surgeon and barber were united, and the striped pole, with a basin, were used for a sign, the former represented a bandaged wound, the latter that bleeding was done. The barbers still use the ancient sign, but, it is probable, that few know why. Some use white and black colors, but red and white are the proper ones.

Letters from the Hopes.

MORRIS, Illinois,

December 28th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I have not written for a long time so I will write now. Mother is sick, but I wish she was better. I like to read the *Hope*. I am not baptized yet. We have no branch here, but I wish there was one. I like the story of "Maplewood Manor," and "The Convict's Child." I do not go to school now, because my mother is sick. I ask all the Hopes to pray for her.

Your friend,

MARTHA M. YATES.

BRANTFORD, December 30th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I hope that you all spent a Merry Christmas, and that you may have a Happy New Year.

Dear Hopes, I think the way to make the new year a happy one, is to begin in God's service; to ask him that he will give his assisting grace to guide us at all times. Let us try, dear scholars, if we have the privilege of a Sunday School near, to go every Sunday, and try to be there in time, for I am sure that it is very discouraging to the teachers to come to Sunday School and find only one or two scholars.

Dear teachers, let us also try to be on time, for I think that it is a duty that God requires of all who hold that office; and, dear teachers, I think it must be very discouraging to the superintendent to find two or three of the teachers absent, or late.

Dear superintendent, I think there is a great responsibility resting on you. My prayer is, that God will give us strength that we may do his will at all times.

Pray for me, dear Hopes, for I have not the privilege as most of you have, of going to our Sunday School.

I remain your brother in gospel bonds,

A. A.

CHICAGO, Illinois,

January 2d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is the first time I have tried to write. I was in the Sunday School last year nearly every Sunday. My little brother and myself liked it very much. We had a good teacher for our class, Sr. Good, and Bro. Good is the superintendent, and they were very kind to the little ones. So I feel both with heart and hand to express my thanks to them.

Your little friend,

ELMER JOHNSON.

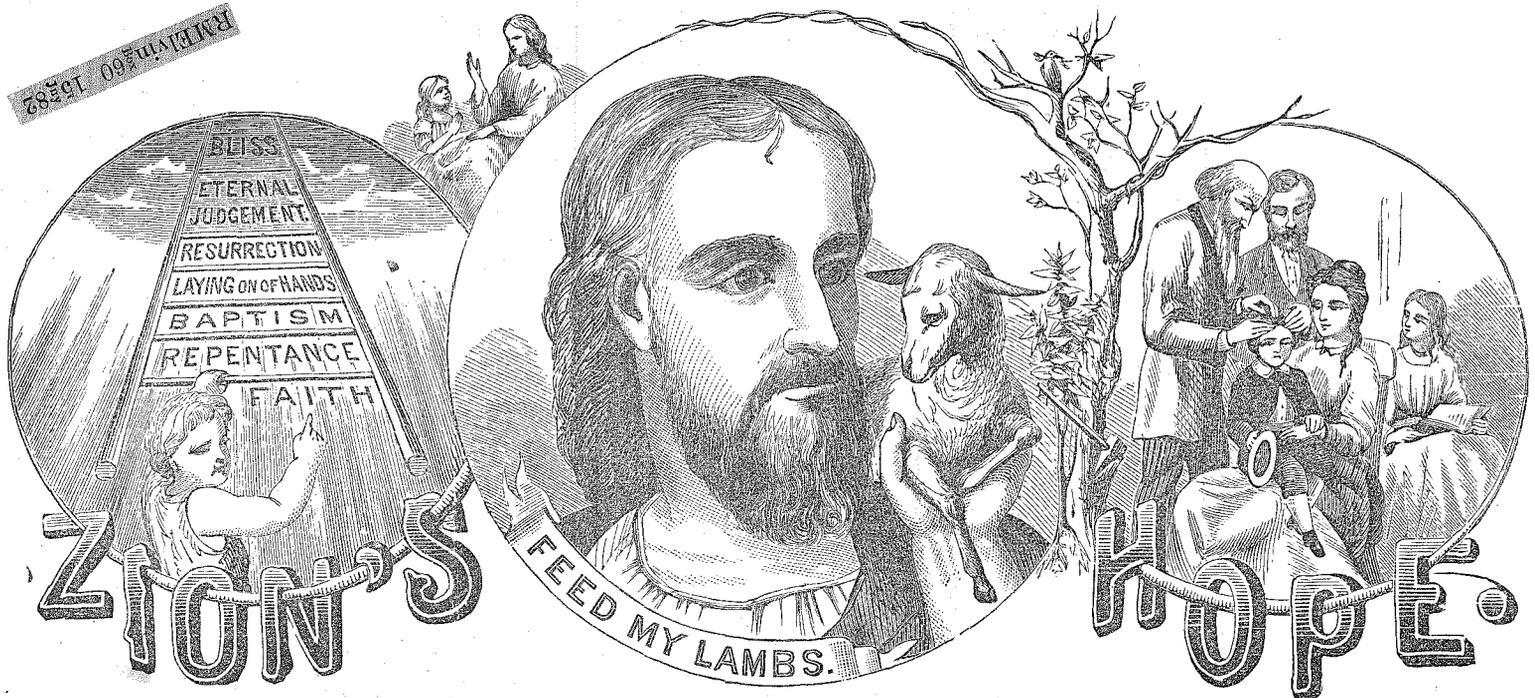
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"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

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LAMONI, IOWA, FEBRUARY 15, 1883.

No. 16.

BE GENTLE, FORGIVING AND KIND.

O, why are we always so ready,
To hear what another may say;
To canvass the faults of a neighbor,
Forgetting our own, by the way.
We know not the heart that we censure,
Be gentle, forgiving, and kind;
One drop from the fountain of pity,
A wound that is bleeding may bind.

A word like an angel of mercy,
The sunshine of gladness may bear;
May cheer a lone spirit forsaken,
Or add to the weight of its care.
A word, do we think of its import?
Tho' uttered perhaps with a smile;
A heart may be writhing beneath it,
Or breaking with anguish the while.

A word that in coldness is spoken,
May sever the friendship of years;
The flower of feeling may wither,
And leave them in sorrow and tears.
Then why should we always be ready,
To hear what another may say;
To canvass the faults of a brother,
Forgetting our own, by the way.

Selected by Lenora A. Lambert.

ALL IS WELL: OR WHIT WEEK.

A GIRL about fourteen years of age, poorly dressed, but clean, called at my house selling rhubarb. She was one of the many thousands of Lancashire at that time deprived of work by the cotton famine. "How much will you have when you have sold your stock, my girl?" I asked.

"Fourpence: but I do not get on so fast, for I have been all afternoon in making twopence," she replied, "What will you do with your money?"

"Why, sir, you know it is Whit Friday next week, and mother and I are trying to get a new frock, so I can walk with the scholars: but I think we shall not manage," she replied, laughing through her tears.

The Tuesday following I met the girl, and the moment she saw me she said, smiling: "I am going to walk on Friday, mother has managed."

Yes, thought I, thousands of mothers have to manage for Whit Week, especially those who wish to see their children walk with the scholars. Whit-suntide! What a thrill of joy does the very word send through the hearts of millions! What dreaming and talking of bonnets, frocks, and shawls, ribbons, caps, and parasols, and as the time draws nearer and nearer, what busy time among the tailors, drapers, dress makers, and confectioneries: what looking out for signs of the weather, to see if the sun goes down in a red or a grey sky: what

knocking of weather-glasses, and anxious looking at the old castle of the old man and old woman—and if the old man be coming out, how vexed they feel, and they touch him with the end of the poker, to see if he will not quietly go in, and send out his old wife to assure them of coming sunshine. But if the sun goes down in a grey sky, and the weather-glass drops down on the wrong side of change, and the old man—in spite of the warning—will come out, then there are many sad hearts. But if the reverse be the case, those same hearts will instantly be up at "set fair" And why all this? If you be an Englishman you will know why: but if you be a foreigner, and a stranger, stay with us during Whit Week, and if the weather be fine, we will give you one of the grandest sights and sublimest sounds you will ever see or hear this side of heaven. Oh England! what has given thee thy high position? It is, thy open Bible, thy genuine christianity, thy earnest piety, the first fruits of which are put forth in our Sabbath Schools, springing from the blessed life-giving influence of that open Bible, giving liberty—social, civil, religious, and commercial. It is "righteousness that exalteth a nation," and doubtless more or less, that righteousness may be found in all Christian denominations.

Selected by Wm. Street.

LETTER FROM GEORGE S. HYDE.

Dear Hopes of Zion:—I have been reading the correspondence of our dear little paper, and my mind is impressed with the beauty and worth of this department. Think of little girls and boys seven years old and upwards, writing testimonies of God's wonderful love, and expressing a strong desire to serve Him; this to go before the world, a token of God's work among great and small, in these latter days. Jesus, our blessed Redeemer, when upon the earth, and in humble prayer to his Father and ours, said: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, [in their own estimation], and hast revealed them unto babes." The Psalmist David, declared: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise." To me these testimonies, expressions of love for the gospel, and withal a determination to keep the commandments of God, are strong evidences in favor of the great latter day work, and suggest the tender watch care of a loving Father over the tender plants, and lovely flowers of his moral vineyard.

It becomes the exalted privilege of God's people, who have obeyed the gospel, to present their little ones before the Lord, that his blessing may be upon

them; and inasmuch as parents are responsible to God for their offspring, in proportion to their faith and faithfulness, the spirit of light and love will be given. O how grand, how glorious, to see our children in the light of God; to know that by his loving hand they are sustained, that physically he will preserve them from the power of the destroyer, that by virtue of his spirit their mind, will be moulded and developed, and they be led in the paths of virtue and innocence! Can any thing be more desirable or praiseworthy, or inspire the parent's heart with a fonder hope. The sacred writings tell us that we should teach our children the principles of the gospel, as found in the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants; and, at the age of eight years, by their own consent and desire, the ordinances of baptism and confirmation may be administered, thus bringing them, by a proper exercise of their own agency, into fellowship with God and Christ. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined;" and we will venture to assert, that impressions thus made by gospel influences, upon the young, tender mind, and elastic heart, never will be effaced. Children so raised will become lights in the world, a blessing to humanity, a joy and consolation to those who have borne and instructed them. They may wander for a time away from the path in which they have been taught to walk; but they will not forget the grand and beautiful lessons instilled in youthful days.

I would be glad could I speak words of encouragement to the young. I know the treacherous road over which they have to travel; the allurements and fascinations that lead to evil and sorrow, and the misconceptions they often have of life, and things affecting or pertaining to happiness. A firm reliance upon God and His word, will be found of great worth to all. Those who seek him in faith for wisdom, will not be turned away empty.

"There's a fountain free,
'Tis for you and me,"

is truly sung. From the glorious fountain of light and happiness we may freely drink.

In observing the statutes of the Lord, no true pleasure is sacrificed, but untold joys are gained. That which promises pleasure and is evil in its tendency, is but the fowler's snare, to decay and brings us to sorrow. The only road to success and happiness, is that directed by the Lord. We should have pure desires, noble aspirations, and a strong determination to do right, let come what may come. Ever be cheerful, loving, and kind; overcoming evil with good. Let our bravery be that of the meek and lowly Jesus,—brave to stand for the right, but not to resist with evil. Read good

books, and profit by them; seek by every available means to gain wisdom, and your lives will be fraught with joy and happiness, and in time to come, others will call you blessed.

BUCHANAN, TENNESSEE,
January 15th, 1883.

THE TELEPHONE, OR TALKING TRUMPET.

THE name and appearance of the telephone are familiar to all or most of us, although it is only six years since that delicate and humble-looking instrument was perfected by Mr. Graham Bell in America, and scarcely five years since it was exhibited as a marvel, the "some new thing" of the day, before the learned members of the British Association in the town of Plymouth. In its outer aspect there is nothing prepossessing or mysterious; it looks like a doctor's stethoscope or a somewhat large penny wooden trumpet, and yet it will convey a whisper, a laugh, a cough, or a musical note to the ear of a person a hundred, or even hundreds of miles away. You speak into the wide end of the simple-looking tube. Your voice—or any sound—falls upon a plate of soft iron about the size of a florin and thickness of a piece of card-board or a well-worn sixpence. The diaphragm—for this is the name given to the plain piece of thin iron membrane—quivers with the air-waves, exactly corresponding to the pitch, loudness, and quality of the voice. Close behind the vibrating iron plate is a short circular coil of silk covered copper wire, fastened round the end of a steel magnet some three or four inches long, and about half an inch in diameter. The delicate waves of air caused by your voice send the plate closer—slightly closer—to the magnet, but quite sufficiently so to disturb it and convey an electric current through the coil. The two ends of the coil wire which pass along the wooden tube, through two holes, have two binding screws attached to them outside at the narrow end of the instrument, and these screws are "joined up" to a main wire which stretches for a mile, or miles, or a hundred miles to a similar instrument. The current—those delicate and secret waves—speeds along this wire to the distant wooden tube, where the friend with whom you are conversing has planted his ear just as you placed your lips. In a moment his magnet quivers exactly as yours did; his little iron diaphragm quivers too by the action of the magnet and makes the air outside of it quiver also; and these air-waves fall upon your friend's ear as your own human voice! That common piece of iron is at once ear and tongue, with an inexhaustible capacity for imitation.

We have only described the common form of this simple but marvellous instrument, as first introduced by Mr. Graham Bell, a British teacher of elocution, who had for years been settled in America. In claiming the inventor as our fellow countryman, we must not forget, however, that the germ of the discovery is due to "Brother Jonathan." Nearly fifty years ago an American, named Mr. Page, lit upon the fact that if you placed a piece of soft iron in the center of a coil of wire, and passed an intermittent electric current through the coil, the little iron rod was lengthened, and a clicking sound was heard.

Bell's invention was quickly seized upon by the alert and enterprising citizens of the United States, and put to the uses of every day life by friends, clients, and customers; almost every town of any size on the "light continent" has taken advantage of it. People in New York converse at ease with their friends in Boston, two hundred and sixty miles away, as if they were sitting side by side and looking in each other's face. It is also employed for raising the alarm of fire. At home it has become common in the metropolis and the provinces; and London now possesses an extensive and valuable institution known as the Telephone Exchange.

Of special interest and of special convenience is the introduction of this simple talking-machine into the depths of our mines, enabling a person at

the pit-mouth to hold direct, certain, and instant conversation with the remote working-places in the dark depths. Whatever will add to the cheerfulness and the safety of our colliers—of the men who day after day, night after night, go down into the bowels of the earth and toil there in the hot, gas-poisoned, and dust-laden atmosphere, so that we who are above ground may have warm homes and bright grates—all of us will welcome with pleasure. Our money is not the only price paid for our coal; in careful England every hundred thousand tons brought up to the pit-mouth costs a workman's life, through the accident of a falling roof, the explosion of fire-damp, the inhalation of choke-damp, the irruption of water, the breaking of chains, and various other ways. By the use of the telephone, the presence of a "blower," of a surcharge of coal dust, or of any other urgent source of danger that might end in the sacrifice of a couple of hundred lives, and in making as many firesides poor, sorrowful, and desolate, can at once be intimated in plain words to the manager above; immediate inspection can follow if thought needful, and the doubts and fears be set at rest. The party in our picture are living under this new state of things. The mine into which they are about to descend to work their "shift" is an old one; there have been fierce "blowers" or bags of gas observed, and the utmost care has been taken to dilute the deadly gas into a harmless mixture by directing the current of ventilation between the shafts upon it.

It was a wise thing that Parliament did in 1872, when it passed the Coal Mines Act of Lord Aberdare. It emancipated boys under the tender age of ten and twelve from employment above or below except under certain conditions and restrictions, so that the eager little fellow in our picture is certain to be better educated and to live a healthier and a longer life than the consumptive collier boys of former days. The Act rendered it the duty of every collier to report the presence of a "blower" to the manager—see how quickly and distinctly the telephone will enable him to do that now, so that steps can be at once taken to dilute the noxious flood of gas, and sweep it towards the upshaft: the Act also enjoined that some person should always be present at the pit-head, because accidents often happened when no one was there to give prompt rescue, and that a competent man should be appointed to examine the roadways and working-places of a dangerous mine every time a shift went on. Such is our picture: the foreman has asked the all-important question for the group around him—"Is all right?" and they are ready in a moment to descend, pick in hand, to their dangerous work. Down there, they are cheered to think that with this *speaking* little instrument they too can give or receive a clear notice of danger; they are not so lonely as their fathers; they are always within reach of a *human voice*.

M. M.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XXI.

"You my papa!" cried Burt standing quite still and looking at the stranger in open eyed wonder. "I guess your mistaken." The man smiled, and Burt went on. "You look like you've been a gentleman, sometime. And my father's only a common chap, and not one of the best of them; else he hadn't left me on somebody's door step and run off without a word. I think it was real mean of him. And I'd rather be Burt Russell, than any one else."

The stranger looked amused and yet pained. After a moment he replied, "Yet, perhaps, you would like to know something of your mother,—the gentle, dark eyed young mother who loved you so fondly. And what your name would have been, had she lived."

Burt hesitated. "Ye-es," presently, we've always been anxious to know. But somehow I don't seem to care as much about it, now. Because I can't

realize you *are* my father, or know anything of the matter."

Burt said this quite loftily, provoking a smile, like sunlight over dead white snow, on the sad, worn face of the stranger.

"I shall call on you—on Mr. Russell this evening, if my visit will be welcome." Looking questioningly from Burt, who walked on in utter silence, to the little girl at his left hand.

"I'm sure they'll be glad to see you, sir," she ventured timidly. "I should think Burt would be glad to see his own papa."

Burt set out in a run, now, and was soon out of sight. The gentleman seemed much pained at this, but said nothing to detain the boy. Just then a cross road intersected the highway. Here the gentleman paused.

"You are another adopted child of the Russells? I presume," to little Elsie.

"No, sir," with a pretty blush. "We just stay at the Manor—mamma and I," said Elsie. "You don't know how very good and kind Mr. Russells are."

"Yes I do, child," he said.—"But good bye, till this evening. Tell them to expect me." And he turned into the road leading to the right, while the little girl walked thoughtfully on her way to school.

Burt was unusually absent minded, and received severe rebuke from the teacher. When school closed for the day, and the week,—for it was Friday, George Randolph took the road toward Linden Station, to pass the next two days with a classmate residing there. While Addie and the two younger children set out for home. Presently the girls found that Burt, who had been loitering a little behind them, had disappeared entirely. They retraced their footsteps, then called him, but in vain.

"What can be the matter with him?" said Addie. "He has acted so strangely all day, and now he's run off somewhere."

"I don't know," replied Elsie, musingly, "unless it is because a man came along the road this morning, and said he was Burt's real father, and was coming to the Manor this evening. Burt ran away, just as if he didn't want to see the man."

Addie was, of course, greatly surprised, and asked of Elsie also if she knew about the matter.

"But, Elsie he behaved as if he were half crazy this morning before starting from home," said Addie, thoughtfully.

"O, that was because he overheard"—then Elsie paused suddenly with a flush, and a swift glance toward Addie.

"Overheard *what*?" Addie questioned.

"O, I didn't mean to say that, indeed I didn't," replied Elsie, half frightened.

Addie laughed softly. "I do wonder if that mischievous boy played eaves-dropper, last night. Well, no one cares if he did, so he keep it to himself. But he can't do that, of course."

"I wont tell, Addie dear, you know I wont," the little girl hastened to say. "I didn't care to hear what he hadn't ought to tell. But he *would* tell me."

"Well," Addie said after a moment, "You are glad, I suppose, that I am going to have such a lovely home. You can come and stay with me then, can't you? I shall be wretchedly lonesome in that great house. But it will be splendid, of course."

Elsie looked very grave as she answered slowly, "I suppose it will; but Mr. Rumsey is such an old gentleman. He'd be a nice grandpa—But some pleasant young man would be nicer for you, I think."

"Yes, yes," said Addie in a light tone. "That's what every one will say, to be sure. But then every one don't know what they are talking about. I am determined I will *not* follow in the wake of my older sisters and brother. It seems to be the destiny of all the Russell children, to fall in love with a *poor* school-mate. They all did, Arthur, Lou and Vic." Here she paused as if to gain courage. Elsie looked up in surprise.

"*Not* Victoria? *She* isn't married!" the little girl ventured.

"No, but she would be, if she weren't such a goose. She's made herself and a good, worthy young man, just as miserable; just because she is too proud for any reason." Sighing dolefully.

Elsie looked up suddenly. "Is it"—then she paused.

"No matter *who*, little woman," replied Addie. "That's a profound secret. None of our folks even guess it, save me. *Vic* didn't tell me, and does not know that I am possessed of her secret. But it's safe with me—and you.—Heighho! Even *I*—who determined that I wouldn't be such a simpleton,—came very near perpetrating the same folly. Some fatal destiny seems to possess us all." Sighing again. "He was a handsome young fellow, talented and cultivated and refined"—pausing and looking vacantly down to the ground.

"Oh, Addie," cried the little girl with a quick breath, "why didn't you?"

"I did," interrupted Addie. "I grew so foolish that a certain pair of hazel eyes kept coming between me and my book. Then I began to cast about to see what was to be done. I couldn't, wouldn't make myself a *slave* to poverty.—Never. So at the close of the term—that last term I was at D.—when those hazel eyes looked at me, dim with tears, and their owner asked, 'shall I see you again after vacation?' I gulped down a great lump in my throat and replied stoutly, 'No, nor ever. My education is finished.

Fare thee well and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well."

"And thus ended my poor little romance. No one save you, little Elsie, will ever know of it. It was all over so soon. And now I am to be wealthy and honored and envied. True, my poor Ralph is old and gouty and gray. But he can't help it, poor soul. He needs some young, strong, brave heart and hands to care for his declining years. This is my mission."

Elsie drew the bolt of the lawn gate and waited for Addie to pass through, before she spoke. Then soberly. "Do you think you will like it?"

"Like it?" returned Addie. "Some of it will be nice. To be mistress of a grand house, have every thing one's own way, dress just as nice as one chooses, and ride in one's own beautiful carriage.—Oh it will be splendid. Some thorns, to be sure—life is never without. But mostly grand, gorgeous, crimson, velvet roses."

Elsie said nothing and Addie rattled on. "I was determined to forget, determined to be gay and happy,—so I went to school this winter and had a good time as I intended. And now"—with a rather hollow laugh, "I have found my fortune. And a rare prize it is, too."

The two girls entered the house silently, one with a careless, defiant poise of her shapely head, the other, though a child in years, yet sad, doubtful and downcast; why, she scarce could tell. Mr. Russell came home from the station, bearing a letter for Elsie. A letter from her mother, addressed to Elsie, but written to the family, because they would all be anxious to hear. She had found her brother Max very ill with typhoid fever, which had come upon him suddenly, and still held him with unabating firmness, with little change save a gradual sinking and growing weaker. He was at the house of some poor but kind people—who had lately adopted his religion as theirs. As long as his reason remained, he had refused to see a doctor, but the neighbors, who were all very kind and attentive, had insisted, and no elder being near, an experienced physician had been called. He looked grave, but said there was hope yet. The letter closed with an earnest request that they all pray for poor brother Max.

None save Addie noticed that, as Elsie read these words, Victoria slipped quietly from the room. Presently some one inquired for Burt.

"He went on acting strangely," replied Addie. "You know he began the day unluckily.—And to-night, as we were coming home, we missed him. We waited, and called, but haven't seen him since." Mr Russell shook his head ominously.

"Run away, perhaps. Well, let him go. I shall never search for him, if he has. I've always been afraid no good would come of raising a beggar's foundling. Blood will tell, sooner or later. The young reprobate!"

Addie leaned against her father's shoulder, playfully pulling his silver locks. "Now, papa, I verily believe if some of us younger ones would talk that way of our poor boy, you'd tell us very sternly that we were peevish and out of sorts. That Burt is as good a boy as the country can boast of. Now wouldn't you?" patting his wrinkled cheek fondly.

"Go away, you little bother," replied papa, trying to look severe. "Hope you won't torment R"—he stopped suddenly.

"Say on, papa dear," cried Addie merrily. "We all know. I'm not ashamed, else I wouldn't consent, you know."

"Addie!" exclaimed her mother. "What a strange girl you are. You are not acting naturally." And Mrs. Russell went out to prepare supper. Addie followed, having forgotten all about the stranger Elsie had spoken of; and Elsie, thinking Addie avoided speaking of it purposely, kept silent on the subject.

Supper over, all save Mrs. Russell and Victoria returned to the sitting room as usual. Addie to assist Elsie with a difficult problem, Mr. Russell and Jonas to read the news of the day.

Pretty soon there was a weak, uncertain ring of the door bell, as if by a trembling hand. Elsie started up with a half cry, and Addie exclaimed, "There he is now! And I'd completely forgotten he was coming."

Jonas rose to answer the summons, but Addie wouldn't permit the awkward, good natured fellow, preferring to go herself. Her father was dozing over his paper, but the entrance of Addie and the stranger aroused him. Addie led the way into the room. "Papa is not expecting you, as no one thought to tell him," said Addie. Then to her father, "Here, father, is a gentleman to see you"—pausing to give the stranger a chance to announce his name if he chose. But he did not. And without removing his wide rimmed hat, he came forward a step or two, bowing courteously.

"This is Mr. Russell, I believe. I am Burt's father. I come to thank you, if I may, for your long continued care and kindness"—here the man's voice grew husky;—"to my little motherless boy, the waif you found on your door step so many years ago."

Mr. Russell, taken by surprise, stared at the man till he finished speaking. Then arose, passed his hand over his brow as if to assure himself he were in possession of his senses, and said rather absently, "Yes, yes; to be sure. Sit down, sir.—Burt's father, did you say? I don't understand you, sir."

"No, I suppose not," the stranger replied, almost sadly. "Perhaps you mean that you discredit my story altogether."

"I hardly know what to say," Mr. Russell remarked. "It is so sudden and unexpected. But what proof have you?"

"Very little, just now, save my word," and the man seemed to grow nervous and uneasy. "There is a small birth-mark on his left arm near the shoulder,—two tiny red spots. At least there was when I left him a babe at your door. I wrote the name of Burt and laid on his bosom."

"Some one has been telling you, perhaps," began Mr. Russell, still doubtingly. The stranger pushed back his hat as if it were oppressive, and at the moment Mrs. Russell and Victoria entered the room. He turned his face toward them. Mrs. Russell gave a little cry, and leaned against the wall for support, while Victoria grew pale as death, gazing from her mother to the stranger in bewilderment.

There is some difference between treating the poor well and the well poor.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

HOW TWO PIGS BECAME TWO SADDLES.

ONE day during the recovery of the sick boy David, Freddie, his brother, bought one of his little pigs, paying him out of his bank savings \$1.75 for it. The two boys then had each a pig.

These pigs grew pretty good during the summer, eating greedily, pursley, weeds, corn and slops from the house, with the sour milk that could be spared; so that in the Fall, when the new corn began to come in, as the farmers call it, they were ready to fatten.

The little pigs had grown into quite large hogs, and were generously fed and grew fat.

By and by the two boys, who had been keeping their savings, and had intended their pigs to help buy a pony, concluded that if they had a pony it would only be one between them; and as they had no saddle, they finally decided to sell the fatted hogs and get two saddles, and ride their father's work horses. So they visited a harness shop kept by a man by the name of Derry and made a bargain for two nice saddles and bridles. Mr. Derry told them if their father did not object to their trading, he would sell them the saddles. Mr. Smith had no objection, as the hogs belonged to the boys; but he insisted that if the boys sold the hogs, he must have the first opportunity to buy. This the boys offered him, and Mr. Smith paid them twenty dollars for the two hogs, rating them at two hundred pounds weight each and paying five cents a pound.

With their twenty dollars the two boys bought the saddles, carrying them home in great glee. That is how two pigs became two saddles. It is a true story but not very funny.

THE GOBLET OF WATER.

"WILL you please bring me a glass of water, Jennie?"

"Yes sir, quick as I can. Here it is."

"Thank you, Jennie, that is beautiful."

"What makes you say please and thank you to me, and which is beautiful?"

"One at a time, Jennie; can not you guess why I say please and thank you to you?"

"But I'm such a little girl, uncle."

"That is nothing; it is right to say those kind little words to every one; and then I say them to you because I wish you to say them to me, and to your ma, and to every body. This glass it is that is beautiful."

"Why, that is nothing but a glass of water!"

"I know that, but let us set it down, right here on the corner of the table, where this little ray of sunshine may shine into it. Ah! see the little rainbow colors at the bottom of it, the merry sparkles all through the glass, the shimmering bubbles on the surface, and the bead like drops round the brim. Is it not beautiful?"

"Why yes, I never thought of that."

"We must learn to use our eyes, Jennie, for the purest pleasure we shall enjoy in life will be in looking at the works of God and man. Describe this glass to me, Jennie."

"Describe it, I can not, uncle, look at it yourself."

"I am looking at it, but I wish you to tell me all about it. Is it dull and soft?"

"No, it is hard, clear and bright."

"Is it bright of itself?"

"No, the sunshine makes it bright."

"Let us learn a lesson from this. Though we may not be very beautiful or finely formed, yet, if we only let cheerfulness and goodness shine from our hearts, as this glass reflects the sunlight, it will lend grace, animation and beauty to every feature."

"But the light shines into the glass."

"Yes, but it immediately shines out again. Goodness is not very natural to us, but must be admitted into our minds, when its influence will immediately be directed outward to all around us. This glass is large and round at the top, tapering delicately to

wards the bottom, where it spreads out round again, forming a firm foundation to hold the goblet upright; we should adorn our head with large stores of knowledge, stand easily and firmly upon a good foundation of right principles, and show a firm unyielding resistance to the approach of all evil, as the glass presents a hard unbending surface to the touch. Is the glass rough, Jennie?"

"No, it is smooth and polished."

"This adds to its beauty. Do you see that bur in the garden yonder, and tell me it is beautiful?"

"O no, it is so rough and thorny."

"What makes baby sister's cheeks so pretty?"

"Because they are so soft, round and smooth."

"Smooth, that is it. Then let us make our words, O, so soft, gentle and kind, for they are more pleasant than the fruits of the south: and rough, harsh, unkind words, pain more, and leave their irritating effect in the mind longer than the poisonous prickles from the hateful bur. How is it with the water, Jennie?"

"It is very clear and pure, uncle."

"It is indeed. Our minds are unto God like this water. If there is any stain of sin upon them, he beholds it as easily as we could a stick, bug, or any impurity in the water; let us purify our minds to meet his eye."

"The water is growing warm, uncle."

"So it is. Well, you drink first."

"After you do, uncle."

"I would not wish to drink first, but the spirit shown forth in your preferring me first is more beautiful than the rose. Put away the glass, and remember the lesson taught by the GOBLET OF WATER."

ABEL.

Letters from the Hopes.

TABOR, Fremont Co., Iowa.

Dear Hope:—It is a long time since I have written to you. I have been baptized since I wrote last. Bro. Robert Elvin has been preaching here this week. We have meeting here nearly every Sunday, and sacrament once a month. I like to read the *Hope*, and read the letters of my little brothers and sisters. I think the piece about "Maplewood Manor" is a very nice one. I believe in the doctrine of Jesus Christ and the Bible, and hope I shall try to live up to its precepts. I like to go to church, and am sorry when there is none. My uncle is in Nebraska.

I remain your sister in Christ,
EMMA ABRAHAM.

AUDUBON, Minnesota, Jan. 19th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time that I have written to our dear little *Hope*, but I hope it will not be the last time. I am a little girl eight years old next March. I take the *Hope*, and would not think I could get along without it. I like to read the letters in the *Hope*. The best story I like is Burt. I like Perla Wild's stories very well. I will tell you about my pets. I have two pretty canary birds. We have had a nice winter here, but for the last few days it has been cold and stormy. I will now close, by wishing you all a merry Christmas and a happy new year. Love to all. Good by.

ARRA ANN WAY.

IONE VALLEY, Amador Co., California,
January 7th, 1883.

Dear Hopes of Zion:—Bro. Charles Dykes, in *Hope* of January 1st, asks, "What were the names of the Twelve whom Jesus chose on this continent?" In Book of Mormon I presume he means. You will find it in Book of Nephi, 9th chapter, 2d verse: "Behold, Nephi and his brother, whom he had raised from the dead, whose name was Timothy, and also his son, whose name was Jonas, and also Mathoni, and Mathonihah, his brother, and Kumen, and Kumenonhi, Jeremiah, and Shemnon, and Jonas, and Hedekiah, and Isaiah: now these were the names of the disciples whom Jesus had

chosen." I wish to ask two questions: In the New Testament we have the account of Jesus healing several persons. Why did he say to them, "Tell no man?" Where do you find the account of his healing the "Damsel?"

I saw the aurora borealis, the 17th of November. It was the first I ever saw. I have seen the comet many times. I first saw it the 25th of September. It was a grand sight. In it is shown the greatness of God, and how great is the weakness and the nothingness of man. But let us study the written word, and try to do what it says; to do the little commandments as well as the big ones, praying our Father to help us, that we may become faithful men of God, and if so, we will be greater in the sight of God, than evil men are.

UNCLE W.

USBORNE, Ont., Jan. 12th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I ever wrote to the *Hope*. I love to read the letters in the *Hope*. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and we have prayer and testimony meeting every Sunday, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Mother and father belong to the Church. We had Bro. Hicklin here preaching, and we had a good time. I hope when at General Conference, that he will be sent back here again. I am not baptized yet. Pray for me. Love to all.

From a friend,

LLEWELLYN JAQUES.

USBORNE, Ont., Jan. 12th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—As I can not write myself, I will get my sister to write for me. I go to Sunday School, and I stop to prayer meeting sometimes. We are going to have the Conference here in June next, and I hope that we will have a good time. Love to all. Good by.

Yours Truly,

WILLIAM J. JAQUES.

BUFFALO PRAIRIE, Illinois.

Dear Hopes:—Oftimes I have gained strength, by tracing the lines of this dear little paper which has so kindly been given us, and it is our duty to try and make it interesting. Though it may seem to others as it seems to me. O! I do not believe I will try and write to the *Hope*; there are others that are more capable to do such work than I am. These and many other foolish thoughts may cross our minds; but what if we all think this way, and take heed to our thoughts? Where would our *Zion's Hope* be?

Dear Hopes, this work that we are engaged in; is of the Lord, and it is great and glorious; and we should watch and pray, lest we should enter into temptations. We should read the Scriptures with prayer and care, daily; reflect on the state of our own hearts before God; examine ourselves daily by the light of the Scriptures; watch over our thoughts, words, and actions, daily; deny ourselves of sinful indulgences, and follow the Lord; cultivate a habit of constant piety and prayer; look at sin in the light that God puts it in in the Bible, make use of the talent that God has given us, and a thousand other things we should practice daily. I have no other desire, but to serve God and keep his commandments, though oftimes I come far short of my desires. May we as children of one faith, press onward to the mark of our high calling, that when we part from this vale of tears, our exchange may be a happy one. That we may feed on that heavenly manna, that the Israelites of old feasted upon, is the prayer of your sister in Christ.

MINA EPPERLY.

LAGUNA, Cal., January 3d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have ever tried to write to you. I am eleven years old, and was baptized when I was eight years old, by Bro. J. F. Burton. I have one brother and two sisters. All our family belong to the church. We have Sunday School and meeting every Sunday, and I love to go and hear the word of God explained. We have prayer meeting every Thursday night,

when the weather will permit, and often enjoy blessings of God. I live on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and wish you all could visit me, and have a fine time hunting shells on the beach. Little Hopes, let us be faithful in all we do here, that we may all meet in Zion, and be found worthy of an inheritance there. Pray for me.

SHERMAN GOFF.

MARATHON, Iowa, Jan. 7th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—What did you get Christmas? I got a Holiday book, an arithmetic, and a handkerchief. I go to school to my aunt this winter, and all the rest of the scholars are my cousins. It is nice winter weather and good sleighing. I have a sleigh ride every day to school. I wish I could see my Uncles Joseph and Alexander, and all my cousins. I am going to have the *Youth's Companion* this year, and expect to enjoy it very much. Good bye for this time.

Your friend,

ELBERT A. SMITH.

CLEVELAND, Iowa, January 5th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure I write to you. I will be thirteen years old the 17th of March. It is the first time I have written to the *Hope*; but I hope it will not be the last. I take the *Hope*, and I like to read the continued stories, and also the letters in them. We have meetings every Sunday. My father and mother belong to the church. We had a meeting last Sunday. The gifts were there in great power. It was there like it was on the day of Pentecost. I hope you will excuse this poor letter. I will do better next time.

Your sister,

SARAH BURCH.

BUFFALO PRAIRIE, Illinois.

Dear Hopes:—I am ten years old. This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I do not belong to the Church, but my papa and mamma, and three of my sisters do. I go to meeting almost every Sunday. We have no Sunday School here, but I hope we will soon. I go to school. I like to go real well. I study fifth reader, geography, and the largest grammar, spelling and rudiments of arithmetic. I often think how nice it would be to see all of your faces; but if not on earth, I hope to meet you all in heaven.

Your friend,

NELLIE N. EPPERLY.

WINSBOROUGH, Texas, Jan. 3d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I have just read the *Hope* of the last issue, and my attention was turned to a short piece entitled, "A wonder: or the two old men." I think it portrays a beautiful picture, and contains a useful lesson. The old, who are converted, no doubt, have the love of God shed most abundantly in their hearts, and are useful in bringing souls to God; yet their youth was spent in vain.

Little Hopes: Is it not a precious thing to be converted in youth, and give our life to God? And when we are called to die, we can bid death welcome and haste to Jesus, to wear a "starry crown." I am a bad boy sometimes, yet I have a hope which drives out fear; and makes me strive to do better.

Pray for me, that I may be saved, that I may stand, with the redeemed in heaven.

While in my youth, I want to give

My heart and soul to him

Who suffered death, that we might live,

And frees us from all sin.

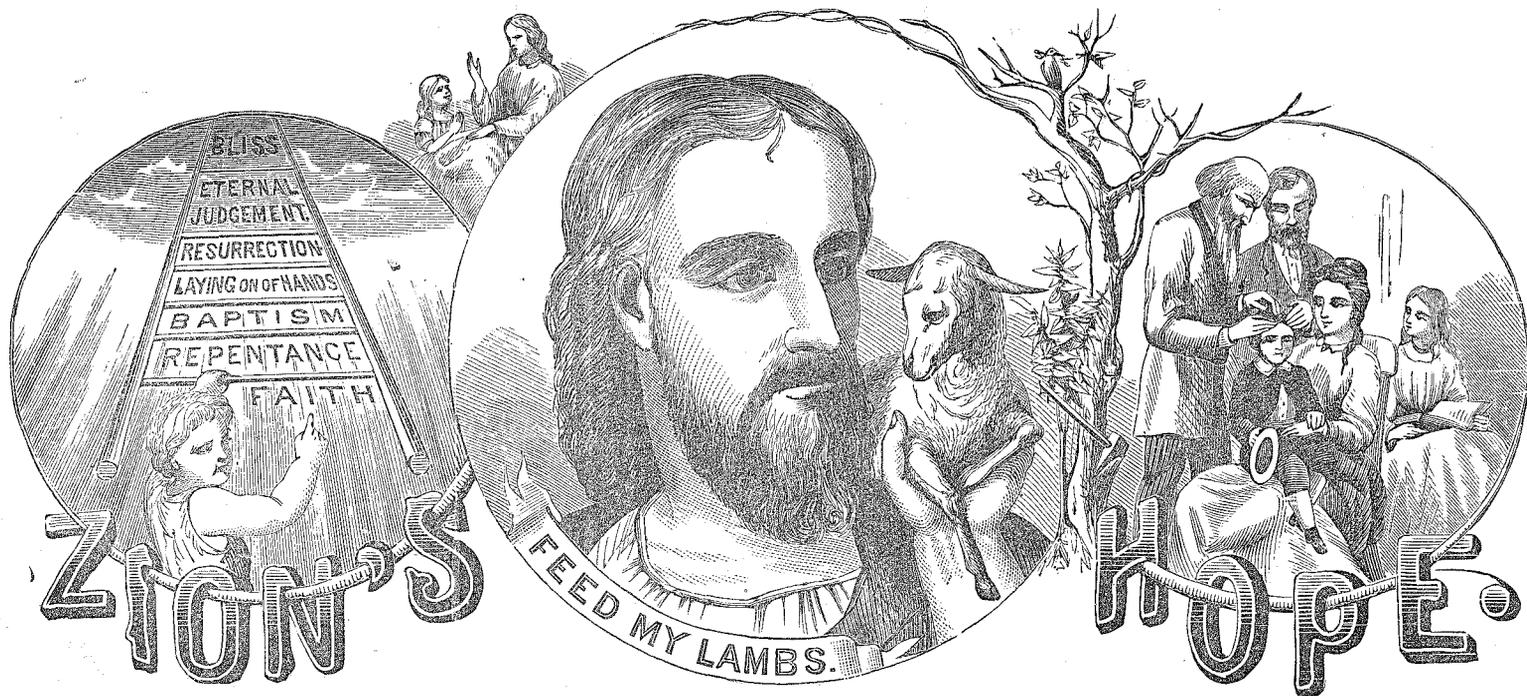
J. A. CURRIE, JR.

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

UNCLE JOHN'S CHAT.

Dear Little Hopes:—I think of your varied conditions in life, when you may read these few lines.

Some will read in California's genial clime,
Some 'mid Wisconsin's chilly air;
Some in that state most sublime,
Because God's heritage is there.
Some on England's sturdy land,
Where Ephraim's blood doth fill the veins;
Some on Georgia's burning sand,
And some in Maine where winter reigns.
From north to south, from east to west,
Just think how much, how great your's blest.

But, Dear Hopes, is this scattered condition to always continue? Think how nice it would be, if you all lived near to each other, and loved one another, as the Savior said we should. Just look up that passage, and see how much you must love one another. Now, I want to tell you, little Hopes, what blessings are in store for you, and how you can obtain them. One of the prophets speaks of a time when a person shall arise, whose girdle shall be righteousness and faithfulness, who shall be a messenger of peace and good will to men, and as a result of his ruling all the present animosity of the animals shall cease, when the wolf will dwell with the lamb—do you think a wolf would dwell very long with a lamb now? The leopard shall lie down with the kid. When the little Hopes can lead the young lions; would you like to try it now? The lion shall eat straw like the ox—why shall it eat straw,—why not eat flesh the same as now? When this time comes none shall hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain, for the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the deep. Don't you think it will be a happy time when you can live in such a peaceable place, where you can see the Savior and talk with him, where all the blessings I have spoken of, and many more, will be given to those who inhabit that blessed place. Now, hopes, where is that place to be, who is the person who is to prepare it—and where do we find an account of it? I have tried to tell you something of the blessings promised, now I want to say a few words about "What is my duty, and how shall I prepare." Before that day, there is to be set up an "ensign," or "banner," or "standard" for the nations. This ensign I understand to be the gospel, which shall be revealed by "the angel." Can you tell what angel I refer to? The gospel is "Peace on earth," "Glory to God in the highest." If the gospel is this, and it is the standard for the government of the nations, can you not see that all who enlist under this banner, and obey its kind precepts, will be the children of peace? What does Christ say about the peacemaker?

Now, dear hopes, can you enumerate the "principles" of the gospel? Will you tell me what you understand to be your duty? I want you all to live, amid these days of trial and temptation, according to the gospel, that we may meet in the sweet by and by, and perhaps converse about our letters and chats through our dear little paper. I am glad you have so correctly answered me in the past.

YOUR UNCLE JOHN.

THE GOOD ELF KING, A FAIRY STORY.

WHEN the hearts of the children of men are full of gratitude to God the atmosphere grows purer and clearer, so that we can see a little way into the world that lies all about us, usually hidden from our sight as by a veil.

Some have supposed there is a class of beings, inhabitants of the middle world, neither men, angels nor demons, in some mysterious way related to the human race, taking great interest in their haps and mishaps, sometimes even interfering, helping or hindering, as the case may be.

At most times these little creatures are unseen, though infants are believed to possess the gift of beholding them, and those in whom the child heart is strong have caught many a glimpse of them.

What their origin was, and what their destiny will be, we have not been permitted to know, but that they live, love, grieve, hate and hope, has been taught by all the story-tellers since Spencer wrote about his "Fairy Queen" and Shakespeare his "Ariel."

It was the day before Thanksgiving. People had begun to count up their blessings. The air was fast growing clear and bright, so that "fairy folks" began to try to communicate with the children of men.

The mother of Luther tied their mufflers about them, and sent them on an errand of love.

This was their errand: Over the common where wind blew the chilliest, up the hillside bare and brown, was the cottage of a sad faced man. His wife and her babes lay sleeping in the graveyard where the daises blossomed and the willows bent low. He went and came, lived and labored among men, but his words were few, for his heart was broken and his home desolate. Luther and Sadie pitied the lonely man, and nothing gave them so much delight as to bring to him the good things their kind mother prepared for him.

This day the boy carried a lot of preserved plums, and the girl a beautiful Thanksgiving-cake, all frosted over, with the word "Hope" upon it, made with crimson and blue sugar-sand.

When they were crossing the wide, cold common, and the wind met them in the face, cold and keen, the little girl, who was but seven years old, began to cry.

"O sissy," said Luther, "let us run a race; then we will get warm."

So, taking his sister by the hand, they began to run. A stone was frozen deep in the mud of the road.

Luther, cumbered as he was, fell over it on the hard rocklike ground, and lay as one dead. The blood flowed from a deep wound in the temple; his face was white, and his eyes were closed. Sadie thought he was dead. She could not move him, for he was quite a big boy, and she was but seven years old. She would not leave him there and run, for she was a loving little girl. She sat and cried until she was most chilled to death.

As she bowed her face upon her hands and cried, she felt a gentle touch upon her cheek, and looking up saw a little fellow not quite as tall as herself, dressed in beautiful white fur, with a golden crown upon his head and a golden scepter in his hand.

His eyes were full of pity as he looked upon her, and he said:

"If you will not be afraid, little girl, I will call my people about me and see what we can do to help you."

Now the heart of the child was too full of grief to have any room for fears, and she said, "Oh, please do, for my brother will die."

So the Elf King blew upon the golden horn that hung at his side, and Oh, the common was all full of little people clothed in beautiful white, softer than the down of a swan's breast.

"Eron," said the Elf King, "you are a wise counselor, tell me how we shall bring this poor mortal to his mother, so that he and his loving sister shall not perish with the cold."

"Your Majesty must know that none of our chariots can bear their weight, and all the strength in your kingdom could not draw them," said Eron.

Then the mother of the Elf King stepped forth and said:

"I am a mother, I will let their mother know."

Now the home mother had finished the preparation for her Thanksgiving feast, had also sent to her poorest neighbors portions of good cheer. Wearied in body, but full of joyful thankfulness in her heart, she sat before her bright fire waiting the return of her husband, who had driven many miles that he might be at home before the morrow, and the children she had sent upon their errand of love.

The setting sun lay broad and bright across the floor. Suddenly she turned and gazed with strain-

ing eye into the brightest of the sunlight. She thought she saw a hand, or the shadow of a hand, no larger than a child's. She was sure upon one finger was a ring with the white light of a diamond upon it. She was sure it beckoned to her, and pointed toward the common over which her darlings had gone. Her mother's heart told the rest. She knew her children needed her.

Just then she heard her husband at the door, and with her welcome kiss she whispered, "Go, go for our children," pointing out the way. Awed by her white, pained look, he went without a word.

Then, as if in a dream, she stirred the fire and warmed the bed. For many weeks did Luther lay thereon and suffer, but he lived, yes, lived to be a man, and lay that mother in the grave. But well was it for him, that on the day he fell, the hearts of men were full of gratitude to God.

MARY BRAINARD.

BELOVED HOPES, HOPING, HOPE.

Beloved Hopes.—It is now going on two years since those whom I so dearly love, (the children of Zion's children), have seen aught in their blessed paper, *Zion's Hope*, from uncle W. R. But he has lost none of his interest in their welfare, nor in their blessed Sunday School paper.

Shall I define my very singular, or queer caption or heading? It seems almost useless; but for the benefit of some who may wonder at my title, I will, and then give my reasons for the same. I trust that you all know who the first—or 'Hopes' are; the children of Zion's children,—the Saints. Now the Lord has told us that "Zion is the pure in heart." But to become pure in heart, in the light of the gospel, we must obey, and keep the same, and that will make us Saints in very deed; (very truth); and when the Saints are gathered to the land of Zion, then they, the Saints, the pure in heart, will become the kingdom of Zion. "Hoping," I believe that Webster defines, as desiring, with expecting something good; or anticipating some favor or blessing. "Hope." This you will readily see applies to our little giant for good, *Zion's Hope*. Now were I to adopt the Scripture rule in paraphrasing on my three words, or caption; viz, having the first last, and the last first; with the best of the wine at the end of the feast, I should follow my caption through backwards, and first of my love for and interest in *Zion's Hope*; and then of my "Hoping," what am I hoping for; yes, and praying for; and why I thus hope and pray, and then I would close with instructions and encouragement to those I so dearly love. Those in whose special interest our blessed little paper is published. But, dear children, you can none of you tell how glad I was, how I rejoiced, when I saw the first number of that bold defender of the cause of Christ, that messenger of truth, *The Saints' Herald*, come to us as a weekly. But glad as I was, when I wrote to Bro. Joseph, (renewing my subscription for the *Herald* and *Hope*), I told him I would much rather it had been the *Hope*, giving him, (in part), my reasons. My reasons for wishing the *Hope* a weekly, maybe, and doubtless will be the burden of this letter to you, my dear young friends. But, dear Hopes of Zion, dear lambs of Christ's fold; while I am hoping, let me state one thing more for which I hope. I exceedingly hope that this article may find its way into the *Herald*, as well as the *Hope*; for this reason, that as I am hoping to see the *Hope* a weekly, and as there are some of the Saints who do not read the *Hope*, even though they take it for their children. They think it good enough for little children, and treat it as such, hence do not see the efforts, (that only appear in the *Hope*), that some are making towards this "hoping" result. But I truly believe, that there are many of the Saints who do not read the *Hope*; who, could they know and feel the interest that some are making towards this much desired object, would nobly aid the same. And they would know if articles favoring the same

were allowed in the *Herald*; and why can not that noble messenger of truth, speak once in a while in favor of his little traveling companion, his son, the *Hope*? especially since he has concluded to visit us once a week, instead of twice a month. And now, beloved Hopes, yes, and Saints, (for I write this that it may be permitted to appear in the *Herald*), let us look at this in another light.

As I have intimated above, that the *Herald* and *Hope*, were parent and child, let us view them as such. We, (the Saints), have had the visits of the *Herald* for nearly twenty-three years, first as a monthly; then we became so intimate, and on such friendly terms, that he came to us oftener, (twice a month), and always, (or nearly so), on time. After coming to us for several years in his lonely visits, he found a small traveling companion, or son, which was christened "*Zion's Hope*," and ever since the birth of this little son, parent and child have always come together, (to those who desired the visits of both). Now is this parent, our loving and beloved visitor, (*The Herald*), to come to us alone, in his anxiously looked for visits, (or every alternate visit at least)? If so, will he not be very lonesome in twenty-eight of his fifty-two yearly visits to us? If not, many of the Hopes of Zion, as well as some of the Saints, will be.

Parents, Saints, can we not do something to prevent this lonesomeness, this sadness in those precious jewels, those lambs of the fold, that the Good Shepherd has committed to our care? What was the Good Shepherd's imperative command to Peter, when leaving the flock in his care, that he might go to his Father? Was it feed my sheep, the lambs can take care of themselves? Turn to St. John 21: 15, and see. Was not the first command there given "feed my lambs?" Shall we, sectarian like, who pass by and ignore the first command, (water baptism), so they obtain the second or baptism of the spirit; I say shall we pass by this first instruction of our blessed Savior, or heed it but partially at least, that we may feed on the good things of the kingdom? Shall we have the *Herald* come to us weekly, that contains about four times the amount of reading that the *Hope* does, when it will be remembered that we have the reading of the *Saints' Advocate*, with all our books and pamphlets, pertaining to the faith, which (as a whole) are undigestible, (so to speak), to many of our children? Shall our children, when sent to the post office for the *Herald*, be told every other week, by that visitor, that this time he had to come alone; that his little boy had to stay at home? Or how will they enjoy themselves, when they see pa and ma, enjoying themselves in conning over the rich treasures that visitor brings them from the servants of God! Shall they go supperless to bed, or else feast upon what they can glean from those Sunday School papers published by some of the sects above alluded to? Suppose that they are silent on church tenets and articles. Do any of those papers teach the principles of the gospel in their plainness? (I did not say good morals). If they do teach those principles in their simplicity, purity and plainness, then let us subscribe for those papers that will come to our children weekly, and for the half, (or less), than we pay for the *Hope*.

Brothers, sisters, saints: I feel and do know, that God is and has been blessing the mission of our blessed little Sabbath School paper, *Zion's Hope*, and that beyond what many may think. It is not what some may suppose, a mere child's paper, from which those of riper years can gather no real solid gospel food. It possesses that intrinsic value that no child's paper that I have ever read, does possess. Nor is it any wonder, if the spirit that the Saints receive, who obey the gospel, gives them more light and wisdom than those receive who subscribe to their hireling priests and man-made creeds. Who that is in a praying mood, can read the stories of, "What is it worth," "Why not now," "Cloud and sunlight," "Nil Desperandum," and many other similar stories in the *Hope*, and not have his spirits

stirred within him, with reverence and thanks to God that he has given us such writers to fascinate, guide and instruct the minds of our children and youth; yes, and even those of riper years?

I wish now to quote from a very celebrated professor, author, lecturer and writer. Professor O. S. Fowler: "Nations are created and governed by their grown up children. These precious babes are to be our law-makers and law breakers. One of these days, if they live, these boy babes' votes will count, and probably girls'; and say who shall make, legislate, and execute the people's sovereign pleasure; will make or repair useful articles, wield mighty swords, and still mightier pens, make inventions, and contribute in innumerable ways to the great river of human thought, emotion, and interest."

O how true. Then let us do all that lies in our power towards guiding those babes, children and youths in the right channel; so that when they wield those *mighty pens*, they may in truth be mightier than the sword, and so wielded as to obviate, or do away with the necessity of resorting to the sword; at least by all those who profess to be Saints of God.

Who in the next decade, or double decade of years, will be the writers for our church papers; with the rich treasures of wisdom and knowledge that *will then* abound? For the time is fast drawing to a close, when God will wink at the ignorance of his saints. God's cause is onward and upward, and it *will not* tarry, if many of his professed saints do. These very children whose cause I am now pleading, will be the ones e'er many years, with pen, and tongue, and the *Spirit of Christ*, to push his cause on to more glorious results than many of the saints do now anticipate.

Now for the best of the wine at the end of the feast; let me talk a little while to those I so dearly love, my young friends.

Dear Friends: You will see that this letter is written (chiefly), in your interest, and in that of your blessed little paper, *Zion's Hope*. Do you not, do we not all wish that it could become a weekly? The *Herald* that contains about four times the reading of the *Hope* was published at \$2.15 per year; 24 numbers nine cts each; 9 x 24=216. It has now become a weekly, or 52 numbers, at an advance of 35 cts for 28 numbers more than the *semi-monthly*; which is a trifle over two cts a page for 28 numbers, as the *Herald* contains 16 pages. Now, if Bro. Joseph was to advance the price of the *Hope* five cents a page instead of two, who would say anything against paying 80 cents for the *Hope* as a weekly? That would be an advance of 20 cents as the *Hope* contains 4 pages, 4 x 5=20. Who would object to paying one-third as much, 20 cents, for 28 *Hopes*, as they now pay for 24 *Hopes* 60 cents? Or to look at it from another standpoint; who would rather pay \$1.30 for 52 numbers of the *Hope*, and be 26 months in getting the worth of their money, than to pay 80 cts for the very same value, and receive their pay inside of 12 months; thus saving 50 cts and 14 month's time? I believe that Bro. Joseph can, and will give us the *Hope* as a weekly for 80 cts per year; if we (the Saints and Hopes) but give him proper support and encouragement, and Aaron and Hur-like, hold up his hands. Why can he not? If he can give us 28 numbers of the *Herald* 16 pages for 35 cts, can he not give us 28 *Hopes*, 4 pages each, for 20 cts?

Now if Bro. Joseph will publish this in the *Herald* and *Hope*, and open a column (or space) in the *Hope* for a roll of honor club, or a *Zion's Hope* aid society, or any other name or plan he may deem wise; then let each Saint and Hope say what he will do or give towards this "Hoping result;" and then let them *do* as they say. Then when any one gives any thing for this object, let credit for the same be set down under this roll and opposite his name; this would act as a stimulus or prompter for others to, "go and do likewise."

Although I am a poor man, and have poor health

a good deal of the time, yet if the *Hope* will become a weekly, I will not only do as I have for the last five or six years; viz., secure what subscribes I can for it, and continue to take it myself, but *I will give* one dollar towards this "hoping result," for which I am both writing and praying. And my dear young friends such is my faith in the mission of the *Hope*, to and for the advancement of your interest and progress, that had I the means at my command, it *should* be a weekly, even if I had to give one hundred times what I have agreed to give. And now, dear Hopes of Zion; my prayer is:

That your blest *Hope* become a weekly,
That *Herald* and *Hope* go forth together;
That when the Saints receive their *Herald*,
The Hopes may read their *Hope* with pleasure.
Yes, and that they may
Those lessons learn, more pure than gold,
To guide their feet within the fold.

UNCLE W. R.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XXII.

BEWILDERED and surprised for a moment, the two women dazed and silent, looked intently at the stranger, then rushing forward each grasped his hand, trembling and tearful.

Mr. Russell looked at them in utter astonishment. "Wife, daughter, what are you doing?" he raged. Stand back Elizabeth! Victoria, child come here! Are you both crazy? I—I don't know what to say, sir," addressing the visitor, "I don't know how to explain the conduct of these foolish women. I don't understand it." He came forward as if to draw them away, but the stranger, clasping a hand of each, conducted them to the sofa and seated himself between them.

Mr. Russell was almost beside himself with rage. The stranger leaned back with a long, weary sigh. Victoria with an effort turned her face toward her father and spoke.

"Father, father! It is Arthur, our own loved and lost one, returned to us at last. Don't you know him? Can't you see it is he?"

Mr. Russell rubbed his eyes and stared, while the others looked on in silent wonder. "Arthur!" he cried. "What nonsense are you talking? Arthur was a young, handsome lad. This man is verging on to forty."

"That was twelve years ago," softly added the mother. "He is changed, but I knew him. O, John, John? will you not welcome our only son?"

"Elizabeth, you are mistaken. Your foolish fancies have deluded you. This man, whom you and Victoria make so free to claim, is Burt's father—at least he says so. And an utter stranger."

Now, Mrs. Russell and Victoria were astonished. "Burt's father, papa? What do you mean? He is my brother. Are you not?" Turning to the man beside her. For reply, he placed his arm around her, seeming to try to speak, then leaned back with a fluttering, his hands drooping nervelessly. Mrs. Russell sprang to her feet in alarm. "My poor boy. Has he fainted?" chafing the limp hand in tearful anguish.

"N—no," he gasped. Recovering himself with a struggle "It is my poor head. I hoped I had entirely recovered. But I am better now. Only I feel very tired." Gently the two women assisted him to a reclining posture, the mother laying aside his hat tenderly. The others looked on in silence. Mrs. Russell smoothed back the waving mass of brown hair, revealing more fully the noble brow and outline of face and feature. He closed his eyes wearily. "It is so good, so restful, to be at home again. If father will only let me stay an hour or two.—For I need rest. And 'tis the first peaceful rest I have known for years."

Mr. Russell looked silently into the pale worn face, then staggered forward and sank on his knees, burying his face in his hands, moaning out the pent up agony and longing of the past years in one wail

of expiring hope merging into glorious hope, realization and all absorbing gratitude. "Thank God!" After a pause, still kneeling beside his son, who lay as if sleeping, he looked up. "Victoria, child, will you thank the kind Father for his mercies. Of all his abundant goodness, this is the greatest. Aye, it outweighs all the rest." Every one knelt silently, while the brave hearted girl put down her own emotions, and gave her soul to prayer and thanksgiving.

When they arose, every face was bathed in tears;—tears of joy. Scarce a word was spoken for some time, as Arthur seemed to be sleeping sweetly. Mrs. Russell and Victoria brought soft warm blankets and covered him gently, while Addie bent over the sleeper, touched his pale brow with her lips and then crept to the corner where Elsie was sitting, where they remained hand in hand in sweet, sympathetic silence. Lessons were forgotten in the supreme joy of the hour. Mr. Russell stationed himself beside his boy, and there remained through all the long night. Still Arthur slept. Jonas could not be persuaded to retire. 'Twas too cold a night to let the fires go out. He'd sleep in his chair and occasionally 'plenish the fires, and be ready if they needed him. Removing the sleeping man's boots did not arouse him. He slept, peaceful as a child. They would not disturb him, nor yet leave him.

At last Addie and Elsie were induced to retire. "O I'm so glad," breathed Elsie, nestling close in Addie's arms, just before sinking into slumber. "I'm so glad. Isn't it nice. Your brother come back, and he is Burt's papa. So Burt is your very own. O I'm so glad."

With the first rays of morning Arthur awoke. His eyes fell on his father's form, bent and wearied, close beside him. He raised up and laid his hand appealingly on the old man's knee. The touch aroused him from his doze. "God be praised, my boy," was all the father could utter, as the two tenderly embraced. Presently the son raised his tearful eyes, with the humble entreaty of a little child. "May I stay a little while father?"

"No, my son—not a little while, but always. I have wanted you so long, my only, my beloved son. Why did you not return sooner? Did you know we mourned you as dead?" was the father's response.

"I dared not, father," Arthur said. "I feared me even now, to be turned away." The others now drew near to greet Arthur, the careful mother and Victoria with a cup of tea and a bit of delicate, jellied toast.

"O I'm too happy and grateful to think of being hungry," he remonstrated.

"We know it, brother," urged the gentle sister. "But we want you to partake of this little refreshment to give you strength. Remember, you're expected to do a great amount of talking in the next few days."

The brother could scarcely keep his eyes from Addie's face. His little sister! could it be possible! She a little dot of five or six, when he saw her last.

"You must improve your time well in looking at her," whispered Victoria, as Addie left the room. "The foolish child is to be married."

"Married?" cried Arthur in astonishment. "Why she is too young. What is mother thinking of, to permit such nonsense. It's only a girlish fancy."

"I scarcely think there's even fancy, on her side. Surely no real affection. More like a childish whim. But it is settled." Then Victoria went on to tell him all about the bridegroom.

Of course he was indignant, and declared he should protest. But she gently admonished him to be silent about the affair. It would do no good. 'Twas too late, now. Besides, her sister was so capricious, no one knew what she would do, if prevented from marrying now when she seemed so determined.

"We are all very unfortunate in our matrimonial affairs," Arthur said, musingly. "I made the first rash step. Then, as I have heard, sister Louisa

eloped with a worthless fellow, and now Addie is going to wed an old grandfather for his money. Not one of us had wisdom in such matters save you, Victoria," looking into her face. "You must be near thirty—though you do not look that age. And you have kept heart free, all these years. It is well. You are saved much pain and annoyance. I am glad one of my father's children chose the way of peace and security." He did not note the trembling hand and flushed cheek of his sister, as she took the tea tray and bore it from the room. Addie came in now, to sit with her brother till breakfast.

"How is it, Addie," said he going on with his previous train of thought. "How is it Victoria has never been induced to make an alliance with some noble souled, worthy man? She has always been handsome, graceful, winning and gentle. Altogether the woman an ambitious, sensible man would choose for a help and comfort. Strange, isn't it!"

Addie tossed her head, as she said smilingly, "She's just unfortunate, like the Russell's, that's all. Save me. I shall keep an eye to my own best interest. Don't you whisper it, but Vic's been engaged twice. No one knows of her first engagement save they two, and myself. And she doesn't dream that I know it." Elsie came in, and Addie said no more on the subject. Seeing the little girl Arthur thought of Burt. "Is my boy not up yet," he asked. "I want to see him."

Elsie hesitated, so Addie replied by telling him of the boy's disappearance. Closing with, "But he'll be home this morning, of course. He never run away before, and he'll be heartily ashamed of himself, for he's a splendid boy. You'll be proud of him, Arthur, I know you will."

"I'm proud of my noble friends," he replied, earnestly, "if that is a proper term. And everlastingly grateful for their love and tender care for my poor motherless boy, whom they thought a nameless waif."

"We can not love him better, now, even knowing he is our own," she returned. "But I am glad and thankful it is so."

The hours sped on and Burt did not return. The family grew uneasy, and Jonas was dispatched in search of him. He was not to be found among the neighbors. Where could he be?

"May be he has run away," suggested Arthur, who was too weak to be able to aid in the search. "Took the train, perhaps. You know that's the way of the fast boys of to-day,—to run away at small provocations." John Russell shook his head. "No, no; Burt is too young for that. Then he wouldn't do it, any way. Besides he couldn't get far away yet."

"Took the train, perhaps," remarked Addie. "He had his money with him at school yesterday. I saw him showing his purse to Willie Gray, and telling him he had three dollars all his own."

Acting upon this, Jonas and Mr. Russell set out for the station a short time after, driving at utmost speed, hoping to reach the place before the train left. A shrill whistle was heard as the panting horses began the ascent of the last hill with a bound. Half a mile more, yet. Down the next decline, over the long bridge that trembled under the flying hoofs and gleaming wheels, and up the narrow street to the depot, as if the very old boy himself was arter 'em, as Jonas afterward said, reaching the spot just as the bell began to ring for starting. Burt and Willie Gray were seen pushing through the crowd. Just as they sprang on the step of the nearest coach, Mr. Russell grasped each boy by the collar, bringing them back to the platform as the train moved off.

Half dragging the frightened lads up to the carriage, he bade them climb in, his face white with suppressed passion. Seating himself, he bade Jonas turn the horses towards home.

"Spect may be you aint in a hurry, neaw," he said. "Cause them horses are mouty well played out. We traveled, so we did."

"Give them their own time," replied Mr. Russell.

When they had walked leisurely half the distance, he laid his hand on the lines. Jonas drew up at once. Here the road leading to Mr. Gray's diverged from the main track. A glance from Mr. Russell was enough for Willie. He crept out of the carriage, and Jonas drove on.

Letters from the Hopes.

NEBRASKA CITY, Nebraska,
January 26th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I have frequently thought of writing to you, as I enjoy reading the various instructions contained in the Hope. I attended General Conference held September 20th, 1882, in Lamoni, Iowa. I enjoyed it very much and stayed twelve days with Sister M. A. Lewis, who gave me a good home with her during conference, which I fully appreciated. She used to live in Chicago. Then I saw lots of Saints from different parts in America, and heard many able and good sermons from the Elders, and consoling and cheering testimonies from the Saints in fellowship meetings; so I felt happy, I was numbered with God's people, and I desire to be kept faithful that I may gain eternal life.

Elder E. L. Kelley preached five able and comprehensive sermons here during this month, and all felt the better for his correct teachings. Elder Robt. M. Elvin preached a good discourse Sabbath evening, on the Book of Mormon, though he had gotten his face frozen rather badly riding in the cold Saturday for home.

The Sabbath School had a tree, and a very enjoyable and amusing entertainment in the evening, December 25th, 1882. Joseph Dubiez, the Sunday School chorister, acted as president of the evening, and looked like a genuine professor of the old order, in his swallow tail coat and white neck tie.

We are having good meetings, and have regular service Sunday, and Wednesday nights. With best wishes to all,

I am your sister in Christ,
ANNA NIELSEN.

CLEVELAND, Lucas Co., Iowa,
January 21st, 1883.

Dear Hope:—I was twelve years old the thirteenth of November, and I was baptized the fifth day of November by Bro James McDiffitt. I go to Sunday School every Sunday at ten o'clock. We have meeting at two o'clock every Sunday. I love to read the letters in the Hope. I live with my grandma and grandfather. I have four sisters.

Your sister in the Church of Jesus Christ,
ELIZABETH GREEN.

HENDERSON GROVE, Warren Co., Ills.
January 19th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—As the snow is very deep, it renders it very unpleasant to go to school; so I take this opportunity to write to you for the first time. I do not belong to the Church yet, but hope I may before long. My mother belongs to the Church. We haven't had any meetings in our branch for a long time. We are so scattered, and want for officers and leaders in our branch. We want to sell out, and go where there is a branch, so we can go to meeting and Sabbath School. I take the Hope, and I like to read the nice pieces in it. I lend my Hopes to my friends to read. I guess my letter is long enough for this time. With best wishes for you all,

I remain your friend,
ROSA A. GRAHAM.

PERSIA, Harrison Co., Iowa, Jan. 18th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I have been going to school, but on account of the sickness of my father, I had to leave school to help mother, as it was very hard for her. We have had very poor hopes of his recovery, but God has blessed him so far, and I hope you will all pray for him, that he may still improve. He has not been out to meeting since our district

conference. He went to meeting once then, and has not been out of the house since. He was lifting timbers for a barn, and wrenched his side. I have been to meeting almost every Sunday since his accident, and we miss him very much. All the Saints say they would like to see him out with us again. O pray for him, that he may be able to take his place as president again; for we feel like a flock of sheep without a shepherd. He has been presiding here for about eighteen years. Father is known by a great many saints, and I hope they will all remember him in their prayers. There is a great deal of snow out here. It is from two to three feet deep on the level, and it is still snowing.

Your sister in Christ,
KATIE P. HALLIDAY.

VICTORIA, Illinois, January 2d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have ever tried to write. I do not belong to the Church. We do not have church near here. I love to read the Hope, especially the letters. I am thirteen years old. I study history, fifth reader, arithmetic, spelling, geography and grammar.

Ever your friend,
AMY OLMSTEAD.

SANTA ANA, California,
January 12th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—Shall I tell you how we spent our first Christmas in California?

Well, we went out four miles to the Saint's Chapel, which has been enlarged by kind contributions from Saints, and friends as well, and adds greatly to the size and comfort. We found it crowded. And O, such a delightful tree! representing a New York window of silks and varieties. Bro. Mills made a short appropriate opening address, and then came music, dialogues and poetry, which lasted about two hours. Much credit is due the families of Bro. West, Betts, Best, Dungan and others, for the interest taken to make it a good success, satisfactory to all. The Latter Day Saint Sunday School scholars were all thought of with presents; and all returned home rejoicing in the bounties of heaven and earth. But Santa Claus does not appear here with snow on his back, unless he would climb to the top of the mountains to obtain it, as we have no snow in these valleys. It is quite mild, and roses and other varieties of flowers are in bloom; and the oranges are plentiful. Last year mamma put one in our stockings when at Caldwell, Kan. But this time they are thought too cheap a gift; so you see when we live in the orchard, we do not properly appreciate the fruit;—but we do this lovely climate.

The poetry in last issue of Hope was very interesting.

Good bye, and a happy new Year to all. When I go down into the waters of baptism, I will try to tell you. At present I can only remain

Your little friend,
DORCAS ROHRER.

SYRACUSE, Meigs Co., Ohio, Jan. 20th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I take the pleasure of writing you a few lines this evening, and I hope you will excuse me, because 'it is the first letter that I ever wrote. There is a branch of our church here. We have Sunday School every Sunday morning. We have prayer and testimony meeting in the afternoon at two o'clock, and preaching in the evening at six o'clock. They are expecting to build a church of their own here in the Spring. I was thirteen years old last October. I go to school every day. My father and mother belong to the church, and my two oldest brothers also. I have a brother and sister younger than myself.

Pray for me that I may soon have a desire to become a member of the church.

EDWARD HOPKINS.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, January 25th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time that I have written to the Hope, and I can not write very well. I am going to school now, and I think I will be able to write better next time. My school is almost out, and I will be very sorry. Sister Christa Stuart is my teacher. I am ten years old. I was baptized two years ago last fall. I want to be a good boy, and serve the Lord; but I know I do many wrong things, and I hope you all will pray for me, that I may be more faithful. I like my little Hope very much, and could not do without it. I like the story of "Maplewood Manor," and I hope it will continue all the year. I will close, by wishing you all a Happy New Year.

IRA LYTTLE.

GILMORE CITY, January 20th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the second time I have written to you. I love to read the Hope. To-day is Sunday, and it is so stormy that we could not have any meeting. I believe this work. I am going to be baptized. Pa and ma were baptized by W. W. Whiting, nearly three years ago.

One of my uncles died, and pa and ma helped take care of him. I am nine years old. I read in the fourth reader. Ma and pa went to conference last June. Bro. Whiting and Bro. Wedlock are here. My two sisters are baptized. Bro. Carlson is the Priest and Bro. Reed the Teacher in our branch. We have no Elder in our branch. We have been trying to find out the puzzle. Pray for me, that I may be faithful to the end, and come forth in the morning of the first resurrection. My love to all.

Your friend,
GEORGE H. CHATFIELD.

REESE CREEK, Montana, Jan. 10th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I am going to school this winter, but the school has had to close for a few weeks, because of sickness. I think they have the Pneumonia. But I think Miss Earl will commence school in a week or two. Father is out visiting the sick. He has been from home since morning, and mother and grandmother are out with him. I think "Maplewood Manor" is a real nice story; I love to read the Hope very much. I think I would be lost without it. May God bless you all. I think we should strive very earnestly to gain the crown of life, and if we are faithful to the end, and keep his commandments, we shall live with him for ever and ever. I am trying to gain the crown of life.

I will try and answer the questions in the Hope of December first. Who anointed Jesus' feet at Bethany? Mary, 12th chapter of St. John, 3d verse. Who sat with him? Lazarus, 12th chapter, 2d verse of St. John. Who was dead and was raised again? Lazarus, 11th chapter of St. John, 43d verse. What people was burned with fire because of their sins and wickedness, which was above all the wickedness of the whole earth, because of their secret murders and combinations? Sodom and Gomorrah, 18th chapter of Genesis, 28th verse. May God bless you all, big and little. Pray for me, that I may endure to the end.

Your sister in the gospel,
LOUISA A. WORWOOD.

DOW CITY, Iowa, January 18th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old. I like to read the letters in the Hope. I think that Maplewood Manor is a very nice piece. We have meetings here every Sunday. We have no Sunday School here, but I hope we will have before long. I am going to school now. My studies are reading, arithmetic, history, geography, grammar, writing and spelling. Now I will try and answer sister Julia F. Hill's questions, in January 15th Hope. First, "What people were destroyed by the sword, because of their secret murders and combinations? The Nephites. Answer to second, Christ says, "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love." St. John 15th chapter, 10th verse. "What commandments did the Lord tell Moses to give to the children of Israel?" Exodus 19:3-6. Fourth, "And the Angel said unto her, Fear not Mary, for thou hast found favor with God." St. Luke, 1:30.

Yours in hope,
ISABEL E. BUTTERWORTH.

HOOKER, Nebraska, January 15th, 1883.

Dear Hope:—I am only a little girl, eight years old. I have not been baptized yet, but hope to be some time. There are only four members here, father and mother, my sister and uncle. We do not have any meetings here. Bro. R. M. Elvin was here, and preached five times last August. This is the first time I have tried to write a letter to the Hope. Pray for me.

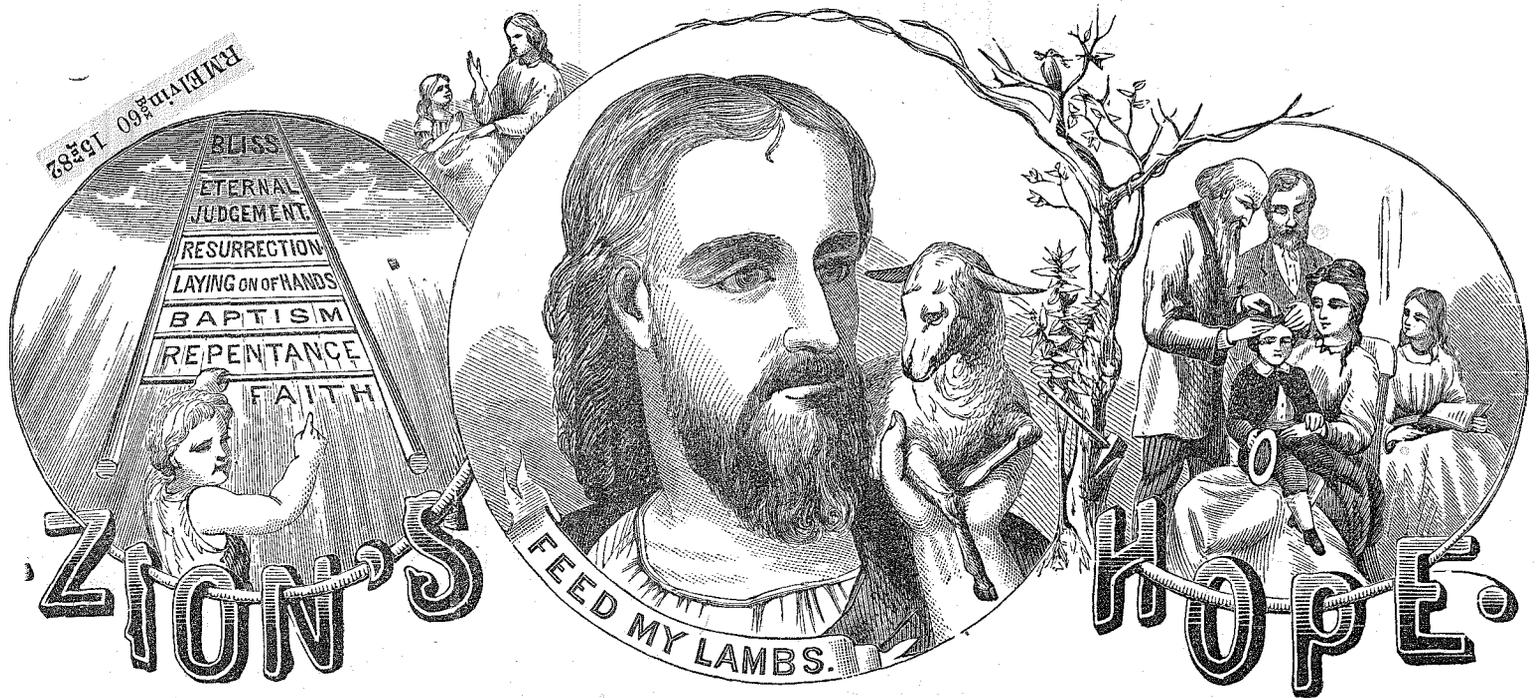
MARY HILLMAN.

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

VOL. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, MARCH 15, 1883.

No. 18.

PRACTICAL POLITENESS.

It is said that Prince Bismarck is so very careful to cultivate politeness, that he makes it a rule to bid good night to his dog.

A story too is told of General Washington which is well for our fast young Americans to remember.

Walking one day with a gentleman, they met a colored man who took off his hat to the General, who returned the salutation in the same style.

His companion asked, "Do you take off your hat to a negro?" The General replied, "I never allow a colored man to be more polite than myself."

Just now, memory recalls a family remarkable for home politeness.

W. N.—of Brooklyn, was the father of four sons and one daughter, a most finished gentleman, but especially in the opinion of his four sons, who looked upon papa as the elder brother, and so he was to his family of boys.

Deeply interested in their home pleasures as well as their studies at school, he saw that each boy was provided with that which suited his peculiar taste.

One had a fine musical taste, which was cultivated, the second a talent for drawing, the third, a mechanical genius; I do not remember the especial forte of the fourth; but this is well remembered, that papa directed all; consequently, they felt no desire for pleasures away from home, but frequently declined invitations out, that they might enjoy their evenings with papa.

He encouraged their young friends to visit them at home, and thus became well acquainted with his sons' companions.

Not only loving, but admiring their father above all other gentlemen, they imitated his refined politeness, and it was a proverb that no where could be seen four such polished young gentlemen as Mr. N.—'s boys.

Seeing papa not only so affectionate, but so courtly in his manners towards mamma and sister, they are young knights of chivalry in the deference paid to these representatives of womankind. Not only gentle and courteous to these, but equally so to each other; and it was indeed a real pleasure to visit his family circle, where I can not recall a single breach of gentlemanly manners.

It need scarcely be added that they grew up to be good men, ornaments to society, free from all vices, and an honor to the father who trained them.

Little things make up the sum of domestic happiness, and yet how often do we see in the family circle an utter lack of all those sweet amenities that are the charm of home.

When there is such neglect of these courtesies it may not arise from a want of affection but from the

training which by precept, but more by example, leads the members of a family to suppose that any sort of slipshod manners will do for home; that the polish of high bred politeness is only to be worn as a holiday garment in our intercourse with strangers.

To begin with husband and wife: If they allow themselves to indulge in contradiction, or fault finding, or short snappish answers, or perhaps no notice at all of a pleasant remark, it is not surprising that the children will imitate such manners.

Perhaps it may be considered absurd to say that parents are often guilty of breaches of politeness towards their children in their imperious mode of commanding, in using rough language in the intercourse of daily life, imagining that the parental relation invests them with the power of calling children by rough names, of treading on their warm young hearts by the harsh language of reproach or the chilling frost of neglect.

If we would have happy firesides let us pay attention to the thousand nameless acts of courtesy towards each other that tend so much to bind human hearts together. The pleasant "Good morning" at the table, the sweet "Good night," the gentle word, the cheerful smile, the courteous thanks to the little one who hands us a chair, or who would entertain us by some artist's story. These are the little things that make home happy. They do not cost much, but they do bring back such sweet returns of domestic happiness.

But in these days there does seem such a lack of this high bred politeness, where children are allowed to engross the conversation in the presence of their elders, to be rude to each other, rude to servants, utterly regardless of what they owe to the world around them.

Let us all be careful to cultivate home politeness, gentleness, kindness, courtesy in every word and act, so that our presence may be like sunshine in the home circle, our very best, most polished manners for the domestic fireside.

A VERY CHARMING LITTLE STORY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The great American bird is under every condition a bird altogether, but it usually flocks alone on Wood River, because its mates are as scarce as lady partners at a programme ball. That eagles are birds of prey is established by various stories in school readers, where they are shown to have frequently carried off into mid-air children, lambs, and other food ten times their own weight, and disappeared with them in dim space towards the summits of the mountains, where they store their food for winter feasts. The largest birds of the eagle species are

found in the Wood River Mountains, and yet no mules, nor cows, nor people have ever been carried away by them. The eagles of this country have often been known to omit devouring weakly rabbits and squirrels, and to have shown almost human kindness. An event which occurred at Foster's ranch, above Hailey, fully establishes this trait of the Wood River variety. One of the ranches saw a huge eagle flutter over the barnyard, interested in a fat turkey, and immediately secured his rifle. The first shot broke the eagle's wing, and in its crippled condition it wobbled and flopped around uttering screams of pain. The man was watching the result before firing again, when he discovered another eagle coming from a distance. It was evidently a mate of the first one. Like an arrow it flew to the rescue, and examining the wound and seeing its mate could not escape, it took hold of it by its claws and beak and flew to a mountain side, where it laid down the victim of the sportive hunter.

The men on Foster's ranch have noticed, each day, that the mate carried food to the wounded bird regularly, and is yet feeding it upon squirrels, rabbits, birds and mice. Mr. Foster could kill the two birds any day, but has refrained on account of the affection displayed between them.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SWAYING softly back and forth in a great, high-backed chair, beside the sick bed of her sleeping brother, sat Naomi Bell. The long low running fever had spent its greatest force, had taken a turn, and the patient lay now, in less pain and agitation, yet, more deathlike and stupid and helpless. And yet there was hope—faint hope—so the good old doctor said.

The weary watching was no less constant, but the care and anxiety relaxed at times, so that the fearful tension of brain and nerve was temporarily relieved, though not removed. And Mrs. Bell sat with a faithful woman's unyielding care, beside the bed of the unconscious sleeper, weary and worn though she was, half thinking, half dreaming, in the languor of tiresome, sleepless watching.

Softly the door swung open, and a sweet faced woman of perhaps twenty-five, came silently into the room, with a bright eyed baby in her arms, and laid a letter in Mrs. Bell's hand, looking the sympathetic joy she felt, and whispering "Husband just came from town and brought this,"—then as quietly passed out and closed the door.

The letter was from Elsie.

"Dear Mamma.—I only wrote you a note before,

so this time I am going to tell you all about everything, if I can think of so much, and don't get tired before I get it all written.

Dear, dear! I don't know how to begin there's so much to tell. Perhaps the greatest news is the grand wedding. Everything was as nice and rich and beautiful as it could be. The dressess and such things, were made to suit Addie and as rich as she could find in Chicago. I forget whether you knew of it or not. But it was the wedding of Addie and Mr. Rumsey. It seems too bad, doesn't it, mamma dear? Addie is so young, and bright, and pretty, and he is so old, and faded, and—almost ugly, I think. Though I guess I ought not to think that. But she seems very gay and happy, and he just seems to worship her. I believe that Mr. and Mrs. Russell would rather she had not married him, though I don't know as they ever said so.

Well, the wedding was, oh! so nice and grand. I wish you could have been here, for I can't tell you half the good time we had. The supper was the nicest that could be, I guess. There was a man from the city who managed it, and there were great clusters and clusters of real flowers, and oh! such beautiful things;—kinds of dishes that I never heard of or tasted before. And every body around were here, and a bishop, I think they called him, from somewhere, who married Addie and Mr. Rumsey. And he wore such funny clothes when they stood up—I mean that man—not Mr. Rumsey. A great long robe. And Addie's dress was the sweetest I ever saw. I'd send a piece of it, but it was brought home all finished. It is a very light, delicate pink, with the thinnest lace over it, and for trimming—real silk lace, fine as a spider's web; and the dress is the softest satin. It shone just like a sea shell in the moonshine, whenever Addie moved. And she looked so lovely.

She would have everything her own way, whether it was like other people's ways or not. Uncle George and August Clausen, and Burt, were grooms-men. And Kathie Clausen, and a school friend of Addie's that she sent for from D., and myself, the bridesmaids. Addie wanted Victoria, but she wouldn't. Mr. Rumsey didn't just like Burt and I—we were so small. I didn't want to at all, either. Nor Kathie and August Clausen—because they are poor and—and Dutch, you know. But Addie coaxed him so prettily, and promised that they should be dressed ever so nice, that he was quiet and didn't say any more. I thought uncle George looked very sober all the time. But folks ought to be sober and still at such times, I think. Well, it's all over and Addie and Mr. Rumsey gone on a wedding trip and the house seems so lonely and empty.

Uncle George's school is out and he has gone, too. So there are only Mr. and Mrs. Russell and Victoria, and Burt and Jonas and I.—Oh yes! there is Burt's father, I guess I told you—no I didn't either. Well it is the strangest, and best of all. I forgot that. It is that Burt's own father has come, he is Mr. Russell's boy that they thought dead so many years. Isn't it strange. So Burt is a Russell, after all. He didn't hardly want to get acquainted with his papa, at first; I guess he was afraid he would want to take him away. But when he found out all about it, he was, oh! so glad. He is very proud of his papa, since he isn't a beggar or a tramp. And his papa is very poorly. He got his head hurt a long time ago and has had bad spells ever since, that he didn't know what he was doing. He is getting better in his mind, but he has such faint spells, so that the doctor says he won't live long if he don't get help.

I guess they will take him away somewhere to see if he wont get better. Mr. Russell's health is quite bad too, so he isn't able to go and take care of his son. And Mrs. Russell wont leave him, so Victoria is going with him. Burt will go, too, I guess. And what will I do, then. It will be so still and lonely here in the great house. Mayn't I come to you, mamma dear? Or isn't there room? Uncle Fritz Clausen's are going to California, or Oregon,

or somewhere west. They have sold their farm and will start in a few weeks. Victoria and her brother will go with them I guess.

I am tired, for I'm not used to writing letters, and this is the longest I ever wrote. Write very soon and tell me how dear Uncle Max is, and how you are, and what I am to do with myself.

Your own ELSIE.

A slight movement from the bed caused Mrs. Bell to turn quickly, and meet the open eyes of her brother looking into her face wistfully, and perfectly conscious. Only a momentary flash of consciousness had illumined his features for weeks. Now, with a calm, steady gaze, he regarded her some moments, when his eyelids fell wearily, and a faint sigh flitted over his lips. Softly she rose and brought a glass of water.

"Will you have a drink of water?" For 'water, water, water,' had been his constant, feverish call.

He opened his eyes again. "Just a sip," he replied in the faintest voice. "I am not thirsty, only a little faint and weak. I think I am very ill. But I would like to see your letter. Is it from?"—he hesitated.

"It is little Elsie's letter, Max," she said kindly. "Are you strong enough to listen? You have been ill a long time and must be very quiet, for you are still weak. Maybe I had best tell you the news. Her childish way of telling may weary you, perhaps, to read it through."

"No, no;" he cried with as much energy as his strength permitted. "I want to hear you read it all, every word. You'd forget something in telling, I'm sure."

So she began the letter and read it through; slowly, softly, but distinctly. He lay sometime with closed eyes, perfectly still, after she had finished. She thought he was sleeping, and did not even fold her letter, lest the slight noise might disturb his rest. But he opened his eyes and looked at her questioningly. "Victoria is going away? didn't you read that?"

"Yes, Max," she replied wonderingly. "What then?"

He sighed wearily. "I want to see Maplewood Manor, again, Naomi. I have no place to call home, but that one spot of earth seems dearer to me than any other. It has been your home and Elsie's for years. The Russells have been our true friends." He sighed wearily.

"You mustn't talk too much, dear brother. If you are very patient and quiet you will get well faster. Perhaps we will go there, when you are able to travel. They will need me sorely, with Addie and Victoria both gone," Mrs. Bell quietly replied.

"But they'll not need me—a weak, nervous invalid; peevish as a baby and not able to take care of myself," and he closed his eyes despairingly. "Why should I lie here helpless so long? Of what use am I? I'm afraid I've mistaken my mission. God is not well pleased with me, else he had not suffered me to be here."

"Hush, hush, Max," Naomi, murmured gently, as to a sick child. "You are too ill and weak to think, now. Whom God loves, he chastens. Be patient and wait, and don't try to reason till you are stronger. You are much better, and will continue to improve. Then, as soon as you are able, we will go to Maplewood Manor. You can sit with Mr. Russell, he is quite poorly, Elsie says. And you can converse with him and keep him from being lonely. And Elsie shall read or sing to you, sometimes when you are tired of yourselves, while I help Mrs. Russell with the work. They will be glad to have you come, I'm sure, Max."

His eyes brightened as she went on. "I can't wait till I am well enough," he exclaimed, half rising, then sinking down again. "Give me a bit to eat, I feel as if I had been starving a month."

"You have," she returned. "And I will write at once and tell them we are coming, if you will be very good and quiet." Going out to return soon with a tiny slice of toast, a piece of broiled quail, a

cream cookie and a spoonful of strawberry jelly, prepared in the daintiest manner.

"Fit for a king," he murmured, looking longingly at the tempting dainties. This was the beginning of decided improvement. Instead of 'water' his constant desire was food, now. And tenderly and carefully was he nursed back to health again.

DON'T SHOOT AT THE BIRDS.

Last spring we boys were having a splendid time with our rubber shooters, every boy in the neighborhood had one or more. None of our mothers liked it; some windows got broken, and when one or two little birds got killed it made them very angry.

There was a blue bird that built its nest year after year in an elm tree close to one of our windows. One day my mother saw a boy shooting at it; he didn't hit, but she made up her mind it was time for the shooting to stop, and when not long after, little Willie Brand had his eye 'most put out, they all thought so.

There was a fuss about it. There were pieces in the paper how rubber shooters were dangerous things, and then the police came about and said that every boy who shot would have to pay five dollars for it. They all thought that was more than they could stand, so they stopped.

Mother had given me 10 cents for mine long ago, and burnt it, so I was glad when the other fellows had to stop.

This year we thought we'd have a little fun and keep quiet about it. Jim Barlow made mine, and it was a first-rate shooter. I tell you; I gave him my top, and a skate strap, and thirty marbles for it; he said 'twould shoot equal to a revolver.

I was very careful how I used it, for I didn't want mother to know that I had it. I used to shoot at stray dogs and cats, though it did make me feel bad sometimes to hear 'em howl if I hit 'em. I used to shoot at the key hole in the barn door, too, to see how many times in twenty I could shoot in. It wasn't much fun when he had to keep out of the way all the time.

One day I was wandering about the lower end of the garden with my shooter. There were plenty of birds all around, but I did not want to shoot at them, if I could find anything else to shoot at. I got over the fence into another lot, but still there were birds everywhere.

I shot a few times just to frighten them a little.

Then I heard one singing beautifully right over my head. I couldn't see it very plainly, and I don't believe I meant to hit it at all, and I tell you I was frightened when it came falling right down at my feet, with a sad kind of a little scream.

I picked it up and tried to make it fly, or walk, but it would not—its pretty eyes were half shut and it kept panting with its bill. It was a little blue-bird.

I knew I never could keep it from mother, for when I have been doing anything dreadful I always feel as if I was lost till I've been and told her. As I carried the poor bird through the garden a drop of blood fell from its mouth right onto a great white lily that seemed to be looking up to ask me what I had been doing. Mother was standing near the back piazza; as I laid the bird in her hand, it stopped panting and was still.

Mother said, "What's the matter?" But there was such a lump in my throat I couldn't speak a word. Then she saw the shooter in my hand, and she said:

"Did you kill that little bird?"

I tell you it scared me, the way she spoke. I never heard her speak in such an awful voice before.

Then she said, "You have stolen away its little life—it was all the life it had. The Lord loves His helpless little creatures. He gave them to us to make us happy, and He will never bless those who are cruel to them."

Then she put the little bird up to her cheek, and

I saw her tears come. She took the shooter and laid it on the kitchen fire. I didn't get any ten cents this time, you may be sure, and then she said: "You may go to your room."

I'd a great deal rather she'd a whipped me, than to have to go there and just have to keep thinking. I thought of all the beautiful days of sunshine I had taken away from that poor little bird, and how it would never fly through the air, or sing in the trees, or see the flowers and the grass any more. And I wondered if it had a nest and little birds, and what would become of them if it had.

And all of a sudden I jumped up, as I thought of the bluebird that had come to build its nest near us for so many summers. As soon as mother let me out, (it wasn't very soon, for she gave me plenty of time to think), I ran to her nest.

Before I went to bed I got a piece of soft cotton and covered 'em up. I thought, you see, if I took good care of 'em, they might live without their mother. But in the morning only two of them held up their heads to be fed, and before night they were all dead. So, you see, I had taken away all the sunshine from them, too. My sisters cried when they knew their little birds and their mother were all dead.

I don't think I want another shooter. I don't believe I'll ever see another white lily but what it'll say to me, "You killed that bluebird!"

THE GREAT PLAGUE.

For several centuries Europe suffered, at irregular intervals, from the visitation of a terrible epidemic called the Plague. The first appearance of this awful visitant was at Constantinople, in A. D. 544. In the seventeenth century, there were forty-five of these epidemics in European countries, and millions were swept by them into the tomb. The Great Plague of London was in 1665, and was supposed to have been brought from Holland. It almost depopulated the great city. Dead carts, passed through the streets at night, and gathered from the houses those who had died. In other cities, it was found impossible to bury the dead, so numerous did these become; and scenes too terrible for words were witnessed by the few who survived.

Since the seventeenth century, there have been local instances of the Plague, even in Europe, as lately as 1828; but there have been no general epidemics, except in Asia and Northern Africa, where people are still unmindful of the laws of health.

In "John Inglesant," a recently published book, we find a vivid description of the Plague at Naples in the seventeenth century. We quote this to show how terrible the epidemic must have been.

"The streets were full of people—more so indeed than is usual even in Naples—for business was at a stand-still, the houses were full of infection, and a terrible restlessness drove every one here and there. Every quarter of an hour, or thereabouts, a confused procession of priests and laymen, singing doleful and despairing misereres, and bearing the Sacred Host with canopy and crosses, came from one of the side streets, or out of one of the churches, and proceeded along the Strada. As these processions passed, every one prostrated himself with an excess and desperate earnestness of devotion. On the stone pavement of the stately Strada, on the palace stairs, on the steps before the churches, lay corpses in every variety of contortion at which death can arrive. Sick people on beds and heaps of linen—some costly and delicate, some filthy and decayed—lay mingled with the dead. They had been turned out of the houses, or had deserted them, and were left to die alone; and every now and then, some one of those who walked apparently in health would lie down stricken by the heat or the plague, and join this prostrate throng, for whom there was no longer in the world any hope of revival. The approaches to some of the hospitals were so blocked up by the dead and dying, who had vainly sought admission, that entrance was impossible. In every spot of ground where the earth could be disturbed

without cutting off the water-pipes which ran through the city, trenches had been dug, and the bodies which were collected from the streets and hospitals were thrown hastily into them, and covered with lime and earth."

THE CHILD MARTYR.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Across the sunlit Scottish hills
The fragrant breezes sighed,
And on the slopes the buds were fair
Where many a martyr died.
And still God's chosen ones were called
To seal the truth with blood,
And right seemed overborne and lost
In hate's resistless flood.

A child, with tender, wistful eyes,
Tripped softly through the shade
Of whispering trees, nor sought the spots
Where sunbeams brightly played.
Too well she knew some trait'rous eye
Might watch, through boughs entwined,
To trace that rocky cavern's mouth
Which none but she might find.

A spray of heather-bloom was held
Within her slender hand,
And as she reached a denser shade
She paused and swiftly scanned
The sloping hills and rocky gorge,
Each ledge and sharp defile,
Then drew the sheltering vines apart
And entered with a smile.

But in the cavern's gloomy shade
The dimple left her cheeks;
"O father, father, are you here?
'Tis Margaret's voice that speaks."
And then with sobbing, quick-drawn breath,
She sprang to his embrace,
And hid against his sheltering breast
Her quivering, tearful face.
"Dear father, oh, I thought—I feared
The soldiers might have found
The cavern's mouth, and dragged you hence;
What is that muffled sound?"
"Tis nothing Margaret, but the wind!
Where is your faith, my own?
Does not our Father guard us still?"
He asked, in chiding tone.

She sighed, and placed within his hand
The spray of heather-bloom,
Then smiled to see the dainty things
So bright, where all was gloom.
He praised their beauty, speaking still
Of One who made them fair;
"And He who gives the blossoms rain,
Has he, for us, no care?"

She felt the gentle, fond rebuke,
And knelt with reverent air,
While through the cavern's gloomy shade
His voice went up in prayer.
And then he placed, with loving touch,
His hand upon her head;
"My Margaret, is your trust in Him?"
"Yes, father!" soft she said.

"Dear Lord, oh, lead this lamb of thine
Safe to thy heavenly fold!
Let not her footsteps turn from thee!
Let not her love grow cold!"
And then with kisses on her brow
He sent her on her way,
Nor knew what dangers, dark and dread,
Along her pathway lay.

But soon adown the grassy hills
Rode horsemen fierce and bold;
"Ha! there's the cub! the bear is near!"
They cried; then shouted, "Hold!"
She stood with meekly-folded hands,
And eyes upon the sky,
And from her lips a silent prayer
Was softly born on high.

"Speak! tell us where your father hides,"
The foremost soldier cried;
"Or, by my soul, a pistol-ball
Shall pierce your stubborn side!"
she answered clearly, "I can die;
I will not tell!" and then
A sharp report woke echoes wild
Through mountain gorge and glen.

The troopers rode in haste away,
And on the soft green sod
Another martyr's blood was spilled
To cry aloud to God.
The pitying sunbeams decked her brow
With gems of living gold,
But who may paint the crown she wore
In God's fair heavenly-fold?

By MAY M. ANDERSON.

ADDRESS TO THE HOPE.

DEAR LITTLE HOPES:—I write to tell you how welcome a visitor you are at our fireside. Our two oldest hopes, aged ten and eight years, have been constant readers of your pages ever since they could read, and your visits are anxiously looked for by them both now. They say, Why can not the *Hope* be a weekly too, and I wish much that it could. Some seem to disapprove of your story feature, but this is greatly admired with us. Our oldest hope is delighted with "Maplewood Manor" just now, and has read other like pieces with great delight. Experience has taught me, that an excellent way to teach youth, and older folks too for that matter, is to teach them as thought you taught them not; and I am quite certain that our hopes are better scholars by your visits, and I don't believe that their morals, or their tastes for reading are injured a whit. They are charmed with your story feature. Were your columns filled with dry, solid, lecture-like matter, you would often, no doubt, lie round as waste paper, when you are eagerly read as you are.

I am far from recommending your readers to read whatever of fiction they can get hold of. Very much of the fiction afloat to-day, is demoralizing. My point is that the fiction of your pages is wholesome, and elevating in its character; while it has something about it that invites perusal, whereby an avenue is opened up through which improvement, moral and intellectual may flow.

Since writing the above I have read the Puritanical letter from Pittsburgh with no little surprise. The *Hope* will not die by their withdrawing. The great pity is that these hopes are to be deprived of the paper. Let us all pray for them and their parents, and make extra effort to supply other subscribers in their stead.

UNCLE FRANK.

ORGANIZATION OF MOUNT SABBATH SCHOOL.

Meeting convened at New Bedford, Massachusetts, for the purpose of organizing a Sabbath School, on Sunday, January 28th, 1883; John Smith was chosen president, and Thomas Whiting clerk. Meeting was duly opened by prayer. The following officers were then chosen: Bro. Stephen D. Stacy superintendent, Thomas W. B. Shaw secretary, Samuel Smith treasurer, Thomas W. B. Shaw janitor.

Resolved, That the treasurer take up a collection every Sunday for the support of the School.

Resolved, That the government of the school be invested in the officers and teachers of the school; also, that Bro. John Smith be authorized to confer with the superintendent of the Bethel Sabbath School of Fall River, in regard to their surplus books; that the first session of the school be held on Sunday, February 4th; that the school be known by the name of the Mount Sabbath School.

Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be sent to the *Hope* for publication. Meeting closed by prayer.

THOMAS WHITING, Clerk.

Letters from the Hopes.

ELKHORN CITY, Douglas Co., Neb.,
Feb. 3d, 1883.

Dear Hope:—It is with pleasure I write to you again. It is with pleasure I read the letters of the hopes, as I am a hope myself, but not very small, as I weigh 200 pounds. You see I am not so small, but still I am a hope; for what is our life but a life of hopes. Everything we have we hope for.

Now when we were baptized, what were we baptized for? Was it not for the hope of eternal life in the world to come? And if we expect to gain eternal life, we must work for it; for one of the Apostles says, "Let us go on to perfection." Who spoke this and where is it to be found?

Now if we do as the Apostle says, we will not stop

at baptism, but we will do as our Savior says, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." Where may this be found?

We are having a pretty hard winter here. It commenced to be cold just before Christmas, and is still very cold. The Thermometer ranging from 30 below zero to 30 above zero.

Ever praying for the redemption of Zion, I remain your brother in Christ,

JOSEPH CURTIS.

CLEVELAND, Lucas Co., Iowa,
January 27th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—We have good meetings here, and Sunday School. I was baptized one year ago last May. I like to read the little *Hopes*. I like the story of "Maplewood Manor," and the "Convict's Child." We all have had poor health since we came here. Mother was not expected to live last Summer. There was a great deal of sickness here. We buried two children; one was a baby two months old, and the other was two years and one half. Pray for me, dear hopes, that I may continue faithful to the end, I remain as ever, your sister in gospel bonds,

MINNIE SIMPSON.

ELKHORN CITY, Douglas Co., Nebraska,
February 3d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure that I write to you. It has been a long time since I wrote to you. We are having plenty of snow here. I like to read the *Hope*. I think that "Maplewood Manor" is a good story. I will try to answer Sister Julia F. Hill's questions. 1st. What people were destroyed by the sword because of their secret murders and combinations? It was the Jaredites, Ether, 3: 13. 2d. "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love." St. John 15: 10. 3d. What commandment did the Lord tell Moses to give to the children of Israel? Exodus 20: 3. 4th. And the angel said unto her, fear not Mary, for thou hast found favor with God. St. Luke 1: 3.

Pray for me that I may prove faithful to the end. I remain your unworthy Sister,

MARY CURTIS.

DOW CITY, Iowa,
February 3d, 1883.

Dear Hope:—I have not forgotten you. I love to read your pages. I will now answer Sister Julia F. Hill's questions in the *Hope* of January 15th. First, What people were destroyed by the sword, because of their secret murders and combinations? The Jaredites: Second, Christ says: "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my father's commandments, and abide in his love." St. John. 15: 9. Third, What commandment did the Lord tell Moses to give to the children of Israel? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Fourth, "And the angel said, Fear not Mary, thou hast found favor with God: St. Luke 1: 30. As ever your Sister,

EFFIE J. RUDD.

EASTON, Buchanan Co., Mo.,
February 12th, 1883.

Dear 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 an interest in you. But because my time has been taken up with something else; and when I have had time, I have neglected it. It makes me full of joy to read the wishes and desires of my brethren and sisters in the glorious work that we are engaged in. It is the way that leads to joy and happiness. If we continue faithful to the end, the promise is that we shall enjoy a thousand years rest with the Savior. O how glorious it will be, when we all shall see face to face. I am one that is trying to live the life of a true latter day saint, as I have a knowledge from God of the truth of this work. I am thankful that I ever enlisted in such a noble cause. I shall endeavor to stand faithful to the end. As it is stated

in Romans the first chapter, "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who love not the truth, but remain in unrighteousness."

Then we must strive to keep the commandments of the Lord, and let our light shine before all people, that they may see our good works, and escape the wrath that is to come upon the unjust.

My daily prayer is, that my faith may be increased, and that I ever might hold high the gospel banner. With best wishes to all the Hopes,

Yours in Christ,

JENNET POWELL.

EASTON, Buchanan Co., Mo.
February 12th, 1883.

Dear Hope:—Permit me through your columns, to add another testimony to the thousands of the *Hopes*.

I love to linger over those days, and taste again of their sweetness. If we keep the commandments of God, and walk in righteousness, He said he would bless us. So let us continue to be faithful, and do his holy will. I love to read the letters of the little *Hopes* very much. And Jesus said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven; and he took them in his arms, put his hands on them, and blessed them."

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold;
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said:
Let the little ones come unto me.
But still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love."

So let us all take a lesson from this, and be more cheerful and kind to each other. I trust that the Saints will hold fast to that rod of iron that leads to our Heavenly Father.

Your sister in Christ, and well wisher,

EMMA J. POWELL.

STEWARTSVILLE, Dekalb Co., Missouri,
February 26th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure I write to tell you, that I have not forgotten you; but I wish I could see you all. It makes me full of joy to read the wishes and desires of my brothers and sisters, who are engaged in this work. It is indeed a great work, and how thankful we ought to be to our Heavenly Father for permitting us to hear the gospel in its fulness; and that we can enjoy the same gifts and blessings as in ancient times, although we are scoffed at and scorned by the world. What need we care; for we know it is the truth that leads to joy and happiness, and if we continue faithful to the end, the promise is, that we shall enjoy a thousand years rest with our Savior. I have been a member of the Church four years, but oftentimes feel downcast and downhearted; yet I do not feel to turn back at all in this glorious work, but feel to go on, and strive to keep the commandments of our Heavenly Father. I fall short of this many times, and tread in by and forbidden paths. There are many things in this earth to try and tempt us. We can meet temptations on every hand, if we would but give way. Let us not give way, but strive earnestly to walk the strait and narrow path that leads to eternal life. Pray for me, that I may hold out faithful to the end, and gain eternal life.

There is one path that leads to God,
'Tis strait, and narrow too;
O, pray for me, dear Hopes,
That I may tread this path with you.

Your sister in the one faith,

SARAH E. CORINGTON.

EMERSON, Iowa, January 23d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It has been some time since we had preaching here. I hope you will remember me in your prayers, and I will remember you, as I am trying to serve God in my weak way to the best of my knowledge. We have many trials 'tis true, but

this is all to convince us we are in the right way. We have no such trials as our blessed Savior had, or the Saints of old. Let us ever be firm and faithful to the cause we have enlisted in. Dear Hopes, we have Sunday School here every Sunday, at eleven o'clock. We have a pretty good school here this winter. I hope I will see a letter from all of you in the *Hope* next week,

Your brother in Christ,
WM. H. HAVERT.

SAVANNA, Ill.,
Feb. 6th, 1883.

Dear Hope:—I like the stories in your columns very much. To-day is my birthday. I am ten years old. Have never heard any Latter Day Saints preach. The Dunkards preach every four weeks. They think they are the true church, and challenge any one to deny it. Ma wishes one of your Elders could be here when they preach.

Yours truly,
ANNIE SARTEWELL.

NEBRASKA CITY,
Jan. 31st, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I will be eight years old to-morrow. I go to day school, and Sabbath School. I want to be baptized soon. I love to read the *Hope* very much. I read in the third reader. I have one brother and one sister. My brother has been baptized, and is almost ten years old. My Papa is away from home almost all the time, preaching. Good-by little Hopes, for the present

MARY A. ELVIN.

DES MOINES, Iowa,
Feb. 4th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I was reading the letters in the *Hope*, and so I thought I would write one. We have no Sunday School here. My mother and sisters are not at home, and may not be for several months. I go to school every day, and go to church on Sunday. I desire to prove faithful.

Your brother in gospel bonds,

L. E. MERRILL.

February 3d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have written to the *Hope*. I am eleven years old. I have four sisters and three brothers. I go to Sunday School. I like to read the *Hope*. We have meeting here and I go to church sometimes. I am not baptized yet, but I hope to be soon.

Good by,

HARRIET CLAYTON.

WORK.

Ho! ye who at the anvil toil
And strike the sounding blow,
Where from the burning iron's breast
The sparks fly to and fro.
Oh, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

TO THE PLANO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The members of the Mission Sunday School, of Salt Lake City, take this method of thanking the Plano Sunday School for their gift of the map of the Scripture World. As this is the only response the school has received to their request for aid, they feel very grateful.

W. A. BLAIR,

Secretary of Mission Sunday School.

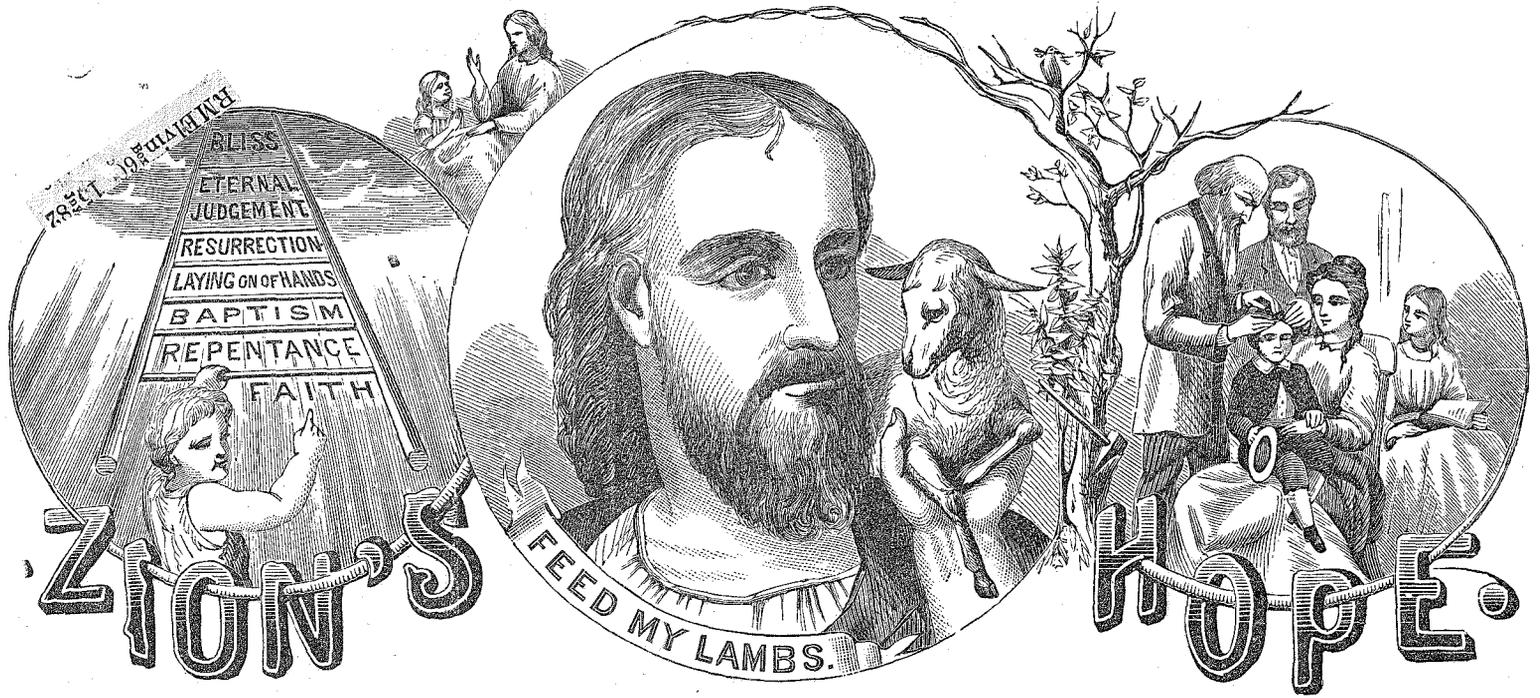
SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 14th, 1883.

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

BE CAREFUL.

Be careful! Ah, why need it be;
That thoughts like these come over me,
Be careful how a friend you trust
Who changeful be, as driven dust.
Be careful. For a little word,
Oft woundeth deeper than the sword.
A friend you think is good and true
May prove a stumbling block to you.
Be careful. Ah! the Book Divine,
That teaches love to all mankind,
Writ on whose pages I may see,
'Tis wisdom that I careful be;
Lest I may in my careless way
Forget the good, and turn away
From Him who gives me daily breath.
And saves my life from daily death;
Scatters the winds, the falling leaves,
Or brings the harvest of golden sheaves.
Be careful. Though I often do
A brother's feelings hurt, 'tis true:
Thus by my deeds I often see,—
'Tis wisdom, I more careful be.
Be careful. I must ever pray
For strength and wisdom for each day.
Be careful, not life's heart to stain,
Nor lose the rest each may obtain.

JOSEPH B. RODGER.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., January 29th, 1883.

THANKFULNESS.

DEAR HOPES:—I write you at this time because I feel it my duty to strengthen you in your resolves; and surely no one who is a real friend to the cause of virtue and the interests of mankind, can ever be an enemy to the latter day work, if he truly understands it, and reflects upon its wise and useful tendency. It conducteth us to our journey's end, by the plainest and surest pathway; where the steps are not straightened, and where he that runneth stumbles not. We ought daily to adore the God of nature, for lighting up the sun, that glorious but imperfect image of himself, and appointing it to guild the earth with its rays, to cheer us with its benign influence, and guide and cheer us in our journeys and our labors.

But how incomparably more valuable is that day-spring from on high, which has visited us to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet in the way of peace. O ye Saints, whose eyes are so happy as to see and whose ears are so happy as to hear, what abundant reason have you to give daily and hourly praise to your beneficent Creator, when your minds are delighted with contemplating the riches of the gospel, when you reflect, as you certainly must do, with wonder and joy on the happy means of your redemption; when you feel the burden of your guilt removed, the freedom of your address to the throne

of grace encouraged, and see the fair prospect of an inheritance of eternal glory opening before you. Then in the pleasing transports of your soul, borrow the joyful anthem of the Psalmist, and say with the humblest gratitude, and self-resignation and joy, "God is the Lord, who showeth us the light." Bind the sacrificial cords even to the horns of the altar. Adore God who first commanded the light to shine out of darkness, that by the discoveries of his word, and the operations of his Spirit, he hath shone in your hearts, to give you the knowledge of his glory as reflected from the face of his Son Jesus Christ, who is our friend and helper in time of need.

Then, dear Hopes, be ye strong, falter not, and Jesus will help you. When you feel weak and tempted, pray. You are young, and the sins of the world call you; but remember the one word, pray. Remember the words of the wise man, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not; for the pleasures of the word are empty and fleeting." On the other hand the pleasures of the gospel is solid and lasting, and will attend us through all things, even the last days of our life, when we have past the levity of youth, and have lost all relish for gay entertainments. When old age steals upon us, and we stoop towards the grave, this will cleave fast to us and give us relief. Clad in this immortal robe, we need not fear the summons of the king of terrors, death, nor fear retiring into the chambers of the dust. If we adhere to the commandments of Christ our joy, our consolation, our confidence is, "that we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

GEORGE L. BOSWELL.

FALL RIVER, MASS., March 4th, 1883.

LOOKING AT THE STARS.

The Hopes should early learn to drink sweets that can be drawn from the world. The world, though it has its sorrows, is yet sweets; and if we keep our minds in the proper condition, we can see new beauties, and taste new joys, every day; and also learn those lessons, which will make us not only happy, but useful in making others happy.

There was once a little girl, very dear to the writer of this article, whose mamma taught her to look at the moon and stars before she was two years old; and ever after being shown them the first time, as soon as night came on, she would tease her papa to take her out to see them. While sitting out of doors in the Summer's evenings, she would discover the first little twinkler that shone out after the sun's bright glare had departed, and clapping her hands

in an ecstasy of delight, would call her papa's attention to the "tar."

When you look at the heavens when the sky is clear, and everything still, you can not fail to notice, even though I should not call your attention to it, that some stars are bright and very beautiful, while others are quite dim, in fact hardly bright enough to be seen with the natural eye. You have no doubt nearly all noticed how much more beautiful a flower garden is, when properly arranged with a view to the color, size and kind of flowers. That is, if there are some tall, some low, some of one color and shape, and some of another, they are much more delightful to look upon than if they are all precisely the same. Now the same faculty of mind with which you learn to love and admire the beautiful flowers, you use in drinking in the glories of the starry heavens. So both, in order to be the most beautiful, the most gratifying to our nobler and better natures, are arranged after the same pattern. This difference in the size and brightness of the stars teaches a most valuable lesson, as we learn from the teaching of St. Paul, in the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians.

"There is one glory of the sun, there is another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead."

There is nothing which any of us more desire than true happiness, both here and hereafter. But in this, as in all other like cases, there is something to be done before the thing so much desired can be received. True happiness can only be found in obedience to God's laws; for he knows all things, and is therefore the best qualified to teach us. He loves all mankind, and will for that reason deliver to them that which is for their greatest good. He is unchangeable, and will therefore deliver to them in every age of the world the same plan of salvation. You should learn as early in life as possible, what this plan is. I will only tell you now a little about the method upon which it dispenses rewards.

The apostle teaches that those who do but little good, are obedient to but a few things, will receive a reward, fitly and beautifully represented by the dim, far off star, that has so many thousands around it with brighter and better faces. That those who are more obedient than these, but still not fully obedient, will receive a reward represented by the brighter and more beautiful stars; that some who are still better than these, but who are not as good as they might have been, will receive a glory like that of the moon; while those who fully obey the gospel of Jesus Christ, will receive a reward and salvation in God's kingdom, that will be like the

glory of the noon-day sun. When you look into the skies at mid-day, you can not see any stars; not because they are not there to be seen, but because the sun is so bright that you can not see the lesser light of the stars. As evening comes on, and the sun's glory departs, the stars, one by one appear, the brightest first, and so on, until, the sun's light having entirely gone, the faintest star visible is finally seen. So those who fully obey Christ, will receive a glory from God that will be so powerful and grand, that it will outshine, and completely hide from view the glory of those who have not so perfectly done his will. Do you wish to be like the dim, trembling little star, that can not show its face until the light of day has departed? Or do you wish to obey God in every particular, and be as bright, calm, beautiful and glorious, as the noon-day sun? ANON.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Bro. Joseph and the Children of Zion:—This department is intended to promote the study of God's word in a pleasant way. "Search the Scriptures," is the injunction laid upon us; but one which, alas! is too often frequently disregarded, not only by the thoughtless, and the worldly people, but also by professing Christians. In order to encourage a more intimate knowledge than heretofore, of the books; viz,—"Holy Scriptures," "Inspired translation," "Book of Mormon," "Book of Doctrine and Covenants," &c., upon which our faith is founded, and which we are commanded to peruse: It is my intention and desire to give a series in the near future, with God's help and the little Hopes' prayers; (for the more I try to work, the more I need them); of "Bible Questions," "Letters of the Bible," "Bible Scenes," "Scriptural Characters," "Enigmas," "Acrostics," "Anagrams," &c., in prose and poetry, which will be interspersed with appropriate and valuable prizes. I have not courted money or friends; for love, truth, virtue, and character are worth more to me than the riches of Peru. Persons both in and out of our faith, have willingly given me prizes for Zion's children, which have and will be duly acknowledged through "Zion's Hope."

Now my little buds, ask your papas and mammas to help you make an effort to push forward the circulation of "Zion's Hope." We ought to have at least five thousand subscribers, and we can, and by God's help we will, for God helps those who help themselves in righteousness. "They are faithful, who learn to labor and to wait;" and those who pray, and work for the advancement of the latter day work, are not idle. Remember God's servants are proclaiming his word on Zion's walls; that the flag, (Banner of the cross), is being unfurled to the breeze; and that a faithful scouting party is watching and battling with the enemy in all parts of the world. And I am constrained to say, as the South during the rebellion, saw the uprising of the North for truth and righteousness; so will the demoniacal world see the uprising of the latter day gospel, proclaimed through Joseph Smith, and his followers help to crush a rebellious world. Industry and perseverance are two good things in the Lord's vineyard; and experience will teach you, if it has not already done so, to cease waiting for great things to turn up, and set about finding the great things belonging to Christ's Kingdom. "For unto him who hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but unto him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." If you are not familiar with this passage, it is worth finding. Who can tell me where it is? I have received upwards of thirty letters, in answer to the "Scriptural Enigma," which appeared in *Hope*, January 1st, 1883, and to read the exhortation of some of the little Hopes. I feel encouraged not to falter by the way, but press onward and forward to the goal, where a crown is waiting, to all who are faithful to the end. After many hours spent in examination of the answers, I award the following premiums:—1st prize, "Life of Joseph the Prophet"

and History of the Church, to Bro. L. R. Devore, Muses Bottom, West Virginia. 2d prize, consisting of a set of Pitman's Phonographic Works, to Bro. Joseph Curtis, Elkhorn City, Nebraska. 3d prize, Coming Wonders, expected been '67 and '76, 450 pages, 18 illustrations, by Baxter and others, to (Sister) Mrs. J. Gardener, St. Joseph, Missouri. 4th prize, Joseph the Seer and the Book of Mormon defended, by W. W. Blair, in cloth, to Sr. E. J. Parr, Detroit City, Minn. 5th prize, a large steel engraving of all the principal editors, and the *fac simile* of the papers they edit, given to me by the Hartford Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, to (sister) Mrs. Hattie Smith, Oakdale, Nebraska. 6th prize, same as No. 5, to sister Mary A. Smith, St. Joseph, Missouri. 7th prize, Lithograph of the Lord's prayer in German and in seven colors, to Bro. William Stuart, Mondamin, Iowa. 8th prize, to sister Flora L. Scott, Lawrence, Michigan.

The writing of L. R. Devore, Ralph G. Smith, Herbert E. and Florence R. Moore, Flora L. Scott, and Mrs. J. Gardener, was excellent. The rest of the little Hopes' letters were good, and worthy of the fathers and mothers who have them in care. Some used the Inspired Translation in solving the "Enigma," and the rest King James' Translation, with the exception of one or two, who used the Douay Bible.

Yours in the one faith, and the latter day work,
WILLIAM STREET.
CHESTER CITY, Pennsylvania.

WHAT'S HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER

What's home without mother?

Can "Zion's Hopes" say?

No fond heart to teach you

And point you the way.

That leadeth to Jesus

Your true lasting friend,

On whom in probation

For "all" you depend.

What's home without mother?

To comfort and cheer,

To help you in sickness

When pains are severe?

Her eyes refuse sleeping

To watch every move,

Before the Lord weeping,

Your pains to remove.

What's home without mother?

When prayer is heard,

The sickness all banished

And health is restored;

To comfort and bless you,

To feed you and warm,

With love never dying,

To keep you from harm?

What's home without mother?

The sweet Sabbath day,

To send you to school,

Christ's word to obey.

More useful becoming,

In mortal life here,

Preparing for Jesus,

Whose coming is near.

My home's without mother.

Some little Hopes say;

She's silently sleeping

Within the cold clay.

My father, dear father,

Is loving and kind,

But no one like mother,

On earth can I find.

Then honor your father

And mother,—each child,

And don't become careless

And reckless and wild.

Lest Christ, at his coming,

In anger shall say,

"Depart from my presence

You would not obey."

"WISHPFUL,"

A TRUTHFUL SON.—Shortly after, a number of persons appeared, supporting a young man upon horseback, who had been mortally wounded. His mother walked on before, quite frantic with grief, clapping her hands, and enumerating the good qualities of her son. "He never told a lie," said the disconsolate mother; and as her wounded son was

carried in at the gate, bitterly did she exclaim, "He never told a lie—no, never!" The heathen mother considered truth so important, that whatever other good qualities her son might possess, the greatest of all, in her eyes, was his veracity.

DONNIE'S DREAM.

I DREAMED I was running down a steep hill, and the path I followed was wide and dark. As I neared the bottom, I saw it was a pit, and as far as I could see down it was red like fire. Near the edge of this was a black object with wings, and a torch in its hand, and it started toward me. I was frightened, and turned to run up the hill; but it was almost impossible to ascend the hill. I looked and saw there were many other paths of different colors. As I was turning over in my mind which to follow, I again saw the black object, and I followed a path white in color. I often found myself on the dark path, and would always see the black object with the torch, and I would hurry back to the white path, which was very hard to follow, and I found lots of trouble in keeping in it. Near the top it became easier and grew lighter, and on the top as I neared, I saw a bright light so bright that it woke me. I had been in bad company, and had been very disobedient and played marbles for keeps. Mamma says it is a warning to me, and I write it that it may be to others. I hope you will pray for me, that I may keep on the white path.

D. A. SMITH.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

One of the finest, balmy days in early spring, Jonas drove the great family carriage to Linden, bringing home with him Max and Mrs. Bell. They were most joyfully welcomed, for the great house seemed empty and lonely, now. Little Elsie was almost wild with delight, and sunshine seemed to brighten the household, and the household faces, after the arrival of Naomi and her brother. Addie and her aged bridegroom returned home and settled down to quiet life. She was very grave and silent, and assumed the care of the ten or twelve servants, and management of the grand establishment at Heatherglade with all the staid grace and dignity of an experienced matron.

George Randolph was at school in D—, again. News had come from Victoria that her brother was much improved in health and spirits, and Burt was perfectly enchanted with the scenery, the fruits, the flowers, and the people, especially the quaint, strange looking Chinese. They were in one of the beautiful valley towns of California, dwelling in a tiny cottage on the slope of a mountain overlooking the valley, the town, and the dashing, rippling, bubbling stream that wound around the rugged declivity and joined its limpid waters with the glinting sheen of a second mountain torrent coming in from the opposite side of the pretty, picturesque dale. Her description was truly charming. A veritable little Eden they had found, far away on the Pacific Slope. Burt said tell Elsie she needn't look for him back again. She could have his books, and playthings, and the colt Grandpa Russell was going to give him when he was twenty-one. He had rather stay in California with Vic and papa.

John Russel seemed to be failing gradually. He was old, 'tis true, but not old enough to become so weak and feeble and childish. Surely it was more than natural decay. Some disease of mind or body was surely preying upon him. His wife was really alarmed. But he steadily refused to receive the services of a physician.

Max, on the contrary, grew stronger and cheerier day by day. Indeed he began to feel that he was strong enough to be at work. He had been a pensioner on the bounty of willing friends too long already for his independent spirit to brook patiently. It had been his aim, his self imposed mission, to

work for the good of others. And now for many weeks he had been utterly dependent. He could not settle down to an idle, aimless life, when there was so broad a field, and so few to labor diligently in directing honest, seeking souls to pursue the one true path to the heights of peace and happiness. He was beginning to long for freedom from weakness and pain, that he might go forth again. But Mr. Russel declared emphatically that he could not part with him. He must not go. He could not part with him yet. Wait just a few days longer, and then—. But he would turn away without completing the sentence. Max was alarmed. He looked at John Russel's hollow eyes and pallid cheeks, and wondered if death were near. He seemed so much disturbed whenever Max spoke of going away, and Mrs. Russel begged so earnestly for him to remain a short time, that he consented. His life work was to sacrifice his own advantage wherever he could benefit others. Maybe he could do some good in staying. At least comfort these kind friends.

Instead of growing better, the afflicted man grew decidedly worse. More and more nervous and restless, and visibly weaker every day. They ministered to his wants, they cheered and encouraged him all they could, but to no purpose. He was scarcely able to sit up an hour at a time, and could not walk without assistance. One evening as he lay on the sofa, Max sitting beside him, he exclaimed suddenly: "I must tell you. I have kept my trouble to myself till I am almost distracted. I have kept my thoughts until I can bear it no longer. I *must* be baptized. Whether I live or die, I want to be doing right and obey the commands of God. I want to be saved in the celestial kingdom. His word declares we must believe and be baptized to be saved. I *believed* years ago. I am sorely chastened for neglect of a known duty. Mayhap I shall be better. God knows. I shall at least be doing right." He paused, exhausted by his earnest speaking.

"In the river I see shining in yonder valley, on which the sunset hues are lingering, there is plenty of water," replied Max, looking thoughtfully from the window, "and who is to hinder you. If I am worthy, I shall be more than glad to serve you, any hour. To-morrow, if you wish."

"No, no," replied the other. "Not to-morrow. O! if it might be; but I can not, I can not."

"Surely you may," replied Max, assuringly. "We can help you to the carriage, we can support you to the water, and then a higher, better power will aid and strengthen you. The path of duty is always safe, though it may seem beset with danger."

"Not that," said Mr. Russel, with a sad, despairing look. "I am not afraid to venture, if my conscience were only clear. I have received my son's forgiveness for my cruelty and blind injustice. I have made my peace with God as far as I may; and still there is one thing I have not done. I *can not* do it. I am powerless, though my spirit is beating its wings, as it were against prison bars. I have not heard from my long absent daughter. I have not repaired the wrong I did her, and received her forgiveness."

"But, my friend," answered Max, soothingly, "you are willing, anxious to do so. Surely no more is required. You have never heard of her since she went away, I presume?"

"No, never," the father said in piteous tones. "I have searched as best I could; I have advertized, and employed every means in my reach to discover her hiding place, but in vain. O, if I only could know where she is, and how she is faring, it would ease my aching, sorrow burdened heart."

Max looked grave and thoughtful. Presently he said: "You told me once, years ago, to search for her, as I traveled about from place to place. I did so, for some time, but without avail. Finally I forgot that part of my mission. It is so long ago I can not even recall the name of your daughter's husbands, though I think I have it in an old memorandum book.—No—let me think! Ah, I remember, now. I lost the book, and could not

recollect the name, my mind being so much occupied with other things. That is why I ceased to inquire for your lost ones."

"Archer Kent is the name,—hers is Louisa," said Mr. Russel, sadly.

"Kent, did you say?" and Max started up excitedly. "Yes, Archer Kent."

"Surely I did, I do, know some one of that name. I don't know about Archer, but of Kent I'm sure. Excuse me for a moment, please; I think I can find out if it is Archer, beyond doubt." And Max hastily left the room.

THOUGHTLESSNESS OF YOUTH.

I have no patience with people who talk about "the thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently; I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions! A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment? A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in *any* after years, rather than now,—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. Nothing should ever be left to be done there.—*Ruskin.*

LOST ON A PRAIRIE.

No one unacquainted with the difficulties of Western travel can realize how hard it is to keep a straight course across a Kansas prairie. Grass from two feet to two yards high covers mile after mile with an unvaried sea of green waving billows. There are no trees to guide the eye, no fences to restrain the steps; but footpaths come to notice constantly—trails made by Indian, buffalo or wolf, and every trail but the right one may be fatal to the traveler.

A man may be lost half a mile from his home; and for a child, of course, the prairie is doubly dangerous. It is not uncommon, in Western Kansas, for small children to wander away from home and never be seen again.

Mr. Joseph Clements, a neighbor of mine, lately from a home on the plains of Kansas, related the following adventure while in search of a lost child, which occurred just before he left that State.

He owned a very large and a very valuable hound, which his two boys, Jack and Oscar, had named Rowdy, and which was their constant companion in all their hunting expeditions. They had trained him to hunt for them, so that by merely letting him smell one of the boy's garments he would go out and track its owner at any distance from the house.

About a mile from Mr. Clements' home was a small board cabin, belonging to an industrious German and his wife. Mr. Clements had sometimes seen a little yellow-haired boy playing near the cabin. One morning, just as the family were rising from the breakfast-table, the German's wife came to the house in great distress.

"Mein Hanka! mein Hanka ist gone! Mein kint ist lost! Help me find Hanka! Ach! mein Gott! mein kint (child) ist lost!" she cried, over and over.

The family gathered around her and learned from her broken words that her little boy had wandered away from the cabin and was lost. He had been gone since daybreak, and she had no idea which way he went. Her husband was sick in bed, she said, and could not help her search for the child, and she had come to the neighbors for aid.

Mr. Clements and his boys were, of course, eager to help the distracted mother, but as she had no idea which direction the child had taken, they hardly knew what course to pursue.

"Father, I believe Rowdy could find him, if he had something of the child's to smell!" said Oscar, eagerly.

"I don't know. He has not been used to tracking any one but you and Jack. We can try him, though," said Mr. Clements. "Get ready and come with me, and bring the dog."

He told the woman that if she would take them to her cabin and give them one of Hanka's socks, they would endeavor to find the child. She swiftly guided them to the rude home, where her "man," as she said, lay sick.

A wagon, a plow and several farming tools were scattered around. Inside was a scanty supply of household furniture. Near the door lay a small pair of wooden shoes which Hanka had kicked off. Rowdy walked up and began to smell of the shoes, which encouraged the boys greatly.

The mother brought out a small sock, and Oscar, taking it from her, held it for Rowdy to smell, then pointed off over the prairie, saying:—

"Seek him, Rowdy! Seek him! Seek him, good dog! Seek him, Rowdy!"

Rowdy smelled the little sock, wagged his tail, looked wistfully up in Oscar's face, ran away a few steps, then came back and squatted down by his master's side with a low whine, as if he wanted to understand and could not.

Oscar drew the little sock along the ground a few feet. Rowdy followed, smelling and whining, and when Oscar stopped he ran on a little ways, looking back to see if Oscar approved. Seeing doubt in their faces he went back, repeating the action three or four times, until it seemed useless to try to make him comprehend what was wanted, and the poor mother was growing almost frantic.

Finally Oscar threw the little sock far from him, and the dog, with a glad bound, rushed after and brought it proudly back, with head erect, as if he were sure now he had done what they wished. But at their looks of disappointment he dropped his tail and slowly started to carry the sock back to the place where he had picked it up.

But as he dropped it from his mouth he stopped, snuffed the ground, ran this way and that a moment, to catch a warmer scent, then ran along slowly, with his nose on the ground, as if deeply interested in something. They all followed, trembling with expectation and hope, which might yet be sadly disappointed; for it might be only game which Rowdy had scented.

But on he went, scenting every tuft of grass or cluster of prairie flowers, stopping an instant now and then, and snuffing with a long, slow breath, as if to make more sure that he was right, while they eagerly followed him. The mother was with them, in her excitement and anxiety continually asking:

"Will he fint mein Hanka?"

Suddenly the dog stopped and held his nose high in the air, snuffing at a tall weed. The mother in an instant sprang forward with a cry, and caught a small shred of calico from the bush, shouting, "It ist Hanka's dress! It ist mein Hanka's!"

The dog started on. For two long hours the company followed him, eager, hopeful, anxious. Now the odor of the trail seemed strong, and the dog sure; now it was faint, and he would retrace his steps, and search hither and thither for the scent before he found it again.

At last, striking an old buffalo trail, they saw plainly in the dry dust the track of a child's foot.

"'Tis Hanka's sporr (trail)! 'tis Hanka's sporr! Mein kint! mein kint!" screamed the mother. And again ran, closely following the noble, eager dog.

Scenting a trail over dry dust was now difficult for the dog, but he kept on bravely, seeming almost as excited as the mother or Oscar, who was wild with delight at what his favorite was accomplishing.

Down and up the hillocks the track led until presently Rowdy stopped. His whole manner changed. The nose was no longer placed on the ground. With upraised head and outstretched neck, he went straight on with fixed, excited gaze.

Mr. Clements and Oscar knew that he left the track because he had scented the boy where he lay, but they dared not tell the mother, lest the child should be found dead.

In an instant longer the dog rushed furiously forward and they heard his joyous bark mingled with the sound of a child's scream, for once a glad and welcome sound, which the mother echoed, shrieking wildly:

"Ach! mein Hanka! Mein Hanka ist found! Mein kint, mein kint!"

They were soon beside her in her almost delirious joy, while the dog seemed to share the general exultation, running to the boy as he lay in his mother's arms, licking his hands and face, then rushing up to Oscar and seeming as proud as anybody at his success.

They carried the weary little wanderer back to the rude cabin, where the sick father and Jack Clements so anxiously waited for them. While Mr. Clements remained in the neighborhood, the German family were his warmest friends. But words could not express their admiration of Rowdy, or their grateful appreciation of the service he had rendered them.—*Mattie Dyer Britts in Youth's Companion.*

Letters from the Hopes.

CRESCENT CITY, IOWA,
February 17th, 1883.

Dear Hope:—It has been quite a while since I wrote to your columns. I am trying to do my best in keeping the commandments of my Heavenly Father, that I may be found worthy to enter into the glory of my Father. We are having a very hard Winter here, and I am longing to see Spring again. I am very fond of the stories in the *Hope*, and I wish the *Hope* would come every week. I like to read the letters also. Bro. Thomas Nutt was here, and stayed with us all night. We enjoyed his visit very much. He preached three times, once on Sunday, Sunday evening, and Monday evening. We have preaching every Sunday, and sometimes on Sunday evening. Pray for me, dear Hopes, that I may be one of your number, to stand before the throne in the day of judgment, and sing our Maker's praise.

Your sister in the bonds of Christ,
MAGGIE EVANS.

EXHORTATIONS.

Zion's Hopes:—I have long since been impressed with the idea to write a few lines to you by way of exhortation. The first object we shall notice, is the statement by the Savior to his disciples: "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." We will look first at Solomon, his position. The Bible tells us he was a wise man, was favored of God; had riches, built a house, or temple to Israel's God; was honored in his position in life, and finally fell a victim to sin and reproach, like many other good men, because of their great positions among the children of men. Had he been submissive, humble, and obedient to God and his law, he would not have fallen in sin and sorrow.

The lilies are some of God's work; are beautiful to the eye, and help with their comrades to make this earth pleasant, and striking to the minds of those that study their good here. They teach us to be obedient to every command, which has been given, and which may be given in the future. They obey their Creator, and grow up just as he has designed, and finally become in the end, perfect. Hence, dear Hopes, let us strive lawfully to become perfect, bear with each other in conversation, in charity, in love, and in all other good graces pertaining to the welfare of each other and the interest of God's great work. Those that can read, should read the Book of Mormon through, and I know you would become wiser; also other publications of the church, which would tend to make you strong in the faith. And as the Apostle Paul gave instructions

to the Colossians in his first chapter, and 23d verse, that we "Be grounded and settled in the hope of the gospel, which will make us wise unto salvation, to the honor, glory, and praise of God and his Son Jesus Christ."

Dear Hopes, I am happy to inform you we have here in Coalville some Hopes that bear testimony to the truth. I expect in the future, by permission of Bro. Joseph Smith, to write a few lines to you, by way of instruction.

Your humble servant,
JAMES ALLEN, SR.

COALVILLE, IOWA, February 28th, 1883.

KEWANEE, Ill., February, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would again write a few lines to you, as there are not many letters in the *Hope* from this town. We have a Sabbath School here; also a tract society, called "The Harbingers of Truth," which I think will do good in time. There are some people here that seem to think our Bible is not like theirs; but I think if they would take the trouble to read it, they would find they were mistaken. I like to read the New Testament, where it tells of Jesus going about, doing so much good; but of all the narratives in the Bible, that of the agonies of Gethsemane, his cruel trial before Pilate, the cowardly denial of Peter, and the death upon the cross, are the most heartrending. Only think that all this was endured for us, poor sinners. O, how can we refuse to love and obey one who has given his own life as a ransom for ours. Let us all wield our influence in the cause of the God who has done so much for us. We can all be preachers of righteousness by our actions. A good example is the best instruction we can impart to others. The path of duty is the path of happiness. After a few more years have fled, we will have gone to our long, long home. The hour is hastening, when death shall call us away from the scenes which now please us; away from the associations of life; away from the friends we esteem, and the families we love; and these bodies of ours, which are now warm and active with life, will be borne to the silent grave. The heart must cease to throb, the eyes must lose their brightness, and the cheek its tint of health. O, then let us prepare for this solemn change. May we all meet in heaven is my prayer.

Your sister in Christ,
SARAH J. GARLAND.

LAMONI, Decatur Co., Iowa,
February 22d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I with pleasure pen a few lines to you. I love the *Hope* very much, and am a member of the Lamoni Sabbath School; but as I live out in the country, I am deprived of the privilege of attending every Sabbath. I will answer one of the questions asked in the *Hope* by Uncle W. "Where do you find the account of his healing the damsel?" It will be found in Mark, chapter 5, and 41st verse: "And he took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, Talitha Cumi, which is, being interpreted, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise."

Your sister,
ALICE BENNETT.

FALL RIVER, Massachusetts,
February 27th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—On the 25th we held our thirteenth anniversary of the Bethel Sabbath School, and the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Bro. Samuel Smith superintendent, Bro. George Boswell clerk, sister Harriet Bird treasurer, Bro. Charles L. Potts janitor, Thomas Holland assistant janitor, Bro. John Potts music teacher. A vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring officers. We have five large classes in the school. The teachers are as follows: Bro. John Potts, Bro. James Halstead, D. F. Coombs, Sr. Mary J. Rogerson, Mary McKee. In connection with the Sabbath School, we have week-day-evening schools. The teachers are: Bro. George Boswell, Bro. D. F. Coombs and Bro. James McKee. On every alternate Monday

evening we have a discussion. Class composed mostly of the young men of the branch. These meetings are very interesting, and much good is being done, by its enlightening our minds, which is required by the "Father of Lights," who giveth light to all who seek for it. Let us, therefore, who live under the gospel, the most gracious dispensation bestowed by God upon mankind, count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord; and not suffer ourselves by the light cavils of unbelievers, to be moved away from the hope of the gospel. Let us demonstrate that we believe the superior excellency of the latter day dispensation, by conforming to its precepts. Let us show that we are Saints indeed, and of a truth, not by "endless disputes" about trifles, and the "transports of a blind zeal," but by abounding in those fruits of righteousness, which are, through Christ, to the praise and glory of God."

Yours in the bonds of the gospel,
GEORGE BOSWELL.

MERLIN, Kent Co., Ontario,
February 27th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—With pleasure I write you, hoping you are all firm in the faith. Since writing to you, I have joined another branch, by name Baddertown; but it matters not what branch we belong to, one branch ought to be as good as another. I much agree with Bro. F. J. Reese in what he stated in *Herald* for January 27th about the *Hope*. I for one think such pieces as "Maplewood Manor," and "Sensible Girl," should not be published in the *Hope*. I think if there was more Scripture and Church history published it would be much better.

I will now endeavor to ask a few questions: Where is the longest verse in the Bible? Where does it say, "Children, obey your parents?" Where does it say, "Pray without ceasing?" Dear Hopes, please endeavor to answer the above questions.

I remain your sister in the gospel,
S. J. BUCK.

WEST BELLEVILLE, St. Clair Co., Ill.,
February 17th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I am still in the gospel bonds of peace, trying to do my Master's will; but I fall short of doing it to my own satisfaction. It has been a long time since I wrote to you, but I trust I shall not wait so long again. I hardly know what I would do without the *Hope* now, it is so much company; and I think we all ought to try and make it interesting as far as lies in our power. Although I have only written to our dear paper once before, it fills me with joy to read the wishes and desires of my brothers and sisters in the glorious work in which we are engaged. It is indeed a great work, and how thankful we ought to be to our Heavenly Father for permitting us to hear the gospel in its fulness; and that we can enjoy the same gifts and blessings as in ancient times. Although we are scoffed and scorned by the world, yet if we are faithful to the end, the promise is that we shall enjoy a thousand years rest with the Savior. I would like to see all of my brothers and sisters face to face; but as we cannot here on earth, I hope to meet them all in heaven, where parting is not known. Pray for me, dear Hopes, that I may be counted worthy to meet Him.

Your sister in love,
LIZZIE R. THOMPSON.

If we would have friends, we must show ourselves friendly.

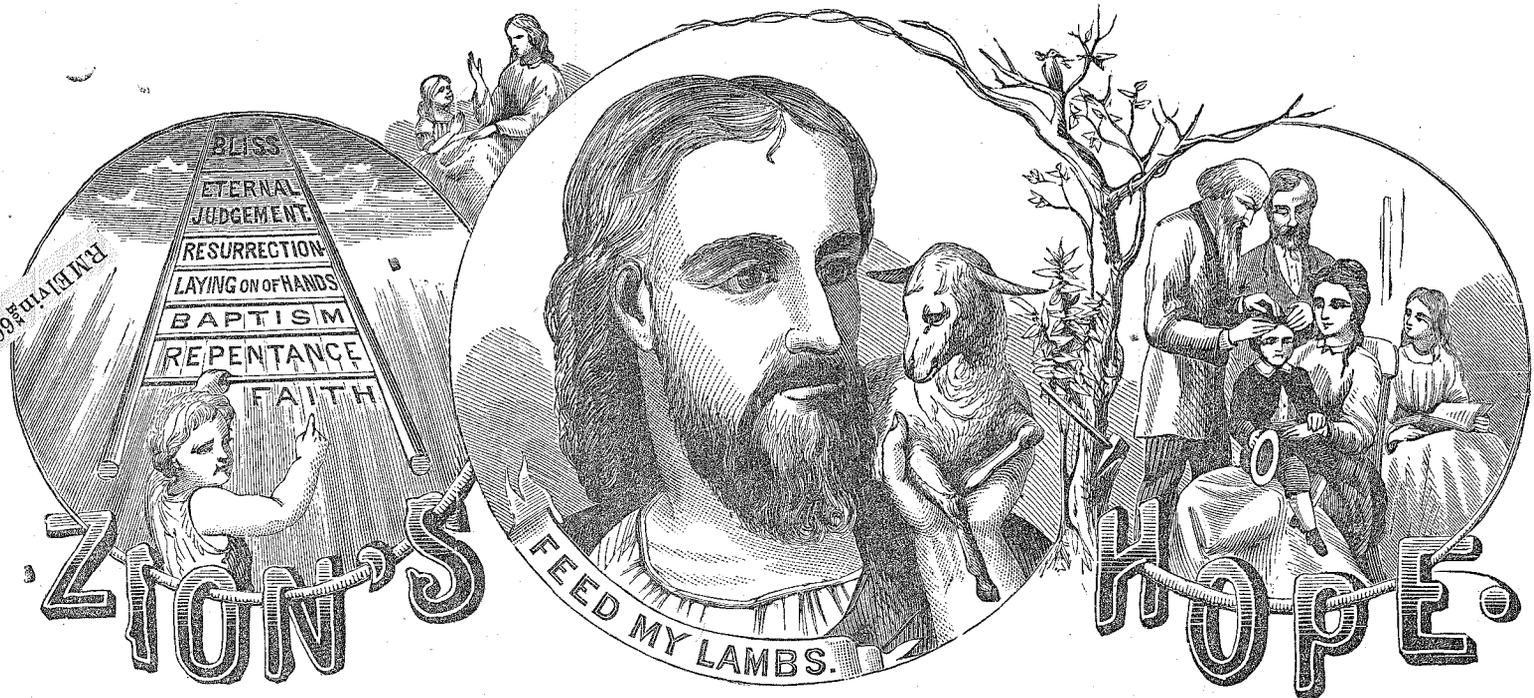
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1883



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

VOL. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, APRIL 15, 1883.

No. 20.

EASTER.

Sweet is the story of the Gospels told,
Familiar to our ears, yet never old,
How Mary hastened, in the dawning gray
Of that first, precious, far-off Easter-day,
With spices sweet, and ointment and perfume,
Unto the garden and the rock-hewn tomb;
Tenderly longing honor due to show
The form she pictured lying cold and low;
But found the imprisoning stone was rolled away,
And angels sat where late the Savior's body lay.

What wondrous tidings fell upon her ear:
"The Lord ye seek is risen—He is not here!"
Joy strove with grief and fear in her surprise,
And tears of mingled feeling filled her eyes.
Was Christ then gone? Oh, but for one more glance
Of that revered, beloved countenance!
Weeping, she lingered in the garden's gloom,
And as the sunrise smote the open tomb,
She heard her name, and trembling turned to see
The face she last had seen on Calvary;
No longer pale with pain, but in the light
Of the fair morning, glad, serene and bright.
With quick thanksgiving for a boon so sweet,
"Master!" she cried; and falling at his feet
In silence she adored, but when he said:
"Go tell my brethren," at his bidding sped,
And wrought, in "bringing his disciples word,"
The earliest service for the risen Lord.

The centuries stretch between her life and ours,
Yet as to-day we wreath the cross with flowers,
She in our solemn gladness bears a part,
And we claim kindred with her loving heart.
For saints in earth and Heaven rejoice as one
At the glad rising of the Easter sun.

And still the Lord, through each of us, his friends,
A loving message to his brethren sends.
Be ours to hearken to the tender tone
With swift obedience as Mary's own,
With flower and song our risen King to greet;
Oh, not with tardy or reluctant feet
Be ours to do his errands, or fulfill
The daily, common bidding of his will.
While with us yet we have the poor, the weak,
The fallen to reclaim, the lost to seek;
The sick to cheer, the ignorant to teach;
Bruised hearts to heal with kindly deed and speech.
How rich in service any life may prove,
Which in Christ's stead fulfills his ministry of love.

O Love, strike deeper roots our hearts within;
O'er grow the weeds of selfishness and sin;
And be thyself our fragrant offering made,
Our perfect flower upon the altar laid.
What purer, sweeter tribute can we bring
This resurrection-day to Christ, our Lord and King?
—Chicago Advance.

SPEAKING to a little girl in Philadelphia about her teacher, she said: "Oh, I've got an elegant teacher; you ought to see our teacher, she's just elegant." Now elegant in Philadelphia doesn't mean anything. It means just what splendid does in New York, and that is nothing at all. A young lady next

door to me applies the term promiscuously to a baked potato, a bit of ribbon, a dish of salad, or the Masonic Temple. They are all just elegant. So we asked the child if she got her lessons. "Oh, yes, our teacher makes us get our lessons." And then thinking that perhaps this was not quite the correct thing to say about her teacher, she added: "I didn't quite mean that our teacher makes us get our lessons. I meant that she makes us love to get our lessons." The little maid had unconsciously paid her teacher the highest possible compliment.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

ONCE again, dear Hopes, my pen is taken to be employed in speaking a word to you and in your behalf. Your little paper is doing much good, in cheering the hearts of your little brother and sister Hopes in the way of life, and it does seem to me that for the amount of good your little paper is doing and has done, that there would be many of you and your friends who would be desirous of sacrificing, in so good a cause as to make the *Zion's Hope* a weekly that double the amount of good might be done by it in speaking words of kindness and sowing seeds of gladness in the households of the Saints, among the little Hopes who belong, by and through the shedding of the blood of our blessed Savior, to the kingdom of heaven, and whom the church are commanded to feed.—St John 21:15, And who need the milk of the word. 1 Peter 2:2. Especially does this seem so, when the experience of the benefits of the promotion of the *Herald* to a weekly is now felt and enjoyed, or it appears very plainly that such promotion of the *Herald* is enjoyed from the numerous letters of commendation published of late.

There certainly is not another child's paper in the world doing the same amount of good as the *Hope* with the little exertion made for increasing its circulation and usefulness. If so, where is it? Echo answers; "Where." 'Tis true, at the present it is somewhat expensive, but I see no way to make it cheaper save enlarging its circulation, and making donations for this purpose. I see in my travels many of the little Hopes spending their time and what spare means they receive from their parents, or friends in foolish and vain allurements in which there is no hope of future reward; only for present pleasure at the sacrifice of the powers and opportunity to do some little good in spreading the glad news of a coming Savior, and the gospel restored. I hope if there are any, that so use their time and means, who read this will remember that better is the reproof of a kind friend than the kisses of an enemy.

How slothful to our opportunities of doing good

we have been and are; how many the misspent moments! But by-gones are by-gones, and we have an advocate with the Father, through whom we can obtain forgiveness of the evils, and idle words and doings of the past, and who will receive us in His arms of love and mercy. Do we turn our attention to the fulfillment of the future in ways of righteousness for the promotion of the glorious truth that was revealed to us by Him. This thought should encourage us to fulfill our future deeds that would be an example for old Hopes, and thus you would fulfill the position fully, Christ has placed you in by the lesson taught to His disciples when they wished to know who should be greatest among them, when He set a little child in the midst of them as an example of Christian greatness.

Now, dear Hopes, use the time your Heavenly Father has given you in trying to circulate your little paper, and show by your example that you are really in earnest in the promotion of it, and in making it equal in doing good in its sphere with its older companion—the *Herald*. By this means you will call aid from your parents and friends in making your paper a success in every particular, and if possible lead its older companion in its goings forth to radiate light in the households of God's tried people, and to lead others to the truth. By this way the child's paper will be an example to its older companion, or companions, as the child is to older people in the truth.

Continue to write those pleasing letters that contain words expressive of the goodness of God. They are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Besides such words show that you love to confess your Savior before men, so also will Christ confess you before your God.

Go on, little Hopes, the cause is good,
And Jesus is your King;
He will direct and give you aid,
And you through earth's trials bring.
You need not falter, nor surmise
That you will work in vain;
If you go on in the narrow way,
'Till salvation you obtain.

Your brother and friend,
J. FRANK MINTUN.

TO SUPERINTENDENTS.—Dr. Wm. W. Taylor, among other excellent suggestions to a "newly-chosen superintendent," says: "In your public services let your Christian common sense be your guide. I would warn you especially to make the opening exercises at once interesting and brief. Let the prayer be such as children can follow. Be brief, then, but let not your brevity kill your earnestness. Pray in telegrams, and let the heart go with each message. Let your petitions be arrowy at once in their point, in their vim, in their directness, and in their force."

A LETTER FROM A TRAVELER.

DEAR HOPES:—I will try to redeem the promise I made to several before I left California, to write you a letter when I got to Nova Scotia. In my travels during the past year, I have framed in my mind many pleasant and perhaps, interesting sketches for the *Hope*, when I saw an opportunity to put them on paper. But before the opportunity presented itself, one would be crowded out, or supplanted by another, until they have all become mixed and blended together. Yet among them all, one stands out plain and distinct,—that is our pleasant visit to Lamoni, and the Herald Office. Perhaps it is not necessary for me to say it rained while we were at Lamoni, for a little boy informed my husband that it was sure to rain there when visitors were there from a distance; and I am of the opinion that whoever goes there from a distance will find that that boy told the truth.

I shall not attempt a full description of all I saw in the Herald Office that was new and interesting to me at least, (for until then I had never seen a printing press nor the setting of type). But I gratefully acknowledge the kind courtesy of all in the office, for each gave us an insight into the order of his respective department, especially Bro. Joseph's daughters. And the printer also very kindly set the press to work, and printed several pages of the Book of Mormon, on waste paper, to show us how it was done. It was quite amusing to see how carefully those long wooden fingers would lay down the printed sheet, then suddenly spring to catch the next one. But what my mind dwelt most on, was those faithful young sisters, who set the type for the *Herald* and *Hope*. I thought what a wearisome, monotonous life it must be for the young to be deprived of the many recreations and pleasant pastimes, that young people enjoy so much, and conform themselves to the same routine, day after day, month after month, and year after year. And I thought if all the Hopes knew how much labor and painstaking it costs them to send us our little paper so clean and bright, they would appreciate it even more than ever; and would not think it any wonder if occasionally there was a G or a D upside down. It was not so much the tedious work of setting up the type I thought of either, as the sitting up on those high stools so constantly, without any thing whatever to lean against, as a support to the weary body. Just think how we stretch and yawn, if we are compelled to sit in church two hours without any thing to lean our backs against. And as I stood by the side of one, watching the constant motion of her hand passing swiftly from one little box to another, I wondered how many of our young friends would have the courage to sit in the glare of one of those great windows, and work steadily on during those dreadful thunder-storms, that are so frequent in that region, and accompanied by such fierce and vivid lightning as I never before witnessed. With all of this in view, the pages of the *Hope* contains more reading for me than it used to, and if possible I prize it more highly. They come to us like a little piece of sunshine, in this cold and benighted land, where Saints are few. How anxiously we look forward to their coming, and how greedily we devour their contents. It is a sort of reunion and communing with Saints, especially to those who "go without the camp, bearing the reproach." How cheering to such to read the letters from the little folks in the vicinity of home. I was wafted back to the sunny land of California while reading the letter from Santa Ana, written by Dorcas Rhorer. I seemed to see again all the happy and familiar faces that gather there, and our own dear children with them, assembled in our little chapel, where we have so often partaken of the blessings of both "heaven and earth," where the Spirit of the Lord has been poured out in great abundance, and love, joy, and peace have filled the hearts of all present. And where for five years, I, with others, have picked rich presents, of almost every kind, off

the Christmas tree. And I could not help saying, God bless the Saints of California, for they are very dear to me. I hope it will not be long before quite a number here will be enrolled as Zion's Hopes.

Although we have bitter cold weather, and are strongly opposed by bitter enemies, yet I do not find the life of a missionary altogether a dreary one. It is a laborous one for the missionary, and for a help, it is by no means an idle life. There is much missionary work one can do besides preaching the gospel. And when one starts out in the world to do good, wherever they are, there is plenty to be done; not only by precept, but by "doing with our might, what our hands find to do." It is a part of the object of life to bear one another's burdens, "to lift up the hand that hangs down, and strengthen the feeble knees." I find ample opportunity for doing that nearly every day of my missionary life. Sometimes by relieving a tired mother for a while of the care of her fretful babe, or amusing a group of restless children, that can not go out of doors to play this cold weather. And often making the heart of a little girl glad by washing the dishes, and thereby freeing her from an irksome task. And again by cutting, fitting, or making some garment that perhaps had been a clog to the domestic wheel for months. In this way we make ourselves welcome wherever we go; and by lightening the labor of others, we lighten their hearts also, and there is no way so sure of bringing happiness to ourselves as to do good to others.

I also take our little paper around for the children to read, and hope soon to get a few subscribers. I too am interested in making it a weekly, and read Uncle W. R's. letter with much interest; I for one, would be quite willing to give twenty cents more a year. Before I had finished reading it, though, I was brought face to face with what was to me a brand new idea, that caused me to stop and think three times before I read another word. It was in speaking of the *Hope* in connection with the *Herald*; he called it a "son." "Is it a son?" I said. I had never thought of it in that light, and wondered why I had not. I began at once to analyze my thoughts, or "to give a reason" for regarding the *Hope* as well, not exactly belonging to us, but as representing the gentler sex. It is true a son is the very embodiment of hope, but to me the very word "son" carries with it the idea of one, who, though dear to us, is not long to be with us,—will soon outgrow his present position, and go forth to battle with the world, a strong man. But we do not wish to regard our little paper in that light. We want it to continue to be just what it is at the present, and ever has been; that is—adapted to the wants of the children. And in that respect it represented our side of the house, for we can never outgrow that position. Well, I set that down as one reason. Then its contributions were mainly from the sisters. And again it is a "help," and not a "government;" so I concluded I had the best of the argument. And at once reinstated our little *Hope* in its former position, as a gentle friend and teacher, and pray that all may give due heed to the instructions therein contained.

SISTER EMMA.

A STORY OF STEEL PENS.

FEW persons who use steel pens on which is stamped "Gillott" have any idea of the story of suffering, of indomitable pluck and persistence, which belong to the placing of that name on this article.

A long depression in trade in England threw thousands of Sheffield mechanics out of work, among them Joseph Gillott, then twenty-one years of age.

He left the city with but a shilling in his pocket. Reaching Birmingham, he went into an inn and sat down upon a wooden settle in the tap-room. His last penny was spent for a roll. He was weak, hungry and ill. He had not a friend in Birmingham; and there was little chance that he would find work.

In his despondency he was tempted to give up,

and turn beggar or tramp. Then a sudden fiery energy seized him. He brought his fist down on the table, declaring to himself that he would try and trust in God, come what would. He found work that day in making belt buckles, which were then fashionable.

As soon as he had saved a pound or two, he hired a garret in Bread street, and there carried on work for himself, bringing his taste and knowledge of tools into constant use, even when working at hand-made goods. This was the secret of Gillott's success. Other workmen drudged on passively in the old ruts. He was wide-awake, eager to improve his work, or to shorten the way of working.

He fell in love with a pretty and sensible girl named Mitchell, who with her brothers, was making steel pens. Each pen was then clipped, punched, and polished by hand, and pens were sold consequently at enormous high prices.

Gillott at once brought his skill in tools to bear on the matter, and soon invented a machine which turned the points out by thousands, in the time that a man would require to make one. He married Miss Mitchell, and they carried on the manufacture together for years.

On the morning of his marriage, the industrious young workman made a gross of pens, and sold them for thirty-six dollars to pay the wedding fees. In his old age, having then reaped an enormous fortune by his shrewdness, honesty and industry, Mr. Gillot went again to the old inn, bought the settle, and had the square on which he sat sawed out and made into a chair, which he left as an heirloom to his family, to remind them of the secret of his success.

BRIGHT DETECTIVES.

THERE was trouble in the woods. An enemy had made its appearance among some fine oak-trees, and was doing mischief. An enemy, did we say? No, a whole band of invaders, who were using the squatter's privilege of making their home where they could best provide food for themselves. Farmer Jones was quite indignant, and said to his son, "If left to themselves they will surely destroy everything—impoverish me; for I depended upon getting some good sound timber to the mill this fall, and with the money received for it purchase my winter supplies."

"Well, father, what are we to do?" asked his son. "It is difficult getting at them, for they hide themselves so completely from sight that when we go to look for them we can't find them, and yet they leave traces behind them. They plunder and steal the very heart out of some of our best trees, and we have no redress whatever."

"Not so fast, my son. Providence provides a way out of most difficulties, and if I am not much mistaken, he will send or guide some bright, intelligent detectives to save our property."

"Detectives! How can they find the concealed enemy in our woods?" asked Jack in surprise. "Good-for-nothing thieves, I should like to give them a dose of poison or smoke them out."

"And perhaps set fire to the woods. No, my son, we must hope for some other way of getting rid of them."

A few days later both father and son were going through their woodlands, when they caught the clear, distinct sound of tap, tap, tap, as though some one was lightly beating a tattoo upon one of the trees.

"There, Jack, a detective is at work, as I hoped he would be. He is using his sharp cudgel, and will snap up a few of our enemies in no time, I can tell you."

"Where, father, where?" exclaimed Jack. "I don't see any one around here."

"Just look up in that tree, and if you don't see an intelligent detective, and hard at work too making prisoners, then I'm mistaken. And I declare there is another, and another. Hush! don't let's disturb them, or they will leave their work unfinished."

Most detectives are secretive, and like best to work when unobserved."

Jack in bewilderment looked all about him, then gave a suppressed laugh or chuckle. "I have it now. Your detectives are mighty little creatures, but I guess they will do the work for us better than we can do it for ourselves."

"To be sure they will, and we will leave them in peace. At a single glance from their bright eyes they can tell where an enemy is hidden; and woe to him when found. He'll be captured and gobbled up in no time. See, there is one of our kind helpers with a light tread running about, now on one side of the tree, then on the other; sometimes with head downward, then, like a fly, running beneath a thick branch, and tapping vigorously, as though knocking at the door of a friend's house."

"He has business at that place," replied Jack, with a laugh, "and means to get in some way. There! Mr. Detective is surely hauling something out of the corner where he tapped so hard. Wont he put an end to a few of those sly creatures who think themselves safe out of sight to grub at leisure at the soft green wood, and so destroy our trees!"

"Yes, and we can leave him to do the work for us. He will take his pay from the rascally thieves. Good day, Mr. Woodpecker. You are welcome to all you find in these woods."

J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

SOME EASTER CUSTOMS.

In earlier times the sun was supposed to dance for joy as it dawned on Easter morning. We can readily understand this superstition, when every heart is rejoicing in the resurrection, and believing that all nature must take part in the common gladness. In many parts of England, however, not only the ignorant classes, but people of culture, believed that the sun really danced in the heavens on Easter day.

Upon this festival of rejoicing it was customary for one Christian to address another with the words: "Christ is risen," the answer coming back: "Christ is risen, indeed," or "He hath appeared unto Simon." Even to-day in the Greek Church this interchange is still kept up.

Our Greek word *Eostre*, the name of a Saxon deity, whose festival was also kept at the same time, and *Oster*, which signifies rising, makes Easter not only in name, but in reality, the feast of the resurrection.

It is called the "Queen of festivals," being one of the most important in the Christian year and celebrated with the utmost joy.

What is a fitter type of the gladness of the heart than beautiful flowers coming at this time with modest beauty and fragrance, as if to bring new joy into the believer's heart. Some flowers seem to be express symbols of the resurrection. The lily, the crocus and the snowdrop, in their purity and whiteness, the violet's beautiful blue, and the rose, in its blushing red, all usher in the Easter morning. The modest wintergreen comes too with her tiny flowers of white:

Of which, it is told in stories old,
That these fair blossoms first
On that blest morn—that Easter morn,
Into white beauty burst,
Perhaps, ah, well! We can not tell,
If it be truly so—
We but repeat, the legend sweet,
And only this we know,
That in the prime of Easter-time,
The Christ's sweet flowers blow!

Many curious customs have in all ages been associated with Easter. Perhaps one of the most singular was the playing of ball in the churches. The highest officials of the church participated in them. While a chant was sung, the clergy joined hands, dancing round and round. Sometimes the ball was tossed from the dean to one or even all of the choristers, the music playing to suit the sport. Then came refreshments. In the eighteenth century this game was abolished by the churches, although to this day it is a game among the people.

Another amusement, which was very common, was the lifting, at Easter-tide. Parties of eight or ten assembled for the purpose, and then extorted a contribution. This was done out of doors usually. A chair trimmed with bright ribbons was carried through the streets, the women persuading some man to enter the chair, and when once in, refusing to let him down until he paid the penalty.

Nothing is so conspicuous among the Easter customs as the Paas eggs; and woe to the hen that refused to make her contributions; she was forthwith condemned to death. These eggs, colored in various ways and with inscriptions, required much labor and skill.

The Tyrolese keep Easter with every festivity. They are not an unbelieving people. The resurrection of Christ is, for them, only the proof of revelation, and greatly do they honor it. Bands of musicians traverse every valley, singing the beautiful Easter hymns to their guitars, calling the people out, who join in their chorus, and rejoice together in the glad anniversaries. Their wide-brimmed Spanish hats are decorated with bunches of flowers; crowds of children follow them, and, when night comes on, bear lighted torches of the pine-wood, which cast grotesque shadows over the whole landscape.

Although many foolish observances have vanished with the lapse of years, Easter is now observed, with more or less rejoicing, all over the world.

How often was the question put by man, in the most advanced stages of civilization: "If a man die shall he live again?" No positive answer was ever given to that question until He came, who proclaimed Himself to be "the Resurrection and the Life." "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die."—*N. Y. Observer.*

WHOSE WAS IT?

A TRUE STORY.

A CROWD of school boys chatted very fast as they half ran, half walked the planked sidewalks of a Pennsylvania city street. Just as they turned a corner several started, for in the path near by glistened a silver half-dollar. Three boys saw it at once, and each claimed it as his own. Loud words followed, a few fists were clenched, but Peter McCarthy held the money in his strong palm, and would not even show it to the rest. Peter was very fleet on foot, so he made good use of his limbs in trying to get beyond the reach of his pursuers. But run as he would, some one seemed to keep pace with him at every step, and so in despair he bounded into the open schoolroom door, threw his cap towards its nail, and took his seat before school-time. Once in, he could not retreat, for the principal sat at her desk, and her rules were never to be broken. The boys all entered—half the school, perhaps—all who were near, at least, to watch the lad who meant to keep the whole. Several hands were immediately raised. "Please, Peter McCarthy has found a big piece of money," said one. "Please, three of us found it at once, but he got it first." "Please, and he wont share it with us at all." "Yes, ma'am, and he wont treat, nor nothing."

The teacher closed the register, placed it in her drawer, and called the lads to the recitation seats. Peter came with a flushed, excited face, while some of the rest looked daggers at him slyly. "Do you think some one threw the money away?" she asked. Every one smiled. "I suppose it really belongs to some one person, and that that person, whoever it may prove to be, has lost it, and feels sad about it. I should be sorry if it proved to belong to some poor child who had been sent of an errand for his mother." Peter and several others wiped their eyes. "We might get a lot of cherries, and treat," said one. "Yes, or peanuts, or candies," said another. "We might try to find the owner," said a third. Just then the school-bell rang. "Which would be the nearest right?" asked the teacher.

"The last," said Peter, as he placed the money on the teacher's desk. "Perhaps I shall not find an owner in school," she said; "in that case it will have to be decided hereafter."

Just as the moment for opening the school came, the bell at the desk waited, the pupils folded their hands, one hundred and twenty or thirty pairs of them, while the teacher held up the shining silver. No one in her room claimed it. She opened the primary department door. The teacher sat on the platform trying to comfort a little girl of seven years who was sobbing violently. All she could make out of her broken words were these: "All—she'd—got—Benny—sick—medicine."

"Well," said Miss Whitman, "did you wish to go for medicine now?" But the child only screamed the louder, "Can't! O dear! O dear!"

"I've something to tell you," said the lady who entered. "All look at me. I wish that little girl who is crying to look at what I hold up, and tell me if she knows whose half-dollar this is?"

The child gave a loud exclamation of delight and rushed up to the lady to snatch it from her hand.

"Not yet," she said gently; come with me."

She led the sobbing, broken-hearted little child to the desk in her room, wiped the fevered brow, and asked if the boys who found a half dollar lying in the street would keep this child's little brother from the medicine she was to take to him after school.

"No, indeed!" they responded.

"Boys," said she, "do you know this child? she is a stranger to me."

Many hands were raised.

"She is Mrs. Maloney's girl, Bridget," said one.

"Her mother washes for a living," said another.

"Her father's dead, and there's four children besides her, younger," said a third.

"Will you treat with cherries and peanuts, boys?" she asked. But only one response came; it was Peter McCarthy who spoke.

"Will you please forgive us," he said, "for just thinking so selfish as it was, and give Bridget the money?"

And so the little red face was lifted and kissed, and the money placed in the child's hand; and she faltered out, "Thank you, lady; I'm sure it's bound to make Benny well again," and passed into her room.

From every action of our lives there is a result. Nothing comes by chance. The loss to little Bridget resulted in a lesson that can never be forgotten by those schoolboys. It will be remembered also by many more in the impression it has left upon the understanding. If we heed the lessons that are daily before us, then shall we grow in moral worth, and be better prepared to meet the temptations that surround us by contact with the world. Every lesson in honesty is pointing us towards God and heaven.

AUNTIE DEE.

Letters from the Hopes.

WHEELERS GROVE, Iowa,

March 18th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—We have prayer meeting here Sundays. We have no Sunday School, but I hope we will have this summer. I like to go to Sunday School. I have not been baptized, but will some time. Pray for me.

S. R. BOWMAN.

LINDLEY, Missouri,

March 8th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I was twelve years old the 7th of February, and was baptized by Bro. R. Etzenhouser and confirmed by Bro. I N. White. I have been baptized about three years. I am going to school. Our school will soon be out. My studies are geography, arithmetic, spelling, grammar, fifth reader and writing. We have no branch here and no Saints but our family. I think "Maplewood Manor" and "Sensible Girl" are nice pieces. I have two sisters. One is away from home; she lives in New-

ton, Jasper county, Iowa. She is talking of coming home this spring. I hope that some Elder will come here and raise up a branch. I have lived among the Saints almost ever since I can remember, and it is very lonesome to be parted from them. I would like to live where I could go to Sunday School every Sunday and be with some of the Hopes, but as I can not, I will have to be contented. I guess my letter is long enough for this time.

I remain your sister in Christ,
NEOSHO MOORMAN.

INDEPENDENCE, Missouri,
March 18th, 1883.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am nine years old, and have not been baptized yet, but I expect to be in a short time. I go to Sunday School, where I can learn out of God's word, the way of Eternal Life.

FRANKEY JONES.

LINDLEY, Missouri,
March 8th, 1883.

Dear Little Hopes:—I will be nine years old the 16th of March. I am going to school and our school will be out to-morrow. I study arithmetic and spelling, fourth reader and writing. I do not belong to the church, but hope to soon. My brothers and sisters all belong, except my little brother. We have no Sunday School here. I like to read the *Hope* and the letters and continued stories. You must excuse me for this time, for I will try and write more next time. Dear Hopes pray for me.

From your little friend,
STELLA MOORMAN.

WHEELERS GROVE, Iowa,
March 18th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It has been some time since we had any preaching here. We have prayer meeting every Sabbath. Our Sabbath School closed last fall, but we will organize again soon. Most of the Saints live so far from the church that we can not have Sabbath School in winter. I love to go to Sabbath School. I will be rejoiced when we can have the *Hope* a weekly, and will do all I can to help it. I will try and answer Bro. Joseph Curtis' questions. "Let us go on to perfection" is found in Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, 6: 1. "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life," is found in St. John 5: 40. I will ask the Hopes a question, Where was the Ark of God when Saul said unto Ahiah, "Bring hither the Ark of God."

Your sister,
CORA WOOD.

PERSIA, Harrison Co., Iowa,
March 19th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I find recorded in the sixth chapter of Hebrews language like this; "Let us go on unto perfection." Written by Paul to the Hebrew brethren. I also find in John, fifth chapter and thirty-ninth verse, language like this; "Search the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life." I am happy to say that the prayers of the Saints in behalf of our beloved brother, Halliday, are in a measure answered; he is getting some better. Continue to pray for him, that he may take his place at the head of the branch again soon.

Let us pray for one another,
For the day is fading fast."

Hoping that the *Hope* may soon become a weekly, I remain your brother,

CHARLES DYKES.

INDEPENDENCE, Missouri,
March 18th, 1883.

Dear Hopes of Zion:—May be you would like to hear from the land of Zion. We had a good time here last Christmas night; we had a Christmas ship in our church house, and it was well loaded with gifts, nearly all kinds. I wish all of the Hopes of Zion could have been there to see. Our ship had four sailor boys on it, and a captain; and the ship was well occupied by the Sunday School children in speaking, and singing beautiful songs. The

church was full of attentive listeners. Miss Addie Cox received the Sunday School prize for committing to memory one thousand and five verses in the Testament. We have a good Sabbath School, and I am well pleased to see the children so attentive, good and kind to one another.

Dear Hopes, if we can not all meet on the land of Zion to rejoice together, I hope we may live righteous and holy lives so that we can meet in the "Sweet by-and-by." I hope you all love to read *Zion's Hope* and go to Sabbath School. I love you all; Good-by.

ANDREW J. COX.

BARNARD, Missouri,
March 14th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I am eleven years old. I have been going to school this winter. My studies are reading, arithmetic, geography, writing and spelling. Our school will soon close. I was baptized last summer by Bro. E. M. Wildermuth. I like to read the *Hope* very much. I think Maplewood Manor is a nice story, I hope it will last all the year. I wish the *Hope* would become a weekly. No more this time.

My love to all the little Hopes,
CARRIE CHRISTENSON.

LINDLEY, Grundy Co., Missouri,
March 8th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I am fourteen years old. I was baptized on the 30th April, 1880. There are no meetings here, only about once every two weeks, by the Methodist or Baptists.

Your brother,
ELLSWORTH MOORMAN.

LINDLEY, Grundy Co., Missouri,

Dear Hopes:—I enjoy reading the various instructions contained in the *Hope*. I belong to the church, was baptized by Bro. R. Etzenhouser, about three years ago. We have no branch here. Bro. Bozarth has been here and preached several times, and I think he removed much prejudice. He preached on the first principles, and the laying on of hands, the priesthood and the three glories; and gave a history of the church and several other things. I think Bro. W. R's. piece in the *Hope* is splendid. We are not in very good circumstances just now, but I will try and do my part. I would like very much to have the *Hope* become a weekly. If there are any Elders coming down this way we would be glad if they would call on us, we will do the best we can for them. There is a large church here and it is open to all. My letter is long enough for this time. I would like to be with you all and ask an interest in your prayers that I may ever be faithful.

Your brother in the gospel,
JOHN MOORMAN.

GUILFORD, Nodaway Co., Missouri,
March 19th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure that I write to tell you that I have not forgotten you; I wish I could see you all. I love to read the *Hope*, especially the letters and wishes of the Hopes, who are engaged in the work. It is indeed a great work, and we should be very thankful to our Heavenly Father for permitting us to live and hear the gospel preached in its fulness. But we should be more thankful to have the privilege to enjoy the gifts and blessings, as in ancient times. If we do not enjoy them, it is our own fault, because we do not keep ourselves right with God.

I will try and answer Bro. Curtis' questions. "Let us go on to perfection;" was written by Paul, and is found in Hebrew 6th chapter, and 1st verse. "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life;" is found in John, the 5th chapter and 39th verse.

Dear Hopes. "Who were the first people that came to this continent that we have any record of? And when was it?" "How many hundred years after Christ left Jerusalem till Christ's coming? And who first foretold his coming?"

We have meetings every Sunday; we also have Sabbath School. Dear Hopes let us ever try to keep in the path that leads to eternal life, though trials and temptations meet us. God has said that his people should be a tried people. Pray for me that I may ever be found faithful.

I remain your brother in gospel bonds,
P. C. NELSON.

HALLECK, Cal., March 6th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I was eight years old last July. I went with my pa down to the Newport conference last week. I was baptized by Bro. Mills, along with seven others. They had a splendid Sunday School concert Monday night. I go to a Union Sunday School; Mr. Engle is our superintendent. I like to read our little paper. I wish it would come every week. Please excuse this poor letter, I will try to do better next time. Pray for me.

WILLIE PICKERING.

STOCKTON, Cal., March 18th, 1883.

Dear Hope:—I have not written to you since we moved to Stockton. It will be three years the seventeenth of next August, since we came here. We have a little church here of our own. There is a good many members in this county belonging to this branch; they are so scattered but very few of them assemble together. Mr. Nightengale presides over the branch. My mother, brother and sister belong to the church. I am seventeen years old; do not belong to the church, but hope to some time. We haven't any young Saints here, and it is very lonesome. I would like to correspond with some of the young Saints. Your friend,

ANNIE LIGHTOWLER.

PLANO, Ills., March 18th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—Some times I do many things I ought not to do, for which I am sorry; and I mean to do better in the future, for I know that God knows all that we do, and we will all be rewarded according to our works. I live with my grandpa and grandma, they belong to the church, and my two aunts and my uncle. My aunt Laura Etta is very sick, and I want you all to pray for her, that she may recover. Good-by.

Your sister in Christ,
EMMA JANE WILLIS.

SANDWICH, Ill., April 1st, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have ever written to the *Hope*. I read it every time it comes, and I like it very much. I will now try and answer the questions asked by Sister S. J. Buck. Where is the longest verse in the Bible: Esther, eighth chapter, ninth verse. Where does it say, children obey your parents: Colossians, third chapter, twentieth verse. Where does it say pray without ceasing: 1 Thessalonians fifth chapter, seventeenth verse. I am only twelve years old, and do not know very much about writing for papers yet; but hope you can read this. I have only one sister, ten years old, alive; but I have a little brother in heaven, and I hope to see him again some day. My sister and I were baptized one year ago last December, by Bro. F. G. Pitt. We have never been sorry. Father and mother both belong to the Church. Please tell me if my answers are correct.

Your sister in Christ,
KATIE WHITE.

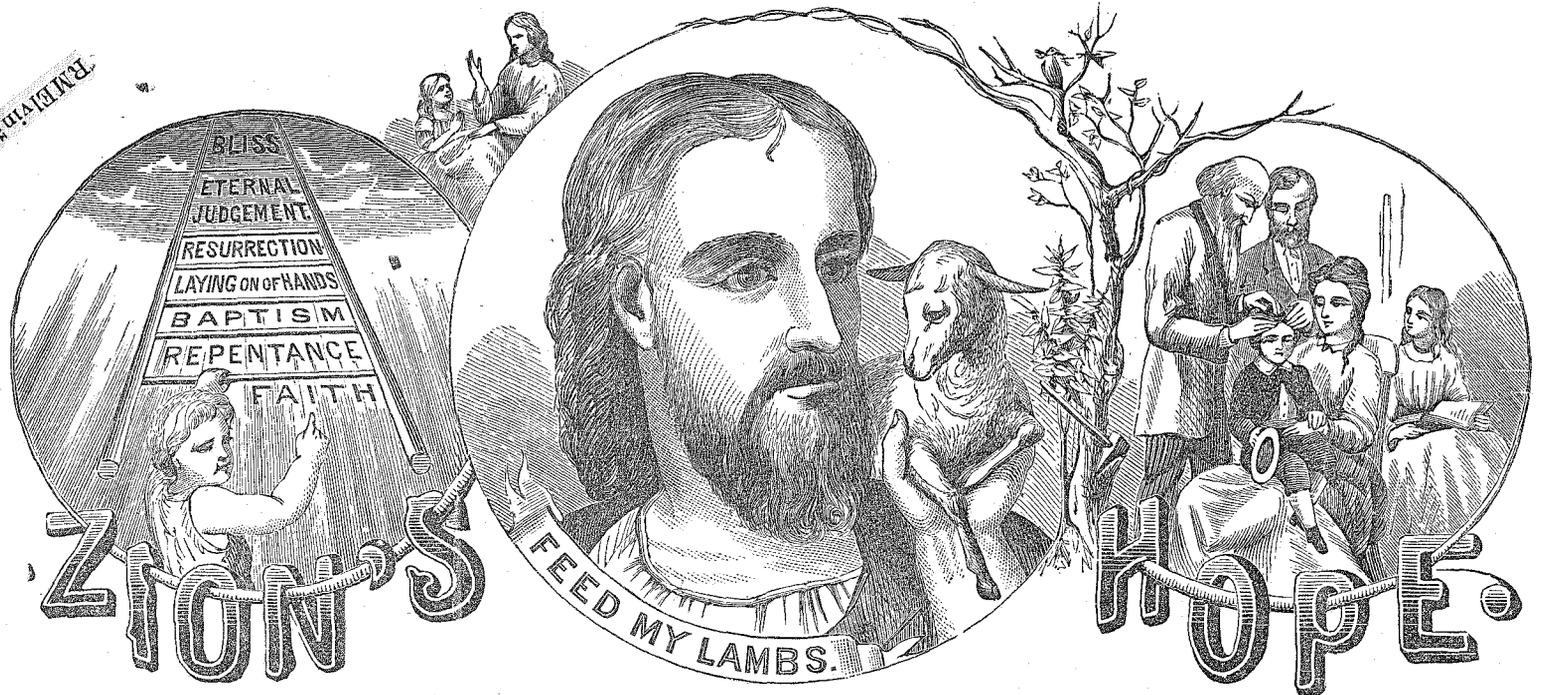
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"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Cheer up your hearts, ye drooping souls,
Think not that hope for you is gone;
Though hard your lot, though scorned and jeered,
Look unto Him who helps alone.

Your time is going, use it well,
Let not one precious moment fleet
Without a good result. You may
Be called to-day your God to meet.

Be ready, then, to stand before
That great and awful Judge,
Who sees your every deed in life,
And marks your every grudge.

Open your hearts to him in prayer,
Be sure he'll hear the repentant cry;
See, in his holy word he says,
The mourner's tears he'll dry.

Place all your trust and faith in him,
He'll never you forsake;
And when you've done your duty here,
His promise he will never shake.

Lift up your trembling spirits then,
And place yourself within his arm,
Death can but bring you your reward,
Shake not at its alarm.

ELIZABETH BURR.

ZONE, Ontario, March 17th, 1883.

A BOY'S BARGAIN.

"SHINE Shine 'em boss?"

"No!"

"First class shine for a nickel!"

"No. Shut the door!"

The cold damp air of a stormy November day blew in, chilling my office and wetting the floor with sleet; so I spoke rather sharply to the unwelcome intruder.

The door closed slowly, and I went on with my work, supposing the boy had gone out; but presently, to my surprise, on looking up for a moment, I found he was still standing by the radiator, warming his dirty, red hands.

"Boss," he said, "I'm cold. Can't I stay and get warm?"

I nodded assent, and was about to take up my pen once more; but some touch of pathos in the tone of the young voice caught my attention, and I turned to look at the speaker. He was only a child, but the life of the streets had already given a shrewd and anxious expression to his face.

His thin, poor clothes were outgrown and outworn, his bare ankles showing below his ragged trowsers, and his bare toes sticking out from his ragged shoes.

He was wet through, and looked as though he might be hungry as well as cold, and yet he had a cheery, self-reliant air, as if he knew how to bear hardship without whining about it.

"Young man," said I, "you ought not to be out in this weather. Your feet are soaked, and you'll be having sore throat first thing you know."

He turned a quick glance upon me, half inquiringly and half distrustful; and then finding I was really concerned about him, his face softened, and coming over to my desk, he held up the wreck of a shoe, from which the sole was half ripped off.

"Mister," he said, "I do want boots bad; that's a fact. I've got forty cents, and if I could get a dollar and ten cents more, I'd buy a good pair secondhanders."

"Forty cents isn't much toward a dollar and a half. How could you raise the rest of the money?"

"Well, if I could get two or three gentlemen to make a bargain with me, I might do it."

"A bargain! What sort of a bargain?"

"There used to be a gentleman in this here office as made bargains with me. Mr. Porter his name was, and he let me have a dollar, last Winter, to get these shoes I've got on now."

"Mr. Porter? Yes, there was a Mr. Porter in this office before I took it; but I've heard he died some time last Spring."

"Yes he's dead, and I went to the funeral; leastways, I stood outside on the walk. He was a friend to me, he was; took me in to his Sunday school class, and put a present for me onto the Christmas tree. It was a Santa Claus tree, but I know who the santa Claus was, well enough."

"I've understood that Mr. Porter was a very kind hearted man, given to good works."

"He was so, mister! He was the one as made bargains with me."

"You haven't told me what these bargains were like."

"Well, you see, he trusted me with a quarter, or sometimes as much as a dollar, and I worked it out—gave him a square shine every day for twenty cents a week. Wasn't that fair?"

"It was fair enough, if you kept your part of the bargain."

"Yes boss, I know where the hitch is. Nobody dont trust us little rats; 'fraid we'll go back on you; and right you are, mostly."

"Did you ever go back on Mr. Porter?"

"You bet I didn't! I ain't one of that kind, and besides, he taught me better. No, sir, we made fair bargains, and I stuck to 'em I did! That's business, ain't it?"

"Yes that's business. And now you want to make one of your bargains with me, for a dollar, do you?"

"There's a pair o' boots down in Carter's Alley as I can get for a dollar and a half, and I ain't got but forty cents. It is so rainy and drizzly this week

that I hain't made my hash for three days. Nobody dont want a shine such weather as this, so there ain't much chance of gettin' them boots unless I could make a bargain for a dollar and ten cents."

"If you should get the money and buy the boots, what would you do for 'hash' as you call it? Do you live at home?"

"Don't live nowhere. But that's nothin.' I'd go short of my feed to get the boots. Done it many a time, and can again."

"Suppose I make a bargain with you for part of the money, can you get any other gentleman to advance you the rest?"

"Mister, I ain't askin' folks to trust me any more. It ain't any use, and the'd only think I was a fraud. I told you about it, along o' thinking o' him; he used to set just wher you're settin' now."

"Well, my boy, you haven't asked me to trust you; but your old friend had faith in you, it seems, and so will I. Here is half a dollar, which you can work out by the week, and here is a dime, free gift, toward the boots. Now for the rest. Take my card in to Mr. Newell, next door, and he and his partner will also make a bargain with you, at my request."

"Mister, I thought, somehow, you'd help me, 'cause he used to. I remember once his sayin' to me, 'A good deed never dies.' I didn't know what he meant, at the time, but I do now. I'll come in every day, and give you a parlor shine, see if I don't."

Mr. Newell and I usually took lunch together, and when I met him, the following day, he was inclined to rally me about my bargain.

"Your boy hasn't turned up to-day," he said. "You don't fancy you'll ever see him again do you?"

"Certainly!" I replied. "I believe he's an honest little chap, and will keep his word."

I spoke confidently, but it was in spite of some fear of my own that my experiment would turn out a failure.

About four o'clock, however, the boy came in much to my satisfaction. He had his new boots on, and seemed quite proud of them, but was very quiet, and not at all talkative. I thought he was not looking well, but he did not complain, and I neglected to question him.

The next day was Sunday, and on Monday I was out of town. Tuesday, at lunch time, Mr. Newell mentioned that my boy had not been in, smiling, as if to say, "I told you so."

I looked for the little fellow that afternoon with a good deal of interest, and when obliged to close my office without seeing him, was much disappoint-

ed. On Wednesday I watched and waited again, but again he failed to appear. My neighbor next door, made some jesting remarks at my expence, but on the whole, was very patient, considering the circumstances. Toward the close of the week, I mentioned the matter to him myself, and said that I was afraid the boy might be sick.

"Yes," said Mr. Newell, "sick of his bargain. We've seen the last of him. Pity, too! Bright boy! But what can you expect? They are all alike."

I was obliged to acknowledge that my friend was probably right, and very sorry I was to come to that conclusion. It was not the loss of the dollar that troubled me, though no one likes to be defrauded out of even a trifle; but I had taken a fancy to the child, felt an interest in him, believed in him, and wanted to serve him. I liked his looks, thought he had a good honest face and true eyes, and to be forced to admit that I had been deceived, that my protegee was a common little cheat, was really quite a severe trial.

A busy man, however, has little time for regret in this world, and after a few days my boy and his bargain began to fade from my mind. At the end of about a week, as nearly as I can remember, coming down town late one morning I found a lady waiting for me. I had never seen her before, and she had evidently never seen me, for, after looking at me closely a moment, she said,

"I think you must be the gentleman I am seeking."

I replied that I hoped so, if I could serve her in any way.

"It is not for myself," she answered; "but I am one of the visitors at the Children's Hospital, and there is a patient in my ward very anxious to see a gentleman whose name he doesn't know, but who has an office here, as nearly as I can follow the direction."

"A boy of nine or ten years, with a pleasant smile and bright blue eyes?"

"He is too sick to smile, but he's about that age, and certainly has blue eyes. He has been in a high fever and delirium for ten days, and now that his mind is clear again he is sorely troubled about some bargain he has made which he can not keep."

"That's my little friend. His bargain is with me, and I'm very grateful to you for coming to me. I will go to him at once, and shall be only too glad to do anything I can for him."

Excusing myself a moment, I ran and opened Mr. Newell's door, calling out,

"I've found my boy. He's sick in the Children's Hospital."

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Delighted to hear it! That is, of course I'm sorry he's sick, but glad you've heard from him. Fact is, I couldn't bear to think that little fellow could be a fraud, Here's five dollars to help take care of him."

I said the hospital would take care of him, and I would see that he did not want for anything, but he insisted I should take the money, and give it to the hospital, if the child did not need it.

On the way up town, I asked the lady visitor if her patient was in a dangerous state, and she replied that the doctor considered the case a critical one. The child had suffered from exposure and hardship, until his constitution had been undermined, and the fever had left him so low it was questionable whether he had vital force enough to get up again.

On arriving at the hospital, I was shown into a plainly furnished but pleasant reception room, while my guide went to prepare her charge to see me. She presently returned and conducted me to a large, well lighted cheerful room, with a row of five white little beds on each side. I looked along from one to another, but did not recognize my boy.

Some of the patients were propped up, looking at picture books, or trying to read, and others were lying pale and still, seemingly asleep; but there was no one among them that I knew.

When the lady stopped beside one of the beds, and lifting up a thin, wasted hand from the counter-

pane, said, "The gentleman is here, my child," I felt sure that some mistake had been made, and that the sick boy was not my little debtor, after all. His hollow cheek was as colorless as the snowy pillow against which it rested, and there was an innocent, childlike expression upon his features, so utterly different from sharp, wary shrewdness, that I could not believe him to be my little street Arab.

His eyes were closed, and he lay so quiet that he hardly seemed to breathe; but when I took his hand, he looked up in my face, and a wan smile hovered around his pallid lips. Then I knew him, and I'm not ashamed to confess that for a moment my eyes dimmed and I could not trust myself to speak.

As I bent toward him, he whispered so faintly that I could hardly catch the words,

"I felt sure you'd come, mister, 'cause you was kind to me."

"Of course I'd come, and I've been anything but kind to neglect you so long."

"It's all right. I've been taken care of the best kind, but I wanted to tell you that I didn't mean to go back on my bargain."

"My dear boy, don't be troubled about that or anything else. I know you're honest and true, and I'm very, very glad to know it, too; but you mustn't think about business now. You have made friends all around you, and we all want you to get well very soon; so you must help us by trying to rest contented and free from care."

"Yes, everybody is good to me, and now that you know I've been sick, I'll be satisfied."

I sat with him a few minutes, and then the watchful nurse, seeing a flush coming to his cheek, warned me that it was time to depart.

But I returned the next morning and visited him every day thereafter. He lingered between life and death for two weeks, and then I had the grateful satisfaction of telling him he was fairly out of danger.

As soon as he could be moved, we found a home for him in a quiet Friend's household, where he now is, and where the family care for him as they would for a son and brother.

He gains but slowly, and has been shut up in the house all Winter; but very soon, now, he is going out to a Chester County farm to spend the Summer, and we hope he will then grow strong and be as well as ever.

He is already able to study a little, and takes an easy lesson or two every day. When we ask him what he is going to do in this world, he says:

"I'm going to work hard and make some money to help the poor little chaps that live in the streets. A good deed never dies!"—*Golden Days*.

SHE THREW IT AWAY.

A QUAKER lady was given to much smoking. She had smoked so long, that it seemed she could not give it up. She not only smoked all day long, but sometimes set up at night and pulled away at her pipe.

After taking one of these nightly smokes, she fell asleep and dreamed that she died and went toward heaven. She met an angel and asked if her name was written in the Book of Life.

The angel went to see, and when he returned, told her he could not find it.

"Oh!" said she, "do look again; it must be there!"

He went and looked again, and came and told her that it was not there.

"Oh!" said she, in great agony, "it must be there! I have the assurance it is there! Do, please, look again."

The angel was moved by her entreaties, and went a third time to look for her name.

After some time he came back, his face lit up with joy, and said he had found it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke, that it could hardly be seen.

When the Quaker lady awoke, she resolved nevermore to smoke; so threw away her pipe and tobacco.

We wish to impress upon the minds of all children, that they will get no credit in heaven for smoking tobacco. If the Lord desired to reward any one for smoking, he would have given commandment to smoke.

Let the children remember that it is far better never to touch the weed.—*Selected*.

GOOD WORK OR NONE.

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do work discreditable to himself. Judge M—— a well known jurist, living near Cincinnati, loved to tell this anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job, even when directed to. He once had occasion to send to the village, after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The Judge then went to dinner, and coming out found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned the boards were all planed and numbered, ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished there was no part of the fence as thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the Judge.

A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The Judge stated, "Why do you spend all that labor on the job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll only take a dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the Judge had the contract to give for the building of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master builders, but the face of one caught his eye. "It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

It is a pity that boys were not taught in their earliest years that the highest success belongs only to the man, be he a carpenter, farmer, author or artist, whose work is most sincerely and thoroughly done.—*Selected by W. N. Dawson*.

PERFECT FAITH.

ON a beautiful level grass plat, near the edge of a wood of small trees and shrubs, stood a circle of children, some fifteen or twenty in number, ranging from the ages of five to eight years; while between them and the woods stood a number of women, evidently the mothers of the children; and a little to the left of them stood a group of Elders, foremost of whom was Elder C. Scott; while still further to the left, was a procession of horsemen facing west, armed and equipped as if ready for war. The noble steeds chewed their bits, and stamped the ground restlessly, as if anxious to be off. While their riders, who were Elders of the Church, sat with solemn, expectant faces, turned toward the circle of little ones. And they looked toward the group of Elders as if waiting a signal from them to kneel and pray for the Soldiers of the Cross, (for such I thought they were), who awaited the simple earnest prayers uttered by guileless lips and in perfect faith.

This is but a dream; but to me it is a beautiful picture; and it teaches me that I must not try to

accomplish anything in my own strength, but that I must go to my Heavenly Father in humble prayer, exercising simple childlike faith; and if I do this He will in no wise turn me away. It is about four years since I had this dream, but it was so impressed upon my mind, that it is as plain to me now as it was the day after I dreamed it, and there is scarcely a day that I do not see, in my mind's eye, those innocents praying for the success of the gospel. I have often felt a desire to write it for our paper; but feared it might take up space that might be filled with something more worthy. But if I can encourage one soul to exercise more perfect faith, my effort will not be in vain.

And now before closing, I would request the prayers of the Saints in behalf of Elder William H. Chappelow, for he is sorely afflicted with an affliction that I do not believe any human power can heal. But I do believe that he who caused the lame man to walk and leap at the gate Beautiful, can and will heal all our ills, if we strive to live as he would have us live, and go to him in the humility and meekness and faith of a little child. O, then, Saints, let us make this a special subject of prayer, and let us remember the importunate widow, and follow her example, and continue to ask, that perhaps God in his infinite mercy and goodness may, when he sees that we faint not, grant unto us the blessing. Brother William has proved by his walk through life, that he is in every way worthy of our solicitude in his behalf. God, the searcher of all hearts, knows what is best for us, and in his wisdom will do what he knows to be for our good. So let us be submissive to his holy will in all things; for let us remember that

The Saints have a hope; O glorious thought,
In the plan of salvation our Savior has wrought;
Then let us be faithful and endure to the end,
Doing all that is pleasing to Jesus our friend.

MARY E. CHAPPELOW.

NEW TRENTON, Ind., April 1st, 1883.

A REMINISCENCE OF WASHINGTON.

DEAR HOPES:—As I have a little leisure now I will try and write a few lines for our dear little paper, the *Hope*; also, give some good rules originated by the "Father of our Country," "George Washington;" found in Vol. 1 of *Life and Times of Washington*, by John Frederick Schroeder, D. D. Perhaps many of you have read them, but it would not be amiss to read, and profit by them again, if no more than by way of remembrance. He was one of the Gentiles, of whom it is written in the Book of Mormon, page 24, vol. 38: "And it came to pass that I Nephi, beheld that the Gentiles who had gone forth out of captivity, did humble themselves before the Lord; and the power of the Lord was with them, and I beheld that their mother Gentiles were gathered together upon the waters, and upon the land also, to battle against them; and I beheld that the power of God was with them; and also that the wrath of God was upon all those that were gathered together against them to battle. And I, Nephi, beheld that the Gentiles that had gone out of captivity, were delivered by the power of God, out of the hands of all other nations."

Yes, he was the great leader of the armies of the Gentiles who had gone out of captivity. And he has set an example worthy of imitation. Below are the rules:

1. "Read no letters, books or papers, in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books, or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked. Also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

2. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

3. When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door, or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

4. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

5. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree, and the custom of the place.

6. Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precept.

7. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

8. In your apparel, be modest; and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration.

9. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

10. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

11. Whisper not in the company of others.

12. Be not apt to relate news, if you know not the truth thereof.

13. Be not curious to know the affairs of others; neither approach to those that speak in private.

14. Undertake not what you can not perform; but be careful to keep your promise.

15. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

16. Be not angry at table, whatever happens; and if you have reason to be so, show it not. Put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers; for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

17. When you speak of God, or his attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence.

18. Honor and obey natural parents, though they be poor.

19. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

20. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called Conscience."

Dear Hopes, nearly all of us like to speak of the good qualities of this great man; but how many of us speak by our actions that we are trying to honor the rules by which he was governed. Let us try to live in accordance with all that is just and true. Certainly God will not reward us evil for doing good.

Will the Hopes write descriptive letters of the countries in which they live. Tell of the climate; soil, trees, fruit, water, and many others things; it would be nice.

THEO. GERBER.

A SCRIPTURE ENIGMA IN VERSE.

Where did our Savior give his life,

Our lives from death to save?

Where did the Ark in safety rest,

Upborne by mighty wave?

Where did impatient Israel chide,

By thirst and drought assailed!

Where did the Lord command the faith

Which o'er earth's love prevailed?

Where were the curses of the law

In Israel's ear's proclaimed?

Where grew the spreading cedars

That in the Temple structure framed?

Now write the initials of the above enigma,

And tell the mountain's name,

Where prophets have sung its praises,

And a king declared its fame.

Often named in Scripture's story,

Near to the tideless sea;

Where God displayed his glory,

To shame idolatry.

A king had there his vengeance,

Two prophets there abode;

And at its base a river,

An ancient river flowed.

A handsome, useful book to the best and earliest answer. Give the scriptural references, &c.

WM. STREET.

CHESTER, Pa., Box 387.

A man may be great by chance, but never wise nor good without taking pains for it.

Letters from the Hopes.

HIGH VALLEY, California,

February 28th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure I write to you. It is the first time I ever wrote to you, but I hope it will not be the last. I am fourteen the eighteenth of September. I take the *Hope*, and I like to read the continued pieces, and also the letters. We do not have meetings here, but I hope we will before long. My grandpa and grandma Cobb both belong to the church, but I do not.

I remain as ever your friend,

F. H. HINTON.

IONIA, Warren Co., Illinois.

April 1st, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with the greatest of pleasure that I seat myself to write you a few lines, this being the first time that I ever wrote to you. I hardly know what to write. We are not having any meetings here now, but wish that we were, for I love to go to meeting so well. I wish that an Elder would come here and hold a series of meetings. I will now endeavor to ask a few questions; they are not very hard ones, for I do not attend Sunday School. The first is: Who tempted Eve to sin? How was the world destroyed? What promise did God make to Noah? How was it fulfilled? Who will please give me the answers to these, and tell me where they are to be found. Dear Hopes, I must bring my letter to a close for this time, for I think I am taking up too much space from the others. I ask an interest in your prayers, that I may ever be found faithful.

From your sister in the bonds of Christ,

ROSETTIA WATSON.

NORTH HENDERSON, Mercer Co., Ills.,

March 28th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with much pleasure that I write my first letter. I have been going to school this winter, but it is out now. I am eleven years old. I read in the fifth reader, study geography, spelling, arithmetic and writing. We don't have preaching here of our faith very often. I became a member of the Church last fall. I went to Peoria with my mother last fall. I was baptized by Bro. John A. Robinson, and was also administered to for a severe hoarseness, which had been coming on me for two winters. The morning I started there it was with difficulty that I could speak above a whisper; I am thankful to say that I was restored to natural speech immediately; three or four years ago when he was on his way home from Millersburg he stopped over night with us; he then administered to me for neuralgia of the stomach, from which I had suffered all my life before, and I thank my Heavenly Father that I am free from those dreadful diseases.

I like the *Hope* very much, and wish it would become a weekly, instead of twice a month; I like to read the letters, and I like Maplewood Manor very much.

I wish all the Hopes would try and live right, so when they are sick they could receive God's blessing. I now close with good wishes to all.

ROY T. GLASS.

SHELBY, Iowa, March 30th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would try and write a letter to you this time, being somewhat discouraged by writing to the *Herald*, for instead of it being published, it found its resting place in waste-basket, on the plea of the columns being crowded; but it seems strange to me that the columns are never crowded when some people write. There are those in the church, no matter how often they may write, there is always room for their writing, if it takes a page or more for its publication.

I was somewhat surprised this morning, by reading in the *Hope* a letter from one of our sisters, stating her dislike to the pieces titled *Sensible Girl*,

and Maplewood Manor, for I think they are very nice pieces, and I take delight in reading them. If it is Scripture that some of our brothers and sisters want, let them read the Bible and other Church books. I heartily approve of Uncle Frank's address to the Hopes, and I hope that Perla Wild will not be discouraged by the fault finding of some of our readers, but will continue to write such pieces when these are ended. I am glad that our little Hopes take such a lively interest in this, the true and ever lasting gospel; and let us ever so live that we may be prepared to leave this world of sorrow, at any time when the Lord sees fit.

I remain your sister in love,
CARRIE NUTT.

MOORHEAD, Iowa, March 28th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have ever written to the *Hope*. I like to read the letters from the little Hopes, and would like to know you all. I will be twelve years old next April. I go to school and read in the fifth reader. We do not have Sunday School, but we have meeting every Sunday. I am not baptized yet, but I wish to be soon.

Good bye,
KATHLEENE OUTHOUSE.

ZONE, Ont., March 20th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I have not written to you for a long time, so I thought I would write now. We have no Sunday School here, but we have meeting every Sunday; we used to have prayer meeting here every Wednesday night, but we have none now. I wish we had, I like to go to meeting. I like to read the *Hopes*. I am eleven years old now.

MARY MARGARET BURR.

GLEN EASTON, Marshall Co., W. Va.,
March 30th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have attempted to write to the *Hope*, although I have been a reader of it for nearly six years. I have two sisters and one brother, neither of them has been baptized yet. My father and mother and myself belong to the Church; I was baptized the eighteenth of this month by Bro. Robinson. He has done a good work in this place. We have prayer and testimony meetings Sunday at two o'clock, and on Wednesday night. We intend to organize a Sunday School here next Sunday. I feel to rejoice that I ever had the heart given me to obey this glorious gospel. I shall endeavor to stand faithful to the end; although we have many trials and temptations, we should never give up. Always try to press onward and upward, for there is a grand promise to God's people if they only live faithful to the end. Pray for me that I may hold out faithful to the end.

Your unworthy sister in Christ,
AMANDA J. WATT.

MAPLE VALLEY, Mich., April 1st, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first letter I have written to the Hopes. I shall be thirteen next May, and am the oldest of five children. My pa and ma belong to the Church; I do not, but hope to soon. We have meetings here every Sunday, and on Wednesday nights. Our school starts one week from tomorrow, and I intend to go. Pray for me dear Hopes.

From your friend,
ADA MAY BAILEY.

NEBRASKA CITY, Nebraska,
March 26th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This morning I felt like sending a few words to you. Yesterday was Easter Sunday, and the Saints of Nebraska City commemorated the day by partaking of the emblems of Christ. Then we enjoyed the presence of the Holy Spirit, which caused joy and peace. Many lifted up their voices in singing, and bearing testimony of God's goodness and love, and we felt happy together. In the evening we assembled to hear Elder R. M. Elvin, as he expounded the true way to God. He was blessed

with the Spirit in his efforts. If we will worship God in the same manner as the ancients did, having full faith and confidence, he will hear our prayers, when offered up in righteousness by us. Thus ended a joyful Easter Sabbath. We have a good Sunday School; the scholars who come are there punctually, and it is pleasant to hear their young voices join in the singing, as with one voice praising the Lord. May God bless every effort put forth to establish his righteousness; and that many may be brought into the true fold of Christ, that they may have Jesus for their shepherd and guide through life, is my desire.

Yours in Christ,
ANNA NIELSEN.

LAWRENCE, Mich., April 8th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with a degree of pleasure that I, for the first time, endeavor to write to you. Have often thought of writing some few words of encouragement to the little Hopes, but have as often failed to do so. It rejoices my heart to read the desires, requests, and determinations of the little band. I love to read the *Hope*, and think there are many good, instructive articles contained therein, and would request through its columns, to be permitted to ask our brother, William Street, one favor. We tried to solve his Biblical Enigma, contained in the *Hope* of January 1st, but failed in part, and which part we are unable to say, and would therefore kindly request him to have the solution of that enigma published in the *Hope*, that we may be profited thereby. I am sure I feel interested to know wherein I failed, and presume it would be some gratification to others to know the same. Feel grateful to him for the prize awarded me. Think Donnie's dream so nice in the last *Hope*; truly desire we may gain instruction by it, and so live that we all may be found in that "narrow way."

We have no Sabbath School here, and sometimes almost envy the privileges some have of attending meetings and Sunday School. Hope those that are enjoying these blessings and privileges may improve them, lest the time may come when circumstances will not permit them to. I feel thankful that I am in this work, and feel to do all that I can for its progress. Hope you will pray for me, and that God will bless you all in your endeavors to do right, is ever the prayer of your sister,

FLORA L. SCOTT.

SANTA ROSA, Cal., March 6th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—With pleasure I write a few lines to you. I like the *Hope* very much, and would be very glad if it could be weekly. We have no preaching here, as the members are very scattered. I was thirteen years last November; was baptized a year ago, by Bro. Ferris, of Oakland. Pray for me, dear Hopes, that I may be counted as one of God's lambs.

I remain your sister,
MELLIE CAHOON.

MARSHALLTOWN, Iowa,
March 5th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I am only eight years old, and this is the first letter I ever wrote; but I am going to try to answer some of the questions in the *Hope* by J. S. Buck. Where is the longest verse in the Bible? It is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. Children obey your parents? 20th verse of 3d chapter of Colossians. Pray without ceasing? 17th verse of 5th chapter of first Thessalonians. Mamma belongs to the Church, but I do not yet.

Yours respectfully,
ARTHUR L. MURPHY.

NEBRASKA CITY, Nebraska,
March 12th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure that I write these few lines. I take the *Hope*, and I like to read the letters in it. I like "Maplewood Manor" very much. I am nine years old. Love to all.

ANNA HEDLUND.

SHELBY, Iowa, March 25th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—To-day is the Holy Sabbath, and I am going to write a short letter to you. I am sorry, there are some who disapprove of the story feature. I think the stories which are found in our little paper are very good, very interesting, and also contain good advice. Those who do not favor the stories are certainly "grown folks." If so, they ought to consider that our paper is for little folks, principally, and if it was full of advice and teachings, very little interest would be taken in it by children. My opinion of the *Hope* is, that it is just simply *splendid*.

"Let us go on unto perfection," is found in the sixth chapter of Hebrews, the first verse, I like "Maplewood Manor" very well, and think Perla Wild a very good author.

Dear Hopes, let us all make an appeal to Bro. Joseph, to make our little paper a weekly. Let us all write to the *Hope*, and then—he will have to make it a weekly, or enlarge it, for I do not think he would throw the Hopes' letters in the waste-basket. The cost would be but a trifle more, and I am sure that you, and I, and all would endeavor to get subscribers, and also help to fill the paper by writing letters.

Who was it came to Jesus under cover of darkness, and said: "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles which thou doest, except God be with him."

I am as ever, your sister in the one faith,
LILLIE FLORENCE CHATBURN.

UNION, Nebraska, April 3d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have written to the *Hope*, and am sixteen years old; I have two sisters and three brothers. I like to read the *Hope*, and think that "Maplewood Manor" is a good story I go to church every Sabbath; was baptized one year ago last July. Pray for me, that I may continue faithful to the end.

I remain as ever, your sister,
RUTH A. TROOK.

ELKHORN CITY, April 1st, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I am eight years old, Sunday, and go to Church; I am not baptized yet, but hope to be some day. I like to read the *Hope*, and I like the stories. I have a nice Bible; it was given to me by my pa. I read in it. It is very lonesome without Sunday School. The weather is so cold, and the Saints are so scattered in this part of the Lord's vineyard, that we can not have church as often as we would like. Pray for me that I may be a good girl, and that I may be saved with Christ,

OLIVE CURTIS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of the Latter Day Saints' Sabbath School, at Magnolia, Iowa, for three months ending February 25th, 1883. Total attendance of scholars 345, average attendance 26; total attendance of teachers and officers 67, average 5; total attendance of school 412, average of whole school 31. Amount of collections \$2.91.

P. Cadwell, superintendent; E. F. Shupe, secretary.

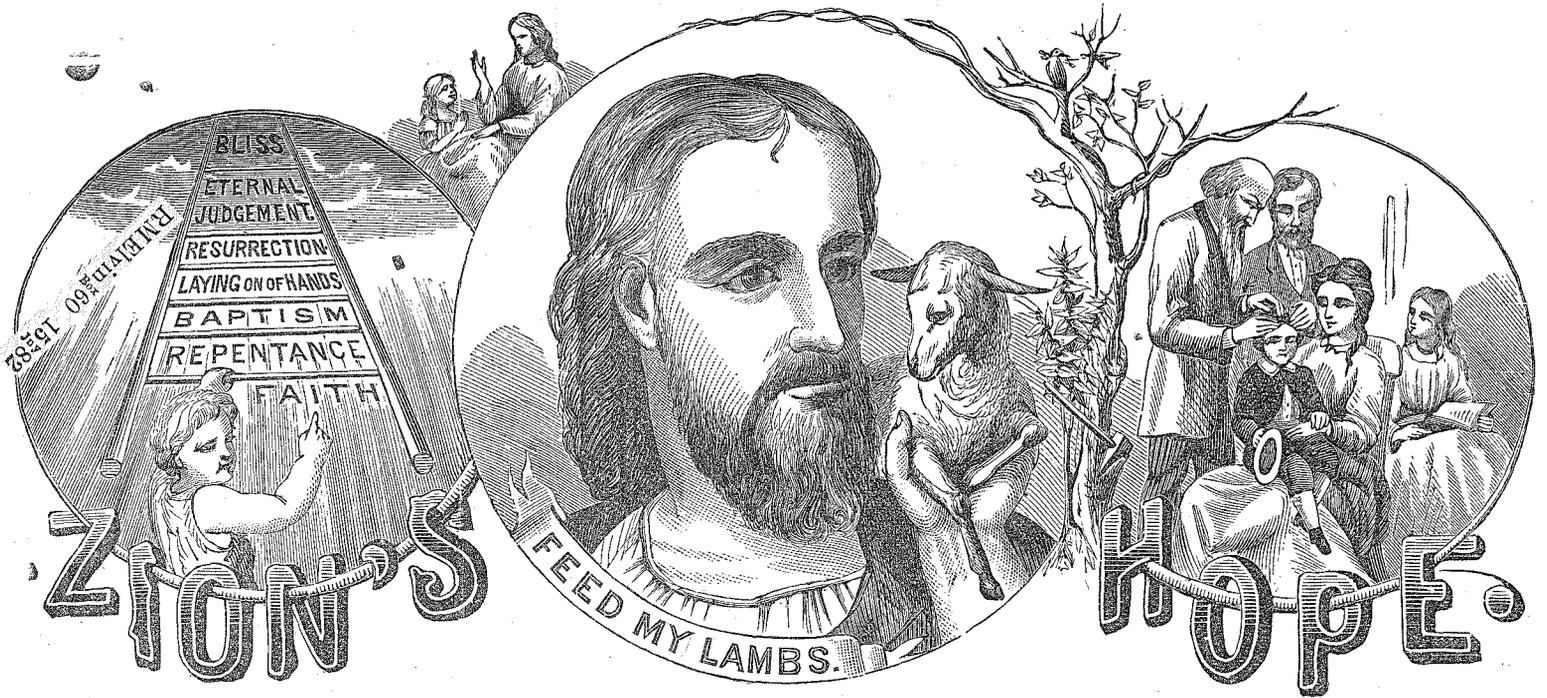
No service in itself is small,
None great, though earth it fill;
But that is small that seeks its own,
And great, that seeks God's will.

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

Published every Saturday, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ; Price \$2.50 per year. Joseph Smith, Editor.

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

VOL. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, MAY 15, 1883.

No. 22.

SOW THAT YE ALSO MAY REAP.

O, do not withhold life's precious seed,
That unto thee is given;
The beautiful seed, the golden seed,
The precious truths of heaven.
Heed not thou the dark temptation,
Saying to thee, Do not go,
Heed it not, for 'tis of Satan,
He that reaps must surely sow.

Then with a firm and willing heart,
In the name of Christ the Lord,
To man the bread of life impart,
And obey God's holy word.
Trusting in his promise sure,
Christ will every promise keep,
He has said and we believe,
"If thou sow, so shalt thou reap."

Then let us gird our armor on,
With faithfulness and care;
And garner in the golden sheaves,
As much as in our power.
And when our Savior comes to reign,
If in faithfulness we've sowed,
We'll reap our harvest with God,
In that heavenly abode.

RIDGEWAY, MO.

DAVID WIGHT.

"HEIRS WANTED."

"THE heirs of the Most Reverend Father in God, C. Lord Archbishop of C—, deceased, are notified that his immense estate is waiting in chancery, to be divided among them, according to his last will."

Frequently notices like the above are seen in English papers. Poor starving men and women are scattered through the United States, heirs to such estates, but ignorant of it. A wash-woman and a feeble serving girl, each recently received an independent fortune, which had long been waiting for their discovery; yet many go down in wretchedness and poverty to the grave, without ever coming to the knowledge of their heirship.

This is pitiful, but how much more to see those, who are by bequest heirs of glory, live and die unconscious of their inheritance. The New Testament is the last will of our Lord Jesus Christ. He has died to make it valid, so that it is now in force; and he is now fulfilling its bequests. Let us look into the will of Jesus, and see what are the legacies, and who the legatees.

I will that all the debts of those who trust in me be transferred to my account. Even though they are over ten thousand talents, they shall be freely discharged on my account. For present support, I give to all the weary and heavy-laden rest. To the thirsty I give the water of life; and the water that I shall give shall be in them a well of water, and he that drinketh it shall never thirst. To those who have left houses, or lands, or kindred, for my sake,

I give in this life an hundred-fold and in the world to come life everlasting.

For final inheritance, I will that all who have been given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory. I go to prepare a place for them. To my sheep, that hear my voice and follow me, I give eternal life; and no man shall pluck them out of my hand.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, to sit with me on my throne, even as I overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne. He shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life.

To him that is faithful unto death I give a crown of life. To them that endure with me my temptations I appoint a kingdom; and they shall be kings and priests unto God.

Now, my dear reader, are you remembered in this will? Have you laid your sins on Jesus as your Mediator? Do you trust him, follow him, wear his yoke, overcome, bear reproach for him? If so, then shall these blessed legacies be yours.

THE BABY-CAGE.

Did you ever hear of a baby-cage? Minnie had never seen one, and she thought of it "all by herself," as she said.

Minnie's mamma was not strong, and they went to spend the summer in the mountains of North Carolina. They stayed at a large boarding-house. There were many farm-houses on the place. The barn stood a great way from the house where Minnie boarded. John, the hostler, was fond of Minnie. She often rode with him from the house to the barn when the ladies came home from their afternoon drives. Minnie used to walk back to the house. One day as she was passing the door of a log house, between the barn and the great house, she heard some babies crying. She stopped and went into the house. A colored woman was ironing at a table. Two poor little black babies lay crying on a floor. Minnie went near them and spoke to them. The flies were very plenty, and were crawling over the poor babies' faces.

Minnie wondered why the flies did not go down the babies' throats, for their mouths were wide open when they were crying. She brushed them away and tried to quiet the little ones. The woman told her that the babies' mothers were up at the large house at work. Minnie felt very sorry for the poor little things. She knew the flies would trouble them as soon as she left them. Minnie thought about it a great deal that evening. At last she said: "I know what I can do. We can build a baby-cage!" She then asked John to make a large

cage, in the shape of a box, to go over the babies. Minnie and her mamma covered the frame with pretty pink mosquito netting.

John carried the baby-cage to the little log house. Minnie went with him, taking some of her playthings. Minnie gave the toys to the babies, and set the cage over them. She first scared away all the flies. All the company at the large house wished to see "Minnie's invention," as they called it. Each one paid a "nickel" to Minnie for looking at the baby-cage. She gave the money to the babies' mothers, to buy some clothing for them.

A TEMPERANCE SKETCH.

I saw it hanging up in the kitchen of a thrifty, healthy, sturdy farmer in Oxford county, Maine—a bottomless jug! The host saw that the curious thing had caught my eye, and he smiled.

"You are wondering what that jug is hanging up there for, with its bottom knocked out?" he said, "My wife, perhaps, could tell you the story better than I can; but she is bashful and I ain't, so I'll tell it.

"My father, as you are probably aware, owned this farm before me. He lived to a good old age, worked hard all his life, never squandered money, was a shrewd, careful trader, and a good calculator; and as men were accounted in his day and generation, he was a temperate man. I was the youngest boy; and when the old man was ready to go—and he knew it—the other boys agreed that, since I had stayed at home and taken care of the old folks, the farm should be mine. And to me it was willed. I had been married then three years.

"Well, father died—mother had gone three years before—and left the farm to me, with a mortgage on it of \$2,000! I'd never thought so much of it before; but I thought of it now. I said to Molly—my wife—'Molly,' says I, 'look here! Here's father had this farm in its first strength of soil, with its magnificent timber; and his six boys, as they grew up, equal to so many men, to help him; and he has worked hard—worked early and late—and yet look at it! A mortgage of \$2,000! What can I do?' And I went to that old jug—it had its bottom in them—and took a good stiff drink of old Medford rum from it.

"I noticed a curious look on the face of my wife just then, and I asked her what she thought of it; for I supposed, of course, she was thinking of what I'd been talking about. And so she was. Says she:

"Charles, I've thought of this a good deal; and I have thought of a way in which I believe we can clear that mortgage off before five more years are ended."

"Says I: 'Molly, tell me how you'll do it.

"She thought for a little while, and then she said, with a funny twinkling in her blue eyes—says she: 'Charles, you must promise me this, and promise me solemnly, and sacredly. Promise me that you will never again bring home for the purpose of drinking for a beverage, at any one time, more spirit of any kind than you can bring in that old jug—the jug that your father has used ever since I knew him, and which you have used since he was done with it.'

"Well, I knew that father used once in a while, especially in haying time, and in the winter when we were at work in the woods, to get a gallon jug filled, so I thought she meant that I should never buy more than two quarts at a time, I thought it over, and after a little while told her I would agree to it. 'Now mind,' said she; 'you are never—never—to bring home for a common beverage more spirit than you can bring in that identical jug.' And I gave her the promise.

"And before I went to bed that night I took the last pull at that jug. As I was turning it out for a sort of a nightcap Molly looked up, and says she: 'Charley, have you got a drop left?' I told her there was just about a drop. We'd have to get it filled on the morrow. And then she said, if I had no objection, she would drink that *last drop* with me. I never shall forget how she brought it out—*That LAST DROP!*" However, I tipped the old jug bottom up, and got about a great spoonful, and Molly said that was enough. She took the tumbler and poured a few drops of hot water into it, and a bit of sugar, and then she tinkled her glass against mine, just as she'd seen us boys do when we'd been drinking good luck, and says she: 'Here's to the old brown jug!'

"Sakes alive! I thought to myself that poor Molly had been drinking more of the rum than was good for her; and I tell you, it kind o' cut me to the heart. I forgot all about how many times she'd seen me when my tongue was thicker than it ought to be, and my legs not quite so steady as good legs should be; but I said nothing. I drank the sentiment—'To the old brown jug!'—and let it go.

"Well, I went out after that and did my chores, and then went to bed; and the last thing I said before leaving the kitchen—this very room where we now sit in—'We'll have the old brown jug filled tomorrow.' And then I went off to bed. And I have remembered ever since that I went to bed that night, as I had done hundreds of time before, with a buzzing in my head that a healthy man ought not to have. I didn't think of it then, nor had I ever thought of it before; but I've thought of it a good many times since, and have thought of it with wonder and with awe.

"Well, I got up the next morning and did up my work at the barn, then came in and ate breakfast, but not with such an appetite as a farmer ought to have, and I could think even then that my appetite had begun to fail me. However, I ate breakfast, and then went out and hitched up the old mare; for, to tell the plain truth, I was feeling the need of a glass of spirits, and I hadn't a drop in the house. I was in a hurry to get to the village. I got hitched up, and then came in for the jug. I went for it in the old cupboard, and took it out, and—

"Did you ever break through the thin ice, on a nipping cold day, and find yourself, in an instant, over your head in the freezing water? The *jug* was there, but the bottom was gone! Molly had been and taken a sharp chisel and a hammer, and with a skill that might have done credit to a master-workman, she had chipped the bottom clean out of the jug, without even breaking the edges or the side! I looked at the jug, and then I looked at Molly. And then she burst out. She spoke—Oh! I had never heard anything like it. No, sir, nor have I ever heard anything like it since. Said she:

"Charles! There's where the mortgage on this farm came from! It was brought home in that jug—two quarts at a time! And there's where all

the debt has been! And there's where your white, clear skin, and your clear, pretty eyes are going! And in that jug, my husband, your appetite is going, also! O! let the bottom stay out forever! Let it be as it is, dear heart! and remember your promise to me!

"And then she threw her arms around my neck, and burst into tears. She couldn't speak more.

"And there was no need. My eyes were opened, as though by magic. In a single minute the whole scene passed before me. I saw all the mortgages, on all the farms in our neighborhood; and I thought where the money had gone. The very last mortgage father had ever made, had been to pay a bill held against him by the man who had filled his jug for years! Yes, I saw it all, as it passed before me—a fitting picture of rum!—rum!—rum!—debt!—debt!—and, in the end—Death! And I returned my Molly's kiss, and, said I:

"Molly, my own! I'll keep the promise! I will—so help me Heaven!"

"And I have kept it. In less than five years, as Molly had said, the mortgage was cleared off; my appetite came back to me; and now, we've got a few thousand dollars out at interest. There hangs the old jug, just as we hung it up on that day; and from that time there hasn't a drop of spirit been brought into this house, for a beverage, which that bottomless jug wouldn't have held!

"Dear old jug! We mean to keep it; and to hand it down to our children, for the lesson it can give them—a lesson of life—of a life happy, peaceful, prosperous and blessed!"

And as he ceased speaking, his wife, with an arm drawn tenderly around the neck of her youngest boy, murmured a fervent "Amen!"

WHY A FLY IS ABLE TO WALK ON A CEILING.

I HAVE no doubt that when you have been at the seaside you have often noticed the limpets which stick so hard to the rocks. There they stick, however the waves may beat against them, and they stick hard, too—harder than the strongest cement could fasten them. Have you ever tried to pull one of these limpets from its place? If you have not, I can assure you that you or I might pull and pull away without moving it a quarter of an inch. Now, the same power that enables the limpet to hold on so firm to the rock enables the fly, by means of those little hairs, to trot about upside down; for in principle the swelled-out ends of the hairs act in precisely the same manner as the body of the limpet. With a little trouble we can make, out of simple materials, a very good imitation of one of these hairs, sufficiently large to see how they act. First we must get a bit of the kind of leather that is used for the soles of boots. It must be about the size of a crown-piece, and also of the same shape. We must then fasten to it a yard of string by means of a hole pricked in the middle of the leather, a knot at the end of the string preventing it from coming away. This knot should be so hammered against the hole that no air can get through the opening, or our experiment will fail. Now, with this simple contrivance we shall, if we have made it properly, be able to lift stones of several pounds weight. But before we try to do so we must take care that the leather at the end of the string has been soaked some hours in water to make it soft and pliable. We will now take hold of the free end of the string, and drop the leather upon the stone we wish to raise. On gently pulling the string we shall find that the leather has taken such a firm *sucking* hold upon the stone that we can carry it from place to place; we shall also find that it requires some force to separate them. The reason why the leather "sucker" as it is called, acts in this way is because, when we pull the string we raise up the center of the leather, and make a little tent-shaped hollow space there between the sucker and the stone. The air can not get into the little chamber thus formed, for the soft, wet leather fits

closely to the stone all round it. But the air tries with might and main to force its way in, and it presses so closely upon the sucker that it actually sticks it all the firmer to the stone. The force that is exerted upon the sucker is called atmospheric pressure, and is exactly the same power which keeps the limpet on the rock and the fly's foot on the ceiling.—*Little Folk's Magazine.*

TRIPLET MAXIMS.

Three things to love.	Courage, gentleness, and affection.
Three things to hate.	Cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude.
Three things to admire.	Intellect, gracefulness, and dignity.
Three things to delight.	Beauty, frankness, and freedom.
Three things to hope.	Health, friends, and contented spirit.
Three things to like.	Cordiality, good humor, and cheerfulness.
Three things to avoid.	Idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting.
Three things to cultivate.	Good books, good friends, good behavior.
Three things to contend for.	Honor, country, and charity.
Three things to teach.	Truth, industry, and contentment.
Three things to govern.	Tongue, temper, and conduct.
Three things to cherish.	Virtue, goodness, and wisdom.
Three things to do.	Think, live, and act.
Three things to fear.	God, death, and punishment.

Selected by Bro. STREET.

WHY TED BURNED THE KITCHEN.

PART I.

THE baby always had been Ted's pet. Ted was about eight years older than the baby, and so he made it his business from the first to make this little sister happy. He would sit for hours amusing the baby or rocking her cradle without a sign of worry, and he would carry her about, too, even after she grew heavy, to show her the pigs and chickens, until his sturdy short legs could bear the burden no longer. In short, he was the best brother that a little girl baby ever had, and by the time that she could walk and talk a little, Miss Baby had learned to think he was her own private property. She wanted Ted to lead her, Ted to talk to her, Ted to show her whatever there was to see, Ted to sit by her cradle until she went to sleep, Ted to do everything for her. And Ted liked it all, because he loved the baby better than anybody else in the world.

But this is not telling my story. The way of it was this: Ted's father, who lived in Central Indiana, used to go to Cincinnati every year, driving a big drove of hogs to sell there, and he took with him all the men and big boys he could hire to help him drive the hogs, for the trip was a long one, and there were no railroads in that part of the country in those days.

It was at a time like this that Ted's mother was sent for to see her sister, who was very sick. This sister lived a good many miles away, and the weather was cold and stormy. Ted's mother did not know what to do. She could not take the baby with her in such weather, and there was no one to leave with her and little nine-year-old Ted.

"I'll tell you, mother," said Ted. "You just go along, and I'll take care of the baby till you come back."

"But it is a long way, Ted," said the mother, "and I may not be back till very late."

"Well, what of that?" asked the stout-hearted little fellow. "You don't s'pose I'm afraid, do you? If you're gone till midnight I don't care. Just leave the baby with me and go along. If you don't get back by bed-time, I'll go to bed, and you can bang on the door to wake me."

The good mother hardly knew what to do. She did not like to put such a load of care upon the little fellow, but the case was pressing, and there seemed to be no other way. So, after looking to see that there was food enough cooked for Ted's dinner and supper, she mounted her horse and rode away.

Ted held the baby up to the window and made her kiss her hand to their mother as she looked back from the top of the hill. Then he set to work

to "make a day of it" with Baby. He played horse and let the baby ride on his back; he showed her all the pictures in the big Bible; he made a house out of the chairs and tables, and did a hundred things to make the day pleasant for his little sister, and she laughed at his funny pranks until she could laugh no longer. Then he gave her some bread and milk, and, taking her in his arms, sat down in the rocking-chair and sang her to sleep. Ted couldn't sing, as a matter of fact; he could only shout the words without getting within a mile of any tune, but Baby thought his singing the very best she had ever heard, and so it answered every purpose.

Before the baby waked it had begun to snow, and so Ted had a new thing to show her. The snow was beautiful to look at, as it fell very fast, and the little girl was full of the fun of watching it through the window. So the day passed and night came on. It was still snowing hard, and a fierce wind had begun to blow. After Ted had put the baby to bed, and piled a lot of wood on the fire, he sat down in the big rocking-chair to wait for the mother, who had not yet come. The wind was blowing like a hurricane, and it made him restless and uneasy. He was not afraid, for he was a very plucky little fellow, but as he listened to the wind howling through the tree-tops and moaning around the house, and heard the windows rattle, he thought of his mother, who must be somewhere out in that terrible storm, and he was uneasy about her. Still, he had no fear for her safety, as he knew that she was used to getting over troubles, and so at last he went to bed and to sleep.

WHY SHOULD ANY MAN SWEAR?

THIS question has lately been discussed most advantageously by the daily press of late and the following by an old divine is worthy of reading. I can conceive of no reason why he should but ten reasons why any man should not. 1st. It is mean, it is vulgar, a man of high moral standing would as soon steal a sheep as swear. 2d. It is disgraceful, almost too low for a decent man. 3d. It is cowardly, implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed. 4th. It is ungentlemanly, a gentleman according to Webster is a genteel man,—well bred,—refined, such a one will no more swear than go and throw mud in the street at a chimney sweeper. 5th. It is indecent: offensive, to delicacy, and extremely unfit for any human ears. 6th. It is foolish; for want of decency is want of common sense. 7th. It is abusive to the tongue, which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed. 8th. It is venomous, showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears one of them sticks out of his head. 9th. It is contemptible mean—forgetting the respect of all that is wise and good. 10th. It is wicked, violating the Divine law and provoking the displeasure of Him who "will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

Selected by WM. STREET.

To the little *Hope*

I send these little lines
To give the little help I ought;
Its little readers are my friends.

It takes but little words to tell
How Jesus loves the little ones,
That large and small may with him dwell;
He loves our little friends.

They are not little all that read,
Though some have little minds,
A little wisdom all may need,
E'en lessons from a little friend.

If all their little aid would give,
How big the *Hope* would grow,
Not just in word, but in deed,
How bright the little light would glow.

If in the little *Hope* we read
A little story by a friend,
To find fault we do not need;
For they lent a helping hand.

MAGGIE GILLESPIE.

GETTING EVEN.

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

"What's the matter now?" asked his mother.

"Oh the boys make fun of my sled, because I made it myself—it looks sort of lumbering and isn't painted you know, but it can beat theirs any day in the week. I shouldn't wonder if that's what ails 'em. Boys don't like to be beat. I could tell 'em just what's the matter with their old bought things, too, if they treated me half way decent. Paint and pictures don't make fast sleds; but if they can't find it out for themselves—I won't tell them. I guess I'll come up with them—" and Johnny shook his curly head.

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

Johnny looked up in wonder.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Johnny's eyes opened a little wide. He began to comprehend.

"You see, Johnny, there are different says of getting even. I think Christ's way is best. He makes everybody as happy as possible, and then is happy in their happiness."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'll go first," said Bill Magee, "and you fellows time me, to see if there's any difference."

Bill was rather suspicious, if the truth must be told.

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Eaton looked up anxiously, as he entered the house that night, then smiled as she saw his flushed and happy face.

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

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

SEE how a boy can do what four strong men could not do.

OUTDONE BY A BOY.

MORAL courage requires more fiber than physical courage. It is more difficult, sometimes, to do right than to march up to the cannon's mouth.—The boy who could keep from swearing, and was not afraid to stand by his colors in the presence of a room full of profane men, was a little hero.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, worked in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who did business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You never will amount to much; you can never do much business, you are too small." The little fellow looked at them:

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what's that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on this point.

THE CRACKER PARTY.

"Oh! mamma! may we have a cracker party our next birthday?" said Harry Green, bursting into the pretty sitting-room, where his mother sat sewing. "It'll be just splendid fun, if you'll only let us."

"Cracker party! I never heard of such a thing! what is it?" asked Mrs. Green of Harold—Harry's twin brother, who had just come in.

"Very likely you never did hear of one, mamma, for it's our own plan. We wanted to get up something new for a party, and we've hit upon this. The party will be like any other, except that, instead of cake and such stuff, the refreshments will be nothing but crackers."

"Well, boys, I don't object"—Harry gave a delighted jump—"but I think you will find it a very dry party, and will wish you had let me plan it; but I dare say your father will think crackers an improvement on any other style of refreshments, when he pays the bills," said Mrs. Green.

"Thank you, mamma," said quiet Harold, "and may we manage the decoration, for the center of the table, all by ourselves?"

"Yes, dear," answered mamma.

"Our birthday is three weeks from to-day, so we

must hurry," put in Harry. "Won't we have a jolly time!" and the two boys ran eagerly away.

Harry and Harold were very fond of each other, as twins are apt to be. They always had a party on their birthday—"a double party," the boys called it, and as this year the programme was to be a novel one, there was much whispering between the twins, and running to the baker's and the tin-shop, as they planned what they thought a masterpiece—to surprise their mother—as the central ornament for the table. Mrs. Green, in turn, planned a very pretty little surprise for them. A few days before the important day, which happened to be a Thursday, the invitation cards were sent home from the printer's. Mrs. Green handed the box to Harry to open. His eyes grew big as he looked.

"O mamma! you beat us all to nothing! This is splendid! We never could have thought of this," and he held up the cards. They were of about the size of the top of a coffee-cup, light brown in color, and each looked just like a cracker. "Let's give three cheers for mamma," shouted Harry, and, as the two boys joined in a loud and hearty succession of enthusiastic cheers, Mrs. Green felt well paid for the extra trouble that she had taken to please them.

Harold and Harry distributed their unique cards of invitation to a hundred of their friends, and then they waited, with what patience they could, for Thursday to arrive; it came as it generally does, right after Wednesday.

At two o'clock the boys and girls began to come, until half past two there were eighty of them assembled. Such a noise as they made! They played croquet, or ball, or swung in the hammocks, or played in the tent, or played games and looked at pictures, in the house. They had free range of the house, and barn, and grounds, and all seemed to have a good time.

At five they were ushered into the dining-room. There, in the middle of the table, was the famous center-piece that had cost the boys so much planning. It was truly a curious sight. There were two banks of square crackers, built up to represent the piers of a bridge, about eighteen inches high, and across the top rested a mammoth cracker, two feet long and one and a half feet wide. On this stood a cracker elephant, a foot high, with big ears—a regular cracker Jumbo. He was made to stand by means of wires that were put into the dough before baking. Among the crackers that formed the piers were vines and mosses, supposed to be growing.

Such an array of crackers! There were crackers as large as a tea-plate—crackers as small as a half-dollar; hard ones and soft ones, square ones and round ones, sweet ones and those not sweet—eighteen different kinds. At intervals, along the table, were plates of animal crackers, standing up to their knees in wine-colored jelly. There were cracker-sandwiches and nice little cracker-pies and cracker-coffee, for a beverage.

Mrs. Green had to confess that the cracker party was a great success, and the children declared that they had enjoyed it more than any other which the twins had given.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF A DRUNKARD.

I die a wretched sinner, and I leave to the world a worthless reputation, a wicked example, and a memory that is only fit to perish. I leave to my parents sorrow and bitterness of soul all the days of their lives. I leave to my brothers and sisters shame and grief, and the reproach of their acquaintances. I leave my wife widowed and heart-broken, and a life of lonely struggling with want and suffering. I leave my children a tainted name, and a ruined position, a pitiful ignorance, and the mortifying recollection of a father who, by his life, disgraced humanity, and at his premature death joined the great company of those who are never to enter the Kingdom of God.

ORGANIZATION OF CALVARY SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE Calvary Sabbath School was organized at Hornerstown, New Jersey, February 28th, 1883. The following officers were chosen; Bro. W. H. Brown, Superintendent; Sr. Mary E. McGuire, Secretary; Bro. Samuel Hopkins, Treasurer. Teachers.—Bible class, W. H. Brown; second class, M. E. McGuire; infant class, Sarah B. Hopkins.

The school has been prosperous so far; the average attendance being about thirty.

MARY E. MCGUIRE, *Secretary.*

SCIENCE OF SUCCESS.—If you want to get on in life, in the highest and best sense, the first requisite is honesty. During the fifteen years that I have been in public life I have seen men come up and go down, and have found that the honest man is the only one who succeeds in the long run—*sooner or later deviltry goes under.* If you want to get on in life you must be honest and true; but you must be plucky as well. How few there are who stand up and fight it out with their teeth gripped close together! Be like the India-rubber ball, which rebounds the higher the harder it is thrown down. That's manhood; that's pluck. You must not believe in luck; believe in yourself. There may be such a thing as luck lying around loose in some corner of nature; but the chances are ten thousand to one that it will not fall to you. Make an intelligent plan and work for it with an honest purpose, a manly heart, and a will of nerve, of determination, of grit.—*Hepworth.*

Letters from the Hopes.

LUCASVILLE, Ohio, April 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I have thought for some time of writing to you, and have felt it my duty. I want to encourage all who are trying to do right, and hope those who have not seen how wrong it is to do nothing for Jesus, may think of it now and turn from sin before it is too late. There are no Latter Day Saints near here that I know of. I am sixteen years of age and have lived here about five years. We came from Wisconsin to this place, on account of my mother's poor health.

When I was about fourteen years old, there was protracted meeting held here by the Methodists. We went to most of the meetings, and for some time I felt that I ought to go to the altar when they would call for mourners; but I wanted to be sure whether I would be right or not in doing so. One evening while at church, something said to me that I need not go to the altar. I was pleased for I did not feel exactly right about going. A few evenings after that I went to meeting, and while kneeling at my seat in prayer, God forgave my sins and I felt that I ought to join the Latter Day Saints' Church, as soon as I have an opportunity, but that I need not be troubled about it. Then I was perfectly satisfied. I knew that God had spoken to me and that I need not fear as long as I did what I felt was right. All of our family except me and my brother who is younger have been baptized in the Latter Day Saints' Church. I intend to be baptized when I have an opportunity. Since we came here my mother has died, about seven months ago. Nearly her last words were, "God bless my children."

I want to do right and ask you to pray for me. Perhaps some living in Wisconsin who take the *Hope* will remember me. I lived there until about five years ago.

TILLIE WARD.

ELKHORN CITY, April 1st, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I hope you are trying to plant seeds in the Lord's vineyard, so that when the reaper comes, he may find a rich and glorious harvest; although I can look back and see many times that I could have planted seeds when I did not, but I hope that you will all pray for me, that I may walk the strait and narrow path, that I may gain the crown that is laid up in store for the righteous. I know that this is the gospel of the Lord Jesus

Christ, for I have seen the Spirit of the Lord manifested. My little brother was very sick, and we did not know if he would live, and we had him administered to, and he got well; and when my father was crippled, he was administered to, and he got well. Was not this the power of God? We do not have any meetings here, but I hope that we will go some place soon where they will have meeting. My prayer is that we may hold out faithful to the end.

I remain as ever your sister in Christ,
IDA CURTIS.

PREPARATION, Iowa April 7th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I am eight years old. I have not been baptized yet; father and mother and three sisters are in the Church. We go five miles to meeting. We don't have any Sunday School; but hope we shall this summer.

Yours in love,
ELVIRA E. PUTNEY.

VERMILLION, N. Y., April 23d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—In answer to the question asked by Cora Wood in the *Hope* of April 15th, (although I am not one of "the Hopes"), I would reply, namely,—"Where was the Ark of God when Saul said unto Ahiah, Bring hither the Ark of God?" "And Saul said unto Ahiah, Bring hither the Ark of God. For the ark was at that time with the children of Israel."—1 Samuel 15: 18.

Yours respectfully,
ALICE WHITEHEAD.

LONDON, England, April 22d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time that I have tried to write. I love the Hopes and am interested in you; for I love to see you walking in the fear of the Lord, and trying to please him at all times.

Dear Hopes; we have a very nice school and they all love the *Zion's Hope*, and say they wish it came weekly. I pray that God will hasten the time when it will. Dear Hopes all of you who have the privilege to go to the Sunday School, go to it and be there in time, and your smiling faces will make your teachers happy; for I know when the Hopes come into school and their faces light up with smiles, it makes me feel happy. Pray for me.

Your brother in the gospel,
GEORGE HENLEY.

STEWARTSVILLE, Dekalb Co., Mo.

Dear Hopes:—I do not know what I would do without the *Hope*. I love to read the letters of the little Hopes. I think the stories, "Maplewood Manor" and the "Sensible Girl" are very nice. I only wish the *Hope* was weekly, so we could get to read it oftener.

I will try and answer the questions asked by Sister Buck. The longest verse in the Bible will be found in Esther, 8th chap., 9th verse. "Children obey your parents," will be found in Ephesians 6th chap., 1st verse. Pray without ceasing" in Thessalonians 5th chap., 17th verse.

Pray for me dear Hopes, that I may be faithful to the end, and always perform my duty.

Your brother in the truth,
COLUMBUS C. COVINGTON.

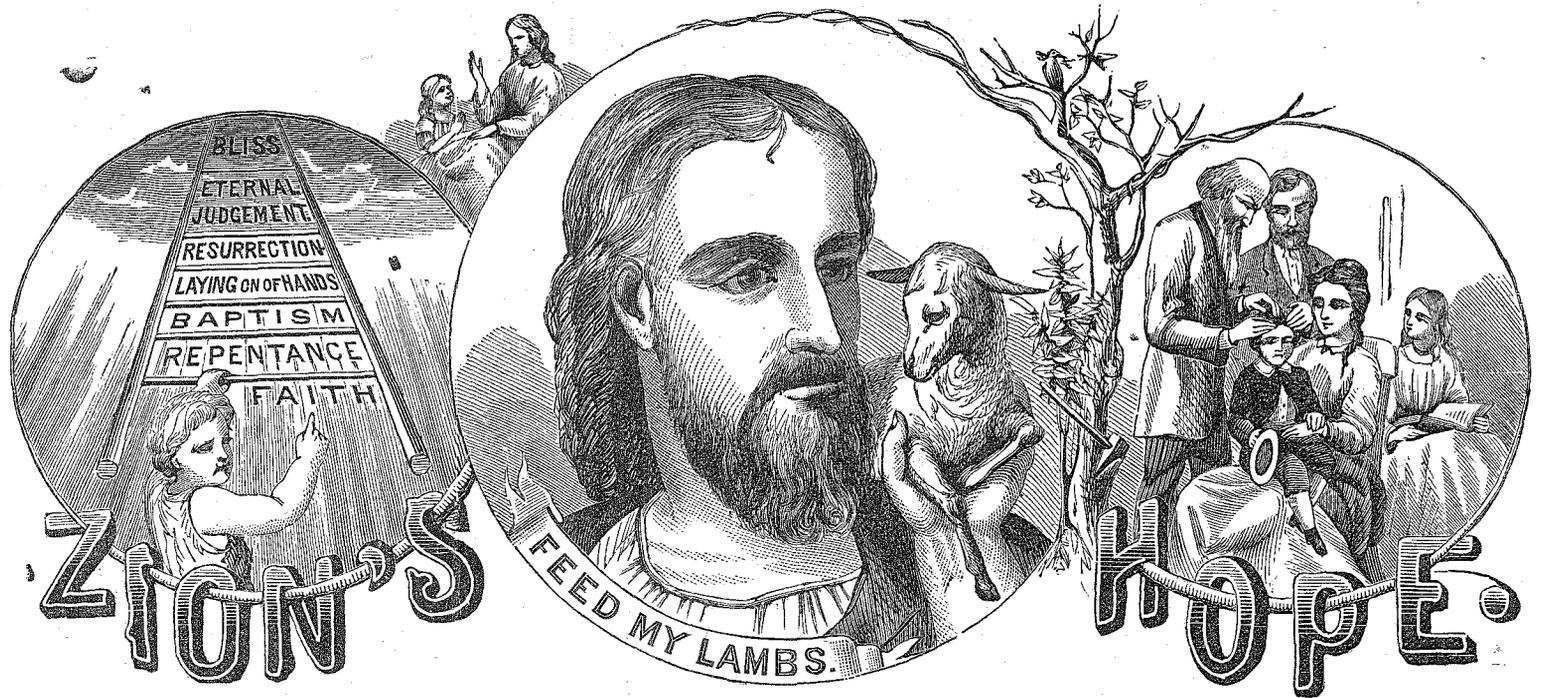
The London Sunday School Chronicle has this timely "word to the ministry:—" "Can not you give the children five minutes of the service to themselves? Dean Stanley has recently preached to children a little sermon of five minutes' length, in Westminster Abbey, which is a perfect model of a simple, pleasant, evangelical, and really attractive chat with the little folk. The greatness of his great mind and heart are in nothing more plain than in his sympathy with children, and beautiful adaptations of the truth to them."

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

Vol. XIV.

LAMONI, IOWA, JUNE 1, 1883.

No. 23.

ODD MOMENTS.

In the struggle of life, nothing is gained without effort. There are struggles against temptations, and struggles to gain heaven; and he who struggles hardest, whose resolutions are grand and noble, has lived longest and best. Great men are not born, but made; their success only comes after months and years of careful preparation.

Thirty-three years come and go and a generation is no more—lost to the world except it has left on the road it has traveled, milestones of information; or by chance a spring has been scooped beside the dusty road, offering of its bounty to every traveler that passes. These are neither lost nor forgotten; their value is known, and their memory cherished.

"Gather up the fragments" was the command to the disciples upon the plains of Judea; and gather up the fragments of our life, should be re-echoed in the heart of every Christian worker, and every determined student. Time is only bits of eternity paid in advance, and he who wastes it is squandering his capital of earth and fortune, heaven and happiness. The most dangerous time in a person's life is his leisure time; and he who has learned to use it with pleasure and profit, has struck the keynote of a successful life.

What a solemn and striking admonition to the youth is that inscribed on the dial of All Souls', Oxford—"The hours perish and are laid to our charge." Said Richard Burke, in speaking to some friends of his brother Edmund, of the brilliant speech he had just made, "I can not see how he has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family, and yet," as if to himself, "I know when boys while we were at play he was engaged in study." It was well answered; that was the secret of his success, from the first day that he spoke in the House of Commons until the day that he thundered in the hall of William Rufus to an audience the equal of which Europe has never since produced. Sir. Matthew Hale, the purest judge that ever graced an English bench, studied, it is said, for many years at the rate of sixteen hours a day. A great chancellor of France wrote a large and able volume in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner, while Bacon gave to us some of his best thoughts in manuscripts entitled, "Sudden Thoughts Set Down for Use." Elihu Burrit attributed his first success in self-improvement, not to genius, which he disclaimed, but to the employment of his "odd moments." He was the master of forty languages. Dr. Darwin composed nearly all of his works while, as a physician, he rode from door to door. Martin Luther, when asked "How he had found time to translate the Bible," said, "I did a little every day."

"ZION'S HOPE."

A paper is published by the Church of Jesus Christ At Lamoni, State of Iowa:—*Zion's Hope* is its name, The Editor, brother Joseph, has labored to make it A paper of worth, and with the Church, should remain.

'Twas the month of July in the year '68,
This paper was first printed to scatter some light;
To bring to the minds of God's children anew,
Truths of great worth that cause joy and delight.

The place of its birth was not in the town
Where now it resides; 'twas in Illinois state
In a town called Plano, quite a neat little place,
In which it began its story to relate.

Because the place of its birth was not very large,
'Twas not thus intended its numbers should be;
But that like the truths of the gospel it tells,
It should go to all lands, for all people to see.

Its subscribers are few,—we're sad it is so.
We wish more were lab'ring its numbers t' increase:
But where few are lab'ring they're sure to accomplish
The desire of their hearts,—do they work and not cease.

It now has been planted years of fourteen and more,
In this barren land of sorrow and strife:—
Oh, that friends would take notice, and help in that which
Would cause it survive and give it more life.

It seems many wait that others may do
That which all should do. Or else it would show
That friends are around, and assisting it so,
It might many leaves o'er all the land throw.

Many Hopes now desire our paper to come
Once a week:—so I see by the letters they write.
How much good this would do we can not near measure
By the pleasures of earth, which oft us invite.

For 'tis *truth* it imparts to cheer head and heart,
And it guides in the path of the blest;
While the pleasures of earth are only for now,
And can not give us heav'nly rest.

"'Tis dear," says one. Yes: But how shall we make it
Any cheaper than we have it to-day?
This is the way I see. To increase its subscribers,
And assist it for good every way.

One thing we are glad of, our *Hope's* not discouraged
For it comes to us always with a smile.
And the letters of faith, and the stories of grace,
Shall cheer us on earth yet a while.

You can come blessed *Hope* at our hearth-stone to cheer
Older Hopes as we're struggling for life;
For you gladden the heart with the hopes you express,
And we thus gather strength for the strife.

J. F. MINTUN.

MAGNOLIA, IOWA, April 27th, 1883.

THE PRODIGAL BOY.

ONE fine autumnal afternoon as a country gentleman, named Louis Dwight, was out for an hour's ride in his vehicle, he came upon a group of urchins sporting in the road, and among them saw his son, a boy of ten, flying his kite. The novel thought struck him of giving his son a ride, while still flying his kite, and so by his desire the child took the

seat by his side, the horse trotted on, and the kite-string, through the back of the wagon, still held by the pleased youngster, maintained the traveling kite in the air. It was, however, not long before the boy lost his hold of the stick, upon which the kite rapidly descended from its gay altitude, and disappearing behind some trees, fell into a swamp beyond.

To regain what was so much prized by his son, if possible, without too much effort, the father drove back, and now saw that one of the group of children had already started in pursuit of the missing toy, and was wending his difficult course through the swamp, from which in due time he made his way back, with a shout of joy, bringing the unharmed kite and its roll of twine, which on reaching the road, he presented with smiling grace to their owner.

"You are a gallant and unselfish boy," said Mr. Dwight, giving him a handful of pence; "what is your name?"

"Herbert Archley," said the youth, blushing at the compliment and lifting his cap in recognition of it; and then, turning to his playmates, he divided among them what he had received by tossing the coins into the air and saying:

"Come, boys, here's for a scramble!"

His companions proved themselves not slow to accept the offer, and young Archley, sharing in the scramble with high glee, took his scant portion with the others.

"You are too generous by half," exclaimed Mr. Dwight, admiring the boy's benevolence quite as much as his good-natured service and politeness. "You must learn to be more careful of your means—when you grow older, at least; or you will find it a thankless and very rude world to live in."

"Ah, sir," said the boy, with a brighter glance even than before, and again doffing his cap, "father taught me never to be mean, and to be unselfish always makes me feel happy."

His looks told the truth as eloquently as his words and tone, as he stood there in the road, his fine, open, handsome face rosy with health and beaming with intelligence and joy—a far more beautiful object to contemplate than even the declining sun, whose light displayed him to such advantage:

"The sun is lengthening your shadow, my boy," said the gentleman, reflecting for a moment. "And even so it is with the light of experience, which increases the shade of sorrow the longer it shines. Take my advice, my boy, and hereafter never give all your spare money away. Be liberal, as your father taught you; but save at least half for your-

self. There is no virtue in being prodigal; often it is an error, and prevents both the power to be just and to be generous."

"I thank you, sir, for the advice, and I will remember and try to follow it."

"Good afternoon, my boy!"

"Good-bye, sir."

As they rode home, which was not far from the neighborhood, Mr. Dwight learned from his son that Herbert Archley was a poor boy, living with his widowed mother; that he was a forward scholar, and so generally a favorite that presents were often made to him, and these he almost as often distributed among his comrades, between whom he seemed to make but little distinction.

Within a few days Mr. Dwight again met young Archley, and repeating his injunction to "save half at least," gave him a money-box for that purpose. And the boy, smiling, again promised, and, applauded by his mother, did as he had been advised, careless and thoughtless of how it accumulated, from month to month. The gentleman who had been so interested in him often gave him small sums, like others, though debarred, like others, from rendering his mother assistance, which an honest pride forbade her to accept, and of which health and industry prevented her from being in absolute need.

A year passed, and, chancing to be in the company of evil associates, Archley got into trouble with them. They committed some theft, in which he did not share, and of which he was ignorant until he was arrested, like them, and tried as their accomplice. Information of the affair being brought to Mr. Dwight, he felt convinced of the boy's innocence, and after questioning him undertook to plead his case; which influence, however, only succeeded so far against the false testimony of the really guilty that Archley was fined for trespass while the others were more severely dealt with.

The shame of the accusation seemed to overcome the grieved boy far more than the fear of punishment, however unjust; and he wept more bitterly than the young reprobates who had thought to make him share their punishment as well as their disgrace.

"You need not shed tears, my boy," said his temporary protector, soothingly, so that all could hear. "None who know you can think harm of you. The best are often injured by false evidence beyond their power of defense against law; and in this case, the penalty it prescribes for you I believe you can pay, without depending upon anybody but yourself."

"My mother is so poor," sobbed the boy, "that I don't like her to pay so much; and how can I pay it?"

"What have you done with the box?"

"Oh, I forgot that; but I don't think there can be much in it, for the little I have saved up in it."

"Send for it, and we will see about that."

The little box was therefore brought and opened in court, and, much to the surprise of the boy, far more was found in it than was demanded to meet the penalty. This discovery cheered young Archley, for he was now relieved from his mortification at dependency by being able to pay his fine with his own money, which he did with some pride; and, with his mother, his friend and his box, he marched out of court amid the cheers of his joyous playmates.

"You see, my young friend, that by being provident, without being mean, you have been able to rescue yourself from difficulty," said Mr. Dwight, on parting with them. "Bear the lesson in mind, in future, as well as you have kept your promise, and you will find it of service throughout your life, long after I am dead, perhaps. There is more than the amount you have paid. I wished you to send for the box, only the better to illustrate what virtue there is in providence, and how thoughtless prodigality might have left you without one friend to serve you."

The lesson thus learned had a doubly good effect,

and the boy was more careful as to the character of his companions ever after.

The manifold changes of a few more years, transformed the boy into a man, involving other alterations in the condition of his life. His mother slept in the grave; his good friend, Mr. Dwight, had moved away, he knew not whither; and he, in a neighboring town, no less popular as a man than he had been as a boy, had, by dint of intelligent enterprise, acquired a thriving business, of which he was the head.

Fortune long seemed to favor the young man, and often the image and counsel of his early good adviser came up before him, and the pleasant remembrance made him yearn to see him. But, unfortunately, the advice which he remembered he did not follow. His benevolence and confiding nature, his eagerness to oblige, and his impulsive sympathy at every signal of distress, became known to all around him, and by slow and sure degrees the unstinted exercise of his uncalculating charity annulled the good results of his honest industry, and carried his affairs gradually into the background, where prodigal generosity often leads and leaves a man, and where debt incurred by helping others brings distress and ruin upon the deserted bankrupt.

Herbert Archley failed, and found few friends to praise, pity him, or defend his honesty of purpose, and none who were able or dared to help him. To him came now the old experiences of the too benevolent, who have less means to sustain than heart to prompt generous actions; and though fortune did not so utterly forsake him as to consign the well-meaning debtor to a jail, his freedom to wander seemed no liberty to him, who, as he left the town, a poor and censured man, could not leave its recollections also behind.

The imprisoned thought was itself imprisonment, as, when far away, he brooded, in poverty, over his follies and misfortunes.

"Were not every thoughtful step we take in this world thronged with proofs of our insignificance and ignorance, we might dare attempt to grasp at and arraign the wisdom of the Almighty," he reflected as he mourned. "Yet, in what light I have, it sometimes seems unjust that charity should be the cause of its own punishment, or be permitted at all to suffer. But now, how well I recollect the counsel given me by that good man in my youth—to be kind without giving all away, and that one might be provident without being mean. He gave me a fatherly lesson in those happy days, and I was wiser, because more mindful, even then; but grown confident by success, I neglected the advice which would have spared me the trials I now bear; the loss of good repute and the ingratitude of the underserving, for whom I have injured the worthy; and the tongue of scandal, for inability, which is mis-called dishonesty, oppresses me more even than the lack of means, with which, if not thrown away in acts of mistaken benevolence, I would gladly repay all. But yet, to sit down thus and meanly mourn, like Job, will never lift me up again. There must still be time and opportunities to redeem myself. I am still young and strong, and may yet prove wiser, if I faithfully follow the counsel of him who understood me so well in my boyhood. Henceforth I will do so. I will strive hard again, and the lesson of the little box shall be my guide as I toil."

Animated by the resolution he had formed, half the load which had oppressed him vanished. Among strangers he entered anew into the mazes of business, and though his melancholy memories sometimes made his struggles less energetic than he wished, their discouraging effect was more than offset by the great object he had in view—the ultimate power to clear his reputation at home from all stain.

Stray gleams of success multiplied and gathered, as he proceeded slowly but steadily toward the horizon of his hopes, and at last ripened into the inspiring dawn. Often, while the night of his distress was vanishing behind him, the old prodigal

impulse which had caused it would return upon him; but he checked it by the memory of the little box; and while not mindless of the claims of those who were more needy than he, he learned to feel that there was yet something nobler than extravagant benevolence; to be just first and then generous, and that, besides what was due to his creditors, there was much due to himself.

By this line of conduct he rose again to substantial prosperity. Experience had not been wasted upon him, and his second ordeal was triumphant. The memory of the little box was a talismanic guide to him. One-half of all his profits he uniformly put by for future days; and freed from all former indebtedness, he found himself, in the prime of life, not merely commended for being generous as well as honest, but secure against the wiles and wails of impostors, and wealthy without having been a miser.

Thus enabled, by a courageous adherence to the provident rule which was at first repugnant to his nature, in joy and honor to the town which he had left in disgrace, he revisited the scenes of his youth, and as he wandered among them and revived their associations, he thanked God that he was now as happy as he had ever been when he played there. The old cottage was torn down, but the grass grew green over the graves of his parents, and he felt that their souls were in a changeless home. The natural landmarks remained unaltered, and as he strolled along the chief road of the village, he paused awhile at the spot where, returning from the swamp with the kite, he first met the good man, Louis Dwight.

"He must be quite old now if alive," mused he. "Let me see; I was then ten, and he, perhaps, forty—my own age now. Three score and ten—the allotted age of man. He may be dead; or if not, I suppose I shall never see or hear of him again. How like a dream it all seems! Here I am standing alive. Here is where he gave me the pence, opposite that very tree; and here is—why, bless me, who comes here? If this isn't the old gentleman himself, my eyes or my memory fail me."

It was a bowed old man, in worn and faded garments, who was approaching, walking slowly, with a cane. Archley raised his hat respectfully as he drew near. He had truly recognized him. It was Louis Dwight.

But his old friend and adviser did not recognize him so quickly, though he paused and returned his salutation.

"His sight may be poor," thought Archley; "but I will test his memory by a surer method. 'Old gentleman, I was born in this village, and have been absent many years. I have been standing here for some time, looking upon the scenes which are more interesting now than they were when I played here, thirty years ago.'"

"Thirty years ago!" exclaimed old Mr. Dwight, staring at him. "Why, I used to live here then."

"Did you, indeed? Then perhaps you might be able to tell me what became of a very fine gentleman who lived here at the same time, but went away before I did. He was out riding one day, and I saved a kite for his son; and on this very spot he gave me some pence for it, and some very good advice into the bargain. His name was Louis Dwight."

"And yours is—?"

"Herbert Archley."

"Why," cried the astonished old gentleman, holding up his hands to heaven; "merciful Providence! is this you, my dear young friend? Let me give you a good hug!" And faltering toward him, he gave him an embrace which was returned with interest, and then in brief, they exchanged histories—that of Mr. Dwight being far more melancholy than Archley's.

His son was dead, his property all gone, and he was now a dependent upon charity, where once he had lived in affluence.

Archley heard in silence, with tears; but he brightened them with a smile as he said:

"Mr. Dwight, I believe that God has ordered that

we should meet this day, and we meet, sir, never to part until one of us is dead. You are now poor, but I am rich. All that I possess I owe to your early lessons to me. I will protect and comfort you while life lasts, and repair your losses as well as I can."

And here Herbert Archley proved true to his word; and thus it was that good advice, in kindness given and with reverence obeyed, resulted in a rich reward to both. The bread of wisdom had been early cast upon the waters, and it returned "after many days," in the shape of substantial gratitude.

WHY TED BURNED THE KITCHEN.

PART II.

WHEN Ted waked he was puzzled. It was dark still, but somehow it did not seem to be night. He could hear the wind blowing, but it sounded a long way off, or as it might have sounded to him if his head had been wrapped up in a blanket. There was no more of its moaning around the house.

He jumped out of bed with a queer feeling, as if something strange had happened. He stirred up the fire, and threw on some wood, which made a blaze. Then he looked at the clock.

"Half past eight!" he said to himself. "Why, how is that? I went to bed at ten, so it can't be half past eight at night. But it isn't half past eight in the morning, for it's dark. I wonder if I've slept all night and all day?"

With this he opened the back door to get some wood from the pile. But instead of going out, he started back in surprise. The doorway was blocked up with a wall of snow. He ran quickly to the front door and opened it. The wall of snow was there, too, and all the windows were blocked up in the same way. Ted understood now. It was half past eight in the morning, but the house was completely buried in a snow-drift. He and the baby were snowed in alone.

I have said that Ted was a plucky little fellow, and so he was; but this was a terrible state of affairs, and for a few minutes he was scared. Snowed in, with the baby to take care of, and without any chance of help coming to him, he might well feel alarmed. His mother had not got home, and he could not guess what had become of her. The very nearest neighbor lived five miles away, and there was no knowing how long it would be before anybody would find out what had happened.

But Ted soon saw that getting scared would only make matters worse.

"I can't help mother," he said to himself, "whether she may be; and what I've got to do is to take care of baby till the snow melts. Wonder how long that will be? Two or three weeks, I should think. And what are we to eat, I wonder? Let's see."

With that he lighted a candle and went to the cellar. There was only a little milk left—about enough for baby's breakfast, and Ted brought that up and set it to heat by the fire. The baby was awake now, and so he dressed her, and gave her her bread and milk. Then he cut some bacon and fried it for himself, but he would not eat any bread, because he knew there was only part of a loaf left, and he must save that for baby.

After breakfast he began to lay his plans. At first he thought of digging out, but he gave that up, because, even if he should get out, he could not carry the baby five miles in such a snow. He knew enough to be sure that the snow was not so deep everywhere as it was around the house. He remembered how the wind had blown, and knew that the house was buried in a drift; but he knew that there must have been a very deep snow-fall to make such a drift, and it would never do for him to try to carry the baby through a deep snow to a house five miles away. He must just stay where he was, and take care of the baby.

The first thing to do was to see how much wood there was at the house. So he dug a hole in the

snow at the side of the door, and brought in all there was there, except one big back log which was too heavy for him. As he looked at the pile he saw that it would last till night, and by that time he meant to get the back log in by some means. He was worse troubled about milk for the baby. There was none left now, and he wondered if he could get to the cow-shed in anyway. It was a long way off, but he must have milk if he could get it, and he must try to feed the cows too, for if nobody fed them they would have to live on the hay which stood in a stack at the end of their shed.

Bravely the little fellow set to work to make a tunnel to the cow-house, but it was very slow work. He began at the door of the summer kitchen, and threw the snow, as he dug it out, into that shed. The further he went, the more slowly he went on, for he had to bring all the snow back to the shed kitchen and pack it in there. He kept at work, however, until he was tired out and very hungry, and yet he had hardly made a fair beginning. He saw that he must give up the idea of digging his way to the cow-shed, and get on in some way without milk. He was very sorry on baby's account, but there was no help for it, so he set about getting dinner.

There was no difficulty about his own dinner, for there was plenty of bacon to fry, and he could roast as many potatoes as he liked. But the baby's dinner was the puzzle. She would eat a little roasted potato with him, but a baby only a year and a half old could not live on potatoes. She always ate more bread and milk than anything else, but milk was out of the question, and bread and water would hardly do.

"Wonder if I could make her a pudding!" said Ted, after thinking the matter over. "Mother puts eggs in puddings, I know, and there are two eggs in the cupboard. I wonder what else she puts in? Milk? Yes, and I haven't any milk. May be it'll do without milk. Let's see."

And with that he carefully planned a pudding. He tried to remember what his mother did when she made a dish of that kind, but he could not remember much. He believed she beat the eggs, so he would do that at any rate. Taking one of the eggs, he broke it and beat it with a spoon, but as he did not keep the yolk and the white separate, the beating did not make it look quite right.

"It'll have to do anyhow," he said, after wondering what was the matter, and so he set down the bowl of egg and prepared the rest of his pudding. Breaking up what bread there was left, he wetted it with snow-water, put in a good deal of sugar, and set the mixture by the fire to heat. When it was heated through he stirred in the egg, and then tasted the result. It was not much of a pudding, but he had talked to Baby about it till she was sure it was the greatest pudding anybody ever made, and, as it was sweet, she ate it without finding out that it was not a real triumph of cooking skill.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS.

JOHN gazes upon the glories of a radiant, sunny day, and sadly thinks it will not last; storms will come, and when the sombre clouds shut out the sun's bright beams the gloom will only be the heavier; the sweet calm day will only be the darker for having been so fair and clear. Henry thinks such glorious days are grander and fairer for knowing threatening clouds and furious storms. "I could not appreciate so wondrous a day were it always calm and fair," he says with thankful joyousness.

Jane can not understand why the beautiful rose must wear a pesky, useless thorn. Mary is pleased to think above the thorn there grows a lovely rose.

James by his foolish mismanagement loses one hundred dollars; he sits down to curse himself and bitterly declares he will never be worth a cent. George through his carelessness allows himself to be beaten out of all his hard earned salary. He quietly resumes his work, remarking, I have learned

a lesson that will be worth more to me than thrice my loss. I really believe I have gained instead of lost.

Mr. S. loses one of his children, and cries in hopeless misery, "What heart was ever called upon to bear all this? Was ever man so scourged before? Ah! life is cold and cheerless, and I do not care to live." Mr. M. buries his only son; turning sorrowfully, yet hopefully, to his weeping wife, he says: "Cheer up, dear wife, our loss is great indeed; but see, we have our little girls left us yet. Think how much greater our grief would be should they be taken away. Come dear wife, we've much to live for yet."

Susan commits a folly that brings reproaches upon her and her good name. "No difference now what I do," she tells herself, "I've done wrong once, and every body knows it, and I'll never try to do right again." Harriet says: "I've made one mistake, committed one folly; but my future life shall be the purer and more spotless. One mistake shall not ruin my whole life; I shall try and be better and wiser than I have ever been before."

By a thoughtless act Hester loses her best friend. In despairing tones she wails: "Nobody cares for me! I haven't a friend in the world! Everybody hates me! I'll shut myself up from the whole world, and never be seen any place again." Under similar circumstances Ruth reasons thus: "I brought it upon myself; I must suffer. I yet have friends; if I wish to keep them I must be true to myself as well as to them, and never by thoughtless act or deed do that which will forfeit their love and esteem."

Harry's affianced bride deserts him, thereby breaking all her solemn vows and pledges. In misanthropy and cynicism he exclaims: "There is no faith, no trust, no constancy in woman. I'll never trust one again. Cruel, heartless creatures! I hate you all!" Richard shrinks beneath his disappointment, but says: "There are true women yet. The existence of a counterfeit only proves the existence of a genuine. She has been false and treacherous, and is not worthy of regret or grief. I'll drive her sordid image from my breast, and wait for love till I find the true and faithful woman that she so basely counterfeited."

ROSA HUDSPETH.

RENO, IOWA.

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

THERE is no knowledge so much needed as the knowledge of the Word of God. We should be saved ten thousand troubles if we understood the Word. We should go to our work qualified, if the Word of God was hid in us. If the Church of God was filled with the Word a thousand would be converted, where now one is saved. It would take our minds off from bonds and stocks and accumulating fortunes. If Christians feed upon the Word, the world will be forgotten, and lose its power over them. When the Word reaches down into our hearts and we feed upon it with delight, then we shall be prepared to work for others. I never saw a useful Christian who was not a student of the Bible. If a man neglects his Bible, he may pray and ask God to use him, but God can not make much use of him, for there is not much in him for the Holy Spirit to work upon.

If young converts want to be used of God, they must feed upon his Word. They will then be growing all the while in grace, and it will be easy to speak to others. Depend upon it if you get tired of the word of God, you are out of communion with God. This Word of God is the best thing the world has got. You will draw the world to Christ, if you are filled with it; it will shine forth from you.

We overcome Satan by the Word. Many Christians have bitter experiences because they try to conquer Satan by their feelings. The devil don't care a bit for our feelings, he can play upon them and make them good or bad. But we can vanquish him by the Word of God.

There are three books every Christian ought to

have,—a good Bible with plain print, Cruden's Concordance, and a Scripture Text-book. With these you can feed *yourselves* from the Word of God. Do not read in a hurry. Better spend a month on one chapter, than to read a month at random. Take one book at a time. Read it over and over, and over; your interest will increase every time. Or spend two or three weeks hunting up the promises, you will find how rich you are. Mark passages in your Bible, and place little words in the margin, they will often suggest a sermon to you.

We should study the Bible *topically*. We should bring some subject to the Bible to receive light upon it. Suppose we take the grace of "Humility," and see what the Bible teaches. We shall fall in love with this grace, and think it the sweetest of all the graces, as the Word sheds its lustre upon it. Or take "Patience," and learn all you can of that, and you will see how complete one's character becomes when that grace is made perfect.

The more we study the Bible the more shall we hunger for it, and shall learn to live "not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

We must come to God's Word with *humility*, feeling that we know nothing and need to learn everything.

We must come with a *teachable* spirit. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

We should study the Bible *prayerfully*, asking for the Spirit to reveal the truth, and impress it on our hearts.

We should study the Bible *persistently*, not for a day or a week, but make it a life-long study. The longer we study the more shall we be filled and satisfied.

And lastly, if we study the Bible thus prayerfully, carefully and constantly, we shall soon learn to study it *in love*. We shall exclaim with David: "Oh, how love I thy law, it is my meditation all the day."

THE RESULT OF SUCH BIBLE STUDY.

We shall walk in the light. "The entrance of thy Word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple."

We shall overcome sin. "Thy Word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee."

We shall speak for Jesus. "My mouth shall speak of thy righteousness all the day long; and I will declare thy faithfulness."

Letters from the Hopes.

BARNARD, Mo., April 21st, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I with pleasure write a few lines to you. I love the *Hope* very much. I am a member of the Liberty Union Sabbath School. We have meeting every Sunday. I love to read the wishes and desires of my brothers and sisters that are engaged in this glorious work. It is indeed a great work in which we are engaged, and how thankful we ought to be to our Heavenly Father for permitting us to hear the gospel in its fulness. I was fourteen years old the eleventh day of April.

I remain your brother in the gospel,

JAMES CHRISTENSON.

GLENDAL, Jackson Co., Missouri.

Dear Hopes:—Having just finished reading the *Hope*, I concluded to write a word in its behalf. It comes regularly, filled with good advice; we receive it with gladness, and read it with pleasure; would be truly glad to see it become a weekly. I think the rules of Washington worthy of consideration; also think "A Boy's Bargain," a splendid piece. Boys, let us give such pieces as those a place in our memory, where they may never fade away. Let us take warning from "Donnie's Dream," and keep out of bad company, and resist temptation; and when we are tempted to gamble, or play marbles for keeps, at once say, No. When we are tempted to use profane language, at once say, No. When we are tempted to disobey the rules of our parents, say

No. In fine, whenever we are tempted to do evil, let us say, No. Let us pray for resolution and determination, that having once decided on the right way, that we may ever act in accordance thereto. Answer to Sister Chatburn's question. It was Nicodemus that came to Jesus by night. See St. John 3:2. I would like to know how old King Solomon was when anointed, and where may it be found.

As ever, a brother in hope,

B. J. S.

AKRON, Iowa, April 29th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—My mother belongs to the Church, but none of the rest of our family do. I am eleven years old. We live out in the country and can not go to Church and Sunday School. I love to read the *Hope*. Pray for me and my poor mother that she may get well; she is not well any of the time.

Love to all. Good by,

NELLIE M. CHRISTY.

IONE VALLEY, Amador Co., Cal.,

April 29th, 1883.

Dear Hopes of Zion:—Sister Cora Wood in *Hope* of 15th inst., asks: "Where was the Ark of God when Saul said unto Ahiah, 'Bring hither the Ark of God?'" Our Sister's question is answered in 1st Samuel 14:18: "And Saul said unto Ahiah, Bring hither the Ark of God. For the Ark of God was at that time with the children of Israel." I wish that Uncle J. R. Lambert and Sr. T. W. Smith would write to us *Hopes* again. What has become of Sr. Sarah C. Harvey? I miss her writing very much for a long time.

Yours in gospel bonds,

EDWIN TAYLOR DAWSON.

9 Hazel St., PITTSBURG, Pa., May 3d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—There has been some writing about the continued pieces in the *Hope*, objecting to them; but there has not been pointed out, what to me seems the most objectionable feature. I do not object to the fiction in these pieces so long as it is wholesome, but I do object to the slang phrases contained in Maplewood Manor. You who have been defending this piece, and Perla Wild's writing generally, surely do not endorse THAT. I lock on the *Hope* as one of our teachers, and I think our teachers should be free from that kind of language. These stories appear to me to be simply tame love stories in some parts. I think it will develop a taste for that kind of fiction, and I know from experience its ruinous effect. In "Uncle Frank's" criticism on what he has been pleased to call the "Puritanical letter from Pittsburg," a letter written by a brother here, he makes it out we agreed to stop taking the *Hope*. I think if he will take the pains to read that letter again, he will see that he mistakes; that was only the opinion expressed by one, or two members here. I think on the whole, that the *Hope* is an excellent paper, and I think Perla Wild can write just as good stories if she will leave out slang words.

I had the pleasure of attending the General Conference at Kirtland, Ohio. We certainly had a grand time. I enjoyed especially the morning prayer meetings, and was made to rejoice many times in seeing the power of God displayed there. I am a young *Hope*, and this is my first attempt to write you, and is perhaps an unwise attempt at that.

Your brother,

RALPH G. SMITH.

KEWANEE, Illinois,

April 22d, 1883.

Dear Hope:—I am a little boy, seven years old, and I go to school. My papa is the President of this District; and has to be gone away from home most all the time. We are so glad to see him when he comes home. My mamma, my sister and I, have to stay alone when he is gone. We are living near the Saints now, and we are not so lonely as we used to be, when we were living where we did not see any of them very often. There is a nice branch here and a Sabbath School. Prayer meeting and

preaching, every Sunday afternoon and evening, and we can go to both. Brother J. D. Jones is the Superintendent, and we think he is a good man. I am not baptized yet. Papa and mamma says I am not old enough; but I want to be when I am older, so I can be saved with all God's people. Pray for me that I may be a good boy. Well I must close. Now I just want to say to you, I can not write, but have printed this on my slate; mamma told me how to spell all the hardest words, and my sister is going to write it on paper for me.

Your little friend,

MARK H. BRONSON.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Dear Hopes:—It is a pleasure that I write these few lines to you, though it has been a long time since I wrote to you. I am trying to keep the commandments of God, but at times it is very hard. If we trust to our Savior he will help us out of all trials and temptations. I know that he has blest me many times and has answered my prayers. We have a very large Sunday School here, and good meetings. I hope you will pray for me that I may be faithful to the end.

Your brother in Christ,

HERBERT MOORE.

FALL RIVER, Mass.,

May 10th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—My little sister, Lilly, is dead, and her spirit is gone to God who gave it. I shall be nine years old next September. I read in the third reader. I go to the Saints' Sabbath School. I love to read the letters in the *Hopes*. Mother and father want me to become a good little *Hope*. Please excuse as I have never written before.

My love to all the little Hopes,

HENRIETTA AMANDA COOMBS.

GILMORE CITY, Iowa,

March 19th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I am seven years old, I read in the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss Julia McGuire. Ma has been sick for two weeks with a pain in her head and pa is not well to-night. I will get my Aunt Ann to copy this letter for me. Please excuse this. We will have prayer meeting at Bro. Chatfield's next Sunday, pa is Priest. I will be baptized by Bro. Whiting when I am eight years old; I believe this to be the work of Christ.

Remember me in your prayers. I send love to all the Hopes.

FLORENCE CARLSON.

LAGUNA, Cal., March 3d, 1883.

Dear Hope:—I am ten years old, and was baptized by Bro. Burton when I was eight years old. There are twenty-three in our branch. We have Sunday School every Sunday, and preaching; then prayer meetings every Thursday night. There are six little children of us; my brother is nine; he was baptized when he was eight; there are four little folks belonging to our branch. Pray for us.

SENATH E. THOMPSON.

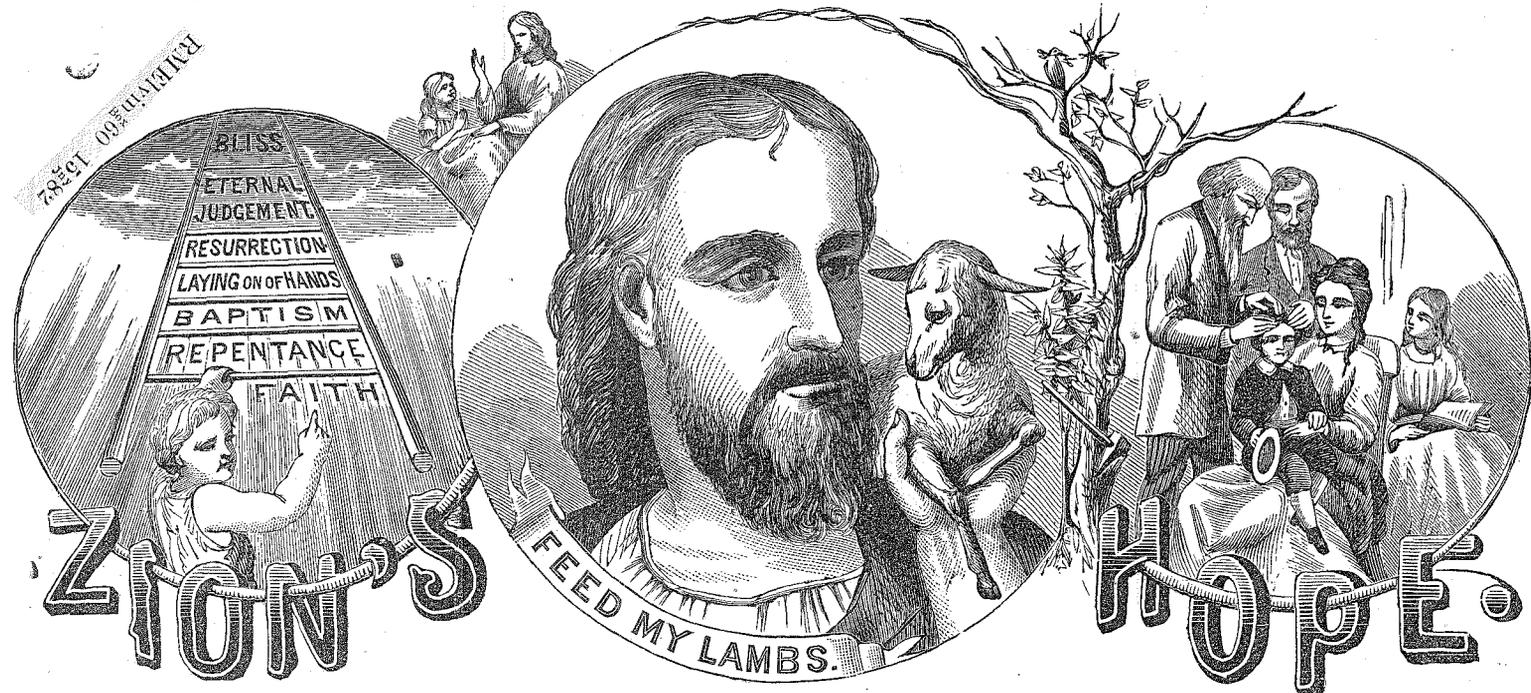
A QUAIN sort of a person, the Rev. Mark Wilkes, once introduced his text in this manner: "My hearers, did you ever see a cat? Did you ever see a cat walk? Did you ever see a cat walk upon the top of a wall covered with broken glass? How carefully she lifted each foot! How slowly and cautiously she set it down again! So would the text from which I am about to speak have you act. 'See that you walk cir-cum-spect-ly.'"

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

THE ANGELS' TENTS.

Two little children sought their bed
One dark and stormy night;
The wind in fury shook the roof,
And filled them with affright.

"O Tommy! won't the roof fall down?
I'm so afraid it may,
Let us not go to sleep to-night,
But stay awake to pray."

"Brother Willie, don't you know
What our good teacher said?
That angels spread their tents around
And watch each little bed."

"Then let us cover up our heads,
And let us go to sleep,
I'm sure no harm can come to those
Whom the good angels keep."

Then with a holy childish faith,
They laid them down to rest,
And He who hears the raven's cry,
Their lovely slumbers blest.

When Willie woke again at morn
The wind had ceased to blow,
He saw the earth, the trees and stones,
All clothed in robes of snow.

"O brother, wake, and see the tents
Are spread out everywhere;
The angels took the tent poles up
But left the canvas there!"

SR. E. KEARNEY.

LAMONI, IOWA.

PHILIP WHARTON'S CHOICE.

THE gas flared brightly in the drug room in the great city hospital of W—. Dr. Wharton, one of the young physicians in charge, stood by the marble slab putting up a prescription. Near him lounged, idly, Dr. Frazier, his colleague, a dark, mustachioed young fellow, with a hard, intolerant cast of countenance, rendered more repellant just now by an angry scowl.

"Don't talk to me, Phil," he said. "There's a miserably poor outlook for either of us here. The poorest hod-carrier that walks the street has a better chance for success than you or I, even though we have M. D. tacked to our names. You may brag of your profession if you like, but I'm sick of it! I'll try some thing else before the year's out."

"I haven't bragged of it," said Dr. Wharton, good-humoredly. "I haven't said anything. You never give me a chance."

"To think of how I've wasted my life!" continued Frazier, without heeding him. "Four years at college, two in a doctor's office, two in the Philadelphia medical schools. And here I am, and here you are, men at twenty-four, glad to have a year's practice in a hospital for our board, when my brother, two years younger and without an educa-

tion, is making a handsome living speculating in the Stock Exchange."

Philip Wharton made no reply, but ground away steadily at the mortar.

"Do stop that squeak!" said Frazier, irritably. "Come out and have a smoke."

"I haven't finished putting up this prescription."
"You haven't had your supper, either."

"No; but I shall finish the prescription first."
"You always stick at a thing until it is finished. You'll stick at your profession until it finishes you."

"I hope not," said Wharton, laughing.
"What are you going to do when you leave the hospital? Our time will be up in September. Where are you going to settle?"

"I don't know yet," said Philip, his cheerful face suddenly clouding. "I know of no place where there is much chance of success. My cousin John advises me to go West. But there are half-a-dozen doctors in every village out there already!"

"There!" said George Frazier, triumphantly.
"What did I say? There is absolutely no chance for a young doctor, unless he has a fortune or friends to push him on. You and I have neither. We had better go out and preach this new cure of fasting. We have every prospect of becoming good examples of its effects, whatever those may be."

Dr. Wharton laughed, but made no reply. His face showed, however, that he felt the truth of what Frazier said.

"You had better come to supper, Phil," Frazier added, in a more cheerful tone. Having succeeded in making his companion miserable, his own spirits began to revive.

"No; I must put up this powder first."
"Very well. I'm going to cut my ward and take a stroll to-night."

He sauntered out into the clear moon-light and fresh air. Dr. Wharton glanced after him, feeling as if he, too, must escape from the nauseating smell of the drugs and the heavy, fetid air of the sick wards. But he ground steadily at his powder.

He was a homely little man, whose only attractive trait was a happy, hearty buoyancy of heart, but that was gone now. When the prescriptions was made up in little papers, labelled and directed, he washed his hands, put on his hat, and looking at his watch, walked quickly out into the street. Half an hour was the time he gave himself for meals; but to-night he would use the half hour for something else than supper.

He turned into a quiet cross-street, and in a few minutes reached a little book-shop which wore a melancholy, watchful air, as if tired of looking out for customers. Inside a young girl was perched on

a high stool, writing in a ledger. She had a round, merry face, which grew suddenly red as she looked up.

"O Philip!" she cried, jumping down and catching his hand with a nervous sob and laugh. "Such a good day as this has been! Mr. Nixon has not scolded since morning, and I have made two sales, and now you are come!"

"So Nixon was scolding you, was he?" said Philip, his face darkening. "The scoundrel! To think that you must submit to the tyranny of a ruffian like him, and I can do nothing!"

"Hush-h!" She glanced in terror at the half-open door. "He is at supper in the back room. Don't offend him, Philip, or he would discharge me, and then what should I do? It is impossible for girls to get work in the city now, and I must live."

"Yes, and you must earn your own living," he said, bitterly. "If I were half a man I would have been able to marry before now. It's ten years since you promised to marry me, Susy; do you remember? You were a little freckled tot then, munching candy, and I a lubberly farm-boy. But I determined to make you my wife, and keep you from all trouble, though slow enough I've been about it!"

"You have done more than any other man ever did!" cried Susie, hotly. "You have educated yourself; earned your profession!"

"Profession! I'm beginning to think Frazier is right, and that I had better be a hod-carrier than a doctor. Then at least I would be sure of work and wages; but now, when I leave the hospital next month, where am I to go? It may be years before I can earn enough to keep us from starving, if we should marry."

"Never mind!" said Susy, laughing, though her blue eyes were wet with tears. "What are years? We are both young, Philip."

"Frazier is going to try something else."
"And will you?"

Wharton hesitated, and then that determined look came into his face which Susy knew so well.

"No! I'll stick at it. I never have given up any thing until I did it, and I'll not begin now! But you—you must help me to keep up heart, Susy," and with a long breath he took both her hands in his.

"Why, there's no reason why we should give up heart!" she said, with a cheerful laugh. "Go now; there is Nixon coming. He does not like to see you here."

"No," said Philip; "he is afraid he will lose his clerk! He'll not find another that he can grind as much work from on starvation wages."

"Go! go!" She pushed him to the door, still

laughing; but when he was gone she dropped her head on the ledger and sobbed.

Susy was an orphan. She had no friends in the world but this man, who had loved her since she was a child. She had more courage and energy, probably, than he; but the life of the girl in Nixon's shop was almost intolerable, and she was very lonely and tired.

If Dr. Wharton was moody and despairing the next day his patients did not know it. He never had been more gentle or untiring in his care of them. They were all poor, for the hospital was a city charity. But the more heavily his own trouble pressed on him the more tender to these wretched paupers he grew.

He was busied all the morning with one old countryman, who had fallen in the street from his horse, and been carried in insensible. Dr. Frazier found him beside the old man's cot early in the afternoon.

Frazier had been absent nearly all day. His face was flushed and his eyes burning with excitement. He beckoned Philip aside.

"There's a chance! It's something big!" he whispered, excitedly. "Call Poor to take your ward this afternoon and come with me. He's going to take mine."

"I can't give up my ward to Poor. He's a blunderer," said Wharton, gruffly. "You may, if you choose."

"No need to snub me, Phil, when I'm trying to do you a service. You said the other day you had saved a couple of hundred dollars."

"Yes; that's my capital to begin the world with in September."

"Well, Frank—my brother, you know—has just had private information of a great expected rise in the Darling Silver Mine stock. He'll let you and me into the chance. We'll go down with him to the Stock Exchange and buy all the shares we can."

"I can't leave my ward to Poor," he said. "There is no patient in danger but this man. But he is in a very critical condition. I won't leave him."

"Nonsense! What can a couple of hours matter? It is a chance which may never come to you again. It's a dead sure thing, I tell you."

Wharton shook his head.

"Listen to reason, Phil. You may clear enough by this venture to make a beginning for a competency for years. You can afford then to wait for practice. You might even marry, if you could find a nice girl," with a laugh.

"Marry!" Dr. Wharton's hand shook, as he dropped the medicine into a spoon. "I would need time to consider the investment," he said, "even if I could leave this man. I would wish to be clear in my conscience that it was a proper one to make. But the old man's condition is such that my present duty is clear."

He sat down by the cot, watching the sick man. The picture of Susy at work in the miserable shop, with that brutal old Nixon driving her, rose before him. She might have to bear this for years; and now that possibly he might help her, was he to give it up for this man—an utter stranger to him?

The clock ticked swiftly. Wharton's face was haggard.

"Come!" Frazier said, hurriedly.

"I'll not go, Frazier."

"Not go! You are not going to lose your one chance in life for that old pauper—that—hawbuck?" nodding contemptuously towards the cot.

"I'll not leave him."

Dr. Frazier stooped over the old man and examined him.

"He may lie in this way for days," he said. "It is likely you will find him just as he is when you come back."

"Yes; but he may change at any moment. The treatment I am trying is a new one. Poor knows nothing about it."

"You'll not come, then?" halting on his way to the door.

Wharton had followed him a step or two, and did not reply for a moment. The closed eyelids of the withered old face on the pillow flickered and a sharp glance shot out from them.

"No," he said, quietly, "I will stay with him. This is my work, and I will not leave it to Poor."

Frazier went to the exchange, and by several ventures cleared several hundred dollars. He was greatly elated over his success.

Dr. Wharton drudged along in his daily rounds among his pauper patients with no other reward than the old man's recovery. The latter was very taciturn and irritable, and showed no gratitude to nurse or doctor. But Philip found his keen eyes following him constantly in his rounds among his patients.

"You are ready for discharge to-morrow," he said to him one day when a fortnight had passed.

"Discharged, eh! That was a queer experiment you tried on me, young man. I've had some little experience in physic in my day and I can't say I ever saw the like of that treatment."

"No; it was not the old method, sir," said Wharton, respectfully, going on his rounds.

When he came back his patient called out, querulously; "Where's the dollar and a half that was in my breeches-pocket when I was brought in? Some thief has robbed me."

"You will find it with the Superintendent."

"Oh, ay! I hope so. I've no mind to be robbed, even by an institution. I suppose the charge for my keep here'll be high, young man?"

"There is no charge. It is a free hospital."

"So! so!" grumbled the old fellow to himself, turning over in bed.

The next day he left the hospital, while Philip was at dinner, without a word of farewell.

"So that is the end of it," thought the doctor. This one great struggle of his life had cost him so much that he could not understand how the man who had gained by it could be indifferent. "I wish he had said good-bye, at least. But no matter."

The next week, the Superintendent sent for him. "Who is John Sands, doctor?" he asked as soon as Philip opened the door.

"A poor old countryman who was in my ward; discharged last Tuesday."

"Poor, indeed! It was Dr. Sands, as it turns out, Dr. Sands, of Schollsburg. The old man has had all the practice of that county forty years, and has amassed a fortune, but he chooses to go about dressed like a beggar. He was mistaken for one and brought in here, it seems. He incloses a check for a hundred dollars for the hospital, and says he doesn't choose to be indebted even to an institution."

"Well done for Sands!" laughed Philip.

"He has done better than that," said the Superintendent, with a twinkle in his eye. "Sit down a minute, Wharton. The old doctor, it seems, is feeling his age, and wants to take some young man in as partner, to whom he can leave his practice in a year or two, and he has fixed upon—upon—well, Wharton, he has fixed upon you!"

"Me!" and Philip sprang to his feet.

"You. Yes, I said you. You have made the old fellow your debtor in some way, by a favor, which he says he can never repay. Besides, he says he watched you closely while here, and approves of your system, your manner, and, above all, your inflexible devotion to your duty. There is his letter."

"You see, he says he wants you to come in September; and to bring a wife with you, if possible. A married man, he says, is always more successful. Eccentric old fellow, I fancy?"

But Philip did not answer. He was buttoning his overcoat with trembling hands. "Excuse me," he said, "but there is a friend to whom I must tell the good news," and in a moment more he was on his way to the book-shop and Susy.

Dr. Wharton is now the principal practitioner in

Scholl County, and a happy, successful man. "I gained wife, fortune, all I have," he says, "simply by sticking to one thing until it was finished."

Dr. Frazier's success was but temporary. He risked all he had on one unlucky venture, and lost. He is now a clerk on a small salary in his brother's office.—Selected.

THE HOPES OF ZION.

Children of the Saints, or Hopes of Zion,
Once more I wish to write to you;
You are the ones in whom we trust,
To help move the cause of Zion through.

You are the ones that soon must stand,
Within the ranks, God's chosen Saints;
The gospel preach in every land,
O may you in the same delight.

For Christ will soon return to earth,
As he has said—to choose his bride;
That we may be among the Saints,
To welcome him who for us died.

That we may be among the guests,
That may receive a welcome there;
And there have on our wedding suit,
Is the prayer of uncle W. R.

And now beloved children; without any caption, or subject more than the above, I wish to write to you; I wish to encourage you, and to edify or instruct you, if I can, in the great and glorious cause in which we are engaged. Having been favored so many times by the Editor of our beloved paper, *Zion's Hope*; in speaking to you, and in pleading for you and your noble little paper, I trust that he will grant me this favor of speaking to you again. My last was that that noble little paper of yours might become a weekly, and thus double his visits and his usefulness to you, also your pleasure and joy in the same; but this time having chosen no particular subject, I shall write to you as I may be directed or guided by my own mind and love for you. I will now tell you of a very friendly and interesting visit that we have lately had from our esteemed and beloved brother, Elder J. S. Patterson; and we trust a profitable visit. We, (the few Saints in Cortland), met together on Saturday evening for prayer meeting, when we asked the Lord to bless our efforts on the coming Sabbath. As usual we bore our testimony to the truth of the gospel and we trust were encouraged and strengthened. Sunday forenoon we listened to an encouraging and instructive discourse, but in the evening,—I wish that all the readers of that noble paper, *Zion's Hope*, could have been present, and have heard his discourse. It was on the necessity, design, utility and mode of baptism, and its prerequisites; faith and repentance. Surely every reader of the *Hope* that is old enough to understand that paper, could have understood him and the necessity of obeying the gospel of Christ; of obedience to God; of love, of peace, and of holiness of life. O, why should we not love the Lord our God, and his great and glorious gospel that he has given us that is so easy and so plain to be understood by even a child. Why should we not strive to keep

"Our spirits pure, in the light, in the light,
And unto the end endure, in the light of God."

I think it was Sunday May the 6th, that Bro. Patterson preached to us; the next day the writer had to leave home on business; but Bro. Patterson remained for a few days and held two or three meetings as I learned, and thank the Lord, he led one humble follower of Christ down into the waters of baptism. An old lady who could neither speak nor understand the English language. A German lady who had never heard a true gospel sermon in her tongue, in her life. All the instruction she has ever received, has been by reading the Book of Mormon in German, and a few German tracts, with what her son, a young brother in the gospel could tell her. O, yes, she had the spirit of God to teach her, and she was obedient to the same. Would that all who had ever heard the gospel preached, who had ever received the witness of the spirit, of its truth were as obedient as she was. Dear children, just think what a cross she must have borne. How

would you like to go down into the water and be baptized by some one that you could not understand one word that he said; that you could not understand a word of the prayer and blessing put upon your head, when confirming you a member of Christ's Church. How thankful we should be that we have ministers to preach to us whom we can understand; that we have the *Herald* and *Hope* to read, and many books and tracts that teach the gospel in its plainness, in our own language, together with the advantages of our Sabbath School.

Then dearest Hopes for you I pray,
That you may walk within the light;
The gospel in your youth obey,
And serve the Lord with all your might;
May shun the paths that lead astray,
And always tread the narrow way.

UNCLE W. R.

WHY TED BURNED THE KITCHEN.

PART III.

When dinner was over, Ted set to work to get the big back log into the house, and this was a new frolic for Baby to watch. The log was very heavy, but his mind was made up. He dug the snow away from the log, and then tried to swing the end around; but the wood was frozen to the ground, and would not move. He brought out the big tongs for a lever, and after bending them nearly double in trying to start the log, he succeeded. The log gave way suddenly. Ted fell over it, and a great mass of snow fell upon him, completely burying him. He scrambled out in a moment, and shook the snow off, making Baby laugh at what she thought was one of Ted's jokes. The log was now loose, but it took Ted a long time, with very hard work, to get it over the door-sill and into the house. By the time that he got it into its place in the back of the great chimney he was quite tired out; but he knew he must have some wood to go with it, else the log would never burn at all, and he had made up his mind what he would do for wood. The tunnel that he had begun to dig toward the cow-house would lead past the big wood-pile, where there was plenty of wood, and Ted meant to go on with his digging the next day, so as to get to that wood-pile at least. But for to-night he was going to burn the summer kitchen; that is to say, he was going to burn all the planks and timbers of the summer kitchen that he could knock loose with the ax.

"It's only an old shed," he said to himself, "and if it was the finest parlor in the world, I'd burn it up before Baby should be cold. And if mother don't come, and I don't get to the wood-pile, I'll burn the chairs and tables and bedsteads, and all the floors in the house. I won't do that if I can help it; but one thing's sure, and that is that Baby's got to be kept warm."

So he took the ax and knocked the summer kitchen to pieces, and piled the wood in the house ready for use. For the baby's supper he boiled the egg that was left, and after putting her to bed he was glad to go to bed himself.

Morning came again, but still no word or sign from the absent mother. Ted was very uneasy about her, but it was of no use to worry, and he had the baby to care for. The eggs were gone now, and so for baby's breakfast he made a sort of gruel of corn meal, and, to help out, he gave her what was left of the bread, first wetting and sweetening it and making it hot.

But now he was growing very uneasy. The bread was all eaten up, though Ted had not touched a crumb of it himself, and he did not know what to give Baby to eat for dinner and supper except gruel. He tried to make soup out of bacon, but it was only greasy, salt water, and he could not give her that. Then he remembered that the hen-house was near the wood-pile, so he made up his mind to go on working at his tunnel until he should get to the hen-house, no matter how tired he should be. But first he mixed up some corn-bread and set it to bake. By the time that was baked he had got as far as the

wood-pile with the tunnel, and this was lucky, for the wood from the old shed was nearly all burned up.

After carrying in wood and building up a big fire he went back to his digging, leaving the baby tied in a little chair so that she might not get to the fire. In order to keep her from crying, he made it a rule to run in every few minutes and make a funny face or do some queer prank to make her laugh. His legs and arms ached with the hard work, but he was getting on, and he must have a chicken before he quit his digging. At last he reached the hen-house, and a few minutes later Master Ted sat in the house showing Baby "how to pick a chicken." Baby was very hungry, and a little cross on that account, but Ted kept up his jokes, and managed to amuse her. She stood by while he cut up a part of the chicken, and watched him put it on to boil.

Ted didn't know much about cooking, but he made a pretty good broth that night. He thickened it with flour as he had seen his mother do, and was about to put pepper into it, when he remembered that pepper would spoil it for the baby. At last it was ready, and the two sat down to their supper. The corn-bread was not very good, because Ted had forgotten to put any salt in it, but it did very well to crumble into Baby's soup, and she ate very heartily, and then fell asleep in Ted's lap.

That night Ted lay awake for a long time, thinking about his mother. He was sure something must have happened to her, or she would not have left him and Baby so long. At last he fell asleep, and long after the fire had died down to a dull red, he was startled by the sound of a noise banging on the door, and loud voices calling him.

Now let's see what happened to Ted's mother. When she rode away to visit her sick sister she hoped to get home again before dark, though the distance she had to travel was very long. By the time she had done what was needed at her sister's the snow had begun to fall, and so she hurried away on her homeward ride. But the wind blew in her face, and the snow-drifts were so deep that she had to travel very slowly. Night came on, and the storm grew worse. In a little while she could not tell where the road was, but still she kept on. She was frightened about her children, and in her anxiety she grew nervous and confused. She had lost the road, and was plunging about helplessly in snow-drifts, not knowing where she was or in what direction she was going. At last her horse become worn out, and fell as he was trying to struggle over some fallen trees covered with snow. The poor animal was unable to rise again, and the half-frozen, half-dead woman went on on foot, toiling through the great snow-banks, and staggering with giddiness from cold and fright and weariness. Hour after hour she kept on, going all the time further away from home; for she had entirely lost her bearings. It was morning before the poor woman gave up. Then she sank down in the snow, and knew no more.

A farmer passing by in the early morning to look after his cattle saw her dress, from which the wind had blown away the snow, and he quickly dug her out and carried her to his house. She had wandered twenty miles away from her own home, and so neither the farmer nor any member of the family knew who she was. But they did what they could for her, and got her to bed as soon as they had rubbed her to a life-like warmth again.

All that day and night she was out of her head and lay in bed talking of her children and moaning. On the next day she came to herself, and as soon as she found out where she was, and how long she had been away from home, she told the good people about Ted and Baby being all alone in the house. It was a bad time to travel, but the farmer with two other men set out at once to save the little ones, and in spite of her weak state, Ted's mother went, too, in the farmer's wagon. As they neared the house, after dark that night, they found it buried in the snow-drift; but the farmer had brought shovels

with him for use if the road should be blocked anywhere, and with these he and his men began to dig. It was midnight before they cleared a passage to the front door, and then they shouted and banged upon the door until Ted awoke.

There was no more sleep for Ted or his mother that night. A great roaring fire was built up, and Ted had to tell his story over and over again in answer to his mother's questions.

"I burned up the summer kitchen, mother," he said, "and I ruined the big tongs, and I s'pose I've made an awful mess in the house; but I told you I'd take care of the baby, and I've done it."

"Never mind about the kitchen, or the tongs, or the mess, my brave boy," answered the mother, as she drew him to her side and kissed him. "You and the baby are safe, and that's enough."—*Select.*

FROM PERLA WILD.

DEAR HOPES:—It is not because I am discouraged in consequence of repeated criticism, that Maplewood Manor has not appeared in the *Hope* for some time. One chapter was lost, and I did not know it for some weeks, because I have not, until within a short time, remained in one place long enough to correspond with the Herald Office.

While I am sorry that some are disposed to censure, yet still I shall endeavor to picture life as it is, as I ever have done. If the average boy of the period,—aye and girl, too,—does not use bywords, or occasionally a slang term, I am not as observant as those who constitute themselves judges. I wish it distinctly understood, since the construction of my story fails to convince some of that fact,—that I do not approve of slang in the smallest degree. And whenever any of my characters have used such language, it has been shown as a fault deserving reproof.

A certain young brother in a late letter to the *Hope*, denominates my stories, *tame love stories*. What should they be? Not wild, sensational ones. His words admit they are not that. Without love in the family,—in the church,—in the social circle,—life would be unendurable. Pure, properly directed love is surely admissible in the life of saint or sinner; if there are two such distinctive classes.

If doctrine, history, and unvarnished fact and theory,—be all that young minds require, why publish the *Hope* at all? Why not read the books we all revere, and the *Herald*, whose cheering visits now are welcomed weekly,—and spare Bro. Joseph the trouble and expense of issuing a children's paper.

I am sincerely glad, however, that our patient, and worthy Editor tolerates broader views, and greater freedom of thought, than some who seem disposed to censure. And I wish to express my gratitude to the kind friends who sympathize with my efforts, and appreciate my honesty of purpose,—especially the words of encouragement from the young people,—Heaven bless their innocent souls. They instinctively recognize the language of hearts that feel and realize their youthful requirements, their joys and trials.

Praying for their future good as I know they do for mine, I remain ever the children's friend,

PERLA WILD.

[Maplewood Manor will be resumed in next issue.—Ed]

WHEN YOU GET READY TO GO—GO.

ALL persons have not learned the art of leaving a place in appropriate manner. When you are ready to depart, do so at once, gracefully and politely, and with no dallying. Don't say "It's about time I was going," and settle back and talk on aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They will brighten up visibly, and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of

importance, but keeping everybody in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave-taking begins, and everybody in general and in particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor, which his friend must risk a cold to hear to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed! There is no need of being offensively abrupt, but when you are ready to go—go!

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Zion's Hope Sabbath School report, Nebraska City, Nebraska, for the quarter ending March 31st, 1883. The whole number of sessions twelve; and notwithstanding the severe cold and deep snows of winter, the whole attendance for the quarter was 352, or an average of 29 $\frac{1}{2}$. Amount collected \$4.96. The school is doing nicely under its present management, and the interest is on the increase.

J. W. WALDSMITH,

Superintendent and Secretary.

ANSWER TO THE SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA OF JANUARY 1st, 1883.

Names	Books	Chapt.	V.
1 Wise Son.	Proverbs	10	20
2 Ishamel.	Genesis	21	14
3 Lystra.	Acts	14	8-10
4 Lahai-roi.	Genesis	24	61-67
5 I conium.	Acts	14	1-10
6 A. I.	Joshua	7	4-5
7 Moab.	Deuteronomy	34	1-5
8 Samuel.	1. Samuel	1	24-27
9 Tirzah.	1 Kings	(15)	21
10 Ruth.	Ruth	4	10
11 E lam.	Exodus	15	27
12 E dom.	Ezekiel	25	13-14
13 T roas.	2 Timothy	4	13
14 C harity.	1 Corinthians	13	13
15 H amoh.	1 Samuel	1	19-27
16 Elisha	(2 Kings	19	16
17 S t. Paul (Saul)	Romans	11	13
18 Tyre.	1 Kings	(5)	13
19 E hashis.	Nehemiah	3	1
20 R abboni.	John	20	16
21 C harron.	Acts	4	5-8
22 I shbosheth.	2 Samuel	11	1-3
23 T aberah.	Numbers	11	29-30
24 Y oke.	Mathew	8	17
25 P ennuell.	Judges	8	19
26 E zel.	1 Samuel	20	2
27 N ehemiah.	Nehemiah	2	23
28 N azerene.	Mathew	2	23
29 Abimelece.	Genesis	20	7

Answer to the whole: WILLIAM STREET, Chester City, Penna.

Having received several letters from the little Hopes asking why it was not published, I herewith send it for that purpose. Sorry it has been so neglected; for their sake, I hope it will be better late than never. Love to all the household of faith; and health, peace, and prosperity to the children of Zion.

Bro. WM. STREET.

Letters from the Hopes.

STARKVILLE, Lasanimas County, Colorado,
May 14th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I do not know what I would do without the *Hope*. I thought the stories titled "Maplewood Manor," and "Sensible Girl," were very nice; but I do not see "Maplewood Manor" in the *Hope* any more, I guess it must be stopped, I hope it will be continued, for I love to read it. I saw a piece in the *Hope*, dated May 15th, "A Temperance Sketch;" I thought it was very nice. We have Sunday School here. Bro. Caffall is here, preaching now. Well, I must close, for I fear I am taking too much space in the little paper.

From your little friend, ever,

LILLIE MAY KENT.

ELKHORN CITY, Douglas Co., Neb.,
May 14th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—Dear Sister, Perla Wild, go on and finish the story "Maplewood Manor." I for one would like to read it to the end. I will do all I can to help our dear Sister bear her burden, through the slough of fault-finding. I do not think it is right for any of us to find fault with any of our dear brothers and sister's writings; or what ought be dear. I do not believe that there is any one that would not try to do our best, let us go on to

perfection. I also would like to see the *Hope* become a weekly; for it seems such a long time to wait for our welcome little paper. Well, dear Hopes, we have sold out. The reason that we sold is because that we did not have any meeting, and it is real hard to live our religion without the aid of meetings, or Sunday School; so wherever we go we will go where they have meeting. My father can not stand the winters up here. Well I must close for this time; hoping that Sister Perla will finish her story without any more trouble.

I remain as ever your sister in the one faith,
FLORA I. CURTIS.

ELKHORN CITY, Douglas Co., Neb.,
May 14th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure that I write for I like to see the columns of our little paper well filled out. It pleases me to see so many of our little Hopes so interested in it. I go to school with my two little sisters and study a great many lessons. I would like to see all of you, little and big Hopes. We had considerable rain here last night. Well, dear Hopes, I am sorry to say that there are some of the Hopes that are opposed to the stories. Now, for my part, I do think that the stories are very good and I wish that Perla Wild would go on with "Maplewood Manor" for I think that we ought to let them that will, write and make our paper interesting. Good bye.

From your ever loving sister in the gospel bonds,
MARY CURTIS.

PLEASANT GROVE, Utah,

March 10th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I take the pleasure of writing to the *Hope*. I have nothing to do now, so I thought I would write a little letter to the *Hope*. Now we have Spring here. I have not joined the Church but I will soon; my mother and brother have joined the Church. My father is not in the Church, but I think he will soon be a member. We are scattered far apart. Brother Hansen has had a few meetings here. I was to a meeting last night, it was as good a meeting as I ever heard. I think this is the work of the Lord. The people here in Utah have lost their shepherd, the missionaries have come to gather them home to Zion; this is all I can think of writing this time.

Your friend,

CHARLIE H. HENDRICKSON.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa,

March 12th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—We are having nice weather in this part of the vineyard this Spring, and I hope it may continue for a while longer, till the mud is all dried up. I will move on a farm in a few days. I have been in town all summer, and am quite tired of town life. I like country life the best. My husband traveled over a big portion of this continent, but likes Iowa the best, and thinks he will make his home in Iowa. I love to read the letters in the *Hope* and would like to see letters from some of the Hopes in the South. I will close and give room for others. Pray for me all of you, dear Hopes big and little.

Ever your sister in the bonds of Christ,

SADIE A. HOFFMAN.

CLEAR LAKE, Steuben Co., Indiana,
March 11th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I take this opportunity to write to you feeling interested in the letters in the *Hopes*, as I like to read them; and think perhaps others may be glad to hear from us at this place. We still have Sabbath School every Sunday, good attendance. Jonathan Emrich is superintendent, and is worthy of filling the office; he is a good Christian man and does all he can to advance the school. Wilson Teeters, is assistant, and does his duty well; Annette Teeters, is secretary; A. J. Smith, librarian, G. F. Stroh, treasurer; D. B. Teeters, chorister; good teachers, all try to fill their several positions.

The Saints have prayer meetings twice a week, Sunday and Tuesday evening, with a good attendance. We have good singing at our Sabbath School; and learn to read and answer questions. We have general questions every Sunday for large and small scholars. I like to read the continued pieces in the *Hopes*. Can't hardly wait from the time we get one *Hope* until the next one; it seems to me it might be weekly as well as the *Herald*. We take the *Herald* and are glad it has become weekly; it contains so much good reading; it is good for us that are young to read and study over what is written from time to time, so we may be able to form our habits while we are young, before the evil day comes. I am young, do not belong to the Church, but my parents do. I am eleven years old, we live close to the Church and school-house; our school will be out a week from Saturday.

Ever seeking for truth,

ELMA A. SMITH.

HEBRONVILLE, Mass.,

May 28th, 1883.

Dear Hope:—This is the first time I have tried to write. It is about a month since my sister and I were baptized. I am fourteen years old, and am trying to serve my Savior in the days of my youth. There are six members and several that are organized a little Sabbath School, Bro. B. D. Shrieves, getting interested in the work. We have organizing superintendent; Bro. Shallcross, teacher; Bro. Marchington, treasurer; and I am secretary; and we like our teacher very well. We received the *Hope* for the first time and we like it very well. We have meetings every two weeks, and evening meetings besides. We all feel thankful for having the privilege of hearing the gospel. My mother is not in the Church yet, but I am praying, and I ask all the Hopes to pray for her.

Yours in love,

GEORGIANA A. BENNETT.

HYDE PARK, Pa.,

May 18th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time for me to write to you, and I hope it won't be the last. We take the *Herald, Advocate and Hope*; we feel that we could not get along without them, as there is such a oneness in the three, and they bring good news from abroad of the Kingdom of Christ and this brings peace to our minds and consolation to our souls. We have nice Sunday School here and meet in Bro. H. S. Gill's Hall, Sunday mornings; Bro. Gill is the superintendent; and he is a good man, he does all he can to teach us all to be kind to each other, and to love our fathers and mothers; and many other things that are good, he tells us to do. There is a nice organ in our Sunday school and this helps us in our singing very much. My Brother Johnny attended the Kirtland Conference, in Ohio; he says he enjoyed it real well. I am nine years of age and go to school every day. My father and mother and brother and sister are in the Church. They all say they know it to be the True Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Good bye.

Yours,

JENETT MORGAN.

No one should be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

How much more people might accomplish if they would but make it a point to carry out whatever they undertake.

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